

**THE CONVERSATION**

Original Screenplay by  
FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

THE DIRECTOR'S COMPANY  
827 Folsom Street  
San Francisco, California

Final Draft  
November 22, 1972

## Francis Ford Coppola's THE CONVERSATION

- |   |  |       |
|---|--|-------|
| 1 | FADE IN:<br>EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY  | 1     |
|   | MEDIUM VIEW  |       |
|   | A band of <u>street musicians</u> have just set up in the park. <u>Clarinet, trombone, banjo, saxophone and trumpet.</u> They wear <u>(fragments of velvet and silk, pieces of old uniforms and odd-ball hats.)</u> They haven't yet attracted a crowd. One of them takes a <u>(top hat)</u> from his head, puts it on the ground and then throws a few coins and bills into it. Then the band breaks into a jazz rendition of " <u>Red, Red, Robin.</u> " | (3/8) |
| 2 | HIGH FULL VIEW   | 2     |
|   | <u>December in San Francisco. The Downtown area, centering around Union Square. Christmas decorations are already up, the electricity turned on in the middle of the afternoon. The crowds of shoppers have swelled with office workers out for their lunch hour.</u>  | (2/8) |
| 3 | SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE AND CREDIT TITLES   | 3     |
|   | over this view as it begins a very slow <u>zoom</u> in on the park. The titles take about as much time as the zoom so they are ready to conclude just as we have centered on a close view of a <u>Young Mime (dressed as a Drum Major).</u> He has a slight <u>crowd</u> drawn around him as he imitates <u>certain unsuspecting people</u> as they come down a park walkway. He is very good, and usually gets a round of applause for his imitation.     | (2/8) |
| 4 | CLOSE VIEW OF THE <u>MUSICIANS</u>   | 4     |
|   | <u>One of them puts down his instrument and does a rollicking tap dance.</u> DANCER? OR DANCE DIRECTOR?  | (1/8) |
| 5 | CLOSER VIEW  | 5     |
|   | The <u>(tap shoes)</u> step out rhythms near the <u>(top hat).</u>   | (1/8) |
| 6 | VIEW ON THE <u>MIME</u>  | 6     |
|   | Imitating a middle-aged, slow, bobbing walk. But precise and purposeful. He sips coffee out of an imaginary cup.   | (1/8) |
| 7 | THE VIEW ALTERS  | 7     |
|   | revealing the subject: a rather ordinary-looking man in his middle forties with a thin moustache, dressed immaculately in an <u>(out-of-fashion suit),</u> with a slow, bobbing walk. He sips coffee from a <u>steaming cardboard cup wrapped in a paper bag.</u> THIS IS <u>HARRY CAUL.</u>   | (2/8) |

8 VIEW ON THE MUSICIANS 8

The saxophonist blares a raspy solo to everyone's delight, especially Harry's. He stops for a moment, appreciatively, as they go into the last chorus of "Red, Red Robin."

9 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 9

A young couple pass in front of Harry for a moment, obscuring him from OUR VIEW. She is in her early twenties, girlish and very pretty, bundled against the cold, foggy afternoon. Her name is ANN, and she holds tightly the arm of a clean cut young man about 26. He's dressed nicely with the look of a fraternity boy: his name is MARK. They join the group of spectators around the band.

ANN

"...Wake up, wake up you sleepy head, Get up, get up, get out of bed..."

OUR VIEW PANS around the group of people, some listening to the band, others passing by. Occasionally even fragments of a disinterested Harry Caul behind them. As we single out particular people, we catch fragments of what they are saying.

ANN

"...Cheer up, cheer up..."

A YOUNG MAN

...Are you going to see...

A WOMAN

...Really, they're both coming.  
I think I'll tell...

THE VIEW returns to Ann just as she's asking Mark for something to throw into the top hat.

ANN

You got a quarter?

Mark tosses a coin into the top hat as the two continue on their walk, OUR VIEW moving with them, leaving Harry with the band.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ANN

...What do you think? I don't know what to get him for Christmas, he's already got everything.

MARK

He doesn't need anything... anymore.

ANN

I haven't decided.

Some people block OUR VIEW temporarily; her voice cuts out. Now we SEE them again, but we HEAR only static and then TOTAL SILENCE, as though something has gone wrong with the sound track. Then it is corrected:

ANN

...what about me?

MARK

You'll see.

ANN

You're no fun. You're supposed to tease me, give me hints, you know.

Ann slows by a green bench, where an old derelict is asleep, bundled up in an overcoat, wearing big black shoes with no socks under them.

ANN

Look, that's terrible.

MARK

He's not hurting anyone.

They continue their walk, moving further away from us. But oddly enough, their voices remain clear and in the foreground. We notice they pass Harry, who is now sitting on one of the benches. After they pass, he rises and quickly crosses the street and moves down the steps of the park toward a small panel van truck with a large sign: "PIONEER GLASS AND MIRROR COMPANY" printed above the two mirrors mounted on the side. As Harry moves toward the van, we HEAR the following:

ANN (o.s.)

Every time I see one of them I always think the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MARK (o.s.)

What do you think?

ANN (o.s.)

I think he was somebody's baby.  
Don't laugh, really I do.

OUR VIEW moves up the face of the building, up to the roof, where it comes to rest on a neon Eiffel Tower lit in the daylight with the large letters: "CITY OF PARIS." There, we can clearly see a man bundled in a warm quilted coat holding a five-foot extended shotgun microphone with a gunsight on it. He wears headphones.

ANN (o.s.)

I think he was somebody's baby  
boy and they loved him...  
and here he is now, half-dead on  
a park bench.

10 THIS MAN'S VIEW

10

From this height, the people in Union Square are tiny and unrecognizable.

ANN (o.s.)

...and where is his mother or  
his father or his uncles?

11 VIEW THROUGH THE GUN SIGHT

11

A very clear CLOSE-UP of Ann, with the cross-hairs right on her mouth.

ANN

Anyway, that's what I always  
think.

She looks at Mark.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE MIRROR VAN - DAY

12

Seated at a work bench, over a rack of professional tape-recorders is a young technician wearing earphones. His eyeglasses have been temporarily mended with a Band-Aid holding the frame together. His name is STANLEY.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

MARK (o.s.)

I guess I think of how when they had a newspaper strike in New York, more of those old drunks died in one night...

There is a knock on the door. Stan takes off the headset, discontinuing Mark's discussion. He reaches over and undoes the van latch. Quickly, Harry Caul steps in, closes the door, and moves to the opposite side of the van, to one of the two tinted windows. One can see through to the outside. He picks up a set of binoculars and looks outside toward the park where Mark and Ann are walking and talking.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. THE VAN - DAY 13

The Glass and Mirror Company van, harmlessly parked in the city.

Two pretty secretaries on their way to lunch, crossing the street, pause in front of the large mirrors, fixing their make-up.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE VAN - DAY 14

Harry is annoyed with the girls primping in front of his view. He stands impatiently with the binoculars in his hands. Stanley laughs and swivels in his chair and quickly snaps pictures of them with a motorized camera.

STANLEY

C'mon little babies, c'mon, lick your lips (snap) wet your lips (snap, snap, snap).

15 CLOSE ON THE SECRETARIES 15

(through the one-way glass). Wetting and smoothing their lipstick.

STAN (o.s.)

C'mon, gimme some tongue (snap, snap, snap.)

CUT TO:

16 MEDIUM VIEW

16

Harry stands patiently with his binoculars. Stan is snapping off shots.

STAN

Stick it out, gimme a nice wet French kiss...(snap, snap)

HARRY

Pay attention to the recording, will you?

Stan puts the headset back on.

STAN

Coming in loud and clear.

Harry indicates that he wants the headset; it's given to him and Harry listens carefully.

ANN (o.s.)

That's terrible.

MARK (o.s.)

Who started this conversation anyhow?

ANN (o.s.)

You did.

MARK (o.s.)

I did not.

ANN (o.s.)

You did, too, you just don't remember.

STANLEY

Who's so interested in these two?

HARRY

Don't know for sure.

STANLEY

The Justice Department?

HARRY

No.

STANLEY

Then I figure it's the Infernal Revenue people; their recording's putting me to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HARRY

(smiling)

Since when you supposed to be entertained?

STANLEY

Sometimes it's nice to know what they're talking about.

HARRY

(half to himself)

I don't care what they're talking about. I just want a nice fat recording.

(indicates headset)

How you doing?

STANLEY

We're getting better than 40 percent.

HARRY

How about the second position.

STANLEY

Not so good.

Stanley turns the dial up on the second recorder, and for a moment, the conversation is doubled up on itself.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. TOP OF THE CITY OF PARIS - DAY

17

THE VIEW PANS from the man under the Eiffel Tower sign across the park, to another man operating out of an open window of an office building. He is operating a second microphone identical to the first one we saw. It becomes clear that the young couple are being tracked from opposing positions. We HEAR the young man laughing.

18 VIEW ON THE COUPLE

18

MARK

Where'd you hear that?

ANN

(also laughing)

My secret.

CUT TO:

19 VIEW ON THE MIME 19

He laughs, as he does a burlesque of the two of them walking for an amused crowd.

20 MOVING VIEW OF MARK AND ANN 20

Ignorant of the Mime, still walking.

MARK

How do you feel?

ANN

Oh, you know.

21 OUR VIEW MOVES 21

from the two of them to another man walking rather near to them, carrying a shopping bag and reading a newspaper.

22 CLOSE VIEW 22

The man with the shopping bag is wearing a hearing aid.

MARK

It's a nice day today; yesterday.  
it was cold and foggy.

ANN

Do you...(CUTS OUT)

We notice the man with the shopping bag has let too many people get between them. He walks quickly to make up the gap, catching fragments of other people's conversations: "Waiting for you..." "Can't do it, but..." "...I was really...."

Finally, he succeeds in making it back, close to them.

MARK

I'm tired of drinking anyhow. I'm  
tired of mostly everything.

ANN

Tired of me?

MARK

(Static)....you. But not today.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

She smiles at Mark, affectionately, but in the course of her look catches a glimpse of the man with the shopping bag. An expression of fear comes to her face. The man senses this, and coolly continues past them, paying no further attention.

23 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

23

The man operating the long microphone out of the open window moves his microphone sights.

CUT TO:

24 TELESCOPIC VIEW

24

Centers on Ann's face as she moves closer to Mark, and whispers:

ANN

Look. See him? The one with the hearing aid...like...

MARK

No. Where?

ANN

He was following us. He kept following us close.

She touches Mark's arm; she squeezes it.

MARK

It's nothing; don't worry about it.

For a moment it seems as though Ann is going to cry, but she avoids it.

ANN

God, it will be so good to be finished with this.

They round the corner, turning their backs to our telescopic VIEW, and the sound becomes muffled and indiscernible.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. EIFFEL TOWER BUILDING - DAY

25

The man working under the neon Eiffel Tower scans the field through his telescopic sight, searching for his subjects.

CUT TO:

26 TELESCOPIC VIEW

26

The cross-hairs swish over an out-of-focus moving image, catching fragments of people and buildings and now comes to rest on the two targets. When it finds their mouths, we can hear them again. They are standing by a group of fellows playing bongo drums. The sound of the drums interferes with the track.

MARK

...he'd...(the bongos are distorting the track)...chance...

ANN

You know he records the telephones...

MARK

We'd better get back, it's almost two.

ANN

(as they move away from the drums)  
Please don't go back there, please, not until...(she doesn't finish her sentence.)

MARK

Alright. I won't.

27 INT. THE MIRROR VAN - DAY

27

Stan operates the recorders; Harry's listening through the headset while sipping a steaming paper cup of coffee. There's another knock on the van door; Stanley opens the door a crack and lets the man with the shopping bag into the van. He is tall, middle-aged: PAUL MEYERS.

He takes his hearing aid off and pulls out a small transmitter and a directional microphone out of the shopping bag. He's apparently been out there a while and is a little cold.

PAUL

I got burnt, Harry, she looked at me. Sorry.

HARRY

I heard. How'd you do?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

PAUL

Not bad. I got pieces, good pieces. Maybe 20, 25 percent.

HARRY

Good. Feel like some coffee?

PAUL

No, thanks. (Looking around the van) Something else, maybe.

Harry leans forward and gets a small pint of whiskey, offers it to him. Paul takes a sip.

PAUL

That's good.

HARRY

Thanks, Paul. I'll call you if anything else comes up.

Harry pays him in cash, which he quickly puts away in his billfold.

PAUL

I go on duty in an hour. So long, fellas.

Paul leaves the van. Harry picks up the headset and listens to the conversation once again.

STANLEY

That Paul, he's a helluva nice guy...you know, for a cop.

We SEE the afternoon traffic passing through the two-way window.

MARK

I'll stay here a while.

ANN (o.s.)

Goodbye. Wait, you have something in your eye.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

28

The crowds have thinned out now that the lunch hour is over. The young couple have just parted. Ann

(CONTINUED:

28 CONTINUED: 28

hurries over towards Powell Street, casting one look after Mark. Mark turns, sits on a bench, watches her for a moment. Not far from him, the groggy bum awakens, looking around at the day. Soon, Ann has disappeared. Mark stands up, tosses his lunch-bag away, and moves in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

29 INT. THE MIRROR VAN - DAY 29

Stanley fast rewinds the recorders, putting away the headsets. Harry waits quietly, leaning against the glass.

STANLEY

What's the matter Harry? You're awfully hinky today, all nerves. What's bothering you?

HARRY

(sharply)

Mind your own business, Stanley.

A long pause, and then Harry breaks out into laughter.

HARRY

(laughing to himself)

Mind your own business.

Stan looks at him totally confused, and then it comes to him.

STANLEY

Mind your own business!! Oh, Harry!  
Oh, Harry!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. THE MIRROR CO. VAN - DAY 30

Parked innocently by the curb. We HEAR the muffled sound of laughter coming from within.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. THE EIFFEL TOWER BUILDING - DAY 31

The man begins to disassemble the long microphone into sections, putting each piece into a nylon bag with a pull-string.

CUT TO:

- 32 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 32  
 The man packs the disassembled equipment into two large suitcases while whistling to himself.  
 CUT TO:
- 33 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 33  
 The street band of musicians are putting their instruments into felt bags, and then into the instrument cases. One of them takes the top hat and tips the money out of it.  
 FADE OUT:
- FADE IN:
- 34 EXT. THE ELECTRIC BUS - DAY 34  
 MOVING VIEW  
 The bus moves silently along the avenue, its large feeler resting upwards against the high voltage wires.  
 CUT TO:
- 35 INT. THE ELECTRIC BUS - DAY 35  
 Harry sits in the middle of the bus; one of many tired people on their way home from work. The bus rounds a corner, there's a thumping sound and it stops dead. The passengers seem to know what it is and deal with it in a casual way. The non-plussed driver hops up, moves outside with big steps, and expertly begins to pull the cables to reset the connection. Harry becomes impatient and steps off the bus.
- 36 EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 36  
 The big black rods jam around the wires, spilling electricity all around the street, as Harry walks the last few blocks to his home.
- 37 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 37  
 Bobbing down the street, while the bus, connected once again, pulls up silently behind him, and then passes him as he crosses the street.  
 CUT TO:

38 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD MARKET - DAY 38

Harry moves down the aisle of the little market, picking out a single tomato, a cellophane wrapped packet of pork chops, a single can of beer, and takes it all to the man at the counter.

CUT TO:

39 INT. A LAUNDRY - DAY 39

A woman moves down a counter of laundry packages, while her little boy sits amazed watching Harry make a glass full of water disappear under a dishtowel, badly.

WOMAN

(looking for his packages)

Harry Caul, Harry Caul...Harry  
.Caul.

BOY

Tell me.

HARRY

A magician never tells his  
secrets.

BOY

You can tell me.

HARRY

It's a secret...and when it  
stops being a secret it's not  
anything.

WOMAN

Harry Caul: 5 shirts, 6 under-  
wear, 5 pairs of socks.

Harry smiles, takes the packages and leaves.

BOY

So long, Harry.

40 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 40

Harry enters the hallway of the apartment, all bronze-yellow. He takes out his personal mail key, and opens his mailbox.

There are some bills, some advertisements, and a greeting card. He begins up the stairs when a neighbor woman passes him with her dog.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

HARRY

Hello.

WOMAN

Hello, Mr. Caul.

He is halfway up the stairs when she turns and adds:

And HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Harry nods pleasantly, but this puzzles him.

CUT TO:

41 INT. HARRY'S FLOOR - DAY

41

He arrives at his floor, unlocks his apartment door, which has two latches. It opens part way and we hear a slight thud. Harry peeks behind the door and finds a gaily-wrapped wine bottle fallen on its side. He closes the door and picks the card from the ribbon. "Happy Birthday Harry"--Maria Evangelista.

HARRY

(muttering to himself)

Happy Birthday Harry, Happy Birthday

Harry, (while dialing on his phone)

Happy Birthday Harry...

Hello? Mrs. Evangelista?

Yes. Harry Caul. Yes, yes, thanksalot

I found it, yes...You're really nice.

Yes, thank you Mrs. Evangelista, but

what I wanted to know was how did you

put it in my apartment?

(silence)

I thought I had the only key. I know

that. But what emergency could possibly...

all right, I'd be perfectly happy to have

my personal things burnt up in a fire.

Anyway, I don't have any personal things.

Nothing of value; nothing personal.

Except my key, which I'd like to have the

only copy of.

He's been looking through his mail as he conducts this conversation; he looks over at the greeting card and it has the message printed with certain information handwritten in: "To our valued customer (handwritten) Harry, Happy Birthday, here's to another (handwritten) 44. The Security Pacific Bank".

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

How'd you know it was my birthday?  
(silence)

I don't remember telling you. Can you guess how old I am? 44? Very good guess, Mrs. Evangelista. By the way, from today on, my mail will go to a Post Office box, with a combination and no key! Goodbye.

Harry hangs up.

Happy Birthday, Harry.

CUT TO:

42 INT. KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

42

Two scrawny porkchops are frying; Harry is slicing the tomato. He HEARS some muffled voices coming from the next apartment and then some shouting.

HARRY

(muttering to himself)

What is this? Grand Central Station.

He takes the porkchops out of the pan. The voices persist, but we cannot understand what they are saying. He ignores them a moment more, moves to the wall, and puts his ear up against it. He moves to the counter, takes a water glass and holding it up against the wall, listens through that.

Still unsuccessful, he moves away, takes a hardback chair and carries it into a little closet. Puts the chair up in the closet, takes a broom-stick, and standing up on the chair, uses the broom-stick to push up on a small maintenance trapdoor in the closet ceiling.

We can hear the voices more clearly now: an argument.

MAN (o.s.)

GODDAMN LANDLORD!

WOMAN (o.s.)

Stop shouting, or I'll close the windows.

There's a knock at Harry's door; he quickly takes the chair out of the closet.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

HARRY

One minute.

He gets rid of any eavesdropping evidence, and opens the door. An angry young man stands there staring at him, RON KELLER.

RON

Excuse me, we haven't met, but do you have any water?

HARRY

I....don't know.

RON

I'm a new tenant here, and I don't have any water and I wonder if you'd check to see if you have any.

MR. CORSITTO (o.s.)

What's the matter with the water?

Another tenant has poked his head out of his door.

MR. CORSITTO

Last week there was no hot water. Now there's no water at all.

RON

This is the last straw.

While this discussion is going on down the hall, Harry deftly closes his door trying not to be involved. Just as he gets it closed, there's another knock. He opens it and there's another tenant, BOB, smiling who seems to know him better. Ron is still angrily debating the matter with Mr. Corsitto.

BOB

Hiya, Harry. You, too, eh?

HARRY

Yeah, it's...

BOB

The heat's screwed up, the plumbing. We could probably call the Health Department because of the water in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Bob peeks into Harry's apartment the whole time he talks which makes Harry uncomfortable, so he steps out into the hallway pulling the door semi-closed behind him while listening.

CUT TO:

43 INT. HARRY'S FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

43

BOB'S WIFE (o.s.)

Bob, where are you?

BOB

(calling out)

Up here with Harry Caul.

BOB'S WIFE (o.s.)

Is his water off, too?

Ron Keller, without having been invited, has stepped into Harry's apartment and tested the water.

RON

This apartment has water.

Harry's a bit surprised to see Ron in his apartment and moves back into it. Bob accompanies him.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

44

BOB

Oh this is Ron Keller, a new tenant. This is Harry Caul.

RON

Pleased to meet you, Harry. We're paying good rent here. What about a rent strike? By the way, Happy Birthday, Harry.

HARRY

Thanks.

BOB

(testing the water for himself)  
How come only one apartment has water?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Now Bob's wife and Mr. Corsitto enter.

HARRY

Why don't we all go down to Mrs. Evangelista's apartment. We'll complain...

BOB

Nothing happens when you complain to her.

RON

I'm for a rent strike.

BOB

It's not the old woman's fault. But she won't get tough with him.

HARRY

Tough with who?

BOB

We don't know, exactly.

RON

With the landlord, of course!

In the distance we hear a female voice.

MRS. GOETNER (o.s.)

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you...

Harry closes his eyes in disbelief as:

BOB

It's Harry's birthday.

BOB'S WIFE

Yes, I heard, Mrs. Goetner.  
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.

When he opens his eyes, Mrs. Goetner has arrived with her dog and half a pound cake with some candles improvised.

MRS. GOETNER

I thought a party was going on.  
A birthday party!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

HARRY

No, actually we were discussing...

BOB'S WIFE

Blow out the candle, Mr. Caul, for good luck.

RON

Yeah, like maybe we'll get some water in this place.

They laugh. Harry reluctantly blows out the candle. Everyone oohs and aahs. Mr. Corsitto has returned, still wrapping a spur of the moment gift.

MR. CORSITTO

This...is just a little something.

HARRY

(quite distracted by the many people looking around his apartment.)

Thanks...really...

Mr. Corsitto nods that Harry should unwrap it, and he does. It is a plastic Madonna.

MR. CORSITTO

I've noticed you at Mass, Mr. Caul, on Sunday. It's for your car.

HARRY

I don't really have a car, but I'll keep it in my room. Thanks very much.

Bob is leaning over the tenor saxophone that rests on a stand.

BOB

You a musician, Harry?

HARRY

No...I...

RON

I think we ought to pick a tenants' representative.

HARRY

...play a little.

(CONTINUED)

RON

...and send him straight to the landlord.

MR. CORSITTO

I would go, but you know I have difficulty with speaking good, you know, with the language.

BOB'S WIFE

Well, Mr. Caul has been here the longest.

HARRY

(catching the drift of the conversation)

Me, I don't ...

BOB

Yeah, that's a good idea, Harry.

RON

How about it?

Pause. All these people are looking at Harry, standing around in his apartment. He'd do anything to get rid of them.

HARRY

Well...alright. I'll be the Tenant's Representative, if someone gets me the address.

RON

It's all handled by some lawyer's office. I'll take care of that.

The group seems to be satisfied. Harry tries to usher them out, instinctively preventing someone from peeking into this or looking at that.

HARRY

I really have to go. I have to be somewhere in half an hour.

BOB'S WIFE

A birthday party, I hope.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

HARRY  
Yes...with my family.

MR. CORSITTO  
Do you have family in town, Mr. Caul?  
That's very good.

He gradually ushers them all out of his apartment, all saying "goodbye" and "Happy Birthday" and "how nice that he has family."

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE ELECTRIC BUS - NIGHT

45

Harry is one of the few passengers as the oddly silent bus moves through the fog. It stops and he gets off, crosses a lonely street and enters a building. We notice that he is carrying his birthday wine.

CUT TO:

46 INT. THE BUILDING - NIGHT

46

Harry stands at the base of the staircase, looking up. He waits there a moment, almost hiding, and then continues up the stairs. He approaches the apartment door very, very quietly. He takes a key out, not making a sound, then opens the door quickly and looks into the room.

VOICE

Harry.

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

47

We can see through the open door. The room is semi lit, and small. There are a few personal things around in it; a small stereo on the floor, some photographs on the walls, but there is a feeling of impermanence about the room. A girl half-rises from a bed in the corner of the room; she has pale skin, perhaps 24 or 25 with curly hair, sort of pretty. She has fallen asleep in a faded silk Oriental robe. Her name is AMY.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED

47

AMY

I didn't think you were coming.

Harry closes the door behind him.

HARRY

Just for a while.

AMY

Oh.

HARRY

I brought this wine. Someone gave me a birthday present.

AMY

I didn't know it was your birthday.

She seems half-asleep, but genuinely happy that he has come.

HARRY

I should have called.

Amy slips back under the covers. There is something frightened and very vulnerable about her.

AMY

(not reproachfully)

You never do.

HARRY

You should go out more.

AMY

You don't like me to.

HARRY

I don't mind.

AMY

Then I wouldn't be here if you came over.

HARRY.

Want some wine?

Amy nods. Then she smiles.

AMY

Harry, how old are you?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

He moves to the kitchenette, starts to open the wine bottle.

HARRY

Forty-four.

AMY

You're almost twice as old as me. That's sweet, when you were my age, I was being born. Sweet.

Harry gives her a glass of wine. She clinks it to his and they each take a sip.

AMY

Does something special happen between us on your birthday?

HARRY

Like what?

AMY

Something personal?

HARRY

Like what?

AMY

Like...telling me about yourself. Your secrets.

Harry smiles.

HARRY

I don't have any secrets.

AMY

(looks at him knowingly)  
I'm your secret, Harry.

(brightly)  
Where do you live? Why can't I call you there?

HARRY

(lying)  
I don't...have a telephone.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

AMY

But you DO have secrets, Harry, I know. Sometimes you come here; but you don't let me know. Once I saw you down by the staircase, hiding. For a whole hour.

This embarrasses Harry; but she keeps on teasing him.

I think you're jealous. You think you're going to catch me at something. Sweet.

(she sips)

The only thing you'll ever catch me at is waiting for you.

(she laughs)

You have a way of opening the door when you come here. You sneak up, very quiet, like a mouse. Then the door opens real fast, just like you think you're going to catch me at something. At first I used to think that it was a fireman coming to warn me that the building was on fire.

(sincerely)

Oh, Harry, how could you ever be jealous of me?

HARRY

I'm not jealous.

AMY

Sometimes I even think you're listening to me. When I'm talking on the telephone. I just feel that you're listening to me.

HARRY

(uncomfortable)

What are you talking about?

AMY

What do you do all day, Harry?

HARRY

I work

AMY

Where?

CONTINUED:

47 CONTINUED:

47

HARRY

I have my own business.

AMY

What kind of business.

HARRY

I don't like people to ask me  
a lot of questions.

He's irritated. He gets up and disappears into the  
bathroom. He HOLD on the closed door for a moment.

AMY (o.s.)

"Wake up, wake up you sleepy head,  
Get up, get up, get out of bed..."

The door opens. Harry steps out, staring at her.

HARRY

Why are you singing that?

AMY

It's pretty.

HARRY

Why that song?

AMY

What's the matter, Harry?

HARRY

Someone else was singing that  
song today.

AMY

A girl?

HARRY

Yes.

AMY

(playfully)

Now, I'M jealous. Who is she?

HARRY

I don't know her...I...it's  
something else.

AMY

You never told me where you work,  
Harry.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

HARRY

Different places. Different jobs.  
I'm a musician. A free lance musician.

AMY

Do you live alone, Harry?

HARRY

Why are you asking me questions all  
of a sudden?

AMY

It's your birthday...I want to know  
about you.

HARRY

Yes, I live alone, but I don't want  
to answer any more questions!

He moves to to the kitchenette; we can feel that he  
doesn't want to stay here anymore.

HARRY

Your rent is due this week.

She doesn't answer.

Here.

He takes out some cash and puts it on a saucer on the  
shelf.

Food money, too.

She doesn't answer.

I have to go now.

He starts to go, then stops and looks at her. She  
seems very pale, very vulnerable, very delicate.

You never used to ask me questions.

AMY

I was happy you came tonight, Harry.  
My toes were dancing under the covers.  
But I don't think I'm going to wait  
for you anymore.

Harry looks at her; and then leaves.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

Her big eyes follow at the spot where he stood for a while, and then she lies back down on the bed.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HARRY'S SMALL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 48

The single room is dominated by a large homemade loud-speaker, a single speaker as in the old Hi Fi days. We HEAR a Jazz record, old, but well-preserved.

THE VIEW ALTERS and reveals Harry seated on a straight-back wooden chair in the center of his Living Room, holding a saxophone, and furiously playing along with the recording.

The sax solo finishes, to great applause from the live audience, and a sweating, winded Harry closes his eyes and takes it for himself.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

49 EXT. HARRY'S BUILDING - DAY 49

A construction crew has begun work on the demolition of an abandoned row of Victorian buildings. We HEAR sounds of trucks and hammers. Harry exits the building, passes the construction work and sits and waits at the stop for the electric bus.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA - DAY 50

Harry walks parallel to some railroad tracks in the industrial part of the city. Trucks double park, and there is loading and unloading in progress. Perhaps a train goes by.

Harry steps into the warehouse building, pushes a button, and rises up into the building.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY 51

Harry rises in an industrial elevator up into the warehouse area. We notice benches with electronic equipment, some cabinets and shelves, a screened-off area. Stanley is lounging around on an old sofa reading a magazine.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

HARRY

Good morning.

STANLEY

There's an article about the convention here. Mentions your name.

HARRY

Oh yeah?

STANLEY

You're one of the notables who's going tonight. Did you know that?

Harry has taken his coat off, and moves automatically to a workbench where there are three professional tape recorders lined up in a row. Neatly placed by the recorders is a manila folder. Harry opens it.

HARRY

Yes, I said I would go.

He takes several photographs of Ann and Mark in the park which have been recently developed and printed and examines them.

STANLEY (o.s.)

(reading from the magazine)

"...among those pre-eminent in the field expected are Hal Lipsett, and Harry Caul from San Francisco, Kenneth Sperry will also speak on "Surveillance and the Law..."

Harry looks at the photographs. There are glimpses of the couple.

52 CLOSE SHOT ON HARRY

52

Looking.

STANLEY (o.s.)

"...and also attending will be William P. Moran of Detroit, Michigan."

53 CLOSE ON THE PICTURES

53

Now just a view of the girl, Ann, almost as though she is looking at Harry.

54 CLOSE SHOT ON HARRY

54

Looking at the girl, something intrigues him.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

HARRY

Since when is William P. Moran  
pre-eminent in the field?

STANLEY

Coffee?

Stan walks around to an urn, and pours a cup for  
Harry.

STANLEY

He's very big in Detroit; he's the  
man who informed Chrysler that  
Cadillac was getting rid of its fins.

Harry is still looking at the photograph of Ann.  
Then he puts it to one side of the bench, up where  
he can see it and begins to work. We can see from  
the quickness and simplicity of the way he handles the  
tape and the recorders that he is an expert with these  
materials. The fragile tape is threaded with two  
simple movements. Stanley brings him a steaming cup  
of coffee. Harry indicates with his eyes that it  
can be placed on the bench.

Now all the recorders are threaded. Harry adjusts the  
third instrument, one apparently homemade in the shop.

55 MEDIUM VIEW ON STANLEY

55

He is checking out the microphones that were used on  
the job.

STANLEY

These microphones are really  
something else. I bet if I wrote up  
an article or something we could send  
it to "Security & Surveillance" magazine,  
don't you think?

HARRY

(the furthest thing from  
his mind)  
Please don't.

Harry turns on the larger console Ampex. There is a  
beep, a relay is thrown, and the three smaller  
recorders are started at once. An oscilloscope on the  
synchronizer shows a perfect electronic circle.

CUT TO:

56 VIEW ON THE LARGE SPEAKER

56

Obviously made by the same hand that made Harry's speaker at home. We hear hiss and static and then Stanley's voice recorded:

STANLEY (o.s.)

Tuesday, December 2nd, one o'clock.

Unit A.

Tuesday, December 2nd, one o'clock.

Unit B.

Tuesday, December 2nd, one o'clock.

Unit C.

We recognize the voices of the couple, Ann and Mark. They echo as though we are hearing the exact same voice from more than one separate recording played at the same time. Harry manipulates a three pot mixer, diverting the strongest and clearest recording to the Ampex.

ANN (o.s.)

"...Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head, Get up, get up, get out of bed...Live, laugh, love and be happy."

57 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

57

Listening.

ANN (o.s.)

You got a quarter?

58 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

58

We see Ann and Mark, the exact footage as in the opening, including the fragmentary glimpses of Harry Caul. As they speak we sense another unspoken level through their conversation, as though their minds are not used to really being free with each other in public, as though their minds are not really concentrating on the specific things they're saying, but on a frightened, unbearable love for one another. It is very subtle, and we might not notice it at first, but as we see the scene repeated, it becomes more evident.

ANN (o.s.)

I don't know what to get him for Christmas. He's already got everything.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MARK (o.s.)

He doesn't need anything...anymore.

ANN (o.s.)

I haven't decided...

The VIEW is blocked and the voice track CUTS OUT.

CUT TO:

59 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY 59

CLOSE VIEW -- THE BLACK ALTEC A-500 LOUDSPEAKER

We hear the only tape hiss.

60 VIEW ON HARRY 60

He quickly presses the button which stops all the units at once. He rewinds them all in synchronization, and then stops. He turns the control knob to forward, and then tapes advance.

61 CLOSER VIEW -- HIS HAND 61

Turns the first knob, and the second one up. We HEAR the conversation superimposed on itself momentarily.

MARK (o.s.)

He doesn't need anything...anymore.

62 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 62

ANN

I haven't decided...(static) what to get you yet.

MARK

Better start looking.

ANN

Well.

(a moment of sadness passes across her face; then she catches herself and brightens:)

Well, what about me?

MARK

You'll see.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY 63

HIGH FULL VIEW

Harry sits motionless listening to the large speaker. Stanley sits quietly working on some equipment. White light pours through the windows.

ANN (o.s.)

You're no fun. You're supposed to tease me, give me hints, you know.

MARK (o.s.)

Does it bother you?

ANN (o.s.)

What?

MARK (o.s.)

Walking around in circles.

ANN (o.s.)

Look, that's terrible.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 64

VIEW -- ON THE DERELICT

Lying on the bench, wearing shoes with no socks.

CUT TO:

65 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY 65

THE LARGE LOUDSPEAKER

MARK (o.s.)

He's not hurting anyone.

ANN (o.s.)

Neither are we...

Oh, God.

Harry stops the recorder; rewinds it a bit, and then plays again.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

66

CLOSE FOOTAGE

Ann and Mark walking past the derelict.

ANN

Neither are we...  
Oh, God.

There is tremendous anxiety on her face as she sighs.  
Then her attention focuses back on the bum.

ANN

Every time I see one of them,  
I always think the same thing...

CUT TO:

67 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

67

VIEW ON STANLEY

Working.

MARK (o.s.)

What do you think?

STAN

(muttering to himself)  
Yeah, what DO you think?

ANN (o.s.)

I think he was somebody's baby  
boy, and they loved him...

...and here he is now,  
half-dead on a park bench  
and where is his mother or  
his father or his uncles?  
Anyway, that's what I  
always think.

STANLEY

You getting ready for  
lunch?

HARRY

I'll skip lunch.

MARK (o.s.)

I guess I think of how  
when they had a news-  
paper strike in New York...  
Fifty of them died in one  
night.

STANLEY

C'mon, we'll go to Al's  
Transbay.

HARRY

I want to get this  
done.

STANLEY

What a morbid conversation.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ANN (o.s.)  
Just because there were no  
newspapers?

HARRY  
Stanley, I'm trying to  
work.

MARK (o.s.)  
Really, it keeps them  
... (OUT)

STANLEY  
What are they talking  
about for Chrissakes!

Harry angrily pushes the stop button; all the  
recorders stop mid-phrase.

HARRY  
Listen, I'm trying to get this  
done!

STANLEY  
So don't get excited.

HARRY  
I'm getting fed up.

STANLEY  
About what?

HARRY  
About YOU, asking me questions  
all day.

STANLEY  
JeSUS!

HARRY  
Don't say that.

STANLEY  
For Chrissakes!

HARRY  
Quit saying that in vain. It  
bothers me.

STANLEY  
What's the matter Harry?

Harry pushes the start button.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MARK (o.s.)  
warm...

ANN (o.s.)  
That's terrible.

MARK (o.s.)  
Who started this conversation, anyhow?

ANN (o.s.)  
You did.

MARK (o.s.)  
I did not.

ANN (o.s.)  
You did too, you just don't remember.

(pause)  
Mark, it's all right, we can talk.

MARK (o.s.)  
I can't stand this...

ANN (o.s.)  
You're going to make me cry.

MARK (o.s.)  
I know, honey. I know.

(pause)  
Me, too....

Harry stops the recorder once again.

HARRY

Your work is getting sloppy. We'd have a better track record if you'd pay more attention to the recording and less to what they were talking about.

STANLEY

I can't see why a few questions about what's going on gets you so out of joint.

HARRY

Because I can't sit here and explain..the personal problems of the client.

STANLEY

Hey, you could fill me in a little bit once in a while.

HARRY

It doesn't have anything to do with me... and...and, even less to do with you.

STANLEY

You always keep me in the dark.

HARRY

What am I running here, Manual Arts High School?

STANLEY

It's just goddam human nature.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

HARRY

There's only one sure-fire rule  
I've learned in this business...  
It's...I don't know about human  
nature, I only know about this  
business.

STANLEY

I'm going to get some lunch.  
See you later.

Stan angrily takes his coat and steps into the  
elevator. Its engine whines a moment, as Harry sits  
frozen on his chair by the bench. When the elevator  
stops, Harry takes a breath, swivels around back to  
the bench, and switches on the recording.

ANN (o.s.)

No...don't.

MARK (o.s.)

Oh God...

CUT TO:

68 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

68

Ann is very moved. Mark has put his arm around her  
caressing her, touching her neck. She pushes his  
hand away gently. They are both very, very  
frightened.

ANN

(seriously)

Take a bite out of your sandwich  
and pretend I just told you a joke.

Mark moves his hand.

Go on.

He breaks out into laughter.

MARK

Where'd you hear that?

ANN

(laughing)

My secret.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

She laughs, but it's false and underlined with pain.  
As they continue walking, we notice the Mime in the  
background imitating them. They do not notice.

MARK

How do you feel?

ANN

Oh, you know.

MARK

It's a nice day today; yester-  
day it was cold and foggy.

ANN

Do you...(CUTS OUT)

CUT TO:

69 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

69

Harry stops the units, reverses them. Brings up the  
third pot, goes forward once again.

MARK (o.s.)

...cold and foggy.

ANN (o.s.)

Do you think we can do it?

MARK

(much static)

Later in the week. Sunday maybe.

70 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

70

Manipulating a filter. Gradually there is less  
static.

ANN (o.s.)

Sunday definitely...

MARK (o.s.)

...3 o'clock. Room B-7.  
Continental Lodge.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 71

CLOSE VIEW ON ANN

The look of fear comes to her face. She watches the man with the shopping bag, as he walks coolly past them.

ANN

Look. See him? The one with the hearing aid...like...

MARK

No. Where?

ANN

He was following us. He kept following us close.

MARK

It's nothing; don't worry about it.

CUT TO:

72 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY 72

CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

ANN (o.s.)

"When the red, red robin,  
Goes bob, bob, bobbin' along, along..."

(pause)

God, it will be so good to be finished with this.

73 HARRY'S HAND 73

Bringing up another pot; echoed, doubled for a moment, then clearly.

ANN (o.s.)

I love you...

74 FULL VIEW OF THE WAREHOUSE 74

We begin to hear on the track the bongo drums.

MARK (o.s.)

We're spending too much time here.

(CONTINUED)

- 74 CONTINUED: 74
- ANN (o.s.)  
Stay a little longer.
- The drums become louder and louder until we can barely hear them.
- MARK (o.s.)  
He'd...he'd... (loud drums) ...chance
- 75 VIEW ON THE BENCH 75
- The three symmetrical recorders all stop. They reverse.
- 76 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY 76
- This was the section he lost.
- 77 HARRY'S HAND 77
- Brings up a second pot. Then pushes the start button.
- 78 VIEW ON THE TAPE RECORDERS 78
- Moving forward.
- MARK (o.s.)  
He'd...he'd...(the bongo drums distort the few words)...chance.
- 79 CLOSE ON HARRY 79
- Rewinding the tape once again.
- 80 HARRY'S HANDS 80
- He reaches for a little box; something unimpressive, and obviously homemade. A filter of some sort. He connects it to the recorder with the distorted track with alligator clips.
- He pushes the forward button, for that one recorder alone.
- CUT TO:
- 81 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 81
- Ann and Mark walking by the bongo players. They are speaking, although we hear no words. The sound has

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

a strange, compressed quality. Each tap of the drums more like an electronic sound. Mark is talking and then one phrase comes through.

MARK (o.s.)

(distorted)

...kill us.

CUT TO:

82 INT. THE WAREHOUSE

82

CLOSE ON HARRY

He hears the word. Stops the recorder. He takes a look at the bench without doing anything. Then quickly he moves.

83 HARRY'S HANDS

83

Disconnect the home-made filter. He pushes it to one side of the bench, and reconnects the recorder as it was.

84 FULL VIEW ON THE WAREHOUSE

84

The tapes are backed up to the point where he had stopped.

ANN (o.s.)

Stay a little longer.

The bongo drums are still loud, obscuring the dialogue now.

MARK (o.s.)

...he'd...(cuts out)...chance.

ANN (o.s.)

(coming out of the Bongo noise)

You know he records the telephones.

85 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

85

Listening to the track.

MARK (o.s.)

We'd better get back, it's almost two.

CUT TO:

86 VIEW ON THE BENCH

86

The three symmetrical recorders all turning.

ANN (o.s.)

Please don't go back there, please  
not until...

MARK (o.s.)

Alright, I won't.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

87

Ann and Mark walk silently for a moment; not looking at each other, their hands at their sides, not touching. In the distant background, we notice the "Mirror Co." van parked across the street.

MARK

You go...I'll stay here awhile.

ANN

Goodbye...wait, you have something  
on your eye.

She leans toward him, about to brush something away from his eye.

ANN

(whispered)

You really don't, but I want to  
kiss you.

She uses this chance to kiss him quickly; then turns, and rushes away.

CUT TO:

88 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

88

FULL VIEW

Harry gets up from his chair, and pushes a button, throwing the entire apparatus into REWIND.

89 CLOSE VIEW ON THE AMPEX

89

Spinning, rewinding itself.

CUT TO:

- 90 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY 90  
 Watching the tape. Then he glances up.
- 91 HARRY'S VIEW 91  
 The photograph of Mark and Ann.

DISSOLVE:

- 92 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY 92  
 We see Harry from outside the booth.

HARRY

Extension 746.

OPERATOR (o.s.)

One moment.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

The Director's office.

HARRY

Yes, please, this is Mr. Caul.

Harry glances outside. People pass, no one noticing him. He holds a blue vinyl pouch in his hands.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

I'm sorry, he's in a conference right now.

HARRY

I have the material and I'm calling for an appointment.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

We'll call you back later in the afternoon. May I have your number?

HARRY

This is a pay booth. I don't have a telephone.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

Hold on.

(click)

Harry waits. More people pass him.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

Yes. 2:30 this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

HARRY

2:30 this afternoon, good. Payment  
in full.

MALE SECRETARY (o.s.)

Whatever was arranged.

Harry hangs up and exits the booth.

CUT TO:

93 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE (MC NAUGHT) - DAY

93

CLOSE VIEW

A document, in amateur legal terms, giving Harry the  
right to represent the tenants of 700 Laguna.

MC NAUGHT (o.s.)

The plumbing again, water in the  
basement...the electrical system.

94 OVER MC NAUGHT TO HARRY

94

MC NAUGHT

...everything but the heat.

HARRY

That's on the next page.

MC NAUGHT

(looking)

...So it is.

Well, what do you want me to do?

HARRY

What will it cost to fix the  
basement?

MC NAUGHT

We've been through this before.

HARRY

I know.

MC NAUGHT

I recommended we fix the basement  
last year. I think the bid came in  
around thirty five hundred dollars.

HARRY

Why don't we just have it pumped?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

MC NAUGHT

But the next time it rains, Harry...

HARRY

They're tearing half the neighborhood down. If I can just hold out a little longer the city will buy the building.

MC NAUGHT

And what are you going to tell the tenants' committee?

HARRY

How about...the landlord says positive action will be taken.

MC NAUGHT

Sooner or later they're going to find out the landlord is you. Then what?

HARRY

Then I'll move.

(pause)

They actually gave me birthday presents. Next thing I know they'll make me Chairman of the block party committee.

Mc Naught folds the document, smiling to himself. Harry rises as though to go when Mc Naught pushes two unopened letters toward him.

MC NAUGHT

One second, Harry. I have a little surprise for you.

Harry looks at the letters.

MC NAUGHT

They're from your niece. Also, she's called here several times.

HARRY

(continuing to leave)

I'll call her today.

MC NAUGHT

Don't you want your surprise?

Mc Naught rises and moves toward his study door.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

HARRY  
 (puzzled)  
 Is....it here?

Mc Naught opens the door to his study and there is TONY, a thirteen year-old girl, sitting on the couch smoking. She has been crying all day. When she notices the door open, she quickly puts the cigarette away and tries to fan the smoke.

TONY  
 Hello Uncle Harry.

HARRY  
 Why didn't...why aren't you in school?

MC NAUGHT  
 I don't think she wants to talk in front of me.

Mc Naught closes the door, leaving them alone.

CUT TO:

95 INT. MC NAUGHT'S STUDY - DAY

95

TONY  
 I left school...I ran away.

HARRY  
 Are you all right?

TONY  
 I want to die.

HARRY  
 (pause, then he smiles)  
 Then you're all right.

He moves to her, and kisses her.

TONY  
 I can't look at you. Don't look at me.

HARRY  
 I won't. (pause)  
 You can tell me what happened. I won't look at you.  
 (pause)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Seeing that the girl still doesn't want to talk, he rises and turns off the lights.

See? Now no one can look at anyone.

He sits very near her. She turns away from him, very embarrassed, very frightened.

TONY

They took us to a dance at Morgan. That's a boys' school in the Valley. I met a boy named Manuel DiSemoza. He can barely speak English, but he comes from a very good family in South America. Venezuela, I think.

(pause)

I had wine with him...and...we were dancing and stuff...and...we really didn't do anything wrong. Not really, Uncle Harry... Are you shocked?

HARRY

No.

TONY

That's because I haven't told you everything, yet.

HARRY

I think I can guess.

The thought that her uncle can even guess what happened causes a flood of tears and embarrassment in the little girl.

CLOSE ON HARRY

Moved by her despair and yet unable to say anything that might comfort her.

TONY

(crying to herself)

Uncle Harry, what will I ever do?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

## VIEW ON HARRY

HARRY

I know...I think I know what it's like not to want anyone to look at you. Sometimes I even rather would talk on the telephone so that the person I'm talking to can't look at me.

(he looks at her so help-  
less on the couch, moves a  
little bit toward her)

Don't cry, Tony...I understand. Once something like that happened to me...really. Once my mother caught me in a room with a cousin... I was even younger than you, and she was my favorite cousin...and we were in this room. And we weren't doing anything really. Maybe just like you. But my mother was very religious and she practically kicked the door down and screamed at me when she found us, and called me a deviate...and a pervert, and I didn't even know what those words meant. I was so ashamed, I hid under the covers of my bed and wouldn't look out. I could hear my cousin crying and people coming in and out of my room, and so I just stayed under the covers so nobody could see me. Then I heard the door close, and someone came in and sat on the bed...and touched my head. I couldn't see who it was but he talked to me and I knew it was her father...my uncle. He told me not to be ashamed...that what I did was human and that if a thing was human it couldn't be bad. I was so ashamed I kept crying under the blankets, and so he started to explain all those things to me, that a man was made the way he was and a girl the way she was and that the two desired each other...and that I would understand it soon even if my mother still didn't. After a while I came out from the covers and I could look at my uncle. And I wasn't ashamed any more. (pause) Tony? Tony? Can you look at me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

After a moment the little girl looks up at Harry.

You should be proud that you have those feelings. You don't have to be ashamed to go back to school.

A little embarrassed himself, he looks at her, and she looks up at him gratefully.

I'll take you back to the bus terminal and maybe in a week or two I can come up and visit you on the weekend. Maybe I can even meet Manuel DiSemoza.

The little gratefully hugs her uncle.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

96

Harry crosses a busy street in the financial district and moves in the direction of an impressive tall building. He carries the pouch with him.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. FINANCIAL PLAZA - DAY

97

He moves through the new modernistic plaza towards the elevator.

CUT TO:

98 INT. THE BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

98

Harry waits in the elevator as it rapidly fills. A uniformed guard supervises. The doors close and it begins its ascent. We can feel his discomfort at being crowded in with so many people. There are eight or nine conversations going on at once, and his sensitive ears are disturbed by the cacophony.

WOMAN

I told her if that's the way she felt...

VIEW ON HARRY

He turns.

ANOTHER WOMAN

Come with me and Biggs to New...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Harry turns once again.

MAN

She's the cutest...

Floor by floor, the people gradually thin, until Harry is alone. He relaxes, relieved at his privacy.

VIEW ON HIS HANDS

Holding the blue pouch.

The light on the elevator now designates "PH", and the elevator doors open.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DIRECTOR'S SUITE, PENTHOUSE - DAY

99

Harry moves into the reception area, obviously the office of the top executive of this corporation. He moves toward an attractive young man, clean cut, who sits behind a desk in front of a spiral staircase. He is typing, and seems to be the receptionist.

HARRY

I have a delivery for the Director.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. Please leave it here.

HARRY

It's to be delivered by hand, personally, by me.

I have an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you Mr. Caul?

HARRY

Yes.

The receptionist says something on the intercom, and turns to Harry.

RECEPTIONIST

Someone will be right with you, Mr. Caul.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Harry waits silently on the sofa. The blue vinyl pouch placed on his lap, his hands folded and resting on it.

RECEPTIONIST

Would you care for a drink?

HARRY

No thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

A soft drink?

HARRY

No.

RECEPTIONIST

Or a magazine?

HARRY

Nothing, thank you.

Harry waits. After a moment, another Young Man descends the spiral staircase and moves directly towards Harry with the expression that he knows him, his hand extended. This is MARTIN.

MARTIN

Good afternoon, Mr. Caul. Can I build you a drink?

HARRY

No, thank you.

MARTIN

Why don't you follow me?

Harry rises, holding onto the pouch, and follows Martin up the spiral staircase.

CUT TO:

100 INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

100

Harry follows Martin through a series of turns in the odd cold corridor. Some employees are putting up Christmas trees and beginning to decorate them.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

101

Martin waits for Harry to enter and follows and closes the door behind them.

NEW VIEW

Martin sits at his desk, looks at Harry.

MARTIN

I made some Christmas cookies. Try one. They're good.

Martin indicates that Harry may be uncomfortable. Harry sits down.

MARTIN

I have your money here, in cash, like you wanted. Those are the tapes?

HARRY

I was supposed to deliver this to the Director personally. That's the way it was arranged.

MARTIN

Yes, I know, but that's impossible right now. He told me to pay you and collect the tapes.

HARRY

I can wait.

MARTIN

He's out of town...out of the country in fact. Won't be back until tomorrow afternoon, but your payment's been...

Harry rises in the middle of a sentence and picks up the blue pouch.

HARRY

Those were my instructions...

Martin is standing now directly in Harry's way to retrieve the tapes.

MARTIN

Look, Mr. Caul, why get involved in this. Those tapes are dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

CLOSE ON HARRY

Looks at him, reaches, takes the tapes and leaves.

CUT TO:

102 INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY 102

Harry moves through the corridor, followed a few paces behind by Martin. As he continues, a door opens and out steps Mark, the young man of the recorded conversation, dressed immaculately in the same manner of the other young men who work here. Harry is almost stunned, coming face to face with the subject of his work.

ANN (o.s.)

Please don't go back there, please,  
not until...

CLOSE ON HARRY

Almost eager to talk to him, to tell him.

MARK (o.s.)

Alright, I won't.

VIEW ON MARK

He glances up at Harry, not recognizing him, giving him the most cursory attention. Martin watches, from a distance.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 103

REPEATED FOOTAGE

Ann and Mark in their perpetual walk around the quad.

ANN

Look. See him? The one with the  
hearing aid...like...

MARK

No. Where?

ANN

He was following us. He kept  
following us close.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

She touches his arm and squeezes it.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. AMY'S BUILDING - DAY 104

Harry hurries along the courtyard of Amy's building.  
Enters.

CUT TO:

105 INT. AMY'S HALLWAY - DAY 105

Harry makes no attempt to be quiet.

ANN (o.s.)

"When the red, red robin,  
Goes bob, bob, bobbin' along...  
along..."

Harry takes out a key, quite nervous and opens the  
door.

CUT TO:

106 INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAY 106

ANN (o.s.)

I love you.

HARRY

Amy?

The room is empty. The sheets are off the bed, with  
the bare mattress folded back over on itself.

MARK (o.s.)

We're spending too much time  
here.

ANN (o.s.)

Stay a little longer.

We HEAR the sound of the bongo drums on the track.

CLOSE ON HARRY

Looking around the room.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

MARK (o.s.)

He'd...(distorted)...chance...

The room is bare and messy, anything personal has been taken. The telephone sits on a little end-table.

ANN (o.s.)

You know he records the telephones.

MEDIUM VIEW

Harry moves through the room, holding the pouch.

MARK (o.s.)

We'd better get back, it's almost two.

Harry moves to the kitchenette; looks up to the cabinet.

MARK (o.s.)

Alright. I won't.

HARRY'S VIEW

He opens the kitchenette cabinet. The saucer is there, still covered with bills, unmoved from where he left them.

MARK (o.s.)

You go...I'll stay here awhile.

FULL VIEW

Harry stands in the empty room, stripped of anything personal. He still holds the pouch.

ANN (o.s.)

Goodbye...wait, you have something on your eye.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

107

Ann leans forward and steals a kiss.

ANN

You really don't, but I want to kiss you.

She starts to leave.

CUT TO:

108 INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAY 108

FULL VIEW

Of Harry standing in the empty room. We hear only tape hiss and static.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

109 INT. THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL - NIGHT 109

Harry passes through crowds, moving towards the large Convention room. He passes through a mirrored hallway. The crowds are mainly male, in suits with white convention cards above the vest pocket. Recorded music fills the air with an occasional interruption on the loudspeaker announcing a call for this or that person. Often the names hailed imply that the man is a policeman or a sheriff, or some law-enforcement person.

CUT TO:

110 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 110

He makes his way toward the reception area of the convention when something he notices disturbs him.

111 HARRY'S VIEW 111

In the crowds of the hotel lobby is the young man with whom he had just dealt at the financial building, Martin. He is fairly far away from Harry, his attention apparently somewhere else, but we have the unmistakable impression that he is following Harry.

112 VIEW ON HARRY 112

Moves quickly through a crowd toward the main entrance of the convention. He stops and looks.

CLOSE ON HARRY

Scanning the room.

HARRY'S VIEW

The young man is no longer there. Harry turns to some pretty hostesses with clipboards of alphabetized names standing by the rows of white name cards. Harry tells one his name, she checks it off, and smilingly pins

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

a namecard to his suit. Harry moves to the Guard standing by the entrance of the convention room, hesitates, gives one last glance to the area where he had seen the young man, and then enters.

CUT TO:

113 INT. ST. FRANCIS HOTEL CONVENTION ROOM - NIGHT 113

HARRY'S VIEW

Well lit, broken into sections by lettered aisles made up of various booths of exhibitions. Occasionally, we'll catch a sign: "Detector..." "Counter-measure..." "Security...", "Enforcement...". Men are milling around with drinks in their hands, many are huddled around a particular booth. There are a lot of girls in cute outfits pretty and not-so-pretty, walking around, minding the booths, giving demonstrations and flirting with the men.

114 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 114

Slowly he steps into the room. He is still distracted by the notion that he is being followed. But as he moves deeper in the room, an expression of self-imposed modesty comes over him as through he's embarrassed at the possibility of someone coming up and asking for his autograph.

115 MOVING VIEW 115

On the card on his vest: "Harry Caul".

116 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 116

Working his way deeper into the exhibition. At one booth he passes, some men are gathered around a thin, enthusiastic man holding out a black box, the components of which are spread out on the table before him.

MAN

The L-T 500 is basically a miniature RF oscillator capable of being activated and modulated by any DC source containing an AC component...

CUT TO:

117 VIEW ON HARRY 117

Giving half-attention to this. Basically scanning through the convention room.

MAN (o.s.)

Such sources can be found in a private telephone or intercom...

118 HARRY'S VIEW 118

We can notice across the convention room the young man entering into the hall, apparently having gotten by the guard.

119 VIEW ON HARRY 119

He turns quickly, moves, moving past another counter, where a sign keeps flashing: NEW, NEW NEW! AT LAST, AT LAST, AT LAST! MINIATURE BATTERY CONTACT AMP.

As he moves by, a pretty girl hands him a fly sheet. Harry makes a turn into some double doors leading to the auditorium. From the inside of the auditorium it's pretty much the same.

CUT TO:

120 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 120

The auditorium is about 1/3 full. A man stands at the rostrum, delivering a paper, while illustrative slides are being projected on the large white screen behind him.

SPEAKER

...tailing one automobile with another has always presented many unpredictable problems, especially where the subject is aware, or where metropolitan areas at high speeds were encountered. Slide.

The slide changes: A CAR SPEEDING THROUGH THE CITY.

CUT TO:

121 VIEW ON HARRY 121

He glances around the room to see if he recognizes anyone. He gives only cursory attention to the speaker.

(CONTINUED)

SPEAKER

After extensive research and prolonged field testing, F. E. Electronics... Slide...has developed two transistorized units that may be...

122 HARRY'S VIEW

122

Glancing around the auditorium. Some of the men are rapt with attention; others glancing through the circulars they have collected in the plastic convention bags; some are with their wives; one or two are sleeping.

SPEAKER (o.s.)

...affixed to the subject's automobile.  
Slide.

123 VIEW ON THE SCREEN

123

A blue box (close up) with several wires terminating out of it into alligator clips.

SPEAKER (o.s.)

...and will transmit a pulsating tone signal which is highly detectable under most conditions...Slide...of electrical...

The slide changes to: A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE TYPES OF INTERFERENCE THE BOX IS IMMUNE TO.

SPEAKER (o.s.)

...traffic, and mechanical noises.  
Slide.

124 VIEW ON THE AISLE

124

Paul Meyers hurries up the aisle to greet Harry. He is very nattily dressed.

PAUL

Harry, Harry, Harry.

HARRY

That's a beautiful suit.

PAUL

You like it? It's French. You know, Millard is here.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

HARRY

Really?

PAUL

Yeah, he brought his wife.

HARRY

Same wife he brought two years ago?

PAUL

Same wife. C'mon, let's go where we can get a drink and talk.

They move up the aisle to the exit sign.

SPEAKER (o.s.)

(continuing)

The TA-30 may be installed and concealed under the dash in a matter of seconds requiring no knowledge or skill in electronics, and fits with the existing plugs and sockets...  
Slide.

125 VIEW ON THE SCREEN

125

The slide shows a pretty woman, with skirts high, installing the blue box under the dash.

CUT TO:

126 INT. MAIN CONVENTION ROOM - DAY

126

Harry and Paul enter the main room. Harry quickly scans to see if the young man, Martin, is still there. Paul is rattling on.

PAUL

I told Millard maybe we'd have a little get together later on. I already picked up some booze, potato chips, you know, bean dip. Figured we'd find some bimbos and make a party over at your warehouse. You don't mind, do you, Harry?

Harry is distracted, scanning room for Martin.

HARRY

It's all right.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

PAUL

I mean if you minded, maybe we'd go rent a suite in the hotel or something, but I figured that's like burning money.

HARRY

I don't mind.

PAUL

Great. C'mon, there's someone over here you ought to meet.

Paul leads Harry over to the booth designated: "BOOTH #34--WILLIAM P. MORAN & ASSOCIATES." A stringy, curly-haired man, WILLIAM MORAN, stands talking to some conventioners crowded around his booth. A tall, pretty girl in a yellow satin outfit hands out flyers.

PAUL

Willie, ole buddy, this is Harry Caul. Willie Moran.

MORAN

Heard a lot about you, Harry.

PAUL

Willie just moved out from Detroit. He's the fella who let Chrysler know that Cadillac was discontinuing its fins.

HARRY

I heard.

MORAN

Harry Caul. You're a tough man to get in touch with. I've been wanting to meet you for a long time.

PAUL

Can you take five?

MORAN

(indicating the clock  
around the booth)  
In a minute, fellas. 'Scuse me.  
(to the girl)  
Honey, show-time.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

Her face is smooth and perfect with make-up, like a model. She jumps up from the needlepoint that she tries to do in between customers and picks up a velvet pillow upon which is a bright red telephone.

MORAN (o.s.)

What we have here is the Moran S-15 Harmonica Tap. This electronic marvel can be installed in a matter of two minutes.

The girl, MEREDITH, lowers the telephone on the pillow and Moran quickly slips the tap on it.

MORAN

It has its own Nickel-Cadmium power source, so it can't be detected on the line. Once installed, it can be called from any telephone. Karachi, Singapore even Moscow, fellas.

127 VIEW ON HARRY

127

Preoccupied, is impatient with all this.

MORAN (o.s.)

...just dial the target's telephone number...

CUT TO:

128 VIEW ON MEREDITH

128

With a tired, cupie doll smile as she goes through the demonstration. She notices Harry.

MEREDITH

You in a grump, honey?

MORAN

...pause before the last digit, blow the harmonica tone into the phone...

(he does so)

HARRY

(shaking his head)

Nothing...

(he smiles to her for her concern)

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

MEDIUM VIEW

MORAN

The phone will not ring in the target's house! Instead, it will turn the receiver into a room microphone, enabling surveillance to take place.

Meredith winks at Harry.

MORAN

(catching her attention)

Sweetie.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, by way of a demonstration, we've installed one of these units in my own house. I will now dial the number.

Meredith breaks away from her flirtatious concern with Harry to lower the pillow with the phone, so Moran can dial a number. She does it like some funky assistant in a harmonica act, or a stewardess demonstrating oxygen equipment. Moran dials the number, and then blows the harmonica into it.

We hear some tones and clicks.

MORAN

You will take note the phone does not ring!

Now coming over a loudspeaker so all can hear:

MALE

Can we get away?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I don't know, maybe I can

MALE VOICE

Where's your husband?

WOMAN'S VOICE

He's out, at a convention.

There is a little laughter.

MALE VOICE

When will he be back?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

WOMAN

Not until late.

Now we hear hard breathing, passionate breathing simulating love-making. Now more people are laughing.

MORAN

Just a little April Fool. A joke, fellas, but it indicates the possibilities with the Moran S-15.

The demonstration is over, various of the crowd pick up fly sheets and examine the unit. Moran returns to Paul and Harry.

PAUL

It's a good item.

MORAN

Yead, good for the catalogue suckers.

He pulls a plastic ball-point pen with his ad printed on it and slips it into their vest pockets.

Here, have a free pen.

PAUL

Rather have a drink.

MORAN

On me. C'mon, let's go get drunk and swap trade secrets, Harry.  
(he notices the booth is unminded)  
One minute, where is that guy?  
Oh Stan, Stan, mind the booth, will you?

Moving over from another part of the hall is Stanley, Harry's former assistant. He wears a nice jacket with the William P. Moran & Associates emblem. He stops when he sees Harry.

STANLEY

Hiya Harry.

MORAN

You two used to work together, didn't you.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

HARRY  
(understanding)

Yeah.

Moran starts to lead Paul and Harry across the room toward the bar. It's clear that Harry's attention is still focused on his former assistant.

MORAN

Look over there. You see that sonofabitch ELCO Electronics? He's got a new voice actuator that's a copy of mine. Real annoying.

PAUL

Lotsa nice ladies here tonight. What about the pastry in the yellow tights? She come across?

MORAN

Forget it, she's a part-time Nun. I already tried. But we'll pick something up.

Harry hangs back from the fellows going to the bar.

PAUL

Harry? Where you going?

HARRY

I want to talk to Stanley...

He disappears quickly back into the crowd.

PAUL

(calling after him)  
We'll meet you later by the Chrome-Dome exhibit.

Harry circles back to the Moran booth. He steps alongside of Stanley.

HARRY

Since when you working for Moran, Stanley?

STANLEY

Since yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

HARRY

That wasn't serious, Stanley, that was a stupid argument.

STANLEY

That wasn't it. I just figured it was about time I move up.

HARRY

You know I...I don't want you telling him about my stuff. It's not ethical.

STANLEY

There isn't all that much that you ever let me in on, Harry. Maybe that's the problem.

HARRY

Stanley. I can take you along faster; I'll show you some of the stuff.

STANLEY

You'll never show me anything; you're going to keep it all to yourself.

HARRY

No, really. Stanley, listen. Don't do this to me now. Wait a while, will you. Think about it.

Harry moves a little closer to Stanley and speaks confidentially.

HARRY

Some guy has been watching me, following me.

STANLEY

Who?

HARRY

I don't know. Someone connected with the assignment last week. I don't know what it's about. I don't like it.

STANLEY

Harry. Harry, you can count on me, you know that.

HARRY

Thank you, Stanley.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Then Harry looks down at a piece of Moran's equipment that he has been mindlessly fingering.

HARRY

Junk.

Harry moves from the booth past another exhibit. Instinctively he feels very uncomfortable when he knows he's being watched. He picks up a piece of equipment, while looking around the room. The man attending the booth jumps up from a chair in which he has been dozing.

MAN

That's your automatic recorder actuator. It undetectably starts a recorder when the phone is lifted and stops it when the receiver is put back.

HARRY

What? Oh...Hmmm hmmm.

The man sleepily leans on the table toward Harry.

MAN

It's real nice, you know. Not your old-fashioned voice actuator, you know, always starting the recorder when no one was talking, or shutting it off in the middle of an important conversation.

He yawns, and pauses while Harry looks it over.

HARRY

Is this anything like the Moran actuator?

MORAN

The Moran E-27 is a copy. I won't let him even smell my equipment anymore. You in Surveillance?

HARRY

Yeah.

MAN

Law Enforcement or Private Operator?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

HARRY

Private.

MAN

Mind if I take your name and  
address for our mailing list?

(notices Harry's name card)

Harry Caul. Harry Caul? Gee, it's a  
great pleasure (extending his warm  
hand).

I didn't recognize you.

Say I wonder if you'd take the Model 5-10A  
free of charge, just to test it, you know  
say in return for letting us print in our  
flyer that you use it.

HARRY

(wanting to get away)

Thanks, but I build all my own  
equipment.

MAN

But Harry...

CUT TO:

129 INT. THE CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

129

CLOSE SHOT

A large, spherical mirror reflecting and distorting  
fragments of the convention.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Introducing the attractive, unob-  
trusive solution to the surveillance  
problem: "Chrome Dome..."

130 PANNING VIEW VIDEO IMAGE

130

The entire Convention area.

MAN (o.s.)

...an exclusive static capsule  
designed to observe without intimi-  
dation, hidden with the stationary  
environmentally protected capsule...

CUT TO:

131 CLOSE SHOT 131

The Dome

MAN (o.s.)

...beautifully designed to represent an imaginative lighting fixture, the Chrome Dome is hinged...

A hand comes down into view and pulls down the Chrome Dome revealing a rotating television camera.

MAN (o.s)

...to permit camera service access.

132 VIDEO IMAGE 132

The scanning camera picks up images of the familiar people of the convention. We see Moran doing the sales pitch. We catch a fragment of Stanley, Paul Meyers putting the make on Meredith, scanning in general the room and some of the characters we have become familiar with, but not Harry.

CUT TO:

133 INT. CONVENTION BAR - NIGHT 133

Harry is dialing on a pay telephone on a corner wall in the bar. The phone rings, rings again, then a click.

RECORDING

You have reached a disconnected number, please check...

He hangs up, seems very disturbed, and is just about to dial again when he notices something.

134 HARRY'S VIEW 134

Seated at the bar, nursing a beer, is Martin, the young man from the Director's office. He smiles and nods to Harry.

135 VIEW ON HARRY 135

Hangs up the telephone and starts out of the bar area, doing a last minute U-turn, reversing his direction and going up to Martin.

CUT TO:

136 CLOSE ON HARRY

136

Disturbed by someone in his business life finding or tracking him here.

HARRY

What are you doing here?

MARTIN

Relax, I'm just a messenger.  
Can I buy you a drink, Mr. Caul?

HARRY

You were following me.

MARTIN

Not at all. I was looking for you, Mr. Caul.

HARRY

How did you know I was here?

MARTIN

This is a convention of wire-tappers, isn't it?  
Oh, beg your pardon, surveillance and security technicians.  
No big guess to find you here.

HARRY

What's the message?

MARTIN

Bring the tapes on Sunday. One o'clock. The building will be empty, but the guard will let you in.

HARRY

I told you I'll only...

MARTIN

He'll be there, Mr. Caul. Go right to his office...you know where it is. He'll accept the tapes, in person.

Harry nods and starts out of the bar.

MARTIN

Are the tapes interesting, Mr. Caul?

He looks at Harry.

HARRY

They're excellent.

(CONTINUED)

Harry continues out into the convention area.

CUT TO:

137 INT. CONVENTION AREA - NIGHT

137

Suddenly, an excited Paul Meyers grabs Harry by the arm.

PAUL

Harry, Jesus Christ, come on over to Moran's booth. Crazy Willie threw a bug in the ladies' room. It's hilarious.

He hustles Harry over to the booth where Moran, a couple of other enforcement people, including a husky unpleasant looking man from the mid-West, MILLARD, are all huddled excitedly around a loudspeaker.

PAUL

Hey, here's Harry.

They turn their heads, saying "Shhhhhhh." Some women's voices can be heard echoing around from the hard walls of the ladies' room.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(coming from a speaker)

...first three minutes he says are you going to ball me, or not? Here? I said. Here, in the parking lot. Anywhere, he said.

PAUL

There's this crazy broad in there.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I said I'm not going to ball you in the first three minutes anywhere. I wouldn't ball Paul Newman in the first three minutes!

MILLARD

We've got Stanley stationed at the ladies' john to see who she is.

PAUL

You remember Millard, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

HARRY

How are you Millard? How's your  
wife; where is she?

MILLARD

Powdering her nose.

Moran breaks into a private laugh.

MORAN

Oh my God. What if it's HER in  
the ladies' room?

Millard doesn't seem to appreciate his humor. Moran  
stifles his laugh.

MILLARD

That wasn't funny.

PAUL

He was only joking.

MORAN

(half to himself)  
Wire-tapping can be dangerous.

Some of the other men turn around and say "Shhhhhhh"  
so that they can hear the loudspeaker.

138 ANGLE ON STANLEY

138

Standing by the ladies' room. An older and unattrac-  
tive woman leaves. He quickly pulls out his walkie-  
talkie.

STANLEY

I hope for all our sakes that  
you're still picking up a conver-  
sation.

WALKIE-TALKIE

Stay put, Stanley, they're still  
talking.

STANLEY

Thank God.

CUT TO:

139 ANGLE ON THE BOOTH

139

WOMAN'S VOICE

This thing's closing up in half an hour. You got a date yet?

FIRST WOMAN

I've had five offers, but they're about as stimulating as a sack of grapefruit.

SECOND WOMAN

What do you expect? They're cops. I'll see you later.

Moran excitedly snatches the walkie-talkie away and whispers into it like a CIA agent.

MORAN

(into walkie-talkie)

Stand by, stand by, target's coming out. Stand by to verify target's identity.

140 VIEW ON STANLEY

140

Standing conspicuously by the ladies' room door.

STANLEY

Ten-four, ten-four.

He puts the walkie-talkie away, and waits a moment. Then the door swings open and out steps Meredith, the convention girl from Moran's booth. She notices Stanley.

MEREDITH

(innocently)

Hiya Honey. Peeking into the ladies' room again?

She's changed out of her yellow outfit and carries a small round overnight bag.

141 VIEW ON THE GROUP

141

Meredith makes her way toward them.

PAUL

(to Moran)

That's your idea of a part-time Nun.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

What time do you want me here tomorrow, Mr. Moran?

MORAN

But appropos of nothing, you're surely not leaving, are you honey?

MEREDITH

I told you I was. You said it was all right.

PAUL

When work is done, it's time for play. We're all going to have a party, right Harry?

Harry shrugs. Uneasily he glances over to the side of the convention room, where the ominous young man, Martin, is watching him.

MORAN

A party and you're invited. What do you say?

MEREDITH

Where?

PAUL

Over at Harry's place of business. Right Harry?

HARRY

What? Over at my place?

PAUL

Sure. I asked you before. Don't you remember? You said it was okay.  
(out of the side of his mouth)  
C'mon, you can't back down now, Harry. I got four hundred girls arriving at your place in half an hour.

Now a pleasant looking woman, very small and petite, very feminine, approaches them. This is LURLEEN, Millard's wife.

MILLARD

Gentlemen, you all know my wife, Lurleen.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

They all nod acknowledgements respectively.

MILLARD

(to his wife)

We've been invited to Harry's, for a little party.

PAUL

Hey, hey, the gang's all here. We're all going to Harry's for a party.

MEREDITH

(looking at Harry)

Honey, I go if you go.

142 VIEW ON HARRY

142

Still a little uneasy about Martin watching him.

HARRY

Sure. Yeah, let's get out of here.

PAUL

Terrific. A hired car awaits you outside with a liveried chauffeur.

STANLEY

What's liveried mean, anyhow?

CUT TO:

143 EXT. THE ST. FRANCIS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

143

They're all out to the parking lot trying to figure out the best way to put seven adults into Paul's Staff Car (a grey sedan with a code number on the side). Harry keeps glancing over toward the building to see if Martin has followed.

PAUL

All right, Millard can get in the back with Lurleen and Willie. No...No..ladies up in the front. Lurleen, up in the front. Then Millard in the back. (They all juggle around, doing so.)

MEREDITH

I thought this was a hired car.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

PAUL

Did I say hired? I meant borrowed.

MORAN

From who?

PAUL

From the Vice Squad, who else?

(they laugh)

Okay, Stanley...there you go. And what do you say Harry gets Meredith on his lap.

Everyone A-OK?

The staff car pulls out and joins city traffic.

CUT TO:

144 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

144

Paul is driving, Harry sits on the passenger side with Meredith on his lap, next to Lurleen. He is uncomfortably crowded, and generally depressed.

MEREDITH

Cheer up, Bunkie. I'm Meredith, who are you?

HARRY

I'm Harry.

Some young guys in a souped-up Mustang zip by them.

PAUL

Sons of bitches. Who are those smart-asses?

He guns the staff car.

PAUL

They don't know who they're tangling with.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. THE STAFF CAR - NIGHT

145

The staff car expertly takes a turn, and tails the Mustang for a while.

CUT TO:

146 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT 146

MILLARD  
(appreciatively)  
Nice, Paul...

Paul skids the car up to the Mustang as it waits for a light.

PAUL  
Hiya fellas! What's that, a field car?

147 VIEW ON THE MUSTANG 147

YOUNG DRIVER  
What's a field car?

148 VIEW ON THE STAFF CAR 148

PAUL  
A field car goes driving through the field, dropping horseshit, making lettuce grow.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT 149

LURLEEN  
Oh, Millard, make them stop.

MILLARD  
Relax, honey, he's the best tailman in the country.

PAUL  
(driving)  
Hear that, Meredith?

MEREDITH  
(to Harry, disgusted)  
Ha, ha.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT 150

In an attempt to lose the grey sedan, the Mustang careens around a corner, almost going out of control. Now the two cars descend down a steep hill.

CUT TO:

151 INT. THE STAFF CAR - NIGHT 151

OVER PAUL'S SHOULDER

As he expertly keeps them in view.

152 VIEW ON STANLEY 152

STANLEY

(shouting out enthusiastically)

Hey, Paul. You're Bullitt. Get it,  
you're Bullitt.

153 VIEW ON PAUL 153

PAUL

Check this. I'm Bullitt! I'm  
Steve McQueen!

Everyone in the car laughs.

154 CLOSER VIEW 154

On the Mustang's license plates: GVO 587

155 CLOSE VIEW ON PAUL 155

He reaches under the dash and pulls out a mobile  
telephone receiver.

PAUL

Headquarter One Eleven to Headquarters.  
Headquarter One Eleven, I'm travelling  
eastbound on Oak from Masonic. I'd  
like a rolling 1028, please, on Califor-  
nia George Victor Ocean 587.

MILLARD

What are you running a 1028 for?

PAUL

(into phone)

Thanks, fellas.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT 156

The Mustang has stopped for another light. Paul  
screeches to a stop alongside it.

CUT TO:

157 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT 157

MEREDITH

(to Harry)

Jesus, what are we going to do  
next? Play in the sandbox?

158 VIEW ON PAUL 158

Across to the kids in the Mustang.

PAUL

Hey, Willie Sanchez, 33654 14th  
Street. Asshole!

CUT TO:

159 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT 159

The staff car roars off, giving the Mustang a blast  
of its SIREN and leaving the kids totally amazed and  
stalled at the light.

CUT TO:

160 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 160

The warehouse is dark.

161 VIEW ON THE WORKBENCH--PANNING 161

With the three recorders still laid out; the large  
black speaker silent and omnipresent.

As the view moves along the bench, we see various  
examples of Harry's devices.

In the distance, we HEAR the elevator's engine  
whining and Paul and Meredith singing.

PAUL & MEREDITH (o.s.)

"I'll be out to get you in a taxi,  
honey. Better be ready about half  
past eight..."

(laughter)

VIEW SETTLES ON THE ELEVATOR

The incandescent-lit elevator rises out of the floor  
crowded with Paul holding four whiskey bottles;  
Meredith carrying ice; Stan holding six-packs of beer  
cans; Millard and Lurleen, Moran holding sack of  
potato chips.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

PAUL &amp; MEREDITH (o.s.)

"Now honey don't be late..."

The elevator arrives. Stanley steps out and turns on the fluorescent fixtures. The little party enters.

MEREDITH

You live in a warehouse?

PAUL

No, he doesn't live here, babe, he works here.

MORAN

The bar is open.  
Harry, you got a nice place here.

Harry has wandered over to the window and paranoically glances out one last time. Then he moves automatically to his workbench area and closes the wire mesh cage that separates it and all his devices from the main part of the warehouse.

MEREDITH

Harry is the color of a Christmas tree.

MORAN

What's the matter? Got personal problems?

MILLARD

How about some music, fellas?  
Stanley?

MORAN

When a guy excuses himself every ten minutes to make a phone call, *cherchez la femme*, I always say.

Moran puts a drink in Harry's hand. Stan has put a fast jazz record on.

MEREDITH

Something slow.

STANLEY

Gotcha.

He proceeds to change the record.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

MORAN

I was re-reading "Dear Abby" the other day and I was reading this letter from a fella called "Lonely and Anonymous." I think it was Harry.

(he breaks in to laughter)

Stanley has changed the record to a nice, slow fox-trot.

MORAN

No, I'm kidding. Let me tell you something about Harry Caul. Harry, I know you heard it a thousand times, but let me say it again. Harry is the best, bar none.

(raising his glass)

Harry Caul, the best bugger on the West Coast.

(he drinks)

MILLARD

And who's the best on the East Coast?

MORAN

Me. I'll drink to that, too!

They all laugh and drink.

PAUL

(taking Meredith's hand)

Are you free for this dance?

MEREDITH

I'll dance, but I'm not free.

Paul and Meredith start to dance around the warehouse, still holding their drinks.

MORAN

Hey, you know it's funny we never bumped into you in New York.

HARRY

Why is that funny?

MORAN

Well, being in the same business in the same city, I figured we would have run into each other.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

STANLEY

I didn't know you came from New York, Harry.

MORAN

Harry was famous in New York. You know one I could never figure out.

HARRY

One what?

MORAN

The welfare fund back in '68.

HARRY

Where'd you hear about that?

MORAN

Everyone in the biz heard about it. No one knows how you did it though.

STANLEY

Hey, Paul, what about those phone calls you were gonna make?

PAUL

Right away, Stan, right away.

He moves to the phone and starts to take out a book. Meredith laughingly leaves him and moves to Harry while Paul, in the background, starts to make phone calls. She takes him by the hand.

MEREDITH

C'mon Harry, ten cents a dance.

Millard is taking the brochures from the Convention out of the plastic bag and explaining them to his wife, Lurleen, who seems bored and sips on a drink.

MILLARD

You can use it in an ordinary .38 calibre revolver. It travels down the barrel, spinning, and as it leaves the muzzle it opens into a pancake-like projectile about the size of a quarter.

Stanley crowds Paul while he makes one of his phone calls.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

PAUL

Hiya Veronica? This is Paul. Oh...  
Oh, Veronica's in L.A. Well, what's  
your name. Verna? Verna, this is  
Paul. I'm a friend of Veronica's.  
What are you doing?

As Meredith swings in to dance with Harry she bumps  
her head on a low-hanging fixture.

MEREDITH

Excuse me for the hardness of  
my head.

HARRY

You hurt your head?

MEREDITH

Don't worry about my head. It  
happens all the time. When I was  
a baby I used to love to bang my  
head up against the wall, or so I  
was told. It's comforting.

Paul hangs up the phone in the background and looks  
for another number. Then he notices Harry dancing  
with Meredith and shouts out.

PAUL

(shouting)

Hey, Harry, you hear the one about  
the surveillance man's girlfriend.  
She wore a see-through blouse.

He breaks into hysterical laughter at this reference  
to Meredith's blouse.

MEREDITH

Ha, ha.

(intimately to Harry)

I didn't know Paul was a cop. Is he  
a detective or something?

HARRY

Special services. The Vice Squad.

MEREDITH

Oh, Christ, that's all I need. A  
hot date with the Vice Squad.  
(she squeezes against Harry)  
Rather be with you, hon.

CUT TO:

162 VIEW OF MILLARD AND LURLEEN

162

MILLARD

...It's lethal up to fifty feet,  
but it doesn't go through the  
target, so it doesn't damage any  
property.

(he looks at his wife)

What do you think, honey?

LURLEEN

It's cold in here.

Moran refills Harry's drink, walking with them as  
he dances with Meredith.

MORAN

Harry, c'mon, figure this one out.  
This'll kill you. Two men are going  
to have a big meeting. It'll be  
dangerous. One's got an Italian  
name, so you know what I mean.  
They're going to talk in the old  
paisan steam bath, naked.

MEREDITH

I got the whole thing for the Justice  
Department. Tell me how I did it?

HARRY

(easily)

The transmitter was in the soap.

Stanley breaks into laughter.

STANLEY

In the soap!

But from Moran's disgruntled expression, we realize  
that's where it was.

MORAN

You read that in my book.

HARRY

I never read your book.

Lurleen slips her Mink coat over her shoulders.

LURLEEN

It's cold in San Francisco.

CUT TO:

163 VIEW ON PAUL

163

On the telephone. Stan is nearby.

PAUL

Hiya, Beth? Paul Meyers. Meyers!

164 VIEW ON MEREDITH AND HARRY

164

Meredith has danced Harry away from Moran.

MEREDITH

Where you from, hon?

HARRY

New York.

MEREDITH

Me too. I used to work for a man who owned a whole chain of hardware stores. First I was a receptionist then I got promoted to a secretary, and then I got promoted to gal-Friday and special assistant to the boss. Then I married him.

He got bit by the stock market and invested all his money in a company called "Galloping Goose" which is an airplane that flies by moving its wings up and down.

HARRY

How'd he do?

MEREDITH

C'mon Harry. When's the last time you spotted an airplane flapping its wings?

Harry laughs.

MEREDITH

(flirtatiously)

You live far from here, honey?

She cuddles close to him and they dance intimately for a while.

HARRY

You still married?

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Probably. Last thing I heard he was trying to scrape enough money together to by a little hardware store. Somehow I ended up unemployed in San Francisco, which is my entire life history up to tonight.

What's the matter, don't you like to talk?

HARRY

No.

Harry holds on to Meredith and they don't speak for a while, but dance intimately. We can hear fragments of the conversations of other people.

MILLARD

...the miniaturization; the circuits are smaller, more efficient; there's no end to it.

MORAN

The end to it is that I'm gonna make a fortune selling the stuff to you and go retire in Rio de Janeiro.

Something is obviously on Harry's mind, something that troubles him. He looks at Meredith.

MEREDITH

What's on your mind?

Harry doesn't respond.

You want to tell me about it,  
I can tell.

HARRY

Meredith...would you...

MEREDITH.

Would I want, Harry?

Harry doesn't go on.

Go on, Harry, you can ask me.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

(very quietly, it's difficult  
for him to talk about personal  
things)

If you were a girl who waited for  
someone...

(he hesitates)

MEREDITH

Go on, sweetheart, you can ask  
me anything.

HARRY

...and you never really knew when  
he would come to see you. You just  
lived in a room alone and knew  
nothing about him. And...if you  
loved him and were patient with him  
and still he didn't dare tell you one  
personal thing about himself.

(pause)

...Even though he may have loved you.  
Would you...

MEREDITH

Would I?

HARRY

Would you go back to him?

MEREDITH

But how would I know he loves me?

HARRY

You would have no way of knowing.

MEREDITH

Then I wouldn't go back to him.

There is a sudden tap on Harry's shoulder. Paul is  
behind them.

PAUL

Harry, I mean we're the musketeers.  
One for all and all for one.

He substitutes himself in Meredith's arms, leaving  
Harry alone and awkward on the warehouse floor.

Harry wanders back to the chairs where Moran, Stan  
and Millard and Lurleen are sitting.

(CONTINUED)

MORAN

(boasting)

Twelve years ago I recorded every telephone conversation that the Republican nominee for the Presidency made, all over the country during his campaign, on trains, on planes, everywhere he went.

(he smiles)

He lost.

STANLEY

Harry, tell them about the time you put the bug in the parakeet. No, I'm serious, Harry actually put a microphone in a parakeet.

MORAN

I want to hear about that Welfare Fund back in 1969.

MILLARD

What was that?

MORAN

You must have read about it in the papers. Harry was working for the Attorney General's office.

(quickly pointing his finger at Harry)

Didn't know I knew that, did you, Harry? Anyway, the President of a Local back in the East had this phony welfare fund set up. Talked about it on these fishing trips he went on with his accountants. A private boat. That was the only place they talked about details. And the boat was bug-proof. They wouldn't even start up a conversation if there was another boat on the horizon. Harry recorded the whole thing.

Reference to this case seems to irritate Harry.

MORAN

No one's ever figured out how you did it. Caused a helluva scandal.

PAUL

Why?

(CONTINUED)

MORAN

Three men were murdered because of it. Harry's too modest to tell us how he did it, though.

HARRY

(quietly)

It had nothing to do with me, I mean, I just turned in the tapes.

MORAN

The President thought the Accountant had talked.

HARRY

No one really knows for sure.

MORAN

They found him naked with all his hair on his body shaved, with his hands and feet tied up with a rope, and his head in a different place.

LURLEEN

They killed him?

MEREDITH

This is morbid.

MORAN

C'mon, Harry, it's ancient history. Now, how'd you do it?

HARRY

What they do with the tapes is their own business.

MORAN

That's when I first heard about you. The next thing I knew you moved out of New York.

HARRY

It had nothing to do with me.

MORAN

C'mon, Harry, show and tell. How'd you do it?

PAUL

C'mon, fess up Harry.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

(quietly)

I pre-rigged the bait box. When they picked up their bait, they picked up my transmitter.

ANN (o.s.)

"Wake up, wake up you sleepy head..."

165 CLOSE ON HARRY

165

Startled.

ANN (o.s.)

"Get up, get up, get out of bed..."

MORAN

What's that?

ANN (o.s.)

"Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red..."

Harry turns and looks.

166 HARRY'S VIEW

166

Stanley has opened the wire-mesh that protects the workbench area and has turned on the master tape of the recent recording that Harry made.

167 CLOSE VIEW

167

The photograph of Mark and Ann that Harry has put by his bench.

HARRY

Turn it off, Stanley.

ANN (o.s.)

"You got a quarter?"

STANLEY

They ought to hear this. This is the best you've ever done, Harry.

HARRY

Stanley, turn it off!

Stan clicks it off.

STANLEY

Sure, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

Harry looks at him angrily. Meredith has wandered into the area, by some crude, unpainted bookshelves.

MEREDITH

Look, roses!

The bookshelves are filled with odd items, sort of like a prop shelf. There are radios, ashtrays, packs of cigarettes, cigar humidors, vases. She is holding up a bouquet of roses, putting them provocatively by her cleavage.

MEREDITH

Are these for me, Harry? You shouldn't have.

STANLEY

You now got a microphone in your tits!

Moran gives a loud, vulgar laugh.

MORAN

That's the funniest thing I ever saw.

LURLEEN

Millard...

Stanley moves to Meredith, shows her the tiny microphone hidden in one of the artificial flowers.

STANLEY

See...all this stuff; different stuff Harry's used over the years.

He pulls some electronic components out of a pack of cigarettes.

Everything but the Martini olive.

Harry moves to the area and indicates to both Stanley and Meredith that they should come out of the fenced-off area. As they do, he closes the door once again.

MORAN

(blase)

All that stuff's obsolete, of course. We sell that to mail order detectives and nervous husbands.

Right partner? (to Harry)

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

This annoys Harry.

STANLEY

Ah, but Harry's done a job this week that's gonna make history.

(to Moran)

You'd never figure it out.

MORAN

There's no moment between human beings that I cannot record, and there is no method that I cannot figure out.

PAUL

You couldn't figure out the bait box routine.

MORAN

I knew it all the time. I was puttin' Harry on. It's in my book, smartass.

(to Harry)

Harry knows I could figure any of his things out.

HARRY

Maybe.

STANLEY

Go on, Harry, give him the assignment.

Harry takes out a piece of chalk and draws a square on the blackboard.

HARRY

This is a quad. Here's a quad in the center of the city. There are steps.

(drawing)

Benches all around. It's 12:30 which is lunch time for a lot of people who work in the offices nearby. The place is filled with people talking, walking, having lunch. Two people are constantly walking in circles in and out of the crowds. You don't know whether they'll sit down or not. They feel pretty secure that because they're in a crowd and constantly moving that it's impossible to record them. Yet they're the targets, and the assignment is to get everything they're saying. How would you do it?

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

MORAN

One system wouldn't do it.

HARRY

Alright.

MILLARD

I could've told you that.

MORAN

It's easy. Plant a bug on them,  
get to their clothes.

HARRY

There's no way of knowing what  
they're going to wear.

MORAN

Well, then have someone bump into  
them, a drunk or something. Slip  
a pin mike on them.

HARRY

The targets know they've been bugged  
before. Too risky and obvious for them.

MORAN

(confidently)

Hire a lip reader with binoculars.

HARRY

The client wants THEIR voices,  
specifically.

MORAN

Why?

HARRY

So he can believe it.

MILLARD

Who are they?

HARRY

A boy and a girl. I don't know.

PAUL

(to Millard)

Shhhhhh.

(to Moran)

Go on, smartass.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

MORAN

Must have been an expensive  
show. Who was so interested?

MILLARD

Was it us?

MEREDITH

Who's us?

MILLARD

The Federal government.

Meredith makes a gesture that she's impressed.

HARRY

No. A private party.

Moran looks at the blackboard.

168 VIEW ON THE BLACKBOARD

168

MORAN

It would take at least four passes.

HARRY

I did it in three.

MORAN

Nice. What did you use?

HARRY

I tracked them with three-stage  
dimensional microphones of my own  
design. Then we picked up another  
twenty percent just tailing them  
conventionally. Paul did it.

STANLEY

It was a work of art, it really  
was a work of art.

PAUL

You should have seen it.

This seems to be the one subject which truly excites  
Harry.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

HARRY

(becoming enthusiastic)

These new microphones are like nothing I've ever used before. I almost didn't believe it myself. We were almost over 200 hundred yards away and it was totally readable. I broke in a newsreel cameraman on the mike. It was a beautiful thing to see, really beautiful.

LURLEEN

What did they do?

HARRY

They tracked them cross-hair on the button right on their mouths.

LURLEEN

No. The boy and the girl. What did they do?

HARRY

(almost puzzled why anyone would ask)

I don't know. I don't know. It was beautiful. You should've seen it.

MORAN

Sounds pretty. I'd like to see those mikes.

HARRY

Fat chance.

MORAN

I've been telling you, Harry, that the two of us ought to get together. I said you're the best, didn't I? You and me together, that's the tops. Let me into those file cabinets of yours, those little drawings and those little devices. We'll make a fortune selling stuff to Uncle Sam.

HARRY

I don't want a partner.

MORAN

Harry, I'm pretty good too. I mean give credit where credit is due. I mean abracadabra. How's this?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

He takes a small cassette recorder out of his pocket and lays it on the table.

MORAN

I'm number two. I have to try harder!

(he laughs)

He switches on the recorder. There is hiss and static and then:

MEREDITH (o.s.)

Go on, Harry, you can ask me.

HARRY (o.s.)

If you were a girl who waited for someone...

169 CLOSE ON HARRY

169

Slowly he realizes what he's been listening to.

MEREDITH (o.s.)

Go on, sweetheart, you can ask me anything.

HARRY (o.s.)

...and you never knew when he would come to you. You just lived in a room alone...

HARRY (o.s.)

and you knew nothing about him. If you loved him and were patient with him and still he didn't dare tell you one personal thing about himself.

(pause)

Even though he may have loved you. Would you...

MEREDITH

Harry! That's you! That's you and me!

HARRY

Alright...Shut it off.

PAUL

No shit. That's terrific. The bugger got bugged. (he laughs)

HARRY

Alright, we heard it. Shut it off now.

MEREDITH (o.s.)

Would it?

HARRY (o.s.)

Would you come back to him?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

Harry reaches over and shuts off the cassette recorder. The others are still laughing. Moran reaches over to the upset Harry and flips out the pen he had given them, unscrewing it revealing the mechanism.

MORAN

The Moran B-27 Mike and Transceiver!

PAUL

Touche, Harry, touche. You were had.

MORAN

C'mon, Harry, just a gag, for Chrissakes! Drink up, will you?

STANLEY

(sincerely)

Willie, Harry doesn't like you to say "Chrissakes."

170 VIEW ON HARRY 170

Embarrassed and angry over having these intimate thoughts exposed.

171 HARRY'S VIEW 171

The various members of the party; laughing, mimicking the things Harry said.

172 VIEW ON LURLEEN 172

The laughter wakens her; she looks around, confused. Then she joins in on the laughing.

173 VIEW ON HARRY 173

HARRY

I...I...let's...

PAUL

Harry, what's the matter.

HARRY

I didn't really want you here...  
I really...

MORAN

Harry, don't get sore.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

HARRY

Please get out!

PAUL

But we're having a party.

HARRY

Just get out and leave me  
alone.

MILLARD

C'mon, honey.

MORAN

What're you getting so upset  
over?

STANLEY

C'mon, we'd better go.

Stanley starts to pick up some of the still-full  
bottles and move to the elevator. Paul helps him.

PAUL

(to Meredith)

Let's go, honey.

Meredith stands there, looking at Harry.

MEREDITH

Harry?

Harry doesn't answer her. The group have awkwardly  
gathered their stuff, and are ready to descend as soon  
as Meredith joins them.

PAUL

Meredith...

MEREDITH

I want to stay.

She looks at Harry. He doesn't seem to contradict  
her. Stanley pushes the button, and the elevator  
starts down; we HEAR a confused mumble of whispers  
as they talk about Harry on the way down.

After a moment, Meredith is in the empty warehouse,  
standing looking at Harry. We HEAR voices fade, and  
then the sounds of the doors, and then everything  
is quiet.

(CUT TO)

174 ANGLE ON MEREDITH

174

Meredith moves around the warehouse, quietly picking up the paper cups and potato-chip sacks and the junk left by the party.

HARRY

(quietly)

It was my birthday yesterday.

MEREDITH

(with no expression)

Happy Birthday, Harry.

She continues picking up things, and in a few moments, most of the mess is gone.

She moves to him and a mischievous little smile comes over her face.

MEREDITH

I liked you best when I first saw you. Couldn't you tell?

HARRY

No.

MEREDITH

(moving to him)

What's the matter, Harry?

HARRY

I don't know...I haven't...sometimes I have trouble falling asleep. And I've been nervous.

She looks at him with an easy, but true-felt compassion.

MEREDITH

Harry, Harry, Harry...

HARRY

I dream every night but it's...it's like I'm still awake. Then the next day I don't...I don't feel as though I've slept at all.

MEREDITH

(sincerely)

Harry, Harry...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

And lately...for the first time almost, I've been lonely.

MEREDITH

It's this God-awful business you're in. It has got to be the crummiest I've ever heard of.

HARRY

I oughta quit.

MEREDITH

Good. Why don't you?

HARRY

I love it...

MEREDITH

But a man with your brain and knowing about, you know, that stuff. You could have been in the Stereo business or the Record business or something really exciting. And important. I knew a guy in the record business in Detroit. And he did far out records. You should have heard them. One was called "Jardin de Eros," Sounds of Lust. It was the filthiest thing I've ever heard in my life. You ever heard one of those records?

HARRY

No, I haven't.

MEREDITH

Well, you're missing something. I can talk openly with you. Well, it comes on and you can hear this sound: Petunk, petunk, petunk. Which is, of course, stereophonic bedsprings. Then this lady...I call her a lady...but she says:

(pause)

Oh, you don't want to hear this.

(she moves a lot closer)

You could do anything, Harry.

A man like you.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

HARRY

(whispered)

I dream about that tape...

MEREDITH

(whispered)

What?

HARRY

(whispered)

The tape, the tape. It's not  
an ordinary conversation...

MEREDITH

(whispered)

What are you talking about?

HARRY

(whispered)

It makes me feel...something...

MEREDITH

(breaking this mood with  
full voice)

Forget it, Harry...it's just a trick.

HARRY

What...

MEREDITH

A job. You don't have to FEEL anything  
about it. You just have to do it.  
That's all honey, don't worry.

She moves to him, and slowly kisses his mouth.

MEREDITH

How in God's creation did an  
attractive man like you manage to  
stay single.

HARRY

I'm difficult to live with.

MEREDITH

(moving him to the sofa)

Lie down, Harry. I'll rub your back.

Harry moves away, moves to the recorder. Looks at  
the partially unspooled tape.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

MEREDITH

Come back here. I want to show  
you a little trick I learned in  
Military School.

Slowly Harry lifts his hand, rests it on the switch.

MEREDITH

Are you going to give me trouble  
tonight?

He turns on the switch. The spools begin to turn.

ANN (o.s.)

I haven't decided (static) what  
to get you yet.

175 CLOSE ON HARRY

175

Listening intently, as though for the first time, he's  
listening to THEM, and not to his own technology. We  
can see Meredith standing by the sofa in the distant  
background.

MARK (o.s.)

Better start looking.

MEREDITH

Harry.

ANN (o.s.)

Well.

(pause)

Well, what about me?

HARRY

(whispered to himself)

Why..why...what is she frightened of?

MARK (o.s.)

You'll see.

MEREDITH

Turn it off.

ANN (o.s.)

You're no fun. You're supposed to  
tease me, give me hints, you know.

HARRY

(barely audible)

...give me hints.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

MEREDITH

Harry, come here...

MARK (o.s.)

Does it bother you?

ANN (o.s.)

What?

MARK (o.s.)

Walking around in circles.

Slowly, Meredith moves to him.

ANN (o.s.)

Look, that's terrible.

MARK (o.s.)

He's not hurting anyone.

ANN (o.s.)

Neither are we...Oh, God.

Meredith kisses Harry on his neck.

HARRY

(painfully)

Oh, God, listen to the way she  
says "Oh, God."Meredith takes Harry's hand and begins to lead him  
back to the sofa.

ANN (o.s.)

Everytime I see one of them, I  
always think the same thing.Meredith takes Harry to the sofa, and gently pushes  
him to lie down.

MARK (o.s.)

What do you think?

176 CLOSE ON HARRY

176

Listening.

ANN (o.s.)

I think he was somebody's baby boy,  
and they loved him...

CUT TO:

177 MEDIUM VIEW

177

Harry lying on the sofa. We see only fragments of Meredith as she gently loosens his shoes, and pulls them off, one by one.

ANN (o.s.)

...and here he is now, half-dead on a park-bench, and where is his mother or his father or his uncles.

Meredith walks past him, and out of Frame, leaving this pathetic, derelict view of Harry.

ANN (o.s.)

...anyway, that's what I always think.

MARK (o.s.)

...I guess I think of how when they had a newspaper strike in New York, more of those old drunks died in one night because they didn't have newspapers to cover themselves with.

Harry shudders with cold and fear.

ANN (o.s.)

Just because there were no newspapers?

MEREDITH

Just because there were no newspapers?

She walks by once again, having taken off her dress. Her long, naked legs interrupting our VIEW of Harry, momentarily.

MARK (o.s.)

Really, it keeps them warm.

178 MEDIUM CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

178

Meredith's white hands come into VIEW, and unbutton his shirt.

ANN (o.s.)

That's terrible.

MARK (o.s.)

Who started this conversation, anyhow?

ANN (o.s.)

You did.

MARK (o.s.)

I did not.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

ANN (o.s.)  
You did too. You just don't  
remember.

MEREDITH  
(pulling off Harry's shirt)  
She started it.

Meredith crosses to the bathroom, wearing a top, but  
no bottom.

The door closes.

THE VIEW MOVES CLOSER TO HARRY

ANN (o.s.)  
Mark...it's all right...we can talk.

MARK (o.s.)  
I can't stand this.

HARRY  
Listen...

ANN (o.s.)  
You're going to make me cry.

HARRY  
Listen...

MARK (o.s.)  
I know honey. I know.  
(pause)  
Me too.

ANN (o.s.)  
No...don't...

MARK (o.s.)  
Oh, God...

HARRY  
Oh, God...

ANN (o.s.)  
Take a bite out of your sandwich.

The bathroom flushes.

...and pretend I just told you a joke.

Meredith comes back from the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

MARK (o.s.)  
 (laughter)  
 Where'd you hear that?

ANN (o.s.)  
 My secret.

MEREDITH  
 They're having more fun than we are.

MARK (o.s.)  
 How do you feel?

ANN (o.s.)  
 Oh, you know.

179 MEDIUM VIEW

179

Now a fragment of Meredith moves across Harry, and we know she is unbuttoning his trousers and pulling them off.

ANN (o.s.)  
 Do you think we can do it?

MARK (o.s.)  
 Later in the week. Sunday, maybe.

ANN (o.s.)  
 Sunday, definitely.

MARK (o.s.)  
 ...3 o'clock. Room B-7. Continental  
 Lodge.

Now Meredith carefully folds Harry's trousers, and folds them on the back of a chair. She takes off her own blouse.

ANN (o.s.)  
 Look. See him? The one with the  
 hearing aid...like...

MARK (o.s.)  
 No. Where?

ANN (o.s.)  
 He was following us. He kept  
 following us close.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

Meredith's long naked body slips expertly onto the sofa with Harry, and she pulls a make-shift blanket over both of them. Her hand touches Harry's face.

180 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

180

Sweating and frightened.

MARK (o.s.)

It's nothing; don't worry about it.

ANN (o.s.)

"When the red, red robin,  
Goes bob, bob bobbin' along, along."

MEREDITH

Hey...angel.

She uses the edge of the blanket to wipe the perspiration from his face.

ANN (o.s.)

God, it will be so good to be finished with this.

Meredith moves to him, and sweetly kisses him.

ANN (o.s.)

I love you.

MEREDITH (o.s.)

It's alright, baby.

MARK (o.s.)

We're spending too much time here.

ANN (o.s.)

Stay a little longer.

Meredith kisses his forehead, his eyes, his neck.

MARK (o.s.)

...he'd...chance...

HARRY

(whispered)

...kill us...

ANN (o.s.)

You know he records  
the telephones.

(pause)

He'd kill them if he had  
the chance.

MARK (o.s.)

We'd better get back,  
it's almost two.

HARRY

(painfully)

Oh, what have I done...

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

ANN (o.s.)  
Please don't go back  
there, not until...

MARK (o.s.)  
(after a moment)  
Alright. I won't.  
You go...I'll stay  
here awhile.

ANN (o.s.)  
Goodbye...wait, you  
have something on your  
eye (pause)  
You really don't, but  
I want to kiss you.

MEREDITH  
Shhhh, it's all right.

HARRY  
It was true. It was true.  
Those three men were mur-  
dered because of me.

MEREDITH  
I know, Harry. I know. I  
really know. I really do.

HARRY  
They have no protection. I  
can find them wherever they  
go, and I can HEAR them...

MEREDITH  
Shhhh, I forgive you. I  
forgive you, Harry.  
(whispering into his ear)  
I forgive you. Shhhhhh.  
(she puts her tongue into  
his ear.)

THE VIEW HAS SLOWLY PANNED

to the large black Altec speaker. We HEAR the hiss  
and electric hum.

DISSOLVE:

181 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

181

CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY

Asleep, although we can sense his eyes moving quickly  
under his lids. We HEAR the sounds of the city in the  
middle of the night: the electric buses, the fog  
horns. Meredith lies next to him, cuddled, sound  
asleep.

DISSOLVE:

182 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

182

Mark and Ann in their perpetual walk around Union  
Square. We HEAR only the sounds of the city at  
night, continuing. This VIEW of them seems overly-  
bright, odd. We hear nothing of what they say;  
and sense only the anxiety and fear that underlines  
their every expression.

SUPERIMPOSE:

183 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY 183

THE BIG BLACK SPEAKER, in the silent warehouse. Then PAN across to the bench, where we can see the tape on the recorder, still turning, although long off the reel.

DISSOLVE:

184 HARRY ASLEEP 184

Although we know that he is dreaming. We begin to hear a distant electrical hum, that continues and grows louder from this spot.

SUPERIMPOSE:

185 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY 185

PANNING VIEW ON ANN

Speaking thought we cannot hear. She seems terrified. The hum grows louder.

DISSOLVE:

186 CLOSE ON HARRY 186

He opens his eyes; he is sweating and his lips are dry. He looks, anxious, at the spot where Meredith was sleeping. She is gone. The hum continues.

187 FULL VIEW 187

Harry looks around the room, anxious over Meredith's disappearance. He gets up from the sofa, stumbling and cold; wrapping the blanket around him. The hum is ever-present. He moves through the warehouse; turns off the flapping recorder. Shuts off the amplifier.

He looks at the bench and can see the evidence that Meredith has been through some of his things. Some of the drawers are opened, and some papers are out.

HARRY  
(calling out)  
Meredith?

No answer. The hum continues. Harry moves closer to the telephone, and the hum grows louder. The receiver is ajar. He pushes it with his forefinger, and the receiver falls onto the cradle with a dull sound, discontinuing the hum.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

HARRY  
 (realizing that he's been had)  
 Bitch!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:  
 188 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY 188

VIEW ON THE BANDSHELL

The Municipal band in white uniforms plays a march behind an easel with a large number "7".

189 VIEW ON HARRY 189

Making his way through the park, apparently looking for someone. He carries his blue plastic pouch. Crosses onto the audience area.

190 VIEW ON THE CROWD 190

Sitting on benches under the shadows of the trees, while occasional men in jackets hand out long strip programs of the day. Harry moves up and down the shady corridors looking for someone. He refuses a program.

191 HARRY'S VIEW 191

Most of the people sitting here are very, very old.

192 CLOSE ON HARRY 192

Looking across to the other side.

193 HARRY'S VIEW 193

Stanley, dressed in jacket and tie, sitting next to an extremely old woman...talking to her occasionally.

194 MEDIUM VIEW 194

Harry moves across, toward them.

STANLEY  
 (seeing Harry)  
 Harry! What are you doing here?

HARRY  
 I want to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

STANLEY

You remember my mother?

HARRY

(nods to the old woman, who remains rapt in the concert music throughout the scene.)

Nice to see you. Nice concert.

Harry sits next to Stanley on the bench.

HARRY

That girl who works for Moran went through my things.

STANLEY

What girl are you talking about Harry? Moran doesn't have any girls working for him.

HARRY

You know the one, Stanley...She left in the middle of the night. Fooled around with my phone; went through my files and my cabinets.

STANLEY

JeSUS, Harry.

HARRY

And what about you, Stanley? Why'd he hire you? For your brains?

STANLEY

Harry, cut it out; for Chrissakes!

HARRY

(rising, angrily)

But I didn't have any of my important stuff where she looked. It's all hidden away; and I'm changing all the locks, Stanley, so you can shove your keys up your ass!

STANLEY

Harry, my mother...

HARRY

Just stay away from me, and stay away from the warehouse. And tell that to Moran.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

Harry backs away a few steps, livid. Stanley's mother who has been oblivious to the argument the whole time, turns and smiles and then turns back to the concert.

STANLEY

Harry, what do you take...

HARRY

Just stay away from me...

CUT TO:

195 EXT. THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY 195

Sunday. The district is quiet, white and deserted. Large new buildings empty. The plazas and courtyards without people. We SEE a single man cross the street on his way to the Financial building.

196 HIGH ANGLE 196

The intersection, normally crowded with people and cars, now totally bare, accented by the white road markings and bus stops. Harry Caul crosses the intersection and makes his way to the patterned sidewalk which designates the Financial building.

CUT TO:

197 INT. PLAZA AREA - DAY 197

HIGH ANGLE

Harry continues under a large archway and crosses into the plaza. We HEAR footsteps echoing around the area.

CUT TO:

198 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 198

HIGH ANGLE

Harry crosses into the empty elevator area. He stops by a security guard, signs a clipboard, and continues to the elevator.

CUT TO:

199 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY 199

Empty save Harry. He holds the blue vinyl pouch that we know holds the tape.

CUT TO:

200 INT. THE LOBBY - DAY 200

The bell clinks. Harry steps out into the main lobby. No one sits at the reception desk. He proceeds to the desk and up the spiral staircase.

CUT TO:

201 INT. THE LOBBY - DAY 201

Harry enters; the once busy maze is now totally empty. We can hear a distorted Latin-American song being played.

202 PANNING VIEW ON HARRY 202

He passes a janitor, busy at work, who keeps a transistor radio on his wagon. The janitor pays no attention to Harry. He continues along, turns to a new corridor. We HEAR a strange thumping sound moving toward us. Harry hears it, hesitates, and then moves on.

Then from around the corner, a large, black Doberman Pincher--obviously a trained attack dog--appears at the corridor. It quietly regards Harry.

203 VIEW ON HARRY 203

Stops. Doesn't say anything, but doesn't seem outwardly frightened.

204 VIEW ON THE DOG 204

Standing quietly at the end of the corridor, watching him.

205 MEDIUM VIEW 205

Harry moves ahead slowly, ignoring the animal. He stops by a closed door. The dog moves closer, possessively, but does not growl.

Harry knocks quietly. There's no answer.

Once again; still no answer.

Harry turns to the dog, who stands by quietly, watching every move. Slowly, Harry opens the door revealing a large desk that commands a very large office. No one sits behind it.

CUT TO:

206 INT. THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

206

We can HEAR the sound of running water. Harry looks to his left and sees a man in his early fifties, Mr. C., rinsing out some cups and saucers in a small office, kitchenette.

HARRY

Hello.

The man doesn't react. Harry steps a little closer, speaks louder.

HARRY

HELLO.

Mr. C. turns, acknowledges Harry. He is not necessarily very old, but he carries something with him that is old, wise and perhaps laden with years of great power.

MR. C.

I didn't hear you.

He finishes rinsing off some cups, and then he closes the panelled doors which conceal the kitchenette. He seems as though he is in a state of physical pain every time he moves.

MR. C.

I didn't hear you.

He moves to the desk, opens a drawer, and puts a hearing aid on. Then he sits down.

The dog moves to the middle of the floor, and rests. Mr. C. pushes a button by the desk and nods to Harry.

MR. C.

Sit down.

Harry does, near the desk; the blue pouch in his lap.

MR. C.

You were able to do it?

HARRY

(taking the tape out  
of the pouch)  
It went very well.

MR. C.

Speak louder.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

HARRY  
(speaking loud)  
I said it went very well.

MR. C.  
(referring to his hearing  
aid)  
These things don't work.

HARRY  
(speaking loud)  
Let me see.

Mr. C. hands the instrument to Harry, who puts it on his lap and gives it a look. Finally, he blows through the tubing and listens several times.

HARRY  
(speaking loud)  
You have to keep the transducer  
tubes clean. Blow it out every  
once in a while.

In the middle of this discussion, the door quietly opens and the young man, Martin, enters, locks the door and places a small tape recorder down on the desk. He proceeds to plug it in and make it ready to play.

MR. C.  
Thanks.

He reaches into his drawer and pulls out an envelope filled with Harry's payment.

MR. C.  
I'm sorry about Friday; I had  
to go to Madrid.

HARRY  
You instructed me not to turn it  
over to anyone but you.

MR. C.  
You were right.

He gives what could be interpreted as a severe look to Martin, who does not flinch.

Mr. C. waits as Harry methodically counts the bills, then looks up and nods.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

MR. C.

Play it.

Harry looks up toward Martin.

MR. C.

Go ahead, play it. I want him  
to hear it.Harry threads the tape on the recorder. Looks to  
both of these men, and then turns it on.

207 CLOSE VIEW ON MR. C.

207

Watching carefully.

ANN (o.s.)

"...Wake up, wake up you sleepy head,  
Get up, get up, get out of bed..."

208 CLOSE VIEW ON MARTIN

208

ANN (o.s.)

"...Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red,  
Live, love, laugh and be happy..."

209 VIEW ON HARRY

209

ANN (o.s.)

You got a quarter?  
I don't know what to get him  
for Christmas, he's already got  
everything.

MARK (o.s.)

He doesn't need anything...anymore.

Harry notices something on an office cabinet near Mr.  
Mr. C.

ANN (o.s.)

I haven't decided ...(static) what  
to get you yet.

210 HARRY'S VIEW

210

A nicely framed photograph of Ann.

MARK (o.s.)

Better start looking.

CUT TO:

211 CLOSE VIEW 211

The photograph of Ann.

The view PANS to another photograph showing Mr. C. and Ann, arm in arm, having just gotten off a plane.

212 MEDIUM VIEW 212

Mr. C. notices Harry looking at the photograph.

MR.. C.

Her name is Ann.

He glances up at Martin.

ANN (o.s.)

Well...

(pause)

Well, what about me?

MARK (o.s.)

You'll see.

MR. C.

(to Harry)

It's very clear.

HARRY

Thank you.

Harry feels awkward in the room as the three of them listen to the tape. There is some unspoken tension between Mr. C. and Martin; as though hearing his tape is to settle some disagreement between them.

ANN (o.s.)

You're no fun. You're supposed to tease me, give me hints. You know.

MARK (o.s.)

Does it bother you?

ANN (o.s.)

What?

MARK (o.s.)

Walking around in circles.

ANN (o.s.)

Look, that's terrible.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara's  
Place

(WE SATISFY)  
SCRIPT SPECIALISTS  
TYPING  
&  
DUPLICATING

7725 SANTA MONICA BLVD.  
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90046  
(213) 554-3702

- 213 VIEW ON MR. C. 213  
 Listening; every once in while looking up at his Assistant.  
 MARK (o.s.)  
 He's not hurting anyone.  
 ANN (o.s.)  
 Neither are we...Oh, God.
- 214 VIEW ON MARTIN 214  
 As though he's been waiting for something incriminating to be said.  
 ANN (o.s.)  
 Every time I see one of them, I always think the same thing...  
 MARK (o.s.)  
 What do you think?
- 215 VIEW ON MR. C. 215  
 ANN (o.s.)  
 I think he was somebody's baby boy, and they loved him.  
 He turns to look at her picture.
- 216 VIEW ON THE PORTRAIT 216  
 ANN (o.s.)  
 ...and here he is now, half-dead on a park bench and where is his mother or his father or his uncles.
- 217 VIEW ON HARRY 217  
 Waiting. His duty to remain and answer any questions.  
 ANN (o.s.)  
 ...anyway, that's what I always think.
- MARK  
 ...I guess I think of how when they had a newspaper strike in New York, more of those old drunks died cont'd.
- MR. C.  
 (to Martin)  
 This is what they talk about.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

MARK (o.s.)  
in one night because they  
didn't have newspapers to  
cover themselves with.  
Fifty of them froze to  
death in one night.

ANN (o.s.)  
Just because there were  
no newspapers?

MARK (o.s.)  
Really, it keeps them  
warm.

ANN (o.s.)  
That's terrible.

MARK (o.s.)  
Who started this conversation,  
anyhow?

ANN (o.s.)  
You did.

MARK (o.s.)  
I did not.

Harry notices that when Mr. C's anger flashes,  
Martin backs down quietly.

ANN (o.s.)  
You did too. You just don't  
remember.

(pause)  
Mark...it's all right...we  
can talk.

MARK (o.s.)  
I can't stand it.

218 VIEW ON MR. C.

218

Listening.

ANN (o.s.)  
You're going to make my cry.

MARK (o.s.)  
I know, honey. I know.  
(pause)  
Me too...

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

Mr. C. listens to this intimacy.

ANN (o.s.)  
No...don't.

MARK (o.s.)  
Oh, God....

219 VIEW ON MARTIN

219

MARTIN  
(politely)  
Should I repeat that part?

MR. C.  
No.

ANN (o.s.)  
Take a bite out of your sandwich  
and pretend I just told you a joke.  
(they laugh)

Mr. C. suddenly turns in his swivel chair; his back facing Harry and Martin.

MARK (o.s.)  
Where'd you hear that?

ANN (o.s.)  
My secret.

MARK (o.s.)  
How do you feel?

HARRY  
(tentatively, he knows he shouldn't)  
It could mean ...it could mean anything.  
(he look up to Martin who seems satisfied and doesn't answer)  
Is she...is she your wife?

MARK (o.s.)  
It's a nice day today; yesterday it was cold and foggy.

220 VIEW ON HARRY

220

Unable to stop himself from asking these questions.

HARRY  
Well...well what will you do?

ANN (o.s.)  
Do you think we can do it?

MARK (o.s.)  
Later in the week. Sunday, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: 220

HARRY

Today is Sunday.

221 VIEW ON MR. C. 221

Turns around in his chair. It seems as though he has been crying.

ANN (o.s.)

Sunday definitely...

MARK (o.s.)

...3 o'clock, Room B-7, Continental Lodge.

HARRY

(frightened)

What will you do to them? I'm responsible for this.

CUT TO:

222 EXT. THE PARK - DAY 222

She has just noticed Paul following them. The familiar look of fear comes to her face.

ANN

Look. See him? The one with the hearing aid...like...

MARK

No. Where?

ANN

He was following us. He kept following us close.

MARK

It's nothing; don't worry about it.

CUT TO:

223 INT. THE OFFICE - DAY 223

CLOSE VIEW ON THE DOG

It gets to its feet.

ANN (o.s.)

"When the red, red robin,  
Goes bob, bob, bobbin' along..."

CUT TO:

224 MOVING VIEW

224

Harry is being shown out of the office by Martin.  
We SEE Mr. C. alone at the desk, receding into the  
background, as does the sound from the tape.

ANN (o.s.)

God, it will be so good to be  
finished with this.

I love you...

Martin closes the door on the image of Mr. C.

CUT TO:

225 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY

225

Martin puts his arm into the closing elevator for  
a moment. Harry looks out at him from the elevator.

MARTIN

Fifteen thousand. That's really  
nice for an afternoon's work.

(pause)

Forget it, Mr. Caul. Forget it.

HARRY

What will he do to them?

Martin finally pulls his hand from the bobbing door,  
letting it close on Harry and on his question.

CUT TO:

226 EXT. THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

226

Bleak and desolate.  
Harry walks along the plaza, alone.

227 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY

227

As he walks, he seems to be in an emotional quandary,  
raging over the role he has played in this. He  
walks blindly in a straight line.

228 MEDIUM VIEW

228

The empty commercial plaza. Harry alone, walking.  
He stops by an all-glass telephone booth. Quickly,  
he steps in it and closes the door, sitting on a  
small, built-in bench. He is breathing hard. He  
calms himself and pulls himself together in the  
privacy of the glass booth.

CUT TO:

229 FULL VIEW 229

Harry huddled in the telephone booth.

CUT TO:

230 INT. A CATHOLIC CHURCH 230

There are a few people in the church, but the last Mass is long over.

Harry dips his hand in the basin of Holy Water, crosses himself, and moves to the area near the Confessional. He waits quietly, the blue pouch on his lap. Nearby, above him, is a large statue of Mary.

A ten year old boy leaves the Confessional and runs too quickly out of the Church. Harry steps in.

CUT TO:

231 INT. THE CONFESSIONAL - DAY 231

Harry kneels in the dark confessional. We barely see the ear of the Priest through the wooden grating.

HARRY

(quietly)

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It is three months since my last confession.

(pause)

I...my sins are these:

(pause)

I have...used the name of our Lord in vain on several occasions. I... umm...on a number of occasions, I took newspapers from their racks without paying for them. I have... I have deliberately taken pleasure in...impure thoughts. I...I have committed a willful impure act... on myself...on several occasions.

(he pauses, breathes, and then, very quickly)

For these and all the sins of my past life I am heartily sorry...

CUT TO:

232 EXT. CONTINENTAL LODGE - DAY 232

The neon sign of the Motel lit up against the daylight. A smaller sign blinks "Vacancy" on and off.

CUT TO:

233 THE VIEW ALTERS 233

We watch Harry standing across the street from the Motel.

234 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY 234

Standing alone opposite the motel, just waiting and looking.

235 HARRY'S VIEW 235

(interrupted by traffic)  
The Motel. He scans the various windows of the second floor, their windows curtained closed.

236 FULL VIEW 236

Harry crosses the street, and enters the Motel office.

CUT TO:

237 INT. THE MOTEL LOBBY - DAY 237

Harry has entered the lobby, is speaking to the clerk.

CLERK  
B-7's spoken for.

Harry doesn't answer.

CLERK  
They're all the same.

Still he's silent.

CLERK  
Well?

HARRY  
Give me the one next to it.

CUT TO:

238 INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 238

CLOSE MOVING ANGLE

On Harry as he walks down the corridor. He approaches the door B-7. There is a DO NOT DISTURB SIGN hanging on the doorknob. Harry continues on past, moves on to room B-5. He uses the motel key and opens the door and enters.

CUT TO:

239 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 239

Harry walks into the sterile motel room, stright to the rear window, which has a two-foot terrace. He steps out, peeks to the side.

240 HARRY'S VIEW 240

The windows of B-7 are closed.

241 VIEW ON THE ROOM 241

Harry moves across the room, and into the bathroom. He presses his hear against the wall.

242 CLOSE ON HARRY 242

Listening.

The faintest suggestion of voices coming from the room. Harry sits on the bathroom floor, and opens his small attache case. He takes out a jeweler's drill, and slowly and very quietly drills through to the next room.

Then he takes a tiny, pellet-like instrument, connected by spider thin wires, and pokes it into the small hole. He takes a small earphone, and quickly attaches the wires to a small electrical box, and then, in an uncomfortable position under the sink, listens.

243 FULL VIEW 243

There is something ridiculous in this view of Harry, huddled under the sink.

THE VIEW MOVES CLOSER TO HIM, as it gets nearer we HEAR what he hears, progressively louder.

ANN (o.s.)

Everytime I see one of them, I  
always think the same thing.

MARK (o.s.)

What do you think?

ANN (o.s.)

I think he's someone's baby.  
Don't laugh, really I do.

Harry's eyes widen with horror, as slowly he, as we, realize that we are listening to the same conversation.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

ANN (o.s.)

I think he was someone's baby boy  
and they loved him and here he is  
now, half-dead on a park bench...

WE ARE EXTREMELY CLOSE ON HARRY, and the conversation  
is very LOUD.

Harry pulls the earphone from his ear and steps away  
from the sink. By now, he isn't sure if this is a  
distortion in his mind, or in fact happening in the  
next room.

Now there is a dull LOUD noise muffled from B-7,  
then a barely audible shout.

244 VIEW ON HARRY 244

He steps away, into the motel room.

245 CLOSE ON HARRY 245

A girl's voice is speaking at a high pitch, and  
then a terrible human groan. It is all so faint,  
Harry isn't sure if it's real or not. He backs  
further away from these sounds. Something crashing  
to the floor, and now a repeated dull blow of  
violence over and over again.

Harry throws his hands over his ears, trying to shut  
it out, but it persists.

246 VIEW ON HARRY'S WALL 246

A typical motel wall with commercial decor. From  
the other side outrageous sounds of violence.

247 VIEW ON HARRY 247

He turns to the motel television and turns in on LOUD.  
But somehow, the sounds of terror from the next room  
seem to persist.

248 FULL VIEW 248

Harry backs to one of the twin beds of his motel  
room, and fully dressed, crawls under the blanket,  
squeezing the pillow around his hears.

CUT TO:

- 249 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY 249
- The pillow clasped over his ears; MUSIC from the television playing LOUD in the room. His eyes, furtive and nervous, not knowing if the atrocity he imagines in the next room has concluded or not.
- Then he turns his face over, into the bed.
- 250 FULL VIEW 250
- Harry buries himself in the fed. The television continues to play its MUSIC.
- DISSOLVE:
- 251 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 251
- The television, still tuned LOUDLY, now plays a talk show. Harry turns, having passed out or fallen asleep. He discovers himself in the bed, in his clothes. He looks up.
- 252 VIEW ON THE TELEVISION 252
- Men around a panel: volume up loud.
- 253 MEDIUM VIEW 253
- Harry steps out of bed, shuts off the television. Quickly, he remembers the circumstances, pulls his things together and moves to the door.
- CUT TO:
- 254 INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 254
- Harry moves from his room, to the door B-7. The DO NOT DISTURB sign is gone.
- Harry knocks quietly on the door. There is no answer. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a ring of picks, and easily opens the lock.
- CUT TO:
- 255 INT. B-7 MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 255
- The door opens into the room and cautiously, Harry steps in.
- 256 CLOSE ON HARRY 256
- Closing the door behind him, he looks at the room.
- CUT TO:

- 257 HARRY'S VIEW 257  
 Perfectly made up, as though no one had been there at all.
- 258 CLOSE ON HARRY 258  
 Surprised, confused.
- 259 HARRY'S VIEW 259  
 The beds, perfectly neat, up on the wall, the little tray with coffee cups wrapped in tissue paper. Not a trace, not a sign of anyone having been there. We begin to HEAR a high sound, we do not recognize as yet.
- 260 MEDIUM VIEW 260  
 Harry steps into the room; the various little cardboard notices are placed around advertising this or that, ready for the next guests. Harry moves more quickly, looking for some hint, some confirmation of what he heard. But there is nothing. He moves to the bathroom, enters.
- CUT TO:
- 261 INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY 261  
 The sound we heard is louder here. But still not recognizable. Harry looks around the room; it is totally clean. The glasses are wrapped in paper, the soap is new, wrapped in its advertisement. The toilet has the paper band around it marked, "Sanitized for your protection."  
 Harry looks up.
- 262 HARRY'S VIEW 262  
 The shower curtain is pulled closed.
- 263 MEDIUM VIEW 263  
 Harry lifts his arm, about to pull back the curtain. He hesitates momentarily, afraid of what he might find there. He pulls it.
- 264 VIEW ON THE BATHTUB 264  
 Empty. Perfectly clean. Harry leans over, and runs his finger by the drain. Brings up to see, but there is no tell-tale drop of blood.

(CONTINUED)

- 264 CONTINUED: 264
- Harry begins to doubt himself, what he heard. He begins to leave the bathroom when that annoying, ever-present sound stops him. He turns, realizes that it is the water re-fill on the toilet. He bends over, and lifts the seat, breaking its paper seal. Like everything else, it was immaculately cleaned.
- He jiggles the flush handle to free it and the toilet flushes.
- 265 CLOSE ON HARRY 265
- Looking. Then, suddenly the familiar look of horror sweeps over him. He is terrified.
- 266 VIEW OVER HARRY TO THE TOILET 266
- It had been clogged; suddenly, the water in the bowl turns blood-red and begins to rise.
- 267 VIEW ON HARRY 267
- Frozen to this spot; understanding that what he HEARD, actually took place.
- 268 HIGH ANGLE 268
- The bloodied water keeps coming, spilling out onto the tile floor, over to Harry's shoes. He instinctively lifts one foot, stepping away from it as though it were contaminated, leaving vivid blood-red footsteps wherever he moves.
- 269 INT. B-7 MOTEL ROOM - DAY 269
- He moves, blindly, out into the main room, seeing his own trail of bloody footsteps. He staggers by the window, pulls up the half-closed blinds, and opens the window for cool air.
- CUT TO:
- 270 EXT. THE MOTEL - DAY 270
- VIEW ON HARRY
- Breathing deeply. He would scream out, but he is unable.
- CUT TO:

271 EXT. THE FINANCIAL PLAZA - DAY 271

FULL VIEW

The plaza is alive with people. Harry moves quickly through the crowds.

He stops and looks up.

272 HARRY'S VIEW 272

The tall, white monolith.

CUT TO:

273 INT. THE DIRECTOR'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY 273

The elevator light clicks on, doors open, and Harry proceeds directly past the reception desk, toward the Director's office.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me.

Harry doesn't stop. The receptionist hurries after him.

RECEPTIONIST

EXCUSE ME.

274 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 274

Continuing on. The receptionist continues along with him.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have to announce you.

HARRY

I'm going to see the Director.

RECEPTIONIST

He isn't here; we don't expect him today. What's your name?

HARRY

Harry Caul.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have him contact you.

HARRY

(pushing him and moving on)  
I have to see him NOW.

(CONTINUED)

- 274 CONTINUED: 274
- RECEPTIONIST
- Guard!
- Harry moves on to the Director's door. He opens it.
- 275 HARRY'S VIEW 275
- The office is empty.
- RECEPTIONIST
- Will you leave?
- The Guard stands in place, his hand on the pistol. Harry looks at both of them, and then moves directly toward the lobby.
- CUT TO:
- 276 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY 276
- Harry is in the elevator going down. It stops, some people step in. It continues down. Stops again, more people, and then on down. The claustrophobia begins to move in on Harry, when suddenly he is shocked.
- The elevator has stopped and Ann (the girl of the recorded conversation) steps in. The door closes and the elevator continues down.
- 277 VIEW ON ANN 277
- Resting in the crowd. She does not recognize him, does not know him.
- 278 FULL VIEW 278
- The elevator stops once again, and some people leave. It continues down.
- 279 VIEW ON HARRY 279
- The elevator stops and more people get out.
- Now they spend the substantial part of the descent alone. He looks away from her, then finally, closes his eyes.
- 280 VIEW ON ANN 280
- She smiles at him cordially.

CUT TO:

281 VIEW ON HARRY 281

Ill-at-ease, he smiles back at her.

Finally, after what seemed an interminable time, the elevator arrives at the ground floor. He allows her to leave first, holding the door open for her.

ANN

Thank you.

CUT TO:

282 EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY 282

Ann walks out of the huge, corporate building, and down the street. Harry follow, hesistantly. He stands in front of the building, watching her.

283 HARRY'S VIEW 283

Ann moves toward the electric bus.

Low fog is blowing in through the city. Harry stands petrified, as Ann walks quickly to an electric city bus, steps in. The bus silently pulls away. Fortunately, a second bus is right behind it. Harry hurries across the street and boards the second bus.

284 MOVING VIEW ON THE FIRST BUS 284

A ghostly image, moving silently through the low fog.

285 MOVING VIEW ON ANN 285

Sitting alone in the near empty bus.

286 MOVING VIEW ON THE ELECTRIC WIRES OVERHEAD 286

The feelers gliding along with a brittle sound, occasionally jumping, and creating a shower of sparks.

287 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY 287

In the second bus, sitting up at the head, looking forward through the window.

288 HARRY'S POINT OF VIEW 288

The rear of the first bus. Moving through the fog silently.

CUT TO:

289	MOVING VIEW OF THE FIRST BUS	289
	Climbing a steep hill. We can still see Ann.	
290	MOVING VIEW ON THE OVERHEAD WIRES	290
	Coming apart, then joining.	
291	MOVING VIEW ON THE FIRST BUS	291
	Making a turn to the right.	
292	MOVING VIEW ON THE SECOND BUS	292
	Climbing the hill, silently.	
293	MOVING VIEW ON HARRY	293
	Watching the bus with Ann on it.	
294	MOVING VIEW ON THE OVERHEAD WIRES	294
	The antennae glide along the grid, going straight.	
295	MOVING VIEW ON THE SECOND BUS	295
	It fails to make the turn, continuing straight ahead.	
296	VIEW ON HARRY	296
	Standing.	

HARRY  
I have to get off.

DRIVER  
Next block.

HARRY  
I have to get off!

Harry presses against the electric doors; they spring open.

CUT TO:

297	EXT. VIEW ON THE BUS - LATE DAY	297
-----	---------------------------------	-----

Harry stumbles out of the electric doors while the bus is still moving. He hits the ground still clutching his case. The Driver stops the bus when he realizes what has happened, but Harry is quickly up and running toward the first bus, which has momentarily stopped to let off some passengers.

CUT TO:

298 INT. THE BUS - LATE DAY 298

Harry breathlessly climbs onto the bus, sweating, and dirty from his fall.

The bus silently continues forward as Harry makes his way down the aisle, trying to keep his balance.

He sits one seat behind Ann, who has not paid more than cursory attention to Harry.

CUT TO:

299 EXT. THE BUS - LATE DAY 299

MOVING VIEW

Slowly and quietly the bus moves through the thickening fog.

CUT TO:

300 INT. THE BUS - LATE DAY 300

MEDIUM VIEW

Harry leans forward, behind Ann.

HARRY

Ann.

She is startled by the sound of her name. Instinctively frightened, she turns back and sees Harry: unfamiliar, sweaty and imploring. She turns away.

HARRY

Please... listen to me.

ANN

(frightened)

Who are you?

HARRY

We've never met, but I know you;  
I know who you are and I know about  
your problem.

301 CLOSE VIEW ON ANN 301

She listens, then quickly rises, moving forward in the moving bus.

CUT TO:

302 NEW VIEW

302

She takes another seat on the opposite side of the bus. Harry sighs, and moves to the seat behind her. All the following is whispered.

HARRY

Don't be afraid of me.

ANN

How do you know my name?

HARRY

I've listened to you...to the two of you.

She looks back at him; her look is severe and accusing.

ANN

What problem...I have no problem.

CUT TO:

303 EXT. THE BUS - NIGHT

303

MOVING VIEW

A ghostly silent image.

304 MOVING VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW

304

Harry sitting behind Ann. He is silent for a moment. She turns, looking forward, ignoring him.

CUT TO:

305 INT. THE BUS - NIGHT

305

VIEW ON ANN

Looking forward, Harry leans toward her whispering.

HARRY

You have to understand...that I... myself have nothing to do with this...

ANN

(without looking back)

Please go away...

HARRY

I am not responsible, in any way. But, I can't stand by...

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

305

ANN

What are you talking about?

HARRY

I was worried about you...I thought that something terrible...

ANN

You're frightening me...

HARRY

...something terrible. Because I feel something for you, even...

ANN

Go away; please go away.

HARRY

...though I don't know you, you're so familiar. Someone I've known so intimately...

ANN

Driver...

HARRY

...and care for; I feel as though I've known you for a long time.

Ann moves to the front of the bus.

ANN

(to the Driver)

This man...please, he's bothering me.

Harry follows her, as though trying to prove his loyalty.

HARRY

Everytime I see one of them, I always think the same thing...

DRIVER

What IS this? Come on!

HARRY

I think...he was somebody's baby... I think he was somebody's baby boy, and they loved him.

CUT TO:

306 VIEW ON ANN

306

Shocked as she recognizes what Harry is saying.

DRIVER

Quit it, will you.

HARRY

...and here he is now, half-dead  
on a park bench.

DRIVER

Alright. Off the bus. Off the  
bus.

He pulls the bus over; and Ann quickly uses this  
opportunity to run out of the bus.

HARRY

Wait...please...

CUT TO:

307 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

307

Ann runs awkwardly down a steep street, away from  
the bus. Her shoes are difficult to maneuver on the  
many shallow concrete steps cut into the steep grade.  
Harry takes a few steps, looking down at her.

HARRY

(shouting)

I want to HELP you!

He looks back.

308 HARRY'S VIEW

308

The driver has stepped out of the bus, which stands  
in the middle of the street.

DRIVER

Hey! Do you want me to call the  
Police? You hear me!

309 MOVING VIEW ON HARRY

309

He begins, hesitantly, to run down the many steps,  
two at a time, to catch up with Ann. He is breath-  
less and middle-aged.

CUT TO:

- 310 NEW VIEW 310  
Ann's high-heel shoes click awkwardly down the steps. She is still a good distance away from him. She turns back, as she moves.
- ANN  
Please leave me alone.
- 311 VIEW UP THE STEPPED STREET 311  
Harry on the street. A distance behind him, the electric bus waits like some immobile monster; the driver standing in a momentary indecisiveness. Harry raises his arms, unable to articulate his strong emotion; then finally:
- HARRY  
I'm a good man.
- 312 HARRY'S VIEW 312  
She turns and continues down the steps.
- 313 VIEW ON HARRY 313  
HARRY  
I'm a good man.  
Harry moves down the steps.
- 314 HIS VIEW 314  
She has made it to the base of the street, turns, and is out of sight.
- 315 CLOSE ON HARRY 315  
Terrified that he might lose her.
- 316 LOW FULL ANGLE 316  
Harry alone, moving quickly down the steps.
- CUT TO:
- 317 EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT 317  
MEDIUM VIEW  
We look up to the symmetrical green terracing; clean and simple. Two rows of grey steps cut up to the top. We SEE the small figure of Ann, moving up the second
- (CONTINUED)

- 317 CONTINUED: 317  
 row and into the park. Harry watches, then he begins to move up the steps.
- 318 CLOSE ON HARRY 318  
 Moving up the steps. He watches her.
- 319 HARRY'S VIEW 319  
 Ann stands high on the second level of the park. She is frightened, but she stands motionless, watching him.
- 320 MEDIUM VIEW 320  
 Harry has arrived on the first level, she starts to walk along the top. He walks along with her, one level below; afraid that she will run away if he moves any closer.
- 321 MOVING VIEW ACROSS HARRY TO ANN 321

HARRY

My name is Harry Caul. I live here in the city, in an apartment building that I own. 220 Polk Street.

(suddenly)

Can you hear me? Are you listening?

There is no reaction from her. She keeps walking slowly.

HARRY

I would tell you more about myself... but there's so little. I...never did well. When I was younger, I never did well at school. My father wanted me to be a printer, so he'd be sure I could make a living. He went to college, and was disappointed in me.

- 322 VIEW ON ANN 322

She doesn't look at him. Fog is blowing across the levels of the park.

HARRY (o.s.)

My mother was Roman Catholic...

CUT TO:

323 VIEW ON HARRY 323

Almost passionately telling her these things.

HARRY

I was very sick when I was a boy.  
I was paralyzed in my left arm and  
my left leg, and couldn't walk for  
six months.

I remember...when one doctor told  
me that I'd never be able to walk  
again.

324 VIEW ACROSS TO ANN 324

The fog momentarily causes her to disappear, then  
come back.

HARRY

...My mother used to lower me  
into a hot bath...it was therapy.  
Once the doorbell rang, and she  
left me propped on the tub, while  
she answered it. I could hear her  
talking downstairs while I began to  
slip into the water.

325 VIEW ON HARRY 325

HARRY

...I felt the water up to my chin,  
and my mouth, and my nose...and then  
my eyes. I remember I could see under  
the water. But I couldn't lift myself  
out of it. I remember I wasn't afraid.  
When I woke up later, my skin was  
greasy from the holy oil she had rubbed  
on my body...  
And I remember being disappointed that  
I had survived.

326 VIEW ON ANN 326

Faintly there.

HARRY (o.s.)

I like to eat...but I've never  
liked potatoes.

327 VIEW ON HARRY 327

Moving.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

327

HARRY

...When I was five years old, I was introduced to a friend of my father's and for no reason at all, I hit him with all my strength in his stomach. He died a year later.

Harry sits on a small bench in the path.

...He had an ulcer...But my father always said that he died partly because of me. My mother said he would have died anyway.

When I was four, I took a puppy I loved and hit it over the head with a toy hammer.

I hated a Nun because she slapped me...but I loved the Virgin Mary because she gave me anything I wanted whenever I prayed to her.

318 VIEW ON ANN

318

Standing, disappearing, returning.

HARRY (o.s.)

On my thirty-sixth birthday, as a birthday present to myself...

329 VIEW ON HARRY

329

On the bench, no longer looking at her.

HARRY

...I turned in a false alarm. And I remember a girl named Marjorie who kissed me on the lips and told me she loved me on the day her family was moving back to Virginia because her father was an officer in the Navy.

330 VIEW ON ANN

330

Standing, disappearing...now gone.

HARRY (o.s.)

...I am miserly and cheap, and penny pinching...

CUT TO:

331 VIEW ON HARRY 331

HARRY

...I enjoy looking at my face in  
the mirror. I am not afraid of  
death...but I am afraid of murder.

Silence. Harry looks up to the second terrace. It  
is covered with fog.

Are you there?

332 FULL VIEW 332

Harry alone, sitting on the bench.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

333 EXT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE ALLEY - NIGHT 333

CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Harry as he walks slowly down the quiet alleyway of  
his warehouse. He stops, having noticed something.

334 MEDIUM VIEW 334

Harry looking up at his warehouse; the rows of  
flourescent lights are burning.

335 HARRY'S VIEW 335

The wire-reinforced windows. Lighted.

336 VIEW ON HARRY 336

He moves toward the elevator door; then thinks  
against that. Unlocks and enters the steel stair-  
case.

CUT TO:

337 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 337

Harry at the base of the staircase. He looks up.

338 HARRY'S VIEW 338

Someone is in the warehouse; occasionally there is  
a voice, and the noise of movement.

CUT TO:

- 339 MEDIUM VIEW 339  
Cautiously, frightened, Harry begins to move up the steel staircase, extra careful not to make a sound.
- 340 NEW VIEW 340  
At the warehouse level. Harry slowly approaching.
- 341 VIEW ON HARRY 341  
Without realizing it, Harry's foot dislodges a beer can that was on one of the steps.
- 342 CLOSE ON HARRY 342  
Realizing what he's done.
- 343 HIS VIEW 343  
The can goes tumbling down the steel steps, echoing as it falls.
- 342 VIEW ON HARRY 344  
Looking up toward the warehouse. The lights go out. Harry gasps, then takes several more steps and hesitates. Silence, then in a whisper.

HARRY

Who is it?

No answer. Harry steps up the last few steps, and onto the main floor of the warehouse.

HARRY

What do you want?

We HEAR movement, but there is no answer.

HARRY

(terrified)

What are you doing here?

A moment of silence and then, out of the darkness, laughter.

MARK (o.s.)

Who told you that one, Mr. C.?

ANN (o.s.)

Who else?

CUT TO:

345 CLOSE ON HARRY

345

Frightened.

HARRY

Who's there?

MARK (o.s.)

How do you feel?

ANN (o.s.)

Oh, you know.

MARK (o.s.)

It's a nice day today; yesterday  
it was cold and foggy.

HARRY

Who...

There is sound of movement. Harry is startled. It  
is the sound of the elevator going down.

ANN (o.s.).

Can we do it?

MARK (o.s.)

Later in the week. Friday maybe.

Harry runs to the side wall; switches on the light.

346 CLOSE ON HARRY

346

Temporarily blinded, he shields his eyes.

347 WHAT HE SEES

347

The warehouse. All its secrets examined: its  
drawers and cabinets. The devices; opened and  
examined; blueprints, circuitry. And the master  
tape turning.

ANN (o.s.)

Sunday, definitely...

MARK (o.s.)

The Continental...3 o'clock. B-7.

Harry moves to the warehouse window. Looks out.

ANN (o.s.)

Look. See him? The one with the  
hearing aid...like...

(CONTINUED)

- 347 CONTINUED: 347
- MARK (o.s.)  
No...where?
- 348 HARRY'S VIEW 348
- Two men have left the building and walk quickly down,  
and then around the corner.
- ANN (o.s.)  
He was following us. He kept  
following us close.
- HARRY
- (shouting down)  
Moran! I know it's you.
- The men don't look up. Harry shouts down again,  
pathetically.
- Moran, is it you?
- The men disappear.
- MARK (o.s.)  
It's nothing. Don't worry about  
it.
- 349 MEDIUM VIEW 348
- Harry turns back toward the warehouse, and the  
recorder.
- ANN (o.s.)  
God, it will be so good to be  
finished with this.  
(static and muffled sound)
- Harry moves to the recorder.
- ANN (o.s.)  
I love you.
- He switches it off. Turns it to rewind.
- 350 CLOSE ON THE RECORDER 350
- Rewinding.
- 351 CLOSE ON HARRY 351
- Waiting. Then something hits him.

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED: 351

HARRY

What?

He stops the tape; moves it fast forward, and stops it.

352 VIEW ON THE TAPE 352

Turning.

MARK (o.s.)

It's a nice day today; yesterday  
it was cold and foggy.

ANN (o.s.)

Do you think we can do it?

353 CLOSE ANGLE ON HARRY 353

Suddenly, these words have a new meaning for him.

MARK (o.s.)

Later in the week. Friday maybe.

CUT TO

353 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 353

Harry's shoes make bloody footsteps on the tile floor, and the out to the carpet of the motel room.

ANN (o.s.)

Do you think we can do it?

CUT TO:

355 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 355

CLOSE ON HARRY

Remembering.

MARK (o.s.)

Later in the week...

CUT TO:

359 CONTINUED:

359

Ann uses a small knife as well, screaming at the top of her lungs as she also stabs him. Blood splashes onto the little cablecar motif on the wall.

MARK (o.s.)

No. Where?

Mr. C. is in pain, and pounds both his hands on the wall.

ANN (o.s.)

He was following us. He kept following us close.

360 CLOSE ON ANN

360

Screaming. The blood of her husband is on her hands and face.

MARK (o.s.)

It's nothing, don't worry about it.

361 VIEW ON MARK

361

Mr. C. holds on to him, as Mark delivers the last blows. Mr. C. begins to slide to the floor.

ANN (o.s.)

"When the red, red robin,  
Goes bob, bob, bobbin' along, along."

CUT TO:

362 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

362

VIEW ON HARRY

ANN (o.s.)

God, it will be so good to be finished with this...

CUT TO:

363 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

363

Mr. C., angry and nervous, operates a small portable tape recorder for Mark and Ann.

ANN (o.s.)

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

356 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 356

THE BATHROOM

Wads of tissue paper soaked in blood are thrown into the toilet bowl, and flushed.

Ann moves back into the main room where Mark is busy washing the blood from the wall.

Ann efficiently removes the blood stained linen from the floor.

MARK (o.s.)

...Sunday maybe.

Near to them is the brutally wounded body of Mr. C. lying on a plastic sheet on one of the beds.

ANN (o.s.)

Sunday definitely.

CUT TO:

357 INT. HARRY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 357  
VIEW ON THE TAPE

Turning.

MARK (o.s.)

Continental Lodge. 3 o'clock.  
Room B-7.

358 VIEW ON HARRY 358

Stepping away from the recorder, staring at it.

ANN (o.s.)

Look. See him? The one with the  
hearing aide...like...

CUT TO:

359 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 359

FULL VIEW

Mr. C. shouts in pain as Mark plunges a short-bladed knife into him. We don't hear any of these sounds, but must remember them from the time Harry heard them from the next room.

(CONTINUED)

- 369 INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - DAY 369
- Harry steps into the Reception area from the elevator. This offices feels the full weight of the recent tragedy. It seems as though there are many people from the press; more Guards have been put on to keep them and the involved and interested concerned in some sort of order.
- Harry moves into this crowd, still holding his pouch. Phones are ringing, and there is a sense of confusion and disorder. Now a few people begin to appear from the main corridor. Some of the Press photographers spring to action; a rumble moves through the crowd.
- 370 CLOSE ON HARRY 370
- Looking.
- 371 HIS VIEW 371
- A few Security Guards lead a group of Mr. C.'s young associates. Then the widow, Ann, dressed in mourning moving quickly, and with the guards discouraging the inevitable photographs. Near to her, though trying to seem like one of the group of other young men, is Mark.
- 372 CLOSE ON ANN 372
- As she moves, glancing to the crowd, she notices Harry.
- 373 MOVING VIEW PASSING HARRY 373
- Looking at her.
- 374 VIEW ON ANN 374
- Frightened, she turns to Mark and nods toward Harry.
- 375 VIEW ON MARK 375
- He takes note of Harry.
- 376 MEDIUM VIEW 376
- The Guards make room for this party of people. They enter the elevator.

CUT TO:

- 363 CONTINUED: 363  
 Mark moves around him and locks the door.  
 CUT TO:
- 364 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 364  
 Harry shuts off the recorder.  
 CUT TO:
- 365 EXT. A STREET - DAY 365  
 A mangled automobile.  
 We are CLOSE on the body of Mr. C., slumped bleeding over the wheel of the crashed Mercedes. The automobile bursts into flame.  
 CUT TO:
- 366 INT. MR. C'S BUILDING - DAY 366  
 CLOSE VIEW ON HARRY  
 Looking down.
- 367 WHAT HE SEES: 367  
 A stack of newspapers. The front page features a picture of the burnt-out Mercedes. Several people move past Harry; several papers are sold.  
 We can read a headline: "Executive Killed in Auto Accident."  
 CUT TO:
- 368 INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING LOBBY - DAY 368  
 MEDIUM VIEW  
 Harry is in the lobby of the financial building. Many people move past him in the newsstand area. He holds a pouch in his arms.  
 Harry moves toward the elevators.  
 CUT TO:

378 CONTINUED:

378

HARRY

I have to talk to him.

VOICE (o.s.)

Your name again?

HARRY

Caul.

VOICE (o.s.)

Spell it.

HARRY

Caul...C-A-U-L, Caul.

VOICE (o.s.)

I'm putting you on hold.

Harry waits, upset.

VOICE (o.s.)

Mr. Caul, we'll get right back to you.

(hangs up)

HARRY

But you don't have...

He realizes they've hung up. He drops the receiver into the cradle.

HARRY

...my number.

He is about to re-dial their number, when he pauses, and stops. He decides not to. He returns the telephone and regards it as an intruder. His paranoia rampant, he turns and looks at his door. He senses something and opens it without warning:

There are Bob and Ron, his neighbors, caught in the most primitive form of eavesdropping, their ears to the door.

HARRY

(smoldering)

What is this?

RON

We've got a bone to pick with you...we...

(CONTINUED)

377 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

377

Inside the building, he goes quickly up the steps.  
On one flight of steps, he passes one of the  
neighbors, Ron.

RON

Oh, Harry...

HARRY

(continuing past him)

Excuse me...I...

Ron turns and follows.

RON

(sternly)

Harry, it's important...we're  
all very upset.

Harry moves past them, without another word.

CUT TO:

378 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

378

He locks his door. He puts down the plastic pouch.  
He dials a number on his telephone.

HARRY

Extension 765.

OPERATOR (o.s.)

One moment.

MALE VOICE (o.s.)

The Director's office.

HARRY

I want to speak with the Director's  
assistant, Mr. Harrison. It's  
important; this is Mr. Caul.

VOICE (o.s.)

Moment.

(click)

Harry waits.

VOICE (o.s.)

(click)

I'm sorry, that's impossible now.  
May we get back to you?

(CONTINUED)

379 CONTINUED:

379

HARRY

Yes.

MARK (o.s.)

You wanted to speak to Harrison.  
But he's gone now...you understand  
me?

HARRY

Yes.

MARK (o.s.)

Just listen to me. Leave it,  
Mr. Caul. Forget everything. It  
has nothing to do with you. All you  
can do is hurt yourself. Do you  
understand me?

HARRY

Yes.

MARK (o.s.)

I'll keep my eye on you...  
(click)

Slowly, Harry hangs up.

CUT TO:

380	INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY	380
	Harry sitting in the middle of his room on his wooden-backed chair, playing the saxophone to a record. After a moment, the telephone rings. He looks.	
381	HARRY'S VIEW	381
	The telephone.	
382	MEDIUM VIEW	382
	Harry rises; turns the volume down; answers it.	
383	CLOSE ON HARRY	383
	As soon as he listens; there is a click and then a dial tone.	

CUT TO:

379 CONTINUED:

379

BOB

Mrs. Evangelista told us that she thinks you own this building.

Harry rages, as though he is capable of great violence.

HARRY

And how did she find that out?  
By reading my mail, by listening on my telephone...by spying on me the way she found out that it was my birthday.

BOB

Harry, we...

HARRY

Get out of here! Get out! I'll evict you all! I'll tear the building doen.

He frightens them and slams the door.

379 CLOSE ON HARRY

379

He looks at his ragged, tense face in the mirror, rubbing the skin.

Then he HEARS the telephone ringing.

He walks into he main room slowly, all his attention focused on the telephone. The watches it ring for a while, then quickly, he answers it.

HARRY

How did you get this number?

MALE VOICE (o.s.)

It's in your dossier, Mr. Caul.

There's a pause, and then someone new takes the phone.

VOICE (o.s.)

Do you recognize my voice?

Harry shudders. It is Mark.

VOICE (o.s.)

Do you know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

- 384 MEDIUM VIEW 384  
 Harry returns; turns up the music; and continues playing. The telephone rings. He stops and looks with horror at the phone. He answers it once again. The same click, and then silence. The record-changer has come to the end; and shuts itself off.
- 385 CLOSE ON HARRY 385  
 Staring at the telephone; moving it occasionally so as to look at it from different points of view. Then he takes a small pencil-screwdriver from his vest pocket and deftly with small, precise movements, loosens the screws that hold the case on the mechanism. In a moment, the insides of the instrument are exposed.  
 He dials a special number on the dial, and a 100Hz tone comes over the receiver. He checks the circuitry in what has now become an efficient ritual, tapping this, touching that, testing voltages here and there.  
 He unscrews the cap on the receiver, examining the microphone and speaker cartridges carefully. Satisfied that the instrument itself is clean, he traces the wires with his fingers, feeling the texture of the line down to the box on the wall. He opens and inspects the wall box.  
 Now he lifts the receiver, listening to the dial tone, and replaces it. He repeats this several times. He has not found the tap, if one exists.
- 386 CLOSE ANGLE ON HARRY 386  
 Glancing around the room; it could be anywhere.
- 387 HARRY'S POINT OF VIEW 387  
 Turning, looking at each corner, each aspect of the room.
- 388 MEDIUM VIEW 388  
 Calmly, he unscrews and removes the plates from each and every electric box. The light switches, the wall outlets, the lighting fixtures. He removes and inspects everything. He begins to turn the chairs upside down, slitting the soft material of their undersides, and feeling carefully underneath. He checks the couch and table as well.

(CONTINUED)

- 388 CONTINUED: 388
- Then he begins to carry the furniture into the bedroom, stack them one on top of another, the tables, and then the chairs on top of them, and all the rest of the furniture, piece by piece.
- 389 CLOSER VIEW ON HARRY 389
- He is nervous, more rattled, beginning to sweat, as he goes through another logical step, and cannot find the tap. He looks closer at the places where the furniture had been.
- 390 NEW VIEW 390
- He gets on his hands and knees and begins to slowly roll the carpet, exposing the wood-grained floor. He carries the carpet roll with some difficulty, and stores it in the bedroom.
- 391 MOVING VIEW 391
- Now he moves quickly around the room, taking everything down from the walls: the pictures, the little bric-a-brac, the curtains. Then he stops.
- 392 HARRY'S VIEW 392
- A little plastic Madonna.
- Harry moves to it, looking, a subtle smile moving over his face. He smashes it completely with his fist. But it's empty.
- 393 FULL VIEW ON THE ROOM 393
- Harry turns, he is more confused, rattled. He circles the room, his sensitive fingers tracing the patterns on the walls, seeking the feel of hair-thin wires or some tell-tale hint.
- 394 MOVING VIEW ON HIS FINGERS 394
- Gliding along the wallpaper.
- 395 NEW ANGLE 395
- Harry exits the kitchen with a large bowl of steaming water, and a sponge. He moves to each of the four corners, and begins by splitting the wallpaper with a razor blade, and then soaking each with the saturated sponge. After soaking the fourth corner,

(CONTINUED)

395 CONTINUED: 395

he returns to he first, and begins to peel the paper away from the ceiling to the floor, exposing the bare wall underneath.

396 CLOSE ANGLE 396

He examines this carefully, but finds nothing. He continues soaking and peeling but there is nothing.

397 HIGH FULL ANGLE 397

Harry stands helplessly in his stripped down room. He gets on his hands and knees, prying the baseboard apart from the wall, using a screwdriver.

At each phase, he realizes that something better must have been used, and he becomes more and more desperate until, in the privacy of his room, he begins to weep.

FADE OUT:

- THE END -