

**INT. DINING ROOM - TOM GRUNEMANN HOUSE - DAY**

CLOSE SHOT of TOM GRUNEMANN, attractive young executive, sitting at the head of the dining room table carving a turkey for Thanksgiving Day dinner. There are joyous sounds of celebration. The CAMERA PANS around the table revealing the happy family and guests. Among them are KLUTE and CABLE.

Camera stops at Mrs. Grunemann who sits at the foot of the table opposite her husband. She smiles across at him with pleasure. We cut to Tom Grunemann smiling back at her. We cut back to a closeup of Mrs. Grunemann looking back at her husband with love. We cut back to Tom Grunemann's chair - only now it is empty. The joyous sounds disappear on this cut. It appears that Tom Grunemann has disappeared before our eyes. One moment he is there, and the next moment he is gone. The camera pans back down the table, only now it is empty except for Grunemann's children and Mrs. Grunemann. She is now dressed in something dark. She and the three children sit eating another meal in emptiness. She has changed from a joyous woman to a woman bereaved.

**INT. RESEARCH PLANT: ON ROSS - DAY**

The industrial frontier. SPECIAL AGENT ROSS steps into frame, glancing (perhaps idly, a little impatiently) in this direction at some loud industrial goings-on just beyond camera, then returns toward GROUP.

The group includes CABLE and a YOUNGER FBI AGENT with clipboard, to whom KLUTE is supplying preliminary data. KLUTE's manner is somewhat ruffled, awkward.

**KLUTE**

Klute. With a K. K - L - U -

**ROSS**

Are you with plant security,  
Sergeant?

**KLUTE**

(shakes head)  
Town Police.

**ROSS**  
Then how are you involved?

**KLUTE**  
(slowly)  
I know Tom Grunemann.

**ROSS**  
(shortcutting again)  
You knew the subject Thomas  
Grunemann. How well?

**KLUTE**  
We grew up together. Kids.

**ROSS**  
Can you account for his  
disappearance in any way?

**KLUTE**  
No.

**ROSS**  
Did he recently appear to you  
agitated or depressed?  
(aside to younger Agent,  
recording)  
-- indicates no -- Did he voice to  
you grievance or discontent with  
his research work here? Indicates  
no. Moral or sexual problems or  
peculiarities? --

**KLUTE**  
No.

**ROSS**  
Marital problems in general?  
Indicates possibly -- am I right  
Sergeant?

**KLUTE**  
Everybody's got some, I guess.

**ROSS**  
Did he ever mention specifically a  
girl or woman in New York?

**KLUTE**  
No.

**ROSS**  
Examine this letter please.

(continues)  
We recovered that from the shredder  
-- the plant disposal and  
incinerator system. Grunemann  
apparently typed it Friday, before  
he left, decided not to send it,  
tossed it away. We've already  
contacted the New York Police; they  
think they know the girl in  
question.

**C.U. KLUTE**

Klute reads. We see a controlled incredulity and  
revulsion.

**ROSS (CONT'D)**

He never mentioned this type thing  
to you? You didn't know he had  
these interests?

**INT. GRUNEMANN HOUSE: C.U. HOLLY - DAY**

HOLLY thrusts the letter back toward camera, toward  
KLUTE crying out -

**HOLLY**

My husband was not like that! My  
God, Klute.

**KLUTE**

It looks like he sent her quite a  
few of those Holly -- the girl --  
she recalls six or seven letters  
like --

**HOLLY**

(calmly)  
-- No. I mean sure a little rough  
stuff, but just what people usually  
-- No, I would've said we were  
pretty good.

(pause)  
Johnnie I don't understand. I just  
don't understand.

Klute nods. She is talking for both of them. Klute  
looks out the window to the children playing  
outside. CAMERA PANS out window to Klute's POV of  
children playing on a cold winter day. The trees  
are stripped bare.

**EXT. RESEARCH PLANT**

Tree lined area, lush and green - Summer.

**INT. RESEARCH PLANT: DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

CAMERA pulls back inside window to Klute staring outside, as if still pondering the fate of Tom Grunemann. The group in the office includes ROSS (holding a report), TRASK, a New York detective, Cable, and the plant director, STREIGER.

**ROSS**

-- has disclosed no evidence of crime or criminal intent within the jurisdiction of this bureau, and since subject Thom --

**CABLE**

(turns sharply,  
interrupts)

It's been almost a year! Tom Grunemann's been missing for a year. And all the FBI has to offer is a report that must bore even you.

**ROSS**

(restraint)

Well sir.

**STREIGER**

Are you closing the case?

**ROSS**

No sir, we don't state that. We're countin --

**CABLE**

But you don't find it worth much effort.

**ROSS**

(injured dignity)

Well Mr. Cable, you've got me here from the Bureau. You got Lieutenant Trask here from New York representing his department and I don't frankly consider --

**STREIGER**

(moderating, suggesting)

Why couldn't you ever find out anything from the girl?

**ROSS**

(refers the question)

Trask --

**TRASK**

(summarizes from notes)  
We first hold her under  
surveillance expectin your boy  
Grunemann to show up there. Didn't.  
Then we bagged -- we arrested her  
on a CP charge, convicted, two  
month's women's city prison, offer  
to reduce sentence, she cooperated.

(counts)  
Four interrogations. She thought  
she remembered Grunemann -- from  
those letters from before, she made  
that connection -- but she hadn't  
seen him since and couldn't  
identify his photograph and she --

**STREIGER**

Why not?

**TRASK**

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

(resumes)  
And since then, recent months,  
she's reported several, you know,  
incidents: like breather calls,  
anonymous phone calls, also  
somebody maybe following her,  
watching her, things like that. So  
it's I guess you could say,  
conceivable Grunemann's still  
around there, just hangin around  
her, spooking her. But you know,  
that --

He shakes his head, gestures doubtfully. Ross caps  
it.

**ROSS**

The subject got emotionallv  
disturbed; he just dropped out.  
There's thousands.

**STREIGER**

Inspector we understand your  
position; ours is a little  
different. We have an investment in  
Tom Grunemann. The Company has an  
investment, and we feel entitled to  
investigate for ourselves.

**ROSS**

Private investigation, you mean.  
Yes sir, of course you're entitled,  
and there's some very competent --

**STREIGER**

Klute offered us his services;  
we've accepted.

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

**STREIGER (CONT'D)**

Klute knew Tom. He has a great many ideas about the case --

**ROSS**

(sourly)  
Yes sir, we know he --

**STREIGER**

We'd expect him to work in cooperation with you. He'd report to each of you and 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 missing person's work?

**ROSS**

Spent much time in the city?  
(to others)  
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.

**INT/EXT. WIDE SHOT: PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Verdant Pennsylvania farmland. Early morning. Near at hand an open field set about with bee hutches and patched with mist.

A FIGURE, a shadow (Klute's actually) moves across

frame from the left, blanking in. We reorient to -

**INT. BEDROOM - KLUTES HOUSE - DAY**

We see that we've been looking out from the bedroom window of this house. Klute turns to rolltop desk in bedroom and picture of Tom Grunemann, picture of Bree Daniel, and other material he has collected on the case. He puts them in his suitcase and closes the suitcase. He shuts rolltop desk.

**INT. KLUTE'S HOUSE - DAY**

We follow Klute through the house with suitcase. He puts away a last dish, shutting off water, gas, and electricity, and so on -- takes a last look around - reaches for the door handle. WE CUT TO --

**INT. COMMERCIAL AUDITION - SOUND STAGE - DAY**

A section of wall, a door coming open -- and the FIGURE of BREE entering and standing. We have gone from the warm sunlight of the country to musty darkness.

She appears chic, poised, and perfect as a magazine picture.

But as she gets used to the darkness and her eyes focus on a line of equally beautiful girls sitting and waiting in folding chairs along a wall, we see that she is a great deal less certain of demeanor. Assailable. WE CUT TO -

**EXT. KLUTE'S HOUSEYARD, HOUSE, BARN - DAY**

Klute, stepping out, closes, locks and checks the house door, then moves on to his car -- a vintage Plymouth -- and tosses in his suitcase; and then takes a last turn around the yard itself; props open the cover of a beehutch, and lets down the rail gate of a sidefield. He approaches to roll shut his barn door -- and on this action we CUT again TO --

**INT. COMMERCIAL AUDITION - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY**

**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 (CONT'D)**

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 reestablish 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 (CONT'D)**

-- 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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

(reads)  
-- And another family saved by Elso  
tablets. OK --  
(brightly)  
Thank you very much.

-- and holds out his hands for their scripts, at  
the same time as he summons from a list in his  
other hand --

**DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

Pierce -- Danner -

BREE passes a new group of beautiful girls sitting



in line waiting their turn as she exits as brightly as possible.

**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. 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 (CONT'D)**

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 thirty, hon.

Do you have a commuter for me?

Wait.

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

**EXT. KLUTE'S HOUSEYARD: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute finishes rolling shut, and padlocks, the barn door. He returns to his car, sits in (leaving door open) starts engine. Again -- one last time -- the look around. Then he pulls the door shut, pulls out. And on this we 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 or 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 (CONT'D)**

Ooh, I knew I'd like you.

-- and CUT TO --

**EXT. CENTER OF TOWN: KLUTE DRIVING - DAY**

Klute's car draws through the business section of town, moves on --

**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.

**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. 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 is 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. C.U. ON BREE, MAN (HOTEL BED) - DAY**

The Man's face is buried against her neck, her 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. WIDE SHOT: ACCESS RAMP OF TURNPIKE - LUSH HILLY COUNTRY - DAY**

**KLUTE'S CAR**

As Klute's car drives onto the turnpike surrounded by green country, we ZOOM into a close shot of Klute through the windshield of his car. And then in what seems like a continuous shot we ZOOM back to a wide angle revealing Klute caught in the endless line of cars in a typical traffic jam at the entrance to New York City, surrounded by smoggy, grey, urban skies.

**INT. CITY MULTILAYERED PARKING BUILDING - KLUTE'S CAR - NIGHT**

KLUTE sits inside his car as it is mechanically lifted into the air. It looks as if he is being manipulated by a robot.

**EXT. STREET: OUTSIDE THE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

BREE moves along street, returning home, apprehensive of the one or two other distant FIGURES. She turns in at one of the Brownstones.

**INT. STAIRWELL OF BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

We watch Bree as she mounts to the top floor, the door of her apartment, barren, isolated, frightened.

**INT. BREE'S APTARTMENT - NIGHT**

BREE unlocks the door, switches on a light, cases the apartment for a moment before entering, securing chain-lock, putting aside her things. There is a RECORD PLAYER near the first interior doorway. She switches it as she moves by. By time

the first record has dropped, she has the shower turned on, is getting rid of her dress. We CUT BACK TO --

**EXT. EMPTY STREET: KLUTE - NIGHT**

Klute walks, as before, carrying his suitcase. We see him slow, concernedly looking toward --

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: ON BREE - NIGHT**

Bree sits on 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. She is more or less expressionless -- but trembling violently, shaking.

**FRONT WINDOW SIGN BEING REMOVED WHICH READS "FOR RENT" - STORE - INQUIRE CRAWICZ, DAY**

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE - DAY**

Bree moves about energetically, preparing to set out on rounds. A KNOCK on the door. She startled, then approaches to door, to peep-hole, lifts lid aside.

**THROUGH PEEPHOLE TO KLUTE FACE**

Klute's face is somewhat distorted by the peephole lens; he is gazing mildly about the landing.

**BREE**

**BREE**

(through door, curtly)  
What is it?

**KLUTE (O.S.)**

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

She turns the door handle , parts the door about three inches, looks through at him. He starts to enter.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

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**

I'm an investigator. I'd like to ask you some questions about Tom Grunemann.

She tightens again.

**BREE**

Who?

**KLUTE**

Tom Grunemann. He wrote you some letters.

**BREE**

(innocently)

Gee.

**KLUTE**

He was a research engineer at the Tuscarora Laboratories in Pennsylvania. He disappeared from there last April. I've been hired to look for him.

**BREE**

Why?

**KLUTE**

You know what I'm talking about. Miss Daniel.

**BREE**

Honest?

**KLUTE**

Will you let me ask you some questions?

**BREE**

(gumbo-southern)

Dew yew hayuv ah-dentifikyshun?

He takes out a folded letter and a wallet and passes them both through to her. Silence. She examines them with care, then appears to soften a little; even smiles slightly.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

You're not police or FBI; you're just a private investigator?

**KLUTE**

Mm.

**BREE**

And you just want to ask me a few questions?

**KLUTE**

Mm.

She smiles again, hands the letter and 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 foot steps. They fade from hearing. She hastens to assemble her properties.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Klute comes out door and descends the stairs at the same even pace -- he walks into the vacant store below.

**INT. BASEMENT STORE - DAY**

It had once been a Boutique that sold happy clothes. There are some psychedelic posters and a few remnants of its former identity. Klute's suitcase is propped open on a cot behind a counter. The ceilings are low, forcing Klute to stoop as he enters. He seems out of place and out of scale. A case containing a tape recorder stands on the floor. On the table are a FOLDER of Klute's notes, and a paper bag. Klute enters and deliberately resumes his settling in. From the paper bag he sets aside an electric FAN, then lifts out from the shopping bag a cheap tin ALARM CLOCK and begins winding it.

**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.

**EXT. ON DOOR OF BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Bree skids to a stop just inside the door, scans 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, plugs in the electric fan. Then hoists the TAPE RECORDER, unsnaps the cover. We see clearly what it is.

**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 workshop type productions, Uncle Vanya and the girl in Five Characters --

(indicates picture)

-- here -- 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, sustain --

**AGENT**

Well, thanks very much for coming in.

She starts for the door -- he's already turning away -- then ducks back, hands him one of her Glossies, laughing prettily at her own forgetfulness.

**BREE**

(beautifully -- the business)

Thank you very much.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

BREE comes out, pauses with notebook to cross out, the call completed, checks the list of those remaining, sets forth again. We hear TRASK'S VOICE OVER, very quick, very clipped.

**TRASK (V.O.)**

Man, just a poor pretty little  
hooker, like to be an actress --

**INT. MISSING PERSONS BUREAU - DAY**

CLOSEUP photograph of dead man. It is replaced with series of photographs of dead men. CAMERA pulls back to reveal KLUTE flipping through the file of the unidentified dead.

**TRASK (V.O.)**

What you lookin' to get from her?  
You think she's got Grunemann hid  
somewhere, the attic, feedin him  
soup? Or maybe he's hidin in a dark  
alley and he'll jump on her and you  
jump on him. And third place, even  
if she does know somethin' she's  
right, she don't have to talk to  
you. You don't have police power,  
you can't make her.

KLUTE closes the file.

**KLUTE**

That's a lot of people to die  
unknown.

**TRASK**

Unknown, unidentified and unwanted.  
And there's more every day man,  
there's more everyday.

As KLUTE slowly walks away we bring in TELEPHONE  
RING and BREE VOICE, OVER answering.

**BREE VOICE**

Bree Daniel.  
(then)  
Yeah, hi hon.

**EXT. BREE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Camera is looking up through lighted window outside  
at BREE on phone.

**BREE**

Oh hon, I just don't know. I'm  
trying to stay out of it.



**EXT. KLUTE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

CAMERA pans down from BREE's window to KLUTE's window at the bottom revealing KLUTE at tape recorder. The TAPE RECORDER is going, its light winking. KLUTE holds headset against one ear, makes a note or two. We hear BREE's and other GIRL'S VOICES, UNDER, FILTERED.

**GIRL'S VOICE**

-- comes in with these other yulds  
maybe two or three times a year,  
and five big ones baby, just one  
evening.

**BREE VOICE**

Marta, thanks, and I'd love to  
party with you hon, but --

Klute sets down the headset (we drop the VOICES far under, INDISTINGUISHABLE), makes a note, and thumbs open the box of a fresh reel; the present reel is near the end. We establish a pile of ALREADY RECORDED TAPES. We CUT BACK TO --

**INT. BREE APARTMENT: BREE ON PHONE - NIGHT**

**BREE**

Well try to get someone else Marty  
and if I change my mind -- sure  
hon, bye.

She hangs up, starts away. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She tries to ignore it. It persists. She finally turns back to answer it, and we CUT TO --

**INT. CASTING OFFICE - AD AGENCY - DAY**

CAMERA STARTS on huge photo montage of the Family of Man and pans down to a group of beautiful girls sitting on a bench below. They are dwarfed by the enormous picture. Each one clutches an almost identical portfolio of pictures in her lap. Camera pans down row of portfolios until it stops at BREE - impatiently waiting her turn. WE CONTINUE THE TELEPHONE VOICES OVER, WILD TRACK STYLE. The MAN'S VOICE is thick with drink, and emotion. First the click, then --

**BREE VOICE**

Bree Daniel --

**MAN'S VOICE**

Oh God baby, oh God I really love  
you.

**BREE VOICE**

That's nice; who is this?

**MAN'S VOICE**

I really love you baby, you know  
that?

A CLICK, and the MAN'S VOICE CONTINUING, trailing  
into helpless sobs --

**MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

Hello? Hello? Oh my God, hello?

**EXT. STREET: BREE**

Bree comes out from the building (note possible  
costume change; not necessarily consecutive  
action), checks off on her list continues on her  
way -- as we CONTINUE WILD TRACK STYLE VOICES.  
Starting with a CLICK and --

**BREE VOICE**

Bree Daniel.

**2ND MAN'S VOICE**

(nicely)

Bree -- Frank Hanley, you remember,  
Fayetteville?

**BREE VOICE**

Oh yeah, hi Frank, sure.

**2ND MAN'S VOICE**

Well I'm in town, like to see you.

**BREE VOICE**

Well Frank that's awful nice but  
I'm out of action, sort of, you  
know --

We FADE THIS CONVERSATION UNDER BUT HOLD,  
CONTINUING, as --

BREE PASSES CAMERA -- and we PAN TO SHOT OF KLUTE,  
at corner, unseen by her and apparently in  
surveillance of her. Then he too turns out of  
frame, and we CUT TO --

**INT. PENN STATION - DAY**

CAMERA is looking down at an enormous gift package  
on a platform. There is a sound of a recorded  
fanfare and with the pull of a string the package  
is opened revealing a brand new LINCOLN CONTINENTAL  
CONVERTIBLE. People applaud and the car starts to  
revolve. At the wheel of the car sits BREE. We CUT

to a shot through the windshield of car --

**BREE'S POV**

A sea of staring faces revolves around her. We cross fade with SPANGLER VOICE OVER (as if recalling a case record).

**SPANGLER (V.O.)**

Bree Daniel, Caucasian, twenty eight, good physical health, no narcotics record, presenting an unusually strong personality some ways, high intelligence, a high bracket call girl.

**EXT. WOMEN'S PRISON ROOF - CAGED IN RECREATION AREA**

SPANGLER, a prison psychiatrist, sits on a bench eating a sandwich partially wrapped in wax paper and sipping from a carton of milk. He is obviously a man pressed for time. KLUTE sits beside him. Across from them some prisoners are taking their exercise. Through the metallic netting that surrounds them, we see the skyline of New York City. It only dramatizes more the sense of being caged.

**SPANGLER**

-- 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 do you want to know all this?

**KLUTE**

I want to know how Tom Grunemann got mixed up in it.

**SPANGLER**

Not unusual.

**KLUTE**

Did she talk about him to you?

**SPANGLER**

About his letters -- that's all she remembered. Quite violent material,

I'd say, obsessive, a quite sick man. But that's not unusual either.

**KLUTE**

Has she talked with you since prison?

**SPANGLER**

No. She had every good intention of it -- coming to me as a private patient, getting out of the life, devoting herself to an acting career.

**KLUTE**

I think she's trying that.

**SPANGLER**

Oh sure they try. The idea of a better life. But they don't really know much about life: They get confused -- or scared or frustrated or bored -- they pop back to the one thing they can handle. The trick. The trick. Men in bed. Not men in general, not life, not love, not even real sex -- it avoids all that. Just the trick, the transaction.

**INT. PENN STATION - DAY**

POV world revolving around BREE through windshield of car. The circular motion slows down and then stops. Cut to BREE getting out of car and walking off platform. She looks a bit shaky. She is stopped by one of the spectators.

**MAN**

(tapping her)

We had a bet on - if you were real or not. I won.

She looks at him in disgust and crosses to phone booth.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY**

**BREE**

(on phone)

Marta --

**INT. CHURCH DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT**

We are in the interior of what was once a church and is now a discotheque. Interior is painted

purple; the record player stands on the altar over the crowd. Pews are massed around the dance floor. Stained glass windows are lighted from behind and are circled with light bulbs that flash on and off. For all of its obviously bizarre visual quality, there is a sense of relaxation. It is a late night gathering place of many who belong to the sexual underworld of the city.

BREE and the OTHER GIRL advance to a pew. A MAN sitting there (the other girl's pimp) with a THIRD GIRL. BREE's companion greet him shyly, tenderly: she and BREE sit down, join in conversation.

PULL BACK SLOWLY -- other pews, other girls and a few men, the sisterhood -- To --

**BAR AREA IN BACK (WHAT ONCE MUST HAVE BEEN THE VESTIBULE OF THE CRURCH)**

Among the people around the bar, pimps, whores, and a sprinkling of hopeful Johns and curiosity seekers. The camera picks a familiar face: CABLE. He watches BREE with a mixture of amusement and contempt. A GIRL comes over to him and tries to proposition him. They appear to be discussing price. Just as she thinks it is set, he walks away.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

CLOSEUP photograph of TOM GRUNEMANN pinned to a large piece of beaverboard KLUTE has placed on a wall. CAMERA PANS over various pictures and pieces of evidence KLUTE has pinned up in an attempt to make some sense from the puzzle of TOM GRUNMIANN's disappearance. CAMERA PANS over to KLUTE sitting on cot looking up at the pieces of the puzzle. There is a heated TV dinner in front of him.

The TAPE RECORDER reels start turning (sound powered), the recording light starts winding (as BREE, above, dials). KLUTE pays it scant attention - he can catch up with the news anytime. He sits manfully in front of the TV dinner, starts peeling back the foil --

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE - NIGHT**

She holds the phone, is answered. Her voice 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.  
                  (laughs diffidently)  
I really want to just talk to you.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - NIGHT**

The tape-recorder continues turning and winking as the conversation upstairs continues. KLUTE looks at TV dinner. He reaches for the headset of the taperecorder, holds it loosely against one ear. He exhibits a measure of new interest. The TAPE RECORDER stops running. He immediately 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, 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 sees him, is startled then relieved.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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.

Then 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 enter. 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**

(diffident)

It's good to see you. Well -- could we do it first and then just talk?

**MR. FABER**

Sure dear, yes.

**BREE**

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

**MR. FABER**

(intently)  
Yes?

**BREE**

And Cannes was quite fun, quite;  
and we played baccarat and  
chemindefer 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 (CONT'D)**

-- 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 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, prowls along the aisles of clothing, looking -- sees --

**POV PAST GARMENT RACKS TO MR. FABER**

Klute sees Mr. Faber first -- clearly a senior citizen -- sitting transfixed, fastened in some private dream. Then BREE drifts into view -- stands -- lets fall the evening dress about her ankles, 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 from it, into camera, and --

**EXT. BREE'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

Near the entrance, outside the door to KLUTE's apartment below. We open on BREE. She shouts angrily, miserably --

**BREE**

Whyn't you just cut out?

We WIDEN TO INCLUDE KLUTE. Now she begins to get it. He turns, opens door to his room below. She comes slowly down steps.

**INT. KLUTE'S ROOM - DAY**

She steps in the door, looks slowly around at his various appurtenances -- the bed, the necktie over the mirror, etc. -- and then, the TAPE RECORDER and then the STACK OF TAPE BOXES. Softly, venomously --

**BREE**

Oh you bastard.

But then she adjusts -- a frightened but matter-of fact hooker --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Is it the shakedown hon? 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**

(gestures upward)

Could I ask some questions?

**BREE**

Or you'll get me shoved back in the brig you mean; another month with the bull-dykes.

She seems to have expressed it; the balance of power. She turns, goes out, heads upstairs. Klute unhurriedly takes up his folder of notes, then follows.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Bree disposes her belongings. Klute moves to table. There is a group of plants on the table that long since died of neglect. He notices them and the disorganization of the room without comment, opens his folder, rummages for the photographs. Then, exasperatedly --

**BREE**

Look, I told the police everything:  
I don't even remember the schlub!

Klute doesn't respond. Klute sets out a photograph for her to look at.

**INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH TOM GRUNEMANN**

**KLUTE, BREE**

**BREE**

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

Klute tosses down a second photograph.

**INSERT: SECOND PHOTOGRAPH**

Tom Grunemann, Elaine Grunemann, two daughters.

**BREE, KLUTE**

**BREE**

(cool)  
A family sort of man.

Klute grunts, meaning 'yes'. She echoes his grunt,  
meaning we don't know what. He tosses another --

**INSERT: WIDE PHOTOGRAPH - COMPANY PICNIC**

An everybody-over-here, fellow-employees, sort 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 (V.O.)**

-- Tom, again.

**KLUTE, BREE**

She looks at the picture briefly, at him  
questioningly.

**KLUTE**

Company outing or picnic or  
something like that.

**BREE**

Isn't that sweet.  
(then)  
Well it could be any one of them  
bubi; 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 -- will you just try  
to get it from my side? A year ago.  
I was in the life fulltime. I was  
living on Park with leather  
furniture and a million dresses.  
Then they dropped on me, the fuzz,  
they caged me -- they started  
asking me about a man, some 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)**

A name. Grunemann. Nothing. And  
they showed me pictures like this  
and they meant nothing. Then they  
asked me, well had I been getting  
letters, from someone out there in  
Cabbageville --

**KLUTE**

-- Tuscarora --

**BREE**

All right, yes, I had been. Those  
sick, wild letters -- I'm watching  
you, gonna follow you, gonna punish  
you, kill you et cetera. Well, they  
said, all right that's Grunemann.  
So try to remember when you and he  
- when -- well I don't know, there  
was that dumper once, he sounded  
like that dumper --

(explains)

Dumpers; they get their kicks  
beating you up. A man hired me  
once, then tried to really kill me  
- that'd be about two years ago.

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

**BREE (CONT'D)**

(shouts)

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

Turns around again, to Klute. Cheerfully --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

You remind me of my uncle.

**KLUTE**

What?

(then --)

What do you remember about that --  
dumper?

**BREE**

Nothing. Except he wasn't kidding.  
Usually it's a fakeout, you  
probably know. They pretend to tie  
you up, and you wear a dress with a  
cloth belt and they pretend to whip  
you or you --

(beat)

Hell it's their money. I'll hang  
from the shower rod and whistle  
Maytime. Except this guy was really  
tripped out on it; he --

**KLUTE**

But you can't say that Dumper was  
Tom Grunemann.

**BREE**

I can't say he was anybody!

A brief pause. Klute sorts his notes. She may take  
it that he's packing to leave -- hopes so anyhow.  
For an instant we see the undefended girl  
underneath --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

So -- OK -- that's all?

Then again she changes manner -- remembering a  
practical problem, approaching it as a matter-of-  
fact hooker.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Well could I have them back now  
hon? -- those tape recordings  
you've got downstairs -- OK? -- and  
if you want you can have a good  
time and I'll have a good time and--

**KLUTE**

What about everything since?

She draws back again. Up to now she's been  
reasonably on top of things. Starting now we see  
her driven toward the things she'd really rather  
not talk about -- and increasingly more shaken.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

(prompts)

Everything that's happened since  
Tom Grunemann disappeared. The  
phone calls and the --

**BREE**

Just phone calls, right? They ring,  
you answer, they don't say  
anything, just blank. Kids getting  
kicks. Burglars looking for an  
empty apartment. I mean there is  
nothing that proves --

**KLUTE**

What about the other things you've  
reported? --

(consulting notes)

-- being followed on the --

**BREE**

(interrupts -- awkwardly)

Look -- I'm sorry -- I've led  
everybody wrong. I mean yes, I get  
those feelings, but that's just me,  
that's just feelings.

(beat)

I'm sure this will amuse you;  
I'm scared of the dark. And  
sometimes I get shook up, I hear  
people or -- well, I'll come out in  
the morning and think someone's  
been prying at my mailbox, or  
there's a little -- trash outside  
my door and I wonder if someone  
left it there for -- do you see? --  
things other people wouldn't even  
notice. Well that's not real, it's  
just nerves; it's got nothing to do  
with --

The PHONE RINGS. She startles. Then approaches with  
some difficulty -- but then answers with complete  
calm in her Smith-girl voice.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Bree Daniel.

(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, recites.

**KLUTE**

Is that how you get most of your  
dates? Someone gives your name to  
someone else?

**BREE**

Most of them.

**KLUTE**

Is that how you met the Dumper? --  
Someone else gave --

**BREE**

How would I remember?

**KLUTE**

How else do you meet them? Pimps?  
(a beat)

**BREE**

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

Klute takes up the slip of paper previously given  
him by Trask. In the same manner as before --

**KLUTE**

I have some names the police gave  
me. Frank Ligourin. Will you tell  
me what --

**BREE**

(trembling)  
Look, I'm sure this'll amuse you  
too. Ilia trying to get away from  
all that.

**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. His wife's dead.  
He started cutting garments at  
fourteen. His whole life, he's

maybe had a week's vacation, I'm  
all he has and he never, never  
touches me, 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 picture, raging on --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

-- you perverted hypocrite square  
bastards.

**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 Ligourin.

**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 unselfconscious. 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 carelessly in front of her -- a new attack.

**BREE**  
What? This?

**KLUTE**  
-- OK?

**BREE**  
(ingenuously)  
I thought you could trick me for those tapes. Don't 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 dishwasher 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 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 --

**INT. LANDING AND LADDER TO ROOF - NIGHT**

FOOTSTEPS across the roof above, as the watcher discovers Klute's ruse. Klute opens the door -- climbs ladder to roof.

**EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT**

-- Klute out, looking around --

**EXT. ROOFTOPS: PAST KLUTE TO FLEEING FIGURE - NIGHT**

The figure -- the man -- scissoring over the low walls where one brownstone joins another. Klute gives chase -- over ridges, past water tanks, oddments of roof furniture --

**EXT. SEVERAL ROOFTOPS BEYOND - NIGHT**

The FIGURE races to a roof door disappearing into abandoned building.

**INT. STAIRWELL - ABANDONED BUILDING**

CAMERA follows KLUTE as he cautiously makes his way down the stairwell of the boarded up old brownstone. He gets to the first floor. He can see no exit in the building. He opens door that leads to a narrow staircase into the cellar.

**INT. CELLAR - ABANDONED BROWNSTONE**

It is as black as a dungeon and as low. He lights a match, but sees no one. There is a sound of movement coming from the floor above, He runs up the steps to the floor above and sees a very faint light coming through one of the closed apartment doors. Carefully takes out a gun and then with one quick movement he breaks through the door.

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT**

The walls, ceiling, floors are entirely covered with crudely painted psychedelic signs and sayings. The room is lighted by some candles stuck in bottles. Sitting on a blanket on the floor are several teenaged boys and girls having a pot party. They have obviously made a clubhouse for themselves in the abandoned house. It is a MOOT POINT whether they or KLUTE is more stunned at the sight that faces them. He puts his gun away in embarrassment. Again he has been made to feel like an awkward peeping tom in this hidden world of the city.

**INT. CELLAR - ABANDONED BUILDING**

CAMERA wanders restlessly through the blackness and

stops at a pinpoint of light coming through a low door. CAMERA goes through opening into long narrow furnace room with the ceiling so low that an ordinary man could not stand up. We hear the sound of breathing. CAMERA follows the sound through the darkness revealing a sweaty man huddled in the corner looking like some strange animal from a painting by Bosch. It is Cable.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

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

**KLUTE**

I couldn't get him.

He sees her condition. Gently --

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

It's all right.

He reaches to touch her -- she quails away from him.

**BREE**

Well do you think it was him?

**KLUTE**

What do you think?

**BREE**

Can't you get him?

**KLUTE**

Maybe, if you tell me the things you haven't.

**BREE**

(pause)

You asked me where I got that date with the dumper -- Frank sent me on it.

**KLUTE**

Do you know where he got the dumper?

**BREE**

He never told me.

**KLUTE**

Well, let's go down and 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 -- (Klute carries a zipper book-case).

**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 mirrors and marble work.

**INT. ELEVATOR (MOVING): KLUTE, BREE**

She breaks the silence.

**BREE**

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

**KLUTE**

Is that what you gave him?

Silence.

**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 LIGOURIN'S APT: THREESHOT - 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.

**BREE**

Frank -- Klute.

**FRANK**

(shakes hands)

Hi. Come in.

(leads them in, indicating  
table)

I was just catching up some work --  
mocking up the photographs.

(to Klute)

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

**BREE**

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

Short silence. Then with the tact of a gentleman  
dealing with rude, difficult woman --

**FRANK**

Well Bree, maybe you'd rather --

He gestures gently to indicate outside. She nods  
once. He escorts her in that direction, OUT the  
door, closing it behind them.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIGOURIN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

He escorts her to the elevator, pushes the down  
button for her. In silence so far. Then, quietly --  
as one who knows the other's thoughts --

**FRANK**

How's it been?

She shrugs a shoulder at him, looks away. He goes  
on in the same quiet voice.

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

With me Bree it's eternally the  
same. Toward you. I guess you know  
that.

**BREE**

Yeah Frank, I know that.

She yanks at the elevator doors. But the elevator's  
not here yet. She turns away sharply into the door  
marked "Stairway". He turns back to his apartment.

**INT. LIGOURIN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Frank reenters, with the calm smile of troop chaplain.

**FRANK**

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**

They tell me you use narcotics. Could I bring someone around to look at your arms?

**FRANK**

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

Klute waits.

**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. APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY: BREE - DAY**

BREE sits, looks with curiosity at housewives her  
age -- bringing their children in from the park, as  
if trying to imagine what their lives could be  
like. KLUTE emerges from elevator.

**EXT. STREET (TWO SHOT) - DAY**

**BREE**

Did you like my friend Frankie?

**KLUTE**

No.

**BREE**

Didn't he tell you what you wanted?

**KLUTE**

It didn't go anywhere.  
(then)  
But that's not why --

**BREE**

About the dumper, didn't he tell  
you that?



**KLUTE**

It was Jane McKenna who sent you  
the dumper.

**BREE**

(coldly)  
Well -- she's dead.

At the corner he slows, starts unzipping his  
bookcase as if indicating a change of route.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

I thought you were going back to  
the apartment.

**KLUTE**

(he shakes his head)  
You said you wanted these.

He hands over the TAPE-REELS.

**BREE**

Oh golly, oh just what I've always  
dreamed of, dirty phone calls.  
(then)  
How come?

**KLUTE**

You told me what you could. I guess  
I'm through with your part of it.

**BREE**

(grudgingly)  
Is there anything more I could --

**KLUTE**

I don't see anything, do you?

**BREE**

What're you gonna do next?

**KLUTE**

Try some other ways.  
(starts off)

**BREE**

What do I do meanwhile? -- wait for  
that clown to fall through the  
skylight on me?

**KLUTE**

And I don't think that was Tom.

**BREE**

You said it was!

**KLUTE**

No, I said what did you think.

**BREE**

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

**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?

**KLUTE**

Oh. No. Not that way. I'd say it was more -- I don't know --  
(hunts the word)  
-- too bad? Pathetic?

**BREE**

Goodbye.

She turns smartly away, deposits the tapes in passing in a litter box, departs. Klute looks after her for a moment, then turns on his way. Then --

**EXT. POV THROUGH LITTERBOX IN FOREGROUND TO POV OF FIGURES OF KLUTE, BREE - DAY**

This shot holds both in view for a moment, until they both disappear separately in the traffic. CAMERA moves in slightly on litterbox as a man's hand comes into frame and removes the tapes.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - NIGHT**

Klute, in pajama bottoms, lies in bed. A miserably hot humid night. KNOCK at the door. He answers. BREE stands in the doorway in bare feet.

**BREE**

What the hell do you mean,  
pathetic?

She walks in past him, sits down on the edge of his bed.

**KLUTE**

It's kind of late.

**BREE**

It got lonely upstairs. There's someone on the roof.

He takes her seriously, starts to move.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Oh, don't be a doo-doo.

**KLUTE**

Not much point to this, is there?

**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**

Mm.

**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 takes off her robe and swings her legs up, and under the sheet.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Look, if you don't use it somebody else just will. And you've done your whole bit with me, your entire duty, and so now this is my thing. So enjoy, Mr. Faber would say, enjoy.

Under the sheet she unlooses her 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**

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.

**FAVORIVG 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 (CONT'D)**

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

**KLUTE**

Thanks.

**BREE**

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

(pause, comfortably)

You can't expect that. I mean Frank, yes, he'd get me there all the time -- but never with a John.

She sits up, gropes her pajamas from the floor, puts them on. In the same fond tone --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

And I'm sorry I can't stay and learn your special little games. And I certainly don't want you to feel bad about this -- losing your virtue all of a sudden -- because I sort of knew you would. As I said, like everyone, right?

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

**BREE (CONT'D)**

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

**INT. THEATRE: READING SCENE - DAY**

A WIDE SHOT. An open casting call in an Off Broadway Theatre. 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. Bree finds Jang's hand out for her script, smiles wanly, turns it over, continues on out of scene.

She finds something - someone -- impeding her way. Looks up.

**PAST BREE TO KLUTE**

Klute has edged out into the aisle to intercept her.

**EXT. THEATRE ENTRANCE: GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY**

Bree comes out, turns.

**KLUTE**

You asked if there was anything more you could help me with.

**BREE**

When?

Pause. Impasse.

**KLUTE**

I've checked the records of Jane McKenna's death -- I can't get anything special. But Frank Ligourin had another girl you said, besides McKenna and you.

**BREE**

Arlyn Page.

**KLUTE**

Did she and Jane McKenna know each other?

**BREE**

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

**KLUTE**

Then maybe Arlyn Page knew the Dumper too.

**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.

(as she turns away)

I'll pay you a hundred dollars.

**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'll hang around for seconds?

**KLUTE**

Don't worry.

She examines him -- shrugs -- turns, proceeds along the sidewalk, Klute accompanying --

**EXT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT**

In the small hours. The same place seen previously, the gathering place. KLUTE, BREE arriving and entering.

**INT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT**

Klute and Bree head toward the rear. Her arrival causes a little stir. She exchanges greetings with one or two, is watched by others.

**BREE**

Joanie -- Mike, hi --  
(to another, a Negro girl)  
Hi Pat.

**PAT**

(giggles)  
Hey Bree honey, who you got?

**BREE**

A new daddy. I'n he cute?

Bree leads on to where --

**PAST KLUTE, BREE TO TRINA**

TRINA sits alone at a rear table -- anything but a whore in appearance -- a quietly beautiful, immaculately dressed woman of about thirty.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

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?  
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.  
    (then quavering --)  
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!

**INT. ANOTHER LATE NIGHT SPOT - NIGHT**

We dolly with KLUTE & BREE as they walk in front of  
a row of tables. This night spot is totally black  
except for a series of huge slide projections on  
the wall in back of the tables. The slides, which  
change every few seconds are elegant  
representations of the beautiful people living the  
good life as seen in such magazines as VOGUE, TOWN  
& COUNTRY & HARPER'S BAZAAR. The customers sitting  
in the darkness below provide a direct contrast to  
the pictures in back. The silhouette figures of  
BREE & KLUTE stop at a table seating three people,  
two call girls and a pimp. CAMERA moves in.

**FIRST GIRL**

Arlyn Page?

**SECOND GIRL**

You'll never catch up; she's  
grooved out.

**BREE**

Gil?

The pimp looks distrustfully at Klute who reassures  
--

**KLUTE**

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

**PIMP**

(shrugs; to Bree)  
Try Janie Dale.

**INT. JANIE DALE'S PENTHOUSE**

It is a very small penthouse. KLUTE & BREE stand in the small living room waiting for JANIE DALE. There are two very casually dressed prostitutes sitting around the living room. One sits at an upright piano playing of all things STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT. Another one sits on a couch talking to a Wall Street Broker who is spending his lunch hour. KLUTE finds himself staring down into a pile of pornography magazines on the coffee table. BREE is amused at his discomfort.

JANIE DALE, the madame, who has been on the phone in the back, puts the receiver down and crosses to the girl on the couch. JANIE looks and talks a bit like Lauren Bacall.

**JANIE DALE**

(to girl on couch)  
It's old Mr. Clean from Cleveland.  
He wants to know when he can fly in  
and clean up the apartment and see  
you. I told him I have all the  
cleaning equipment and that he can  
come anytime, but it's up to you.

GIRL on couch rises.

**GIRL**

You know he wants us to be  
dominant.

**JANIE DALE**

Tell him that he'd better have his  
ass in here by one o'clock on  
Monday afternoon or you won't let

him clean the bathroom floor, and  
tell him the price has gone up  
twenty bucks -- Old Dutch  
Cleanser's not as cheap as it used  
to be.

She shrugs and turns to KLUTE & BREE.

**JANIE DALE (CONT'D)**

You wanted to know about Arlyn,  
honey? I had to let her go dear.  
Arlyn stopped being reliable.  
(explains to Klute)  
I deal with a 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?

**JANIE DALE**

Try Momma Reese.

**THIS IS A CHEAPER APARTMENT THAN JANIE DALE'S**

The girls look cheaper, and the customers, rather  
than Wall Street lawyers and brokers, look more  
like out of town salesmen who stay at local motor  
inns.

MOMMA REESE is older than JANIE DALE, heavier and  
with no pretense at chic. She indicates that she  
has not seen ARLYN in some time.

**MOMMA REESE**

Try Bill Azure. If you can find  
him.

**INT. EIGHT AVENUE BAR - ABOUT 4 IN THE MORNING**

This is a hangout where black and white pimps wait  
to meet their whores after their night of street  
walking. This streetwalker world is far removed  
from the world of the call girl or the world of  
Janie Dale. CAMERA pans past a group of pimps at  
the bar taking bet on whose girls have made the  
most money that night. CAMERA then goes on to  
reveal KLUTE talking to another pimp (Azure). Azure  
represents a clear step down from Frank Ligourin.

We catch only part of their dialogue.

**AZURE**

-- a couple weeks then she'd drift  
off a couple of weeks, you know

what I mean?

**KLUTE**

Have you heard from her recently?

**AZURE**

She liked me all right but she had  
what she liked better, you know  
what I mean?

We START FADE SOUND as Klute repeats --

**KLUTE**

Have you heard from her recently?

-- and CUT TO --

**INT. LINGERIE SHOP: PROPRIETRESS, BREE, KLUTE**

**PROPRIETRESS**

-- She'd come in and I'd let her  
have something. Why not; she'd been  
a good customer, a beautiful  
person, a beautiful beautiful  
person.

Again we fade sound a little before picture, then  
**CUT TO --**

**EXT. OUTSIDE ADULT MOVIE THEATER: KLUTE,  
STREETWALKERS - DAY OR NIGHT**

Outside Theatre or Bookstore - Peepshow; an 8th  
Avenue establishment. SILENT ACTION this (or VOICES  
UNDER). Klute confers with one girl who summons and  
consults another. They seem to know of Arlyn --  
haven't seen her recently -- refer him elsewhere --

**EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE: MRS. VASEK, KLUTE - DAY**

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

**MRS. VASEK**

The whore, yeah. I threw out.

**KLUTE**

Do you know where she went from  
here?

**MRS. VASEK**

Live like animals. Her and the man.  
Out.

**KLUTE**

(reacts)  
Was she living with a man?

We see Klute persisting - DISSOLVE

**EXT. WIDE SHOT: SLUM STREET - DAY**

We still HOLD WIDE to establish the scene. This is a genuine slum. We see Bree, Klute move along street. We see Bree drop back a little, Klute waiting for her to catch up.

**EXT. STREET: BREE, KLUTE**

**KLUTE**  
What's the matter?

**BREE**  
(glances about)  
What the hell do you think's the matter.  
(then suggests)  
I could wait for you someplace.

**KLUTE**  
If Arlyn Page is living with Tom Grunemann --

**BREE**  
(eagerly)  
-- Then you don't need me.

**KLUTE**  
But if it's someone else I do.

He starts on, simply assuming that she'll follow.  
(There is a degree of acquaintanceship in their manners now - a reluctant collaboration.)

**BREE**  
You sure pull a lot of mileage out of a hundred dollars.

-- and follows on. He checks numbers, then crosses street diagonally toward a half-framed house.

**INT. NEWARK HOUSE - DAY**

A downshot from second floor level toward the entry way where KLUTE & BREE appear. KLUTE strikes a match to inspect the names of tenants. He and Bree climb through stench and litter to the second floor -- a door. From somewhere near at hand come 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'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The retching sounds are coming from the connecting room. No one visible here. A very few barren pieces of furniture. We hear ARLYN'S VOICE ask from the next room --

**ARLYN (O.S.)**

Cappy?

ARLYN enters rather eagerly. 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? --

**BREE**

Arlyn, it's all right.

BERGER hastens, stumbles, 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. Then turns, plunges out of view again. Arlyn breaks 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 reenters, wrapping her fingers together timidly -- wanting them out -- her only purpose.

**ARLYN (CONT'D)**

Bree -- honey - please, we're

waiting for someone.

**BREE**

Arlyn, he just wanted to ask some questions -- something you could help us about.

**ARLYN**

Can't you see I'm strung out?

(cries out)

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

**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? -- Jane sent me a Dumper --

**ARLYN**

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

**BREE**

Arlyn, just tell me, did Jane have a dumper, one of her regular Johns?

**ARLYN**

What about him? Yes.

**BREE**

Did he come around often?

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.

**KLUTE**

Do you remember his name? What can you tell me about him?

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

**BERGER (O.S.)**

(shouts desperately)  
Arlyn, get them out.

**ARLYN**

Please, I am begging you.

**KLUTE**

It's important.

**ARLYN**

That's not the Dumper, that's all!  
He was an older man!

**KLUTE**

Can you give me any more  
description than that?

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 takes one look at Klute --

**ARLYN (CONT'D)**

It's all right, they're all right --

-- turns and runs.

**BERGER (O.S.)**

Cappy? -- 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 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. 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.

**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!  
(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 --

We DISSOLVE TO --

**INT. SUBWAY TRAIN: REFLECTION IN WINDOW OF BREE AND KLUTE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE**

CAMERA moves in closer so we only see reflection of BREE looking at herself and at the world seeming to speed by at an inhuman pace as the lights of the tunnel zoom past her face. What she sees is the figure of a woman with life screaming past her out of control.

**INT. SUBWAY**

SUBWAY slows to a stop and a door opens. BREE sits with KLUTE staring at the open door and then without warning - gets up and runs off the train. The door closes, leaving KLUTE locked in the train.

**SUBWAY EXIT**

SHOT of BREE's feet rushing up the stairs in darkness and then quick cut to her face as she hits the sunlight. She pauses for a moment - relieved to be out of the darkness.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF BREE'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

CAMERA pans from night view of New York City to KLUTE sitting on the rooftop alone as if trying to comprehend all he has seen, the mystery of TOM GRUNEMANN's disappearance in this world and the mysteries of the behavior of BREE.

**SKYLIGHT INTO BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Alongside of him the skylight of BREE's apartment lights up. He looks through the skylight and sees BREE enter her apartment. He can hear BREE talking to somebody, and then he sees that she is talking to FRANK LIGOURIN.

KLUTE watches through the skylight and hears bits and pieces of the scene between BREE and FRANK. He sees the same kind of symbiosis, the same kind of parody of loving that he saw between ARLYN & BERGER. As the scene becomes more intimate he leaves.

**INT. CABLE'S (CITY) OFFICE: ON KLUTE - DAY**

The pristine, antiseptic, elegance off CABLE'S office is in its own way as unreal and dehumanized as the sexual underworld KLUTE has been exploring with BREE, and KLUTE looks as out of place in the one as he does in the other. TRASK sits beside KLUTE facing CABLE who is impeccably dressed. He is the total image of the executive in control.

**CABLE**

She wouldn't be reliable anyhow --  
a narcotics addict.

**KLUTE**

I believed her, Pete.

**TRASK**

He's right you know. Waiting for  
the pusher, she'd tell you  
anything.

**KLUTE**

I believed her: the Dumper was not  
Tom Grunemann.

**CABLE**

All right, suppose it wasn't Tom  
Grunemann; where does that get you?

**KLUTE**

(smiles ruefully)  
It's where it doesn't get me. I've  
got nothing left that connects to  
anything.

**CABLE**

Then, close the case.

**KLUTE**

I better keep looking.

**CABLE**

Where, how?

**KLUTE**

(the best he can offer)

I could try Arlyn Page again. She saw much more of the Dumper than Bree Daniel.

**CABLE**

You just finished telling me she had nothing to offer. Not Tom, you said, the Dumper was clearly not Tom.

**KLUTE**

It's got to make sense some way.

CABLE'S SECRETARY appears for a moment tapping her watch significantly.

**SECRETARY**

Mr. Cable -- they are meeting in Mr. Camara's office.

**CABLE**

Yes Evvie, thanks. Gentlemen, I'm sorry.

They rise, dismissed. He sorts a paper or two, continues to Klute.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

I'm flying back out to Pennsylvania Friday; I'll fill them in on things.

**KLUTE**

How is it back there?

**CABLE**

I think you're homesick.

(reflects)

I'll be out at my camp over the weekend. Nice right now, that touch of fall in the air, that skim of frost in the early mornings, very peaceful.

(briskly again)

John, I'll be back here again Thursday; I'll be in touch. Lieutenant, thank you.

KLUTE and TRASK depart.

CABLE closes the door and returns to his desk. He

pulls out a tape recorder from a drawer in his desk, rewinds it and turns it on. We hear a playback of the previous scene with KLUTE and TRASK. He stands at the window listening with some satisfaction; as if listening to what KLUTE revealed keeps him in control of the situation.

**EXT. WINDOW - CABLE'S OFFICE - DAY**

The CAMERA pulls back from a CU of CABLE standing at the window to a wide angle looking at CABLE through the window. The window is 30 or 40 stories high. The wide angle lens almost makes the building look like it is standing on point, and CABLE, a man suspended in space.

**EXT. WIDE SHOT: DOCKS - DAY**

A TUGBOAT has pulled in. The SOUND of its heavy ENGINES, IDLING, runs underneath this entire sequence. A POLICE VEHICLE or two has parked at the head of the dock. We see several figures on the rear deck of the tug, but it's not clear at this distance what they're doing. The POLICE CAR WITH KLUTE arrives. He dismounts and proceeds from dock to tug-deck.

**EXT. TUGBOAT DECK: GROUP - DAY**

TRASK glances toward Klute as he arrives, but doesn't greet him. His attention, like the others, is directed downward and

off-scene (to the surface of the water actually, just outboard of the tug). We see beside Trask TWO Uniformed Cops (SUGARMAN and SPENCE) and DECKHANDS. And we hear, along with the throbbing of the engines, a stirring about of the water and a peculiar third noise -- rather commingled with the engines -- which we can't at first identify.

Klute joins the group, watches.

SPENCE brings into view, and shakes out, a giant neoprene body bag. INSTRUCTIONS among the group AD LIB, UNDER --

**TRASK**

(toward Klute)

They were bringing a freighter down through Kill Van Kull; propellers washed it up on top.

SUGARMAN brings into view a METAL BASKET attached with short ropes. He complains --

**SUGARMAN**

Why didn't you bring it up on deck?

**DECKHAND**

Would you bring it up on deck?

They slip the basket downward, out of frame (into the water).

**DECKHAND (CONT'D)**

(to other)

Mickey, get something. Get the eels off.

**SPENCE**

(calmly)

They'll drop off theirselves when she comes out.

We CUT TO -

**BERGER - DAY**

We see Berger sitting huddled against the tugboat cabin -- we haven't seen him before -- with his hands bunched in front of his mouth. We identify the noise which may have puzzled us before -- his **SOBBING**.

**DOWNSHOT: SURFAICE OF WATER, BASKET, BODY**

We catch a fleeting glimpse of the body being lifted, just before it breaks the surface of the water.

**FAVORING KLUTE**

Klute looks on as EFFECTS trace the processing of the body. SPENCE kneels down out of frame to slide the bag around it. TRASK kneels down to make a brief examination -- straightens again. To Klute --

**TRASK**

It'll go to the Examiner. But I don't see nothin that means nothin.

We MOVE WITH KLUTE as he turns and moves away a few feet along deck. Here he stands. Then SUGARMAN moves into view holding a clipboard. Routinely --

**SUGARMAN**

You help us with ID? We can't get nothin from him.

He indicates the direction of Berger. Klute examines the clipboard data.

**KLUTE**

Arlyn Page was probably an alias.  
She went by the names Terry Arlyn  
and June Price. She may have been  
from Pittsburgh, someone told me. I  
can give you a list of people who  
knew her, if that would help to --

**SUGARMAN**

No point, thanks.

**KLUTE**

Is he claiming the body?

**SUGARMAN**

Uh uh, that'd mean funeral  
expenses.

He spits, moves back in the direction of the group;  
Klute continues to stand. BERGER moves in his  
direction. Brokenly --

**BERGER**

Man could you help me?

Klute doesn't understand his purport, reacts  
instantly, sympathetically --

**KLUTE**

Yeah, what?

**BERGER**

You know, help me out. That's my  
baby there, dead. I got to get up.

Klute stares at him -- a quiet horror -- as Berger  
insists --

**BERGER (CONT'D)**

Man you don't know what that does  
to me, my baby dead --

**KLUTE**

-- You've got to get up.

**BERGER**

Yeah.

Klute shoves a bill in his hand, turns away very  
sharply, off the tugboat.

**EXT. DOCK: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute walks a longer distance this time, sits down  
on one of the pilings of the dock. Watching him we

see what might be a profound awe and grief at all these things -- but is, in fact, a good deal more.

EFFECTS, O.S. as Police Vehicles are loaded, driven away and as tug toots, runs up engines, puts out again.

TRASK moves into scene, sits on another piling, looks at him speculatively. Silence. Then --

**TRASK**

That's how the other one died, you know. In the water.

**KLUTE**

(nods)  
I looked it up.

Then -- (we are assuming a complete understanding here between Klute and Trask, non-verbal. What Trask is asking, in effect, is: is this meaningful? Do we both suspect the same man?)

**TRASK**

Well?

**KLUTE**

Yeah.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

It is late afternoon, but BREE is in her pajamas curled up in her bed. There are some magazines scattered around the bed and the television set is on an old movie. There are cracker crumbs in the bed and a cup of coffee and an open jar of peanut butter with the knife sticking out of the jar on the floor by the bed. It would seem that BREE has spent most of the day in bed. She looks like an unkempt child. The phone is ringing, but she does not answer it. The phone no sooner stops than the door bell rings. Reluctantly she gets out of bed and goes to the door. She looks through the spy hole and sees Klute's face. She undoes two locks and an obviously new chain and bolt and opens the door.

**BREE**

Well hello -- come on in.

He barely enters the room. His manner is cool and remote.

**KLUTE**

I thought you ought to know, Arlyn  
Page is dead.

**BREE**

How?

**KLUTE**

The same as Jane McKenna.

**BREE**

(she betrays no reaction)

Thanks for the jolly news. I  
thought maybe you'd left town by  
now. You kind of just disappeared.  
But you boys from Tuscarora have a  
habit of disappearing, don't you?

Klute looks around the disorderly room. The plants  
in the windowsill have never been in worse shape.  
They look as if she deliberately let them die of  
thirst.

**KLUTE**

The next few weeks I would like to  
know where you are all the time.

**BREE**

(harshly)

Why?

**KLUTE**

Just let me know when you are going  
out and where --

**BREE**

What if i go out on tricks - you  
wanna come along? You could sit and  
read the National Geographic.

**KLUTE**

How can you do it to yourself?

**BREE**

(coolly)

I don't get you.

**KLUTE**

Ligourin: How could you do it?

**BREE**

I told you before, you wouldn't  
understand.

**KLUTE**

You're right, I don't understand.  
Explain it to me.

(pause)

You were scared. Arlyn Page, that



scared you. Well it should; that's death.  
So what did you do, you ran straight for it, death. Ligourin kills women.

**BREE**

No.

**KLUTE**

No, no you're right, I'm sorry. He uses women; he lets them kill themselves. Is that how you want it?

**BREE**

Arlyn was a junkie; I'm not on junk!

**KLUTE**

No, you can find some other way.  
(beat)  
Explain it to me. Bree, show me any sense to --

**BREE**

(screams, incoherently)  
You get the Christ out! You dumb stupid bastard, you don't know anything, you square, you get out! I don't have to show you anything; you get out!

Klute goes.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The empty apartment. He enters, switches a light on (dusk), tosses aside jacket, bookcase, etc., then sits down on the edge of his bed, with one foot propped up on it.

FOOTSTEPS and A RAP at the door. He looks up, but doesn't move, doesn't answer. BREE opens it, enters. There are tear-tracks down her face, but she's no longer crying. She tries to smile, tries to explain her wants. Then with the unhurried, graven composure of absolute desperation, she sits on the edge of the bed.

**BREE**

If I asked you something, would you not laugh? -- asked you to look at something?

She 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. Judiciously --

He shows her a spot or two on his own forearm. She compares, is reassured. Embarrassedly, she tries to smile. It is unsuccessful. She gets up and moves about. Her manner in general is totally unguarded, honest, undramatic, searching.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Look -- I hate everybody; and I'm  
sorry for everybody; and I'm scared  
all the time.

He only grunts. A sound like 'OK' or 'all right' -- an invitation to leave. But she won't be driven away. More urgently, helplessly:

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Look, I don't know either. It's  
like the only thing I know how to  
do -- I feel safe.

She's left the door a little ajar. He widens it for her.

**KLUTE**

It's been a full day.

She pushes it out of his hand, pushes it shut. A little more angrily:

**BREE**

Please.

**KLUTE**

We did this before.

**BREE**

No.

(then)

Well all right. But you want to and  
I want you to and we both know it  
and all right.

**KLUTE**

(evenly, slowly)

I don't like getting splashed.

She accepts it decently. Tries to smile again,  
nods.

**BREE**

**OK ----- OK**

She gestures, tries to find something more to say,  
moves by degrees toward the door -- and would  
succeed in leaving. But then:

**KLUTE**

--- Bree ---

Standing still, she starts again to cry -- and  
bravely to keep the crying to herself. The child  
bereft. He contends with himself, then crosses to  
her, puts his arms around her, soothes her hair. A  
completely asexual gesture at this point, a giving  
of comfort. She clings, trembles, burrows. Then --  
a SERIES OF DISSOLVES: The street outside, at  
different times of night interposed, with Bree and  
Klute at different times of love, As Follows:

**EXT. THE STREET - DAY**

The street as we saw it just previously... still  
daylight... still somewhat populated, but drawing  
toward dusk.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BREE, KLUTE - NIGHT**

Darkness now, or close to dark; the room heavily  
shadowed. Bree and Klute sit together on the bed.  
He still strokes her hair. He has pulled a blanket  
around her shoulders. The transaction is still not  
overtly sexual, but the tenderness is more overt.  
He rubs his cheek against her forehead. She herself  
is quieter, comforted. She begins to stir against  
him.

**DISSOLVE:**

**EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT**

The street at night. Eleven o'clock, let's say.  
Some lit windows; a single car moving past.

**DISSOLVE:**

**EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT**

All the windows dark this time. The deepest night,  
just before the sky begins to lighten.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BREE, KLUTE - NIGHT**

Klute is asleep -- more or less -- on his stomach. Bree beside him lies awake. She trails her fingers about his back. A rather tentative, exploratory business. Her expression is more wondering than anything else -- what does she have here, and can she get used to it?

**DISSOLVE:**

**EXT. THE STREET - DAY (DAWN)**

The street's first stirrings. From not far off, the sounds of trash cans being collected.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BREE, KLUTE - DAY (DAWN)**

Klute half sits up in bed. Bree is fast asleep with her head pillowed on his midsection. Some humor in this shot: he wants to move but doesn't want to wake her. At a point he risks it, reaches out for something beside the bed. Her eyes open immediately. He puts his hand on her face, trying gently to press her back.

**KLUTE**

Go back to sleep.

But she takes his hand -- and retains it -- rolls onto her back. Still relaxed, but a little more separate, thoughtful -- a mixture of the Bree we've seen before and the Bree we've glimpsed, the possible Bree. She observes:

**BREE**

I'm still scared.

(beat)

I mean different but still.

(frowns)

Look, I made it very clear from the start, you're a yokel, you don't excite me, you don't even interest me, and so I only have one question which is what the hell are you doing in my bed?

**KLUTE**

My bed.

She grins, then starts to reach for him, still receptive -- then feels another (and genuine) pang,

turns her head away sharply.

**BREE**

Oh!

He looks at her with concern, but only caresses her. She manages to explain --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

I am scared. The things I do. The things I could do to you.

**KLUTE**

Mm.

**BREE**

No, not just 'mm'. You don't know what I --

He settles himself beside her, makes overtures. She responds, but:

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Oh boy, say, you think you're pretty good.

**KLUTE**

Yup.

She pretends to bite -- they tussle -- she feels a suddenly growing excitement, seizes him. Fiercely, welcomingly, full out.

**BREE**

Oh --

And we cut directly to:

**INT. SPANGLER'S OFFICE: BREE, SPANGLER - DAY**

Bree standing, angry, antagonistic, demanding. In a way -- a Bree-like way -- she's seized psychiatry by the throat.

**BREE**

The son of a bitch seduced me!

She waits. Spangler says nothing.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

I know: it's ridiculous. But it's tearing me up and I don't know why. And look, all right, I came here didn't I? And if I have to, I'll keep coming here, the works, and talk about my mummy and my daddy

and I'll even pay for it, but will  
you kindly for God's sakes say  
something?

**SPANGLER**

(smiles)  
I'd just be guessing.

**BREE**

Guess!

**SPANGLER**

Maybe this wasn't just a trick.  
Maybe you're in danger of real  
love, real involve --

**BREE**

(primly, distinctly)  
I do not love him.

**SPANGLER**

(undeterred, suggests)  
You've spent your life avoiding  
this. You'll try hard to deny it;  
you're quite likely to destroy it.

**WE CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE PLAZA OF LINCOLN CENTER**

Sunlight is beaming on the graceful fountains and  
elegant architecture.  
Groups of cheerful tourists are admiring the  
civilized monuments to man's search for culture.  
CAMERA pans to ugly street across the way revealing  
Klute approaching and entering a dingy warehouse  
topped by an absurdly placed copy of the Statue of  
Liberty. This is the municipal storehouse.

**INT. MUNICIPAL STOREHOUSE - DAY**

The abrupt cut from the bright sunlight leaves us  
in almost total darkness as we follow KLUTE. We are  
in a huge storeroom. As we grow accustomed to the  
darkness we see bits and pieces of incongruous  
objects scattered along Klute's path - old pieces  
of furniture, lamps, piggy banks, etc. - the  
remnants of the lives of the plundered, the  
destroyed and the dispossessed. Some is stolen  
property, some evidence for homicide cases, and  
some the unclaimed possessions of the unclaimed  
dead.

A CUSTODIAN -- an ancient retainer sort, a civil  
servant, leads KLUTE into an old elevator cage.

**INT. ELEVATOR**

Klute and Custodian as elevator ascends; looking up the elevator shaft through the open cage we see a series of doors hanging over space seeming to lead nowhere. The whole sequence has the feeling of a dream of being lost in a black limbo.

Klute and Custodian leave elevator on higher floor and walk down the long very low corridor past rows of locked vault doors. The Custodian stops at one and opens it. We are in a small dungeon-like room filled with banks of files from floor to ceiling. The Custodian counts to himself --

**CUSTODIAN**

Four -- five -- what number'd I say?

**KLUTE**

Four ninety-seven, Jane McKenna

Custodian finds it, unlocks for Klute's inspection. Reaches for paper Klute's holding.

**CUSTODIAN**

-- And I keep the authorization, please.

**KLUTE**

I thought there'd be more.

Klute pokes through a small collection of personal effects -- perhaps an ankle bracelet, rabbits foot, faded snapshot of a child, some letters, pitiful remnants of Jane McKenna's life. Klute closes the drawer, and the front of the drawer is marked McKENNA, JANE?

Over the visual material of Klute's trip through the warehouse we hear WILD TRACK VOICE OVER bits and pieces of BREE talking with the psychiatrist.

**BREE (V.O.)**

All right. Loneliness.

(space)

Well -- separated. From other people. Forgotten.

(space)

Well, as if I can be here, I can go through the motions, right? But the truth is, I don't belong.

**SPANGLER (V.O.)**

(prompts mildly)

Don't belong?

**BREE (V.O.)**

(snappishly)

Do you always have to repeat?

**SPANGLER (V.O.)**

Sorry.

(then)

**BREE (V.O.)**

Well it's more than loneliness.  
Hate. People hating me -- and  
watching me and following and  
waiting to hurt me -- you know? I'm  
all screwed up.

**SPANGLER (V.O.)**

You think people hate you.

**BREE (V.O.)**

The truth is I hate them: they must  
hate me. All right, the money.

(pause)

All right, not the money. A kind of  
put-on.

It gets things back together.

(pause)

Well let's say I'd go to one of  
these 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, brought down. They didn't  
want me.

**SPANGLER (V.O.)**

Didn't want you.

**BREE (V.O.)**

(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.

(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  
safe -- you know?

**INT. PROJECTION ROOM - MISSING PERSONS BUREAU**

On the left a portion of the original obscene  
letter. On the right a series of comparison  
documents -- beginning with a portion of a personal  
letter. We hear TRASK'S, KLUTE'S VOICES OVER, and  
occasionally cut to them as --

**TRASK'S VOICE**

(skipping, summarizing)  
All right, there's Tom Grunemann,  
you're right, different margins,  
different spacing absolutely,  
sloppy, right.

**KLUTE'S VOICE**

Mm.

**TRASK'S VOICE**

All right, try this next guy.

The right-hand document is switched.

**KLUTE, TRASK**

Klute reacts.

**TRASK**

Think this is our guy?

**KLUTE**

I don't know. It looks familiar to  
me.

**TRASK**

Thought it might. It's off an  
arrest report you typed two years  
ago. Man you wanted samples of  
everybody.

Then -- with subdued satisfaction, switching the  
projector again.

**TRASK (CONT'D)**

Now the next cat. Mm?

**SCREEN; DOCUMENTS**

**TRASK'S VOICE**

Same margins top and sides. He does best with his middle fingers; you get fainter registration from outside keys like Q, A, L, P and like that. Next thing look around apostrophes, how he hits the space bar before --

**KLUTE & TRASK - STARING AT PROJECTIONS**

**KLUTE**

But what reason could he have? What possible reason?

**TRASK**

Unless he was involved with Grunemann's disappearance.

**KLUTE**

I knew Tom never wrote that letter.

**TRASK**

What else do you know?

**KLUTE**

I never could believe that Tom was a split personality. I never believed he was a Dumper; and I don't believe he disappeared of his own volition; and I don't believe he's alive.

**TRASK**

We have some very tentative circumstantial evidence of freeky behavior, but there's no evidence of murder - there's not even a body.

**KLUTE**

I don't believe Tom's alive.

As Klute talks he paces back and forth in the darkness. He crosses in front of the lighted screen; the letters projected on the screen ripple over his face.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

But why? Why?

**INT. MISSING PERSONS BUREAU**

Klute and Trask are seen entering from the Projection Room. In the background we see an old

black woman sitting in front of the picture file of unidentified dead, carefully studying each picture.

In the foreground Klute sits down at a phone and dials.

**KLUTE**

Yes, Mr. Cable's office, please.

CAMERA goes in close on Klute.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

(through telephone)

John, how are you?

**KLUTE**

I'll be sending you on a report tonight.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

It's a beautiful day in Tuscarora -  
I don't envy you that humidity in  
the city.

**KLUTE**

It's not so bad.

There is a silence. Both Klute and Cable seem to be waiting for one or the other to make the next move.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Would you like to know what's in  
it? The report.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

(obligingly)

What's in it?

**KLUTE**

I think Tom Grunemann's dead. I've  
been a lot of places - I've asked a  
lot of people. I've found no proof  
he's around. I've found no proof he  
was ever around.

**CABLE VOICE**

How do you go from that to the idea  
Tom's dead? Suicide you're  
suggesting? He killed himself?

**KLUTE**

(plodding, unemphatic)

He could've been murdered.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

I'm sure the FBI and the Police

explored that possibility.

**KLUTE**

No. They never did, really. But that's what I'm going to recommend. The next step. Unless something --

**CABLE'S VOICE**

Have you discussed this with them?

**KLUTE**

It's in the report.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

Do they have the report? Have you discussed it with them?

**KLUTE**

I wanted to give it to you first.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

All right. All right --

(then)

John, just sit tight will you? I'll read your report, I'll discuss it with the others. I'll be back next Thursday, we'll talk the whole thing over then. Nothing til Thursday, all right?

**KLUTE**

All right.

**CABLE'S VOICE**

Thank you. Goodbye, John.

**KLUTE**

Goodbye, Pete.

Klute hangs up.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

He was always at their house on holidays. Tom and Holly always had him, over on holidays. Tom felt sorry for him - his whole life was work. Tom felt sorry for him.

The old black lady motions to Trask who crosses to her. She points to a picture in the file. She has obviously found her missing person among the photographs of the unidentified dead. She starts to stand but then sits again, obviously shaken. Klute crosses to her and gently helps her out of the chair. He sees in her face the same sense of loss he feels for his friend.

**EXT. OUTDOOR MARKETS - EIGHT AVENUE - NIGHT**

**KLUTE & BREE**

Bree examining and feeling fruit in some imitation of a very shrewd and experienced housewife shopper. She is obviously enjoying her sense of domesticity, and Klute is amused by her enjoyment.

**OUTDOOR NURSERY - EIGHT AVENUE - NEXT TO MARKET**

The nursery is an absurdly cheerful spot of greenery in the midst of the dirty chaos of the avenue.

Klute and Bree wander through the plants.

**BREE**

I saw Mr. Faber.

(beat)

You remember Mr. Faber, don't you?

**KLUTE**

(controlledly)

Yeah.

**BREE**

Is that all you have to say?

**KLUTE**

What am I supposed to say?

**BREE**

Well, I told him I wouldn't - uh - go there any more.

(pause)

I know it's tough to understand, but it wasn't easy. You see, he was nice to me. I mean, it wasn't just him. I got something out of it too I guess. Anyway, I told him I wouldn't go there anymore.

She is like a child awaiting praise from her teacher. Klute says nothing. They continue walking among the plants and he picks up a few that she had admired.

**KLUTE**

Well, here's your gold star.

Considering his contempt for all the dead plant life he has seen in her apartment in the past, she is pleased by this act of belief in her.

**BREE**

Spangler says we have a relationship.

**KLUTE**

What?

**BREE**

You and I -- a relationship.

**KLUTE**

I was wondering what that was.

**BREE**

(beat)

Hell there's nothing so mysterious about the square life.

**EXT. BROWNSTONE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT**

Bree, Klute approach unhurriedly along the sidewalk. She is holding his arm, HUMS to herself, enjoys the evening.

**INT. STAIRWALL - NIGHT**

We follow them up.

**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 at the rear window which has been broken inward in a litter of glass -- then returns 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**

He 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.

He turns quickly. 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, slaps her hand over her mouth, starts for the bathroom. Klute yanks her back.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Stay out of there.

She twists free of his hands, backs away. The same elementary terror we've seen before.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Listen to me: It's all right. I've been expecting something.

**BREE**

(full out, vengefully)

My God, I thought it was over. And here I am, daddy, right back at the start.

**KLUTE**

Bree --

**BREE**

Right back at the start, right?

**KLUTE**

Go down in my room.

**BREE**

You said it was over, right? You  
said not to worry any more, all  
over, right?

She's broken for the door; it's questionable that  
she's even heard him. He hasn't time to pursue --  
shouts again --

**KLUTE**

Go down in my room and wait.

Then he turns back into the apartment.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A DOWNSHOT TO UNDERPANTS (as if from Klute's POV,  
connecting directly to the previous shot) -- then a  
FLASHBULB goes off and a hand and pair of tongs  
enter frame and flip the garment into a collecting  
box and we widen to reveal that it's now daylight  
and the scene has been invaded by POLICE  
TECHNICIANS. One is a photographer; another, a  
fingerprint man, is spraying surfaces with a can of  
fixative. In the foreground Klute and Trask are  
talking with Ross, the FBI man. Ross is looking  
through a dossier on Cable that Klute has compiled.  
Over the following conversation we show CLOSEUPS of  
material in the dossier. It contains photographs of  
Cable and his life from childhood to the present -  
including pictures of him with his mother and  
father - she a very dominant looking lady and he a  
very passive looking man;  
also graduation pictures and pictures with his  
former wife taken when he was still a very young  
man. They are the personal images of a life time.

**ROSS**

(to Klute)

But if Cable killed Grunemann why  
would he get you hired to look for  
Grunemann?

**KLUTE**

Because he knew I couldn't leave  
the case alone. And this way at  
least he'd keep track of it. And  
me.

**ROSS**

What about Grunemann's letters to



the girl, everything like that?

**TRASK**

Cable's letters, Cable's phone calls. Cable's everything else. He's been a Dumper a long time. He just passed off his own peculiar habits on the other man -- it kept things goin'.

**ROSS**

OK, pretend I believe you. Tell me how you get an indictment.

**TRASK**

Can't. Yet. Oh we got everythin' else: first rate evidence Cable typed those dumper letters to Bree Daniel. And Jane McKenna: Klute found a couple in her personal remains. We got dates of Cable's trips here coincidin' with phone calls to Bree Daniel, also the dates of death of McKenna and Page. We got some hints of his personal history. His father, unsuccessful salesman, committed suicide when he was 13. His mother pinned all her hopes on her son. He won a national science youth award at the age of eight. They had no money, but she hired special tutors for him in the summer time. She saw a good thing. He graduated from high school at 14 -- college at 16 -- no friends -- The kids in his class thought of him as a freak. He got his Ph.D. at 18 -- married at age 21 to his then employer's daughter. The marriage lasted 4 weeks. Her father had it annulled. She says he was impotent. World War II he got in bad trouble about a German girl, no details. We think we know why he killed Grunemann -- he found out Cable was a dumper; Cable couldn't take that. We think we know why he killed McKenna -- she wanted to blackmail him for it. All fine. But we got no body, no direct witnesses, we can't go any-damn-where.

**KLUTE**

That's the reason i told him we had no evidence Tom was still alive. We wanted to shake him into another

phone call or another letter. It didn't work out just that way.

The Technicians, meanwhile have packed to depart. The first Technician scoops the torn up photographs into another collecting box. Trask retrieves the company outing photograph.

**TRASK**

Gov, want to leave me that one. How come he got to play with this one, anyway.

**KLUTE**

I left them here. I was doing some work here.

Trask eyes Klute for a moment, as if a querying his relationship with Bree. Klute is clearly unresponsive. Trask resumes.

**TRASK**

It's damn lucky you didn't have the dossier on Cable here.

**KLUTE**

Nobody's seen that.

**TRASK**

If we get anything from the lab, we'll have it by noon. And just think -- all he really had to do was write us a letter.

**ROSS**

Sounds to me you better shake him again. Put him in a spot he has to do something more -- but this time give him a time and a place to do it.

**KLUTE**

He called this morning from Tuscarora. Asked me to meet him at 3:00 at the downtown heliport. He's on his way to Chicago.

**TRASK**

He sure chalks up a lot of flight time.

Klute starts gathering his papers we CUT TO --

**INT. STAIRWELL: BREE - DAY**

Bree coming up the stairs meets the Technicians

coming down -- stands aside to let them pass -- starts up again and comes face to face with Klute. On her part we see a wish to be reconciled -- a shyness mixed with defiance -- but Klute's manner is arduous. 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)

Can I go in? I need some stuff.

He nods; she starts by. Then --

**KLUTE**

Where'd you spend last night?

**BREE**

With Trina.

**KLUTE**

I called Trina.

**BREE**

Maybe I wasn't there when you called.

**KLUTE**

Bree, what's actually happened? It wasn't that bad.

**BREE**

(cuts in harshly)

How do you know how bad it was?

**KLUTE**

Why couldn't you stay here with me?

**BREE**

Because I didn't want to be touched! I didn't think you'd get that!

Pause. Then, evenly --

**KLUTE**

Trask wants to talk with you.

She starts on, then turns back toward him -- rather pleadingly --

**BREE**

Hey -- look officer -- I can explain everything. It was just -- you know, everything all of a --

**KLUTE**

Trask wants to talk with you.

She continues on up; Klute continues down.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Entering without greeting Trask (his manner is not uncivil but simply neutral, unreacting, Cop-like) she quickly gathers up a few properties, a change of shoes.

**TRASK**

Miss Daniel, be sensible, you find another place till we get things cleaned up.

**BREE**

(brightly)

Oh well that shouldn't take you more than another, oh, two and a half or three years, should it?

**TRASK**

A few more days. We know who did this.

**BREE**

So do I.

**TRASK**

No, not Grunemann. He's dead. The man that killed him -- also prob'ly Jane McKenna, also Arlyn Page.

She spins around -- mute -- terrified.

**BREE**

(manages)

Arlyn and Jane committed suicide. He said they committed suicide.

**TRASK**

Now there's a picture I'd like you to --

**BREE**

You said someone killed them, you  
said you know who, you said that.

**TRASK**

Well we're pretty --

**BREE**

Why isn't he locked up?

**TRASK**

We don't want to just lock him up;  
we want a conviction, we wanted him  
to do something more.

**BREE**

Is that why Klute didn't tell me?

**TRASK**

I guess he figured it was better.

**BREE**

What was better? I made better  
bait?

**TRASK**

No, that's not --

**BREE**

Is that what he set me up for?  
Everything he's told me from the  
beginning? -- don't worry, don't --

**TRASK**

(coldly)

From the beginning I don't know why  
the hell he's messin with you. If  
he was me he'd know better. If he  
was even a city boy he'd know  
better. You're a whore Miss Daniel,  
that's the truth of it, right? Now  
somethin I'd like you to look at.

**BREE**

I don't have to look at anything. I  
don't have --

**TRASK**

Here please.

He coerces her to the table and unrolls the Company  
outing picture. (We see the rip extending up  
through the image of Tom Grunemann in the front  
row.)

**BREE**

Oh no.

**TRASK**

Like for you to look for the man.

**BREE**

Grunemann? I've looked at him a --

Trask has clamped his thumb over the torn image of Grunemann, indicates with the other hand --

**TRASK**

No. Not Grunemann. The Dumper. Just look around -- I said look for the Dumper.

We see her comply -- her eyes moving over the rows of faces. Then we see her stiffen, hear her gasp --

**BREE**

Oh! --

-- and WE CUT TO --

**INT. DOWNTOWN HELIPORT - DAY**

Cable welcomes Klute. His outer manner is warm, voluble, congratulatory --

**CABLE**

Sorry we had to meet here. But I'm pressed for time.

**KLUTE**

Well there's a couple --

**CABLE**

I read your report. I had to go along with it -- the idea of this being a wild goose chase, Tom being nowhere around --

**KLUTE**

Well as a matter of --

**CABLE**

I've been up country, you know my summer place, my camp. I don't even have a telephone there. This morning they sent a messenger out, that you'd been trying to call me.

**KLUTE**

Yeah.

**CABLE**

I'm on my way to Chicago. Very

important meeting tonight. Well --  
any new developments?

**KLUTE**

Yeah, two things Pete, that --

**CABLE**

You said Trask was arranging  
laboratory work. Police laboratory.  
Anything from that?

**KLUTE**

Yeah. It wasn't Tom.

**CABLE**

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

**KLUTE**

It wasn't Tom that broke in the  
room.

**CABLE**

It has to be Tom. You said he  
ripped up his own pictures, he --

**KLUTE**

Not Tom. Whoever it was left a kind  
of souvenir, I told you, in her  
clothing. Semen. The laboratory got  
a blood group reading from that.  
The man was blood type O; Tom was  
an AB.

**CABLE**

(slowly)

Some mistake perhaps that --

**KLUTE**

No. No mistake Pete. It doesn't  
prove who it was -- but proves it  
wasn't Tom.

**CABLE**

You must be discouraged.

**KLUTE**

(prosaically)

Not too bad. This brings back that  
Dumper in the picture.

**CABLE**

That who?

**KLUTE**

Dumper, the man Bree Daniel  
mentioned and Arlyn Page knew and

Jane McKenna knew.

**CABLE**

You said he was no possible connection with Tom. The Page girl told you that, not Tom.

**KLUTE**

Someone's been doing all these things.

**CABLE**

You were hired to look for Tom, not someone.

**KLUTE**

Pete, I've got a chance to buy Jane McKenna's black book.

**CABLE**

What?

**KLUTE**

Call-girls generally keep a book, you know, a list of their clients. Sometimes, if a girl retires, she'll even sell it worth good money. Jane McKenna had a black book; when she died it was stolen. I've been after it a long time.

**CABLE**

You were hired to look for Tom.

**KLUTE**

I'm meeting a man tomorrow night. He wants to meet me on East-River Drive -- he wants five hundred dollars for the book. Can you get that for me Pete?

Sometime -- right along about now -- it privately comes to Cable that Klute may know everything and that he, Cable, may be being trapped.

**CABLE**

I can't follow you.

**KLUTE**

Will the Company put up five hundred dollars to get Jane McKenna's list of clients?

**CABLE**

No. It's ridiculous. This has nothing to do with Tom Grunemann.



**KLUTE**

(shrugs, stolidly)  
It probably has the Dumper's name.  
It might give us some kind of new  
lead.

(beat)  
I want a look at it anyhow.

**CABLE**

Klute, the Company's interest is  
Tom Grunemann. Solely and  
exclusively. You say you can't find  
Tom; all right, I'll see that  
you're paid off; the case is  
closed.

**KLUTE**

All right, but I'm going to see  
that list.

HELICOPTER FLIGHT is announced over loud speaker  
and Cable and Klute walk onto field.

**EXT. HELICOPTER FIELD**

People are boarding helicopter.

**CABLE**

Why would they deal with you? You  
don't know these people.

Klute is momentarily at a loss -- not a question  
he'd prepared for -- improvises.

**KLUTE**

No, but Bree does. She's  
negotiating for me. Bree Daniel.

Cable takes an instant to compute the thing. Then --

**CABLE**

I can talk it over; possibly I can  
get the money. When are you meeting  
the man?

**KLUTE**

Tomorrow evening, nine. East River  
Drive and 73rd Street.

**CABLE**

Suppose I meet you there a half  
hour before.

**KLUTE**

Just send me a money order.

**CABLE**

No, I'd -- like to be in on it.

ATTENDANT comes over to motion Cable onto the helicopter.

Klute smiles awkwardly, raises his hand in a goodbye gesture.

**KLUTE**

Well --

**CABLE**

Tomorrow. See you tomorrow night.

**INT. HELICOPTER**

Cable sits down next to window. The helicopter begins to rise. CAMERA goes into a medium close shot of Cable against the helicopter window. The helicopter ascends in front of a very tall office building made up of endless glass squares. A telephoto lens brings the glass squares of the building directly against Cable's head and shoulders giving us the feeling that Cable is almost levitating by himself. As one floor after another disappears behind him we see an almost manic exultation in Cable's face; as if he is on top of things once more.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE - DAY**

We bring Klute along street, and into the Brownstone.

**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 himself, enters.

**INT. BREE'S 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. 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 do this.

He still doesn't extract an answer. She returns with other dresses.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Please. I said I don't want you to do this.

**BREE**

(tight, small)

Trask said I should move. 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)

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? I mean we're all grown up now, right?

(ventures forward)  
-- 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. But you got to respect her  
too -- you know, her best  
interests, best for her --

Klute hits him, pursues, recovers, and starts to  
beat him. BLOOD thickly descends the side of  
Frank's face, as he struggles away. Bree is  
screaming. Bree grabs at him from behind. He  
thrusters 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 stairs as Klute arrives in  
the doorframe, 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 start's out after him -- Frank vaults away  
down the stairs -- we hear him stumbling and  
running -- Klute faces sharply around into the  
apartment.

**INT. BREE'S 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.

**KLUTE**

(indistinctly)

Please --

**TWO SHOT**

She swings about as he overtakes her, holding a  
pair of scissors -- simply and transcendently  
terrified. She strikes at him, slashing his  
forearm. He and she stand in absolute silence. He  
looks down at the stain of blood spreading through  
the fabric of his jacket sleeve. Then he turns out  
of the room and down the stairs.

**EXT. BREE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Klute comes out of door -- goes down steps to his own apartment. A passerby stops him for directions and doesn't seem to notice the blood on his sleeve. Klute goes into his apartment.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE - DAY**

Bree is in the middle of dialing the phone. Her hands are shaking; she misdials -- holds down the receiver for a moment then starts again.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute stands in silence for a moment or two -- then takes rather more note of his forearm. (Not urgently but practically; it behooves him to stop bleeding.) He turns toward the bathroom, pulling his jacket off with the other hand.

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: BREE - DAY**

Bree speaks to the phone, trying to make a simple point, trying to keep her voice even.

**BREE**

-- until he gets back.

(beat)

Yes I heard you, I understand that.

I said I'm going to come over, I'll wait until he gets back.

She hangs up before the other party can object in detail -- takes up her purse and goes out, not even closing the door behind her.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute has knotted a hand-towel around his forearm, now uses teeth and fingers to pull the ends tight. Then -- intending to clean up -- he takes up a washcloth, reaches for the faucet --

**EXT. BREE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Bree comes out of door - goes down steps - hesitates in front of Klute's apartment struggling with the question of whether to knock. CAMERA pulls back to reveal we are watching her through the windshield of a car in the parking lot across the street. CAMERA pulls back further to reveal the back of Cable's head as he sits in the car watching her. Bree starts to knock on Klute's door but stops herself and walks down the street. Cable's head moves out of the shot. We hear the sound of the car

door opening and closing. Through the windshield we see Cable cross in front of the car and start to follow Bree down the street.

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute finishes mopping up. SOUND OF TELEPHONE. He turns back out of the bathroom and answers it.

**KLUTE**

Hello?

(listens, then soberly - )

Trask, I don't get that.

**EXT. STREET: BREE - DAY**

Bree is about a quarter block away from the Brownstone now, hurrying. She waves in the direction of a cab, misses it, continues on. We CUT TO --

**EXT. STREET: CABLE - DAY**

Cable stands looking after her, hesitates over choice of action, decides to follow.

**EXT. STREET: FIGURES: PAST BREE TO CABLE - DAY**

We establish the distance between them -- Cable 100 or so feet behind her, unnoticed by her, maintaining about the same pace, not -- at this point -- trying to overtake (perhaps waiting for less populated surroundings) We CUT BACK TO --

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute continues his phone conversation, short spoken.

**KLUTE**

Who told you, his secretary?

(listens)

Has someone checked his hotel? He always stays at the --

(then)

I'll look around, I'll call you back.

He hangs up. First he checks out the windows (but - if we want to be accurate - from mid room, without directly approaching the windows themselves). Then he secures a pistol from his jacket (and folds the jacket itself over his arm to conceal it, as a matter of public decorum), and goes on out.

**INT. STAIRWELL: KLUTE - DAY**

Klute's manner, over the next few minutes, exhibits an absolute, untheatrical, care and competence. A man -- Cable -- may in fact be hiding here somewhere to kill him. He sets about checking the likely places -- first of all the lower hallway, then the stairwell itself, moving steadily unalarmedly up.

At the top he notes -- but still without main concern that Bree's door is open. He calls ahead --

**KLUTE**

Bree --

**INT. BREE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - DAY**

He enters, puzzles, starts checking around (quite thoroughly; she might be hiding from him). We CUT BACK TO --

**EXT. STREETS: BREE; FIGURE OF CABLE - DAY**

Bree moves past CONSTRUCTION WORK, through one of those temporary pedestrian passageways. Behind her, nearer than before we see the FIGURE OF CABLE.

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

Klute comes quickly back downstairs, back into his room, takes up the phone. Through the still-open door we watch him begin dialing -- then CUT TO --

**INT. SPANGLER'S (OUTER) OFFICE - DAY**

Bree sits isolated on the waiting-room couch. She may have been here for fifteen minutes -- or an hour. She turns the pages of a magazine -- one handed, without even lifting it from the coffee table, with an absolute lack of interest, a mechanical gesture.

We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching directly toward where we are watching Bree sit.

**LELA (O.S.)**

Mrs. Daniel --

**WIDER - TWO SHOT**

Bree looks up in a kind of frozen terror, as the Secretary smiles nicely -- lovingly down at her.

**LELA**

-- I have to close up now. Leave your name and number with his

message service, Mrs. Daniel, and  
why don't you just go home and wait  
until he --

**BREE**

No.

**LELA**

Well I have to close up now.

**BREE**

Look -- could I use your phone?

**LELA**

Yes indeed.

**BREE**

Look. I almost killed my -- I  
almost killed someone.

**LELA**

(the same tone,  
completely)

Well I'm certain Doctor Spangler  
will want to talk with you; excuse  
me.

Bree moves to the desk and telephone. But we move  
with the Secretary as she moves into Spangler's  
inner office and switches out the lights  
(establishing TIME CHANGE: dusk now) and as we  
hear, O.S., the sound of DIALING and BREE'S VOICE --

**BREE (O.S.)**

Is Mr. Faber there?

(beat)

Mr. Faber Senior.

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING: FABER'S OFFICE: FABER - DAY  
(NIGHT)**

Mr. Faber's phone buzzes; he picks it up.

**FABER**

Yes?

(then, glancing about)

Bree?

**INT. SPANGLER (OUTER) OFFICE: BREE ON PHONE - DAY  
(NIGHT)**

**BREE**

(haltingly)

-- I'm -- I just have to talk to  
someone. I'm just a little way  
across town --



**FABER, ON PHONE (OFFICE)**

**FABER**

Yes - yes dear, yes -- maybe half  
an hour, sure, yes.

He hangs up. An ancient stirring, a kind of triumph. He glances about, then tightens his tie. Then it comes to him, after all -- he takes note of himself -- he leans forward against his desk and rubs his forehead with old bony fingers. We CUT TO

-

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT - DAY (NIGHT)**

KLUTE on phone.

**KLUTE**

Trina, will you call me if you hear from, her? Will you check other people she might call? Yeah, if it wasn't trouble I wouldn't ask you.

He hangs up, immediately starts to dial again, then pauses to check a list he's laid out by the telephone. While he's doing this, his PHONE RINGS.

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Yeah?

(then)

Nothing yet, Trask; I'm going down the list. I've tried Spangler's office and Spangler's home; I just get his message service. I'll keep--

(interrupted -- listens --  
then -- grimly)

I may have steered Cable that way. I told him Bree was dealing for me, for Jane McKenna's book. Have you found any --

He is interrupted again -- Trask wasting no words on his end of things -- nods once --

**KLUTE (CONT'D)**

Yeah.

-- and depresses the receiver just long enough to clear the connection, and starts dialing again --  
We CUT TO --

**INT. STAIRWAY OF GARMENT BUILDING - DAY (NIGHT)**

Quitting time. As Bree enters from street level, employees are coming down the stairs, pushing past

her. She continues up on until at one point -- one more officious or more communicative than the others informs her --

**FOREMAN**

Lady, it's closing up there.

**BREE**

What?

**FOREMAN**

We're closing up, quitting time, Fabers.

**BREE**

(unsurely)

I have an appointment with Mr. Faber.

**FOREMAN**

Oh, yeah.

He lets her pass, glances after her like the others, continues on his way.

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING: FABER RECEPTION AREA - DAY  
(NIGHT)**

Bree arrives at the head of the stairs -- as still others press past her on their way down -- and comes more or less directly up against the thickset RECEPTIONIST. She is packing her purse, preparing to depart, looks somewhat challengingly at Bree -- who sees no way to avoid the issue.

**BREE**

I have an appointment with Mr. Faber.

**RECEPTIONIST**

In there.

(turns, bawls)

Mr. Faber --

Bree goes on nervously in the direction indicated, toward --

**A CORNER OF OFFICES: NATHAN FABER**

NATHAN stands bending over a bench with back to camera, conferring with another man as Bree approaches -- looking to us, as to her, exactly like his father. We hear the Receptionist's VOICE repeating --

**RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D) (O.S.)**

**(CONT'D)**

Mr. Faber --

As Bree nears him, he straightens and turns -- a much younger man. Bree stops short, recognizing the error.

**NATHAN**

Yes?

**BREE**

I'm sorry -- Mr. Faber Senior.

**NATHAN**

(calmly)

My father went home about fifteen minutes ago; he wasn't feeling too good.

She has already started away. He calls after her evenly --

**NATHAN (CONT'D)**

Can I help you?

She looks back quickly, smiles nervously --

**BREE**

It wasn't important.

But we hold on him for a moment as she continues out of scene -- until he turns away to other matters. Then --

**RECEPTION AREA: RECEPTIONIST, BREE**

Bree returns toward Receptionist, awkwardly --

**BREE**

Did Mr. Faber leave a message for me or anything? Mr. Faber Senior? Bree Daniel.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Oh, I thought that was for tomorrow.

The Receptionist riffles through a stack of assorted envelopes -- hands one out to Bree -- and promptly takes her way off. Out. Bree starts to open the envelope then and there -- but OTHERS continue to move past her. She seeks a more private place.

**ROWS OF GARMENTS**

Bree shelters herself out of sight from everyone else -- though we continue to hear INTERMITTENT VOICES, O.S. and continue to maintain the sense of other presences.

We see her open the envelope --

**CLOSER: BREE, ENVELOPE**

She finds nothing inside but money -- bills totaling fifty dollars. We see her looking for a message, finding nothing. It comes to her slowly that she's been paid off and avoided. She bites her lips in pain. She pushes back out of hiding --

**RECEPTIONIST AREA**

-- back to the reception area again. (By now this immediate scene has emptied, though we catch sight of a figure or two at scene-start, moving through the background, and continue to hear an occasional NOISE or VOICE O.S.)

Bree looks about for someone -- then scouts for a pencil, finds one in a desk (or bench) drawer, starts to readdress the envelope (to direct it back to Mr. Faber). Then she breaks off from that, takes up a PHONE instead, dials -- waits -- then --

**BREE**

Bree Daniel. Has he called in yet?

Well if he does, I'm at --

(reads phone)

-- two seven eight, three one hundred, and I guess I can wait here five minutes; then I'll try from somewhere else.

(impatiently)

Just tell him Bree Daniel; he knows who.

She hangs up, goes back to readdressing the envelope. FOOTSTEPS are approaching in her direction. She glances up apologetically.

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Mr. Faber, I just wanted to leave this for your father, and I wondered if you'd --

She pauses --

**ANGLE PAST BREE TO CABLE**

Cable hastens toward her along a lane of garments. In this brief glimpse a ludicrous and terrifying

figure -- a noise, a gesticulation (actually the gesture is arms out, palms downward, intended as a quieting gesture; and the hissing noise is intended as a shushing). Bree cries out, turns to run --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

Someone --

-- as we immediately, even as she's turning, CUT TO  
--

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE - DAY (NIGHT)**

Klute speaks quietly but with terrible urgency into the phone (dealing evidently with an ethically skittish message service at the other end).

**KLUTE**

Did she leave a number?

(beat)

This is a police call; don't make me take time to prove it. Did she leave a number? What is the number?

(beat)

What is the number? --

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING - DAY (NIGHT)**

Cable and Bree. They are at some remove from the site of Cable's first appearance; there are other evidences of time-lapse. Cable's manner is that of slightly-strained patience -- a civility -- an attempt now and then to smile. Bree watches his every slight gesture, quivers to make a break for it, tries throughout to buy time.

**CABLE**

Can't we talk together reasonably,  
just -- ordinarily?

(beat)

I know you're expecting some kind  
of -- extravagant behavior, but  
believe me -- do you believe me? --

**BREE**

Yes -- all right --

**CABLE**

-- We can talk --

**BREE**

-- Yes.

**CABLE**

All right, then, an ordinary  
matter. I'm a quite well off man, I

have a -- position to respect. I would feel personally uncomfortable to be connected with a -- certain kind of woman, I'm sure you understand. Do you? Well I'd like to buy Jane McKenna's book.

He looks at her discerningly. She seems not to have followed his exposition. He tries patiently to clarify it.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

Her black book, Jane McKenna's, her list of -- of persons. I was told you're negotiating for it on behalf of --

The PHONE RINGS, an explosive noise. Bree startles. It has been put on night-ring, to sound all over the loft, and the noise is deafening. But -- the most bizarre element is Cable's absolute lack of response to it. It rings and rings as he talks and talks -- in the same expository tone as before, without raising his voice. It drowns out most of his words -- at most we catch only odd phrases of all the following -- but he seems not to hear it any more than the clamor of other things torturing his soul.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

That was what Klute told me -- you were negotiating for him to buy that list. And I'm in a position to pay a good deal more for it than he can. Do you understand? I'd like you to acquire it on my --

(beat)

Miss Daniel, do you not understand?

(beat)

Miss Daniel, I can't tell whether you understand me.

(beat - still reasonably)

Is this something Klute just invented? Is this a trap for me, Miss Daniel; does Klute know about me?

He turns and lifts a phone (one of the extension phones situated around the loft) -- though up to now he's given no evidence of even hearing the ringing. He just stands holding the phone for a time, then lowers it back on the receiver. With a sort of absolute quiet --

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

You have no idea what I'm talking

about.

**BREE**

Yes -- Jane McKenna's book -- I  
could make a phone call.

**CABLE**

No, you're frightened, you're  
pretending. Well -- Klute knows  
about me then. Does everybody know,  
can you tell me?

**BREE**

Yes.

**CABLE**

Then it doesn't matter what I do  
any more, does it?

Pause. Then he shudders slightly.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

You people know nothing about pain.

We CUT TO --

**EXT. STREETS - DAY (NIGHT)**

We see Klute -- probably in MLS -- running along  
street. He tries for a cab -- misses it -- halts  
the next by expedient of cutting bodily in front of  
it. The Driver starts to lean out to object. Klute  
mashes him back inside, enters the cab. We CUT BACK  
TO --

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING - DAY (NIGHT)**

MLS, the two FIGURES: CABLE, BREE. They are  
somewhat separated -- Cable has gone to look down  
from one of the arched windows of the loft, while  
Bree remains in place. She is a prisoner, we can  
suppose -- when we cut closer we'll see her eyes  
continually shifting, her mind calculating her  
chances -- but he hasn't molested her. He bears her  
no animus at this point. His manner is rather  
quiet, undetermined. He feels some relief that the  
thing is, in effect, over -- and some puzzlement  
about what to do (with either her or himself) now.  
He returns toward her.

**CLOSER: BREE, CABLE**

Nearing her again, he gestures several times,  
apologetically, seeking words.

**CABLE**

I've got no idea what I shall do.

He happens too close; she can't avoid shrinking.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

I'm not going to hurt you,  
absolutely, I'm not.

**BREE**

Will you let me go then?

He seems not to have heard the request. He sits for a moment. An intellectual interest, a curiosity. (Meanwhile, perhaps, we see her starting to slip her shoes off, in hopes of running.)

**CABLE**

It puzzles me so badly. I've done terrible things but I can't consider myself a terrible man. I've killed three people and I'd still want to say it was accident, do you see?

**BREE**

(tries again, slowly)  
If you'll let me go I could tell them what --

**CABLE**

(unhearing, resumes)  
Tom Grunemann discovered me -- we were here on business together, he discovered me with Jane McKenna. Then I suppose it was the -- the contempt I saw in his face and the certainty that sooner or later he'd use it against me. Within the Company. I endured that as long as I could, do you see?

**BREE**

I'm sorry, I'm just frightened.  
Yes.

**CABLE**

Excuse me Miss Daniel?

**BREE**

I said yes, I see.

**CABLE**

(doubtingly)  
Oh no, I don't think --

**BREE**



Tell me. I'll listen.  
(pause)  
I just want you to tell me.

He rises, approaches her -- apparently taken in,  
credulous, grateful, wondering --

**CABLE**  
You're willing to listen? You want  
me just to keep talking?

He hits her.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**  
That's what you do, isn't it; you  
make a man feel accepted.  
That's what you all do. Your stock  
in trade a man's weakness.

He hits her again.

**CABLE (CONT'D)**  
Why don't you ask for mercy? My  
God, what mercy has anyone given  
me?

**INT. ELEVATOR - KLUTE ASCENDING - DAY (NIGHT)**

**EXT. GARMENT BUILDING ROOF (DIRECTLY ABOVE FABER  
LOFT) - DAY (NIGHT)**

Klute has gun out - as he carefully makes his way  
across the roof. Man in hotel window across street  
holding drink - watches him with amused curiosity.  
Klute spots entrance to stairway.

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING: KLUTE - DAY (NIGHT)**

Klute goes downstairs to back entrance of Faber  
loft. He slips inside. He hears THE SOUNDS OF THE  
BEATING -- a stirring of feet and indistinct impact  
sounds, a murmur of voices (but all quite muted,  
undramatic). He maneuvers through lanes of  
garments, trying to gain a line of sight. He  
understands what's going on, strains to intervene,  
but can't disclose himself. At a point, he drops to  
hands and knees, slides underneath the garment  
racks, drawing closer to Cable, trying to gain  
position. We intersperse his progress with further  
Bree-Cable fragments, as for instance --

**FRAGMENT: CABLE, BREE**

**CABLE**  
You're a person of no value, you  
have no value --

**KLUTE, SHIFTING CLOSER**

Klute works his way steadily closer -- under steadily increasing pressure, as the pursuit and beating continue as SOUNDS, O.S. Even close at hand the noises are ambiguous -- the clatter of footsteps, grunts, a slap of flesh -- rather than distinct. Once or twice we hear CABLE'S VOICE clearly enough to make out words --

**CABLE (CONT'D)**

-- Is that contempt? Is it?

(then)

No, I'm the one who feels contempt.

-- and once or twice a CRY from Bree.

Klute tries to gain aim --

**P.O.V. TO BREE, CABLE**

-- but Cable is too close upon her, and they are too steadily in motion.

**KLUTE**

Klute moves on -- moves on -- gains position -- springs.

**CABLE**

Cable catches the sound, whirls, screams --

**P.O.V. TO KLUTE**

Klute closes with him, knocks loose Cable's pistol -- contends for it again, knocks it loose again. EFFECT -- under -- SIRENS.

**CABLE, KLUTE**

Cable breaks loose, backs a step -- backs another step -- and then, turns and runs unhesitant against one of the windows, exploding it outward with him, both frame and glass.

**EXT. WIDE SHOT: BUILDINGS - DAY (NIGHT)**

We see the body tracing its quick path down the dark side of the building.

**EXT. DOWNSHOT FROM LOFT TO STREET (KLUTE'S P.O.V.) - DAY (NIGHT)**

**EXT. BASE OF BUILDING: CABLE'S BODY - DAY (NIGHT)**

The sound of SIRENS a little LOUDER.

**INT. GARMENT BUILDING: KLUTE, BREE - DAY (NIGHT)**

Klute turns from looking down, moves to where Bree kneels on the floor. He hunkers down.  
In a gentle-enough VOICE, but matter-of-factly withal -- as if to a child --

**KLUTE**

Come on.

(pause)

Come on.

(Note: also shoot in MSL, without dialogue, with SIRENS O.S. full up.) Then we CUT TO --

**INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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. His arm impairs him. 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 his wife.

**BREE**

Oh.

(pause; then sharply --)

Well it wasn't us city people that did it -- your fine rosy-cheeked country boy.

**KLUTE**

Mm.

**BREE**

You're going back?

**KLUTE**

Mm.

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**

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 mean thanks, but -- don't you think we better be realistic?

**KLUTE**

About what?

**BREE**

Look at me. I'm pretty and sort of clever and very well intentioned, and dear God I'd tear your heart out!

**KLUTE**

I don't think so.

He resumes packing, continues through the following.

**BREE**

How can you not think so? You know  
the things I can do.

**KLUTE**

(unclearly)  
They don't scare me any more.

**BREE**

What?

**KLUTE**

Doesn't scare me. I think we could  
handle it.

Thereafter he guards his silence, staunchly goes on  
packing, as she comes at the thing from various  
sharp angles.

**BREE**

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!

(pause)

Hell I know what it's like. I was  
in Jersey once: the frogs go bra-a  
p all night!

(pause)

What'im I supposed to do? Mend your  
socks and sing in the church choir?

(pause, choking) )

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 LOUDLY TICKING clock. She holds it in her lap, numbly. He's packed -- closes various drawers, leaving in good order -- snaps the suitcase shut, lifts it stiffly down from the table. She remains sitting.

**BREE**

Can I carry something for you, to the car?

(he shakes his head)

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.

She slips down off the table. We CUT TO --

**EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Klute is, let's say, about seventy feet on his way when she appears at the front door, calls after him.

**BREE**

Hey.

He turns around and stops. He walks slowly back to her.

**CLOSER: BREE, KLUTE**

He arrives in proximity to her. Then the following events in more or less the following order:

He looks at her inquiringly. She responds by sitting down, plunk, on the grubby front step of the Brownstone.

Having stood for some time -- during which she has offered only twitching motions of her hands -- he sets down the suitcase.

Having set down the suitcase, but derived no answer, he reaches out one arm, and leans against the building front.

She nearly arrives at the level of statement. Fretfully, indecisively --

**BREE**

Oh heck --

(pause)

Oh heck --

Then, as a man not to be dallied with, he picks up the suitcase again. She looks at him strickenly, but it doesn't precipitate her into speech.

He puts it down again.

And then -- then, after all, goddamit, he reaches out, grabs her wrist, and simply hauls her along, suitcase in one hand, Bree in the other. As she yanks, shouts, struggles --

**BREE (CONT'D)**

I haven't decided yet!

(beat)

I haven't decided yet!

(beat)

I haven't decided yet! --

**THE END**