

BREE exits the cab and walks up to her apartment where KLUTE is waiting with his apt door ajar.

KLUTE
Miss Daniels. Can I come upstairs and ask you some questions now?

BREE
You bastard! Is this the shakedown, hon? Cause you picked a loser. I don't have it!

KLUTE
I'm looking for Tom...

BREE
You think I'd live in this kip if I were taking calls full-time? I'd be back on Park Avenue.

KLUTE Can I ask you some questions?

BREE
Or you'll get me thrown back in the brig, you mean?

They move into her apartment.

BREE
Have a seat.

He doesn't sit.

BREE
Would you like some wine? Or some beer?

KLUTE
No, thank you.

BREE
There isn't any beer anyway. You know, I've already told the police everything I know. I don't even remember the schlub!

He shows her a photo.

BREE

Yeah, they showed me that already. I understand this is Grunemann. I told them, I don't remember. (looking at photo) Family-type man. It figures.

Look...will you please just try to get it from my side? A year ago...I was in the life full-time... Living on Park Avenue- This very nice apartment, leather furniture. And then the cops dropped on me, they caged me. Started asking me about a guy that I'm supposed to have seen a year before that! Two years ago. He could be in Yemen! Grunemann, what does that mean? It's an name, I don't know him! And they start showing me these pictures, and they don't mean anything to me. Then they started asking me if I'd been getting letters...from some guy out in Cabbageville.

KLUTE

Tuscarora.

BREE

Yeah, all right, I had been. Very sick letters. So they said, "Well, that's, Grunemann. So would you please tell us when you and he..." Well, there was a guy, once. A freak. Could've been him. I mean, apparently Grunemann liked to beat up on girls. And ah, well, this guy hired me and then he tried to kill me...and that was about two years ago. (she opens her front door and yells) Okay Tommy baby, ollie ollie in free, kid. I got the gumdrops. You remind me of my uncle.

KLUTE

What else do you remember about the man who beat you up?

BREE

Nothing. Except that he wasn't kidding, that's all. See, ah, usually it's a fake out. You probably know about that. They pretend to tie you up you wear a dress with a cloth belt and they pretend to whip you. What the hell, it's their money, I don't care. I'll swing from a shower rod and whistle Maytime. Except ah, this guy really freaked out on it.

KLUTE

But you cannot identify this man as Tom Grunemann?

BREE

I can't identify him as anybody! So, is that it? Listen ah, (moves to him) ...why don't you go downstairs...You have such a nice mouth...and get those tapes...and bring them back up here and we'll have a party...you and I... Wouldn't that be nice?

KLUTE

What about, about afterwards, about the telephone calls?

BREE

Just phone calls, right? What is it? The phone rings, you answer, there's nobody there. Kids getting their kicks, burglars finding out if the apartment's empty. It happens all the time in New York. It doesn't mean anything.

KLUTE

But you reported that you had been followed.

BREE

Look, I'm sorry. Ah, I've been...leading everybody astray. It doesn't ah...Yeah, okay, I get these feelings, but they're just feelings. That's just me. I'm sure you'll find this amusing, but I'm afraid of the dark. Or ah, sometimes I get spooked. I think I see people, hear things. Or like, I go out in the morning and I think somebody's been prying open my mailbox. Or if there's trash in front of my door I think somebody's trying to freak me out. It doesn't, it's just nerves. I'm a nervous broad. It doesn't mean anything.

The phone rings.

BREE

Bree Daniels. How is Ted? Yeah... Thank you. Thank you very much. Um, I'd love to. Maybe the next time you're in town? I'd like to meet you very much. You've got a nice voice. I...actually I'm having a conversation with a very nice cop. He's not a cop actually, he's a private det...(hangs up)

KLUTE

Is that how you get most of your dates? Somebody gives your name to somebody else?

BREE

Most of em, yeah.

KLUTE

And, that how you met the man who beat you up?

BREE

I don't remember. It was two years ago. God!

KLUTE

Well, how else do you get dates, pimps?

BREE

Oh...You're very square, cookie. No, pimps don't get dates for you, they just take your money.

KLUTE

The police have given me a list of names. I'd like to ask you about them. Frank Ligourin?

BREE

Look, I'm sure this is going to amuse you, too. But I'm really trying to get away from all that.

KLUTE

What about this evening, the old man?

BREE

You saw that? Goddamn you! He's 70 years old! His wife is dead. He's cut garments since he was 14. He's maybe in his whole life had one week vacation and I'm all he's got! And he never lays a hand on me! What harm is there in that? And what's your bag, Klute? What do you like? You a talker? A button freak? Like to have your chest walked around with high-heel shoes? Maybe you like to have us watch you tinkle?

KLUTE

Okay.

BREE

Or do you get it off wearing women's clothes? Goddamn hypocrite squares!

KLUTE

Okay.

BREE

I hope this isn't going to make my cold any worse.

KLUTE

Now tell me about Frank Ligourin.

BREE

He was my old man. We broke up.

KLUTE

When? When did you break up?

BREE

About eight months ago.

She begins to undress.

KLUTE

Would you mind not doing that?

BREE

What?

KLUTE

Okay.

BREE

Well, I thought I could trade you for those tapes. Doesn't it get lonely down there in your little room? Or maybe I could bring some friends. I've got some terrific friends.

KLUTE

No, thank you.

BREE

Men have paid \$200 for me and here you are turning down

a freebie. You could get a perfectly good dishwasher for that.

There's a noise. He looks up. He picks up her keys.

BREE
What are you doing with my keys?

KLUTE
(walking toward her) Give me your hand.

He walks her into the bedroom. She begins to caress him.

BREE
I knew it.

KLUTE
Don't be afraid. I'm going to sit you down on the bed. There's someone on the roof.

She lets go. He holds her shoulders and sits her down.

KLUTE
Sit. Sit!

He places his hand on her head and gently pushes it to look down as he takes his gun out of his one pocket and a flashlight out of the other. He slowly walks out...moments pass before he returns.

BREE
You didn't get him?

KLUTE
No.

BREE
Was it Grunemann?

KLUTE
I didn't see him. Who sent you on that date?

BREE

Frankie Ligourin.

KLUTE You and I will go talk to Frank Ligourin
tomorrow.