

KLUTE

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

BREE (CONT'D)

Bree Daniel.  
(listens. Brightly)

Oh yes, Ted Carlin, how is Ted?  
(listens)

Oh, well, thank you very much but maybe the next time you're in town?  
(listens)

Well I just love Ted and I'd love to meet you -- you have a very nice voice -- but I just --  
(listens, grows impatient)

Well I'm having a chat with a very nice cop. Actually not a real cop; he's a private inves --

A BUZZING from the phone; the connection abruptly broken. She hangs up, recites.

KLUTE

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

BREE  
Most of them.

KLUTE

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

BREE  
How would I remember?

KLUTE

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

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

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

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

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

KLUTE  
What about the old gentleman the  
other night, Mr. Faber?  
She freezes again, looking at him. Then savagely --

BREE  
You saw that, goddamn you? You saw  
it? He's seventy. His wife's dead.  
He started cutting garments at  
fourteen. His whole life, he's  
maybe had a week's vacation, I'm  
all he has and he never, never  
touches me, and what harm in it,  
what --  
She chokes -- then goes on --

BREE (CONT'D)  
Klute, tell me, what's your bag?  
Are you a talker, or a button man  
or a doubler, or maybe you like

them very young -- children -- or  
get your chest walked around with  
high-heeled shoes, or have us watch  
you tinkle? Or --

KLUTE  
(under)  
-- OK --

BREE  
-- You want to wear women's  
clothes, or you get off ripping  
things --  
She grabs up the company picture, raging on --

BREE (CONT'D)  
-- you perverted hypocrite square bastards.

KLUTE  
OK.  
Something in his inflection -- very slight --  
cautions her. She falls silent as suddenly as she  
began. Then cheerfully --

BREE  
Gee I hope this doesn't make my  
cold any worse.

KLUTE  
Tell me about Frank Ligourin.

BREE  
(casual, pleasant)  
Mm? Oh, he was my old man. We broke  
up.  
She wanders away toward a bureau. Her shirt seems  
to itch her; she scratches her ribs. Then opens  
drawer, takes out a different shirt as --

KLUTE  
When?  
(beat)  
When did you and Ligourin break up?

She pulls off her shirt, unhooks her brassiere and discards it, apparently quite unselfconscious. Klute reacts; then, carefully maintaining his cool

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KLUTE (CONT'D)

Mind not doing that?

She turns to him in total innocence, holding the shirt rather carelessly in front of her -- a new attack.

BREE

What? This?

KLUTE

-- OK?

BREE

(ingenuously)

I thought you could trick me for those tapes. Don't you get lonely in that little green room? Or let me get you someone; I have terrific friends, wild.

KLUTE

No thanks.