CAPOTE

1 EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING 1

The CAMERA follows a SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL, long hair, pretty Sunday church dress, walking toward a peaceful farmhouse. At the door she lifts the knocker. The door opens slightly. The girl turns and looks past the camera at her MOTHER, sitting in an old Plymouth idling in the driveway. Her mother shrugs, motions for her to go inside.

2 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2

The girl walks through the downstairs rooms. In the kitchen, the PHONE is OFF the hook. The girl looks back toward the open front door. She turns toward the stairs, climbs them.

3 INT. FARMHOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS 3

She walks down the hall to a BEDROOM DOOR at the end. The door is slightly ajar. She knocks, then enters the room.

4 INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

The girl's POV: the CAMERA pans across the bedroom of a high school coed. We see the desk, the bureau, the bed. On the bed lies NANCY CLUTTER, her wrists and legs bound in rope, SHOT in the head. There is blood on the wall. The sixteen year-old girl stands immobile. Before she starts to scream,

CUT TO:

5 EXT. N.Y. CITYSCAPE, ESTABLISHING - DAY 5

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

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

We PULL BACK and see TRUMAN CAPOTE (34), at the desk in his bedroom, staring at the clipping. He reads it, captivated. He picks up the telephone, dials -

FEMALE VOICE OVER THE PHONE
New Yorker magazine.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
William Shawn, please.

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

SHAWN (OVER PHONE)
Yes.

TRUMAN
Mr. Shawn, it's Truman Capote.

SMASH CUT TO:

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

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

TITLE UP: "CAPOTE"

8 INT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT 8

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

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

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

NELLE
I figured you'd missed it.

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

TRUMAN
God I'm glad you agreed to come.
(then, noticing)
Oh, Nelle, you poor thing.

He tries to spruce up her limp silk scarf.

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

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

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

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

He tips them.

NELLE
What all did you bring?

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

TRUMAN
You're sweet.

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

TRUMAN
Thank you. You're very kind.

PORTER #1
(to Nelle)
Ma'am.

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

NELLE
You're pathetic.

Truman doesn't answer.

NELLE (cont'd)
You're pathetic.

TRUMAN
What?

NELLE
You paid them to say that.

Truman won't look at her. She whacks him.

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

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

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

TRUMAN
Maybe he likes a good novella!

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

NELLE
Pathetic.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT 10

Bird's-eye SHOT of the train chugging in the night.

11 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 11

TRAVELING SHOTS of harvested FIELDS, grazing LIVESTOCK, solitary FARMHOUSES.

The TRAIN chugs across the Kansas flatlands.

SHOTS of SIGNS outside Garden City: "World's Largest Free Swimpool" and "Howdy, Stranger! Welcome to Garden City. A Friendly Place."

12 EXT. GARDEN CITY RENT-A-CAR - DAY 12

Truman and Nelle rent a car. People stare.

13 I/E. RENTAL CAR - DAY 13

Nelle drives past the main square, Truman in the passenger seat. She slows as they notice a small group of soberly dressed people outside the PHILLIPS' FUNERAL HOME.

14 INT. LOBBY, WARREN HOTEL, GARDEN CITY - DAY 14

Truman and Nelle check in. People stare. Nelle notices.

15 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE, GARDEN CITY - AFTERNOON 15

Truman and Nelle walk quickly across the square. Truman still wears his Hermes scarf, like an elf on an exceedingly long leash, and a little pillbox hat.

16 EXT. FINNEY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, GARDEN CITY - CONTINUOUS 16

Truman and Nelle trot up the COURTHOUSE STEPS. Nelle hands Truman a folded-over page from the Garden City Telegram - a PHOTO of a middle-aged MAN (Alvin Dewey) in a suit and tie sitting at a table in a courtroom.

17 INT. FINNEY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 17

Truman approaches the GUARD DESK.

TRUMAN
Mr. Alvin Dewey. Kansas Bureau of Investigation.

GUARD
Third floor. In what used to be the Sheriff's Office.

Truman CURTSIES.

18 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 18

In the reception area, ALVIN DEWEY and the two other KBI AGENTS assigned to the Clutter case are getting their jackets on and straightening their ties. They've completely taken over the office. They are: HAROLD "Brother" NYE (34); and ROY "Curly" CHURCH (60 - bald). They all smoke.

Sheriff WENDLE MEIER - 30's, kind, overweight - is office-less (though he and his wife JOSIE still live on the fourth floor of the Courthouse.) WENDLE lurks in the background, nowhere to go, emptying one of many FILLED ASHTRAYS, BOTHERED by the SMOKE. Truman and Nelle enter as:

CHURCH
The wife said no more smoking in the house. I told her, "Fine. Wendle's got a couch upstairs in his apartment. I'll stay with him and Josie till we're done here."
(to Wendle)
I've got my bag and a carton of cigarettes in the car.

WENDLE looks uncomfortable. Dewey shakes his head at Church.

DEWEY
Roy.

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

Silence. The Agents stare at him.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Hello.

Silence. Nye is looking at Truman, particularly puzzled.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Hermes.

NYE
Sorry?

TRUMAN
The scarf.

NYE
Oh.
(then)
Nice.

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

Dewey stubs out his cigarette.

DEWEY
About what?

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

DEWEY
I care.

TRUMAN
Excuse me?

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

TRUMAN
Yes -

DEWEY
As do a lot of folks around here.

TRUMAN
Of course.

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

NYE
(to Church)
New Yorker?

CHURCH
You have press credentials?

NYE
What's the New Yorker?

CHURCH
Magazine.

TRUMAN
Magazines don't give out -

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

Nelle and Truman are left alone.

19 INT. SPARE COURTROOM - DAY 19

Packed with PRESS from all over the Midwest, as well as local Finney County CITIZENS. Dewey's leading the press conference from a FOLDING TABLE set up in front of the Judge's bench, flanked by the two other KBI Agents. He's got a cigarette burning in an ashtray. Truman and Nelle stand in the back. A middle-aged WOMAN, standing, very upset, is with her elderly mother. She's made herself heard above the barrage of questions directed at Dewey.

UPSET WOMAN
... we've got the lights burning all night long, my poor mother can't sleep -

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

UPSET WOMAN
Had his throat cut.

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

JOURNALIST #2
You've identified the murder weapon?

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

JOURNALIST #1
Twelve-gauge, hunting -

DEWEY
Right.

JOURNALIST #1
They were all shot in the face?

Dewey looks at the journalist. Then, evenly:

DEWEY
No. Nancy in the back of the head.

JOURNALIST #2
Is there any evidence of, I'm sorry, sexual molestation of the women?

DEWEY
No.

JOURNALIST #2
Anything else stolen?

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

JOURNALIST #3
The boy was sixteen?

DEWEY
Fifteen. Nancy was sixteen.

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

DEWEY
Susan Kidwell.

JOURNALIST #2
Spell that?

DEWEY
I assume you're okay with the Susan part. K-I-D-W-E-L-L. But, please, leave her be.

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

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

DEWEY
(standing, stubs out cigarette)
George, it's good to see you again. I do have an opinion whether this was the work of one man or a whole bunch, as you said, but I don't think it matters a lot whether it was Mexicans or Methodists or Eskimos. We're going to find whoever did this. Four good people from our community are dead. Let's remember that. Okay with you?
(holds up a notice)
The Garden City Telegram's offering a thousand dollar reward for information leading to an arrest. Please print that.
(moving to the exit)
Thank you all for coming.

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

CUT TO:

20 INT. RENTAL CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 20

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRUMAN
(rolling window down, shakes his head)
Not even a little bit. I don't know how you live with those people.

He leans his head out, closes his eyes.

21 EXT. CLUTTER FARM - SUNSET 21

Nelle pulls their car to the side of the COUNTY ROAD which fronts the CLUTTER FARM. We recognize the FARMHOUSE as the one in which Nancy Clutter was found dead. A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (20 years old) sits in a CRUISER parked up the driveway. CRIME SCENE TAPE marks the perimeter of the property. Truman and Nelle get out of their car, stand at the foot of the driveway, gazing at the lonely farmhouse.

FADE OUT.

22 EXT. HOLCOMB HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING 22

A gorgeous fall day. Crowds of kids arriving at school. Many are SOMBER. As Truman and Nelle walk toward the kids, some look at Truman and give him a wide berth. Nelle notices. She leaves Truman, walks up to a group of THREE GIRLS.

NELLE
Morning.

GIRL #1
Hi.

NELLE
Can any of you tell me where I'd find Susan Kidwell?

GIRL #1
Oh, um...

The girl glances toward the school entrance where SUSAN KIDWELL (who found Nancy Clutter's body) walks with BOBBY RUPP (tall, 17).

NELLE
(gently)
Is that her? With the tall boy?

GIRL #2
Yeah. With Bobby Rupp.

NELLE
Rupp?
(Girl #2 nods)
Thank you.

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

GIRL #2
Oh, quiet yourself, Janice.

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

NELLE
Truman. Truman -

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

NELLE (cont'd)
These folks live their lives in a particular way. You need to consider adapting yourself to that fact.

TRUMAN
What -

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

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

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MAIN STREET, GARDEN CITY - DAY 23

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

24 INT. PHILIPS FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS 24

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

25 INT. BACK ROOM, PHILIPS FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS 25

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

CUT TO:

26 INT. WARREN HOTEL, TRUMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 26

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

JACK (OVER PHONE)
I'm having all your friends, you'd be very proud.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
You hate my friends.

JACK
Without you around I realize I don't hate them quite so much.

TRUMAN
I saw the bodies today.

JACK
Which?

TRUMAN
The Clutters. I looked inside the coffins.

JACK
That's horrifying.

TRUMAN
It fascinates me. It confirms most of what I think of human nature. You see that and normal life falls away.
(beat)
But, then, I was never much for normal life -

JACK
No, you weren't.

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

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

TRUMAN
Well -

JACK
Maybe manliness.

TRUMAN
My point exactly.

JACK
It's why I left the Midwest in the first place. I knew I could only find someone like you in New York City.
(beat)
It's where you belong.

On Truman, gazing at the EMPTY TOWN SQUARE below.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. GARDEN CITY, VARIOUS - EARLY MORNING 27

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

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

The CLUTTER FARMHOUSE is peaceful, quiet.

CUT TO:

28 INT. WARREN HOTEL, LOBBY - EARLY MORNING 28

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

NELLE
Let's go.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - EARLY MORNING 29

Nelle and Truman sit on the hood of their RENTAL CAR, parked on a small BRIDGE over the Arkansas river that runs by the Clutter farm. Below them, men are sifting the riverbed with nets, moving slowly downstream, looking for something.

Bobby Rupp walks down the road with a bookbag over his shoulder. Nelle approaches him, Truman keeps his distance.

NELLE
Bobby?
(Bobby stops)
Would you mind terribly if I walked with you for a bit?

He shrugs. They walk together.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. TEACHERAGE APARTMENT BUILDING, FRONT STOOP - AFTERNOON 30

Nelle and Susan Kidwell sit on the top step. Truman stands below them, on the front path.

SUSAN
I thought you were from the FBI with your long coat. That's why I ran off.

TRUMAN
Is that so?

NELLE
He's not -

TRUMAN
People often mistake me for being in law enforcement -

SUSAN
Really?

NELLE
Truman -

TRUMAN
Right.

Susan smiles in spite of herself, amused by their odd interplay.

SUSAN
It's fine talking to you all. Practically nobody around here wants to talk since what happened to Nancy and the family.

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

SUSAN
She was my best friend.

They're quiet for a few moments.

NELLE
How has Bobby been?

SUSAN
Pretty shattered. Nothing terrible ever happened to him before.
(MORE)

SUSAN (cont'd)
Nancy just started wearing his ring again after this huge fight - Mr. Clutter was trying to get her to end it because of Bobby being Catholic.

NELLE
What were the Clutters?

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

NELLE
People in town seem to wonder if he was involved.

SUSAN
That's been real hard for Bobby.

TRUMAN
Oh, it's the hardest - when people have a notion about you and it's impossible to convince them otherwise. Since I was a child folks have thought they had me pegged because of the way I look and the way I talk. They're always wrong.
(looks at her)
Do you know what I mean?

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

SUSAN
I want to show you something.

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

TRUMAN
Not one person here understands her.

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

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

NELLE
What is this?

SUSAN
It's her diary.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE, GARDEN CITY - AFTERNOON 31

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

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

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

NELLE (cont'd)
And that was that. The end of a life.

CUT TO:

32 INT. WARREN HOTEL, NELLE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT 32

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

NELLE
"Shattered."

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

He pushes some pillows aside and lies down.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I have 94 percent recall of all conversations.

NELLE
94 percent.

TRUMAN
I've tested myself.

NELLE
(scans some of what he's written)
I hate that you're better than me at this.

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

NELLE (cont'd)
Don't you dare close your eyes on my bed.

No answer. She keeps typing.

NELLE (cont'd)
Stand up and walk out that door. Go to your room if you're gonna sleep. Truman. Truman.

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

NELLE (cont'd)
Crap.

FADE OUT.

33 INT. WARREN HOTEL, BREAKFAST ROOM - LATE MORNING 33

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

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

TRUMAN
I don't snore -

NELLE
- while I slaved away, hating you -

TRUMAN
You don't hate me.

NELLE
Not much. Guess who I ran into at the market? Marie Dewey.
(Truman's confused)
Detective Foxy's wife. Guess where we're going for Thanksgiving dinner?

On Truman,

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DEWEY HOME - AFTERNOON 34

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

MARIE
You came.

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

NELLE
Hi.

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

TRUMAN
(soberly)
Thank you for having us.

MARIE
(mock serious)
Thank *you*.
(then:)
Get yourselves in here.
(turns and walks into the house)
Alvin! Get your pants on. They're here.

On Nelle and Truman, surprised.

35 INT. DEWEY HOME, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 35

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

36 INT. DEWEY HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 36

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

TRUMAN
More. More.

MARIE
Alvin will hate this.

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

MARIE
(laughs)
I have to stop.
(then)
I cannot believe you're from New Orleans. I miss it so much.

TRUMAN
I only lived there for a short while but my Mama was born and bred. She would've put in half the bottle by now.

Beat.

MARIE
Alright, one more shake.

37 INT. DEWEY HOME, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 37

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

38 INT. DEWEY HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 38

Alvin enters. They all stop laughing and look at him.

39 INT. DEWEY HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER 39

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

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

MARIE
(whispers to Alvin)
Humphrey *Bogart.*

Alvin knows.

TRUMAN
- where he and John drank every night-

MARIE
(to Alvin)
John *Huston.*

Alvin knows.

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

(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
He couldn't bear to be alone with his thoughts. It was too painful.

It's quiet for a moment, then Marie looks at Alvin. Alvin meets her gaze, then:

DEWEY
Marie -

MARIE
Oh come on, Alvin. These are good people.
(long beat, then to Truman and Nelle:)
It's been a hard couple weeks for Alvin. He and Herb Clutter were good friends. From church.

Finally, Dewey looks at Truman and Nelle.

DEWEY
You want to see why I'm not sleeping?

40 INT. DEWEY HOME, STUDY - NIGHT 40

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

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

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

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

NELLE
Twisted notion of tenderness.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. DEWEY HOME - NIGHT 41

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

NELLE
Thank you.

MARIE
So many of my friends would love to meet you.

NELLE
That'd be fine -

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

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

Truman smiles.

CUT TO:

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

MUSIC: "Have yourself a Merry Little Christmas..." Main Street, CHRISTMAS LIGHTS in the TREES. The HARDWARE STORE, with Santa Claus DECORATIONS in the window and a "ONE WEEK LEFT TO BUY YOUR GIFTS..." sign.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CLUTTER FARM - LATE AFTERNOON 43

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

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

NELLE
How long have you worked here?

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

NELLE
Well, she's marvelous. Lunch was wonderful.

HOLT
(ignoring this)
I've asked around some - if anyone's looking for a strong hand.

He looks at them. They don't know what to say.

HOLT (cont'd)
It's the kind of place that ought to stay in a family. I don't think they'll be able to sell it till they catch the ones that did it.
(beat, looks away)
That's what I hear anyhow.

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

44 INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, BONNIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK 44

Truman and Nelle find her Bible on the bedside table, her bookmark, see the painting of Jesus walking on water. Pete Holt stands off to the side, waiting patiently.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. WARREN HOTEL LOBBY, GARDEN CITY - NIGHT 45

Through the front window we see a Christmas tree in the lobby.

46 INT. WARREN HOTEL, TRUMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 46

Jazzy Christmas music on the RADIO. Nelle sits in the big armchair with a drink. She laughs. We HEAR Jack on the phone:

JACK (OVER PHONE)
You're celebrating.

We see Truman wearing a YELLOW SILK SHORT ROBE with white lace, bare legs. He's on the phone and walking, for Nelle's enjoyment, back and forth, like a runway model.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
Remember Nelle's manuscript she sent me in New York?

JACK
Mockingbird. Killing a Mockingbird. You said it was good.

TRUMAN
And I was right. She just heard Lipincott wants to publish it.

JACK (OVER PHONE)
(pause)
Well. Jesus. That's terrific. Tell her congratulations.

TRUMAN
Congratulations.
(covers phone, mouths to Nelle:)
Jealous.

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

TRUMAN
I want to. Desperately. Though if they catch whoever did this, who knows what -

He vamps. Nelle laughs.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
- I'll probably be here til next Christmas.

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

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

JACK
Alright, Truman.

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

Goes to the mini-bar to fix a drink.

NELLE
Truman.

TRUMAN
Nelle.

NELLE
You remember when we were kids?

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

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

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

MAN IN HALL (O.S.)
Oh. Uh. Oh. Excuse us.

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

CUT TO:

47 EXT. DEWEY HOME - NIGHT, CHRISTMAS EVE 47

Tasteful Christmas lights strung on the BUSHES. A WREATH on the FRONT DOOR. Nelle and Truman carry gifts. Nelle knocks, waits, then nudges open the unlatched door.

NELLE
Hello?

MARIE (O.S.)
We're in here...

48 INT. DEWEY HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT 48

Truman and Nelle enter. Alvin is sitting at the table, smoking, reading through TWO OPEN FOLDERS on the table. A FULL ASHTRAY. Marie cooks.

MARIE
Maybe now he'll put the files away. I keep telling him not in the house, not with the boys around.

DEWEY
The boys are upstairs.

MARIE
It's Christmas for crissakes.

Dewey closes the folders, takes his cigarettes, leaves. Marie dumps the ashtray out in the garbage.

MARIE (cont'd)
He's smoking three packs a day.
(she busies herself with the cooking, then:)
I'm sorry. He's upset. They know who did it. Two men. One of them used to have a cellmate who gave him up for the thousand dollar reward. They passed through Kansas City last week writing bad checks. By the time Alvin's boys got up there they'd skipped out again.

NELLE
Where to?

MARIE
They have no idea.

49 INT. DEWEY HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER 49

Christmas dinner. Truman, Nelle, Marie and Alvin are just sitting down. We hear the Dewey boys - Alvin Jr. and Paul - in the living room horsing around.

DEWEY
Alvin. Paul. Now.

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

DEWEY (cont'd)
Damnit.
(gets up, goes)
Come here.

MARIE
Alvin ...

Phone RINGS.

DEWEY (O.S.)
Alvin Jr. Get over here.

ALVIN JR. (O.S.)
Dad, the phone.

DEWEY (O.S.)
Paul. Back to the table.

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

DEWEY (cont'd)
Sit.

Alvin Jr. enters.

ALVIN JR.
Dad?

MARIE
Tell them we're at dinner, Alvin.

ALVIN JR.
Dad?

DEWEY
Not now, Alvin.

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

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

Everyone looks at Dewey.

FADE OUT:

50 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE, GARDEN CITY - LATE AFTERNOON 50

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

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... This is KIUL radio, Garden City. A friendly broadcast from a friendly place. Our lead story:

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

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

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

Truman moves from the car into the large crowd. Old ladies; ranchers; local businessmen; moms with kids; journalists INTERVIEWING citizens; photographers lined up at the bottom of the COURTHOUSE STEPS. We hear snippets of conversation as we pass. A CITIZEN is being interviewed by a JOURNALIST:

CITIZEN BEING INTERVIEWED
... scared of having these monsters in town, if you catch my meaning. Folks are buying extra locks for their doors.

JOURNALIST
Did you buy one?

CITIZEN BEING INTERVIEWED
I tried to but they're sold out...

Truman moves on, past a MOM WITH BABY standing with a FRIEND:

FRIEND
She's cold.

MOM
(to baby)
Shh. Shh. Shh.

Truman moves past A MIDDLE-AGED man in an overcoat CRYING silently. Truman approaches Nelle and Marie Dewey, standing together at the curb in front of the courthouse, near the photographers. They are talking quietly, turn to Truman -

NELLE
Hey.

We hear LOUD CROWD NOISE at the south end of the square. A CONVOY of FOUR CARS enters the square. It pulls around to the front of the courthouse.

STATE TROOPERS spill out of the lead and rear CARS. Nye gets out of the second car. He opens the back door. The crowd falls SILENT. Two state troopers get DICK HICKOCK - handcuffed, pale - out of the car and lead him up the steps. FLASH. FLASH.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

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

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

JOSIE
Truman Capote.

TRUMAN
Josie Meier. I figured you'd be left alone this morning by that hard-working husband of yours.
(holds up bag)
So I have breakfast.
(holds up paper)
I have news.
(book)
And I have literature. My friend Jack mailed me the book you wanted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOSIE
Oh. Truman. I meant in there.
(points to living room)
I... um...

Perry sits up quickly, rubs his legs.

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

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

JOSIE (cont'd)
Come.

She goes - Truman starts to follow, then lingers.

TRUMAN
They put you in the women's cell.

PERRY
Among other indignities.

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

TRUMAN
Well... she's a good cook.

PERRY
She's scared of me.

TRUMAN
I think so am I. A little bit.

PERRY
Are you?
(a moment, then:)
You have any aspirin? My legs -

Josie's in the doorway.

JOSIE
Um. Truman? All set.

Truman looks at Josie, looks back at Perry.

TRUMAN
I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

54 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 54

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

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

TRUMAN
(murmurs)
His feet don't touch the floor.

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

Hickock looks at Harrison West. West nods. Hickock stands.

HICKOCK
(unconvincing)
Yessir. Yes.

Hickock sits. Truman whispers to Nelle -

TRUMAN
Why are they doing that?

JUDGE TATE
Mr. Smith.

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

Judge Tate looks at him for a moment -

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

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

CUT TO:

55 EXT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON 55

Truman knocks. He holds a PIE. Josie answers.

JOSIE
Mr. Capote.

TRUMAN
(offers pie)
Madame Meier.

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

Truman is caught. He smiles.

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

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

TRUMAN
Was it your choice to waive the
hearing?

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

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

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

PERRY
I could kill you if you got too
close.

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

TRUMAN
Would you like some water?

Perry shakes his head. Silence.

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

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

TRUMAN
Who did?

PERRY
The lawyer.

TRUMAN
Okay.

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

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

TRUMAN
What's been your first impression?

PERRY
You want something.

TRUMAN
From you?

Josie pokes her head in from the living room.

JOSIE
Truman. Wendle's gonna be home soon.

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

PERRY
My father disappeared in Alaska.

JOSIE
Truman -

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

On Perry, considering whether to trust this man.

CUT TO:

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

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

SHAWN
William Shawn.

TRUMAN (OVER PHONE)
Darling? Gorgeous? Delicate one?

SHAWN
Truman.

INTERCUT to Truman in a PHONE BOOTH outside the COURTHOUSE.

57A INT. COURTHOUSE PHONEBOOTH - DAY 57A

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

SHAWN
What has -

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

SHAWN
Would it matter -

TRUMAN
Will you serialize the book if it's good? (It will be.) How much more money can you send me? How quickly can you get Dick Avedon out here to take some pictures?

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

CUT TO:

58 INT. HICKOCK'S JAIL CELL - DAY 58

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

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

HICKOCK
Perry, honey. You look terrific...

Perry is embarrassed, glances over at Truman. FLASH.

HICKOCK (cont'd)
Calm yourself down, sweetheart.

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

HICKOCK (cont'd)
Be patient, Capote. Maybe later they'll send you my skin.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

59 INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING, ONE MONTH LATER 59

Series of shots in and around the courthouse:

TITLE UP: One month later.

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

60 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 60

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

NELLE
Where'd Perry get the art set?

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

JUDGE TATE
Members of the jury. Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN
(stands)
Yes sir.

JUDGE TATE
Defendants rise.

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

JUDGE TATE (cont'd)
Perry Edward Smith and Richard Eugene Hickock stand accused of four counts of murder in the first degree. What is your verdict?

FOREMAN
Guilty. On all counts.

JUDGE TATE
And what is the punishment.

FOREMAN
Death.

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

JUDGE TATE
Perry Edward Smith and Richard Eugene Hickock. You've been found guilty of four counts of murder in the first degree. You will be taken to the state penitentiary at Lansing.
(MORE)

JUDGE TATE (cont'd)
No later than midnight, May 13 of this year, nineteen hundred and sixty, each of you will be hanged by the neck until you die. So ordered.

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

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

Perry looks at him, utterly lost. FLASH.

CUT TO:

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

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

TRUMAN
You think he slept at all?

Nelle looks over at him.

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

CUT TO:

62 INT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE - MORNING 62

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

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

No response.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Will you do that? I'm going to help find you a proper lawyer for an appeal.
(no response)
(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
They took Dick last night. I need you to get him to do the same thing - put me on the visitor's list. Will you do that, Perry?

Perry closes his eyes.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Perry.

FADE OUT.

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

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

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

NELLE
Close enough. Thanks.

William Shawn talks to a MUCH TALLER WOMAN.

SHAWN
The details are shocking, but we'll serialize the book as soon as it's finished. He hasn't written a word yet, though he says it's the nonfiction book of the decade...

We HEAR Truman before we see him:

TRUMAN (O.S.)
He's little, but terrifying -

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

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

Guests laugh.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Most people assume he's a monster. My work will return him to the realm of humanity. It's the book I was always meant to write. I've given myself an enormous labor - but you know what they say about answered prayers -

Nelle and Jack stand back, watching.

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

NELLE
Oh yes. Truman in love with Truman.

64 EXT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER 64

The party is about over. Truman lounges, very drunk, with Babe Paley, Gloria Guiness and others. Nelle sits alone on the stairs smoking. Jack is collecting empty glasses.

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

GLORIA
Too fat.

BABE
Audrey Hepburn?

GLORIA
Not bad. Sort of middle-class.

TRUMAN
When a movie is made of my life I know exactly who I want as me.

Jack looks at Nelle, raises his eyebrows.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Marilyn Monroe.

Babe Paley cracks up, chokes on her drink.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LE PAVILLON RESTAURANT - DAY 65

Truman is being interviewed over lunch.

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

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

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

REPORTER
Your subject?

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

TRUMAN
Two men broke into a quiet farmhouse in Kansas and murdered an entire family. Why did they do that? What happened that night? It's been suggested that this subject is tawdry - it's not worthy of literature. I disagree. Two worlds exist in this country - the quiet conservative life, and the life of those two men - the underbelly, the criminally violent. Those worlds converged that bloody night. I spent the past three months interviewing everyone in Kansas touched by that violence. I spent hours talking to the killers - and I will spend more.
(waiter brings his drink)
Researching this work has changed my life, altered my point of view about almost everything.
(he sips)
(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
The book can only be written by a journalist who has mastered the techniques of fiction -

REPORTER
You're speaking of yourself.

TRUMAN
You're really very clever.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

68 EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON 68

Jack and Truman walk.

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

JACK
So you find them a new lawyer.

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

JACK
Okay.

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

They walk in silence for a few moments.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
If you met him you'd understand. He's so strange, unexplored... stunted...
(then)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I don't trust Hickock. Perry's the only person who can tell me what happened that night. I need to hear him say it.

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

TRUMAN
I'm finding them a lawyer.

JACK
Truman. You're finding yourself a lawyer.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CAR, DRIVING, TWO-LANE KANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY 69

Truman drives alone, concentrating intently. He has to stretch to see over the dashboard.

70 EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY (KSP), LANSING - DAY 70

A turreted, Civil War-era fortress an hour's drive from Kansas City. Truman pulls up to the GUARDHOUSE.

71 INT. KSP, WAITING ROOM/WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY 71

Truman waits alone, looking at the lone decoration: a campaign poster, showing a fat man in a suit grinning while holding a shotgun. Across the bottom it reads: STAND TALL WITH CROUCH. A YOUNG PRISON GUARD sticks his head out of the office door.

YOUNG PRISON GUARD
The Warden'll see you now.

72 INT. KSP, WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY 72

Wood-paneled walls, government-issue desk. On the wall behind the desk is a CHART - a racial accounting of the current inmate population. It reads: WHITE - 1405, COLORED - 360, MEXICANS - 12, INDIANS - 6.

Warden SHERWOOD CROUCH is fat, coarse, sweaty even in winter. And it's spring. He's running for Congress - there are "CROUCH FOR CONGRESS" bumper stickers laying around the office. He's enjoying a chance at a little publicity. The YOUNG PRISON GUARD stands quietly by the wall.

WARDEN CROUCH
We do well by our boys. Showers once a week. Feed em good. We'll be feeding Perry Smith in the infirmary soon if he don't eat. Get the food in through his arm.

TRUMAN
What are you talking about?

WARDEN CROUCH
Hasn't eaten in a month. But it's not his right to kill himself. It's the State's right. The People's right. And that's who I work for, the People. You can write any of this down.

TRUMAN
No one told me.

WARDEN CROUCH
Yah. Won't eat.

TRUMAN
When can I see him?

WARDEN CROUCH
(checking desk calendar)
How about you come back Thursday?

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

WARDEN CROUCH
Not how we do things here.

Pause.

TRUMAN
I see.

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

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

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
To be dispensed as you see fit.

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

WARDEN CROUCH
I didn't know where to count your boy - being half-Indian. I did him a favor though.
(points to race chart)
Counted him White.

TRUMAN
You're a kind and generous man.

CUT TO:

73 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY 73

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

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

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

HICKOCK
My hero.

TRUMAN
Hello.

HICKOCK
Thanks for your help with the lawyer.

TRUMAN
That's fine.

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

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

Truman hesitates for a second.

HICKOCK
You want to see Perry. Go ahead.

TRUMAN
Thank you.

Truman walks to the next cell.

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

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

CUT TO:

74 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 74

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

75 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 75

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

CUT TO:

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

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

TRUMAN
(to Perry)
I don't care what your plans are for yourself ...

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
But you're gonna wake up enough to tell me what you did with my tie.

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
It's okay. It's Truman. It's your friend.

Truman spoons out some more.

CUT TO:

77 INT. CAR, DRIVING - EVENING (A FEW DAYS LATER) 77

Truman drives through the KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY gate, waves to the Guard.

78 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT 78

Perry sits on the bed, still weak, but cleaned up, wet hair neatly combed, looking at a few OLD SNAPSHOTS he has saved in a handkerchief. Truman sits in the chair across from him. He hands Truman a photo of his mother. Perry speaks quietly.

PERRY
Before she had us. Before she started drinking.

TRUMAN
Who took care of you as a child?

PERRY
Orphanage. Me and Barbara.

TRUMAN
That's your sister?

Perry nods. Truman waits for more. It doesn't come.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Our childhoods were not so very different. My mama - I have one abiding image of her from when I was small: her driving off down our street with some new man. I'd stand in the middle of the road like a puppy and watch her go. Three months later she'd come walking back from the bus station alone.

PERRY
Who raised you up?

TRUMAN
My Aunts.

Perry nods. Truman hands the photo back.

PERRY
I was up in Alaska - I was 15, I tracked my father down. One morning I woke up I said, "Mom's dead." A week later we got the news she choked to death in San Francisco.
(beat)
That's true.

TRUMAN
Your mother was Indian?

PERRY
Cherokee.

TRUMAN
Drinking was not a good thing for her.

PERRY
No tolerance for it.

TRUMAN
And your father?

PERRY
No tolerance for him either.

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

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

Perry looks away, then -

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

TRUMAN
It's just a pity because it looked so good on you.

Perry leans in, motions toward Dick's cell, speaks quietly -

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

TRUMAN
Okay -

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

TRUMAN
The two of you were out to steal from the Clutters that night. Am I right?

Silence.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Perry. Is that why you went there?

Perry goes to his table and picks up a PENCIL DRAWING of himself.

PERRY
I want to give you something.

He hands it to Truman. Truman's shocked by how good it is.

TRUMAN
This is remarkable.

79 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, OUTSIDE PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT, LATER 79

Truman has just been let out of the cell. He holds the drawing. Perry speaks to him through the bars.

PERRY
You must hate having to come to this place.

TRUMAN
(comes close to the bars)
I have invitations to be in Morocco, Greece - I know so many people.... I choose to be here with you. I prefer it. Those people have everything yet they're more desperate than ever.

PERRY
We cry more from answered prayers than unanswered ones.

TRUMAN
Why do you know that -

PERRY
Are you going to visit every day?

Beat.

TRUMAN
If you'll let me.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY PARKING LOT - NIGHT 80

Silence. Truman walks to his car, holding Perry's drawing. He turns, looks at the dark jailhouse.

CUT TO:

81 INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - NIGHT 81

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

CUT TO:

82 INT. DINER, DOWNTOWN KANSAS CITY - MORNING 82

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

DEWEY
(to waitress)
Thanks.

She leaves. An uncomfortable silence. Then:

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

TRUMAN
You look good, healthy again.

DEWEY
Not a chance.

Dewey taps a cigarette out of his pack.

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

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

TRUMAN
The former, among other things.

DEWEY
I see.

They eat for a moment. Then:

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

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

TRUMAN
I heard this morning.

DEWEY
- on the issue of inadequate counsel.

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

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

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

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

He walks away. Over his shoulder:

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

CUT TO:

83 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY 83

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

HICKOCK
Hey, hey...

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

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

The Guard locks Truman inside with Perry.

PERRY
Thank you.

Truman looks at the Guard. The Guard leaves.

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

PERRY
Talking to me - you see that I must have been insane, temporary insanity, at the time, to do what I did...

TRUMAN
Well, yes. But of course I still don't know exactly -

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

TRUMAN
I haven't written a word yet.

Beat.

PERRY
What have you been doing?

TRUMAN
Research. Waiting to talk to you.

PERRY
All right...

TRUMAN
I was hoping -

PERRY
What are you calling it?

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

Pause.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
If I'm going to write about you - if I'm going to determine *how* to write about you - you need to tell me about that night.

Perry just looks at him.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Why not?

Perry shakes his head.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Why? Do you worry what I'll think?
(silence)
If I leave here without understanding you, the world will always see you as a monster. I don't want that - I don't see you that way.

Perry looks away. Truman gives up on this for now. He walks over to Perry's desk, sees the PICTURE OF THE YELLOW BIRD.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
What is this you keep drawing?
(Perry looks over)
You drew it at the trial as well.

After a moment, Perry speaks quietly, without affect -

PERRY
The nuns at the orphanage decided pretty quick they hated me. I had a... I wet the bed, I was ten, they hated the smell. The first winter they found me shivering one night. I was freezing, wet - just trying to get through the night. The Sister pulled back the covers and shined the flashlight to see what I'd did. She hit me so many times with that flashlight she broke it. So she kept hitting me in the dark.
(he shrugs)
That night was the first time I dreamed about that yellow bird. Taller than Jesus. Yellow like a sunflower. It picked me up and it clawed the Nun's eyes - and it lifted me into the sky.
(pause)
I guess I've been thinking about that bird lately.

TRUMAN
Do you think about it when I ask you to talk about that night?

They look at each other.

PERRY
I suppose I do.

TRUMAN
(a moment, then:)
I want you to trust me.

CUT TO:

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

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

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
Don't do this.

JACK (OVER PHONE)
What am I doing? I rented a house for us in Spain. I'll leave the address on the kitchen table.

TRUMAN
I'm incredibly close. There's so much he's told me already. You'd be fascinated by him, Jack -

JACK
I'm certain I would -

TRUMAN
A couple more weeks -

JACK
You should stay and finish. I've got my own writing to do.

TRUMAN
Do it in Brooklyn, wait for me.

JACK
Too many people. The phone rings, everyone stops by. Who said this: Gregariousness is the enemy of art.

TRUMAN
I did.

JACK
I'll be in Spain waiting for you.

TRUMAN
I was being interviewed -

JACK
Truman. Do the work. Join me when you can.

Truman doesn't know what to say. He looks over at the BAR ENTRANCE.

86 INT. BAR, DOWNTOWN K.C. - NIGHT 86

Truman sits at a table, having a drink. He sees a YOUNG GUY sitting at the bar, looking at him. The YOUNG GUY gets up, walks to the MEN'S ROOM. On Truman.

87 INT. BAR, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 87

Truman enters. No one's in there. He turns to go. The YOUNG GUY grabs him from behind, pushes him up against the wall. Truman relaxes, helps the GUY undo his belt.

CUT TO:

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

Perry is lying on his cot reading an ADVENTURE MAGAZINE - something to do with finding buried treasure off the coast of Mexico - and sucking on the tip of his thumb. After a moment he STARTLES and looks up. Truman stands outside his cell. He holds a stack of NEW MAGAZINES.

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

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

PERRY
When?

TRUMAN
An hour. I'm sorry.

PERRY
You can't.
(then)
Who are you going there to see?

Dick calls out from the next cell.

HICKOCK (O.S.)
Capote, get it straight in your book - there was never any intention of killing that family -

PERRY
(to Dick)
I told him that.

HICKOCK (O.S.)
No premeditation -

PERRY
I told him!

Perry's becoming frantic. He looks around the cell. He goes to his table and picks up TWO NOTEBOOKS on which he has written the TITLES: "The Private Diary of Perry Edward Smith" and "Personal Dictionary."

PERRY (cont'd)
I have more things to show you.
(brings them over to Truman)
You can read these. You can take them to read. But only if you promise to bring them back.

He holds them out through he bars. Truman reaches.

PERRY (cont'd)
Tomorrow.

CUT TO:

89 INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - LATE NIGHT 89

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

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
(reads)
"SPOLIATE - to plunder or destroy; MEGALODACTYLOUS - having abnormally large fingers;"
What could he possibly need this for?

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

89A EXT. MONROEVILLE PORCH - NIGHT 89A

NELLE (ON PHONE)
A student of the language.

Truman pages through the DIARY.

TRUMAN
There's all of the history I need. His entire life in this Diary.
(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
His dead mother. A brother and sister killed themselves.

NELLE
You tell him your mama did the same thing?

TRUMAN
I tell him everything. I can't help myself.

Truman turns pages.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
The strangest collection of topics - like this - under "Conversation Starters":
(reads)
"Every 15 years Mars gets closer. 1958 is a close year."

NELLE
That'll get you rolling.

TRUMAN
The sadness of someone who would write that down.
(he turns more pages)
Here's what I wanted to read to you.
(reads)
"If Called Upon to Make a Speech:" - When would he ever use this? - "If Called Upon to Make a Speech: I can't remember what I was going to say for the life of me. I don't think ever before have so many people been so directly responsible for my being so very, very glad. It's a wonderful moment and a rare one and I'm certainly indebted. Thank you!"

Long beat. Nelle exhales her cigarette.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Christ -

CUT TO:

90 EXT. KANSAS CITY - DAWN 90

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

CUT TO:

91 INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - DAWN 91

Truman still at the desk. He closes Perry's books, sets them aside, feeds a blank sheet of paper into his PORTABLE TYPEWRITER. We read what he starts to type:

"Dear Perry,

CUT TO:

92 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY 92

HEAR Truman's voice as a Guard walks down the hallway with two (opened, inspected) brown-paper PACKAGES.

TRUMAN (V.O.)
"I can't thank you enough for entrusting me with your writings. They're magnificent.

The Guard hands one package to Dick and continues to the front of Perry's cell. Perry looks up.

TRUMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
I hope these gifts help add to your work.

CUT TO:

93 INT. KANSAS CITY AIRPORT/TARMAC - DAY 93

Truman waits in line to board a plane.

TRUMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"I'm so sorry to have to leave. But I have so much material - from the trial, from our visits together, your journals. I have to begin organizing it all, and I must start the process of writing.

The line starts moving up the steps.

CUT TO:

94 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY 94

Dick looks through the contents of his package: TRASH NOVELS and SOFT-PORN MAGAZINES.

HICKOCK
What'd you get, sweetheart?

CAMERA moves to find Perry opening the LETTER and reading it. On his table are the contents of his package: his (returned) PERSONAL DICTIONARY and DIARY, and a (new) WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and ROGET'S THESAURUS.

TRUMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"I'll write to you and return soon. Perhaps this fall. I miss you already - write me every five minutes. Your friend, Truman."

Perry places the note on his table. He's alone. He touches the cover of the new dictionary.

FADE OUT.

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

95 EXT. BEACH - DAY 95

FADE IN: BRIGHT WHITE SKY. Sounds of seagulls. Ocean, sand, cottage houses in greenery set back from the beach.

96 EXT. RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - DAY 96

The house Jack rented. Jack types on the upstairs deck. Truman pulls up in an OLD TAXI. Jack looks out over the railing to the street. Jack emerges on the FRONT PORCH as Truman walks up the path with his bags. They look at each other. Then Truman looks around at the incredible garden, the ocean in the background, and starts to LAUGH.

FADE OUT.

Title up: "One Year Later"

Sound of a MANUAL TYPEWRITER over black.

97 EXT. RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING, SUMMER 97

FADE IN on the peaceful outside of the house. Sound of TYPING.

98 INT. RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 98

More typing. A PHONE rings. CAMERA tracks slowly through the pretty, tiled living room, toward a DOOR at the far end.

TRUMAN (O.S.)
Jack.

99 INT. BEDROOM, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 99

Truman at his DESK, surrounded by piles of filled YELLOW PADS, NOTE CARDS, an open TRUNK of random notes. He is at the MANUAL TYPEWRITER. The phone is on the floor, ringing.

TRUMAN
Jack!

He types. The phone rings. Exasperated, he picks up.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
We're asleep.

He hangs up.

100 INT. BEDROOM, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER 100

Truman is digging through his TRUNK of notes, looking for some piece of information. The PHONE rings. He picks up:

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
What.

SHAWN (OVER PHONE)
Truman. William Shawn. Wake up.

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

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

SHAWN
I don't think anyone has ever stayed in Spain as long as you have. Except the Spanish. And they don't have a choice.

Truman is digging through his notes.

TRUMAN
What time is it?

SHAWN
I don't know. Here, it's late. There, you should be writing already -

TRUMAN
Mr. Shawn, you know how I value my beauty sleep.

SHAWN
Truman -

TRUMAN
But may I say what a rare pleasure it is to awaken to the sound of your voice. Would that you were simply lying next to me -

SHAWN
Truman. I was supposed to be home for dinner with my wife hours ago, but I haven't been able to tear myself away from your book. This first half is astonishing. Astonishing.

Truman stops digging, sits on the floor.

TRUMAN
I'm already well into the third part - but I won't be able to finish that till I convince Perry to tell me about the killings. I was planning to visit this fall -

SHAWN
I think you need to talk to him now-

TRUMAN
And we all need to see how this ends for the final part. I can't finish the book till I know what happens. If they're executed it's one thing - if not... well, I really don't know -

SHAWN
Truman. You got your ending. The Kansas Court denied their appeal. It came over the wire on Friday.

Truman is shocked, he hadn't heard this.

SHAWN (cont'd)
You need to talk to Perry now. He'll be dead by September. I'm sorry - I know how much you've come to care about him.

Truman is catching his breath.

TRUMAN
Right. Yes. Right -

SHAWN
I want to set up a reading for you in New York, build some interest. We should publish in the fall.

TRUMAN
Alright. Yes. Right.

SHAWN
You'd better come home.

CUT TO:

101 INT. KITCHEN, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - MORNING 101

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

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

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Why aren't you working?

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

Truman looks at him blankly.

JACK (cont'd)
What would we feed our famous guest?

TRUMAN
Oh, Jesus. I completely forgot.

He helps Jack put away the groceries. Then:

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

Truman looks at Jack, smiles widely.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 102

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

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

JACK
You said that.

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

Jack laughs.

JACK
Here, here!

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

CUT TO:

103 EXT. UPSTAIRS DECK, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - MORNING 103

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

NELLE
(to Truman)
When was the last time you wrote him?

TRUMAN
I don't know.

JACK
What's this?

NELLE
A letter for your boyfriend I was asked to deliver.

TRUMAN
From Perry.

JACK
Let's have it.

Jack sits. Nelle opens the letter, reads:

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

Pause.

TRUMAN
Mr. Shawn told me about the court decision yesterday.

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

TRUMAN
That's a terrible thing to say.

Jack looks out at the ocean.

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

CUT TO:

104 EXT. RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - DAY 104

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

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

NELLE
Did you? Fall in love with him.

Silence as they load the bags into the trunk.

NELLE (cont'd)
Truman? -

TRUMAN
It's as if Perry and I started life in the same house. One day he stood up and walked out the back door while I walked out the front. With some different choices, he's the man I might have become.

NELLE
Are you kidding me?

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

NELLE (cont'd)
Be nice to Jack. Sometimes I think he's what I like about you best.

TRUMAN
(smiles)
I'll see you at the reading in New York.

NELLE
The sixteenth.

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

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

TRUMAN
Can't it be both?

NELLE
No. I don't think it can be.

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

CUT TO:

105 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY 105

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

PERRY
What was he in jail for?

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

Perry nods, looks at the other books.

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

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

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

Truman looks at Perry, then back to the Guard.

TRUMAN
In.

108 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, LOWELL LEE ANDREW'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER108

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

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

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

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

TRUMAN
- in front of the television.

PERRY
You remember the story -

TRUMAN
They were watching Father Knows Best.

They look at each other and smile. Then:

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

They watch Andrews being shackled in the background.

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

Truman regards Perry, who looks down.

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

PERRY
It was a long time.

TRUMAN
I know.

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

TRUMAN
I have to be in New York anyway.

Perry nods.

PERRY
How's the book going?

TRUMAN
Very slowly.

PERRY
Will you show it to me?

TRUMAN
I've hardly written anything.

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

GUARD #1
Ready.

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

HICKOCK
Keep your head high, buddy.

ANDREWS
Alright now.

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

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

ANDREWS
Next!

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

CUT TO:

110 EXT. THEATER, NYC - EVENING 110

A taxi door slams. Car horns. CAMERA TRACKS a long line of literate New Yorkers outside the red brick building.

111 INT. THEATER LOBBY - EVENING 111

Packed. Nelle stands with William Shawn, who receives well-wishers. Tall GORE VIDAL enters, seeing Nelle.

VIDAL
(loudly, over the hubbub)
Hello Hollywood. That's quite a bundle you sold your book for.

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

NELLE
Well, Gore...

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

NELLE (cont'd)
What a gentleman.

112 INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 112

Truman sits alone. In the background, we can HEAR the noise of the huge crowd gathering in the theater. Truman wears his MOST STYLISH LITERARY OUTFIT: a gorgeous dark green Knize SUIT over a black cashmere turtleneck sweater, and horn-rimmed GLASSES (which we've never seen him wear before). He's frozen with anticipation, nervousness. After several moments a THEATER ASSISTANT opens the door.

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

TRUMAN
No.
(clears his throat)
Thank you.

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

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

112A INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT 112A

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

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

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

TRUMAN
Hello. My name is Truman Capote.

People laugh and applaud loudly.

CUT TO:

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

Perry, drawing at his table, looks up. We HEAR a LOUD ENGINE revving outside.

114 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, HICKOCK'S CELL - SAME TIME 114

Dick is standing on his chair looking out his tiny window.

115 EXT. KSP, THE CORNER WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 115

Dick's POV: A FRONT-LOADER TRACTOR drives into the warehouse. A few JOURNALISTS stand outside smoking and watching. A PRISON POLICE CAR drives up, parks outside the warehouse. Guards get the enormous Lowell Lee Andrews, shackled, from the back seat, walk him inside.

116 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT 116

C/U on Perry, now standing on his chair and watching out the tiny window.

We HEAR Truman READING from In Cold Blood:

TRUMAN (V.O.)
Perry Smith's voice was both gentle and prim - a voice that, though soft, manufactured each sound exactly - ejected it like a smoke ring issuing from a parson's mouth.

From inside the warehouse, we hear the gallows TRAP DOOR spring and CLATTER. On Perry.

CUT TO:

117 INT. THEATER, NYC - NIGHT 117

Truman on stage reading. Utter silence except for his voice.

TRUMAN
It was the return of Hickock and Smith to Garden City that the spectators were on hand for. Coldness as well as darkness numbed the crowd. Suddenly, a murmuring arose on the south side of the square.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. KSP, THE CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 118

The TRACTOR emerges through the warehouse doors. It carries in its FRONT SHOVEL what is clearly the enormous, dead BODY of ANDREWS covered by a BLACK CLOTH. Prison Guards walk next to the tractor.

Over this we hear Truman:

TRUMAN (V.O.)
The cars were coming. When the crowd caught sight of the murderers, with their escort of blue-coated highway patrolmen ...

The TRACTOR rolls the body into the BED of a waiting PICK-UP TRUCK.

119 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - SAME TIME 119

Perry watches through his window. We hear Truman reading:

TRUMAN (V.O.)
... it fell silent, as though amazed to find them humanly shaped.

120 EXT. KSP, DEATH ROW BUILDING - SAME TIME 120

We see the outside wall with Perry and Dick's faces peering out through their tiny windows.

TRUMAN (V.O.)
The handcuffed men, white-faced and blinking blindly, glistened in the glare of flashbulbs and floodlights.

We hear the PICK-UP TRUCK shift into gear and drive away.

TRUMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
The cameramen, pursuing the prisoners and the police into the courthouse and up three flights of stairs...

121 EXT. KSP, THE CORNER WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 121

We see a LONE GUARD sliding closed the HUGE CORNER WAREHOUSE DOOR. Hear Truman reading:

TRUMAN (V.O.)
... photographed the door of the county jail slamming shut.

CUT TO:

122 INT. THEATER, NYC - SAME TIME 122

Truman reading. The audience completely still.

TRUMAN
No one lingered, neither the press corps nor any of the townspeople. Warm rooms and warm suppers beckoned them. The miraculous autumn departed too. The year's first snow began to fall.

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

CUT TO:

123 INT. EAST SIDE BAR - NIGHT 123

Packed. Everyone drinking and smoking, shouting to be heard. We see Truman at a crowded table with Christopher Isherwood, others. A LITERARY ENTHUSIAST approaches, leans over table.

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

TRUMAN
Thank you.

Truman and Isherwood watch him walk away.

ISHERWOOD
Your hairpiece is terrifying.

TRUMAN
I was going to say the same thing!

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

CUT TO:

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

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

SHAWN
Everyone was there.

TRUMAN
Tennessee loved it.

SHAWN
Of course he did.

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

SHAWN
No, I don't think so. You whetted appetites last night. People are primed for it. Now we get to withhold. That should carry us into the fall.

Pause. Truman is barely able to suppress his excitement.

SHAWN (cont'd)
You're going to change how people see journalism in this country. You'll finish by October?

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

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

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

SHAWN
Honestly, what's he got to lose?

Truman smiles at the joke, then stops himself.

TRUMAN
It really is too awful. Institutionalized sadism.

Shawn nods.

SHAWN
You'll be able to finish now.

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

FADE OUT.

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

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

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

TRUMAN
When did you hear?

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

PERRY
Two days ago.

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

PERRY (cont'd)
It's what we've been waiting for. A stay of execution to make a federal appeal.

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

PERRY (cont'd)
All thanks to you.

On Truman, shocked, being hugged.

CUT TO:

126 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER 126

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

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

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

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

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

TRUMAN
Perry.

PERRY
Give him the simple novels first --

TRUMAN
Perry.

Perry stops.

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

PERRY
Okay. I thought in case...

TRUMAN
There is not a word, or a sentence, or a concept, that you can illuminate for me. There's exactly one thing you know that I don't - and that's the sole reason I keep coming here -

PERRY
Truman -

TRUMAN
... November 14th, 1959. Three years ago. Three years. That's all I want to hear from you. We need to work together to finish this book. Please.

Pause.

PERRY
I've asked you not to --

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

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

PERRY
Don't go out there.

The Guard lets Truman out of the cell.

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

The Guard shuts the door.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

MRS. JOHNSON (cont'd)
I don't want them to see that. Too many questions.

TRUMAN
They've never seen these pictures?

She shakes her head, joins Truman again at the table.

We see an OLD PHOTO of the SMITH FAMILY - Barbara at age 8, Perry (5); their older sister, Fern; their brother; and the parents: Florence Buckskin (American Indian) and John Smith (Irish) - in front of their rundown truck on a desolate road.

MRS. JOHNSON
My sister Fern, she's dead. My older brother shot himself. Now Perry's done what he's done. I suppose I'm next. Some ruination will visit me.

TRUMAN
I don't think life works that way.

MRS. JOHNSON
It does in this family.

Truman turns the page. A PICTURE of Perry (3) and Barbara (6), HOLDING HANDS in a mountain stream. Barbara is smiling at Perry, who is naked, pot-bellied, laughing.

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

He turns the page. A PICTURE of Perry (6) and Barbara (9), SITTING ON A HORSE, their cheeks touching. After a moment, she gets up, clears coffee cups.

MRS. JOHNSON (cont'd)
I guess I'm scared of him now.

TRUMAN
That he'd hurt you? Physically?

MRS. JOHNSON
Maybe. I'm not sure.

She picks up the album, goes to put it away.

TRUMAN
Do you think I could borrow one of these photographs?

She hands the album to Truman.

MRS. JOHNSON
Take the whole thing. I don't want them anymore.
(then)
Just... Perry doesn't know where I live. He thinks we're still in Denver. Please don't tell him we're not.

TRUMAN
(he already has)
Alright.

MRS. JOHNSON
Don't be taken in by my brother. He's got this sensitive side that he'll show - he cries real easily - he can make you feel sorry for him, get you to do things. But he'd just as soon kill you as shake your hand. I believe that.

CUT TO:

128 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - NEXT DAY 128

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

TRUMAN
Hello handsome.

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

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

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

ROW GUARD
You want to go in?

Truman regards Perry for a few moments, then:

TRUMAN
Yes.

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

PERRY
What's the name of your book?

No response. Perry can barely control his anger.

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

TRUMAN
I don't...

PERRY
What's the name of your book?

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

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

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

He looks at Truman.

PERRY (cont'd)
More?
(reads)
"The true-crime novel tells of killers Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, who brutally murdered a Kansas family three years ago."

TRUMAN
Who sent that to you?

Perry doesn't answer.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Who sent that to you?

PERRY
None of your goddamn business.

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

PERRY
They picked it.

TRUMAN
Yes.

PERRY
That's not your title.

TRUMAN
I haven't chosen one yet.

Perry stares at him, not believing.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
How could I choose -

PERRY
You pretend to be my friend...

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

Long pause. Truman reaches in his breast pocket and extracts a PHOTO (the one of Perry and BARBARA in a mountain stream.)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I have something from your sister.

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
She misses you.

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
It's alright. I'll go in.

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

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I should have told you what they made me call the book.
(touches Perry's arm)
I couldn't pretend to be your friend. The truth is, I can't help wanting to be.
(silence, then:)
Please talk to me.

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

PERRY
Look at my belly.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

We hear Dick walking up the stairs. He enters the bedroom holding a PURSE. He opens the purse, extracts some BILLS.

HICKOCK
Seven dollars.
(throws purse in the corner)
Fuck.

Dick looks at Perry and Nancy on the bed, then:

HICKOCK (cont'd)
C'mon.

He walks out.

PERRY (V.O.)
We went down to the basement, where we had Mr. Clutter and the boy.

Perry looks at Nancy, reaches over, switches off the LAMP.

CUT TO:

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

Perry talking to Truman.

PERRY
Dick kept saying "No witnesses." I figured if I just waited him out I'd convince him to take off and leave them tied up there. We'd drive all night, they'd never find us.

CUT TO:

132 INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, BASEMENT - FLASHBACK, NIGHT 132

HERBERT CLUTTER is bound and taped, his hands tied to a PIPE on the LOW CEILING. Perry takes out a HUNTING KNIFE.

PERRY (V.O.)
In the basement, Mr. Clutter looked like he was hurt, so I cut him down.

Perry CUTS the rope, catches hold of Herb Clutter, lowers him onto a mattress box on the floor.

CUT TO:

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

Perry talking to Truman.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

Perry is cradling Mr. Clutter on the floor. Mr. Clutter is LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO PERRY'S FACE, frightened, trying to read him.

PERRY (V.O.)
He was looking at me. Just... looking at me. Looking at my eyes. Like he expects me to kill him - expects me to be the kind of person who would kill him. I was thinking - this nice man, he's scared of me. I was ashamed. I mean, I thought he was a very nice gentleman. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat.

Perry CUTS Herb Clutter's throat with the knife.

CUT TO:

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

Perry and Truman. Silence, then:

PERRY
I didn't realize what I did till I heard the sound. Like someone drowning under water. I was staring at him, bleeding on the floor. I told Dick to finish him off, but he wouldn't do it.

CUT TO:

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

Herb Clutter gurgling on the floor.

PERRY (V.O.)
We couldn't leave Mr. Clutter like that, so I got the shotgun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

PERRY
Then we drove off.

Silence. Perry looks at Truman.

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

No answer. Then:

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

Perry thinks.

PERRY
Between forty and fifty dollars.

Truman nods. They sit there for a long time.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN: Hands typing on a MANUAL TYPEWRITER.

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

CUT TO:

142 INT. PLANE - DAY 142

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

CUT TO:

143 EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON 143

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

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

Truman opens the door.

TRUMAN
Jack.

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

145 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 145

Truman enters, drops his travel bag on the bed, zips it open, removes a SMALL STACK OF TYPED PAGES. He walks to his desk.

On the desk, we see a HUGE STACK OF TYPED PAGES with a title page on top which reads: IN COLD BLOOD. Truman lifts the HUGE STACK, places the SMALL STACK under it. He smooths out the pages, then steps back from it. He calls out:

TRUMAN
Jack.

No answer. On Truman, standing in the middle of his room. He has finished all that he can finish, and is lost as to what to do next.

FADE OUT.

TITLE UP: "ONE YEAR LATER"

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE COME UP SLOWLY:

TRUMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
... I want to give it to you. The truth is, I desperately need the money.... Mr. Shawn....

FADE IN:

146 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 146

Truman on the PHONE, in pajamas, looking in the FRIDGE.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
I've spent thousands of dollars on this book... I ... They got a stay of execution yesterday.... Another, yes....

He gets out a jar of BEECHNUT BABY FOOD CUSTARD and starts to eat it. Truman finds a bottle of J&B on the counter and pours a shot in his custard.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
Supreme Court....

He stirs the custard, eats it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pause. Jack looks at Truman.

JACK (cont'd)
Your amigo.

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

TRUMAN
Put it with the others.

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

Jack walks out. Truman sips his drink.

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

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

"...not able to find lawyer despite extensive search. So sorry. All best, Truman."

JACK
You tried?

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

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

CUT TO:

150 INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING - NIGHT 150

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

151 INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING - NIGHT, LATER 151

Driving. Truman and Jack sit in silence, then:

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

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

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

152 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER 152

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

CUT TO:

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

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

TRUMAN
Nelle.

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

NELLE
I thought I'd find you here.

TRUMAN
(to the bartender)
Please, another.

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

NELLE
How are you?

TRUMAN
Terrible.

Beat.

NELLE
I'm sorry to hear that.

TRUMAN
Well. It's torture. Torture...
(he drinks)
... what they're doing to me.

NELLE
Uh-huh.

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

NELLE
It must be hard.

TRUMAN
It's torture. They're torturing me.

NELLE
I see.

Nelle regards him for a moment.

NELLE (cont'd)
And how'd you like the movie, Truman?

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

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

On Truman, alone at the bar.

FADE OUT.

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

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

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

Phone RINGING. Truman asleep.

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

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

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

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

TRUMAN
Hello.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Mr. Capote?

TRUMAN
Yes?

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

Pause.

OPERATOR (cont'd)
Mr. Truman Capote?

TRUMAN
Yes.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Will you accept charges?

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

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
You'll accept charges?

TRUMAN
Yes.

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

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

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
Hello.

Truman can't bring himself to speak.

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

TRUMAN
I'm here.

Beat.

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
Truman.

TRUMAN
Hello, Perry.

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

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

PERRY
Yeah.

Pause.

TRUMAN
I'm sorry.

PERRY
Yeah. They let me make two phone calls.

Truman doesn't know what to say.

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

Beat.

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

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

We hear over the line a GUARD in the background:

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

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

GUARD IN BACKGROUND (OVER PHONE)
Time. Perry.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

GUARD
Ready.

CUT TO:

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

Perry lies alone on his cot. The DOOR opens, WARDEN CROUCH enter with a GUARD.

WARDEN CROUCH
Perry.

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

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

PERRY
Truman Capote.

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

WARDEN CROUCH
Anybody else?

Perry SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

161 EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY 161

A PLANE takes off.

162 INT. PLANE, FIRST CLASS SECTION - DAY 162

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

SHAWN
You want anything?

Truman shakes his head.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY - DUSK 163

OUTSIDE LIGHTS switch on as it gets dark.

164 INT. KSP, CONFINEMENT CELL - NIGHT 164

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

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

GUARD
Hours ago.

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

PERRY
May I make a phone call?

CUT TO:

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

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

SHAWN
That's him again.

Truman is immobile. Phone still rings.

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

Shawn gives up, PICKS UP the phone.

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

CUT TO:

166 INT. KSP, HALLWAY - NIGHT 166

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

167 INT. KSP, CONFINEMENT CELL - NIGHT 167

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

WARDEN CROUCH
You got a telex.

Perry nods. Crouch reads:

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

WARDEN CROUCH (cont'd)
(apologetically)
That's it.

PERRY
It's not true, is it?

Crouch hesitates a moment, then SHAKES his head.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. NELLE'S STREET, MONROEVILLE - NIGHT 168

A DELIVERY BOY runs down the street, turns up the walk at NELLE'S HOUSE. On the porch, he RINGS the doorbell.

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

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

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

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

169A INT. MUEHLEBACH HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - NIGH 169A

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

NELLE
Would you put him on please?

SHAWN
He won't talk.

NELLE
I don't give a goddamn what he will or won't do, hold him down, put the phone on his ear!

Shawn, terrifically uncomfortable, climbs on the bed, holds the RECEIVER to Truman's ear.

SHAWN
(calling out to Nelle)
Uh. Okay.

On Truman's face. We hear, through the receiver, Nelle:

NELLE (OVER PHONE)
I don't care if you speak to me, but you're gonna listen to this note...

CUT TO:

170 INT. KSP, HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME 170

Perry is led, SHACKLED, into a holding cell on the ground floor of the Death Row Building. Dick is already there, seated, shackled. We continue to HEAR Nelle's VOICE as she reads the telegram over the phone:

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

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

NELLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
... Whatever his reason for not showing up, I want you to know that I cannot condemn you for it and understand....

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

NELLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
... Not much time left but want you both to know that I've been sincerely grateful for your friendship through the years and everything else....

CUT TO:

171 EXT. TAXI, KANSAS HIGHWAY - SAME TIME, NIGHT 171

A taxi speeds through the wet countryside. It has started to rain. Nelle's VOICE:

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

172 INT. TAXI, KANSAS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 172

Truman and William Shawn in the back. Truman is reading the TELEGRAM. Nelle's VOICE:

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

Truman folds the telegram, looks out the window.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY - NIGHT 173

TAXICAB pulls up to the prison gates.

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

Clock reads 11:35pm. Truman sits with Shawn. Warden Crouch approaches.

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

Truman stands, turns to Shawn, still seated.

SHAWN
No.

TRUMAN
Come with me.

SHAWN
Truman. No.

Truman goes alone.

175 INT. KSP, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT 175

Perry, Dick, a Guard. Warden Crouch lets Truman in.

WARDEN CROUCH
Five minutes.

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

HICKOCK
(without rancor)
He returns. Long time.

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

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

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

PERRY
You got the letter?

TRUMAN
Yes.

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

HICKOCK
You got that right.

Silence.

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

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

HICKOCK (cont'd)
What I've seen hasn't been so nice to look at - but I guess it's better than nothing.
(he shrugs, to Truman)
They came around with a form.
(beat)
Hey. You'll be walking down the street one day in Denver, wherever - and suddenly these eyes will be staring at you. Wouldn't that be something?

TRUMAN
(quietly)
It would be.

Warden Crouch opens the door.

WARDEN CROUCH
Time.

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

PERRY
You'll be watching?

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

PERRY
I'd like to have a friend there.

TRUMAN
Okay. Then I will.

Truman looks down, starts to cry.

PERRY
It's alright.

TRUMAN
I did everything I could.

PERRY
Okay.

TRUMAN
I truly did.

PERRY
I know.

Truman nods, wipes his eyes.

TRUMAN
Goodbye, Perry.

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

Truman goes. On Perry watching him leave.

CUT TO:

176 INT. CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 176

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

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

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

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

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

178 INT. PRISON CAR - NIGHT 178

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

179 INT. CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 179

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

PERRY
Nice to see you.

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

WARDEN CROUCH
Perry Edward Smith.
(reads)
"For the crime of murder in the first degree, by order of the Court of Finney County and the Supreme Court of the sovereign State of Kansas, you are sentenced to hang until you die."
(then)
You can say something if you want.

PERRY
(quietly, to Warden)
Is there anybody from the family here?

WARDEN CROUCH
No.

Perry is disappointed by this information.

PERRY
Well. Tell them...
(he look out at everyone)
I can't remember what I was going to say for the life of me...

He stops. A few moments.

PERRY (cont'd)
It would be meaningless to apologize for what I did. Even inappropriate. But I do. I apologize. It's helluva thing to take a life. Maybe I had something to contribute...
(he stops)
No, that's alright.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Executioner pulls the handle, Perry drops.

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)
My cup runneth over.

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

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

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

NELLE (OVER PHONE)
Hello.

FADE UP:

180 INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - EARLY MORNING 180

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

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

Pause.

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

TRUMAN
It was a terrible experience and I will never get over it.
(then)
There wasn't anything I could have done to save them.

We hear Nelle light a cigarette.

NELLE (OVER PHONE)
Maybe not.

We hear her exhale slowly.

NELLE (cont'd)
But the fact is, you didn't want to.

Nelle HANGS UP. On Truman,

FADE OUT.

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

181 INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION, AIRPLANE - DAY 181

Truman, seated on the aisle, next to William Shawn. After a long silence:

SHAWN
I almost forgot.

He extracts from his leather briefcase a PACKAGE wrapped in BROWN PAPER. Hands it to Truman.

SHAWN (cont'd)
They sent it over this morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE UP:

Truman Capote made two million dollars from In Cold Blood.

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

He died in 1984 of complications due to alcoholism.

END OF MOVIE