

*Leaf Dept*

KLUTE

by Andy and Dave Lewis

*207-PAGE S.P.*

INT/EXT WIDE SHOT: PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE DAY

Farm country, foothill country - in the Alleghanies, on the west side of the Shenandoah Valley - green, rich and swelling. It's early morning: patches of mist still hang in troughs and crooks of the pastureland. Near at hand we see an open field set about with bee-hutches. More distantly we see (for example), a river's thread, barns, a bridge, the edge of a town --

A FIGURE, a shadow (Klute's figure actually, out of focus) moves across frame from the left, BLANKING it. We either PULL WIDER or CUT TO --

INT BEDROOM: KLUTE'S HOUSE DAY

We see that we've been looking out from the bedroom window of this house. Klute pauses, knotting his tie, looking in the same direction (not dwelling on it particularly, just recording it for himself) then moves on to the closet. A man of about thirty-five, medium height, strongly built, a little chunky - rather deliberate in his movements, a Squarehead.

As he moves to the closet, a VOICE-OVER (one of several to come) having the direct informal quality of ordinary talk -- as if someone is standing nearby, a foot or so off-scene, in mid-conversation. (Though Klute responds in no way, and the house as we'll see is notably empty). Amiably, doubtfully --

FIRST VOICE

Yeah, but Klute, what you gonna find out  
nobody else's found out?

Klute opens the closet door, takes out a jacket, puts it on. The wire hanger goes twanging along the clothes rod. We take note -- before he shuts the door again -- of a POLICEMAN'S SUMMER UNIFORM, with Sergeant's stripes, hanging at the front.

He turns, picks up a wopsed-together bundle of sheets -- we see that he's stripped the bed, folded the blankets, cleared the room -- and carries it with him into the other part of the house.

INT KLUTE'S HOUSE DAY

We BEGIN TITLES.

Klute steps in through bathroom door (to chuck the sheets into a hamper) then moves on through other rooms, toward the kitchen. He checks things here and there: he's closing up for a while. This is a semi-modern, ranch-style house, a bit anomalous in this setting and somewhat bare of interior. We find no evidence of a woman's presence -- but perhaps of a woman past -- a PLANTER, with a row of emptied-out flower pots.

INT KITCHEN: KLUTE'S HOUSE

As TITLES CONTINUE, Klute does the ordinary things one tries to remember in closing up a house. A garbage pail has already been rinsed out and up-ended over the edge of the sink. He puts away a last plate out of the dishrack, remembers to leave the refrigerator door open. He twists a faucet part way on and leaves it running -- then opens the utility closet door and shuts off the house's main water. He throws the line switch on the electricity and turns the shut-off on the gas: we hear the water-heater hiss and pop out. He turns and picks up a SUITCASE, already packed and set ready here by the rear door, and continues on OUT.

EXT HOUSE DAY

As TITLES CONCLUDE (and leading toward the next voice-over sequence) Klute closes, locks, and checks the house door, then walks to, and tosses the suitcase into, his CAR -- a vintage Plymouth -- then continues around the houseyard on the last of his closing-up chores. He rolls shut and padlocks the door of the barn (perhaps a hundred years older than the house, and more apt to its setting -- but looking somewhat disused) -- lets down the gate to a side field -- props open the cover of a nearby bee-hutch --

As Klute moves around doing these things, again we hear the VOICES-OVER. (And again -- this is worth noting at length -- their quality is conversational - real, not 'subjective', not dramatic-commentary, not closely cued to the things Klute is doing and not reacted-to by him. The quality of sound we want is rather precisely that of a displaced sound track: voices from a different time and scene, simply laid over the things we're watching now. The voices are rural Pennsylvanian (a trace of 'Dutch' in the First Voice) informal, speculative. We don't catch all the words -- some are mumbled or lost as a speaker moves around -- nor, obviously, do we understand who's being talked about; whether Klute himself or someone else. We are not establishing facts so much as atmosphere, environment, the puzzle.)

(The actual locus of this conversation -- though this will never be clear and doesn't have to be -- is a small-town Police Station: an exchange among the Chief-of-Police (First Voice), a Patrolman (Second Voice) and Klute himself. And actual time is a year ago.)

SECOND VOICE

(intrigued)

What it looks like, he just dropped out.  
You know?

(pause, then)

FIRST VOICE

(stolid)

Idea where?

## SECOND VOICE

(moving around, indistinct)

Think maybe New York, Woman there.  
New York woman.

## FIRST VOICE

(gruff, compassionate)

My God, his wife.

(beat)

Got kids too, ain't he Klute -- ain't?

## KLUTE VOICE

(terse)

Yeah.

## FIRST VOICE

God.

## SECOND VOICE

Hell, you never know about people. You'd say a man got everything, big job, big money -- hell he was number three from the top, that whole laboratories.

## FIRST VOICE

Got the FBI there?

## SECOND VOICE

Everybody -- FBI, plant security, company directors -- hey, you knew him pretty good Klute, huh?

## KLUTE VOICE

Mm.

## SECOND VOICE

He ever tell you about a woman?

## KLUTE VOICE

No.

## SECOND VOICE

Well you never know about people.

(pause)

## FIRST VOICE

(takes note)

Where you goin Klute?

## KLUTE VOICE

I'd like to find out more.

FIRST VOICE

(tolerant)

They don't need us. That's the last thing they need; a hick cop.

KLUTE

Well I'd like to find out more.

Over the last few speeches Klute has been returning toward his car. He gets in, drives out of the yard onto the road. We CUT TO --

INT RESEARCH PLANT: AT DOOR OF CRUNEMANN'S OFFICE DAY

STREIGER, plant director, waves an arm out the door toward camera (toward employees clustered here by curiosity) --

STREIGER

Everybody, please, unless you've got something to offer --

(calls down hall)

Guard, clear the hall, please.

-- and turns back inside the office. We TRACK IN behind him, introducing ROSS VOICE.

FBI and PLANT SECURITY MEN are meticulously taking the office apart: taking out desk drawers and examining them, sides and bottom; smoothing out papers from the waste basket; leafing through reference books from the shelves; taking pictures of the blackboard -- . Streiger moves past desk toward where another executive, CABLE, is identifying folders of research material as they're shown to him. We hold at the desk for a moment, on ROSS, an FBI Agent, talking into a telephone, his hand cupped over the receiver.

ROSS

-- but first examination, it does not appear he removed any restricted material, and -- no, it looks more like I said, the man just dropped out, he just blew a plug.

(listens)

Well sir, we got a girl's name, off an envelope, a letter he hadn't sent. And we've alerted the New York Police and our New York Office and we're expect--

We CONTINUE TO TRACK AND PAN -- Ross's phone conversation dropping behind us -- to a corner of the office where KLUTE'S talking to -- being interrogated by -- another FBI AGENT. This time we see Klute in POLICE UNIFORM. (The same uniform we saw hanging in the closet: this is a past-event, year-ago scene.) Despite the uniform, Klute looks a bit rumped, rural, and uncomfortable, in contrast with the Agent, who is quite young -- twenty-

five or so -- but neat, crisp, competent, utterly assured. The Agent takes notes as --

KLUTE

No, with a K. K-l-u

AGENT

Are you with plant security, Sergeant?

KLUTE

(shakes head)

Town Police.

AGENT

Then how are you involved?

KLUTE

I was the one Lainie called. His wife. Elaine. She got home from her weekend and she -- didn't find Tom there and then she didn't find him --

AGENT

(shortcutting it)

You knew the subject.

KLUTE

Yeah.

AGENT

(systematic)

Would you classify yourself as best friend -- close friend -- friend -- acquaintance -?

KLUTE

(considers, then --)

Close friend. We grew up together -- we'd still play golf --

AGENT

(a touch surprised)

Golf?

KLUTE

(a touch curt)

Yeah.

AGENT

Did he talk to you about his work here?

KLUTE

(shakes head, smiles faintly)

Over my head, pretty much

AGENT

Did he recently appear to you agitated or depressed?

KLUTE

I wouldn't think.

AGENT

Moral or sexual problems, peculiarities?

KLUTE

I wouldn't think.

AGENT

Marital problems in general?

KLUTE

Everybody's got some, I guess.

AGENT

Specifically, did he ever mention to you a girl in New York?

KLUTE

No.

AGENT

Anything else you can give us?

(pause, then --)

KLUTE

Yeah. I don't see it.

(searches for words)

Tom Grunemann. I've known him all my life. He wouldn't just, you know, go.

AGENT

(smiles crisply)

But he's gone.

EXT CENTER-OF-TOWN SCENES: KLUTE'S CAR DAY

Klute drives through the business section (back in present time again). A SHOT OR TWO to give us a sense of this town -- a population of 5,000 or so we'd guess, a farm center -- and some of its genuine comforts. A black-painted Amish carriage is parked among automobiles at curbside; the AMISHMAN, coming out from a store, exchanges a grave hand-raising with Klute. Farther along, at the main intersection, a PATROLMAN directs traffic. As Klute passes, the Patrolman draws to attention, salutes him with perfect dignity, thumb to nose -- Klute grins slightly. Still farther along he draws up while CHILDREN board a SCHOOLBUS -- waits, rubbing a thumb slowly along his chin. And we CUT TO --

INT AUDITION SET DAY

Again, a scene out of sequence, a jigsaw-piece. Actual setting is New York: a small film studio, an ad-agency sort of place, a CASTING-CALL for a commercial. Actual time doesn't matter. What we're after here is the atmosphere of the occasion -- depersonalized, barren, gritty, unfamiliar in contrast to the scene just preceding. From first to last in this sequence (very brief) we don't hear a distinct word -- only an occasional murmur of voices, a cough, and particularly the clicking of heels, as --

The figure of BREE enters at shot-background, out of the hallway through the door, pauses to check in with a GIRL P.A. sitting at a small table is handed a script, approaches somewhat uncertainly toward where --

A long line of other ACTORS, ACTRESSES sit in folding chairs crookedly along the wall -- in near-total silence (no one's yet arrived to tell them anything), lonely and hostile. BREE arrives at the edge of the congregation, wonders if someone will move over and make room -- one or two glance briefly up at her: she smiles diffidently -- decides apparently not. She folds down the first seat of the next rack of chairs, sits. We CUT TO --

EXT TOWN: KLUTE'S CAR DAY

The schoolbus has driven on; Klute drives on -- clearing the far edge of the business section, moving through the residential section. We bring in MUSIC: SCARBOROUGH FAIR --

MUSIC

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there.  
She once was a true love of mine.

-- as Klute, driving past, looks aside to one of the houses -- we PAN TO IT -- a rather large HOUSE, set well back on a prosperous lawn. And from this traveling shot, toward the house, mid-music, we CUT SHARPLY TO --

EXT WINTER: ON DOOR OF GRUNEMANN HOUSE DAY

The same house -- but now a padding of SNOW lies on the sills and frames of the front door. ELAINE GRUNEMANN shoos forth a CHILD, her daughter. Good-humoredly --

ELAINE

Well if you're going coasting, go before it melts, g'wan.

-- and closes the door, returning inside.

INT GRUNEMANN HOUSE: ELAINE DAY

Unsmiling now, she moves back -- past the heavy slow TICKING of a grandfather's clock -- to where KLUTE sits on a couch by a coffee table. (This time in WINTER UNIFORM -- another past-time scene). Klute's manner is constrained, awkward -- things he'd much rather not ask about. Hers is a little less so. A nice woman, a pretty, intelligent and vigorous woman, managing to speak matter-of-factly, even lightly, about things which agonize her. Beginning as she moves -- before we reveal Klute --

ELAINE

(continued)

The other kids won't let her alone. Six months -- they're still asking her, where's your daddy? A small town can be hell Johnnie.

(sits. Then --)

Well --

KLUTE

(muffled)

Well, some things they wanted me to ask, Lainie.

ELAINE

(helping)

The letters you said -- that he wrote that girl.

KLUTE

Yeah. They weren't, I guess you know, just romantic letters --

ELAINE

-- on his office typewriter -- I guess not.

KLUTE

They were more -- mixed up. Emotionally disturbed. Partly violent, sort of threatening, partly -- obscene.

ELAINE

I understood that.

KLUTE

Yeah, well -- can you square that with Tom?

ELAINE

No --

KLUTE

(with great difficulty)

I mean when you -- in bed did he ever like to -- knock you around or --

ELAINE

-- No --

KLUTE

-- like to use dirty words or -- particular things he'd like to try?

ELAINE

(whispers)

God, you get taken apart.

(but, then, straightforwardly)

No. I mean yes, a little rough stuff. And the way people do talk, but never -- no, I would have said Tom was pretty straight and I was the more -- adventurous one. I even thought I was gretty good.

(more bitterly, rapidly)

Then what do you know, a New York whore. Excuse me, whore and actress. Well if he wants her, why doesn't he just go to her; why can't they find him?

Klute gestures vaguely -- the complexities -- but she is already spilling on --

ELAINE

(continued)

-- but it happens to the best they say. I hear your wife's left you for somebody!

(then, softly)

I'm sorry Johnnie -- that was awful to say.

He is rising, putting on his uniform overcoat, preparing to go. She touches his sleeve, wanting to make amends --

ELAINE

Please -- was there anything else you --?

KLUTE

(smiles briefly)

No, that was all.

She remains in place as he moves away toward the front door. Then --

INSIDE FRONT DOOR

-- She hastens suddenly to catch him, pleads --

ELAINE

Please, I didn't want to hurt you?  
Johnnie -- hey? --

KLUTE

(inadequately)

I know how it is.

But she resents the cliché. Anger again, tumbling out --

ELAINE

How it is? -- I bet you don't! What it's  
done to me.

KLUTE

-- Lainie --

ELAINE

My husband left me, he cleared out, the  
abandoned wife. And now every man I  
see -- my God, the cleaning man could  
have me!

She catches his hand, draws it up toward her breast.

ELAINE

Johnnie, come on -- a fine cold day and  
the kids are outside -- come on, the other  
room.

She feels the resistance, lets go of his hand. Then she lifts her own  
hands in front of her face, starts quietly to cry -- then more loudly,  
in total despair. Klute watches, stricken and helpless, wanting to  
touch and comfort her, but restrained by a kind of prudence. We  
CUT TO --

INT C. U. ON BREE (AUDITION SET) DAY

In MID-ACTION direct to camera, she siezes up a crockery cup  
from a table, prepares to throw it. In her left hand -- if we see it  
in this instant -- she holds script.

BREE

Coward! --

DIRECTOR

(O. S., hastily)

Honey no, we don't have too many.

She slaps the cup down, hurls herself forward - SWISH PAN - onto a  
MALE ACTOR, thrusting him down to the floor, her hands at his  
throat. As we WIDEN TO INCLUDE DIRECTOR AND MORE OF  
SCENE, and as the Director reads from script, supplying a narrator  
voice --

DIRECTOR

Now before it comes to that, let's have a look, et cetera, et cetera -- OK --

Bree and the Male Actor relax slightly, as --

ANGLE TO REVEAL ROOM, OTHERS

We re-establish the scene -- a few pieces of film equipment -- and the congerly of other ACTORS and ACTRESSES preparing to read for parts. As the Director approaches, counsels Bree -- all of this quick and consecutive --

DIRECTOR

-- Honey you make it look a little real. It should have, you know, that fun to it.

(beat)

BREE

Strangle him to death funny?

DIRECTOR

Well we go from this into stomach diagrams. It can't be too -- look let's try it again from --

-- but then he glances at his watch, and at the others waiting their turn.

DIRECTOR

(continued)

No -- just give us the faces at the end, would you?

Bree and the MALE ACTOR set their cheeks together, beaming half-moon smiles to camera, hold it for a moment, as the Director reads again --

DIRECTOR

(reads)

-- And another family saved by Elso-tablets. OK --

(brightly)

-- Thank you very much.

-- and holds out his hands for their scripts, as a P.A.'s voice (female) intones from background --

P. A. (O. S.)

Pierce -- Danner --

## ON BREE

She and the Male Actor hand back the scripts, rise, as TWO OTHER ACTORS step forward to take their places. She hesitates for a moment, hoping to reclaim the Director's attention.

## BREE

Uh -- George Amrine told me to give you his best --

-- as the Director whirls to greet another, a third ACTRESS, who's just entered scene -- embraces her fondly.

## DIRECTOR

Lindy -- you gonna read for us bubala?

Bree grimaces slightly -- she's been dismissed -- moves away toward the door.

## AT DOOR

The P. A. sits here on a folding chair, with a pile of GLOSSIES on a chair beside and a phone nearby -- a young, thickset woman, the usual freckled dyke. Bree prepares to hand over her glossy -- tries again --

## BREE

It was Mr. Amrine who suggested I --

The PHONE RINGS; the P. A. answers --

## P. A.

Three. Hold it a minute hon.

She cups the phone, looks stolidly at Bree.

## BREE

Maybe I could write it down.

P. A. nods, returns to phone. Bree fishes out a pencil, starts to write laboriously on the back of the Glossy.

## P. A.

Yes? -- dear, I can't help it. Can I leave the key or something? He's got eight more to get through.

Bree gives it up, tosses the Glossy onto the pile, goes. We TILT to the GLOSSY itself, the Ingenue in various poses.

## P. A.

(continued, to phone, over)  
Honey, I told you all day -- we didn't even break for lunch.

-- and CUT TO --

EXT EDGE OF TOWN SCENES: NEAR RESEARCH PLANT DAY

At the edge of town KLUTE drives by, looks toward the research plant -- a complex of buildings set far back from the road across immaculate green lawns, looking like a modern small college -- but surrounded by a high chain-link fence. We see the broad, divided drive leading in -- and here, closer at the road, a GUARD STATION and GUARDS. And the sign, in three modest lines: 'TOLE-AMERICAN. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. TUSCARORA LABORATORIES.'

And at a point, during this establishing shot, we lead in ROSS'S VOICE

ROSS (VOICE, reading)

-- but since it appears that subject Thomas Grunemann, acted entirely of his -- own volition --

INT RESEARCH PLANT: STREIGER OFFICE; ON CABLE DAY

CABLE stands at the window, looking impatiently out, fiddling with the cord of the venetian blinds, as ROSS'S VOICE CONTINUES O. S. (a little stumblingly) behind him --

ROSS (VOICE, reading, cont'd)

-- and since persistent, continued investigation over a twelve month period has developed no evidence either of crime or criminal intent within the jurisdiction of this bureau, we must conclude --

Cable turns sharply from the window, interrupting Ross. (And we WIDEN to see ROSS and the others: STREIGER, KLUTE, TRASK. Streiger, as noted before, is the Plant Director, and looks the part -- a lean, scholarly, quietly authoritative sort of man, a diplomat by nature. CABLE by contrast is a born adversary -- a chunky, peppery, volatile chap. ROSS, the FBI AGENT, sits uncomfortably holding the report he's been reading. Ross is competent, we suspect, but scarcely articulate -- his accent suggests a state-trooper background -- he tends to seek refuge in officialese. TRASK is a Black -- a New York Plainclothes Lieutenant. He is considerably more versatile than Ross (we'll notice later his range of mannerisms and accents) but at the moment, like Ross, he finds himself in uncongenial surroundings, guards his cool. Klute (back in summer uniform) listens and watches.

CABLE

(interrupting)

-- You must conclude in twenty ponderous pages that the FBI and New York Police still can't find him. Mm?

STREIGER

(more moderately)

Are you closing the case?

ROSS

No sir, we don't state that, we do not. We're holding it in review, we're constantly checking out new --

CABLE

But you don't find it worth much effort.

ROSS

(with dignity)

Mr. Cable, I'm here reporting to you; and Lieutenant Trask all the way here from New York representing his department --

STREIGER

(soothes -- keeps to the point)

Pete -- Ross -- what sort of things are you checking?

ROSS

(recites)

Well sir, like technical firms in the New York area if Grunemann looks for employment there similar to here; also people that respond to sex ads in the underground papers; also if Trask notifies us the police receive a body they can't make, can't identify, or someone in Belle --

CABLE

What about the girl?

ROSS

(refers it to --)

Trask.

TRASK

(from notes)

At the start we held her in surveillance, in case your boy showed up. Then we bagged -- we arrested her on a CP charge, convicted, two months' Women's City, offer to reduce sentence, she cooperated.

Four interrogations. She thought she remembered Grunemann from those letters - I mean, she made the connection. But she couldn't identify his photograph --

STREIGER

Why not?

TRASK

(shrugs)

Oh a good call girl, she'll turn six - seven hundred tricks a year. The faces get blurred.

(resumes)

And she hadn't seen him since, and that's all. We put her back out.

CABLE

Back out on the street? A known prostitute.

TRASK

(mildly)

She don't work the street. She takes calls.

CABLE

(persists)

But you let her keep right on.

TRASK

(still mildly)

Someone got to take care of the businessman.

EXT NEW YORK SIDEWALK: PEDESTRIANS DAY

They trudge along the sidewalk -- the herd, the late-afternoon crush. A LONG-LENS shot, the crowd compacted. We see BREE milling along with the rest. Her mood is subdued -- the aftermath of the tryout. She maneuvers to a sidewalk PHONE BOOTH, enters. We see her deposit, dial.

INT PHONE BOOTH, BREE DAY

She is connected (to her registry).

BREE

Bree Daniel, any messages?

(waits -- none)

OK, thanks.

She waits for a moment. Then makes a curious, small gesture of her hand -- deposits another dime, dials again, is answered.

BREE

(continued)

Trina? Bree.

Do I? Oh no, just a commercial I thought I might get, that's all.

(quickly, more brightly)

Well I'd take a quick twenty, hon. Do you have a commuter for me?

Wait.

As she prepares to write it down, we CUT BACK TO --

INT STREIGER'S OFFICE DAY

CABLE

Is she still under surveillance?

TRASK

We believe she's cooperatin'. She got those breather calls, she reported that.

(explains)

Breathers. Anonymous phone calls; you know, they ring up, they don't say nothin -- that was after Grunemann disappeared. Also she claimed bein followed at night, also someone messin with her mailbox, stuff like that -- but you know that could be anyone.

CABLE

And you're not doing anything about it.

ROSS

(bristles back)

Mr. Cable, Mr. Streiger, it's easy for --

STREIGER

(reasonably)

Ross -- I think we understand your position; understand ours. The company's. We have a considerable investment in Tom - the projects he was supervising. We feel by now, really, we're entitled to investigate for ourselves.

ROSS

Privately, you mean. Private investigation. Yes sir, of course you're entitled; and there's a great many competent --

CABLE

We've asked Klute.

Ross and Trask look at Klute - more than a bit startled - then at each other. Klute just looks uneasy.

**STREIGER**

He's followed the case from the start.  
He knew Tom very well, personally.  
He has no -- family commitments.  
We hope he'll cooperate with you and  
you with him.

**ROSS**

Well yes sir, naturally, but --

**STREIGER**

(indicating Cable)

He'll report to our company's New York  
office, to Pete -- Pete goes there on a  
regular schedule back and forth, and --

**ROSS**

(tactfully)

Mr. Streiger, speaking frankly -- we've  
appreciated the Sergeant's interest you  
know, all along. Here, locally. But  
New York, that's -- well --

**TRASK**

(to Klute, leniently)

Ever done any Vice-Squad work?

**ROSS**

Missing persons?

**TRASK**

Spent much time in the city?

**ROSS**

You see, I have to wonder -- speaking  
frankly; the Sergeant knows I'm only  
speaking frankly --

**CABLE**

You wonder why we thought of Klute?  
Frankly? He's interested.

From this point we BEGIN our first SUMMARY-SEQUENCE: a succession of very brief, very tightly-cut scenes (averaging perhaps 15 seconds apiece, almost a montage) alternating between KLUTE'S JOURNEY and BREE: THE CITY: HER RITUAL. Thus, from this office-interior we CUT TO --

EXT WIDE SHOT: ACCESS RAMP OF TURNPIKE, TOLL STATION:  
KLUTE'S CAR DAY

Klute's car turns off the road he's been traveling -- from town -- up the access ramp - pauses at the toll station for ticket - out onto the turnpike itself. We PAN to the horizon, the tremendous sweep of the highway across the hills. Again the MUSIC -- more affirmatively --

MUSIC

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary --

INT KLUTE DRIVING DAY

EFFECTS overlap MUSIC, as a large TRAILER TRUCK grinds by. Klute loosens tie, unbuttons collar for the long haul. And as TRUCK EFFECTS start to fade we lap the VOICES OVER briefly - Trasks, Klute's -

TRASK VOICE

(dry, not unfriendly)

Klute, where you fixin to begin?

KLUTE VOICE

(slow, tentative)

I don't know. The girl, I guess. I wouldn't know where else.

-- and CUT TO --

INT HOTEL CORRIDOR DAY

A GROUP -- middle-aged Couple, Child, Bellman with suitcases -- wait to descend in elevator as BREE gets off. We TRACK with her along corridor to a door. She checks number and knocks.

REVERSE: THROUGH DOOR TO BREE

A MAN opens the door. We neither see nor hear him clearly -- he is foreground, defocused. His shirt is untucked. Bree cocks her head, greets him cutely.

BREE

Hullo.

He mumbles some kind of greeting, steps back. She pauses a moment in the door (casing, instantly) -- then quite confident, friendly, provocative all at once --

BREE

(continued)

Ooh, I knew I'd like you.

-- and CUT TO --

INT CAR: KLUTE DRIVING DAY

Klute has laid his jacket aside, rolled his sleeves, is eating the last of a vending machine sandwich. The CAR RADIO is on. He leans forward, tuning it from --

1ST ANNC'R

(energetic)

-- R - W - M, radio's voice in the Shippensburg Valley, on a beautiful clear warm Thurs --

-- to --

2ND ANNC'R

(rural)

-- Tucky Wonder Beans picking up a half cent over yesterday's price at --

-- and CUT TO --

INT HOTEL ROOM: BREE DAY

C. U. BREE (the Man out of frame and unheard-from) as she bargains gaily -- and at the same time a little watchfully; she has a freak we gather, and it's hard to know a freak's limits. Her appearance is a little mussed - there's been some preliminary tussling - and now -

BREE

Lover, that's got to be a little extra.  
I mean it sounds very exciting, what you speak of, you've got me all excited.  
But something special like that, you know it's got to cost a little more, mm?

-- and CUT TO --

INT FROM CAR, TRAVELING, LINCOLN TUNNEL NIGHT

TRAFFIC spills out of tunnel, headlights glaring toward camera, onto Hudson River Drive.

MUSIC

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and Thyme --

INT CAR: KLUTE DRIVING NIGHT

Klute drives a little anxiously, hemmed in by other cars, trying to catch sight of street-exit signs.

## MUSIC

(continued)

Remember me to one who lives there.

She once was --

MUSIC is drowned by a blaring HORN as a CAR cuts by on Klute's inside. He swerves, grimaces -- the city dangers. We SEGUE with HORN NOISES to --

INT C. U. ON BREE, MAN (HOTEL BED) NIGHT

The Man's face is buried against her neck; he labors over her. She cries out ecstatically, transportedly -- it would seem at the edge of orgasm --

## BREE

Oh lover, oh it's too much -- oh you  
thrill me -- yes, like that, it's -- oh  
it's beautiful, oh --

-- and at the same time refers privately to her wristwatch. And  
CUT TO --

EXT PARKING LOT NIGHT

-- as PARKING ATTENDANT slips the ticket into the timeclock --  
it goes 'choonk' -- hands it over to Klute. Klute asks tentatively --

## KLUTE

I could be here a while. Do you have a  
rate by the month?

## PARKING ATTENDANT

The month? Forty dollars.

Klute looks at him -- incredulous, awed.

## PARKING ATTENDANT

(continued)

Look, a million people want to get in  
this city, right?

Klute turns away carrying his suitcase. We PAN after him to a perspective shot of the STREET. (Rather empty, gritty -- a West 54th sort of place -- a warehouse, a garage or two; asphalt school-yard, empty lot being excavated surrounded by a wall of doors, a Con-Edison midden --) and from Klute on foot, back to --

EXT STREET: OUTSIDE THE BROWNSTONE NIGHT

BREE moves alongstreet, a little slowly, returning home -- a little apprehensive, it seems, of the one or two other distant FIGURES

on the street. She turns in at one of the Brownstones. (We might note a small apt. -for-rent sign outside the ground-floor window.)

INT STAIRWELL OF BROWNSTONE NIGHT

We begin with a DOWNSHOT -- (suggesting POV, of someone loitering here on an upper floor) -- as BREE lets herself in, starts climbing the stairs. Later we drop back, losing her -- picking her up again as she mounts to the top floor, the door of her apartment. Two keynotes here: (1) her isolation, her vulnerability; (2) the suggestion, in our choice of angles, of a prowler, an onlooker. Her manner contributes to these motifs: she now is barren, isolated, a little frightened. She peers ahead into angles and shadows of the stairwell. But, clearly, there is no one else here -- nothing, but wisps of sounds from behind the tight-battened doors of other apartments.

INT BREE'S APT. NIGHT

BREE unlocks the door, switches on a light, cases the apartment for a moment before entering, securing chain lock, putting aside her things. We ESTABLISH. The apartment is a little larger than most -- a railroad flat -- and a little higher-ceilinged. (There is a sky-light shrouded with black paint) but otherwise ordinary, not especially tidy. Bree's actions, as she moves through, have a suggestion of routine about them; she's felt and done this way countless times before. There is a RECORD player near the first interior doorway with records already poised on the spindle. She switches it as she moves by, continues steadily without pausing, discarding her clothes as she goes, toward and into the bathroom. By the time the first record has dropped, she has the shower turned on, is getting rid of her dress. We CUT BACK TO --

EXT A STREET: KLUTE NIGHT

The same sort of street on which we saw Klute before, rather empty at this hour, out of the center of things. He walks, as before, carrying his suitcase. We see him slow, concernedly looking toward --

EXT TO EMPTY STOREFRONT: OLD MAN NIGHT

In the recess of the storefront, the OLD MAN sways on hands and knees. He stares back. For a moment we, like Klute, think that he's stricken, he needs help. Then, next, we see the empty liquor bottle -- and that, stricken or not, he's arranged his world. He is unfolding and spreading a newspaper to make a bed for himself. We watch briefly as he rolls groaning down onto his back, to sleep. From his abandoned FACE we CUT TO --

INT BREE'S APT: ON BREE NIGHT

Bree sits at the far edge of a studio couch, near the record player, with a QUILT huddled over and around her, her back against the wall. The MUSIC is classical, curiously -- the sound of a HARPSICHORD, thin, astringent, belonging to a different time. She sits immobile, emptied, staring at nothing, more or less expressionless -- but trembling violently, shaking.

This shot CLOSES our first SUMMARY-SEQUENCE -- and, in effect, the first section of script.

EXT THE STREET DAY

ESTABLISH. Morning. Pedestrians, kids playing, the usual shuffle of sounds. Someone somewhere is practicing a saxophone. We PAN the corrugations of brownstone fronts and windows to one - Bree's - apartment house. The FIGURE OF SUPERINTENDENT is lifting down the sign (which reads, if we see it: 'For Rent. Fr. 1½ Furn. Inq. Crawicz') and turns back inside --

INT BREE APT: BREE DAY

Bree moves about energetically, even hopefully, tidying up, shoving her scrapbook and resumes into the carrying bag, preparing to set out on rounds. A KNOCK on the door. We see instantly her flinch of fear, then see her control it. She approaches to door, to peephole, lifts lid aside.

THROUGH PEEPHOLE TO KLUTE FACE

Klute's face is somewhat distorted by the peephole lens; he looks harmless enough, a bit simple -- is gazing mildly about the landing.

BREE

She asks curtly through the door --

BREE

What is it?

KLUTE

(outside)

Miss Daniel? My name is Klute --  
John Klute --

She turns the door handle, parts the door about three inches, looks through at him.

KLUTE

As the door budges, he starts forward through it, innocently enough --

KLUTE

(continued)

Can I talk to you?

-- and the door crunches against its chain-lock. He stops perforce, a bit startled. A pause. A slice of Bree's face looks coldly out at him. He summons a smile.

BREE

What about?

KLUTE

My name's John Klute.

BREE

You said that.

KLUTE

It's about Tom Grunemann.

She tightens again -- very distinctly -- though we can't tell whether from apprehension or disgust (or even perhaps concealment). Then --

BREE

That's all over.

KLUTE

I've just got some questions. I'm an investigator.

BREE

FBI?

KLUTE

Private investigator. I've been hired by his company. To look for him.

BREE

Identification?

He takes a folded letter from his breast pocket, and a wallet - opening it to show a card - passes them both through to her. Silence. She shakes the letter open, examines it carefully, passes it back out. But Klute has seen her glance behind her sharply, as if toward someone else. He asks politely, casually (and watchfully).

KLUTE

Do you have someone with you? I could come back later.

She doesn't answer - is examining the wallet card with the same care she gave the letter. She appears satisfied; her manner and voice soften a little; she smiles slightly.

BREE

You want to ask questions?

KLUTE

Just a few.

BREE

And you're not from the FBI or the police?

KLUTE

No.

She smiles again, hands the wallet back out, closes the door (doesn't slam, just closes). Klute looks at it blankly for a time, starts to knock again, decides not to -- turns and descends the stairs.

BREE

Bree listens through the door to his departing footsteps. They fade from hearing. She hastens to assemble her properties.

INT A LOWER LANDING DAY

Klute, descending the stairs at the same even pace, refers back up -- then moves to side, lets himself unhurriedly but quickly through a door --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

The apartment - room really - is small, drab, painted a grim mottled green, ill furnished. Klute's suitcase is propped open, half-unloaded, on a barebacked chair. Another case, resembling it (a tape-recorder actually) stands nearby on the floor. On the table are a FOLDER of Klute's notes, and a paper shopping bag. Klute enters and deliberately resumes his settling in. From the paper bag he sets aside an electric FAN, then lifts out and starts winding a cheap tin ALARM-CLOCK.

INT BREE'S APARTMENT DAY

Bree has shifted position to a window, is looking down at the street. She sees - and we hear - SOUND OF BUS APPROACHING, distantly. She grabs her properties, whips out the door --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

Klute finishes winding the clock, sets it on bureau top, starts to plug in the fan, then hears BREE'S FOOTSTEPS zipping down the stairs. He moves - still unhurriedly - to his peephole, looks out --

## THROUGH PEEPHOLE

-- as Bree passes in a blur.

## EXT ON DOOR OF BROWNSTONE DAY

Bree skids to a stop just inside the door, looks quickly out in one direction then the other (in case Klute has been waiting in ambush on the sidewalk) then races - PAN - to BUS AT CURB - makes it, pulls herself aboard --

## INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE DAY

Klute has been watching from his window. We hear the BUS PULLING AWAY. He turns back, finishes plugging in the electric fan.

## INT AGENCY OFFICE DAY

BREE is showing her notebook to an AGENT. He leans forward courteously, occasionally stroking his forehead with his fingertips -- a nice man with a headache.

BREE

-- and I take acting classes with Lee Tainter --

AGENT

-- Lee, yes --

BREE

-- and I was in two of his productions, workshop-type productions, Uncle Vanya and the girl in Five Characters --

(indicates picture)

-- here -- and, oh, I've done some Ibsen, and the Maid in Bald Soprano, Ionesco, and --

AGENT

Is there any film on you?

BREE

(hopefully)

Tape. I did two tape commercials for Newark Outlets, local commercials -- and then of course I have the modeling and the demonstrator work, the trade-fair work -- but naturally I feel ready for something more, well you know, substan ---

AGENT

Well thanks very much for coming in.

Bree starts to rise -- discovers a last notebook page, points to picture.

BREE

Oh - a Public Library poetry reading I was in -- Wadman Branch.

AGENT

(glances, smiles)

Well thank you very much.

BREE

(beautifully - the business)

Thank you very much.

She starts for the door -- he's already turning away -- then ducks back --

BREE

(cont'd.)

Oh --

She hands him one of her Glossies, laughing prettily at her own forgetfulness.

BREE

(cont'd)

-- Thank you.

AGENT

Thanks for coming in.

INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE AGENCY OFFICE DAY

Bree comes out, pauses with notebook to cross out, the call completed, checks the list of those remaining, sets forth again.

Over this and the next following shots, we bring in the VOICES - OVER. The same sound-track quality as before, from an actual past scene, a police interrogation. TRASK'S and BREE'S VOICES.

BREE VOICE

(nervous, sharp)

Look, you meet a lot of people, right?  
And a year ago; you're asking me about somebody a --

TRASK VOICE

(patient)

Just answer the questions.

TRASK  
(cont'd)

(pause. Reviews --)  
Now you remember Gruncmann --

BREE VOICE  
I think I remember.

TRASK VOICE  
He sent you letters afterwards.

BREE VOICE  
-- Filthy letters --

TRASK VOICE  
From where he lived there -- Pennsylvania --

BREE VOICE  
-- Mm --

EXT STREET (WEST FORTIES) DAY

A fairly wide shot - crowded sidewalks, the dense-packed theatrical district - as Bree comes out, moves on -

TRASK VOICE  
-- So you remember him.

BREE VOICE  
Look, the letters reminded me of that -- that trick that I'd had before, that dumper. I mean the kind of thing a geek like that would write. But that's just my --

TRASK VOICE  
You can't say that Gruncmann was the dumper, the same man?

BREE VOICE  
From that picture, no I can't.

TRASK VOICE  
But might be.

BREE VOICE  
Yes.

INT PRECINCT STATION ROOM DAY

KLUTE sits in a chair beside Trask's desk (Trask absent) reading the stenographic record of the interrogation.

The room itself is a hive. There are perhaps half a dozen other desks, a constant stirring about, a mixture of EFFECTS, VOICES, INTERRUPTIONS (held UNDER our two continuing voices, to start with). Sitting by one desk a young Puerto Rican weeps uncontrollably; a Harness-cop waits for him to stop. At another, a Plainclothes-man types; another Plainclothesman talks irritatedly into a phone. Etc.

Klute seems undismayed, however, simply sits and reads. We have a sense of his complete, quiet, concentration.

TRASK VOICE

All right, tell me about that dumper.

BREE VOICE

Just a dumper. A freak. He beat me.

TRASK VOICE

How did you meet him?

(prompts)

How did you make that date?

Pause. (In the typescript, of course, the pause exists only as a brief clot in the dialogue. But by a very slight reaction, we see Klute taking note of it.)

BREE VOICE

What?

TRASK VOICE

You had a date. How did he and you make connection? His call, your call? --

BREE VOICE

I don't remember.

TRASK VOICE

But you hadn't dated him before.

BREE VOICE

No.

TRASK VOICE

So how'd he get your name?

BREE VOICE (loudly)

Somebody a year ago, and I don't even remember, and you ask me how he got my name!

TRASK

(O. S., calls)

Klute --

## ANGLE TO TRASK, APPROACHING

We bring up room-effects slightly. Trask picks his way toward desk, holding a file-folder. One of the others detains him by an elbow, asks a question; he answers, continues on to Klute, sits. (We note that his accent now is much quicker, more glib, more New York-ese, than in the previous scene.

TRASK

(cont'd)

I just got a call from her, downstairs, askin' about you. I told her she should talk to you. She told me something not very nice.

(amused)

She's right you know, she don't have to.

KLUTE

You could make her.

TRASK

(evenly)

Klute, she's --

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(interrupts)

Where's the two-twenty on Janaczak?

TRASK

Try Willie-baby, not me-baby.

(resumes)

Klute, she's not a bad kid, had a rough time and told all she knows. You don't think so? Well Klute I ain't gonna lean on her.

KLUTE

(equably) <sup>on</sup>

All right, I'll lean <sup>^</sup>her.

Trask looks at him speculatively -- a hint of growing respect --

TRASK

I wonder you got hidden talents.

The PHONE RINGS: Trask shoulders it; at the same time paper-clipping some desk material.

TRASK

(cont'd, to phone)

Mm?

TRASK

(cont'd)

(then, grimly)

We don't get positive ID till the mother looks: she don't want to. The child was in the water: turtles ate the face. I'm waitin a call back.

(hangs up)

NIEDERMAN

(another plainclothesman)

Trask, Dempsey wants to know, you goin' out.

TRASK

(calls back, cheerfully again)

Soon as I lose the farmer.

Klute indicates the folder Trask has brought.

KLUTE

Anything more in that?

TRASK

(remembers)

Oh, yeah, I was lookin to see. Frank Ligourin, she used to be one of his stable. Her pimp. You know, pimp?

He pushes the folder over so Klute can copy down the name, continues.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Nothing much on Ligourin. A user, heroin; I bumped him once. But I think she split on him anyway; I don't know who's got her now.

KLUTE

I haven't seen anyone.

TRASK

You been around her?

KLUTE

A while.

TRASK

Seen her take calls?

KLUTE

Some.

TRASK

They never quit.

KLUTE

But I haven't seen a pimp.

TRASK

Well she's got to have someone.

KLUTE

(suggests)

Tom Grunemann?

TRASK

(irony)

Oh now I see it. You mean she's got him.  
Keepin him hid -- supportin him -- now  
why didn't I think?

KLUTE

Or try it the other way: he's around but  
she doesn't know it.

TRASK

You mean like he came here to New York  
all right, but he didn't go right to her --  
but he's sort of hangin around her, like --  
like spookin around and keepin watch and --

(sighs)

-- Oi.

A HARNESS COP edges into scene, silently shows Trask a data-card,  
a photograph. Trask instructs --

TRASK

(cont'd)

OK, ask about the razor cuts. But don't  
jump him with it, ooze it in.

-- turns back to Klute once more. Klute meditates past him. A brief  
silence.

TRASK

Man you make me nervous just looking  
not talkin.

KLUTE

Is there anybody who could tell me any  
thing more about her? At all?

TRASK

(thinks, then)

You could try Spangler. Psychiatrist at  
Women's City. Part time. Volunteer  
work. Good cat.

KLUTE

Take me to see Spangler?

Trask grimaces - rests chin in hand, stares comically at Klute, the incubus.

TRASK

Ungh.

INT ACTING CLASS DAY

BREE plays Juliet, an ACTOR Romeo; OTHERS (including her coach, Tainter we presume) act as audience. An informal setting, informal clothing -- Bree in a sweatshirt bearing a rude legend.

ACTOR

Oh wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

BREE

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ACTOR

The exchange of thy love's faithful now  
for mine.

BREE

I gave thee mine before thou didst request  
it. And yet I would it were to give again.

ACTOR

Would thou withdraw it. For what purpose  
love?

BREE

But to be frank and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my  
love as deep. The more I give to thee the  
more I have, for both are infinite. I hear  
some noise within. Dear love, adieu.

(then, crustily)

I could plotz.

INT WOMEN'S CITY PRISON: ON BARRED DOOR DAY

The barred door swings open and shut, admitting KLUTE and TRASK with a massive female WARDEN. (Both Klute and Trask are differently dressed from preceding.) She conducts them past CELL ROWS toward the door of Spangler's office. In this brief transit, the following events:

Near the door a PRISONER is mopping the floor -- a fat, jolly, gap-toothed hag. She shifts her grasp on the mop handle as they pass -- and we shift to --

INT KLUTE'S FACE DAY

-- as his eye's widen, he loses a half-step, as -- we surmise -- he is goosed from behind with a mop handle. The Warder scarcely turns head, warns affably --

WARDER

Eenie, I'll have your tail carrying buckets.

And the CLAMOR OF VOICES begins, saluting them. We don't see anyone; we only hear a witches' brew of jeers, invitations, whoops. Klute is embarrassed, even a little intimidated.

WARDER

(cont'd, still affably)

All right girls, all right.

VOICES

Hey baby -- come here hon, we got it right here -- lookit the face on'm -- oh man, get it o-out -- (etc.)

SHRIEKS CONTINUING, they reach Spangler's door. Labeled 'Counseling'. Warder opens door. We catch only a brief glimpse of SPANGLER -- a thin, small, awkward, ugly man -- as he moves forward to greet them.

INT TRADE SHOW DAY

In the Coliseum: a construction-supply show: one booth among many. BREE assists in demonstrating aluminum storm doors and windows -- undoing and lifting out panels, posing prettily with them, -- as DEMONSTRATOR narrates over P.A. system --

DEMONSTRATOR

-- Sutton's patented wing-nut panelocs with nylon inserts that will not freeze up or grit up, requiring no wrench, no screwdriver, and good for the life of --

We CROSS-FADE -- still holding on Bree -- with SPANGLER VOICE OVER (as if skimming a case record).

SPANGLER VOICE

Well I have her caucasian, twenty-eight, good physical health, no narcotics record, presenting an unusually strong personality some ways, high intelligence, a high-bracket call girl.

INT SPANGLER (PRISON) OFFICE DAY

SPANGLER quits his desk, moves restlessly past TRASK and KLUTE, seated - a quick-spoken man.

SPANGLER

(cont'd)

-- Usual case history - this isn't a medical confidence, it's all of them - broken family, lonely, confused, crummy childhood, early promiscuity, formal prostitution beginning in her teens, income twenty-five to thirty thousand a year.

(notes Klute's reaction)

Oh they don't keep the money: they get rid of it, they get pimps. Why?

(stabs at record)

-- why all this?

TRASK

(droll)

Oh he's got some idea about her, you know, back of his head. Like she hasn't told all she knows maybe or -- or somethin.

Spangler has been studying the record again, remembers, resumes.

SPANGLER

I saw her a couple of times after she was released. My other office, uptown, my private practice. She expressed every good intention of getting out of the life, devoting herself to an acting career. Still taking calls?

KLUTE

A few.

(then)

Trask says they never quit.

SPANGLER

(energy, feeling)

Trask is cynical and Trask is right: they don't. Oh they try, they get regular jobs -- then they get frustrated, they get bored, they get hurt -- they pop back to the one thing they can handle. Men in bed. The trick. Not men in general, not life, not love, not even real sex - it avoids all that. Just the trick, the transaction. And it's not the money. They make thousands of

## SPANGLER

(cont'd)

dollars and give it to their pimps. And they don't marry millionaires. They wind up like characters in morality plays -- screaming, alcoholic, psychotic, or diseased or disfigured or dead from drugs or suicide or --

(beat)

You must have a kind face: I don't talk like this.

INT ON HOTEL ROOM DOOR NIGHT

A blare of RADIO MUSIC being played too loud -- the door coming open, BREE coming out with ANOTHER GIRL. Three or four MEN visible in the room behind them, shirtsleeved, raucous, happily drunk. Bree stands very uneasily waiting -- too much noise -- as the other girl hangs gleefully against a pair of them, exchanging kisses and shouts -- all drowned out by the music.

The door is pulled shut. The Other Girl quiets immediately -- turns and spits against the door. Bree draws her away by the sleeve, down the hall, away from camera. And --

INT LATE-NIGHT RESTAURANT NIGHT

In dead SILENCE, BREE and the OTHER GIRL advance toward camera (as if a reverse from the previous shot) to a booth. A MAN sitting there (the Other Girl's pimp) with a THIRD GIRL. Bree's companion greets him shyly, tenderly: she and Bree sit down, join in conversation -- (but all in silence still -- only the lips moving -- a mime). And --

ZOOM BACK SLOWLY -- other tables, other girls and a few men, the sisterhood -- TO --

EXT (SAME SHOT) L. S. TO LATE-NIGHT RESTAURANT NIGHT

-- Still zooming back slowly -- We see that it's the only lighted establishment on the long dark block -- the plate glass windows, the FIGURES clustered inside. And --

KLUTE, foreground, keeping watch. We CUT BACK TO --

INT SPANGLER'S OFFICE: KLUTE, TRASK, SPANGLER DAY

Klute is slowly taking a more confident role, beginning to develop his own sense of the case, exploring the shape of things.

KLUTE

Did she talk to you about Tom Grunemann?

SPANGLER

All she remembered about Grunemann she said was those letters.

KLUTE

Did she talk about the letters?

SPANGLER

Yes. Bad letters apparently, obsessive, quite violent material. I'd judge a pretty sick man.

KLUTE

I knew him. He didn't seem like that.

SPANGLER

Well you can get that -- a severe, specific character disorder in a personality you'd saw was otherwise --

(interrupts himself)

Hell, I can't diagnose third hand.

KLUTE

But if he was like that -- and it turned out she had a -- an appetite for that kind of thing --

SPANGLER

(completes the thought)

-- Then she could be secretly in touch with him, you mean, keeping him? --

He makes a doubting noise and gesture.

KLUTE

What about the other way around? If he had an -- obsession you said -- with her, the idea of punishing her --

SPANGLER

-- Waiting for his chance, following her, window-peeping --

(shrugs)

All right, yes. If Grunemann were still around -- that strikes as most unlikely, most -- but yes, the girl could be in some danger.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE NIGHT

Starting with this shot, and continuing through the Mr. Faber sequence, we again shoot deliberately to suggest P. O. V. -- carrying on the suggestion of someone lurking and observing. This shot begins in a PAN across a section of iron grillwork, to pick up the FIGURE OF BREE, middle-distance, approaching. As always her manner displays a tension. She even stops once, as if to listen for footsteps. She continues on, enters the Brownstone.

INT ON DOOR, TRACKING IN (KLUTE'S APT.) NIGHT

Continuing the P. O. V. feeling -- with the sound of BREE'S FOOTSTEPS on stairs and landings, we are tracking to the PEEPHOLE of the door. A finger lifts the cover aside; we look through -- as BREE shows briefly, moving past, outside. She passes from view, and we CUT WIDER, TO --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute turns back, away from the peephole (just checking the girl in, that's all). On the table are Klute's NOTES -- an accumulating stack of pages, and the scraps of paper from which he transcribes them. Next to these, occupying most of the table, is a TAPE RECORDER and HEADSET, and stack of TAPE BOXES. The electric FAN hums and rotates nearby. Klute in shirtsleeves carries on in lackluster fashion, quite hot and a bit dispirited -- moves to the bureau, hangs a necktie, discards a used sock into a laundry pile, moves toward kitchenette --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: COUCH NIGHT

Bree casts herself down into frame, onto couch. We dwell on her face. She lies restlessly for a moment or two. Then takes a book and pencil (acting class homework), tries to make herself read. But she can't stay quiet -- gets up again, moves restlessly around -- to the window --

INT/EXT POV STREET NIGHT

Nothing much showing. Darkness. Lighted windows across the street. The sounds of the saxophone tootler --

BREE

Bree turns from the window, directly to her phone -- but then hesitates again --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute steps out from his tiny kitchenette carrying a heated TV dinner. As he sits down at table, the TAPE RECORDER reels start turning (sound-powered), the recording light starts winking (as Bree, above, dials). Klute glances at the recorder, but pays it scant attention -- he can catch up with the news anytime. He sits manfully down with the TV dinner, starts peeling back the foil --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE NIGHT

She holds the phone, is answered. Her voice is a little unlike what we've heard before -- more 'natural', a little shy, a little covert.

BREE

Hi. Bree.

(is greeted)

Hi. Well I could come over tonight -- if you'd like -- if there's no one else.

(listens)

Well, I'll meet you there, if you're absolutely sure that --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE NIGHT

The tape-recorder continues turning and winking as the conversation upstairs continues. Klute has finished peeling the foil off the TV dinner. He looks down at it, hoists a forkful, examines it with glazed eyes, sets the fork down again. He reaches for the headset of the tape-recorder, holds it loosely against one ear. We see him catching the last of the conversation and - judging by his slight reaction - with a measure of new interest. The TAPE RECORDER stops running (as Bree, above, hangs up). He immediately resets it to playback, rewinds, and starts listening through it again. We CUT TO --

EXT GARMENT DISTRICT NIGHT

Large, dark buildings -- a DIM-LIGHTED WINDOW showing at an upper floor of one -- the street otherwise by and large deserted. A TAXI draws in, a FIGURE IN EVENING DRESS (Bree) gets out, approaches the building.

EXT GARMENT BUILDING DOOR NIGHT

BREE glances around, either secretly or apprehensively -- presses a buzzer, waits, gets answering CLICKS, enters the dark hallway of the building, starts upstairs.

EXT ACROSS THE STREET NIGHT

KLUTE shifts into view, looking in the direction Bree's gone, a little puzzled all in all. He doesn't immediately follow; he waits.

INT GARMENT BUILDING CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT

We look past RACKS OF CLOTHING, as BREE arrives up the dark stairway into dark rooms -- the scene, mysterious, a little sinister. She seems fearful of it herself, advances slowly, looking around, calls --

BREE

Hi? --

ANGLE PAST MR. FABER, TO BREE

Mr. Faber is SILHOUETTED for a moment, standing, watching her, from along an alleyway of garments. She looks in this direction, sees him, is startled then relieved.

BREE

Oh --

He moves toward her.

REVERSE ANGLE, TO MR. FABER

Mr. Faber is a man of 65 or so, rather handsome, and for this occasion very spruce, very erect, very nattily turned out. Bree complains cheerfully.

BREE

You scared me, Mr. Faber.

He smiles, kisses her cheek, tests the fabric of her evening dress -- (in passing, as a matter of expertise).

MR. FABER

Good material, not too good cut. I'd do better for you.

The he turns, lifts down a WOMAN'S DRESS CAPE, carrying it -- graciously gestures her to precede him --

CORNER OF CUTTING ROOM

A dim pool of light here. A private area here, sectioned off by rows of garments. A couch, rug, coffee table, a chair or two -- a place for Buyers to take their ease. BREE and MR. FABER, entering this

scene, are entering their private rite. Her manner is suddenly elegant, assured, regal; his befits a man of the world. He fits the cloak around her shoulders and gestures to the couch; she sits. He pours a glass of wine for her, for himself. She speaks with a neat continental accent -- doing it fairly well, really -- a member of the international set.

BREE

Oh thank you.

He sits in the chair opposite, sips his wine.

MR. FABER

Enjoy.

(then)

Well --

BREE

Well I'm just back. And -- I must tell you-- something quite wonderful.

MR. FABER

(intently)

Yes?

BREE

At Cannes. We flew there from Monte Carlo -- Carlo's such a bore. The parties of course, the yachting parties, but otherwise --

MR. FABER

Yes?

BREE

And Cannes was quite fun, quite; and we played baccarat and chemin-de-fer and there was a nice little Italian marquis quite enthusiastic for me -- but a young man can be so silly --

MR. FABER

Mm.

BREE

And then one night - at the gaming tables - well I just saw him. A stranger - looking at me - and I knew suddenly that all my life I'd been --

She hesitates strangely, her fingers at the neck of the cape. Faintly --

BREE

-- May I? It's so --

MR. FABER

(quickly)

Please --

She stands, unloosing the cloak, letting it fall on the couch. But she doesn't sit again -- begins to move here and there about the enclosure, her hands wandering about her dress and body -- an erotic restlessness.

BREE

Not young; he wasn't young -- gray at the temples, he -- well actually he looked like you.

MR. FABER

(tensely)

Yes?

BREE

And nobody could tell me who he was -- an exiled prince or a mercenary or a bullfighter or -- but I felt it stirring inside me, this -- this wild, pagan feeling --

EXT GARMENT BUILDING DOOR NIGHT

KLUTE arrives from across the street. It takes him a while (with a 'loid' probably) to slip the lock. He eases the door open, moves inside --

INT CORNER OF CUTTING ROOM: BREE NIGHT

BREE is farther along in her narrative, more fervent in manner. MR. FABER sits at the edge of his seat, ducking his head now and then in pleasure, but making no move to molest her.

BREE

And next day at the beach -- our beach pavilion -- I saw him again, his eyes burning into me. I was helpless. Without his even speaking to me, without his even touching. I knew that somehow -- somehow --

-- She casts away an accessory garment. Mr. Faber burns her with his eyes --

INT GARMENT BUILDING, CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT

KLUTE mounts into view at the head of the stairs, moving quietly. From O. S. we hear the MURMUR of BREE'S VOICE continuing. He prowls along the aisles of clothing, looking for a vantage point -- sees --

POV PAST GARMENT RACKS TO MR. FABER

We see, at some distance, Klute sees, Mr. Faber first -- clearly a senior citizen -- sitting transfixed, fastened in some private dream. Then BREE drifts into view -- moves out of view -- into view again, stands -- lets fall the evening dress about her ankles, her body silvered in the dim light. Mr. Faber sits. Her voice still murmuring, she poses -- drifts out of view again --

KLUTE

Klute watches in that direction a moment longer. In his expression, a certain curiosity -- a prurience -- but rather more strongly, disappointment, a measure of disgust. Not his affair. He turns away rather abruptly, into camera, and --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT - ON KLUTE NIGHT

-- As if cutting to another angle on the same action, same movement -- we follow Klute to the window of his apartment. The FAN is going, humming back and forth. He leans his hand on the windowsill, leans forward a little, stands that way for quite a time -- looking out, but as before not specifically at, anything. Loneliness, hunger, distaste, anger -- From the street below, a HORN, a drifting-up of CAR RADIO MUSIC. We CUT TO --

EXT OUTSIDE KLUTE'S HOUSE DAY

A past-time scene. A TOWN POLICE CAR drives up into the yard of the house. KLUTE gets out - in uniform - moves toward the house. He pauses a moment, looking toward --

ANGLE ALONG HOUSE, TO PICKUP TRUCK

The pickup truck is parked a little out of the way -- where it might not be seen from the road.

KLUTE

From this moment, we might surmise, Klute knows what the pickup truck means, what he's likely to find inside. And his arriving here at this time may not be accidental, either. But he has a scene to play out: he moves on evenly into the house.

INT KLUTE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN DAY

The house is less bare than we saw it before, the kitchen ordinarily littered. Klute, entering, makes a decent amount of noise with the door, lingers there - doesn't move farther on into the house. Pause.

A NOISE OR TWO from deeper in the house -- indecipherable -- perhaps a quick, muffled voice. Then his WIFE'S VOICE (HOLLY) calling --

John? HOLLY (O.S.)

Yeah. KLUTE

He moves on into the other rooms.

TO HOLLY

She moves out from the direction of the bedroom, knotting the belt of her housecoat - badly startled, badly frightened, but doing a fair job of concealing it. A pretty woman, a little heavy. Smiles --

HOLLY  
I never got up. I wasn't feeling too good.  
(beat)

You forget something?

KLUTE  
Just driving this way.

HOLLY  
Mathis come by. He -- I guess he wanted to borrow something. Down in the workshop.

Klute nods, moves unhurriedly, more or less expressionlessly to a half-open door, stairs leading down into the cellar.

INT CELLAR WORKSHOP: MATHIS DAY

MATHIS shifts about here - the adulterer at bay - as Klute descends into view. An equable greeting, slowly --

KLUTE  
Mathis -- Holly said you wanted to borrow something?

MATHIS  
Paint. I had an idea that maroon paint -- you used on the barn door there? --

Klute nods, turns to shelves, selecting among paint cans. He can't suppress a faint smile, unnoticed by Mathis -- part of Mathis's shirt-tail is still untucked. He takes down a can, starts prying it open with a screwdriver. Mildly, curiously --

KLUTE  
 Couldn't find it at the hardware, Math?

MATHIS  
 (quickly)  
 I only needed some. And I was this side  
 of town.

Klute has the cover off -- offers the can forward for Mathis's  
 inspection.

MATHIS  
 (continued)  
 Yeah, be fine, be great.

Klute nods, stands for a moment holding the open paint can, looking  
 at Mathis. He and we feel his temptation -- to throw it. But then,  
 he sets it on the workbench, presses the cover on again, hands it over.

Mathis takes it, quickly accepting his departure.

MATHIS  
 (cont'd)  
 Great -- thanks Klute -- thank you boy.

Klute nods, watches him go -- then turns back to the workbench. His  
 fingers are smudged with paint. He dips an edge of rag in an open  
 turpentine jar, starts wiping them off.

HOLLY descends into view, taking Mathis's place. She and Klute  
 look at each other silently. Then - his voice still slow, matter of  
 fact, but harder than we've heard it before --

KLUTE  
 Is he willing to marry you?

She cries out, wretchedly, defiantly, triumphantly --

HOLLY  
 Yes?

And we CUT TO --

INT ENTRYWAY OF BROWNSTONE NIGHT

BREE and KLUTE stand confronted. He impedes her way up. She  
 faces him angrily and miserably - her posture almost identical with  
 Holly's. Klute's manner is uncompromising, persistent: he simply has  
 main tasks to accomplish. (Note: This is not the same night as the  
 Mr. Faber scene preceding: both are differently clothed -- she in a  
 slack-suit.)

BREE

-- Now why can't you let me alone!

KLUTE

I'm looking for Tom Grubemann.

She tries to dodge past him; he shifts position. Not as a request so much as a level warning --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

-- Please.

She suddenly shifts her style -- maybe this will work. She becomes the Smith graduate -- neat of diction, embarrassed, quite willing to be helpful, but --

BREE

Please, it's so very long ago really, all that; and I told the police everything at that time.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but can't you see how embarrassing --? I'm an actress now. I've been busy all day with auditions and contract proposals and --

(more explicitly)

I don't take calls any more. I'm leading a beautiful, cleaned-up square life.

KLUTE

Mind looking in there with me? As long as you're going up.

He's indicated the direction of (his) door. She looks at him, suspiciously -- but after all, it's better than being caged here. She accompanies him.

INT STAIRWELL DAY

He leads the way up a few steps. She is still very wary, but still working the Smith girl pitch -- and guarding her voice against the neighbors. (Klute meanwhile is taking out his key.)

BREE

Really, I'd like to be helpful and I realize you're only doing your job; but my involvement in the thing was so very brief, don't you understand, and --

She lets it trail off, as Klute has raised the key to the lock of his door. He opens it, invites her in. She looks at him with frightened eyes.

He moves in first (so she won't fear being cornered). She follows more slowly, very warily -- but with an awful, growing presentiment.

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE, BREE DAY

They enter. She first sees Klute's various appertenances -- the bed, the necktie over the mirror, etc. -- as he explains moderately.

KLUTE

I've been here a while.

Then she sees -- as he's intended -- the TAPE RECORDER, the stack of tape boxes. Softly, venomously, with absolute contempt and hatred --

BREE

Oh you bastard.

But then she adjusts tactics to the changed situation. As a frightened, cornered, but matter-of-fact hooker, talking a cop's language --

BREE

(cont'd)

Is it the shakedown hon? Because you picked a loser: I just don't have it.

KLUTE

No, I'm look--

BREE

(vehemently again)

If I was taking calls full time, would I be living in this kip? I'd be back on Park Avenue; I could support the whole National Guard!

Klute suppresses a smile, indicates the rolled-up input wires of the recorder.

KLUTE

I've disconnected.

(explains setup)

I thought you could be in touch with him.

BREE

(incredulous)

What? --

(sore again)

Who needs the schlub?!

But then, again, she adjusts tone and tactics. She glances at her watch, approaches, puts her hand on his arm coaxingly -- the invitation.

BREE

(cont'd)

But look -- hon -- I really would like those tapes. You know? And you can have a good time, and I can have a --

KLUTE

I'm looking for Tom Gruncmann; I'd like your help.

BREE

(harshly)

--Or you can get me put back in the brig: I'll spend another month dodging bull-dykes.

Klute smiles slightly again, doesn't have to respond: she's defined it exactly. The power balance. She frets about, hating it and hating him, then looks at him calmly, resigned. Klute sets it forth again, pleasantly, evenly --

KLUTE

I'd like to ask you some questions, show you some photographs.

BREE

(helpless, wretched)

I told everything. I did.

KLUTE

As far as your -- social life -- I don't care, I'm not interested -- go right ahead.

BREE

If the FBI and the police couldn't find him, how can you?

KLUTE

I've got time, and I'm curious'

She turns, goes out, heads upstairs. Klute tarries to take up his folder of notes, then follows.

INT STAIRWELL: BREE, KLUTE ASCEND NIGHT

Again a POV sort of shot, as of someone below tracing their progress upstairs. Then --

EXT ROOFTOP: ON SKYLIGHT NIGHT

We see the SKYLIGHT brighten from inside (as Bree below enters and turns on her lights). At some time past the skylight has been coated with black paint to discourage spectators; but the paint is old, patchy, flaked off in spots. We START TRACK IN, slowly, and --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Bree disposes her belongings. Klute moves to table, sits, opens his folder, rummages for the photographs.

BREE

(coolly)

What do you mean, my social life, you're not interested. You mean you don't want to bounce me, personally.

KLUTE

That's right.

BREE

But I guess you'll try, you hypocrite bastard.

Klute doesn't respond. She opens and inspects and closes her refrigerator, puts a pan on the stove, then moves to stand nearby him. Klute sets out a photograph for her to look at.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH, TOM GRUNEMANN

KLUTE, BREE

BREE

The police showed me that. I understand it's Grunemann, but I told them, I just don't remember.

Klute tosses down a second photograph.

INSERT: SECOND PHOTOGRAPH

This is a golf-club-championship shot -- Tom Grunemann sharing a silver cup with Klute. BREE'S FOREFINGER indicates Klute, as we cut wide again.

BREE, KLUTE

BREE

(cont'd)

(a little surprised)

Who's the other one -- you?

KLUTE

I knew him. Friends.

BREE

I don't remember you either.

Klute smiles very slightly, tosses down another -- a WIDE PHOTOGRAPH.

INSERT: WIDE PHOTOGRAPH - COMPANY PICNIC

An everybody-over-here, fellow-employees, short of picture. (Including the figures of Streiger and Cable among many others, male and female.) The usual impedimenta -- picnic baskets, balls, bats, a held sign: 'Tole-American'. KLUTE'S FINGER indicates --

KLUTE

(over)

-- Tom again.

KLUTE, BREE

She looks at the picture briefly, at him questioningly.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Company outing or picnic or something like that.

BREE

Isn't that sweet.

(then)

Well it could be any one of them bub; I get to see them all.

She separates from Klute, around the table (but remains standing, restless). Klute puts photo aside, prepares to take notes, as she pleads --

BREE

(cont'd)

Look - please - can't you get it from my side? A year ago. I was in the life full-time: I was living on Park with leather furniture and a million dresses. Then they dropped on me -- the FBI and that detective, Trask -- they caged me -- they started asking me about a man I'm supposed to have seen a year before that. Two years ago, two. He could be in Yemen!

She waits for Klute to respond -- he doodles permissively on his pad of paper -- she goes on.

BREE

(cont'd)

And the name meant nothing and the pictures meant nothing. Then they asked me about the letters, and yes, I'd been getting dirty letters from someone out there in Cabbageville --

KLUTE

-- Tuscarora --

BREE

All right, and so obviously it was Grunemann, and obviously at some time or other he and I had -- had -- So they asked me to try to remember, and I thought, well, it must have been the dumper, but I'm not even sure of that.

(explains, impatiently)

Dumpers. They get kicks beating you up. The man that tried to beat me up.

Without warning she wheels to the open window, and shouts out full-voiced -- both startling and somewhat intriguing Klute --

BREE

(shouts)

OK Tommy-baby, Allie-Allie-in-free kid, I got the gumdrops.

Turns around again, to Klute. Reflectively --

BREE

(cont'd)

You remind me of my uncle.

KLUTE

What?

She doesn't answer, moves back through the apartment.

BREE

And that's all I can tell you about Grunemann that ever happened, all of everything. Goodbye.

KLUTE

What about the phone calls you started getting? After the letters and after he'd disappeared.

BREE

(protests)

Just blank phone calls. Kids getting kicks --  
burglars looking for an empty apartment --

KLUTE

(from notes)

Two calls last May 7th - that's a month  
after he went -- July first, eighth and  
twentieth, then November -- February --  
how many recently?

His tone has been mild, routine -- and now she finds he's looking  
at her, and she's already started to answer. She resents it, but  
admits --

BREE

A couple last month.

(belligerently)

No, I didn't report them. They never do  
anything.

KLUTE

Have you had a feeling of someone hanging  
around? -- watching you, maybe following  
on the street -- around those times?

BREE

Just all the time.

She explains, trying to do it lightly. A private fear -- almost a  
relief to talk about.

BREE

(cont'd)

I'm a little kooky that way, tell the truth.  
I think everybody's watching me -- people  
-- I'm even scared of the dark.

(but then)

Look, don't spook me. I don't need it.

She moves again, restless, sullen. Klute tries another topic.

KLUTE

Tell me about dumpers. In general.

BREE

(factual, tough, shrugging)

You get them. Usually it's just a fakeout.  
They pretend to tie you up, and you wear  
a dress with a cloth belt, and they pre-  
tend to whip you with that -- or you whip  
them or --

BREE  
(cont'd)

(harshly)

Hell, it's their money. I'll hang from the shower rod and whistle Maytime.

KLUTE  
Tell me about this dumper.

BREE  
(still factual)  
I should've realized. He wasn't just playing. He tied my wrists with venetian blind cord; you can't break that. And then he used his belt, the buckle. Standing there in his goddam ivy league suit, using --

The PHONE RINGS. She startles -- a little frightened always of the phone -- but answers, in her Smith-girl voice.

BREE  
(cont'd)  
Hello? Yes, this is she.  
(listens. Brightly)  
Oh, yes, Ted Carlin, how is Ted?  
(listens)

Oh, well, thank you very much but maybe the next time you're in town?  
(listens)

Well I just love Ted and I'd love to meet you -- you have a very nice voice -- but I just --

(listens, grows impatient)

Well I'm having a chat with a very nice cop. Actually not a real cop; he's a private inves --

A BUZZING from the phone; the connection abruptly broken. She hangs up. To Klute, blithely --

BREE  
(cont'd)  
See, you're already interfering with my social life.

KLUTE  
(mildly)  
Is that how you get most of them - your dates? Someone gives your name to someone else?

BREE

Most of them.

KLUTE

How else? You don't meet them on the street --

BREE

(sharply)

No. Why? Who cares?

KLUTE

Bartenders? -- bellhops? -

BREE

(coldly)

I never had to. Look, what's that got to --

KLUTE

-- Pimps?

(a beat)

BREE

(patient)

You're very square. Pimps don't get you dates, cookie; they just take the money.

KLUTE

Well how else?

BREE

Well, starting out, you can work through a Madam -- or you swap dates with a girlfriend; they take a little cut -- or you could be on a Company list, or they rate you in Consumer's - Jasper, do you write everything down?

KLUTE

(soberly, a put-on in reprisal)

Slow and steady wins the race.

BREE

Oh Gawd --

(then abruptly recites)

She dwelt among untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.

KLUTE

(the level, routine voice)

Tell me about Frank Ligouin.

She freezes -- hadn't expected him to hit her with a name. Then, calmly --

BREE  
No.

Then with genuine feeling, honesty --

BREE  
(cont'd)

Look I'm getting out of the life -- you've got to see that. I'm trying to get acting jobs, I go on rounds, I don't take many calls, I didn't even keep my regular Johns.

KLUTE

What about the old gentleman the other night. Mr. Faber?

She freezes again, looking at him. Then savagely --

BREE

You saw that, goddamn you? You saw it? He's seventy. He started cutting garments at fourteen. His whole life, he's maybe had a week's vacation, and his wife died ten years ago. Yes you bastard, I walk around for him; and he never touches me. He's worked all his life, and I'm all he gets and what harm in it, what --

She chokes -- then goes on --

BREE  
(cont'd)

Klute, tell me, what's your bag? Are you a talker, or a button man or a doubler, or maybe you like them very young - children - or get your chest walked around with high-heeled shoes, or have us watch you tinkle? Or --

KLUTE  
(under)

-- OK --

BREE

-- you want to wear women's clothes, or you get off ripping things --

She grabs up the company picnic picture, raging on --

BREE

(cont'd)

-- you perverted hypocrite square bastards,  
a person could vomit, whatever your wife  
won't give you, you'll come and get from -

KLUTE

OK.

Something in his inflection - very slight - cautions her. She falls  
silent as suddenly as she began. Then cheerfully -

BREE

Gee I hope this doesn't make my cold  
any worse.

KLUTE

Tell me about Frank Liguourin.

BREE

(casual, pleasant)

Mm? Oh, he was my old man. We broke  
up.

She wanders away toward a bureau. Her shirt seems to itch her;  
she scratches her ribs. Then opens drawer, takes out a different  
shirt as -

KLUTE

When?

(beat)

When did you and Ligourin break up?

She pulls off her shirt, unhooks her brassiere and discards it,  
apparently quite un-self-conscious. Klute reacts; then, carefully  
maintaining his cool --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Mind not doing that?

She turns to him in total innocence, holding the shirt rather care-  
lessly in front of her -- a new attack.

BREE

What? You said you weren't interested.

KLUTE

-- OK?

BREE

(delightedly, ingenuously)

No kidding farmer, do you feel a little  
buzz? -- Klute, you want to trick me?

BREE

(cont'd)

Do you get lonely in that little green room? Or let me get you someone; I have terrific friends, wild.

KLUTE

No thanks.

At this point - or about this point - Klute takes note of something. A little above her. He grows more watchful, but containing it carefully. We don't understand the change in his manner - or even notice; she doesn't. In mock dismay --

BREE

Gee. I've had men pay two hundred dollars for me - here, you're turning down a freebie.

(pause)

You can get a perfectly good refrigerator for that.

He has risen, is approaching her slowly - carrying his notes as if to check something. She is hopeful again -

BREE

(cont'd)

You've changed your mind? You do want to play?

KLUTE

(quietly, steadily)

I don't want you to look up. There's someone on the skylight.

She gasps, terrified - immediately -- almost beyond control. He taps the pencil on his notes.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Easy -- pretend you're looking here --

(more insistently)

-- here.

She manages to take hold of a corner of the notes, trembling. He goes on --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Now I'm going to walk around -- you just keep talking, straight through, straight through.

He strolls away from her. His destination is the area of the door - out of view from the skylight - from where he can head for the roof. But he doesn't head that way directly - first takes a turn in another direction, his bearing casual. Prompting --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Tell me about acting -- what are you doing tomorrow - where do you go?

BREE

(manages, barely)

I go on rounds.

KLUTE

Rounds, what are they? -- don't-watch-me, keep talking.

BREE

You go see agents or -- Equity calls, open casting calls. And ad agencies -- commercials -- you don't get work, you just go around.

Klute has strolled out of view from above -- instantly flattens himself against the wall, eases the door open, about to slip out and charge. As Bree labors on --

BREE

(cont'd)

And they're always polite - show people - they say thank you very much. You lie there covered with blood, smiling, they say --

A THUNDER OF FOOTSTEPS across the roof above, as the watcher discovers Klute's ruse. Klute curses, slams open the door, charging out and upstairs - Bree cries out, cowers --

INT STAIRS TO ROOF: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute hurls himself up the stairs to the bulkhead at the top -- out --

EXT ROOFTOPS NIGHT

-- Klute out, looking wildly around -

EXT ROOFTOPS: PAST KLUTE TO FLEEING FIGURE NIGHT

The figure -- the man -- has already gained a wide lead, scissoring over the low walls where one brownstone joins another. Klute gives chase, running like hell, closing the gap substantially -- over ridges, past water tanks, oddments of roof furniture --

EXT SEVERAL ROOFTOPS BEYOND NIGHT

The FIGURE races to a roof door -- a prepared escape route perhaps -- and through, pulling it shut. Instantly the SOUND of a BOLT, footsteps receding down, as --

Klute arrives, tears at the door -- runs briefly to the roof-front (as if hoping to see the figure when it emerges on the street below) -- thinks better of that, turns and runs back where he came from.

INT BREE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Bree has wrapped herself in the quilt -- standing up against a corner, shivering, immobilized, terrified, crying. We hear KLUTE'S FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING - she flinches -- he enters. Curtly --

KLUTE

I couldn't see who it was.

He heads for the phone -- but sees her condition, has to return toward her an instant. Quickly, gently --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

It's all right.

He reaches to touch her -- she quails away from him. He goes for the phone, dialing --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

(to phone)

I have a prowler. The address is --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE DAY

Bree wears blue jeans, a casual shirt. She moves around, doing morning chores. But her attention strays first toward the skylight -- we see a SHADOW stirring across it -- then to the sound of FOOTSTEPS (Trask's) mounting the stairs past her door, continuing on up --

EXT ROOFTOP DAY

KLUTE - like Bree in work clothes - squats near the skylight, repainting to cover the gaps in its previous coat. His manner is quiet, a little glum. TRASK comes out to join him.

TRASK

We found the guy, I think. Not your guy.

He hands Klute a photograph. Klute looks at it, shakes his head slightly.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Couldn't say that was the one? Say it wasn't? But you couldn't say it was or wasn't Grunemann either?

KLUTE

(grunts negatively)

Unh.

TRASK

Prowl picked this one up right after you called. Out of breath, been runnin, and brick dust on his pants. Claimed he was walkin his dog. Lives down the block, and he's done this before; his hobby.

KLUTE

Did you take him in?

TRASK

(mildly)

No.

KLUTE

Why didn't you get hold of me? We could've got something.

TRASK

Uh uh, he's a lawyer.

Klute squats down again by the skylight in stolid displeasure. Trask speaks testily.

TRASK

(cont'd)

What the hell you want, Klute? This is the city.

(beat)

Look - back in your town someone opens his pants at a schoolgirl, you know right away five or six people it could be, right? Here, take your choice.

KLUTE

Mm.

TRASK

Don't just 'mm' me, man. The city. This one block we'll get a couple rapes this year, average -- sixteen burglaries say,

TRASK

(cont'd)

a murder, twenty JD's, eight-nine calls wife beatin -- howlers, people go crazy -- homosexual advances to minors, aggravated assault -- tell the girl keep her shirt on.

KLUTE

OK.

TRASK

(unmollified)

I mean what the hell you want? They hire you in from the country to look for a man that God knows where -- I mean they payin you the money, all right. But man, don't fool yourself you're ever --

Trask breaks it off as BREE steps out through the bulkhead onto the rooftop. She smiles at Trask faintly, courteously: he nods back.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Miss Daniel.

He lingers a moment, but no one's inclined to conversation.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Well -- keep lettin me know.

He goes. Klute continues painting, back to Bree. She leans back against a wall, watching him. Silence, then chipperly --

BREE

Say-hey Rembrandt, how ya hittin it?

Klute smiles moderately, continues painting. Then --

KLUTE

Ever strike you too bad? Get a skylight to let the sun in, then paint it out. Get a door to open, then a peephole in so you don't have to?

BREE

You mean it's not like this in Model T's ville.

KLUTE

Tuscarora.

But the give-and-take doesn't last. She falls silent, hugs her arms around herself.

BREE

Look, that scared me last night.

Another pause. Klute doesn't look around, and his back tells her nothing. But we from our side see - quite distinctly - a calculation in his eyes. He pays her very close attention.

BREE

(cont'd)

These things I've been noticing all along -- and those phone calls -- well I've kept telling myself that's just me, you know, I get shook.

(pause. Urgently --)

Look do you think it was him? Your buddy? Grunemann?

Klute straightens, wiping the brush, his back still toward her. Slowly (and calculatedly) --

KLUTE

What do you think?

BREE

Well can't you get him?

Klute turns around to face her. Calmly --

KLUTE

Maybe. If you tell me the things you haven't yet.

BREE

Look, if I do, will you try to --

(pause)

Frank Ligourin. I met Frank when I started modeling. He was a photographer. And -- look, he didn't ruin me or anything; I was already taking calls. But he had this project, this picture magazine he was going to start, and we started saving up together for that --

(drily)

-- it takes a lot of money, you understand -- and when he got it going we'd be married. And - uh - it was like that a year; and then he explained to me he'd got another girl, giving him money; and that was quite reasonable too -- he'd get the magazine started and we'd get married that much sooner.

We see Klute's expression; but he's careful that she does not. She continues --

BREE

(cont'd)

And - oh - eventually he had three of us, going for him, and I still made that seem all right to myself -- I know you wouldn't understand that, someone on the outside you wouldn't understand. But then, well, this Grunemann thing happened, the fuzz on me, jail. And he let me take that -- for him -- and I did. Because he's an addict; they could beat him for narcotics, that's a longer stretch. But that was enough - finally - I'd had it; I cut out.

(pause)

You understand what I'm saying Klute? I told you a pimp doesn't get dates for his girls, and that's usually correct. But he did -- that time -- he sent me to that dumper, that Grunemann.

Klute, unhurriedly finishes wiping up.

KLUTE

Do you know where he got the dumper?

BREE

He never told me.

KLUTE

Well, let's go down and call up and then go ask him.

EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST: BUILDINGS DAY

A shot catching the edge of CENTRAL PARK itself - our first small view of greenery - to the tall, be-limousined APARTMENT BUILDINGS of C. P. W. The FIGURES OF KLUTE, BREE walking upstreet, turning under one of the canopies -

INT APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY: ON DOORMAN AT PHONE DAY

The DOORMAN hangs up the brass house-phone, smiles and gestures them graciously into the (self-service) ELEVATOR. We see Klute -- without making too much of it - taking in the morrors and marble-work.

INT ELEVATOR (MOVING): KLUTE. BREE

She breaks the silence, composedly.

BREE

What did you expect? He still has a good string, three girls. Figure three hundred a week from each.

KLUTE

Is that what you gave him?

She looks back toward the front of the elevator, her face expressionless. He can't help adding -- though in the same permissive tone --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Does he give vacations?

INT LIGOURIN'S APARTMENT: ON DOOR DAY

The BUZZER sounding, FRANK LIGOURIN crossing to open the door for BREE, KLUTE. Cheerful, hospitable, nice, unpretentious.

FRANK

Bree -- hi -- come in, come in.

The point of this one brief shot -- Bree's face -- in the instant after Frank has spoken and before she enters, with Klute following. Her half-second of hesitation. This is someone who gets to her somehow -- probably always will.

WIDER THE APARTMENT: THREESHOTS DAY

The apartment is as expected -- but not overdone: a certain small amount of someone-lives-here litter. A few, large but not very good, ABSTRACTIONS on the walls. There is a large TABLE covered over with photographs and mock-ups of magazine pages, a felt-board or easel with lettering samples -- Frank's props really. Frank himself is taller than Klute, a little thinner, acceptably good-looking but not a gigolo in appearance, or manner. He's friendly, affable, modest -- he keeps the conversation going. He is -- we know, because we're looking for it -- a phony. But a fairly convincing phony; he has the well-practiced good-guy-ship of the man who lives on the edge of the abyss, and can't look down. His nervousness in the situation -- he hasn't been told, but knows what's coming -- shows itself only in his talking a little too much, too easily.

BREE

Frank -- Klute.

FRANK

(shakes hands)

Hi. Come in.

(leads them in, toward table)

FRANK

(cont'd)

I was just mocking up a few pages. Skillman sent me a batch of prints. Bree, you remember Ed Skillman --

Bree nods. He invites their attention to the table-full of pictures. They look politely. Bree picks up one -- the edges a little curled -- blows off a bit of dust. He misses the gesture entirely: he's busy shuffling the pictures around. Then, to Bree, modestly --

FRANK

(cont'd)

I think I've got Charlie Glanda interested -- the magazine -- putting their money in.

(to Klute)

You've heard of Glanda? Very big people in Jersey.

Then, taking up a photograph to admire (the usual pushcart or brickwall study) -- as an enthusiast --

FRANK

(cont'd)

This one? Great? Look what he does with the shadows.

(to Klute)

I used to be a photographer myself -- Bree tell you? -- before I got in the publishing.

BREE

(deliberately)

Frank, he knows you're a pimp. He knows you were my pimp.

A short silence. Then with the dignity of one who manages situations -- a gentleman dealing with rude, difficult woman. The tact.

FRANK

Well Bree -- maybe you'd like to leave us alone a while.

She nods once -- she'd just as soon be out of this too. He escorts her gently, silently to the door, closes her out, turns back to Klute.

FRANK

(cont'd)

I've always respected Bree.

(then)

I'd like to make something clear.

KLUTE

I've just got a few --

FRANK

I'd like to make something clear. I don't go after a girl; a girl comes to me. Her choice. Right?

He gestures Klute to one chair, sits in another, waits calmly, attentively.

KLUTE

I'm looking for a man. Tom Grunemann.

(no response, whatever)

Bree thinks he may have been the dumper -- that call she had two years ago. She says you sent her on it.

FRANK

Two years ago? Sorry.

KLUTE

I'm told you use narcotics. Could I bring someone around to look at your arms?

Frank laughs a little briefly, rises, walks. Klute sits and waits.

FRANK

Look -- dad -- I may stand better with the cops than you.

Klute waits. Frank returns, standing behind the chair.

FRANK

(cont'd)

OK, a family matter. Between the girls. I had two other cows --

(corrects himself)

-- two other girls besides Bree.

KLUTE

She told me.

FRANK

OK and one of them -- Jane McKenna -- she blows a little jealous of Bree -- you know? -- Bree comes first? And evidently she knew the freak -- that he was a dumper -- she conned me into passing him to Bree, you know, so Bree'd get hurt. I didn't know. Till afterwards.

KLUTE

Why didn't you tell Bree, afterwards?

FRANK

(a little shocked)

You don't tell them. That one of their own in-laws laid a dumper on them?

(shakes head)

Peace in the family.

(pause)

Beyond that, I don't know. All she wrote.

KLUTE

I'd like to talk with Jane McKenna.

FRANK

(smiles)

Would I be telling you all this? She copped out long ago. She committed suicide Baxter.

INT CABLE (CITY) OFFICE: KLUTE, TRASK, CABLE DAY

This is the office Cable uses, at Company headquarters, when he comes to the city. At the same time -- when we widen to see him -- that he's talking to them he is finishing up last bits of deskwork, checking and signing a letter, packing papers into an attache case. But we OPEN ON KLUTE, speaking slowly, tiredly, glumly.

KLUTE

No, it wasn't murder. Trask looked it up for me. The girl just inhaled gas, from a space heater. Nothing to do with anyone.

WIDER

Cable looks toward Trask - who verifies it - then back to Klute. Vigorously, encouragingly --

CABLE

Well at least you found out something new.

KLUTE

But it didn't lead anywhere. Dead end.

CABLE

But if you could find out this, then you probably --

KLUTE

Pete - I found out all I'm likely to. I had one good hunch; that Bree Daniel might --

CABLE

Forget Bree Daniel. Try some entirely different approach, some other hunch.

KLUTE

This isn't my ball park.

CABLE

I'm speaking for the Company; we don't want you stepping out, we want the thing kept going.

KLUTE

I'd be wasting the company's money.

CABLE

Klute - damn - we spend that much money on coffee-machines. No one is --

He interrupts himself as a SECRETARY steps into view, exhibiting a consignment of something-or-other.

CABLE

(cont'd)

Yeah -- Evvie, have it sent out to the Laboratories for me. I'll be back there tomorrow.

KLUTE

How is it back there?

CABLE

(chaffs)

Are you homesick?

(then resuming)

Klute, the Company has one specific interest -- worth the money -- to get Tom Grunemann found. And you've done at least as well with that as anyone so far.

(refers to watch, good-humoredly)

-- And I've got a plane to catch. Please, will you hold off deciding? I'll be back here week after next; we can discuss it then. Hold off; think about it.

KLUTE

I'll think about it tonight Pete -- but I can't see holding off.

He and Trask rise. We CUT TO --

EXT OUTSIDE (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING DAY

Trask and Klute come out. (We establish company nameplate in passing.) Klute stands. Trask lingers before parting. He exhibits a degree of sympathy, respect, even liking -- biffs Klute's upper arm gently.

TRASK

You ain't done too bad.

(beat)

Hell, take the money.

Klute smiles at him meagrely; they separate. We begin another brief SUMMARY-SEQUENCE: KLUTE WALKING THE STREETS, as follows:

EXT A STREET: KLUTE WALKING DAY

A Columbus Avenue in the 80's sort of street -- a certain amount of human litter and weary pigeons. Thrift shops, fag bars, trash cans, a mixture of races, and sitters-on-fire-escapes. KLUTE walks slowly alongstreet, self-absorbed, trying to think things through -- but at the same time pressed about by the small miseries of the city. The STREET NOISES and, from somewhere, the sound of an ARGUMENT IN SPANISH. He passes by where a PUERTO-RICAN YOUTH leans out on a windowsill, elbows on a pillow, apparently taking in the scene -- happens to glance toward him --

TO PUERTO-RICAN YOUTH

The youth's eyes stare at nothing -- white, opaque, blind.

DISSOLVE

EXT A RECESS: TRASH-PICKER DAY

The TRASHPICKER, a woman, hunts desperately in a trash-can, fat, inglorious, straggled, with -- as she leans over -- the back of her legs, stocking-tops, garters exposed. KLUTE, moving by, looks toward her and away. Emerging, turning, she looks after him with wild suspicious eyes.

DISSOLVE

EXT A CORNER: KLUTE DAY

KLUTE slows slightly, to make way for TWO KIDS on ROLLER SKATES walloping fiercely by. He smiles a little, watches them past the corner, out of sight -- moves on -- then hears again the sound of rollers on pavement -- probably the kids returning -- looks in that direction --

ANGLE TO HALF-MAN, PASSING

The half-man is nearly, literally that -- there is nothing of him below the waist. He rolls on a little, flat cart, reaching forward and propelling himself by his knuckles.

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute leans against the window, looking out -- at nothing, particularly, as we've seen him before. Street noises. The SAXOPHONIST is at it again, un-tuneful, wandering. Klute seems to come to a decision, turns rather sharply. CUT TO --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE NIGHT

Bree in pajamas lies on her couch. She hears and follows the sound of FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs toward her door -- the KNOCK. She checks out the peephole -- is a little encouraged, even (unconsciously) shakes her hair back before she admits KLUTE.

Klute may have intended to be more human with her than before -- warmer, less neutral. But it comes out clumsily. He's seen the miseries, he's felt his own loneliness, and he simply wants out.

KLUTE

I wasn't sure you'd be in.

BREE

Just lying here watching the skylight.

KLUTE

I brought you a going-away present.

He holds out the TAPE BOXES to her. For an instant she's simply a little confused. Then it hits her -- his departure, the betrayal. Then, in the next instant she's chipper again.

BREE

Just what I've always wanted.

She carries the boxes away, tossing them onto a table.

BREE

(cont'd)

You mean you're going back to Rippling-Watersville?

KLUTE

Tuscarora. Yeah.

BREE

You didn't like my friend? Frank?

KLUTE

No.

BREE

Didn't he tell you what you wanted?

KLUTE

He did - but it went nowhere.

BREE

(nods up at skylight)

What about that? - the man upstairs.

KLUTE

He won't be back. It wasn't Tom.

BREE

You said it probably was.

KLUTE

No. I said what did you think.

Bree studies it, -- the clever choice of words. Admiringly --

BREE

Oh -- wait -- oh I get it. You said that to keep me scared. So I'd tell you everything I -- oh clever; oh you smart, tricky hick.

Klute smiles, gestures uncomfortably, starting out --

KLUTE

Well --

BREE

(harshly)

Hey, but did we get to you Klute? A little?

KLUTE

Yeah, you got to me.

BREE

-- Us city folks? The sin, the glitter, the wickedness?

He considers the question rather carefully, answers slowly.

KLUTE

Oh. No. Not that way. I'd say it was more -- I don't know -

(hunts the word)

-- too bad? Pathetic?

BREE

Good bye.

He closes the door. She listens to his footsteps descending -- then tosses the tape boxes from the table into a wastebasket, then goes back to the couch. From her face as she lies down again, we CUT TO --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE IN BED NIGHT

On Klute's face - a hot night -- as he lies in darkness, stares at the ceiling -- the collection of things he hasn't solved and is leaving behind. The electric FAN hums and blows at him: he's parked it on a chair close by. He reaches out to try to point it better. Bree's KNOCK at the door startles him. He gapes a little, then answers. She stands in the doorway in pajamas and bare feet. Tersely --

BREE

What the hell do you mean, pathetic?

She walks in past him, sits down on the edge of his bed -- lifts one foot then the other, and dusts the stair-grit off them. As --

KLUTE

It's kind of late.

BREE

(placidly)

Ezra, I'm lots better than you're used to. Tell me - the other night, watching me with Mr. Faber - wasn't your tongue a little bit hanging out?

KLUTE

Yeah.

BREE

So you're not too different from him, or the chap on the roof, or Tommy-baby --

He starts for the bed, as if to lift her onto her feet. She swings her legs up, and under the sheet.

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, you did very well. The Four-H is proud of you. And it's over and you're going and this is my thing. So enjoy, Mr. Faber would say, enjoy.

Under the sheet she unlooses the pajama bottoms, kicks them away, starts unbuttoning the shirt.

KLUTE

Bree -- thanks -- I don't want to.

BREE

Oh don't be all hypocrite. Or do you really like other kicks? Is it more just having power over someone? - so you don't really need to -

He tries to rebutton the pajama shirt. She catches his hand, thrusts it underneath. In grief and anger --

BREE

(cont'd)

Who the hell are you, buttoning me up?

QUICK DISSOLVE --

UPSHOT, C. U.

Their bodies lock together descending toward camera --

DISSOLVE --

DOWNSHOT, C. U. SAME ACTION

Her hands slide about his shoulders. She is laughing softly, affectionately, mockingly --

BREE

(cont'd)

I knew it, I knew it, a killer.

DISSOLVE --

C. U., HER FACE

-- triumphantly, contemptuously, orgiastically --

BREE

Oh lover -- oh you thrill me -- oh, it's beautiful -- oh yes, yes -- oh like that, like that, yes --

DISSOLVE --

## FACES

Klute gasps deeply -- entering orgasm. As soon as she hears it, judges it, she drops her hands from his shoulders, stills her own movements, lies utterly passive, smiling calmly, letting him finish for himself. He can't stop -- cries out -- cries out again, burying his face against her -- is done.

Then he slowly raises up, shuddering, looking down at her. He knows what she's done to him, is helpless to do anything back. He rolls slowly out of the embrace of her legs and lies silently -- looking upward, very much as we saw him at start of scene.

## FAVORING BREE

She waits, still smiling, for a while. But she's not done with him yet. She rolls to lie with her upper body on his, trailing her fingers across his face. Affectionately, as a good whore --

BREE

What's the matter hon? You were great. Terrific. A tiger.

KLUTE

Thanks.

BREE

Well what're you fretting about? You mean because you didn't get me there?

(Pause. Comfortingly)

You can't expect that. I mean Frank, yes, he'd get me there all the time -- but not with a John.

KLUTE

OK.

BREE

Did you think you were?

KLUTE

(admits)

I heard some shouting.

BREE

Oh you always do that; it helps them along.

KLUTE

Do you give green stamps?

A good shot. She flinches -- but then sits up, gropes her pajamas from the floor, starts putting them on. In the same fond tone --

BREE

Was I better than your wife?

KLUTE

We're divorced.

BREE

(a discovery)

Ah -- I thought you were getting even with someone. I mean right along, from the start -- the way you handled me.

KLUTE

I didn't think so.

BREE

Isn't that the greatest? -- when you can be perfectly nice to someone and the same time make them feel like something stuck on the rug.

(pause)

But don't feel bad about this. I knew you would; I told you; remember?

KLUTE

Yeah.

She has the pajamas on, pauses near the door --

BREE

Besides - anyhow - you can always tell yourself you made me come downstairs for it. Ta, luv.

INT THEATRE: READING SCENE DAY

A WIDE SHOT. An open casting call in an off-Broadway Theatre. (Perhaps Actors' Playhouse -- in all events a dingy place.) Darkness, except for the work light onstage. A small GROUP there -- onstage -- including the figure of BREE. Just offstage, the figures of DIRECTOR (JANG) and a PRODUCER. And the rest of the theatre, the audience section, dotted with the heads of ACTORS, ACTRESSES waiting for their turns. Bree's voice rings out across the gloom.

BREE

-- Why?

## CLOSER, ONSTAGE

The others stand rigid as statues, facing dead front -- an experimental drama, clearly -- all holding scripts, as Bree hastens from one to another, fiercely, imploringly --

BREE

(cont'd)

Why -- please, why? -- Why lose, why look? Why hate and give and want and love? Why get, grieve, g--

JANG

(loudly, cheerfully)

Thank you very much.

All break posture, start offstage, while Bree, caught in mid-stride, clowns it a little.

BREE

-- gug -- gug --

-- then toward Jang, a bit succinctly, indicating script --

BREE

(cont'd)

Why? -- I want to know what.

JANG

(laughs tolerantly)

No, that was very good everybody. Do we have all your resumes?

PRODUCER

(from list)

Booth -- Osman -- Zuff -- Anjeris -- Chaka.

## WIDER, NEAR STAGE FRONT

Bree shrugs, steps down off stage with the others. The usual milling-around scene, between the group just finished and the group about to go up -- the handing-over of scripts, the tossing of resumes on to a table-top, etc. Bree finds Jang's hand out for her script, smiles wanly, turns it over, continues on out of scene. We HOLD for a moment on Jang -- all of this quick, unobtrusive -- as he glances after her for a moment, then sorts out one of the Glossies (hers actually) from the larger stack into a somewhat smaller stack, turns back to the group onstage.

## THEATRE AISLE, BREE

Bree puffs her cheeks, walks up-aisle -- feeling, as always, lonely, let-down -- as things continue behind her.

JANG (O.S.)

All right everybody, same scene, page forty --

She halts sharply, looking at one of the seat-occupants.

## PAST BREE TO KLUTE

Klute rises, edges out into the aisle to face her. Dogged, ill at ease. She looks at him unfondly.

KLUTE

I didn't go.

She continues to examine him. He gestures hopefully in the direction of the stage.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Say, I thought you were pretty good.

Her lip curls. She walks past him toward the lobby. He follows.

## EXT THEATRE ENTRANCE: GREENWICH VILLAGE DAY

KLUTE

(cont'd)

I was going to go, then I didn't. I stayed.

BREE

(crisply)

Oh.

Pause. Impasse. A MALE COUPLE walk decorously by, holding hands. Klute can't help glancing after them. Then suggests --

KLUTE

There seem to be a lot of coffee houses.  
Can I buy you some coffee?

BREE

No.

KLUTE

I'm going to keep looking for Tom.  
Plenty of ways I can still try -- people  
I can talk to --

BREE

Who?

KLUTE

It was Jane McKenna who sent you that dumper.

BREE

(reacts, then --)

Well, she's dead.

KLUTE

But there was another girl. You said Ligourin had two others beside you --

BREE

Arlyn Page.

KLUTE

Did she know Jane McKenna?

BREE

Frankie kept them in the same apartment; it cut his travel-time.

KLUTE

Then maybe she knew the Dumper.

BREE

Arlyn had a very big habit - heroin - she's the one who started Frank. She's strung out now; you won't find her.

KLUTE

You could help me find her. You know the people.

She turns away.

BREE

Lotsa luck.

KLUTE

I'll pay you a hundred dollars.

She stops and returns to him.

BREE

I can make that in a lunch break!

(then)

Look, Hiram, you're sure it isn't just me? -- you decided you liked it, after all, the other night; you'd hang around for seconds?

KLUTE

No. Don't worry.

BREE

A mistake, you mean?

KLUTE

A nice place to visit.

Her eyes widen (with a hint of respect, among other things). But she doesn't break it off. She turns and proceeds along the sidewalk, Klute accompanying --

EXT LATE-NIGHT RESTAURANT NIGHT

In the small hours. The same restaurant seen previously, the gathering place. KLUTE, BREE arriving and entering. We PAN to a through-the-window shot, following their progress inside past the tables, the OTHERS.

INT LATE-NIGHT RESTAURANT NIGHT

Klute and Bree head toward the rear of the restaurant. Bree is known to most, of the others. She exchanges greetings with one or two, is watched by the rest. We see one or two heads lean together. (The assumption is that she's showing off her new pimp, an unfamiliar face. And both of them, Bree and Klute, are aware of and discomfited by this.)

BREE

(toward a table, shyly)

Joanie -- Mike, hi --

(to another, a Negro girl)

Hi Pat.

PAT

(giggles)

Hey Bree honey, who you got?

Bree smiles uncomfortably, continues on toward where TRINA sits alone at a rear table -- anything but a whore in appearance -- a quietly beautiful, quietly but expensively dressed, woman of about thirty. She's been expecting them -- looks up and smiles composedly.

KLUTE, BREE, TRINA

BREE

Trina, this is Klute -- I told you about him.

TRINA

Oh yes Mr. Klute - won't you both join me?

(as they sit)

And how do you like our fair city?

Klute smiles and gestures ambiguously -- as Trina runs on, to Bree. (The things she says are ludicrous of course, in this setting: Klute has to blink a little. But this is Trina's 'thing' -- the appearance she urgently presents -- the cultured woman.)

TRINA

(continued)

Have you shown him the museums?

BREE

No.

TRINA

(to Klute)

There's so much here don't you think? The museums and the books and the foreign films -- Bree, have you seen the Godard film?

BREE

Uh uh.

TRINA

Oh you've got to. He does such fun things with imagery. And I've been reading The Fall --

(to Klute, enunciating carefully)

-- The Fall by Ahlbair Camoo -- it's the same thing, you know -- the imagery --

BREE

(patiently)

Trina honey, he just wants to find Arlyn Page.

Trina undergoes a change of demeanor. Flatly --

TRINA

Why? She's a junkie.

BREE

(prods gently)

She was with you after she left Frank.

TRINA

Well she's not now.

The her lip trembles. She dabs at her eye.

TRINA

(cont'd)

I did everything for Arlyn. I loved Arlyn I took her right into my apartment, my own sweet apartment on First. But she wouldn't stay off it -- the junk -- and I wept and I pleaded and I held her in my arms - and she started taking things, my things, and selling them for horse. My clothes. We could've had everything together, everything -- and then the bitch sold my mink!

-- And we make a SUCCESSION OF QUICK CUTS, in summary, as follows.

INT RESTAURANT: ANOTHER TABLE NIGHT  
BREE, KLUTE, TWO OTHER GIRLS, A PIMP

FIRST GIRL

Arlyn Page?

SECOND GIRL

(cheerfully)

Honey, you'll never catch up. She went flying.

BREE

(queries pimp)

Gil? -

But the pimp looks distrustfully at Klute - possibly knowing something, but reluctant. Klute reassures --

KLUTE

I'm not looking for her personally -- someone she might know about.

PIMP

(shrugs. To Bree --)

Try Momma Reesc.

INT A ROOM: MOMMA REESE NIGHT

MOMMA REESE speaks primly -- a rather stoutish, middle-aged madam.

MOMMA REESE

I had to let her go, dear. Arlyn stopped being reliable.

KLUTE

Do you know where she went? Any idea?

Momma, like the pimp, scans Klute. Bree reassures --

BREE

He's all right, Momma.

MOMMA REESE

I deal with a very high type client, business people, you understand? I can't send them someone that's all the time half zonked out.

KLUTE

Do you know where she went?

MOMMA REESE

Try Bill Azure.

INT AN APARTMENT DOORWAY: AZURE DAY

Just as Momma Reese was a little shabbier than previous informants, Azure is visibly tougher, shiftier -- a pimp to streetwalkers.

AZURE

Yeah I had her: i don't have her now. She had what she liked better.

Klute offers a pad of paper and pencil.

KLUTE

Want to give me her address?

AZURE

I said I don't have her.

But Klute stands solidly. Azure shrugs, takes the paper and pencil.

AZURE

(cont'd)

I'll give you an address but you won't find her. Gone, pal, grooved out.

EXT APARTMENT HOUSE: MRS. VASEK, KLUTE DAY

A shabby place in a shabby neighborhood. Mrs. Vasek, the landlady, shifts brooms and barrels at the same time that she converses with Klute, in heavy accent.

MRS. VASEK

The whore, yeah. I threw out.

KLUTE

Do you know where she went from here?

MRS. VASEK

No whatever. None idea. Just out, both.

KLUTE

Both?

MRS. VASEK

Her and the man. Both junkies. Live like animals.

KLUTE

(reacts)

She was living with a man?

MRS. VASEK

Mm.

KLUTE

Can you describe the man?

MRS. VASEK

You never see. He stayed inside; she hustled for him.

Klute shows her the photograph (of Tom). She looks at it, gestures complete disinterest, starts inside the house.

MRS. VASEK

Too long ago, Mister.

KLUTE

(persisting)

Could this be the man?

MRS. VASEK

Too long. Just gone now Mister, gone, goodbye.

She waddles into the house. Klute hesitates - judges she has nothing more to offer - starts away alongstreet. We CUT TO --

INT

BREE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

BREE on the telephone, KLUTE sitting at table transcribing his notes from scraps of paper. Both are dressed informally -- Bree in slacks, Klute in shirtsleeves and tieless. Their manner and actions in this scene - Bree's way of moving about, for example - exhibit an ease we haven't seen before: they're simply becoming used to each other.

BREE

(to phone)

Well did you ever see this guy? Do you know if they're still together?

(beat)

Do you have any idea where they --?

(beat)

No, we've tried that hon.

(beat)

Well Joy, if you get any bright ideas, will you call back hon? Thanks.

She hangs up, while Klute checks off of another name, then strolls away toward the couch.

BREE

(cont'd)

Well it wouldn't be your buddy Tom anyhow. If he's got Arlyn why hang around me? She's gorgeous and she likes freaks.

(then suggests)

Narcotics treatment centers?

KLUTE

I've checked those.

He continues working imperturbably. She lies down on the couch, lifts her legs to right angle, her heels along the wall.

BREE

Hey do you really keep bees?

KLUTE

What?

BREE

I said, do you really keep bees? Out there in Squampsville.

KLUTE

Yup.

BREE

Say, I bet that's a million wowie kicks.

(beat)

What else do they do for fun?

KLUTE

Oh - go down to the river and watch the ice melt.

She eyes him suspiciously, not sure whether she's being put on or not. Another pause. Then --

BREE

My uncle.

KLUTE

What?

BREE

Why don't you pay attention? My unc-le.

(pause)

I was always getting shoved into different childrens' homes. My mother would keep me a few months, then she'd stuff me back in. Then she went crazy for good and all -- when I was eleven -- then my aunt and uncle took custody.

She pauses, a little, distrustfully. Klute glances toward her, starts assembling his lists and papers, listening --

BREE

(cont'd)

And, oh, I thought that was pretty great. They had their own kids, but they fixed up a room for me, and some books and some toys -- they even had a night-light so I wouldn't get those dreams -- just, you know, great.

Another pause. This time she resumes with some difficulty -- having to choose her words rather slowly, controlling the story.

BREE

(cont'd)

Then -- uh -- I woke up one night -- a week later this was, about a week later, -- and there's Uncle standing there. And he said, oh, something to the effect of he knew I was lonely; he'd come to cuddle me.

(laughs slightly)

You know, I thought that was great too, someone to cuddle me.

(pauses, shrugs)

-- Eleven years old, I learned to do everything.

(pause)

Then I never did know -- maybe my aunt found out. Anyhow, zap, back on the bus.

The story's over. Klute grunts -- not from disinterest, but from not wanting to say the wrong thing.

KLUTE

Mm.

BREE

(mock exasperation)

You're unbelievable. Here I tell you the central trauma of my whole life; all you can say is 'mm'.

KLUTE

I'm sorry.

BREE

(sharply, rejecting it)

Sorry for me? It's long ago.

KLUTE

(slowly)

I guess I'm sorry for your uncle too.

BREE

(savagely)

Him? My God, you're sorry for everybody. You're the greatest bleeding heart since Jesus Christ!

Klute has finished assembling his gear -- lists, jacket, tie -- starts out of the room. Systematically --

KLUTE

I'm going to see Trask tomorrow, then the FBI, then start running the unemployment files. Did she use any name besides Arlyn Page?

BREE

Well that wasn't her real name anyhow, but --

The PHONE RINGS, interrupting. She swaps a look with Klute -- (maybe some significance, maybe her friend calling back).

BREE

(cont'd)  
(to phone)

Yes?

Then we see her whole body stiffen. She looks imploringly toward Klute - a kind of horror. He shifts closer, asks tensely --

KLUTE

Is it one of those calls?

(beat)

Are they not saying anything?

She doesn't answer, stands rigidly, beginning to tremble. He tries to loosen the receiver from her ear (to hear for himself) she shoves him violently.

BREE

Get the hell out!

(to phone)

No, I'm sorry, that was just someone.

(then)

All right, yes, thanks I've got it.

Klute stands fuddled. She hangs up, looks at him frightenedly, then shrugs, trying to dismiss it.

BREE

(cont'd).

I got a call-back.

KLUTE

A what?

BREE

That reading you saw me at. That play. They called me back to read for the part again, Monday.

KLUTE

That's pretty good isn't it?

BREE

It's happened before. I don't get parts you should understand, I just read for them.

KLUTE

You remember, I said you were --

BREE

Oh shut up.

(then -)

Don't go.

He lingers obediently. She stirs about, shivering, rubbing her arms.

BREE

(cont'd)

I mean even if I got it, you know how much they pay, rehearsal pay? -- seventy-two fifty a week. And it's a stinkin play in a flea-bag off-broadway theatre, it'll open and close in a week.

KLUTE

Well it still sounds --

BREE

You don't know anything about it.

KLUTE

(mildly)

I better go eat supper.

BREE

Wait.

Grudgingly -- shrugging not once but several times, making it very very casual --

BREE

(cont'd)

Want to eat here? I've probably got enough.

Klute is pleased by the invitation -- somewhat tempted -- but --

KLUTE

Oh -- no thanks -- I better just -

She shrugs, turns away. He starts out the door.

BREE

Look, if I asked you something would you not laugh? -- asked you to look at something.

He faces around. She advances, pushes up her sleeve, points at tiny spot on her arm - a freckle. He peers at it then at her puzzledly.

BREE

(cont'd, apologetic)

I thought it was maybe changing shape or something.

Klute looks at it again, fights down his temptation to smile. Judiciously --

KLUTE

Well -- I'd say that's a very tough looking freckle. Pigmentation. Look.

He shows her a spot or two on his own forearm. She compares, is reassured. Embarrassedly, trying to laugh.

BREE

Well I'm like that. I have a whole closet-full of medicines. I always think I'm dying.

But then she sees the smile he can't entirely suppress -- turns on him angrily again.

BREE

(cont'd)

I asked you not to laugh at me!

KLUTE

I'm not.

BREE

You are.

KLUTE

(points outside)

Look, it's my supper-time.

BREE

Goddam you anyway. You think you're so goddam healthy and fine, you never get shook by anything?

KLUTE

(a bit constrainedly)

It's my suppertime, OK? I'll check back with you tomorrow afternoon.

He steps out. She bangs the door behind him, turns back into the room fuming, disliking him very much.

INT STAIRWELL NIGHT

Klute descends the stairs, unlocks and enters his own room.

INT KLUTE'S ROOM NIGHT

Klute enters, elbows the light on, puts things down, and sets about getting his supper. He opens a cupboard, examines his meager collection of groceries, selects a soup can, carefully reads the instructions (mix with one can of water and bring to a boil, etc.)

He operates on the can with a wall can opener. He locates a saucepan, sets about dislodging the contents into it. The soup mixture emerges slowly in response to his shaking -- a cold white gelatinized cylinder -- finally drops, 'shwuck!', into the saucepan. He sets the can aside and stands looking down at it, the cylinder in the saucepan. Then, deliberately, he picks up the saucepan and casts the cylinder into the sink. He turns back out of the room --

INT STAIRWELL NIGHT

He ascends the stairs to Bree's door, knocks, waits. The door opens. Not very wide. Enough to see her face. She looks out at him silently, expressionlessly. Pause.

KLUTE

What's for supper?

Indifferently she widens the door for him. We CUT TO --

INT/EXT M. L. S. TO FRONT OF BROWNSTONE DAY

Shooting at fairly low level, from across the street, we see the figure of KLUTE emerging. Morning. He comes down the steps, turns, and plies his way alongstreet. We PAN to follow him -- and in panning DISCLOSE that we're shooting from a CAR INTERIOR. A POV shot actually -- from someone sitting here in a parked automobile, watching Klute away. We don't see who. We CUT TO --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE DAY

Bree is contending resolutely with a large pile of dirty laundry -- as she hears FOOTSTEPS ascending the stairs, a KNOCK. She assumes it's Klute, hurries a little to open the door.

BREE

I thought you were --

FRANK LIGOURIN stands, hazards a smile, unsure of his welcome.

FRANK

Bree, hi.

(beat)

I was in the neighborhood.

BREE

What do you want Frank?

FRANK

(more sharply)

I wanted to see you. Is it all right?

She steps aside to let him in. He glances around the apartment -- probably hasn't seen it before. She offers --

BREE

Like some coffee?

FRANK

Yeah, I would, thanks

He sits, she serves him. Her attitude remains guarded. But he seems in general rather quieted -- undesigning, candid, a little depressed, even vulnerable.

BREE

See me about what?

FRANK

(smiles, shrugs)

Just to see.

(then, awkwardly)

Matter of fact Bree, I've been feeling just a little, you know -- down.

BREE

Frankie Ligourin, down?

FRANK

A little, and -- you're the one I could always talk to.

BREE

Down about what?

But he varies the mood. More briskly, conversationally --

FRANK

Say how's the acting?

BREE

Oh I'm up for a part. I won't get it.

FRANK

You hope.

(explains)

People like us, we're scared of good luck.

She doesn't answer -- a little unsettled by the insight. He goes on in the same tone, teasing.

FRANK

(cont'd)

How's the big cop? Has he got eyes for you?

BREE

Why should he?

FRANK

Living here isn't he? Downstairs.

BREE

He's got to live somewhere.

FRANK

Not a bad guy. I mean he stiffed me a little, that time, but -

(gestures, allowing it, then --)

Is he still looking for Arlyn?

BREE

Yes. He's very systematic.

FRANK

(neutrally)

Mm.

He stirs his coffee, seems to deliberate. But before he goes on, Bree switches back to the first topic.

BREE

What were you feeling down about Frank?

FRANK

Oh -- well -- about being a pimp. And a phony.

He's succeeded in startling her again -- the degree of honesty in his voice. He goes on --

FRANK

(cont'd)

And the horse. I'm afraid of that too, getting addicted. I spiked twice last week, I couldn't get up.

BREE

(brightly)

Frankie, why don't you try speed? They say it's a great wallop, and all you have to do is swallow.

FRANK

(gentle reproach)

Bree -- you never used to be hard.

BREE

Sorry.

(pause)

FRANK

(heavily)

I guess when it hit me, when you called up asking about Arlyn. I got thinking about her, Janie, the other poor cows. The way I've used them.

BREE

(rather gently)

But you've always said it yourself - you don't go after them, they come to you.

FRANK

But I've used them. My God, what kind of man that lives off women?

BREE

Frank, come on.

FRANK

Well what's the answer? How does a person get out of it?

BREE

Me you're asking?

FRANK

(insists)

You're doing it, your own thing.

BREE

Well you could hardly say --

FRANK

You got away from me didn't you? I admired you for that Bree. You said the hell with being used -- self destructiveness -- self deception, the hell with it. And I mean sure you brought me down, it hurt. But I love that about you Bree, that strength.

She rumples his hair, in passing. A mixture of feelings -- a pleasure at his admiration. A sympathy with him. But he goes on quietly, earnestly, desparately --

FRANK

(cont'd)

All right, then. What do you recommend for a man like me? Like what Janie did, just take the pipe? I've thought about it.

BREE

Come on.

FRANK

Well what's the answer Bree? In God's name, what? I'm caught in the rotten life, preying on other people, like one of those what-do-you-call-it, a tapeworm, a parasite --

BREE

Frank --

FRANK

-- I look at myself, I say 'oh'. I say 'God, boy, run, get out of it. Now. Find someone that's worth it. That's worth anything, and run with her, run --

He breaks off, close to tears. She is standing close behind him -- rubbing his neck and shoulders, tending pitying, cajoling -

BREE

Frankie, come on. Come on honey, come on, come on --

INT

KLUTE'S ROOM DAY

Klute sits working. A KNOCK (Bree's) at the door. He knows it by now, reaches back, opens the door without rising or turning around: she enters (differently dressed from the preceding scene). Both are extremely watchful, both disguising it. She begins pleasantly, casually.

BREE

I though you were coming up when you got back.

(No answer. She notices --)

Hey you got some pictures of Arlyn.

We note the PICTURES OF ARLYN. She shuffles them -- a well-kempt beauty. Then --

BREE

(cont'd)

Anything else? How was your luck today?

KLUTE

(evenly)

Not too good. How was Frankie's?

(explains)

I saw him coming out.

BREE

My, you see everything.

(then, evasively)

He was just around.

(then defiantly)

Yeah, all right, we did. Why?

(then defiantly and defensively)

Well he was feeling bad.

KLUTE

He looked quite chipper going away.

BREE

(violently)

Look, it's none of your business, right?  
And if it was your business you still  
wouldn't understand it, right?

KLUTE

You're right, I don't understand.

She glares at him -- then worries about -- sits -- keeps silent for  
a time, rubbing her hands on her knees. Then folornly --

BREE

Oh hell.

(another pause. Then --)

All right, I don't understand it either. He  
never did me much good.

KLUTE

(temperately)

-- No --

BREE

-- And I know what he's after now -- he  
just wants me back. And I don't even  
particularly like him.

(reflects)

Maybe that's it. I don't have to like  
Frank. I mean it's safe somehow -- I  
know about him; he can't really hurt me,  
not really. But that's crazy.

KLUTE

(slowly)

Yeah. Why don't you go to Spangler?

BREE

(shocked)

What?

KLUTE

That psychiatrist. He said you and --

BREE

I know who you mean -- why?

KLUTE

It seems reasonable to me. If you do things you don't understand. That's what they're for, to help peo--

BREE

(condescendingly)

Honey don't you know about psychiatrists? They're kookier than anyone; that's why they're psychiatrists.

KLUTE

I thought he was a good guy.

BREE

You think everyone's a good guy.

KLUTE

No, I don't think Frankie's a good guy.

Deadlock. She shifts about. Then -- as one whose patience has been much tried --

BREE

Look, I came down here to tell you something.

KLUTE

I thought you had.

BREE

Not about that. Look if you've got some idea you can just step in and start guiding my life or something --

(beat)

It's about the case, about Arlyn.

KLUTE

(promptly)

What?

BREE

Frank did you a favor really. He asked around about Arlyn, different people. He found out she had hepatitis recently; she

BREE

(cont'd)

spent a while in the hospital. So maybe  
if you check the hospital records --

KLUTE

(let down)

I already have.

BREE

A hospital in Newark.

EXT REFINERY DAY

From the pulsing orange flame of the refinery burn-off we TILT -  
past metal stacks and spirals - to L. S. STREET, where the city  
butts up against the refinery walls and then abruptly ends. TWO  
FIGURES (among others and very distantly, BREE and KLUTE)  
making their way alongstreet. We CUT CLOSER.

EXT WIDE SHOT: NEWARK SLUM STREET DAY

We still HOLD WIDE to establish the scene. This is a genuine  
slum; it makes its Manhattan counterparts (c. f. the Columbus  
Avenue or Mrs. Vasek scenes) seem splendid by comparison. We  
see Bree, Klute move steadily alongstreet, checking doorway num-  
bers, then cross diagonally toward a half-framed building, a figure  
(McALLEN) sitting on the steps.

EXT STEPS: McALLEN, BREE, KLUTE DAY

McALLEN is a West-Indian negro, a small, thin, sinewy old man,  
empty of teeth but with fierce knowledgeable eyes -- a shaman.  
Klute and Bree arrive at where he sits. He only glances up at them,  
continues with what he's doing. His trousers are rolled up between  
shin and knee: he is exchanging his rather sporty black-and-white  
shoes for a pair of galoshes.

KLUTE

Are you the superintendent?

(no answer)

Do Page or Grunemann live here?

McALLEN

You Welfare?

KLUTE

No.

Klute hands him the two pictures (of Page and Grunemann). McAllen holds them to a better light, wrinkles his forehead at them, shakes head, hands them back.

McALLEN  
Try the next house.

KLUTE  
This is the address.

Klute stands fast. McAllen finishes putting on the galoshes, decides they won't go away.

McALLEN  
You police?

BREE  
(interposes)  
Yes.

McALLEN  
They owe me rent.

He rises, ignoring them, picking up his shoes in one hand, goes inside. They follow.

INT HOUSE: LOWER HALL DAY

A stopped-up toilet has overflowed the hallway. McAllen takes up a drain-plunger -- we understand the galoshes now -- and picks his way through the pool toward it. Stops midway, jabs a direction upward. Sternly --

McALLEN  
I have expostulated with them.

Klute and Bree ascend; McAllen starts plunging the toilet.

UPPER HALL

Klute and Bree arrive toward the door indicated. From below come the sounds of McAllen plunging the toilet and from here, somewhat nearer at hand, the sounds of someone **RETCHING**. A square of wood has been sawed out of the door itself, removing handle and lock -- light sifts through. Klute hesitates, decides against knocking, pushes in.

INT ARLYN APARTMENT DAY

The retching sounds are closer at hand now, apparently coming from the connecting room. No one visible here. A very few barren pieces of furniture, a striped alphan tacked incongruously to a wall. We hear ARLYN'S VOICE ask from the next room --

ARLYN (O. S.)

Cappy?

ARLYN enters rather eagerly (the retching continues, O. S., behind her). She sees Klute first, then Bree -- recognizes her -- retires flat against a wall, holding one palm outwards to shield her face. She is unbelievably gaunt. Inside one elbow, looking rather like a birthmark, we see a lacework of purple where her veins have pulped together.

BREE

Arlyn? Honey?

(then)

Look, it's all right.

From the connecting room a MAN'S VOICE (Berger's) calling out hoarsely.

BERGER (O. S.)

Is it Cappy? Cappy? --

The last word turns into another dry-heave. Klute looks in that direction. Bree tries to draw Arlyn's hand away from her face.

BREE

Arlyn, it's all right.

FOOTSTEPS stumble forward from the next room -

TO CONNECTING DOOR: BERGER

BERGER hastens into the doorframe carrying a CAR-RADIO with wires dangling, speaks before he sees them.

BERGER

Cappy, I got a radio!

He stops for an instant face-to-face with Klute. (We might take it for recognition). Then turns, plunges out of view again. Arlyn breaks past Bree, makes after.

ARLYN

No --

We hear the MUMBLE and WHISPER of their voices from the connecting room (as she reassures him). Bree looks inquiringly at Klute (is that Grunemann?): he shakes his head. Pause, then --

ARLYN re-enters, wrapping her fingers together timidly -- wanting them out -- her only purpose.

ARLYN

(cont'd)

Bree - honey - please, we're waiting for someone.

BREE

Arlyn, we just wanted to ask some questions -- something you could help us with.

ARLYN

Can't you see I'm strung out?

(cries out)

Please, we're waiting for it -- He's got to have it!

BREE

-- Arlyn --

ARLYN

Please go away!

KLUTE

We'll go. Just something you could tell us, first.

Arlyn seems to accept the bargain. He indicates to Bree to proceed, stands away a little. Arlyn covers her elbow with one hand. Bree manages as best she can.

BREE

Honey, a couple of years ago, with Jane and Frankie? --

ARLYN

Oh God.

BREE

-- Jane sent me a Dumper --

ARLYN

Please, if he sees you, he won't come!

BREE

Arlyn, we'll go away just as soon -- just tell me, did Jane have a dumper, one of her regular Johns?

ARLYN

Janie got all the freaks.

BREE

Did you ever see him?

Klute hands Grunemann's picture to Bree: Bree shows it to Arlyn.  
Arlyn inspects it, then uncertainly, weakly --

ARLYN

No. He was an older man hon. The dumper was older.

BREE

Dis she ever introduce you?

ARLYN

(smiles tiredly)

She wanted me to take him once.

KLUTE

Do you remember his name?

ARLYN

-- Paul? -- no -- no I don't remember.

KLUTE

What can you tell me about him?

BERGER

(O. S., shouts desparately --)

Arlyn, get them out.

ARLYN

Please, I am begging you.

KLUTE

It's important.

ARLYN

(almost laughs)

-- Oh God - no, look. I saw him once or twice -- he was older, that's all, older than that. That's all. Please leave us alone.

We hear FOOTSTEPS - UNDER, DIMLY - mounting the stairs.  
Bree notices them first, Klute persisting with Arlyn --

KLUTE

Can you give me any kind of description?

ARLYN

No.

KLUTE

Was it a name like Paul?

Arlyn catches the footsteps, dodges past him toward the door, intending to reassure --

ARLYN  
Cappy? --

-- as the pusher, CAPPY, steps in. All of this is very quick, simultaneous, a confusion of voices. CAPPY take one look at Klute --

ARLYN  
-- it's all right, they're all right --

-- turns and runs.

BERGER (O. S.)  
Cappy?

ARLYN  
-- Oh God --

BERGER (O. S.)  
-- Cappy?

Cappy's FOOTSTEPS race away down the stairs. BERGER plunges out from the connecting room, still carrying the car radio, shouting, pursuing --

BERGER  
(cont'd)  
Cappy it's all right! I got a radio --  
don't run, don't --

We hear him STUMBLE AND FALL on the stairs outside, the sound of his body reeling down. Arlyn shrieks and races after: Klute and Bree follow.

INT HOUSE: LOWER HALL DAY

We see BERGER lying at the foot of the stairs -- not far from where McALLEN - having looked around -- continues plunging the toilet. As we watch, and as ARLYN clatters down toward him, Berger sways up onto his knees. His nose is bloodied: he cries. Arlyn casts herself on her knees beside him pulls his face against her, croons to him, soothes and tends him with consummate love and pity.

ARLYN  
Oh baby -- no it's all right -- oh my baby  
baby baby --

Klute and Bree are only a half-step behind. Klute offers to assist: Arlyn puts him away ferociously.

ARLYN  
(cont'd)  
Get out!

ARLYN

(cont'd)

(to Berger again)

Don't cry my baby; I'll find him, I'll get it. Baby, baby, don't cry.

(to Klute savagely, incoherently)

Leave us alone! Get out and get out and leave us alone!

(to Berger)

My honey, my baby, my baby --

Bree can't take it any longer -- breaks and runs. Klute lingers a half instant, then has to follow. Past where McAllen still plunges the toilet. And from this sound -- the plunger -- we CROSS-FADE to --

INT SUBWAY STATION: ON TUNNEL DAY

The ROARING of the subway train, as its white and red running lights swing into sight from a curve of the tunnel. We PAN to LIGHTED WINDOWS swaying past camera - slowing --

INT SUBWAY STATION DAY

The doors slide open. OTHERS and BREE and KLUTE come out. She walks -- half runs -- quickly, stiffly, a little hunched -- PAN -- across the station platform toward a BENCH. Klute skirts after her helplessly -- we catch a word or two --

KLUTE

-- Are you OK? -- OK? --

INT SUBWAY STATION: BENCH DAY

She throws herself down - sitting - on the bench, in front of a torn-away systems map, the scrawl of graffiti. She clutches her arms across her stomach, bends her head far forward over her knees, fighting to draw breath evenly. Klute stands over her, then crouches on his heels, touches her.

KLUTE

Bree --

BREE

(whispers)

Oh God.

KLUTE

(agreeing)

Mm.

A quite long pause, while she recovers control. She straightens. Klute stands again. She shakes her head a little, smiles slightly, wonderingly.

BREE

She loves him; you know that?

KLUTE

(grunts)

Mm.

BREE

-- It's almost beautiful.

KLUTE

(terse)

Yeah, she loves him. They love each other. They're killing each other. There's nothing beautiful about it; it's death.

She's a little put off by his literal mindedness -- rises, shrugs --

BREE

What can you do?

KLUTE

Get out of it.

BREE

It's got nothing to do with me; I don't use junk.

KLUTE

There's other ways down the stairs.

She turns away, starts on. He overtakes, holds her elbow, faces her around to him.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

I want you to go to Spangler.

BREE

Oh --

She tries to disengage herself; he retains her.

KLUTE

Frankie had three girls. Two down.

(then)

We talked about it.

BREE

Your idea.

KLUTE

Have you got a better one.

BREE

(through her teeth)

Come off it, sugar.

KLUTE

(measures his words)

You're a whore. I want you to learn how to stop being a whore. I want you to go to Spangler.

We CUT TO --

INT PRECINCT STATION ROOM DAY

KLUTE talking on the phone; TRASK and ROSS nearby -- surrounded by the same sort of ROOM NOISE AND CONFUSION that we witnessed here before.

KLUTE

(to phone)

No, nothing else Pete; it wasn't the best time to ask questions. But I believed her; the Dumper was not Tom Grunemann.

He listens -- apparently to exhortation from the other end -- tries to return to the main point. Trask and Ross exchange a half-amused look as --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Pete -- Pete, what I'm trying to get at, if Tom wasn't the Dumper there's nothing left that connects to anything. I can't prove that Tom is anywhere around here. I can't prove that Tom was ever --

He listens as, apparently, Cable cites the evidence (the prowler incident, we can surmise, the phone calls), but responds stubbornly -

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Not necessarily Tom.

(again)

Not necessarily Tom. Pete, as far as that goes, over this whole entire two-year --

He is interrupted again, listens, glances toward Ross

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Yes, he's here too, I'll ask him.

(then)

Yes that's all that's left to try. I'll give it a month. But beyond that Pete, from the company's point of --

He is interrupted a final time - extricates himself with difficulty.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Yeah -- All right Pete -- I'll see you then -- yeah -- yeah, goodbye.

(hangs up)

TRASK

Why don't you send him a letter, Tom Grunemann's alive and well in Manchuria.

KLUTE

He'd send me to Manchuria.

(then, to Ross)

He asked if you'd let me see the FBI files.

ROSS

He's asked that before. No. But Trask can tell you the places to check -- line-ups, pornographers, flophouses - he'll keep you busy.

KLUTE

(sighs)

All right, let's start making the list.

We CUT TO --

INT SPANGLER (UPTOWN) OFFICE DAY

(This is Spangler's private-practice office -- not the prison office seen before.) BREE sits on the edge of her chair, mistrustful and belligerent. Spangler, behind the desk, aspires to play the part of therapist -- judicious, benign and undirective, (differing profoundly in this respect from our previous informal views of him). He makes a tent with his hands.

SPANGLER

What made you decide to come here Miss Daniel?

BREE

I didn't decide. It was that big square-head -- he'd kick my can around the block. Klute.

BREE

SPANGLER

~~er~~. Well that makes it no good doesn't it? A person's only supposed to come if they want to come.

(neutrally) SPANGLER

Well --

BREE

I mean how're you supposed to get me out of the life?

SPANGLER

I can't.

(beat)

Maybe you could.

BREE

How?

SPANGLER

Just coming here on a regular basis -- just talking - looking for insight into --

BREE

If it's just talking, I could just as easy just quit!

(and --)

I don't need this anyway. Things happen to be going very well for me. Career-wise. I'm reading for a part in a play this very afternoon; they're very anxious to get me.

(sharply)

Would you not do that with your hands.

Spangler smiles with slight difficulty, picks up a pencil instead. Pause. Then, guardedly --

BREE

(cont'd)

Talk about what?

SPANGLER

Whatever you want.

SPANGLER

Oh.

BREE

(curious)

Are you a pansy?

(a trifle apologetic)

Well I was just asking.

(beat)

I mean everyone knows psychiatrists are peculiar. Some way.

SPANGLER

(suggests mildly)

But we should be talking about you, shouldn't we?

BREE

(bitterly)

Sure. All about me. While you sit there with that phony smile, like the man that invented popsicles.

(rises)

I don't think you know anything.

She's on her way out. He'll lose her now, he knows it -- has to. gamble. Harshly --

SPANGLER

All right, I'm just a funny little Jewish fella playing the big doctor. So what else is new?

She stops, turns, returns slowly to the chair - and sits down. Disarmed, vulnerable, a child.

BREE

Well --

She gestures, hunts words, tries to smile not cry.

BREE

(cont'd)

Well sometimes I get a little -- scared.

We CUT TO --

EXT

PRECINCT STATION ENTRANCE DAY

We see the FIGURES OF ROSS, TRASK, KLUTE coming out, parting. Ross gets in a car waiting there, is driven away. Klute and Trask tarry. We CUT CLOSER.

EXT      PRECINCT STATION ENTRANCE; TRASK, KLUTE    DAY

Trask savors the daylight for a moment before turning back inside. Klute is glancing in his folder, at the list.

TRASK

Sure we've given you enough?

KLUTE

Bree can help me with some of it.

TRASK

(notes)

Bree?

KLUTE

Bree Daniel.

TRASK

(mildly)

You gettin tight with the girl?

Klute, caught off-balance, looks at him balefully. Trask goes on in the same mild tone -- quite casually, looking off in other directions.

TRASK

(cont'd)

I've known it happen, that's all. A man gets lonely. But you know that's everyone's secret dream, how they reformed the whore. Like all it takes is fresh air and orange-juice. And I've known a girl go along with it too -- they're human, they fool theirself.

(beat)

Then one day they cut your heart out.  
Just thought I'd speak of it.

Then he smiles at Klute, gestures goodby, turns back inside.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Well take care.

Klute looks after him unsettledly, then starts along. We TRACK WITH HDM alongstreet -- pensive. Then he hears, from some distance, indistinctly --

BREE

(O.S.)

Hey --

## ANGLE ACROSS STREET, TO BREE

She approaches on the run -- waves at him, shouts again, heads recklessly across the street -- nearly gets run over, dodges -- arrives, puffing.

KLUTE

(angry)

Don't cross streets like that!

BREE

Listen --

KLUTE

Don't cross streets like that.

(then)

Did you go to Spangler?

BREE

(irritably)

I'm trying to tell you. Yes. I went to Spangler. Then from there I went to that reading. And I was awful. I was upset. I was deplorable, I've never read worse. They hired me.

KLUTE

What?

BREE

(still scowling)

Don't you ever listen? I got the part. In the play. We go in rehearsal next week.

Klute has started to grin -- examines her from several angles, quite proudly -- while she stares away from him, tries to maintain her displeasure.

KLUTE

Say - your name in lights.

BREE

(curtly)

They don't have lights. It's off-Broadway. Cardboard -- my name on cardboard.

KLUTE

I want to go to Coney Island.

BREE

What ?

KLUTE

To celebrate..

BREE

You appleknocker, no one goes to Coney.

KLUTE

Why not? I've never been there.

BREE

You've got to ride forever.

KLUTE

All right, we'll ride forever.

BREE

You're supposed to be chasing Tommy-baby.

KLUTE

I've given myself the weekend off.

BREE

If it's my celebration, how come we're going where you want to go?

KLUTE

Because I want to go to Coney Island.

EXT LIMBO: BREE'S FACE DAY

She screams --

UPSHOT TO PARACHUTE

-- the strouds and folds of the parachute blossom outward, in perfect symmetry.

EXT CONEY ISLAND: THE PARACHUTE DROP DAY

WIDE SHOT, TILTING -- as the parachute and Bree descend.

EXT BASE OF PARACHUTE DROP: KLUTE DAY

Klute stands while Bree floats down to him, lands. He holds one hat and wears the other -- a pair of small, straw his-and-hers hats bought for the occasion, unabashedly foolish. He tries to hand hers back, as she dances ecstatically out toward him.

BREE

Come on, you too this time,  
we'll both go, come on --

KLUTE  
(muffled)  
Don't want to.

BREE  
(still capering)  
You're scared.

KLUTE  
Mm. Put on your hat.

BREE  
Look, it's really perfectly -- Hey, didn't  
you used to do this?

KLUTE  
Mm.

BREE  
That's right! You did; you were a --

KLUTE  
(nods glumly)  
Paratrooper. Put on your hat.

She whoops with laughter, capers around him, pointing. He turns and trudges toward the next concession -- not entirely disguising his enjoyment of her. She puts on the hat, catches up, side by side -- DISSOLVE --

EXT POND DAY

UPSHOT to tunnel exit doors. They whomp open; a BOAT chutes down in a great engulfing spray of water -- DISSOLVE --

EXT DODGEMS DAY

Bree, driving, is rammed, loses her hat -- circles once to pick it up and replant it, guns after her adversaries -- DISSOLVE --

EXT NINEPIN CONCESSION DAY

Bree hurls a remaining baseball at the stacked ninepins -- misses by a generous margin, protests. Klute saunters away with her - PAN - to lean on the railing of the boardwalk and gaze across the beach. Relaxed, enjoying.

EXT PAN: CONEY ISLAND BEACH DAY

The usual crowd - though not dense - of swimmers and sunbathers. In middle foreground an Armenian family group are dancing with a tambourine -- a dozen of them or so, swart and stocky in their bathing suits, just having a good time. Beyond them all, the edge of the washing sea.

EXT RAIL OF BOARDWALK: BREE, KLUTE DAY

BREE

What did you and Trask decide?

Her mention of Trask brings Trask's admonition to his mind. He troubles with it a while. But then --

KLUTE

Oh, we worked out a list. Places I can check, I might catch some trace of Tom. Just -- making the rounds

BREE

(very guardedly)

But then you -- might be around a while longer.

KLUTE

(very guardedly)

Oh I guess so. A while. A month.

He turns and props his elbows on the railing, scans the opposite direction. She glances toward him, then confides -- slowly, awkwardly, apprehensively, but confides --

BREE

Look, I feel quite kind of very strange. Today. I mean going to Spangler - that's something else right there - but then going to that reading, getting that job, just like that --

(anxiously)

Look, they wouldn't have hired me unless they really wanted me - would they?

KLUTE

I don't think so.

BREE

Well it feels strange. You know, the idea I might even actually do it -- you know, put things together -- even without any more tricks -- you know?

KLUTE  
What's a nish?

BREE  
What?

KLUTE  
(points, O.S.)  
Nish.

BREE  
K-nish. Like k-knowledge. Want one?

KLUTE  
(nods)  
I never tried one.

He hands her a dollar bill; she scoots off in that direction. He stays in position a moment, watching her and smiling -- then trails after.

EXT CONCESSIONS DAY

WIDER. We see BREE jockeying through the crowd toward the stand -- a large sign: MORIARTY'S KNISHES -- and KLUTE, perhaps a dozen yards behind, first trailing then drifting aside to look into one of the encircling concessions (a sort of courtyard here, with the knish stand at the center).

KLUTE, CLOSER

Klute passes a moment as spectator at a glassblower concession, then turns to look again in the direction of Bree.

POV TO BREE

He sees - we see - her turn away from the stand, a knish in each hand - back in the direction where she left Klute. She goes twenty feet or so, finds him missing from there, stops.

BREE, CLOSER

She looks toward the empty railing. Seeing her expression more closely than he, we realize how this strikes her -- her confidence unsettled -- the first small fingerings of fear. She turns and tries another direction --

KLUTE

Klute has found himself in the game by accident, but now ill-advisedly continues it -- smiles to himself, draws back a little so she won't see him.

BREE

She moves ten feet in this second direction, misses him again. Suddenly she's lost. She draws breath sharply, turns and hurries in a third direction --

BREE

She hurries, pushes past others, up to camera, stands -- looking here and about, reviewing all the places she's looked. Fear now, undisguised -- not a game to her. She cuts toward a corner --

PAST BREE TO KLUTE

As she stands hopelessly, Klute approaches from behind -- hails her gruffly.

KLUTE

Hey.

She whirls, stands. Perhaps an instant of relief - of which we don't see much - and then a quivering rage. He draws close with his foolish smile. She plunges one of the knives into his chest, swearing in absolute, unrestrained fury --

BREE

Don't you do that!

-- and belts him on the side of the head with the other hand and knish, regardless of SPECTATORS all around.

BREE

(cont'd)

-- Don't you ever do that!

-- and turns and runs. Klute stands dazedly for a moment, removing the debris from his cheek and collar, then chases after --

EXT

PERSPECTIVE OF BOARDWALK: KLUTE, BREE DAY

Another WIDE SHOT. We see the two FIGURES in a mime of pursuit - overtaking - apology - reconciliation. It takes Klute a considerable time to get himself forgiven -- shifting about her, gesturing, as she strides grimly ahead. He touches her arm - she flails him away. He persists. She slows pace a little. Eventually she suffers him to walk beside her. And we CUT TO --

## INT THE BROWNSTONE NIGHT

-- As Bree and Klute ascend the last few steps to the landing outside Bree's apartment. He seems to have been forgiven by now; a mutuality. He waits while she unlocks her door then faces around to him, smiling a little unsurely.

BREE

Well --

KLUTE

(suggests)

Going to invite me in?

BREE

No.

(then)

Why? So you can shove your big sticky hands all over me?

KLUTE

(rather hastily)

No.

BREE

Then why?

KLUTE

(vaguely)

I don't know -- talk -- listen to music --

BREE

And then shove the hands.

Klute gestures inefficiently. She misinterprets.

BREE

(cont'd)

Oh. You mean why should I care? You mean after all, I --

KLUTE

(sharply, this time)

No.

He makes a two-handed, palms-down, gesture -- a hold-steady signal, preserving the status quo. Emphatically --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Look. All right? OK? Good night.

He touches her arm, then turns and starts slowly downstairs, maintaining a careful neutrality. She starts to go in -- then reports back out to the railing, looking down at him. Grudgily --

BREE

You can come in if you want to.

He looks back up at her -- then tips his hat rakishly forward over one eye, smiles, insouciantly -- continues on down. Another pause, as he disappears below view. She calls after --

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, it wasn't too bad. I mean I had a good time. Thank you.

EXT WIDE SHOT: BROWNSTONE NIGHT

We see the LIGHTS of the two apartments - Bree's above, Klute's below - wink out. The traditional cute-shot. But then we hear -- without emphasis, quite under -- the FOOTSTEPS of someone just off camera, starting unburiedly away.

And we BEGIN SUMMARY-SEQUENCE. The passage of time and the development of four concurrent themes: KLUTE searching the city; BREE in rehearsal; BREE in therapy; and BREE AND KLUTE in relation to each other. As follows:

INT POLICE LINEUP ROOM DAY

We begin shot with a FILE OF MEN moving out onto a sort of stage, the reveal the setting and KLUTE as one of the audience. A Police Officer at front of the room, the M.C. of the occasion, raises a hand microphone.

OFFICER

William Geary Clymer step forward please ---

STILL HOLDING on this scene we CROSS-FADE with JANG'S VOICE from upcoming scene.

JANG

(over, rapidly, sociably)

-- and Ted Ferris, Mick Yager -- I guess you all know each other -- Terry Cash. And Helen will be playing the Mother, Helen Kenny --

INT THEATRE: ONSTAGE DAY

The CAST MEMBERS are seating themselves around a table at center-stage under the work light. The first read-through. We favor BREE -- her shyness, eagerness, anticipation -- as Jang continues briskly --

JANG

-- Oh, and Bree, Bree Daniel, and Dick Hamilton's our stage manager; all right, we'll just read through to begin, just cruise it, see how it hangs; do you all have coffee? All right, and it's house down, and we light, and we hear the sounds offstage --

EXT A BOWERY AVENUE DAY

A wide, gritty desolation. Then FOOTSTEPS, then KLUTE. He arrives in frame foreground, pauses to check address, continues on - PAN - toward a FLOPHOUSE -- a little group of DERELICTS sitting on the steps at the entrance -- and in --

INT SPANGLER'S OFFICE DAY

Still the FOOTSTEPS -- this time the hard heel-clicks of BREE'S shoes, as she enters Spangler's office from shot background, and follows his gesture silently -- toward a chair (half chair, half couch) in foreground. Her manner is subdued, nervous, bleak. She sits cautiously; Spangler retires behind the desk. VOICE SOUND NOW, as she offers diffidently --

BREE

I don't know where to start.

SPANGLER

Anywhere.

INT FLOPHOUSE DAY

Klute walks a narrow aisle (FOOTSTEPS again, and an OFFSCENE VOICE) between long rows of chickenwire cubicles, glancing in at various occupants. In one cubicle a sprawled SLEEPER. In another a young PSYCHOTIC (or acid-head), back half turned to camera, making repetitive ritual gestures to himself. In another a man carefully sorting his possessions -- he catches Klute's gaze on him, stares back. Klute shifts his gaze, moves on. All this time the VOICE -- drunken perhaps, loud but slurred -- from someone not seen, repeating at different intervals and volumes --

## VOICE

God, get me out. How did I get here?  
Get me out, oh God, oh God, oh God get  
me out of here --

## BREE

(over, a little toughly)  
All right. Loneliness.

INT SPANGLER'S OFFICE: BREE, SPANGLER DAY

Bree and Spangler again. (But not a continuation of our previous Bree-Spangler shot. Their positions and costumes are different: this is some later session.) She is ill at ease, reluctant, hostile. Spangler prompts mildly --

## SPANGLER

You feel lonely.

## BREE

People -- knowing about me. What I am.  
And, oh, watching me and following me  
and everything.

(Pause. Insists)

Well part of it's real. I have been watched.  
That clown on the skylight, things like  
that, all along. But I can't tell the real  
part from --

(Pause. Then --)

Well more than loneliness. Hate. People  
hating me, waiting to hurt me. I'm all  
screwed up.

## SPANGLER

You think people hate you.

## BREE

Or I hate them, I don't know.

INT THEATRE NIGHT

A WIDE ANGLE THROUGH EMPTY AUDIENCE SECTION TO  
EMPTY STAGE. The abandoned table, clutter of chairs, etc.  
One set of LIGHTS GO OFF -- another -- semi-darkness, as we  
PAN to rear of audience section, to STAGE MANAGER (HAMILTON)  
at light switch -- then PAN WITH HIM TO BREE at door leading  
out to Lobby Corridor. Meanwhile (starting on the first pan)  
BREE'S VOICE OVER, continued from the preceding shot.

BREE

(cont'd, over)

I never feel safe, not for long. I mean take those rehearsals, I love that, I love it, being with everyone. But that's a put-on and then it's over.

ANGLE THROUGH DOOR TO HAMILTON, BREE

HAMILTON

(briefly, under)

Get the front for me hon? -- See you tomorrow.

She smiles fleetingly, moves a step in this direction. He closes, locks and tests the door behind her -- we see the handle wiggle. She turns, starts on -- halts --

PAST BREE, THE CORRIDOR

Darkness. The emptiness and echoes. Shadows. Entrapment. Bree forces herself to move on forward -- but slowly. Her voice again -- also slowed, frightened.

BREE

(over)

It's over. You know? Everyone's gone away.

TRACKING, ON BREE

BREE

(cont'd)

(over, still more slowly)

Then you tell yourself, oh -- it's still all right or -- well it's just nothing -- or, well I'm still here, but --

She darts forward suddenly, past camera -

BREE

(over, cont'd, gasps)

-- but oh God --

OUTER LOBBY

We see that she's reached the outer lobby, is sprinting for the glass doors at the end, the lights shining through. She recoils from a shadow there. It resolves itself into KLUTE, standing outside. She yanks at the doors, trying to get out to him.

EXT PAST KLUTE, THROUGH GLASS DOORS, TO BREE NIGHT

A SILENT SHOT. We see her yanking, almost tearing, finds the right door, the right turn of the handle, gets it open. Then, abruptly, everything's much better. Now we TAKE SOUND. But no voices. Just the shuffling of their feet, as she wedges the door shut behind her, smiles at him. He looks at her concernedly -- is reassured -- they set off side by side.

EXT STREET: KLUTE, BREE WALKING NIGHT

Her manner is much more composed now. We see her chatting (SILENT) about a thing or two along the way. We see also his glances toward her -- a little concerned still. BREE'S V.O. again. But this time different in sound quality -- not continued from before -- more outward, casual -- and as if responding to intervening questions from Spangler which we don't hear.

BREE

(over, answering, casually)  
Him? Oh yeah, he's still around. He's still looking for his geek.

(Pause. Answering --)

I know I haven't mentioned him. Why should I.

INT BREE APARTMENT NIGHT

KLUTE sits on the floor, back propped against the couch, sorting his notes. BREE, armed with an eggbeater, makes an OUTBOARD MOTOR SOUND (UNDER) plunges it into a mixing bowl. We see him study her from the back, enjoying her.

BREE

(over, answering, impatiently)  
Well he's just around. For a while. We're not boffing each other or anything. He does his thing, I do mine. That's all.

-- And then we PAN, from Bree doing her mixing, making her motorboat sounds, to FRAME OF APARTMENT REAR WINDOW. A suggestion now - again - of the prowler outside, the onlooker. And next, from the black rectangle of this window, we CUT TO -

INT BELLEVUE: THROUGH VIEWING WINDOW INTO PADDED CELL DAY

At first look, a reverse-angle of preceding shot. The edge of the viewing window sliding open (as if this is the view of someone outside, on the fire escape changing position to peer into the apartment at Bree and Klute) -- But then we, instead, see the padding of the cell walls, the EYES AND FACE OF THE MADMAN, recoiling in terror.

INT BELLEVUE CORRIDOR: AT CELL DOOR; KLUTE,  
ATTENDANT DAY

KLUTE looks in the viewing window. The ATTENDANT stands by.

INT PADDED CELL: MADMAN DAY

Now the madman, ignoring them, dashes himself over and over against the walls of the cell. We CUT TO --

INT SPANGLER OFFICE: BREE, SPANGLER DAY

Yet another session (positions and costumes change again). Opening in silence; then she speaks in sections, her voice once more a little hard. Spangler just listens.

BREE

Tricks? Why I couldn't stop taking tricks? Maybe I'm just very sexy.

(pause)

All right, the money.

(pause)

All right, not the money.

(pause, shrugs)

A kind of put-on.

(pause)

Well let's say I'd go to one of those cattle-calls, a tryout. I mean before -- before I got this job -- and they'd always say thank you very much and I'd feel, you know, put down. They didn't want me.

SPANGLER

Didn't want you.

BREE

(snaps)

I said that.

(resumes)

Well, so you have a choice. You can either feel lonely -- you know, the hate -- or --

(then more rapidly, plunging)

So you take a call and go to a hotel room and there's some John you've never seen before, but he wants you. He must, he's paying for it.

BREE

(cont'd, beat)

And usually they're nervous and that's all right too, because you're not; you know this thing. And then for a while, boy, they really pay attention, you're all there is.

(beat)

And it's not real and you don't have to even like them -- you can even hate them, it's all right, it's safe -- you know?

(beat)

Well it's a way of getting even -- with things -- getting them back together. For a while.

SPANGLER

Back together.

BREE

(crisp displeasure)

Do you always have to repeat everything?

Spangler review, puts questions -- a little more directive than before, but not in any way weighting his statements -- just playing it back for her.

SPANGLER

The trick is a put-on, you say. Sex is a put-on.

BREE

The biggest.

SPANGLER

Love? --

BREE

Oh come on.

SPANGLER

But the trick imitates love. You hate them you say, but you give yourself to them.

BREE

They pay.

SPANGLER

You know what I mean.

BREE

(with great dignity, distinctly, instructively)  
All right, my feelings are mixed. It's a way of dealing with mixed feelings.

SPANGLER

And you don't feel it's a destructive way.

BREE

No. I mean I know it is, but it doesn't feel like it. At the time. Look, it's temporary, it's safe, you don't get involved.

SPANGLER

Ah.

BREE

(tartly)

What the hell do you mean 'ah'? You mean I feel getting really involved would be worse. Why would I feel that?

SPANGLER

Where do you suppose that feeling might come from?

INT MORGUE: KLUTE DAY

EFFECTS only -- as KLUTE arrives in foreground, looks down -- and A LOCKER DRAWER is rumbled open for him --

INT THEATRE: REHEARSAL DAY

A CIRCLE OF ACTORS, ACTRESSES looking down - in the same posture as Klute -- at an ACTOR ON THE TABLE, playing dead. (But still on script.) The circle of other actors draws back, widens, slowly to reveal BREE, making her way slowly forward from the background. She too looks down at the corpse, twists her hands in grief.

JANG

(O. s., irritably)

Oh no hold it! Oh goddamit.

JANG vaults aggrievedly onstage.

JANG

(cont'd)

Bree, dammit, no. You're not making contact.

BREE

(reasonably)

How can I make contact; he's dead?

JANG

You're doing everything to tell the audience how sad you are. All the right motions.

(punches the corpse with a forefinger. Howls --)

Him. Get through to him. Dead. Your father. Get it, will you, get it. Relate!

He retires off-scene again.

JANG

All right from the door again -- no, you others hold position; just from the door.

Bree starts from the door again, moves slowly forward -- looks down --

INT SPANGLER OFFICE DAY

Opening on SPANGLER - he leans on one elbow, hand shading his eyes, as -- very grudgingly --

BREE

Well he's not dead. My father. Not that I know about. I got a card once.

We WIDEN TO INCLUDE BREE -- very concise, very reasonable, giving away nothing.

BREE

(cont'd)

Well I never even think about him. I certainly don't have any feelings about him. How can you have feelings about someone you hardly, are you paying attention?

Spangler rather quickly removes his hand from his eyes (which probably weren't in fact shut).

BREE

(cont'd, accusingly)

You had your eyes shut.

SPANGLER

(gently)

No.

BREE

I read about psychiatrists that actually go to sleep. Right while their patients are --

SPANGLER

I wasn't asleep.

BREE

All right, what did I say?

Spangler probably could answer - is tempted toward a rejoinder - but only sighs.

SPANGLER

Could we go on.

BREE

(snaps)

All right he betrayed me!

She stops short -- a little startled -- didn't realize she had it to say. Spangler now appears a touch more interested -- we see.

BREE

(cont'd, reluctantly)

Well, you could say -- if you wanted you could say he bailed out, he broke it up, the family. Well it wasn't much of a family anyway. But you could call that betrayal.

SPANGLER

(carefully neutral)

Mm.

BREE

So you could say, a child -- a person -- could get it all mixed up, love and hate and betrayal and everything like --

(loudly)

-- but you know, that's a damn fake-out, I don't feel any of that!

SPANGLER

(blandly)

You seem quite angry about something.

BREE

(shouts)

You. This. We're not getting anywhere. I thought I'd come in here and you'd give me insights and stuff, and I'd weep and roll around, and everything would be better, life would be beautiful and simple. Well it's still a mess and I'm a mess and this.

BREE

(cont'd)

is a drag: just picking at threads, picking at threads.

SPANGLER

(smiles calmly)

That's right, that's all it is. Shall we go on?

EXT TIMES SQUARE NEWSSTAND NIGHT

BREE stands morosely, hands stuffed in coat pocket, scowling, very self-enclosed, as KLUTE pays for a newspaper, turns back to her. She seems reluctant even to stir -- pushes his hand away. But he persists -- kidding with her, cajoling -- until at length he gets her in motion again. As he begins to succeed in this, we bring in BREE'S V. O. again - the same coice-quality as in the foregoing Bree-Klute shots -

BREE

(over)

Klute? Sure he's still around; I told you; what about it?

EXT TIME'S SQUARE, TRACKING NIGHT

She seems to feel a bit better now. Klute, strolling, looks all around at everything, unabashedly.

BREE

(over, cont'd)

Oh he meets me after rehearsals or I meet him, we poke around together.

(pause, definite, prim)

Well I'm certainly not in love with him, if that's what you mean.

EXT TIME'S SQUARE: SIDEWALK PREACHER NIGHT

C. U. on the PREACHER -- direct into camera, revival-style, full-voiced, fervently.

PREACHER

Because you never let the word in your life, no!

He whips the air. We PULL BACK to reveal the small street crowd, including KLUTE and BREE, as he carries on.

## PREACHER

(cont'd)

You luses, you hopheads and Murphies and hookers -- I wasn't no better than you, that's right: I was a pickpocket, that's right. Until that day the word of God spoke right in my ear, that day. 'You dip' He says to me 'You lousy dip', he says, 'You're humping your way to hell.'

BREE, KLUTE

Klute is tempted to linger and gawk. Bree finds this unhip, has seen it before, tugs him away by the sleeve. They continue on, as her VOICE-OVER continues -- the same tone.

BREE

(over)

We're from different worlds. He's a yokel.

(pause. Admits)

Well he doesn't mind being a yokel. I mean he just comes on the way he is -- I like that all right.

(pause)

But it's certainly got nothing to do with love. It's just --

(gives up trying to define it)

-- oh heck.

-- and reaches out and tucks her hand into his as they walk.

EXT THEATRE NIGHT

BREE emerges to KLUTE -- and discovers RAIN, A DOWNPOUR. She yipes. He counsels her to stay under cover -- he'll hail a cab -- dodges to curb, waves his arm at several passing cabs -- returns to her sodden. She laughs at him, the rivulets of water on his face; they embrace (quite naturally, briefly, and not for the first time -- things have simply evolved to this) -- then run on --

EXT STREET NIGHT

They duck and dodge into doorways, running -- he with his arm around her now --

EXT L. S. DOWNSHOT TO TUGBOAT DAY

It passes directly below camera, far below.

EXT BROOKLYN BRIDGE: KLUTE, BREE DAY

Early morning, little traffic. They have watched the tugboat's passage, now stroll on -- he still holding her.

BREE

(over)

Well he's just curious about everything

(mock indignation)

I mean that crazy Dutchman. He hauled me out Sunday morning at five A. M., five A. M., on that goofy bridge.

(pause)

Oh, we enjoy things. But he certainly doesn't excite me. Not like Frank -- not the way Frank excited me.

(pause)

Hm? Oh, I don't know. Just natural. Safe. Just ordinary, just natural.

We ZOOM FAR BACK to ELS - the towers and girders, the tiny figures. And bring in HARPSICHORD MUSIC.

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

The HARPSICHORD MUSIC, from the record-player. KLUTE lies on his back, full-length, on the floor. BREE sits cross-legged beside him. Klute's shoes are off; he wiggles his toes slowly; she reads him the Sunday comics. A sense of total relaxation between them, total ease and confidence. And laziness -- things happening at long intervals, unhurriedly.

BREE

A-and -- then the Chief says to Dick Tracy, you better go drop on that bookie -- he's late with the schmear, the vigorish.

KLUTE

(soberly, slowly)

I don't believe you. You're making it up.

BREE

A-and so Dick Tracy says all right Chief, and he says, Also I'm gonna boost that old blind man at the corner; I need a new pair of shoe-laces, a-and --

KLUTE

I don't believe you.

BREE

Mm?

KLUTE

Dick Tracy would never talk like that.

BREE

Right here in the funnies.

Klute reaches his nearest hand languidly toward the newspaper. She puts it aside out of his reach. Pause. She makes a small noise indicating pleasant boredom. The MUSIC STOPS, the record finished. We hear a CHURCH BELL distantly. She uncrosses her legs, starts to get up - decides it's too much trouble -- tries stretching out full length to reach it, can't -- finally makes the trip on hands and knees, pushes the repeat button, returns.

KLUTE

(notes)

Same one.

BREE

You turn it over.

He doesn't respond to the challenge. She sits back on her haunches, then takes note of the PLAYSRIPT lying beyond him.

BREE

(cont'd)

Hey, you read my play. You like my play?

KLUTE

(placidly)

Couldn't make head or tail.

BREE

Symbolism. It's crawling with symbolism.

KLUTE

OK.

BREE

What're you gonna do when I'm famous, eating at Sardis, and you're back there in the country milking your bees?

milking

(beat)

You're not getting anywhere with the case, are you.

KLUTE

Ungh.

BREE

Going to quit?

KLUTE

I've got to decide pretty soon.

She frets about that for a moment (privately) then puts it aside. She rolls onto her back, at right angles to him, plumps her head into his midsection.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Oof.

Another pause. He reaches down placidly and plays with her hair. She considers at length, suggests --

BREE

What to go to Eely's and get a frosted?

KLUTE

OK, let's go to Eely's.

Neither of them stirs to rise. She takes his hand, draws it across her face, nibbles experimentally at one of his knuckles. He inquires (though not in response to that, particularly --)

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Are we going to Eely's?

BREE

It might rain.

KLUTE

We could get groceries on the way back.

BREE

Mm.

He plays with her hair again. They still don't succeed in rising. She rolls over, facing downward, her jaw on his chest. Gives him a few experimental thumps - not hard - on the chest.

KLUTE

We ought to do something.

BREE

Mm.

She shifts her face upwards, across his -- draws her hair across his cheeks -- tests the texture of his eyebrows with her teeth and tongue, decides moderately. --

BREE

(cont'd)

You have crummy-tasting eyebrows.

KLUTE

Very nice eyebrows. Soft, nice eyebrows  
-- ask anyone.

BREE

Anyone back home?

He makes a relaxed, ambiguous sound - draws her head back to rest below his chin, explores its shape. She speaks muffledly.

BREE

(cont'd)

Rub my back some more.

KLUTE

Mm?

BREE

Back.

KLUTE

You're lying on my arm.

She changes position to be parallel to him. He rolls to his side, complies. She begins making sounds of vast quiet comfort. He tranquilly unhitches her blouse from the waist, rubs her bare lower back. She accommodates to his hand, continues her sounds. He seems to pause, raises his head a little.

BREE

Mm?

KLUTE

You said you didn't want it -- the big sticky hands.

BREE

Oh that was recently.

He lowers his head, continues rubbing for a time. Then reaches higher on her back, under the blouse, exploring the smoothness of her shoulders. She continues the same sounds, half sigh, half growl. He slides his hand lower again, undoes her brassiere -- a somewhat tricky business, one-handed; we see him having to concentrate a little -- but without trepidation. He simply assumes it's all right with her; it is. He rubs some more. The record stops again. He withdraws his hand, props himself on his elbows.

KLUTE

Record stopped again.

BREE

Mm.

She gently pushes him flat again, on his back, and extends her upper body over his, lowers her face to his. They kiss -- unhurriedly, tranquilly. She turns her mouth to his ear. He jibs, laughing, secures her head at a safe distance.

KLUTE

Hey --

She tries to burrow her head back toward him, chuckling -- a small contention -- he subdues her again. She rolls onto her back. He draws his palm upward under the blouse, across her side and breasts. She chuckles again, more softly, comfortably, rubs her head against his other wrist.

He removes his hand, draws back a little, sits up on one arm. Gently, advisedly --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Bree.

BREE

Mm?

KLUTE

Want me to stop?

BREE

No.

Quietly, smiling at him, completely without seductiveness, she raises herself -- booses the remaining button of the blouse, lets it fall aside, then the brassiere. He has to warn again --

KLUTE

You did this to me before.

BREE

No.

She lies back again with him, drawing his face against her breasts.

CLOSE BREE

She looks down at him, tending him, cherishing him. The small sounds again -- a little deeper-breathed --

CLOSE TWO SHOT

We hold on their upper bodies. She pushes at his shirt; he discards it. we see them stir, discarding other clothing. She joins arms around his neck. But still - still - the small sounds, the quiet laughter, sighs of comfort; not the loud artificial, outcry of before but a lovemaking -- excitement growing easily, of itself. DISSOLVE --

INT BREE'S APARTMENT: BED NIGHT

Darkness. Evening. Bree reaches out, switches on the bed lamp. They are now lying side by side -- Klute on his stomach, dozing, torpid, unambitious. She looks down at him primly.

BREE

You told me we weren't going to do this.

(pause)

I bet you think you're pretty smart.

Klute makes a muffled, lazy sound indicating that he is.

BREE

(cont'd)

Aren't you ever going to get up?

Klute makes another sound, indicating that he isn't.

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, just because you got me there, it doesn't mean I love you.

(critically)

You don't feel ashamed? -- getting someone in bed that doesn't even love you?

KLUTE

(slow, muffled)

Jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber --

She affects a long-sufferingness, lies back beside him, slowly draws her fingertips here and there on his back. He makes a drawn-out sound of appreciation. She notes his pleasure -- extends her caresses experimentally, extracting more sounds. Then she notices, by touch -- lifts her head to look, startledly, wonderingly -- the weals across his back.

BREE

(cont'd)

I clawed you!

KLUTE

I sort of liked it.

BREE  
 But I never do that. I mean you couldn't  
 do that to them anyway. They --

She stops suddenly, a little choked.

BREE  
 (cont'd)  
 I'm sorry.

Klute reaches up one arm, weights her down flat again, turns on  
 his side and draws her in to him. Gruffly --

KLUTE  
 Shut up.

BREE  
 You don't mind? About me?

Klute grunts a negative of sorts. She persists -- hesitantly --

BREE  
 (cont'd)  
 You mean maybe you -- do mind, but --

KLUTE  
 (again)  
 Shut up.

He tends her in the ways which occur to him. She responds. At  
 a point she glances down -- surprised and a little awed -- inquires --

BREE  
 Hey?  
 (then, with feigned indifference)  
 Well as long as you're here, and you know  
 how --

They join. This time she siezes his shoulders -- a cry almost  
 immediately, fierce, welcoming, full-out --

BREE  
 (cont'd)  
 Oh --

We CUT TO --

INT SPANGLER'S OFFICE DAY.

On BREE, standing -- too distracted to use the chair - tearful,  
 antagonistic.

BREE

The son of a bitch seduced me!

(beat)

I didn't even know it!

(beat)

I mean at the time it just seemed very --

Then, with anguish too genuine to be amusing --

BREE

(cont'd)

Well now it's tearing me up, and I don't know why. Please, will you once for God's sakes say something?

SPANGLER

(clearly, evenly)

What about this? -- that this wasn't just a trick -- that for the first time in your life you're in danger of having an honest, deep relationship with a man.

BREE

I've had millions.

SPANGLER

How deep?

BREE

Frank.

SPANGLER

How honest, how real?

BREE

You mean what's cutting me up now is just the fact it's all right? That's crazy.

SPANGLER

(calmly goes on)

You've spent most of your life avoiding this -- real love, real invol --

BREE

(distinctly)

I do not love him.

SPANGLER

It's always been too painful. Your earliest memories of love -- excuse me, the male figure -- are too mixed with other things -- hate, fear, betrayal --

BREE

I'm gonna wipe him out.

SPANGLER

(undeterred)

Up to now you've had a way of handling it -- these feelings -- the ritual, the put-on, the trick. But that won't work any more. But you have almost no experience handling it any other way.

BREE

(desparately)

Well where do I go from here?

SPANGLER

(smiles gravely)

That's the question isn't it. Love -- betrayal --

INT           PRECINCT STATION ROOM    DAY

SURROUNDING ACTIVITY, ROOM EFFECTS, as before. We see KLUTE, TRASK, ROSS grouped around Trask's desk - the desk itself stacked high with case material. We TRACK IN as Ross (silent) finishes reading from a list, Klute finishes checking off on another. All toss their list back on the desk. An atmosphere of weary finality.

KLUTE

I can either go back over everything again, or look for a new idea. Any new ideas?

He looks from one to the other -- they shake heads slightly. Ross starts packing up his share of the materials. Trask leans back, laces his fingers behind his head.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Well, I'll be seeing Cable this afternoon. I'm giving him a lift to the airport. I'll tell him then.

TRASK

He won't like it.

KLUTE

No.

TRASK

If I was you, I'd just settle down quiet somewhere, and let that big computer keep sendin me checks.

ROSS  
You got any plans, Klute? After this?

KLUTE  
No -- I don't know.

INT THEATRE: REHEARSAL DAY

BREE, OTHER ACTORS -- repeating a move several times, as JANG repeatedly intervenes, remonstrates with her. She concentrates painfully. We meanwhile CONTINUE TRASK, ROSS, KLUTE VOICES OVER.

ROSS  
(over)  
Go back home?

KLUTE  
(over)  
I don't know.

ROSS  
(over, suggests)  
You could come over our place -- some people I could have you meet.

KLUTE  
(over, appreciative)  
Thanks.

TRASK  
(over)  
Try it baby. Maybe it works, maybe it don't. Like this -- you done pretty good, and everybody try to help -- if you don't get there you don't get there.

ROSS  
(over, as departing)  
Well -- take care everybody.

TRASK  
(over)  
Take care, take care.  
(then)  
Hell, nobody knows.

EXT AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE DAY

MLS to KLUTE'S CAR. It parks. The FIGURES OF KLUTE, CABLE (with attache case and traveling bag) dismount, conversing

hard, start down the concrete ramps. EFFECTS: the whistle of JET ENGINES. We ZOOM BACK, revealing wide airport scene, drop to SHOT: a small RADAR TOWER, the metal web-work of the RADAR BOWL, (one of the small, rapid, repeating sort). It veers in one direction then the other, back and forth and back -- DISSOLVE TO --

EXT THEATRE ENTRANCE DAY

BREE, OTHERS coming out, sort themselves on separate courses. Bree says a preoccupied goodbye, sets off by herself, walking slowly, fretfully, undecidedly.

INT AIRPORT: AT BOARDING AREA DAY

EFFECTS - airport loudspeaker voices - as KLUTE, CABLE dismount from escalator and move in this direction. Cable has checked his travel bag, bought a newspaper. He checks in at the GATE-BOOTH, turns back to Klute, resumes discussion.

CABLE

(hopefully)

What about that -- what's-his-name,  
Ligourin, that pimp?

KLUTE

He helped us find Arlyn Page.

CABLE

But he could have done that to distract  
you. How much do you know about Ligourin  
himself?

KLUTE

All I need to know.

CABLE

Everything about him? Are you sure that --

KLUTE

Pete, you have to stop somewhere.

Cable seems to accept it, though not with the best grace, smiles briefly --

CABLE

Well Klute, thank you for the lift. Don't  
wait around.

KLUTE

(stolidly)

When can you get me the word?

CABLE

(sighs)

I've got your report. I'll discuss it with Len Streiger Monday; I'll be back here Thursday. Can you keep busy till then?

KLUTE

Doing what?

CABLE

You've let these other people wear you down. They have nothing at stake.

KLUTE

(a bit less patiently)

There's nothing left to try. There's no evidence of Tom Grunemann being here. There's no evidence he was ever here.

CABLE

Matter of opinion, isn't that?

KLUTE

A matter of no evidence.

CABLE

It seems to me you've had incidents right along that --

KLUTE

Nothing that really points to Tom. Pete for two years there's been no clear evidence he's even still alive.

CABLE

Suicide, you mean?

KLUTE

If he really wanted to drop out.

Cable rather seems to accept it -- broods discouragedly for a time, then --

CABLE

All right. All right.

LOUDSPEAKER

(at the same time)

This is final call for Allegheny Air System Flight twenty-four, now departing at Gate B-7. Kindly show your boarding passes to the gate attendant; all aboard please.

Cable has taken note, drifts in that direction, unfolding the newspaper under his arm.

CABLE

Something might still turn up, you know.

Klute gestures doubtfully. Cable departs.

CABLE

(cont'd)

Well, all right. Thursday? You'll come by the office? Thanks.

Klute nods, turns back in the other direction, getting out his car-keys. Cable checks through the boarding gate.

EXT FROM TAXI AREA TOWARD BOARDING GATE DAY

We watch the FIGURE OF CABLE, last one out through the gate, already absorbed in his newspaper, moving briskly out in this direction -- and then as he nears camera, without breaking pace, glancing back, tucking the newspaper back under his arm, and turning aside. We CUT TO --

EXT STREET: BREE NIGHT

The street near the garment building actually -- not disclosed. BREE turning past camera -- now moving briskly, purposefully. And we CUT TO --

INT GARMENT BUILDING, CUTTING ROOMS: MR. FABER NIGHT

MR. FABER presses a button (unlatching street door in response to Bree's ring), then eagerly continues setting out the props for their private drama -- the wine and glasses -- the cape. He hears BREE'S FOOTSTEPS ascending the stairs. He hurries merrily in that direction, pushing aside hanging garments, carrying the cape.

MR. FABER

Bree? You see right away I hear you, I call out, I shouldn't scare you like ghosts.

He stops, his smile fading uncertainly.

PAST FABER TO BREE

Bree stands irresolutely looking toward him -- and not in proper costume. In ordinary street clothes, no evening gown.

BREE

Mr. Faber -- could we talk?

He stands -- then puts down his disappointment, leads the way to their corner.

INT CORNER OF CUTTING ROOM NIGHT

Arriving, he gestures courteously toward the wine.

BREE

(cont'd)

Oh -- well I guess not -- thanks.

He nods, smiles, then sits and waits -- prompts --

MR. FABER

So?

(then)

Some kind of trouble?

BREE

Sort of.

MR. FABER

Something I can help?

BREE

Mr. Faber, I can't explain very well but I --

(in one breath)

-- don't think I should come here any more.

Suddenly, as we watch him, Mr. Faber is a very old man -- shrunken, enfeebled, defeated. Establish, then -- haltingly --

BREE

(cont'd)

I mean I'm -- very fond of you, if that's not ridiculous to say. But I've stopped going to anyone. What it is, I've got an acting job and -- and there's someone I've -- known for a while, and --

MR. FABER

You got a fella? You've told him about this?

BREE

He knows something about it.

MR. FABER

He don't like it, I guess. Natural.

(beat)

He's gonna marry you Bree?

BREE

(helplessly)

I don't know about anything. I wish he'd just blow out; that'd be simpler! I mean I never played it like this, with everything --

MR. FABER

(clutching the opportunity)

Wait, look, wait. We just keep on a while? Bree? It's all right you didn't wear the evening dress; I got plenty dresses, you could take one right home. Look, you change in --

He sees her shaking her head -- concludes arduously --

MR. FABER

(cont'd)

No. Well you're right dear. It's -- what they call it? -- perverted.

BREE

No.

MR. FABER

No, it is. My age. Perverted. Old man looking at a girl.

(sighs)

Well -- so --

He rises, steadying himself by the chair, then shuffles ahead of her, leading the way back out.

INT CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT

They push their way out to where she came in. She tries to make amends.

BREE

Mr. Faber look, everyone -- what I mean, it wasn't just you. I got something out of it too, I guess.

He is offering - a genuine courtesy not malice - her payment. She is stricken.

BREE

(cont'd)

Oh no! No.

MR. FABER

(urges, cheerfully)

You and the fella.

She shakes her head mutely. His gift is refused. He folds it back in his pocket.

MR. FABER

(cont'd)

Well dear, you're right. A young girl, you should be married and kids.

(pause, smiles painfully)

My own boys, they want I should retire anyhow. I meddle the business. Nathan, he can get me a very nice place in Eastchester, nice apartment in Eastchester. You go ahead; all good luck.

They shake hands -- Bree still torn.

BREE

Mr. Faber --

MR. FABER

(gently)

It's all right, it's all right.

She starts away from him, biting her lip. But then he can't contain it -- raising his voice, bitterly --

MR. FABER

(cont'd)

-- I mean there's always a million whores!

She looks back to him. He sees her expression, implores --

MR. FABER

(cont'd)

Bree. Forgive.

BREE

(manages a whisper)

Sure Mr. Faber.

She turns and runs down the stairs. We hold on him for a moment as he turns -- the old man's bent back -- shuffles away.

INT BREE APARTMENT: ON BED, KLUTE NIGHT

KLUTE asleep in bed, stirs - still sleeping, reaches out for where Bree should be lying. He rouses slowly, gets his bearings, looks --

ANGLE TO WINDOW: BREE

Bree stands in silhouette at the window - (the same window noted before, the fire-escape window), in her bathrobe. He calls very softly --

Bree? -- KLUTE

BREE  
(apologetically)  
I -- thought I heard something.

He starts instantly to rise; she gestures, admits --

BREE  
(cont'd)  
No. I just got up.

KLUTE  
Come here.

She approaches him slowly. He draws her to sit beside him on the bed -- sees the tear-tracks on her face. Coaxes --

KLUTE  
(cont'd)  
Hey? What is it?

She shakes her head, -- she just doesn't know what it is. Pause.  
He suggests --

KLUTE  
(cont'd)  
The play? Something that happened at rehearsal?

She shakes her head. He draws her down at full length beside him.

KLUTE  
(cont'd)  
Come on, come on.

(pause)  
Something I did?

(pause)  
Something about us?

Perhaps closer to the truth -- she repeats her former gesture -- but still not definable.

KLUTE  
Well what about us? Can you say it?  
(pause)

Bowl of chicken soup?

She smiles ruefully. A little encouraged, he reaches for the knot of her bathrobe. But she shakes her head quickly again, remains a little separate. He doesn't persist. Instead he starts slowly

stroking her hair. At some length. She appears to relax a little. He keeps on. We CUT TO --

EXT/INT ANGLE THROUGH REAR WINDOW NIGHT

Again the suggestion of the onlooker, longshot. We see the two figures in the bed -- Klute still soothing her hair. Finally we see her of her own volition loosen the knot of the bathrobe, let it fall aside, reach out for him. They draw slowly together. We CUT TO -

INT SPANGLER OFFICE: BREE, SPANGLER DAY

BREE

(slowly)

I keep waiting to know something. I keep waiting for it to be simple. I keep waiting to be not scared.

SPANGLER

Mm mm.

BREE

It's stupid. I've got everything going for me; why do I keep wanting to blow it? Because it was easier the old way?

(Pause. She grimaces)

Well maybe this is it: things will never be simple and I'll always be screwy. And the best I can do is the best I can do. Like Mr. Faber. I hated that, but I said I was going to and I did.

(flourishes an arm. Loudly --)

Now who's gonna take care of the room rent?

(more soberly again)

Well, I keep asking myself, is this progress?

SPANGLER

~~(casually)~~ (briefly)

Well then, next Wednesday, same time, all right?

As always she's a bit startled and hurt. But that's how it goes; the clock's run out. She hitches out of the chair, has some trouble with her skirt, holds it down modestly.

BREE

Skirts --

She starts for the door. Spangler meanwhile has become occupied with his desk, ignoring her completely. At the door she faces around.

BREE

(cont'd)

Look -- If I asked you a straight question could I get a straight answer? Without all this 'mm hm' and 'go on' stuff?

SPANGLER

(smiles mildly)

What's the question?

He continues to occupy himself with the desk, however, as she struggles with it.

BREE

Well the way I see it, I was already half-way out of the life before -- I mean before that big dumb Dutchman. And I keep waiting for -- you know, what you said, some kind of disaster with him -- but things keep going along. And I've got the play and -- well what I'm trying to ask, do you think I might even actually make it? The square life?

Spangler appears to consider it an instant - but very, very casually. Then glances up at her, smiles, shrugs --

SPANGLER

Oh I suppose it's possible, don't you?

-- and goes back to his desk-top. Not much of an answer from her point of view. She smiles uncertainly, goes. Then we see it from Spangler - turning to look after her - his affection, gratification, hope. We CUT TO --

INT SUPERMARKET: BREE, KLUTE NIGHT

She does the choosing, he wheels the cart. She reads the small print on a package, and asks at the same time -- very casually, as if a passing topic --

BREE

Did you talk to whosis? About the case.

KLUTE

Pete Cable, you mean. Yeah, I drove him to the airport.

BREE

Suppose they want you to keep on?

KLUTE  
Wouldn't make any sense.

BREE  
Suppose they did, though?

KLUTE  
I can't take money for nothing.

BREE  
Lots of people take money for nothing.

KLUTE  
(shortly)  
Yeah. I know that.

BREE  
Well don't get rosy Mr. Lincoln.  
(pause)

When will you be going back home?

Klute's turn to be casual. He avoids looking at her directly.

KLUTE  
Week after next, I thought.

BREE  
Oh.

KLUTE  
I want to check the house -- see some  
people.

(shrugs)  
Then I thought I might come back here a  
while longer.

BREE  
To do what?

KLUTE  
I don't know to do what. Just -- be here  
a while.

BREE  
Why?

KLUTE  
(vexedly)  
Oh, you know, there's a broad.  
(beat)

You want me out of the way?

BREE

I didn't say anything about it. I certainly  
can't supervise your comings and goings.

She turns the grocery cart toward the checkout counter, busily starts unloading it. We detect a change of her underlying mood, a degree of pleasure, even confidence. She comes across a cereal box, hails him sternly.

BREE

(cont'd)

Hey.

(waggles the package at him)

Put it back.

KLUTE

(innocently)

Mm?

BREE

You sneaked it when I wasn't looking,  
didn't you -- put it back.

KLUTE

(shows her)

It's got a boat inside.

BREE

We've got two at home now. Get rid of it  
Buster.

He takes the package, slops<sup>e</sup> off. She grimaces to the checkout clerk in a domestic sort of way. We CUT TO --

EXT L. S. TO SUPERMARKET FRONT NIGHT

Distinctly a P. O. V. shot -- from across and downstreet, looking out from a storefront alcove -- to the plate-glass windows of the supermarket, the FIGURES INSIDE - Klute, Bree, others. Klute and Bree have passed the checkout now, Klute taking up the bundles. We CUT BACK TO --

INT SUPERMARKET NIGHT

They move toward the door. Bree pauses to look inside a BABY CARRIAGE at a very small black baby. And almost simultaneously the baby's MOTHER arrives to defend him - plump, middle-aged, indignant.

MOTHER

You breathin on him!

BREE  
I'm sorry, I --

MOTHER  
This city full of influenza and you breathin  
on him!

BREE  
(faintly)  
I'm sorry, I didn't think.

MOTHER  
You didn't think.

She wheels the carriage smartly away to safety. Bree looks after her, a little daunted. Klute consoles her.

KLUTE  
She's just looking out for her kid.

BREE  
Yes, I know.

Then she turns, puts both arms around him slowly, leans her head against him, bundles and all. Softly --

BREE  
(cont'd)  
Oh, you're not so bad.

KLUTE  
(severely)  
Watch the packages lady, watch the packages.

She grins, releases him; they continue toward the door. Again we CUT TO --

EXT L.S. TO SUPERMARKET FRONT NIGHT

The P.O.V. shot again. This time as we see the FIGURES of KLUTE and BREE clearing the door, starting upstreet, we PULL TO INDICATE ONLOOKER STARTING IN MOTION, (away), and as once before hear FOOTSTEPS -- rather more rapid this time. We CUT TO --

INT ENTRYWAY OF BROWNSTONE NIGHT

KLUTE, BREE enter. He carries the bundles. The usual awkwardness getting through doors. He starts upstairs. She lingers to examine mailboxes, calls him back.

**BREE**

Hey, you got a letter.

Klute turns side-toward her.

**KLUTE**

Key's in my pocket.

She searches in his pocket, watching his face a little wickedly. He has to caution her again.

**KLUTE**

(cont'd)

Watch it lady.

She secures the key, unlocks the mailbox, takes out the letter - again he's started on ahead - reacts very sharply. Another distinct turn of her mood: fear. He looks back at her puzzledly.

**BREE**

From your friend. Grunemann. Look!

She thrusts it toward him, indicating the return-address.

**KLUTE**

Oh. No. Lainie. E. Grunemann. Elaine.  
Tom's wife.

She is vastly relieved at first -- though still shaken --

**BREE**

Oh. Oh. You don't know how it made me  
feel, seeing that --

-- and then abruptly pauses -- becomes rather tart, suspicious.

**BREE**

(cont'd)

Does she write you many letters?

**KLUTE**

A few. Put it in my coat?

**BREE**

You write back to her?

(pause)

You said you wanted to see some people  
back there. Her?

**KLUTE**

Want to put it in my coat please?

She pops the letter neatly into his jacket side pocket. He starts upstairs again, she following, the subject apparently closed.

INT STAIRWELL NIGHT

But as they reach the first landing, she bags him again -- continuing as they continue up.

BREE

How many letters is a few letters?

KLUTE

(vaguely)

I guess three or four since I've been here.

She takes the letter out of his pocket, starts to open it.

KLUTE

(cont'd, sharply)

Hey.

BREE

I just thought I'd read it to you.

KLUTE

Mind?

She puts the letter back, her manner becoming more sweetly acid.

BREE

What does Laini-doll write you? How round old Mister Sun is ripening the corn trees, and the stable cat has wee tiny kittens?

KLUTE

Come on.

BREE

Does she have a thing for you?

(and)

Have you written her about me?

KLUTE

(sighs)

I've told you about Lainie.

BREE

You never told me she wanted to feel your muscles. You know, this case is just full of fascinating --

KLUTE

(loudly)

OK?

BREE  
OK.

She is quelled for a moment -- gives him a spell of peace as they approach the last few steps to the door of her apartment. Then again --

BREE  
(cont'd)  
How old is she?

KLUTE  
Who?

BREE  
Oh God.

KLUTE  
About my age. We went to school together.

BREE  
(in a tiny, mocking voice)  
Childhood tweet hearts.

(Klute groans)  
And would you still play with her marbles while old Tom was practicing his golf-shots? Oh we're a swinging bunch back there in Cowsville.

KLUTE  
A few seconds ago you were very nice. Now you're --

BREE  
(testily)  
I can't find my keys!

KLUTE  
(suggests)  
Get mine out again.

BREE  
(coldly)  
You get them out.

Klute grimaces, steadies the bundles precariously against the wall, succeeds in unpocketing his keys. Bree unlocks her door, pushes it open, reaches inside and snaps on the lights, continuing --

BREE  
(cont'd)  
I was wondering who it was when you said --

She stops. Both stand, looking inside.

INT ANGLE INTO BREE APARTMENT NIGHT

The apartment is a shambles -- furniture overturned, decorations ripped from the wall, bedding scattered and ripped --

INT BREE APARTMENT NIGHT

Klute jettisons the grocery bags, thrusts himself inside, looks quickly about, finds no one. Bree follows more slowly, whispering --

BREE

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

KLUTE

Don't touch anything.

He moves quickly to the rear of the apartment, looks --

ANGLE TO WINDOW

The rear window has been broken inward in a litter of glass.

KLUTE

Klute remembers -- turns - moves back to the table at the front of the apartment: his folders. Bree cracks wise, unsteadily -

BREE

You suppose he's a married fella?

ANGLE TO TABLE; FOLDERS

The contents of the folders have been spilled across the table and - we ZOOM IN -- the photographs of Tom Grunemann sorted out and ripped apart. Even the COMPANY PICNIC photograph has been painstakingly torn, specifically to destroy the image of Grunemann in the front row.

KLUTE

Klute stands, looking down, taking no notice as --

BREE

He got in my clothing!

Then, a moment later, she cries out again, more sharply --

BREE

(cont'd)

Oh. Oh.

## PAST KLUTE TO BREE

He turns sharply. She is holding out, at arms length, a pair of her underpants. With a disgust so extreme she can only laugh.

BREE

(cont'd)

Oh look what he did in them.

KLUTE

Drop it.

She doesn't respond. He seizes her arm, shakes the garment back onto the floor. She starts to gag, claps her hand over her mouth, starts for the bathroom. Klute yanks her back.

KLUTE

Stay out of there.

She pushes his hands away -- backs away from him, laughing savagely, at the same time that he tries to hold and comfort her, as --

BREE

Right back at the start!

KLUTE

Bree --

BREE

(incoherent)

It's real, it's happening. Isn't it. All over, you said -- no more -- well here it is lover, he left it for me! It's happening.

She breaks loose toward the door.

BREE

(cont'd)

Right back at the start daddy!

KLUTE

Go down in my room.

But it's questionable that she's even heard him -- just running. He starts to follow --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Go down in my room and wait.

-- then turns quickly back into the apartment --

EXT BROWNSTONE NIGHT

BREE breaks forth - pauses to quell another wave of nausea - then runs alongstreet --

INT APARTMENT: TOWARD BROKEN WINDOW DAY

A shot toward the BROKEN WINDOW (as if from KLUTE's P. O. V., belonging to the preceding sequence). Then an ARM (Trask's) reaches into frame, sets a RULER vertically on the windowsill. A FLASH OF LIGHT as a picture is taken. And we CUT WIDER TO --

INT APARTMENT: TRASK, POLICE TECHNICIANS, (KLUTE) DAY

The TECHNICIANS are three in number. One is a Photographer -- Trask tosses the ruler back to him. Another vacuum-cleans the floor in the vicinity of the closet. As Trask watches him, he switches off the vacuum cleaner, then lifts Bree's underpants, with tongs, into one of several collecting boxes. Trask indicates the area of floor near and below the window, inquires --

TRASK

You find any specks of rust? .

The Technician spares him a headshake. Trask turns and strolls toward where the third Technician -- a fingerprint man -- is spraying and inspecting Klute's folders and the table edge with an aerosol-can of fixative. KLUTE stands by, waiting.

The Technician gives up spraying -- apparently without result -- then deftly scoops the fragments of the torn-up photographs into a collecting box (leaving the largest, the company-outing photograph), then turns away to other ventures. Trask gestures to Klute to reassemble his material, shakes his head.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Look how he fixed them pictures.

(then)

Take anything?

KLUTE

I don't think so.

TRASK

How come you left all that stuff here?

KLUTE

I was working on it here. I wasn't expecting this.

TRASK

(tolerant)

Well we both looking stupid.

(beat)

But I advised you stay out of the girl.

KLUTE

That's her and my business isn't it Trask?

TRASK

(sourly)

But ain't it remarkable how you got your businesses tangled up in current events.

PHONE RINGS. Trask answers it.

TRASK

(cont'd, to phone)

Yeah?

(listens)

Right baby, thanks.

(hangs up)

That was just checkin about our lawyer-friend -- you know, down the block. He was in his office all yesterday and last evenin.

(aside, to fingerprint technician)

Gar -- anything off the doorframe?

The fingerprint man shakes his head. The other two technicians are packing up their gear, preparing to leave. Klute has finished collecting his notes.

KLUTE

I'm going down to the theatre and wait for Bree. Do you want to talk to her here or at precinct?

TRASK

Precinct. I got other matters goin.

The first two technicians are setting forth. Klute follows, pauses as --

TRASK

(cont'd)

Did you get hold of your company people?

KLUTE

(nods)

Cable's flying down this afternoon

TRASK

Did he say I told you so?

KLUTE

(smiles thinly)

Something like that.

Klute continues on out as Trask speaks after --

TRASK

You be sure and tell him we got it all worked out. What it works out to is a pain in the tokus.

-- then moves back to inspect the window again.

INT STAIRWELL NEAR FRONT DOOR DAY

BREE hurries in from the street, starts upstairs - meets the TECHNICIANS coming down, stands aside to let them pass and starts up again -- then comes face to face with KLUTE.

They look at each other for a bit. On her part we sense particularly a wish to be reconciled -- a shyness mixed with defiance. But Klute's manner is unyielding. To begin with she smiles nervously, asks --

BREE

Ah, Schmendrick, what's the scam?

KLUTE

Those were police laboratory people; they've been over the apartment.

BREE

(mock delight)

Oh zippidy-doo; they'll find my fingerprints!

(then)

Do you know any more than last night?

KLUTE

We're not sure about it.

BREE

Well can I get in? I need some things; I'm late for rehearsal.

He nods; she starts by again. Then --

KLUTE

Where'd you spend last night?

BREE

With Trina.

KLUTE

(shakes head)

I called Trina.

BREE

All right, Frank.

(sharply)

But don't worry, I'm still a virgin.

KLUTE

I called Frank too.

BREE

I told him to put you off. I didn't want a deal about it.

KLUTE

Why couldn't you stay here?

BREE

Because I didn't want to be touched! And I knew Frank would understand that and I wasn't sure you would!

KLUTE

Trask's up there. He wants to talk with you.

BREE

I'm late already.

She starts up past Klute again. Then pauses, turns back toward him -- rather pleadingly.

BREE

(cont'd)

Hey -- look officer, I can explain everything. It was just -- you know, everything all of a --

KLUTE

(repeats)

Trask wants to talk with you.

She continues on. Klute turns into his room.

INT APARTMENT DAY

Bree enters hesitantly, past the fingerprint man. Trask turns from the window.

BREE

Klute said I could come in. I need some stuff.

Trask doesn't respond, but she infers consent -- starts gathering up script, a change of shoes, etc.

BREE

(cont'd)

Can I put things back together? Move back in?

TRASK

(nods)

I don't think this'll happen again.

BREE

I've been told that before too.

Trask continues to watch her calculatedly. (In what follows -- his bluntness toward her -- we don't see personal animus but efficiency -- an issue he has to explore, and the best way to go about it.) He sets a chair upright and suggests -

TRASK

Sit down Miss Daniel?

BREE

I've got a rehearsal to go to.

TRASK

(curtly)

Now sit down please.

(beat)

I got a pretty fair idea what happened. Want to tell me about it?

She stares at him affrightedly. He turns to remaining technician, the fingerprint man --

TRASK

(cont'd)

Gar, you about finished?

-- waits while the Technician has a last check-around, packs up and departs. Finds a chair for himself, sits. Much more moderately --

TRASK

(cont'd)

Just you and me, not an interrogation, no record bein' kept. You just tell me, I'll fix it up.

BREE

Tell you what?

Trask sighs, sets pencil and paper in front of her. Then coldly again --

TRASK

All right, names of men you've had relations with the last two months.

BREE

No one!

TRASK

Start with Klute. He's told me about it.

BREE

Oh.

(then brightly - bitterly)

Did he like me?

TRASK

Now write the others.

BREE

I've stopped taking calls!

(then)

Trask, what has this' got to do with --

TRASK

(sharply)

Don't hype me lady! I want the names!

BREE

I -- haven't had what you'd call relations -- that is --

TRASK

All right, men you've rendered your professional services, any kind

BREE

One.

TRASK

When was last time?

BREE

Two days ago. But that was just --

TRASK

What do you do for him?

BREE

He's an older man. I used to -- exhibit myself.

TRASK

What does he do?

BREE

Trask, an old man. I don't see why you --

TRASK

Write his name and address.

She complies painfully. As she does so, we FOLLOW TRASK, rising and strolling.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Now, I'll tell you. You look at this room, it looks how Tom Grunemann climb up and broke in just to make mess - then he see Klute's records, see his own pictures and tear them up. Just to make life harder.

BREE

Yes.

TRASK

Mm. But then you ask yourself, how he climbs up here and busts that window to hell without bein seen from another house. Or leavin tracks from the fire escape. Or throws this furniture over and not get heard by the woman downstairs. Or why he'd bother to rip up photographs when he knows damn well we got negatives. Right?

BREE

He's a kook!

TRASK

No. He wants to look like a kook; the funny part. He didn't come in the window; he slipped the door then pull the window frame loose from inside. He didn't throw

TRASK

(cont'd)

this stuff around; he tipped it over quite careful -- and he didn't leave fingerprint one. So now, please, I just want to know - you did it?

BREE

Trask? Oh my God! - Why?

TRASK

Because Klute was all turned off this case. But somethin like this would keep him around. And you want Klute around.

BREE

Did he tell you that too?

(contemptuously)

Trask, what do you do when you get a murder -- blame it on the corpse?

(rises, raging)

My God, it's wild! I even went to a psychiatrist, you know that? -- so I'd stop imagining stuff like this. But there he's been, hasn't he. Real. He came right in. And all you still can think of --

(then, more controlledly)

Trask, tell me -- if it was just me, how would I manage that - in the underpants?

TRASK

Well that's exactly what this --

(reads)

-- Faber, gentleman might do for you.

BREE

Oh you goddam filthy spade!

He stiffens just perceptibly She reaches out to touch him.

BREE

(cont'd)

I'm sorry.

TRASK

You don't touch me please, Miss Daniel.

BREE

Can I go to my rehearsal now?

TRASK

(nods)

Just stay available.

She gathers up her accessories, starts to go - tries again.

BREE

I am sorry.

(harshly again)

But I guess you'd be sorry for me,  
wouldn't you? I mean if I'd been here  
when he broke in, sorry about that.

(crying)

Trask, not me. He's real, he's there.  
Will you please please do something?

TRASK

Just stay available.

She goes. Trask slowly folds Faber's name away in his pocket,  
preparatory to leaving.

INT

KLUTE'S ROOM DAY

Klute, rearranging his records, hears BREE'S FOOTSTEPS  
descending the stairs -- hears her slow a little as she nears his  
door. He waits for her to knock. She doesn't -- continues, hurries  
on out. We hear the click of her heels on the sidewalk. Then a  
knock. Klute opens to admit TRASK. Trask smiles soberly.

TRASK

Wasn't her.

KLUTE

Did you really think it was?

TRASK

Not specially.

Then picks the paper from his pocket. Heavily --

TRASK

(cont'd)

She did give me a man's name. You know  
it?

KLUTE

Mm.

TRASK

You know she saw him day before last?

~~Man~~ ~~KLUTE~~

~~TRASK~~  
~~You know she saw him day before last?~~

KLUTE  
 (containing it)  
 No.

TRASK  
 I'll check him out.

Then with a measure of fellowship --

TRASK  
 (cont'd)  
 Want to come down to the lab with me?

KLUTE  
 I'm going to the company office. I'm  
 supposed to meet Cable at two.

TRASK  
 Call me just before. They could have  
 something by then.

(then, gently)  
 Look -- man -- you get roughed up.

KLUTE  
 I'll call you before two.

EXT OUTSIDE THEATRE DAY

BREE whips out of a cab, runs alongstreet to the theatre - refer-  
 ring to her watch -- enters -

INT THEATRE CORRIDOR DAY

Still running, she arrives through corridor to rear of audience  
 section, halts out of breath to look ahead. We see her relief --  
 things haven't started yet -- and her considerably heartened mood.  
 Her place; her thing. She moves on.

INT THEATRE: FORESTAGE AREA DAY

Others of the CAST are dotted here and there about the audience  
 area, some studying script - conversing - drowsing. Two of  
 them, YAGER and CASH, sit idly drinking coffee, at the bottom of  
 the aisle Bree is descending. She hails them gladly, particular  
 buddies. They she doesn't at first notice - are infinitely ill at  
 ease.

BREE

Mick -- hi -- Jojo -- they haven't started yet?

CASH

Uh uh.

BREE

I was sure I'd be late. I got in a real schreck this time. I mean real. That whole affair I told you with the --

(discards the topic)

-- oh the hell with it.

(in dialect)

But believe me you wouldn't believe.

Yager lifts a coffee cup out of a paper bag, hands it over.

BREE

(cont'd)

Hey, it was my turn to get.

YAGER

(dismisses it)

Oh --

She starts prying off the lid, chatting.

BREE

Where are we starting? Top of three? I had an idea for there if you wanted to try it.

They shift a little, not replying. She turns to discard the cup-cover, nudging --

BREE

(cont'd)

-- Mm?

-- and then sees --

#### POV TO JANG, PRODUCER, ACTRESS

They sit as far away as possible, at the corner of the audience-section. We see nothing of the actress except her smooth fall of hair. Jang talks to her earnestly -- sedulously avoids looking in this direction.

BREE

Bree stands looking. She knows instantly, we can suppose, what's happening. HAMILTON, the stage manager, arrives in scene from sidestage, at rear of shot, stringing an extension cord. He sees her, puts cord aside, approaches, crouches at the apron, speaks out quietly.

HAMILTON

Bree --

She turns to him.

HAMILTON

(cont'd)

He's replacing you hon. She's worked with him before.

(beat)

Look - my play, you're the best thing in it.

(to others)

Right?

YAGER

(indistinctly)

That's right.

HAMILTON

So don't get that idea, that you weren't good -- Bree, listen to me? -- And look, he missed the five-day cut; that's a whole extra week they got to pay you, got to pay that.

BREE

(very quietly)

Did he tell you to tell me?

HAMILTON

Mm.

BREE

Why couldn't he tell me himself?

HAMILTON

(clearly)

Because he has no guts.

Hamilton straightens, looking rather challengingly to O. S., in Jang's direction - then goes back to stringing the extension cord. Bree starts in Jang's direction -- then stops -- then presses the heel of her hand against her forehead for a second, then recaps

the coffee cup and sets it aside. Cash leans forward awkwardly and spansks her softly on the hip. She contrives to smile at him.

BREE

Well. Well -- we'll stay in touch?

YAGER

Yeah.

BREE

-- you guys.

Setting out she biffs Yager gently on the arm -- he and Cash remain miserably in place -- starts back up the aisle. We TRACK. At one point she attempts a smile, toward another actor sitting at mid row -- but then has to hurry on out.

EXT THEATRE DAY

Bree comes out of the theatre onto the street -- makes the small hand-gesture we've seen before -- turns into a sidewalk phone booth, hunts for a coin, deposits, dials. We hear the BUSY SIGNAL. She pushes awkwardly, half blindly out again. We CUT TO --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE DAY

Klute is halfway through a change of clothes, talks on the PHONE --

KLUTE

(to phone)

Yeah, I'll hang on.

-- continues dressing as he waits, then --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Hi. I'm going over to see Cable. You said to call.

He listens, reacts. Bad news we judge, or a lack of news. At the same time we hear OUTSIDE, UNDER, the SOUNDS OF A TAXI PULLING UP -- a door slam -- moving on again. Klute asks disappointedly, heavily --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Trask, could they make a mistake about it? I went all through the army with the wrong blood-type.

(then)

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Yeah, but the pictures.

(then)

Then what about the old man? -- Faber.

He listens again -- as we note HEELTAPS from the stairwell outside.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

OK.

A KNOCK at the door, coming just as he hangs up. He misses it -- brooding over his conversation just finished, continuing to dress. The KNOCK IS REPEATED. He stuffs his shirttail in, responds to it. ELAINE GRUNEMANN. She examines his expression -- laughs --

ELAINE

Good golly, you look startled.

KLUTE

Elaine --

ELAINE

Going to invite me in?

KLUTE

Yes.

He opens the door wider, hastily tries to make some order, clear a place for her. She looks around and at him. She is attractively dressed for traveling, a bit shy, expectant -- and puzzled at his confusion. He smiles uneasily, explains.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

You're supposed to be two hundred miles away.

ELAINE

Didn't you get my letter? I wrote several days ago.

Klute reacts sharply - retrieves her letter from the closet, in the side pocket of yesterday's jacket, unopened. Insufficiently --

KLUTE

Lainie, I'm sorry. Things got jammed up.

ELAINE

(slightly hurt)

Oh that's all right. Well I wrote you that I'd be coming through, that we're moving --

(explains)

-- to New Jersey, with my folks for awhile. And, uh, that I'd be coming through town and staying over at the President. Then when I didn't hear from you last night, well I thought I'd just --

(brightly)

So this is where you live.

KLUTE

Sit down. Can I get you something?

ELAINE

Oh no. It's just nice to see you. Except you still look goggle-eyed. Are these your notes and everything? Anything happening?

Klute reflects a second before answering.

KLUTE

No. We -- thought there might be, but no. Absolutely nothing.

ELAINE

Tom's dead.

(pause)

I guess I bother you, saying it like that. It's just that I've been through it Johnnie, everything. I have to start over, that's all -- the kids' sake, my own sake.

KLUTE

Are the kids here with you?

ELAINE

I sent them ahead to their grandparents -- New Jersey, not far from here really. And, oh, I just stopped off on my way, and I was here last night and I guess I'll be here today and tonight, just -- rattling around.

The invitation is too clear to sidestep. Klute manages --

KLUTE

Can we have dinner together?

ELAINE

I thought you'd never ask.

KLUTE

Lainie, I'm sorry. Like I said, things got jammed. I mean I can arrange it, no trouble. I'll pick you up.

(consults watch)

I've got a meeting with -- a meeting at two o'clock. After that, around five?

As they continue, we hear -- they don't -- far UNDER, the sound of (Bree's) HEELTAPS outside, approaching, entering, --

ELAINE

You do sound busy. Is anything happening?

KLUTE

Nothing about Tom. Lainie, I don't want you to --

ELAINE

-- Get my hopes up? Not likely Johnnie. From now on --

BREE

(entering)

Klute! --

BREE burst in without knocking, squarely into the middle of things.

A silence. Another of those situations, probably, in which the main outlines of things become obvious - and appalling beyond words - in a matter of fractions of seconds. Lainie sees the girl, sees Klute's stricken face. She smiles politely - only a little brittly - composedly.

ELAINE

I'm Elaine Grunemann. Who are you?

Bree actually falls back a step, can't answer. Lainie goes on - rather more gravely but still without evident grief.

ELAINE

(cont'd)

I guess I know somehow.

(then)

I wish I knew your secret. Johnnie, it was nice seeing you. I ought to get back to the hotel; I have to pack and everything.

Bree, still immobile, is between her and the door. Lainie has to step around her.

ELAINE

(cont'd)

Excuse me.

She goes out - has already gained the front door of the apartment house before Klute collects himself to follow.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE DAY

LAINIE hurries alongstreet, waving for a cab, missing it, scouting for another. Klute catches up.

KLUTE

Lainie, can I talk to you?

ELAINE

(brightly, rapidly)

Is that another cab coming? I can never tell if the light's on. I should've worn my glasses.

KLUTE

Will you stay at the hotel? I can get there at five. I want to talk to you. Please.

Lainie has succeeded in hailing the second CAB, is already opening the door as it slows.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Will you please stay so we can talk?

She faces around to him before getting in. A gasp.

ELAINE

Oh Johnnie, how --

She steps inside, locking the door -- then leans forward with her head and arms against the back of the front seat, quite close by the Driver. Klute yanks ineffectually at the door handle. To Driver --

KLUTE

Wait --

Lainie, we've got to talk.

DRIVER

(tiredly)

For Christ's sakes mister leave her alone.

He's right, a humanitarian. Klute steps back a little; the Cab pulls away. He returns toward the Brownstone, quite slowly.

INT KLUTE-APARTMENT DAY

Klute re-entering, finds Bree still there. She has turned with her face against the wall, her shoulders shaking. Klute looks at her -- then goes to get tie and jacket: he still has an appointment to keep. She turns around; we see that she's laughing. He looks at her in horror.

BREE

Well it was funny. Like one of those French comedies -- three girls in the closet, two in the bed. I lost my job.

(pause)

KLUTE

She lost her husband.

BREE

(still amused)

To me, you mean? Oh no. Oh no.

KLUTE

Do you ever knock?

BREE

She really knows how to dress. Are you trading up to Cadillac?

(then, urgently)

I didn't know. I wanted to tell you; I lost my part, my job.

KLUTE

I heard that. I'm sorry, I've got an appointment. I'm late already.

She laughs again, incredulously.

BREE

Oh it's wild, it's wild.

He starts across the room for the door. She catches his sleeve.

BREE

(cont'd)

Look --

(then, interestedly)

Hey, you want to hit me, don't you?

Klute takes account of the tension in his arm muscles -- almost has to acknowledge it.

BREE

(cont'd)

(a last plea)

Look, I know, it was awful. But I didn't know and I didn't do it. Can you just say something to me? Do you have time for that?

KLUTE

(mildly)

Make sure the door's locked when you go out?

BREE

(quietly)

You dumper.

He goes. She makes sure the door is set to lock -- goes out, closing it -- starts slowly up the stairs. We CUT TO --

INT

CABLE'S OFFICE DAY

CABLE advances from his office to meet KLUTE and conduct him in. His manner is rapid, voluble, congratulatory -- a little too voluble in fact, overplaying it slightly. Klute is simply morose.

CABLE

Klute, what's the word?

(unpausing)

You know it's hard to believe. I was talking with Len yesterday evening, Len Streiger, and both of us finally coming around to your view of things -- you know, played out, petered out, might as well accept it -- Then in the middle of that, bingo, your call.

KLUTE

I shouldn't've interrupted.

But Cable, closing the door, has missed Klute's glum comment. He hastens around the desk, continuing --

CABLE

You said Trask was arranging for laboratory work. Have they done that yet? Did they find anything more than --

KLUTE

Yes. It wasn't Tom.

Cable flinches. A silence. Then --

CABLE

I can't -- conceive of that. You said he ransacked the room; you said judging from the kind of things he --

KLUTE

That's the way it looked. It wasn't Tom.

CABLE

How do you know?

KLUTE

I told you he --

(awkwardly)

-- whoever it was, he left a kind of souvenir -- in her clothing --

CABLE

-- Yes --

KLUTE

They can classify that -- any kind of body secretion, sweat, urine, semen -- they can classify the blood type. The man was an O. Tom was AB.

CABLE

(suggests)

Another one of their mistakes? After all they've --

KLUTE

(smiles)

I asked Trask about that. He got indignant.

(beat)

It doesn't prove who it was -- but not Tom.

Silence. Cable moves about, reflecting a vast, quiet discouragement.

CABLE

Damn

(then, with some humor)

Well -- damn.

He reaches into the breast pocket of his jacket, as Klute begins slowly - perhaps intending to encourage him

KLUTE

Pete -- at the very least it might give me something to --

CABLE

Nope.

He tosses an envelope across the desk to Klute. Klute opens it, examines the letter. Cable sees his discomfort -- explains -- gruffly, good-heartedly.

CABLE

(cont'd) ~~service~~ <sup>services</sup>

The pink slip. Your ~~service~~ no longer et cetera.

(beat)

Well I told you, I talked to Len Streiger. You wanted to be dismissed; we agreed; we drew this up. When this thing happened we thought we'd hold off. But if it's the same old story after all, nothing --

(beat)

Well hell, you've been wanting to quit all along.

KLUTE

I'm not sure I see it right now.

CABLE

You don't? It's consistent. The Company hired you to look for Tom Grunemann. Our sole concern - Tom. And you weren't optimistic, and neither were we, not really -- but worth a try we agreed, a reasonable investment. It hasn't paid off.

KLUTE

But these other things might give--

CABLE

(reasonably, conclusively)

But these other things can't bring us any closer to Tom, can they. You've just finished telling me not Tom. Clearly.

KLUTE

Mm.

CABLE

I can see it's still intriguing, from an investigative viewpoint. But not the company's. That's all.

KLUTE

OK.

(prepares to go)

CABLE

Klute, you're not taking it personally?  
Hell, we're all disappointed. But you did  
very well for us.

KLUTE

Did what?

CABLE

You came here, an unfamiliar place,  
dealing with other people's indifference --  
-- you represented the company's position,  
you kept the thing going, what more?

KLUTE

OK.

Cable accompanies him a few steps outside the office, a leave-taking.

CABLE

Will you be coming back home now?

KLUTE

I guess so.

CABLE

Back on the town police?

KLUTE

I don't know.

CABLE

If you're not sure, maybe we could work  
something out at the plant. Give us a  
chance?

Klute summons a leaden smile, turns on his way.

KLUTE

OK, thanks Pete, goodbye.

Cable returns into his office.

EXT

OUTSIDE (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING DAY

MLS from street comes to front of building -- as the FIGURE OF  
KLUTE comes out, moves heavily in this direction. We see him  
take out the letter again, examine it bleakly again -- then as he  
arrives at camera, at corner, stuff it back in his pocket and  
cross past camera. We CUT TO --

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

The same actions: KLUTE crossing past -- away from -- camera through his door into the room -- and taking out the letter again and tossing it onto the table. He puts aside his jacket and keys, sits down for a time, contemplating various matters and finding none to encourage him. He rises again -- starts to make a phone call -- decides not to -- moves around some more -- then takes up his keys and sets off upstairs.

INT STAIRWELL DAY

Klute climbs the stairs to Bree's apartment -- knocks. He waits. No answer. He calls once --

KLUTE

Bree?

No answer. He starts downstairs again -- then turns back, unlocks the door for himself, enters.

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

The room is still disordered. BREE and FRANK LIGOURIN look at him silently. Bree has been assembling armfuls of dresses to carry away with her. Frank sits nearby in a chair. Klute smiles a little - almost apologetically.

KLUTE

I'm always getting surprises.

Bree doesn't answer. Fear and defiance. She sets the armload of dresses over the back of a chair, moves aside to get others. Frank smiles cautiously, ruefully. Then --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

I don't want you to go.

He still doesn't extract an answer. She returns with other dresses.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Please. I said I don't want you to go.

BREE

(tight, small)

Let's not make a thing of it?

He continues to look at her; she continues to gather possessions. Then, trying to smile, to deal with it casually --

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, too much is going on here. I'm moving in with another girl, that's all, just for a while.

FRANK

(helpfully)

That's right. This other girl's got a very big apartment, big, plenty of room.

(then)

Klute a practical matter. She can't stay here; she's got someone around.

KLUTE

You?

FRANK

Come on.

(then)

Look, it's not necessarily how it looks, right? It's --

He thinks better of continuing. Klute looks from him back to Bree. He speaks gravely, spacing his words -- unable to speak any faster.

KLUTE

No. Please. Not with this son of a bitch.

Frank rises, both nervous and offended -- but dealing with Klute as between civilized men. Smiling.

FRANK

Klute, let's handle it like grownups?

INT KLUTE'S HOUSE: CELLAR WORKSHOP DAY

A bare, brief fragment of that past scene. The figure of MATHIS, as we saw him before venturing toward Klute, smiling, gesturing -- and Klute as before, holding the paint-can. The actions of that scene -- but this time played as mime, with FRANK'S VOICE CONTINUING, OVER'

FRANK

(over, cont'd)

I mean we're all grown up now, right?

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

Now FRANK ventures toward Klute, continuing --

FRANK

(cont'd)

-- We all respect each other, you know what I mean? -- I respect you, Bree respects you -- you could say, it just didn't work out between you and she --

INT KLUTE'S HOUSE: CELLAR WORKSHOP DAY

KLUTE and MATHIS again -- and FRANK'S VOICE again CONTINUING OVER.

FRANK

(over, cont'd)

But you got to respect her too -- you know, her best interests, best for her --

But this time Klute throws the paint. We hear someone cry out -- whether Mathis or Frank we don't know. We see -- all of this in an instant, a fraction of time -- Mathis's startled face, the paint dripping down. We CUT BACK TO --

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

KLUTE has already struck FRANK several times. BLOOD thickly descends the side of Frank's face, as he struggles away. Bree is screaming. Klute pursues, siezes and hits him again, doing his best on short notice to kill him. Bree grabs at him from behind. He thrusts her off. But it allows Frank to break away through the still-open door. Klute pursues.

INT LANDING AT DOOR DAY

Frank clatters down a few stairs as Klute arrives in the door-frame, and as Bree, behind Klute, screams --

BREE

No!

Klute is restrained - restrains himself. Frank has faced around on the stairs, still bleeding extravagantly from his torn scalp. Earnestly --

FRANK

Hey, I'm gonna get you dropped.

Klute starts out after him -- Frank vaults away down the stairs -- we hear him stumbling and running -- Klute faces sharply around into the apartment.

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

PAST KLUTE TO BREE. She is running away from him again, to a corner of the apartment, fumbling at a sewing-basket. He starts in, after her.

She faces around, terrified, at bay. He stops short. She holds a long, shining SCISSORS in her hand.

TWO SHOT

They stand for a long moment -- in silence, except for the exertion of their breathing. Klute looks at her and at the scissors, and finds nothing remaining to be said. He turns slowly, goes out slowly, closing the door behind him.

INT STAIRWELL DAY

Klute descends the stairs from her apartment back to his -- not hurried, but more quickly than he climbed them -- re-enters.

INT KLUTE APARTMENT DAY

On Klute's part we see now a kind of calm -- or numbness. Things have been decided. There's nothing to keep him here. He moves slowly about, considering it, then opens one of the bureau drawers, unloads the contents -- a few pairs of socks, handkerchiefs -- onto the bureau top. Then -- in process of packing up, we can surmise, but going about it rather abstractedly -- he starts gathering a few small odds and ends into the pockets of his jacket -- first from the bureau top then from the table. This brings him, in time, to the letter again -- he folds it flat with one hand and reads it again. Just something to fix his attention on.

Then -- slowly -- he looks at it with a little (only a little) more attention -- then turns it over to glance at the reverse side at the top (on the opposite side of where the date is typed), then turns it back again. To himself, softly, with a mixture of wonder, fear and self-reproach --

KLUTE

Oh my. Oh my.

EXT HARLEM STREETCORNER NIGHT

TRASK, LEELEA, TWO OR THREE MALE ONLOOKERS (including GINT). Leela is a beautiful young negro whore. She chews gum amiably, placidly, nods and uh-huhs at Trask -- unaffected -- as he pleads (in Harlem accent, this time) --

TRASK

Leel -- you hear me -- your own sakes? --

LEEL

Uh huh.

TRASK

You take a man up, you take a man up.  
But you get him rolled, you know I got to  
put you in Charley's jail for that.

GINT

(chuckles)

You listen at him Leel -- that's Charley's  
boy.

A murmur of laughter from the others. Trask snaps his head  
around to glare at them. They are suddenly occupied with other  
matters.

TRASK

Leel, you own sake, you hear? -- You  
don't hurt them, I don't have to mess you  
-- Leel? ---

LEEL

Uh huh.

She turns smilingly away, alongstreet, switching her hips. Trask  
stares impotently after her. Another breath of laughter from the  
others. Trask whirls on them. Grittily --

TRASK

Gint, next time you keep your mouth out?

GINT

(tranquilly)

Sure baby, you wearin that tin.

Trask hunches with rage, unpins the police badge from inside his  
lapel, slaps it down.

TRASK

All right, I take the tin off. I take the tin  
goddam off. Now c'mon man -- I bounce  
you nigger head all over this pavement --  
c'mon.

No takers. Trask controls himself. He picks up the badge with  
quivering fingers, starts slowly alongstreet, repinning it.

## PAST TRASK TO TAXI

We see the Taxi pulling over, the FIGURE OF KLUTE dismounting.  
He waves, calls --

KLUTE

Trask --

Trask glances around at him, but hurries his walk a little. Klute hastens to overtake him.

## TRACKING: KLUTE, TRASK

Klute, catching up, repeats urgently --

KLUTE

Trask.

Trask turns, affects to recognize him -- gratefully -- his accent even more pronounced than before, a savage put-on.

TRASK

Oh hey dere boss -- you come and visit  
us dark folkses?

KLUTE

What?

TRASK

-- Cap'n? -- you walkin' the plantation?

KLUTE

Trask, what's the matter with you?

Trask is a little mollified -- the direct human challenge -- even tries to explain a little.

TRASK

Oh, I just feels a little out of place, Cap'n,  
no matter where I is.

KLUTE

(calmly)

Yeah. Me too.

But this isn't his main business here. He takes Trask's elbow,  
draws him to a stop.

KLUTE

Trask --

We CUT TO --

INT BREE APARTMENT: BREE DAY

Bree lies on her stomach, on the couch -- but with head lifted alertly. We hear, as she has just heard, the ringing of FOOT- STEPS on the stairs and landing directly outside. Then the KNOCK. She doesn't answer. Then TRASK'S VOICE.

TRASK

(O. S.)

Miss Daniel? It's Trask.

She rises, approaches door -- but wants it repeated.

BREE

Who?

TRASK

Lieutenant Trask.

She checks the peephole, unchains and opens the door. KLUTE follows in behind TRASK. Seeing him she reacts sharply, frightenedly -- even would close the door again. Trask advises --

TRASK

Nobody botherin anybody. Just a question, Miss Daniel, question.

Klute crosses to table, unrolls and sets out the COMPANY PICTURE (we see the rip extending from the bottom up through the image of Tom Grunemann in the front row). She looks at this warily -- and keeps her distance from Klute. (Aside from this her attitude toward him is very much as at the very first: the matter-of-fact whore.)

BREE

About what?

KLUTE

We wanted you to look at this again -- look for the Dumper.

BREE

Tommy, you mean? Hon, I've looked at that a million times.

Klute sets his thumb over the torn image of Grunemann, indicates with the other hand --

KLUTE

No. Not Tom. Just look around -- look for the dumper.

We see her comply -- her eyes moving disinterestedly over the rows of faces. Then we see her stiffen, hear her gasp --

BREE

Oh! --

-- and we CUT TO --

INT FBI OFFICE DAY

C. U. on ROSS to start with, then later seeing TRASK, KLUTE as Ross inquires (challengingly, but already beginning to find a degree of sense in it) --

ROSS

Cable?

TRASK

She recognized him. I saw her do it.

ROSS

But if Cable killed Grunemann, why would he be the one all along bugging us to look for Grunemann?

KLUTE

Because he had us looking just where he wanted us to -- where Tom never was. And because the longer we looked, the farther we'd get from the truth. That Tom was just dead, from the start.

(beat)

He wanted to make it look like a disappearance, a dropout. He gave Tom a motive for dropping out -- Bree Daniel --

ROSS

But if you figure that way, she maybe never even knew Grunemann.

TRASK

(mildly)

Like she's been tellin us straight along.

KLUTE

Cable made up the whole connection between her and Tom -- starting from his own connection with her, his letters.

ROSS

But then you're saying she knew him -- Cable.

KLUTE

But just once. And not by name. And without much danger she'd ever actually see him again, or see pictures -- he wasn't the one we were looking for.

ROSS

Keep on.

KLUTE

He had access to Tom's office typewriter. He planted that one letter in the shredder at the Laboratories for you people to find, leading to Bree. Then after that he did everything to keep it going -- give you reasons to think Tom was still somewhere around her -- those phone calls. Then after you wouldn't buy that any longer, he did the next thing -- had the company hire its own investigator --

(a bit harshly)

The perfect man. A small-town cop, that couldn't find out anything real, but maybe dumb enough to think he had. Then, when even I couldn't buy it any more, he did the next thing -- broke the apartment and tore things up, tore up the pictures --

TRASK

But that went wrong.

KLUTE

But he was even ready for that. And the possibility I wouldn't stay dumb. He fired me.

He takes out the letter for them to look at, continuing --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

By letter. He'd been carrying it around for over a month, just in case. You can see where he changed the dates.

Ross leans back again. Thoughtfully, as a practical matter --

ROSS

All right. Now put the buttons on. In court.

TRASK

The girl's identification .

ROSS

Good but not the greatest.

KLUTE

I've checked the dates of the phone calls: they match times he was here in the city. I've checked with the airline. I put him on a plane the day before the apartment was broken. I mean I thought I put him on a plane -- the in-flight manifest shows one less passenger than the gate check-in. I'd like to know his blood-type -- they probably have that back home at the plant. But I thought you could find out things at that end better than me.

Ross makes a note, grunts agreeably. But --

ROSS

I still want to know what's gonna button it.

TRASK

Ross, I want to do the simplest thing. The man's awful smart but awful kinky. I think he'll shake apart for us. I want to just arrest him.

ROSS

Suspicion of homicide?

TRASK

Suspicion of assault, on Bree Daniel.

Ross considers the proposition, finds it favorable, but --

ROSS

I want to start checking the other end first -- like he said, the blood type, other things.

KLUTE

(nods)

I'm going out to Newark. Arlyn Page. If we get her to identify Cable too, then --

ROSS

Then I'd say go.

They nod and set out -- as Ross in the same motion turns to phone, punches a button, instructs --

ROSS

(cont'd)

Get me the Field Office, Johnstown.

Now, a brief MONTAGE of a more or less traditional sort, to indicate PREPARATIONS FOR CABLE ARREST, the law closing in. As follows:

EXT NEWARK SLUM STREET: KLUTE DAY

KLUTE approaches toward and turns into the half-framed building (on his way to re-question Arlyn Page). As he opens DOOR --

INT PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

On DOOR OPENING -- TRASK, BREE, POLICE STENOTYPIST entering (to conduct a formal deposition). The stenotypist is rolling a typewriter-table with his tiny machine on top, plugs it in and positions himself, as Trask indicates to Bree where to sit. Her manner nervous. She sits into C. U. And from this to --

INT ARLYN APARTMENT DAY

C. U. ARLYN'S FACE as she nods --

ARLYN

Yes.

She moves away a step to REVEAL KLUTE -- who's just shown her a photograph. She leans against the wall, looking away from him, stroking her elbow with her fingers. A matter of sublime indifference to her, but --

ARLYN

(cont'd)

Yes.

INT STREIGER OFFICE DAY

C. U. STREIGER at desk -- some sort of document in his hands -- looking up from it (as if in response to Arlyn's 'yes'). He is shaken, hurt, but not disbelieving. He rises to cooperate -- PAN -- with the young F. B. I. AGENT (seen briefly before in the Grunemann's office scene) -- conducting him, we can suppose, to examine company records. --

INT FBI OFFICE: ROSS AT COMPUTER CARD-SORTER DAY

The machine is racking out data cards. ROSS gathers them in with one hand while he converses on the phone with the other.

INT           PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM: ON STENOTYPE  
MACHINE      DAY

The STENOYPIST'S HANDS move noiselessly over the keys. A long imprinted ribbon extends from the machine, curling over the side of the table -- the middle of Bree's interrogation. We HOLD ON HANDS AND MACHINE as we listen to their VOICES, O. S., speaking formally --

BREE

(O. S.)

-- and whom I know now was the man who --

TRASK

(O. S., interrupts)

Excuse me. Do you know or do you believe?

BREE

(O. S.)

-- Whom I believe to be the same man.

TRASK

(O. S.)

I am now laying out photographs of ten different male subjects. Will you try and select the one --

EXT           NEWARK SLUM STREET, L. S. TO GAS STATION   DAY

The gas-station matches the street, a tacky place. KLUTE'S FIGURE is visible through the smeared window, talking on WALL PAY PHONE. We CUT INSIDE.

INT           GAS STATION: WALL PHONE, KLUTE      DAY

The RINGING OF TOOLS, other gas-station EFFECTS as KLUTE reports --

KLUTE

-- Yes and she gave me names of others that might know him, other girls -- yeah, she understands, she'll come in --

INT           PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM    DAY

TRASK talks on the phone. Beyond him we see evidence of the deposition completed, the stenotypist rolling up his tape and BREE preparing to leave.

TRASK

Mm. Well I talked to Ross, and the FBI's got some stuff too, and waitin on other stuff. You comin back over this side now, baby?

Well I'll touch with Ross again, then I'd say maybe right off.

He hangs up, turns toward Bree.

TRASK

(cont'd)

You get all that? You go back for now. After we get the man arrested, I'll bring you back here to identify him personally.

BREE

(grimaces)

I have to?

TRASK

Mm. And sign complaint of witness. Probably middle afternoon. I'll pick you up Miss Daniel.

INT (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING: HALLWAY, CABLE DAY

CABLE progresses down the hallway past other offices, passing his own. His expression is amiable enough. His SECRETARY hails him back.

SECRETARY

Mr. Cable -- if you'd get those I'll send them off.

CABLE

Oh sure Evvie.

He moves to her desk, starts writing his signature on typed letters as she refers to her memo pad.

SECRETARY

And Mr. Canaris returned your call -- he'll be out until five -- and do you happen to know your blood type?

Continuing to sign the letters, he gives no indication at all -- none -- that this is anything but the usual odd office detail. Only inquires in the same mildly curious tone as she --

CABLE

Mm?

## SECRETARY

We got a call from Tuscarora, the Laboratories. Somebody wanted your blood type -- I guess for the group insurance, they said -- it's not in Med-records there.

## CABLE

Try Personnel here.

## SECRETARY

I thought I'd save the bother.

## CABLE

(gruffly, humorously)

Hell Evvie, I don't know my blood type.

She rises and goes off, presumably to consult records --

## SECRETARY

Hi ho --

-- and he signs the last letter, puts his pen back in his pocket, turns and continues on his previous course. We TRACK. His manner is exactly as before, a medium pace -- to the OUTSIDE DOOR OF THE COMPANY OFFICES and OUT.

EXT OUTSIDE (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING: CABLE DAY

CABLE comes out through building entrance to the sidewalk -- the usual bustle and press of OTHER PEDESTRIANS. But now -- and this sets apart and characterizes the next few shots, of Cable walking through the city -- we are now in EXTREME SHORT FOCUS ON CABLE. Everything else in the scenes through which he now moves is DEFOCUSED, a BLUR, of shapes, sounds and colors, the city flowing around him. His expression has altered a bit, but not much. We can suppose that he knows exactly what's happening, and has awaited it a long time. He walks -- we hear HIS FOOTSTEPS quite sharply -- in clear focus, a curiously composed, isolated, man, through chaos, toward the things he finds inevitable.

EXT AT CORNER: CABLE DAY

He reaches the corner - among others - steps down off the curb, steps obediently back up again, to wait until - EFFECTS - the BELL and BUZZER accompanying the 'walk' sign - then steps down again, crosses -- the BUZZER CONTINUING --

INT SUBWAYS: KLUTE DAY

ORDINARY FOCUS again. On KLUTE, debarking from subway train (Hudson Tube station), well in advance of the pack, hastening

to ESCALATOR and upward. (But hastening in an ordinary way - not to suggest he has the bad news.)

EXT STREETS: CABLE WALKING DAY

SHORT FOCUS again, on CABLE -- around him only the BLUR. But we hear specific midtown sounds (not in previous shot) of a JACKHAMMER fairly close at hand, the THUNK of a PILEDRIIVER somewhat more distant --

EXT STREET: SUBWAY ENTRANCE: KLUTE DAY

ORDINARY FOCUS: KLUTE hurries from subway entrance, hails a cab.

EXT STREETS: CABLE WALKING DAY

SHORT FOCUS. The blur around him -- but indications of a more uptown locale -- fewer pedestrian-blurs, slightly softer noises -- the sound, mid-distance, unemphatic, of a GARBAGE-TRUCK COLLECTING --

INT CAB: KLUTE DAY

ORDINARY FOCUS on KLUTE. He sits, fretting at the slow pace of traffic, paying scant attention, as the DRIVER'S VOICE, O. S., regales him --

DRIVER

(O. S.)

-- like meets you know, like races, pigeon races. So the finals they take Marilyn and twenty other birds, oh way the hell and gone, Delaware it was, Delaware. You know, I'm still waitin for that goddam pigeon.

EXT OUTSIDE (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING DAY

ORDINARY FOCUS. Very brief -- of ROSS, TRASK, a THIRD OFFICER (Niederman) debarking from police cars, starting into the building.

INT BROWNSTONE: STAIRWELL, CABLE DAY

Very brief again. SHORT FOCUS again and still close on CABLE -- so that it may not even be obvious for a moment that he is indoors rather than outdoors. A curious set of actions. We open on him standing -- as if somehow hesitant -- then watch him start upward again, three steps -- then back down the three steps -- then up again, continuing up --

INT (TOLE-AMERICAN) BUILDING, AT CABLE OFFICE DAY

Very brief again. The SECRETARY, TRASK, ROSS, NIEDERMAN.  
She tells him bewilderedly --

SECRETARY

About twenty minutes ago.

TRASK

(points instantly)

Is this an outside line?

By the time she nods, he's pulled the phone around, is dialing --

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

BREE is crossing the room toward the KNOCKING at the door.  
Relievedly --

BREE

Yes? Trask? --

At the same time the PHONE is RINGING. Her attention is divided.  
She pulls the door open, turns away without looking to answer it --

BREE

(cont'd)

-- Excuse me, the phone.

She's reached the phone, has it off the hook by the time she looks  
back toward the door --

INT BREE APARTMENT: TRACKING TOWARD BREE,  
DEFOCUSED DAY

Reverse angle, (Cable's P. O. V.), everything defocused -- rushing  
toward the BLUR which represents BREE as she screams --

BREE

Oh help me!

INT CAB: KLUTE DAY

Stop and go traffic. Klute still restless, leafs through his notes  
(from the Arlyn Page interrogation). The Driver has ceased  
conversing, turned up the CAB RADIO. A ROCK TUNE winding up,  
a fervent DISC JOCKEY VOICE coming in over it --

D. J. VOICE

And that was number twenty-two the Gum  
Bird, the Gum Bird, and don't go anywhere

D. J. VOICE

(cont'd)

because we've got two more Magic Whisper winners coming up, two big winners coming up on --

Driver TURNS DOWN RADIO, muttering --

DRIVER

Goddam cops.

KLUTE

(looking up)

Mm?

DRIVER

I gotta let you out at the corner chief. They won't let us turn in that street -- something going on.

Klute is fully alert now, peers ahead.

INT/EXT P. O. V. THROUGH CAB WINDOW, L. S. TO INTERSECTION DAY

At the street corner ahead we see -- indistinctly, past many intervening automobiles -- indications of POLICE ACTIVITY: a barricade being set, traffic being waved away from turning. At the same moment we bring in HOWLER OF A POLICE CAR, APPROACHING.

INT CAB DAY

HOWLER full up, as Police car whoops by (just O. S. ) and Klute's Driver curses and squeezes over -- and then reacts startledly in the other direction as KLUTE yanks open the cab door and jumps out running.

EXT AT CORNER DAY

The POLICE CAR which just passed, pulls up beside other police cars. A squad of RIOT POLICE, WITH RIFLES, spill out. We see, more clearly than before, the barricade blocking off the street. And we PAN TO PICK UP KLUTE, running -- approaching to corner -- pausing to look ahead.

EXT P. O. V. ALONGSTREET TOWARD BROWNSTONE DAY

We see - unclearly still - the beginnings of a police siege. Another Police Car (Traks) is parked aslant, midway along the block in front of the Brownstone, right in midstreet. A few

FIGURES shelter behind it. A few other Police have taken cover in doorways nearby. A few non-combatants -- either passers-by or residents of vulnerable apartments -- are being herded down-street in this direction out of the danger zone.

EXT AT CORNER: KLUTE DAY

Klute skirts the barricade, runs alongstreet. A couple of the Policemen take note, yell after him, but don't pursue -- they have other concerns.

EXT ANGLE FROM FRONT OF BROWNSTONE DAY

Klute belts in this direction, past the scattering of others (on the same side of the street as the Brownstone). At middle distance as he runs closer, another Policeman sallies out from cover and grabs at him -- he pulls loose, runs on. As he reaches camera, swerving in toward the entrance of the Brownstone itself, TRASK lunges into view, directly in front of camera, and siezes him. They wrestle together -- Klute still trying to break free -- into the entryway.

INT ENTRYWAY OF BROWNSTONE DAY

Klute struggles -- irrational at the moment -- as Trask exhorts --

TRASK

Baby, you cool it, you cool it, you cool it!

He succeeds in jamming Klute against a doorframe. Klute controls himself.

KLUTE

All right, I'm cooled.

TRASK

Cable's up there. He got the girl. We don't know what's happening.

KLUTE

Has he hurt her?

TRASK

Don't know. We got over here, he took a shot at us through the door, that's all.

KLUTE

Have you tried getting up the fire escape?

TRASK

Yeah, we tried. And we got people on the roof. But time - bein -- hey!

Klute has dodged away again -- but only to the door of his own room. As Trask overtakes him, he's unlocked and entered.

INT KLUTE APARTMENT DAY

Klute's actions are purposeful, not headlong -- as Trask appears to accept. As the exchange continues, he moves to bureau, takes out a pistol and clip -- depresses the top shell in the clip with his thumb to check the clip-spring, then loads the clip in, works the slide, thumbs the safety or (doing all these things in range- safety style, holding the pistol at shoulder height, muzzle up, with his fingers outside the trigger-guard).

TRASK

Hey -- I don't want to get no one killed.

KLUTE

But you don't know what he's done to her.

TRASK

But baby, you go chargin up there, he's gonna waste someone, maybe her.

KLUTE

But he could've done that already. You don't know.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE DAY

The other OFFICER -- NIEDERMAN -- ventures very slightly out on the sidewalk, lifting a BULLHORN, directing it upward --

NIEDERMAN

(amplified)

Cable --

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

On CABLE as he tarries at the window, glancing down -- the BULLHORN VOICE CONTINUING O. S. BELOW, but the words lost to us -- then turns to look back, O. S. He chuckles, gestures clumsily. --

CABLE

It reminds me of that joke: you may wonder why I've called you all together, Hm? Do you see?

-- moving toward BREE. She sits huddled on the couch, unbound and apparently unhurt but numb with fear. He requests -- as an awkward man, not socially adept, in a species of courtship.

CABLE

(cont'd)

I wish you wouldn't be afraid of me.  
There's very little time left and I simply  
wish that very much. Hm?

She tries to shape a word with her lips, can't. He moves to check out the fire-escape window. Talking all along. --

CABLE

I could simply want to explain, you know.  
You're an intelligent girl. And it's inter-  
esting, the -- the dialectic of the thing,  
it's fascinating to me, it's a puzzle. That  
I've acted with a pure rationality do you see,  
throughout -- but I must conclude I'm not  
rational do you see, I am not.

(smiles)

-- speaking rationally.

(beat)

I wish very much you'd understand.

INT KLUTE APARTMENT DAY

Outside, the BULLHORN resounds a final word or two, as TRASK and KLUTE both stand fast, discussing it.

TRASK

You know how?

KLUTE

(terse)

Yeah Trask, I know how.

(beat)

Trask she could be hurt.

TRASK

OK, but why you better'n us?

KLUTE

I've got the key and I know the apartment.  
And it's my schtick.

Trask actually chuckles, nudges his arm --

TRASK

Hey baby -- already you talkin the language.

-- then moves to the apartment door, calls to O. S., outside --

TRASK

(cont'd)

Niederman --

INT BREE APARTMENT: ON CABLE, SHIFTING ABOUT DAY

CABLE

-- not really a first rate mind -- competent that's all, that's all. But Tom was socially adept, do you see, people liked him. That seems to count for everything nowadays -- teamwork, sociability, a mediocre man gathering influence against you. And I'd have even forgiven him that. I even offered him my own -- my own -- affection --

(beat)

That's it, don't you think? -- the complete agony -- To offer love?

INT BROWNSTONE: OUTSIDE KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

TRASK, KLUTE, NIEDERMAN. Trask has put the proposition to Niederman and seems to favor it himself. Niederman eyes Klute impassively.

NIEDERMAN

Why?

TRASK

Him and the girl -- you know.

NIEDERMAN

The man'll shoot your ass off.

KLUTE

No.

Niederman spits, considers the matter. Then --

NIEDERMAN

Every time I use the horn I catch him at the front window. I'll try sucking him over that way.

## TRASK

Let us get up there first.

They separate. Niederman moves back toward the entryway; Klute and Trask start quietly up the stairs.

INT BREE APARTMENT: BREE, CABLE DAY

## CABLE

Klute. I appointed Klute. That's part of the puzzle; I appointed him. For what purpose, do you see? And why are we waiting for him now?

Bree manages -- tremblingly -- (intending to divert him from whatever purpose) --

## BREE

Look -- do you want to just -- do something to me? Would that --

Cable laughs indulgently, regrets her ignorance.

## CABLE

My dear, if you only knew how far I am beyond that.

INT STAIRWELL: KLUTE, TRASK DAY

KLUTE and TRASK noiselessly ascend the stairs -- past a POLICEMAN with rifle who covers Bree's apartment door -- he looks at them wordlessly -- continue on up--

INT BREE APARTMENT: ON CABLE DAY

Tears have run down Cable's cheeks, but he seems not to cry; simply, pursues his train of thought.

## CABLE

I've never so much underestimated a man. Well you know what I mean, you've felt it too; I've seen you and Klute.

(quickly)

Oh I'm not envious. I'm not.

(goes on)

But you know what I mean. Not -- intelligence really, I'm a far more intelligent man -- but his --

(seeks the word)

## CABLE

(cont'd)

-- intuition, yes, that extra-ordinary intuition. Compassion, a compassionate man. That feeling he conveys of knowing all your failings, even sharing them but -- yes, that's it, the feeling that at some last minute Klute will know, Klute will grieve. Do you see?

Cable breaks off -- has caught the sound of the BULLHORN, from the street OUTSIDE.

## BULLHORN

(O. S.)

Cable --

INT LANDING OUTSIDE BREE APARTMENT: KLUTE, TRASK DAY

KLUTE and TRASK hear the BULLHORN SOUNDS outside. Klute thumbs the safety catch of the pistol off -- moves forward silently to the apartment door -- with excruciating care inserts the key --

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

CABLE has looked out from the front window again -- the BULLHORN sounds continuing from the street -- and now as before turns to check the rear of the apartment, the fire-escape window. As he crosses to do so we see -- he does not -- the HANDLE of the apartment door, turning.

INT OUTSIDE BREE DOOR: KLUTE DAY

KLUTE eases the door inch-by-inch inward -- scanning through the crack at the same time to see if he can sight anything.

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

CABLE is starting back from the rear window as --

The door thunks softly against the guard-chain. A small sound but Cable catches it. He draws back slowly out of view. BREE screams warning --

BREE

He saw it! --

## ON DOOR

We see KLUTE'S SHOULDER wedged through the opening, abandoning caution, straining -- as Bree continues shouting --

BREE

(cont'd)

He saw that, don't come in, he saw you! --  
The chain rips loose; KLUTE spins into the room, crouched, panning the pistol ready to fire, covering, as -- all this is more or less instantaneous --

TRASK hurtles through behind him, grabs Bree, throws her down into cover --

TRASK

G. down!

-- and as we hear a SHOT, O. S., immediately at hand, and CUT TO --

## KLUTE, C. U.

Klute spins in the direction of the shot almost fires back but sees nothing -- we can't tell whether he's hit or not -- and -- instantly following -- we hear the CRASH OF THE SKYLIGHT BEING BROKEN, above, and TRASK shouting --

TRASK

(O. S.)

No, hold it up there, hold it.

In absolute silence Klute shifts slowly forward -- still seeing nothing. We FADE UP a small sound, a FAUCET DRIPPING. Klute turns toward a connecting door (the Bathroom).

## BATHROOM, FROM KLUTE'S P. O. V.

From the BATHROOM SINK -- the FAUCET slowly dripping -- we slowly TILT to see, on the wall, and irregular, sprayed, impact-pattern of human fragments, the wreckage of Cable's brain-case.

## KLUTE

Klute stands, seeing -- looking down at Cable himself (O. S., below frame) dazedly. We hear the SOUNDS OF OTHERS O. S., ENTERING. TRASK APPEARS BRIEFLY in view behind Klute, takes in the situation instantly, tells Klute --

TRASK

Your girl's all right.

-- takes hold of Klute himself, scans him --

TRASK

(cont'd)

You all right?

-- and turns out of view again. We hear his voice advising others, quickly --

TRASK

(cont'd, now O. S.)

Man killed himself. Tell them down below, get them moved out.

-- as Klute meanwhile presses the clip catch of his pistol, slides the clip out and stows it in one pocket, works the slide to eject the unused cartridge, stows the pistol in the other pocket. He turns out from the bathroom --

INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

KLUTE moves slowly, dazedly among -- already -- OTHER POLICE, whom Trask is instructing --

TRASK

(cont'd)

Tell Niederman -- get the meatwagon -- tell them get the street-barriers out, get the traffic moving again.

He takes note of Klute, moving very slowly unseeingly in a straight line toward the front of the apartment, toward the table. Seeing Klute's expression, he takes hold of his shoulders from behind, soothes him.

TRASK

(cont'd)

Baby, it's all right. All over baby, it's all over, it's all right, baby --

Klute continues on -- past BREE, who's risen and stands against the wall looking at him. And as he moves into closeup, we CUT from his suffering face TO --

-- A SERIES OF VERY QUICK SUCCESSIVE SHOTS --  
A REPRISE in effect, of the agonies he's seen:

INT GRUNEMANN HOUSE DAY -- ELAINE lifts her hands to her face and weeps --

EXT STREET NIGHT -- The OLD BUM rolls down onto his bed of newspapers --

EXT STREET DAY -- HALF-MAN propels his wagon --

INT FLOPHOUSE DAY -- A DRUNK lies sprawled moaning on his flophouse cot --

INT BELLEVUE: PADDED CELL DAY -- The MADMAN wallops against the side of his cell --

INT CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT -- MR. FABER stands bereft --

INT HALLWAY DAY -- ARLYN PAGE kneels with BERGER, comforts him, cries, rages --

INT LANDING DAY -- FRANK LIGOURIN stands with blood descending his face.

INT BREE APARTMENT: BATHROOM DAY -- and the streakings and splatterings against the wall --

-- and we CUT BACK TO --

INT BREE APARTMENT: KLUTE DAY

KLUTE, sits slowly down into a chair at the table and leans his arms forward onto the table -- and then his shoulders and head, flat on the table -- and weeps.

INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

The next morning. KLUTE is packing to leave. We follow him about as he carries clothing from closet and bureau, folds it into his suitcase on the table. We hear the familiar FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Bree's KNOCK. He lets her in, keeps on about his business. His expression is sober; hers is quite tentative.

BREE

Hi.

He doesn't at least expel her. She ventures in, sits on the table, swings her heels, watches him pack. At length --

KLUTE

I got a call from Ross this morning. Cable owned a plot of woodland -- he'd go there on weekends --. They found Tom Grunemann's body buried there. They've notified Elaine.

BREE

Oh.

(Pause. Then sharply --)

Well it wasn't us city people that did it --  
one of your rosy-checked country boys.

KLUTE

Mm.

BREE

(Still vehement)

There's just as much trouble there as  
here.

KLUTE

Mm. It just comes farther apart.

BREE

So you're just going back.

KLUTE

Where I belong.

BREE

Why'd you even come here?

KLUTE

To see where I belonged.

Pause. She compresses her lips, slips down from the table, starts  
smartly out of the room.

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Wait.

She returns and sits on the table again, waits. But Klute doesn't  
seem about to say anything more -- goes on packing.

BREE

Well suppose I hadn't come downstairs.  
Would you just have folded up and sneaked  
away?

KLUTE

(slowly)

No. I was going to come up. I wanted to  
ask you to marry me.

(pause)

BREE

You wanted to, or you are?

KLUTE

I am.

BREE

God, you could at least look at me.

He complies, stands and looks, folding a necktie. But now she finds she has to look away. Somewhat brokenly --

BREE

(cont'd)

Look -- yes -- I wish I could. If it'd come sooner or something. But I guess there's the realities, aren't there.

KLUTE

Like what?

BREE

I can't leave the Mets.

(then)

All right, I cracked wise, I'm sorry. But you'd expect me to go there, wouldn't you. But you won't even consider staying here. Is that reasonable?

(beat)

I mean if I couldn't live without you or something --

Klute gestures again, resumes packing. She goes on, with real grief --

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, our life could be hell! I have bad emotional hangups. They won't just go away by themselves. I'm in the middle of therapy and I can't cop out!

KLUTE

We have them out there too, psychiatrists.

BREE

I can't cop out on myself either. Things I've got to do. The acting.

KLUTE

We've got that too -- summer playhouse and everything.

BREE

Oh Christ, regional theatre.

KLUTE

OK.

BREE

(agonized)

Please. I'm a city person! I'm sure it's just as good as here, but I'm a city person that's all; I am!

KLUTE

OK.

BREE

Do you not believe I love you? I'm honestly honestly just --

He has almost finished packing -- returns toward the suitcase with the tin CLOCK and electric FAN, tries to fit them in as conversation continues.

BREE

(cont'd)

Look, why should it be yes or no? Can't we keep it going and see? I mean we can keep in touch and visit each other and see. People do that, that's realistic.

KLUTE

OK.

BREE

(bitterly)

You don't believe that either, do you? Why can't you see my side?

KLUTE

Can you use these?

He sets the fan beside her, hands her the clock. She holds it in her lap, numbly. He's packed -- closes various drawers, leaving in good order -- snaps the suitcase shut, lifts it down from the table. She remains sitting. Quietly --

BREE

Will you kiss me?

KLUTE

No. I'm sore.

He moves to the door, pauses, half-smiles --

KLUTE

(cont'd)

Well --

She smiles back. He goes. We hear the entryway door opening and closing.

ON BREE

Bree continues to sit while his FOOTSTEPS fade away, mingle with other passers-by. A car drives by. The saxophonist tootles. We SNEAK UP (very slowly) the TICKING OF THE CLOCK.

She slides down from the table, still absently holding the clock in one hand, moves to the window, looks out at an angle.

INT/EXT DOWNSTREET TO FIGURE OF KLUTE DAY

Klute is pretty much out of view by now. We catch sight of him crossing the street, turning the far corner.

BREE

She turns, moves slowly back and sits on the table again, still holding the clock in her lap. We CONTINUE TO SNEAK UP THE CLOCK-TICKING -- quite loud by now. She seems to take notice of it -- looks absently down at it. Then she puts it aside, and sets quickly out.

EXT OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE DAY

She comes out of the Brownstone fast -- but not yet at full speed -- hesitates once -- then follows, walking and trotting, on the course taken by Klute --

EXT ANOTHER STREET: KLUTE DAY

Klute turns another corner, trudges on --

EXT STREET, AT CORNER: BREE DAY

Bree arrives at camera, casts about, can't see anything, reacts with fear, continues on - PAN - at a still faster pace --

EXT ANOTHER CORNER: BREE DAY

She arrives at the next corner, again casts about and this time catches sight -- and starts running like hell --

EXT L. S. ALONGSTREET: FIGURES OF KLUTE AND BREE DAY

This is, once again, the West 54th sort of street. And this shot repeats, to all intents and purposes, a scene from before -- the long shot along the boardwalk at Coney Island. We see the two figures: Bree running from far background -- overtaking -- Klute still trudging stolidly ahead. She reaches and hails him. He ignores her. She cajoles. She catches hold of his suitcase, yanks at it -- he pulls it loose, continues on. She overtakes and tackles him, hugs herself against him, siezing his shoulders, kissing his face and neck. Same contention still. But finally he shifts the suitcase to his other hand - grasps her hand, pulls her alongside him. She continues to grab and molest him, much impeding his progress, as they walk on together.

MUSIC

Are you going to Scarborough  
Fair? . . . .

THE END