

~~KLUTE~~~~Klute~~~~Warner Brothers (Produced by Alan J. Pakula), 1971  
Screenplay by Andy K. Lewis and Dave Lewis  
Directed by Alan J. Pakula~~~~Time: 1971~~~~Place: New York City~~~~Bree Daniels wants to be a serious actress, but she is making her living as a high-priced call girl. While Bree has prospered as a call girl, she still wants to find a way of giving up the life. She realizes that a prostitute's life, even at Bree's class, businesslike level of operation, is full of dangers—psychological, emotional and physical. Bree, early in the film, talks to her psychiatrist.~~~~BREE DANIELS~~~~All right. Loneliness. Well—separated. From other people. Forgotten. Well, as if I can be here, I can go through the motions, right? But the truth is, I don't belong. Well, it's more than loneliness. Hate. People hating me—and watching me and following me and wanting to hurt me—you know. I'm all screwed up. The truth is I hate them: they *must* hate me. All right, the money. All right, not the money. A kind of put-on. It gets things back together. Well, let's say I go to one of those cattle calls, a tryout. I mean before—before I got this job—and they'd always say thank you very much and I'd feel, you know, brought down. They didn't want me. Well, you have a choice. You can either feel lonely—you know, the hate—or—so you take a call and you go to a hotel room and there's some John you've never seen before, but he wants you. He must, he's paying for it. And usually they're nervous and that's all right too, because *you're* not; you know this thing. And then for a~~

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~~WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN~~~~117~~~~while, boy, they really pay attention, you're all there is. And it's not real and you don't even like them—you can even hate them, it's all right, it's safe—you know?~~~~Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?~~~~Cinema Center (Produced by Ulu Grosbard and Herb Gardner), 1971~~~~Screenplay by Herb Gardner~~~~Directed by Ulu Grosbard~~~~Time: 1971~~~~Place: New York City~~~~Linda is an aspiring singer/actress who, at the age of thirty-four, has not made it. She's auditioning for a new musical entitled *Now*. Present at the audition are Peter Halloran, the director; George Solloway, the famous composer/lyricist; and Sid Gill, George's collaborator.~~~~At the audition Linda sings for Peter, George, and Sid in a voice that is, in the words of the screenwriter, "quiet and lovely and theatrically hopeless." While she sings, Sid makes a fast exit. When she's finished, Peter thanks her and waits for her to leave, but she explains to him that she can't, her hand is gripping a work-lamp pole and she is rooted to the spot. Peter leaves, convinced that she's nuts, and Linda is left alone with George. (Note: The following monologue does not include George's brief reply to Linda.)~~~~START~~~~LINDA (ALLISON)~~~~I can't leave. I'm sorry. I can't leave.~~

INFO

*(She remains frozen on the chair; one hand gripping the briefcase, the other hand gripping the work-lamp pole; transfixed.)*

I can't seem to let go of this lamp right now. You fellas go ahead. I'll be all right soon . . . I feel like I just auditioned for the part of human being, and I didn't get the job. See, it took me three weeks to get this audition and I bought a new dress and I worked on my song and I had my hair done by Mr. Max at \$22.50, a work of art, with lashes . . . and now I can't just leave right away . . . I can't just leave right away. I will just have to hang around here for a while, see? Thank you, but I can't move anyway; my hand is stuck. . . . It happens all the time, I get stuck onto things. Chairs, coffee cups, doorknobs, people. I'll be all right soon. Just don't shake hands with me or anything. You have kind eyes. It's funny to see your face after all that darkness. A nervous face, but kind eyes. Oh, God, I hate these auditions. I'm not what you're looking for.

**— END**

I'm not even Linda Kaiser. She's my roommate. My name is Allison Densmore. I never use it because it sounds so old . . . centuries old . . . Sounds like a lot of doilies . . . It's very beautiful here now, with the lights on. This is . . . This is a great set for *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Dawn on the moors. I study opera. Every day, an hour. You like opera?

*(lifts her briefcase)*

I've got 'em all in here. Opera is the best. People live at the top of their lives, and die very beautifully. Lucia and Edgardo, they meet on this moor at dawn. She saves him, in a way, but mostly he saves her from a wild bull, and she's crazy about him . . . but so they save each other. . . . Mister, listen to me. I'm still auditioning. All the time I think I'm auditioning. I wake up in the morning and the whole world says "Thank you very much, Miss Densmore, that'll be enough for now."

I'm crying so odd . . . one eye at a time . . .

*(starts to cry)*  
*(shakes her head)*

Mostly I'd like to get my hand off this lamp. I have to go back to work soon. I'm a Corporate Librarian. That's a file clerk. With only three good notes, you gotta back yourself up with something. You think I'll be able to get this lamp in a taxi? . . . I'm crying from the left eye now . . . It's not the audition, it's not that . . . It's my birthday. I'm thirty-four years old today. I'm not prepared. I'm prepared for twenty-two. Right now, I could do a great twenty-two. I woke up this morning, and all of a sudden I was not young. I—I was not old, but I'm all of a sudden not young. Not young enough for this dress. And not young enough to be a Corporate Librarian with three good notes and a briefcase full of grand opera. Mister, I don't understand what happened to the time. All of a sudden I'm going into my tenth year of looking for a new apartment. I'm not much of a singer, and I'm not a gifted file clerk, either. The one thing I'm good at is . . . being married. But my husband wasn't. That was ten years ago.

*(laughs)*

I've never learned another trade. The time, mister. It's not a thief at all like they say. It's something much sneakier. It's an embezzler, up nights, juggling the books so you don't notice anything's missing. . . . Hey, I let go of the lamp.