MAN TROUBLE

by

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PRODUCERS

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SHOOTING DRAFT

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MAN TROUBLE

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM – NIGHT

A woman's hands descend to the keyboard of an organ, playing the opening chords to a duet from the Bach Cantata #78.

2 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM/ANGLE ON LEWIS (LEWIE) DUART

the choral conductor, summoning forth the sound of two women's voices singing the text.

   SOPRANO/ALTO (V.O.)
   'Wir eilen mit schwachen doch
   emsigen Schritten, O Jesu, O
   Meister...' (etc)

3 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM/ANGLE ON JOAN SPRUANCE AND HELEN DEXTRA

The latter on crutches, a cast on her leg. They stand center stage, their texts resting on music stands. Seated off to the side, are two male soloists (VINCENT GALLARDO & KENNETH DOWLER). Behind them a chorus of men and women, waiting, as:

4 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM/ANGLE ON CONDUCTOR

He begins to sing aggressively over the duet. He suddenly drops his hands to his side. The organist discontinues and the voices of the soloists trail off:

   LEWIE
   Spruance, would you like to show
   me where it's marked smearing
   here...
   (hitting at the score)
   ... because I swear, I don't see
   it.

   JOAN
   Sorry. I didn't know I was.

   LEWIE
   Also, I'd be mildly content if I
   could have a little less delirious
   self-appreciation and some small
   regard for remaining somewhere in
   the vicinity of the goddamned note.

(CONTINUED)
He returns his attention to the score. While Joan grumbles to Helen, a late arriving member of the chorus (EDDY REVERE) can be seen taking his seat amongst the others:

JOAN
I wasn't smearing.

HELEN
Sssh, come on now.

JOAN
No, I'm telling you, this is personally motivated. Since I moved out he's been doing this, making remarks and being... incredibly pricklike...

LEWIE
Now, if our lovely soprano would like to stop grumbling for a moment, I'd like to take it once again.

JOAN
(under her breath)
See what I mean?

LEWIE
Pardon me?

JOAN
I said fine, let's do it again.

LEWIE
(with a cold stare)
From the beginning please.

He signals a down beat and they resume somewhere near the top of the duet.

ABOVE MUSIC FAINTLY OVER:

INT. CAMPUS PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - ON ADELE "IWO JIMA" WATANABE BLISS - NIGHT

She speaks emotionally, hoping to solicit sympathy:

ADELE
He never says, 'Honey I love you, you're doing a great job.' I don't feel he respects me as a person and I'm just not that happy with the stature of our relationship.

(CONTINUED)
ON POST-GRADUATE MFCC THERAPIST

seated behind a desk in a large deserted classroom:

THERAPIST

Now I want you to look at Harry and tell him how you feel.

She turns her gaze to EUGENE EARL AXLINE, alias HARRY BLISS. He sits in an adjacent chair, an abject hostage.

Discomfited by her flinty stare, he glances away, to the window where the faint sounds of the CHORAL REHEARSAL can be heard.

ADELE

I feel like he's not plugged into my needs, and I'm not getting enough positive feedback...

Harry shakes his head, shifting about uncomfortably.

ADELE

See, look at him shaking his head.

THERAPIST

Well, let's see what he wants to say here. Harry, how do you feel when she brings out this material?

HARRY

How do I feel? I feel she just overheats on every little side issue, and when I go to try and communicate with the woman, for some unknown reason she doesn't believe a damn thing I say.

ADELE

Oh that's a lie.

HARRY

See what I mean?

ADELE

No, you know what this whole thing hinges from? He came to rent a building from me which is now his place of business...

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
So what, he's not interested in that, that's not what he's asking.
(to Therapist)
See what she does? She wants to dig up and haul out miscellaneous things that's got nothing to do with this. I mean, I agreed to come here, okay, but I have to tell you, Iwo Jima's got a lot of faulty notions in her head about me that....

ADELE
Alright, there. Right now. That's another thing I want to interject...

HARRY
Pardon me, I was making a statement here.

THERAPIST
Yes, let's try and hear each other out if we can. Go on, Harry.

HARRY
Well, I forgot the upshot of what I was saying, but...

ADELE
Okay, this syndrome where I've asked him to address me by my given name and he just goes on ignoring my wishes.

THERAPIST
Alright. Look at him and really tell him how you feel about that.

ADELE
I don't want you to ever call me Iwo Jima again!

THERAPIST
That's a legitimate request, isn't it?

Harry begrudges a slight nod.

ADELE
If you can't call me Adele, don't call me anything at all.

(continued)
CONTINUED: (3)

THERAPIST
So? Can you look at Iwo Jima, Harry, and tell her...

She darts a confused frown at the Therapist.

THERAPIST
Better yet, can you take her by the hand and say, 'I hear what you're saying'?

Reluctantly, he reaches over and takes her hand, mumbling something which though indistinct, causes Adele's features to pucker with emotion and brings her to the edge of tears.

THERAPIST
Good. That's good... because there's a lot of love here, isn't there. (stealing a quick look at his watch)

EXT. CAMPUS/AUDITORIUM BUILDING - NIGHT

A poster outside the building announces a future engagement of THE LEWIS DUART MASTER CHORALE. (SEE Appendix) Joan comes out the door and moves down the steps to a campus walkway.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Joan, walking quickly across the campus.

INT. CAMPUS PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Joan, moving with nervous alert, approaches a Mercedes sedan parked next to an Econoline van. Placing her key in the lock, she notes a flyer on her windshield. She removes it, glancing briefly at this heading in bold type: WOMEN - DON'T LIVE IN FEAR. A low RUMBLING sound causes her to lift her gaze over the top of the car, where an attack shepherd (DUKE), slowly unsheathes his teeth and fixes her with a threatening stare through the closed window of the van.

Her eyes drop down to the legend on its door panel: House of Bliss Shepherds - Peace of mind - Twenty-Four Hours A Day - Call 7-A-T-T-A-C-K.
EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Harry and Adele moving toward the parking structure:

ADELE
Next time I want to bring out some of our sexual hot spots.

HARRY
The hell you are, honey.

ADELE
The hell I'm not.

INT. CAMPUS/PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

As Harry and Adele approach the passenger door of the van:

HARRY
... at fifty bucks a shot, out a my pocket...
(unlocking the door)
I'm going to listen to some pencil-necked butthead tell me I don't know how to relate to you...

ADELE
Daddy, do you want this marriage to work or not.

HARRY
I hear you, honey. But let's have just a little more trust on your end of this thing, okay? That's all I ask.
(opens the door)
Get in.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A bus stop poster advertising a current knife-kill movie entitled Blood and Kisses. A woman in jeopardy, with the obligatory expression of helpless terror on her face, flees from a menacing male figure wielding a bloodied knife.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD/INT. JOAN'S CAR

Joan is stopped at a signal, frowning up at the malevolent message on the bus stop poster. The light changes. A CAR HORN breaks her disturbed reverie and she proceeds through the intersection.
ESTABLISHING.

FOLLOWING WITH Joan as she enters the foyer and moves along a first floor hallway to her apartment. She turns her key in the lock, opens the door, then steps OUT OF VIEW.

Joan stands briefly in the dark, apprehending something untoward. She reaches to a wall switch, turns on the lights and sees:

The living room has been completely savaged. Pictures have been pulled from the walls, books have been swept from the shelves, chairs are upended and area rugs lie rumpled and dislocated. A vase of flowers atop a grand piano is overturned and water from it stains the polished surface.

Her gaze moves to a bank of windows overlooking a garden patio. The glass pane in one of them is broken and the window stands partly open.

ON Joan's stunned reaction as she fearfully scans the room. Then she suddenly reaches to the front door, opens it and disappears into the hallway, shutting the door after her.

A detective (MELVENOS) moves about, glancing at the devastation. Joan, seated on a couch, addresses him:

(In the b.g., Helen Dextra stands on her crutches near the piano, and beyond her a FINGERPRINTER dusts for prints around the frame of the broken window.)

MELVENOS
You sure nothing of value has been removed from the dwelling?

JOAN
No, nothing. That's what's so disturbing. I mean, why would someone do something like this...?

(CONTINUED)
MELVENOS
Yeah, you have quite a nice little mess here.

(poking his toe at some debris on the floor)
It kinda looks like somebody doesn't like you, doesn't it?

JOAN
What do you mean, somebody doesn't like me?

The Fingerprinter interrupts:

FINGERPRINTER
Not much on the window. A few partials and a bunch of smears.

MELVENOS
Check out the bedroom.

As he moves to the hallway leading to the bedroom:

JOAN
You think this is someone I know?

MELVENOS
Let's explore that. Have you had any recent trouble with anyone?

JOAN
No.

Helen hobbles INTO VIEW, seating herself in a nearby chair.

(continued)
MELVENOS
Anyone whose displeasure you might've incurred in some way?

Now thoroughly paranoid, she frowns down at the carpet, scanning her memory for the commission of some past offense.

MELVENOS (CONT'D)
For instance, just the other day we had a homicide concerning a dispute over a parking space.

JOAN
Who could it be?

MELVENOS
You're not married, I take it.

Her mind is still off searching for enemies and she fails to respond:

HELEN
She's in the process of a divorce.

MELVENOS
What about him?

HELEN
What about him? He's our conductor, he's an artist and not someone who'd ever...

JOAN
You mean Lewie? He'd never do anything like this.

MELVENOS
(shrugs)
You never know.

There is a light knock at the partially opened front door.

ANDY (O.S.)
Hello? Anybody home?

ON ATTRACTIVE RED-HAIRED WOMAN (ANTONIA "ANDY" ELLERMAN) stepping into the room:

ANDY
Hi, Joanie... (CONTINUED)
JOAN
(under her breath)
Oh great.

ANDY
I just got in from Hawaii and thought I'd drop by for a minute.
(glancing about)
What the heck happened in here?

JOAN
Excuse me, it's my sister...

MELVENOS
(not interested)
Uhm hmm.

As Joan gets up and moves over to Andy, he glances at his watch and exits to the bedroom.

JOAN
Andy, this is not the most opportune time. I happen to have had a burglary in here last night...

ANDY
Oh really? That's awful.

JOAN
So could I just call you later?

ANDY
Well, can't you give me one minute? I'd like to know if you got the manuscript I sent you.
(squinting at Helen)
Who's that?

JOAN
Helen Dextra, you've met her before.

ANDY
Oh, I have?
(then quickly to Joan)
Anyway, did you read it?

JOAN
Read what? I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)
I'm talking about the book I've written about Red and me, that I sent you a copy of, is that so hard to follow?


Not just about him, Joanie, he's only one of many episodes in my life, you know that. Have you got a Perrier?

No, I don't. Let me just call you at home later.

I'm not going to be home. I'm checking into a hospital to have a bone spur removed from my foot. Then I'm going to New York, to meet with a top publisher...

... which, incidentally, I would not care for Mr. Redmon, fecal-face Layls to know.

You know what he said to me? We're going to be leaving.

Wait, I need to talk to you...
MELVENOS
I might put some bars on the windows.
   (giving her his card)
My name's Melveny, if you want to get in touch.

JOAN
Really though, I don't see how this could be somebody I know.

MELVENOS
Maybe not.

They start down the hallway and Joan addresses their backs:

JOAN
Because I actually go miles out of my way to avoid conflictual situations.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Helen, now captive to Andy's epic, is seated next to her on the couch, attempting to listen politely to a tale without an end:

ANDY
And to top it off, my lawyer said, 'Don't worry, they're just pissing into the wind...'

HELEN
Uhm-hmm. And I said, they're pissing into the wind but it's blowing back in my face...

Joan has reentered the room and approaches them.

ANDY
Some help I'm going to get from him, because he's scared to death of Red.

JOAN
Andy, are you telling me the truth?

(CONTINUED)
ANDY
(turning to Joan)
Yes, he's afraid, they're all afraid, they're all off skiing.

HELEN
Speaking of lawyers...
(tapping on her cast)
One fell on me while I was sunbathing.

JOAN
I mean, are you really going to New York?

ANDY
Yes, I'm going to New York, where I intend to remain in semi-private seclusion, at an undisclosed...

JOAN
Well maybe I could stay at your house while you're gone. So could you tell your housekeeper to...

ANDY
Wait, I just want you to hear what this colossal shit said about me, through his great white shark of a lawyer.

JOAN
Pardon me, but I don't care what he said. My apartment, as you can see, is a complete shambles, I have a terrible headache, I've been informed that somebody doesn't like me, and I really don't want to stay here by myself!

ANDY
Fine, why don't you take my house then?

Joan sinks down into a chair, exhausted:

JOAN
Thank you.

ANDY
Gee whiz, why make such a big deal out of everything?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ANDY (CONT'D)
(to Helen)
I just got off a plane that almost
fell into the Pacific Ocean like a
piece of rotten fruit...
(to Joan)
... but did I mention it?

INT. HOUSE OF BLISS - OFFICE - DAY

Duke lies on the floor, watching Harry. He stands at a
cork board on the wall behind his desk, adding a clipping
announcing the Fourth Victim of a local serial killer
called the Westside Slasher, to an assortment of other
items on violent crimes. As he does:

JUNE HUFF, enters from a door of the rear of the office.
Moving past Harry's desk, she picks up a folded newspaper
page, continues to an upholstered bench beneath a window,
lies down and begins reading.

HARRY
(moving to his desk)
Now don't start lazing around,
June. Let's get with it.

JUNE
(under her breath)
You get with it.

He sits down at his desk and begins going through his
drawers, looking for something. She lowers the paper
and looks over at him:

JUNE (CONT'D)
Do you like my hair this way,
or do you like it straight?

HARRY
It's very nice, Sluggo. Go hose out
the kennel.

She goes back to reading.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Where the hell are my nail
clippers?

The PHONE on his desk begins to RING:

HARRY (CONT'D)
I told everybody to stay out of
these drawers.
I think I'll go down to the Amazon, and get involved with the trees.

HARRY
Get this first, will you.

She gets up and moves over to the desk:

JUNE
They need people, because that hole is getting...

HARRY
(cutting her off)
Remember, don't say I'm here 'til you find out who it is.

She picks up the receiver and speaks into it:

JUNE
Yeah?... I doubt that he's here at this present time... Yeah, maybe later today sometime... Who are you addressing? Uh, the executive kennel maid... uh-huh. Yeah. Okay, I'll tell him... So long.

She hangs up.

HARRY
Yeah? Who was it?

JUNE
Ferde at something Motors. He wants two payments by tomorrow or he's gonna come an' repop the van.

HARRY
Bastard.

He goes back to reading. June returns to the bench, lies down again and starts grumbling:

JUNE
You know, you said you were going to get me a little Honda Elite to tool around in.
HARRY
Don't give me a bad time, lard.
I've got enough trouble with Iwo
Jima and her complaints, alright?
Now the woman doesn't even believe
you're my niece.

JUNE
Well, I'm not.

HARRY
That's not the point I'm making.

Suddenly irritated, he begins fumbling through a pile
of bills on top of the desk:

HARRY
You know what's gonna happen if I
can't pay these damn breeders and
get some adult dogs on the
premises? Pretty damn quick, some
asses are going to hit the
pavement, believe me.

JUNE
So? I'm sick of dog turds anyway.

He scowls at her, then looks out the window:

HARRY
Jesus, here I am, sitting in the
center of a lot of wealth, the
escalation in crime couldn't be
better, and I'm not turning a
damn nickel on it...

He catches sight of something outside:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh shit. There's Lee.

18A EXT. STREET/HARRY'S POV THROUGH WINDOW - DAY 18A

Across the street, a van not unlike Harry's can be seen.
On the sidewalk beyond it, a man (LEE) stands putting
coins in a parking meter.

ON HARRY
Moving quickly into the doorway to the reception area:

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
I'm in Vegas, delivering a couple
dogs to Wayne Newton.
(to the dog)
Duke, Fuss'!
(to June)
You don't know when to expect me.

He and the dog disappear FROM VIEW.

OMITTED

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joan is seated at the piano, playing Ravel's "Reverie."
She breaks off as she sees a dark young man (BALTO) move past the living room window. She resumes playing until her attention is once again drawn to the window, where a middle-aged Hispanic woman SOCORRO moves past in the opposite direction with a young man, who now carries a suitcase. She rises and crosses to the windows to see them get into a gaudy low-rider and begin backing down the driveway.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Joan hurries out of the house and runs down the driveway toward the low-rider calling out:

JOAN
Socorro!! Wait a minute! I want to talk to you!

The Low-Rider comes to a stop. Joan approaches the passenger window and leans down to Socorro:

JOAN
Excuse me, Socorro, but do you mind if I ask what's happening, why are you leaving?

SOCORRO
No se, lo siento.

JOAN
I'm asking, where-are-you-going?

SOCORRO
(indicating Balto)
Esto me yerno, Balthazar. You speak please Balto para mi.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

**JOAN**
Yes, what's going on, are you bringing her back later or what?

**BALTO**
Yeah, Monday I bring her back.

**JOAN**
Monday? But this is Thursday, I can't stay here alone 'til Monday.

**JOAN**
It's my understanding that Socorro lived here, otherwise, I would've made other plans.

**BALTO**
Yeah, but she got her time off, too, man, you know.

Joan straightens up, sighing angrily and looking up at the house:

**JOAN**
Well, this is just glorious.

The low-rider moves down the driveway and as it disappears onto the street, Joan moves to an electric box atop a metal column at the edge of the driveway. She presses the button and looks at the gates. They remain open. She steps over to the gates and tries to close them manually. The locking device fails to engage and a portion of it falls off into the bushes.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

As she leans down to look for the fallen part, a pickup truck can be seen parked down the street. The back of the driver's head (BUTCH GABLE) can be seen and on the side panel of the truck are the words "Canyon Tree Surgeons."

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Giving up on the gates, Joan turns and moves with evident reluctance up the driveway, passing a three-car garage in which her Mercedes and another car hidden under a trap can be seen.
INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

TRAILER MUSIC. Joan is asleep on the bed. Lying beside her is a fireplace poker and a mallet meat tenderizer.

Across the dark room, a trailer of Blood and Kisses plays on the TV screen. The scantily-clad woman previously seen on the bus stop poster backs away from a steadily-stalking camera. Her eyes widen in the familiar expression of helpless terror and as she opens her mouth to scream:

Joan flinches and sits up. She turns the TV OFF, which descends into a wooden console. At that moment, there is a VOICE from outside the bedroom window:

BUTCH

Hey, Andy!

In the vicinity of the bedroom window, a man in work clothes can be seen pounding on the glass as he continues yelling:

BUTCH (CONT'D)

It's Butch! Get your ass in gear and say hello to your old drinking buddy!

She calls loudly out to him:

JOAN

Andy's not here!

He moves to the glass facade and peers inside, looking for the source of the voice:

BUTCH

Well, who are you, honey?

JOAN

She's out of town, and there happens to be several other people in here trying to sleep, so...

BUTCH

Whyn't you come out and say hello?

JOAN

Will you please go away!?

BUTCH

Come on, stick your head out the door an' let's see what you look like.

(CONTINUED)
22 CONTINUED:

JOAN
I'm sorry, but if you don't leave,
I'm going to call the Foothill
Patrol.

BUTCH
Well, fuck you, honey.

He cups a hand over his crotch and, sticking his tongue
out, flicks it in an obscene manner across his lips.

JOAN
Tch, where does she find these
people.

BUTCH
I was just trying to be nice.
(moving backwards
to the flower
bed)
Go ahead an' call 'em, bitch, I
don't give a shit.

He leans down, picks up a dirt clod from the flower bed
and throws it toward the window:

BUTCH
I'll just come back and kick your
ass in for you.

22A INT./EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Joan moves along the windows with her weapons in hand,
watching as Butch wavers erratically up to the driveway
where the previously seen pickup can be seen. She
waits until he gets in and drives off, then she moves
back into the bedroom.

22B INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT
Joan, pacing about in nervous distress. She stops
abruptly, throws her weapons onto the bed and moves
purposively to her handbag. Rummaging through it, she
finds the House of Bliss flyer, unfolds it and looks at
the reassuring photograph of Harry and Duke.

23 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON DUKE - DAY
Posed in an alert stance, Duke breaks into a run, loping
gracefully across the lawn to Harry, where he assumes a
sitting position upon the command:

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Duke, platz!
(to Joan)
Always the name first, and then the command.

She stands off to the side, repeating the command and studiously writing it down in a small notebook.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Now, in regard to any aggressor
seeking to give you a bad time, I
want to show you what you can
expect from a dog of this caliber.

He takes hold of the dog's muzzle, lifting the lips to
reveal the large scimitar-like canines:

HARRY
Here we have the dog's arsenal, so
to speak. The animal is trained
to apply pressure to specific
points of the body until the bone
is more or less crushed.
(releasing the
muzzle)
If the attacker is bearing a
weapon of any kind, be it a gun, a
club, a knife or what-have-you,
the dog will, excuse me for
saying...
("politely"
indicating
his crotch)
... automatically go for the
testicles.

JOAN
Oh god, what if I don't want him
to do that?

HARRY
You want him to do that.

JOAN
No, I just want him to scare
someone.

HARRY
Believe me, this will scare them,
as well as incapacitate their mind
and any ability to maneuver
against you.

JOAN
You know, I have an extremely
sensitive reaction to dog dander,
so maybe I shouldn't...

HARRY
Let me ask you something. I like
to get a general picture of the
individual situation I'm working
with.

(Continued)
He pauses to light a cigarette, making a quick, reflexive appraisal of her contours as he does:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Are you married, single, living alone or with some other party?

JOAN
I'm in the process of a divorce and I moved up here because my apartment was burglarized and...

(suddenly mistrustful)
But I'm not entirely alone, there's a housekeeper here, and several friends.

HARRY
Well, the hills are hit heaven as far as burglaries go. And right up on Mulholland is where they found the fifth victim of the Westside Slasher...

JOAN
No, please, don't tell me about that.

HARRY
Believe me, I know what you're up against, being an attractive, and I take it, unattached woman, such as you are...

(flicking his cigarette away)
But we're going to remedy that situation right now, and get you to feeling as safe as a little baby, alright?

(indicating her notebook)
What've we got there so far?

JOAN
(reading her notes)
Ober, platz, geh am platz, bringen, komm, sitz, fuss', fahrt and blieb.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Well, that's enough for a start on the basic control commands...

He scans the grounds for signs of something we as yet know nothing of:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Now let's do a little work with the assailant.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/EXPANSIVE GARDEN AREA - ON JOAN AND HARRY

She holds Duke on a short lead, and as they move along a wooded area of the grounds, he leans in close, directing her in confidential tones:

HARRY
Alright now, Joan, give him the command, 'Duke, wachen sie.'

JOAN
Duke, wachen sie.

HARRY
Good. The dog is now on alert.

As they walk, Harry glances about, impressed with the appearance of wealth inherent in the house and grounds:

HARRY
This is really a nice piece of real estate you've got here.

JOAN
(tense and distracted)
It's not mine, it's my sister's.

HARRY
Oh, it's your sister's. (pause) And where's she?

JOAN
(looking down at Duke)
Am I doing this right? Shouldn't I be prepared for something?

HARRY
Never look at your dog.

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
Never look at your dog? Okay.

They move forward a few feet, when Harry, now slightly behind Joan, makes a covert hand signal in the direction of some trees several yards ahead of them.

June, in a padded attack suit, suddenly jumps out from behind the trees, assuming an aggressive stance and emitting a repertory of menacing sounds.

JOAN
Oh my God! Duke, fasse!

Duke responds immediately, lunging toward June, pulling Joan along with him. June screams and starts to run away. Harry moves after Joan, yelling ahead to June:

HARRY
Dammit, June, don't exhibit fear until I tell you!

Seeing the dog still in pursuit, June ignores the command and as Duke continues to tow Joan behind him:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Get him under control now, Joan.

JOAN
I am...
(struggling with Duke)
Good boy, be nice.

HARRY
Give him the off command!

JOAN
I forgot it! You tell him! Duke, stop!

He hurries up behind her, grabbing her around the waist to anchor her and addressing the dog:

HARRY
Duke, aus!

The dog instantly assumes a sitting position. Joan, out of breath and exhilarated with fear and excitement, turns to Harry:

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN
My golly, that was incredible. I *
love this dog. Did you see that? *
I can't believe how strong he is. *
I felt like a rag doll...

HARRY
What did I tell you?

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN - ON JOAN - DAY

at the desk making out a check while Harry, in the b.g.,
takes in a series of photographs on the den wall of some
of the highlights in the life of Andy Ellerman. (See
Appendix)

HARRY
Ordinarily I wouldn't do this,
even on a temporary rental basis,
because he's the absolute top
security and attack dog in the
country.

She lays the pen aside, studying him with evident
interest as he looks at a photograph of Andy and a man
on a hunting safari in Africa.

HARRY
Is this your sister?

JOAN
Yes, that's her, with her third
husband, Eric Ellerman.

HARRY
Uhm hmm.
(moving to another
photograph)
Wait a minute, who's this guy,
Isn't this Red Layls?

JOAN
Yes.

HARRY
No kidding. Your sister's
involved with Red Layls? This
guy's gotta be one of the five or
ten richest men in the country,
with business connections all
over the place.

(CONTINUED)
Feeling slighted, she watches him move to a picture of Andy descending the steps of a plane with Layls watching her on the tarmac.

HARRY
And she's your sister. That's amazing. I mean, this is an individual I'd really like to meet sometime.

He leans in close to a photograph of Andy in a bikini.

HARRY
Boy, look at that figure. I have to say, your sister is really an attractive looking woman.

JOAN
Well, that's quite a compliment. I'll have to pass it on.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/Front Door - DAY

June, in the b.g., still in the attack jacket, leaning sullenly against the van and watching Harry work.

HARRY
I'll skip back up in a day or two, okay, just to see how you're doing.

JOAN
Okay.

HARRY
And Joan, I want you to know, it's been a great pleasure doing business with you.

JOAN
Oh well...
          (her gaze flits shyly away)
... thank you.

HARRY
Feel free to call on me for anything. Anytime of the night or day, 24 hours.

JOAN
And would you also thank your...

As she gestures toward June, Harry takes hold of her hand, looking earnestly at her:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
I sincerely mean that.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/HARRY'S VAN - ON JUNE - DAY

as Harry unzips the attack jacket:

JUNE
You big flirt.

HARRY
Come on, dumpty, don't start that.
   (removing the
ejacket)
This is quality clientele. It
calls for a certain kind of
   (nods toward
approach.
   the house)
Just soak some of this in, will
you?

He steps past her and goes to the van:

JUNE
   (giving him
the finger)
Soak this.

As he opens the back panel:

HARRY
Start to pattern yourself. Breed
   (tossing the
up.
   jacket inside
the van)
Observe the woman, for Christ
sakes.

JUNE
Oh screw her.

He closes the back panel and as he moves past her:

HARRY
You don't screw this type of
   individual.

JUNE
You would.

On his way to the driver's door:

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
This is the kind of atmosphere we
want to gravitate toward.
(opening the
door)
Did she even ask me the cost?
(as he
gets inside)
Dammit, I really respect that.

ON JUNE
grumbling as she moves to the passenger door:

JUNE
Well I don't, he isn't even your
dog.

27 CONTINUED:

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT
Joan, her mood light-hearted, enters, with Duke
following. She crosses to the closet, selects a change
of clothes and moves to lay them out on the bed. Noting
the message light blinking on her answering machine, she
steps over to the night-stand, presses the playback and
to a series of TONES preceding the recorded messages,
MOVES OUT OF FRAME.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT
The indistinct sounds of a TAPED MESSAGE OVER: Joan
turns the tap on in the wash basin and begins splashing
water on her face. Then as she reaches to a towel and
turns the tap off, the WORDS of a popular ROCK SONG can
be heard. Exhibiting some curiosity, she exits the
bathroom.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT
Joan stands holding the towel over her mouth, staring
down at the answering machine. Issuing from it, a MAN'S
VOICE in an eerily whispered falsetto, singing the words,
"Every breath you take, Every move you make, I'll be
watching you."
(ABOVE MUSIC FAINTLY OVER:) Once again Joan is stopped at a signal. Aware of someone watching her, she turns to look through the window.

A MAN in an adjacent car is staring at her, and momentarily addresses her with a peculiar request:

**MAN**

How about a little smile.

She quickly faces front and as the light changes, accelerates through the intersection.

---

Conducting the soprano section of the "Et Resurrexit," accompanied by the pianist.

**ON REST OF CHORALE**

The previously seen Eddy Revere among them.

**ON JOAN AND OTHER SOLOISTS**

Seated on a lower level of the tiered chairs arranged in a semi-circle around Lewie.

**CLOSER ON JOAN**

Her eyes fixed on Lewie intensely perusing him for any signs of malevolence.

**HER POV OF LEWIE**

As he addresses the sopranos over their voices.

**LEWIE**

This is supposed to sound virginal, ladies, so let's try to fake it.

**ON SOPRANO CHORUS**

singing and their various reactions to the above remark.
He lies on the lawn, secured to the base of a tree by a long leash.

Eddy moves INTO VIEW and stepping over to Duke, leans down as though he intends to pet him:

    JOAN
    Don't do that.

He turns to see Joan approaching with a paper cup filled with water.

    EDDY
    Don't do what?

    JOAN
    You're not supposed to look him straight in the eye.

    EDDY
    You have a dog you can't look in the eye, Joan?

    JOAN
    He's not just a dog. He's a Schutzhund trained attack dog.

    EDDY
    Oh...

He steps back from the dog as Joan leans down to give Duke some water from the cup.

    JOAN
    I was told to avoid a direct gaze and always look at the base of the right or the left ear.

    EDDY
    You don't have to go to all this trouble, I've offered to stay up at your sister's with you?

    JOAN
    I can't tell you how mad I am at Lewie, that I have to leave him out here, tied to a tree...

    EDDY
    God, you're stubborn, Joan.

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
I'm not stubborn, I'm so accommodating, it's sickening.

She pats Duke on the head and stands up:

EDDY
But you won't tell me what's really bothering you. Why don't you confide in me anymore?

JOAN
I do.

EDDY
No you don't. Come on, talk to me. Let's go have a drink after rehearsal.

JOAN
(reluctantly)
Tonight?

A WOMAN chorus member sticks her head out the stage door:

WOMAN
Eddy, you better come, he's rehearsing the tenors!

EDDY
I'm coming...!
(then to Joan)
How about tomorrow night then?

JOAN
I don't know. Let's say maybe.

EDDY
(slightly annoyed)
Well don't go out of your way, Joan.

He moves quickly toward the rehearsal room. Immediately afraid of his displeasure, she calls after him:

JOAN
Eddy? Tomorrow's fine. Okay?

Before disappearing into the studio, he makes a gesture acknowledging her capitulation.
INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

Harry, Joan and Duke following, moves along the glass facade, inspecting, then assessing the security status of the house:

HARRY
Well, I'd have to say this place is a snap to break into.

JOAN
I knew it. I shouldn't have moved here.

HARRY
Don't worry. The dog'll take care of anyone trying to get inside.

She moves down into the living room, crossing toward one of the couches, with Harry following:

JOAN
I don't know what to do. Maybe I should move into a motel.

HARRY
No, you don't have to do that. This is just some ding-dong that's trying to scare you.

JOAN
Well he's succeeded.

She sits down.

HARRY
But you don't want to give off that impression, by acting too timid or afraid, because that's what invites an aggressive attitude from certain types of men.

JOAN
I didn't invite this.

HARRY
For instance, don't go mincing along, taking mousey little steps, and waving your hanky, because you're drawing a target on yourself if you do...

JOAN
Do I do that?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Well, let's see. Just walk back and forth the way you normally do.

JOAN
(stands up)
Well I don't normally walk back and forth, but... okay.

She attempts a few steps then stops abruptly:

JOAN
I'm sorry, I can't do it with you watching me.

HARRY
Okay, but keep in mind that you want to exhibit a very confident attitude. Look like you know what you're doing and where you're going.

JOAN
Uhm-hmm.

HARRY
Just remember to stop short of appearing a little dykey, because that's not attractive.

JOAN
But I thought that's your point, no to attract...

HARRY
No, no, you always want to remain a little bit attractive. Otherwise that can set someone off too.

JOAN
This is just impossible.

She moves back to the couch and sits down.

JOAN
You just can't win.

HARRY
Sure you can, it's just a matter of degree.

JOAN
Well darn it, I give up...

Dropping her head into her hands.  

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Uh-oh.
(moves over to her
and touches her
gently)
Now what's this?

JOAN
I'm sorry but this is really
getting to me.

He sits down next to her:

HARRY
Tell you what. Let me take you
out of here, buy you a drink, and *
see if we can't get your mind off
these kind of things.

JOAN
That's very sweet of you, Harry.
I'd like to do that.
(Japanese "MOOD MUSIC" over), featuring a morbid, nearly suicidal saxophone solo:) John and Harry seated at a table. She is well past the loosening effects of a second glass of wine, is not unaware that Harry is looking at her:

He lights a cigarette. As she reaches to her glass, his eyes follow the motion of her hands. She looks in front the window:

JOAN
How long have you been divorced?

HARRY
Oh, I'd say seven or eight years, around there.

JOAN
And so you like, well, assuming you live a single existence, I mean most men don't seem to enjoy that, I've read.

She lifts her glass, takes a sip, then sets it back down:

HARRY
I have to tell you the truth...
(he pauses)
I've been observing your hands, and I have to use the word exquisite.

JOAN
Really? Well...

(CONTINUED)
Embarrassed by the compliment, she reaches to her glass and nearly knocks it over, spilling a bit of wine onto the tablecloth and is relieved to find him gazing off and unaware of her gaffe.

HARRY
You're probably quite a singer too.
(looking back to her)
I'd like to come down and catch you sometime.

JOAN
Yes, anytime. Do you like Classical music?

HARRY
Very much. Even to the degree that when it's playing on the radio, I sometimes have to turn the damn thing off.

Thinking he is revealing a peculiar brand of wit, she laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I just mean it starts to get to me too much. I can't swallow my saliva.

JOAN
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed.

HARRY
Yeah, symphonies, operettas, poems, things like that. All those type of things really get to me.

JOAN
(looking intensely at him)
Uhm hmm.

A JAPANESE HOSTESS appears at the table, bowing reverentially and gesturing that their table is ready.

Joan and Harry at a window table. A number of serving dishes and plates on the table indicate the completion of their meal.

(CONTINUED)
She is flushed from the wine and exhilarated by her response to Harry:

JOAN
You're full of surprises, Harry, you know that? That you've actually read Dante's Divine Comedy I mean...

HARRY
Well, it was a while back there that I did, yeah...

JOAN
You know that part? 'Yet as a wheel moves smoothly, free from jars, My will and my desire were turned by love, The love that moves the sun and other stars.'

He nods, while Joan, hoping to disguise the extent of her emotions, looks down and begins moving her wine in circles:

JOAN (CONT'D)
For some reason, the sublimity of that always touches me.
Joan and Harry come down the steps of the Inn. The sun has gone down and the lights of the city have come on. Under the following they cross the driveway to a low fence railing off an Oriental garden.

**JOAN**

You know, it's very sad. I look at my sister and all her marriages and affairs, not to mention the mess my own life is in, and I think it's very sad and very bleak that men and women can't manage to be friends.

**HARRY**

It depends on the man and woman you're talking about.

They arrive at the fence and as she speaks she rests one of her hands on the railings:

**JOAN**

What a tragedy that sex is often such a barrier to friendship between men and women.

**HARRY**

There I disagree with you.

He places his hand over hers. She remains silent a moment, restraining her response to the gesture. Then:

**JOAN**

You know Dante and Beatrice never slept together.

**HARRY**

Is that right?

(catching himself)

Oh yeah, I forgot that part.

**JOAN**

Well, anyway... I shouldn't have had so much wine... because I prefer to go a little slow here.

**HARRY**

We can go as slow as you want... why not?

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
(looking at him)
You think men and women can be friends?

HARRY
Oh yeah, absolutely.

Joan, accompanied by Duke, moves down the driveway to a mailbox in front of the broken gates.

She pauses to lavish the dog with an exuberant display of affection and finds herself intimidated as he responds by leaping about and barking joyously:

JOAN
Alright now, don't play too rough.

The excitement has unleashed Duke's libido and as she tries to resume her mission, he makes a few attempts to rise against her flanks. Just before she approaches the mailbox, he manages to grip his paws around one of her thighs and unmistakably begins to hump her:

JOAN
No, no, Duke, don't do that, that's not nice. Now sitz. And behave yourself.

He sits, panting, with a furtive expression on his face, watching as she steps over to the mailbox and opens it.

She takes out a number of letters and sorts through them as she starts back to the house with Duke following. They are in the main addressed to Andy, but in amongst them she finds a bank statement addressed to her, as well as a letter with her name written in pencil on the envelope. She opens it, takes the contents out and stops suddenly:

CLOSE ON JOAN'S HAND
holding a woodcut with a foxed edge revealing it was torn from the pages of a book. It is of a woman kneeling with her head on the block, while above her a hooded executioner stands with an ax in his hand.
40A EXT. CAMPUS CONCESSION AREA - DAY

Joan and Helen, seated at a table near the concessionary building. The latter sits, tense and disturbed, an uneaten sandwich in front of her, as Helen reads from a list of suspects. (Lewie can be seen at another table, seated across from a bearded man. The other members of the Chorale, including the male soloists, are variously seated, moving about, or lounging on the campus lawn, having their lunch.)

HELEN (CONT'D)
'Lewie. Mad at me.'

The CAMERA PERUSES Lewie.

HELEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Doesn't want a divorce. Maybe he's trying to scare me, or punish me.

Helen leans her head in close to Joan's:

HELEN (CONT'D)
It's definitely not Lewie.

JOAN
You're not exactly a disinterested party. You're always promoting his cause...

HELEN
Number one, I've known the man for fifteen years, number two, he... loves you.

She glances at Eddy, then consults the list:

ON EDDY

seated on the lawn nearby, paring an apple with a Swiss Army knife:

HELEN (O.S.)
'Eddy Revere, a little moody, but a good friend and very reliable.'

BACK TO HELEN

HELEN (CONT'D)
An opinion I don't share, but... What do you think about Vincent?

(CONTINUED)
gesturing expansively, as he relates some incident to his table partners:

HELEN (V.O.)
He has a terrible temper. We know that.

BACK TO HELEN

HELEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
'Vincent Gallardo. Doubtful. We've never had an unpleasant word.' Aren't you lucky. 'Kenneth Dowler...'

ON KENNETH DOWLER

He stands with a styrofoam cup in his hand, coming on to one of the members of the female chorus:

HELEN
'Always trying to connect with me, proposing private rehearsals at his apartment.' You know what he asked me yesterday?

BACK TO HELEN AND JOAN

HELEN (CONT'D)
What my cup size was.
(back to the list)
Steve Jewel! Who's Steve Jewel?

JOAN
My piano tuner.

HELEN
Is he weird or something?

JOAN
Well everyone appears weird to me right now. So I put every possible name down, except for one, who happens to be post-burglary.

Helen returns to the list, tapping her finger on one of the names:

(CONTINUED)
HELEN
I think it's him, the tree surgeon. He sounds very suspicious...

JOAN
Just don't tell Lewie about the phone message or the thing I got in the mail, because he'll just use it to...

HELEN
I already did.

JOAN
(annoyed)
Helen.

INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

Joan and Lewie stand in the doorway of the rehearsal room. (A portion of the Chorus Membership are seated in chairs, and some, including Eddy Revere and Helen, show occasional interest in the intense exchange taking place at the door:)

LEWIE
I'm extremely concerned about this situation. I don't want you living alone up there.

She regards him suspiciously. He modulates his voice to a more persuasive and intimate tone:

LEWIE
Now come on, wouldn't you feel much safer if you moved back into our house?

JOAN
No, I wouldn't feel comfortable about doing that.

LEWIE
Come here...

He takes hold of her arm and moves her out into the hall:

JOAN
Darn it, Lewie.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIE
What? Are you afraid of your responses to me?

JOAN
Tch...

LEWIE
(amorously)
Why are you resisting?

JOAN
These are very upsetting, really shitty circumstances I'm dealing with and I...

LEWIE
Do you know how hard all this has been on me? Do you think it's that easy for me to admit I want you back?

JOAN
Couldn't you spare yourself then?

LEWIE
Are you seeing anybody? Just tell me that.

She rolls her eyes, sighing impatiently.

LEWIE
Come on, you're not the abstinent type.

JOAN
Please, don't judge me by your scrotal excesses, Lewie.

LEWIE
I know you're seeing somebody.

JOAN
(suspicious again)
Are you spying on me?

LEWIE
Come on. Be open about it.
(kisses her on the neck, then)

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)
Her gaze meets Helen's, who, misconstruing the situation, makes an "OK" sign, delivering her semiotic sanction to the happy reunion in the hallway.

JOAN
(back to Lewie)
Alright, I am seeing someone, okay?

He pulls back, narrowing his eyes at her:

LEWIE
I don't believe you. Who is it?

Outside Joan and Harry dine. The patio is lit only by candles on the table. Socorro enters the living room with a tray holding a coffee urn and cup and closely tailed by Duke. She moves toward the patio.

Socorro sets the tray down and departs for the kitchen with Duke again falling in behind her.

Joan begins to pour their coffee, glancing inside the house to see...

Socorro turning lights out while the indefatigable Duke tries to mount her. Uttering some impatient complaint, she swipes at him with a napkin and the two move OUT OF VIEW THROUGH the kitchen door.

JOAN
You know, I hate to mention this but we're having a slight problem with Duke.

HARRY
What?

JOAN
Well...
(hand him a cup)
He keeps getting up and trying to ride on one's extremities.

HARRY
Oh don't worry about that.
JOAN
Especially Socorro, who can't speak English, let alone German, and sometimes she has to go pulling him from room to room like a vacuum cleaner.

HARRY
No, that's just normal in most of your adult males. Some percentage of the time they're gonna attempt to make these vulgar motions on your person.

He places his arm on the couch behind her:

HARRY (CONT'D)
You just have to be very firm and stay on top of him.

In the sky beyond the hills a helicopter beams its light.

43A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (SOME TIME LATER) 43A
Joan and Harry are seated on the couch having coffee as they listen to a CHOPIN NOCTURNE. He is doing his best to emulate her posture of thoughtful intensity as she listens, but as he steals a look at her his adult male impulses causes him to shift about slightly. She looks over at him:

JOAN
It's not affecting you too much, is it?

HARRY
No, it's very nice.

JOAN
It's Chopin, a nocturne.

HARRY
You know what's affecting me?

JOAN
Night-piece, it means.

HARRY
You are.

He reaches over and runs his hand slowly down her back.

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
I think I should say something.

HARRY
Don't worry about it.

JOAN
That's the problem though, I want to be honest with you...

HARRY
There's no problem.

He leans over and kisses her. After a moment she breaks off:

JOAN
Because I recently realized something about myself. That I've slept with a number of men in my life just because I didn't want them not to like me.

HARRY
(not averse to being one of them)

Uhm hmm.

JOAN
But the thing is, I didn't like most of them that much, so why did I care whether they liked me or not?

HARRY
You know, I'm not one of these guys who's going to look upon you as an object.

JOAN
Oh, I know, that's not what I'm saying...

HARRY
Because I look upon a woman as a whole.

JOAN
What I'm saying is I don't know if right now I might not go to bed with you because I don't want to be alone, so I thought maybe we... could try to explore other modes, or...

(CONTINUED)
Other modes?

I mean, there are other ways of being intimate, that people don't even realize.

Uhm hmm.

Which doesn't mean I'm not attracted to you.

But you don't want me to bring you around.

Pardon me?

Other modes is fine. You don't have to be shy with me.

I've been asked to do do every kind of thing in the book.

He kisses her once more. Her response, is far less tentative. As it begins to border on the ardent, she breaks off again:

God, it's so hard to pioneer in this area... when you keep doing that...

Joan and Harry tussle about with abandoned fervor under the covers of the bed. A fire is burning in the fireplace. Presently, the PHONE RINGS, followed by:

Please leave a message after the tone... Thank you.

(CONTINUED)
The BEEP is followed by Andy's voice, in some waning stage of sedation, coming from the phone speaker:

ANDY (V.O.)
Joan? It's Andy... Are you there?
(pause)
I want to inform you that these people are drugging me...
Andy, speaking covertly into a telephone. She wears a hospital smock and is seated on the edge of bed occupied by a woman in a drug-induced state of oblivion.

**ANDY**
There's no phone in my room, or cable TV. I've had to sneak into this cell next to me, with some poor lithium zombie lying here like a comatose cabbage...

**INTERCUT BETWEEN** Joan and:

**44B** INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - BACK TO HARRY AND JOAN

her expression shows some concern:

**JOAN**
Maybe I better take this.

She tries to move closer to the phone, hindered by Harry's weight.

**ANDY (V.O.)**
And this is the lengths this assassin is willing to go to suppress me, because he does not want me to have my book.

**JOAN**
Harry, excuse me, it's my sister.

He moves off of her and she leans across his torso, pinning him to the bed as she addresses the speaker:

**JOAN**
Andy... It's Joan.

**ANTICIPATION**

**44C** INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM/INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

**ANDY**
Oh you're there. Thank God.

**JOAN**
Where are you? Are you in New York?

**ANDY**
No, that's what I'm telling you. I went into the hospital first, for one day, just to have a simple bone spur...

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
I know, you told me that, but where are you now?

ANDY
... and the next thing I know I'm transported some place the hell else, against my knowledge, while I was completely medicated...

JOAN
Andy, wait a minute...

ANDY
Do you understand the implications of this, I have no underpants on, and absolutely no recourse to my rights!

Joan sits up, and in her alarm is unaware that one of her hands grabs hold of a swatch of hair on Harry's chest, causing him to wince:

JOAN
Oh God, this is because of Red, isn't it?

ANDY
Yes, it's because of Red, isn't that obvious!?

Evidencing interest in their exchange, Harry manages to reach to his cigarettes on the night stand.

ANDY
And if he and that fuckface lawyer in his paid employ, think they can ... Wait.
(whispering)
I think I hear someone.

Joan turns to Harry, a stricken look on her face:

JOAN
What am I supposed to do?

HARRY
Find out where she is.

JOAN
Hello? Andy? You have to tell me where you are.
ANDY
I told you, I don't know where I am, these bastards are very clever.

She looks at the heavily-meshed wires covering the window:

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'm in some private cracker box in the boonies, with godammed wires on the windows...

44E INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

HARRY
Ask her the name of the first hospital.

JOAN
Andy, tell me the name of the hospital you checked yourself into.

ANDY (V.O.)
Mount Haven, it's in the South Bay, and don't ask me these inane questions, just do something...

HARRY
Tell her we'll find it.

JOAN
We'll find it, okay, so don't worry...

ANDY (V.O.)
I hear someone coming, I have to get off.

JOAN
... because I'm sure there's some simple explanation...

She is cut short by the abrupt sound of the PHONE HANGING UP on the other end. Again, she turns to Harry:

JOAN
What should I do? Should I call the police?

HARRY
No.

He reaches to an ashtray on the night stand and quickly douses his cigarette:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
Let's just take a run out there.

ON JOAN
hesitant and fearful:

JOAN
You mean right now?

EXT. FREEWAY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT
as Joan's car creeps along on a Saturday night Freeway, bottling up a line of cars behind.

EXT. FREEWAY/INT. JOAN'S CAR - NIGHT
Harry is none too happily confined to the passenger seat as Joan, white knuckling on the wheel, obsesses on Andy:

JOAN
I told her she shouldn't do this, I mean, to be so maniacally obsessed with this soul of mud that she'd even want to write a book about him, is beyond me...

HARRY
Well the guy must be doing something right to have amassed that amount of wealth.

JOAN
But she does this, you know, she just periodically drops the entire weight of her life on me like a ton of bricks.

HARRY
Joan, can I make a suggestion?

JOAN
Yes, please, anything.

HARRY
You better try an keep up a little with the flow or we're gonna get cited.
Harry stands scowling for effect, his arm around Joan. A MALE ADMISSION'S CLERK sits at a computer behind a counter, keying up a file, then reading if off the screen:

A.C.
Ellerman, Antonia. She was admitted on the third of the month and was signed out at 3:45 P.M. on the fourth, by her personal physician...

JOAN
How do you know he was her physician?

HARRY
Hell, I could come in here and say I was a doctor an' sign somebody out.

JOAN
And even if he was a doctor, it doesn't mean he was my sister's doctor.

A.C.
According to this he was her doctor.

JOAN
Then who was the doctor who operated on her foot?

A.C.
(looking at screen)
There's nothing on here about her foot. It says 'observation for clinical depression.'

JOAN
That's a lie. She was in here for an operation, then she was drugged and taken out of here against her will.

A.C.
That couldn't possibly happen, we have very strict regulations about...

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Okay, let's stop wasting time here, where is this guy, what's his name?

A.C.
(looking at the screen)
His name is Dr. Monroe Park.
(back to them)
It doesn't say where he is.

JOAN
I can't believe this, you mean there's no phone number or address?

A.C.
I'm sorry, but I didn't type this file...

HARRY
What kind of business are you running here, buddy?

A.C.
All I can do is give you the data I have on here. If you want to call the Physician's Registry...
(gestures to a bank of pay phones)
There's some public phones over there. He's probably listed with them.

He turns away from them and back to the computer.

INT. MOUNT HAVEN HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT
Joan wanders anxiously around the waiting room. In the b.g., Harry can be seen at one of the pay phones. Seeing him hang up, she stops pacing and looks toward him.

POV: He approaches, answering her expectant look with a shake of the head and the disheartening news:

HARRY
Nothing. No Dr. Monroe Park.
Harry and Joan, moving toward the hospital parking lot:

JOAN
How am I supposed to find this man? Maybe he used a false name, or maybe he isn't even a doctor...

HARRY
I've got a couple of ideas here. First, we want to try an' connect with Red Layls.

JOAN
No, I don't want anything to do with Red, I'm terrified of him.

HARRY
There's nothing to be afraid of, believe me.

JOAN
I mean, you hear all kinds of things, about government kickbacks, and Panamanian drug couriers and...

HARRY
I know these type of guys. You take away their money and their power, and what are they.

JOAN
No, really, I have to do something. I have to go to the police...

He stops walking and takes a hold of her hand:

HARRY
Just hold off a bit on that, honey, will you?

JOAN
Oh, that's nice.

HARRY
What?

JOAN
You called me honey.

HARRY
Well that's what you are.

(CONTINUED)
He puts an arm around her, speaking in reassuring tones:

HARRY (CONT'D)
I want to get a hold of this top private investigator, who's a close, personal friend of mine, okay, and get him to find out who this doctor is.

JOAN
Harry, this isn't your problem and I don't want to draw you into it...

HARRY
Don't worry, we're going to find your sister.
   (he kisses her)
Everything's going to turn out fine.

INT. MERYL'S COFFEE SHOP - ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - DAY
reading "Sixth Victim of Westside Slasher." The ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal Harry seated at a table next to a plate glass window, reading the above paper. The view is inclusive of The House of Bliss across the street.

He lowers the paper as a waitress (VITA) appears with a Silex of coffee. She sits down opposite him, refilling his cup and addressing him in a familiar manner:

VITA
Okay, go ahead, I've gotta hear this. Who is it this time?

HARRY
No, it's not what you think. This is a very unique individual I'm talking about. Plus there's a mind there, as well as a body and a face.

VITA
Didn't I hear this before, about the hostess at Denny's, that was a college graduate and had a mole like Elizabeth Taylor?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
I'm telling you, this is something completely different. You gotta meet her. She sings opera and has the hands of a hula dancer...

Under the following, June can be seen crossing the street from the House of Bliss and approaching the coffee shop:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Anyway, you remember that private detective that use to come in here all the time? On the portly side, bald, had kind of crossed eyes...

VITA
Oh. Fred, you mean?

HARRY
Yeah, that's him. How do you think I could get a hold of him?

VITA
Oh gee, I think he's moved out of the area and went into gourmet snacks.

INT. MERYL'S COFFEE SHOP/EXT. STREET - DAY
Harry's attention is drawn to June, tapping on the window.

HARRY
What?!

June, mouthing "There's some guy over there wants to see you." Then she gestures to a Continental Town Car in the parking lot next to The House of Bliss.

EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/PARKING LOT - DAY
Harry stands back, uneasily regarding the smoked windows and the sun flaring off the glossy surfaces of the car.
CONTINUED:

Presently, the passenger door opens and L.N. MONCRIEF, a barely discernible presence in a suit blending in with the dark interior of the car, addresses him by name:

MONCRIEF
Mr. Bliss, I'd like to have word with you, if I may.

ON JUNE, standing on the sidewalk next to The House of Bliss, looking at Harry and as he disappears into the car, she turns and goes inside the building.

EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

The CAMERA makes a SLOW CIRCUIT around the Continental, taking in an aerial protruding from the trunk, and below it a license plate with the word "TYPHON" on it. The MOVE CONTINUES, briefly SCANNING a driver with a nasty recidivist face, seated behind the wheel, and as we come full circle, the passenger door opens and Harry gets out. He slams the door and steps back, angrily glaring at the car. The hydraulic window opens and Moncrief looks out at him:

HARRY
You're talking to the wrong godammed party, you know that?

MONCRIEF
I think it's in your best interest to hear me out.

HARRY
No, you hear me out, friend...

He takes note of the driver (STURGE) coming around the front of the car. He stops a few feet off and unbuttons his jacket, revealing the cross-strap of a shoulder holster.

Harry steps over to the window, leans down and communicates in more politic tones:

HARRY
Look, I happen to have a very high regard for this party. And maybe I even have some feelings of a personal nature here.

MONCRIEF
Well I don't want to appear to be taking unfair advantage of you...

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Goddamned right.

Moncrief reaches into a briefcase, takes out a folder and makes reference to its contents as he speaks:

MONCRIEF
But in developing certain information on you, it's come to our attention that your name isn't Harry Bliss. That in fact, your name is Eugene Earl Axline...

HARRY
Wait a minute.

MONCRIEF
And that both the I.R.S., and an impressive number of creditors in several Eastern cities...
(looks up at Harry)
... seem to be somewhat interested in your whereabouts.

Harry stands up, leaving the vulnerable area of his stomach framed in the passenger window. When he leans back down, a deeply conflicted expression is apparent on his face:

HARRY
You know, that's not necessarily entirely accurate, I mean, I don't know where you come up with these so-called facts, but...
(at a loss, he looks off, shaking his head)
I can't go sneaking around, stealing this lady's property.

MONCRIEF
I'd like to pose that the name and reputation of this very decent man, is not the property of Mrs. Ellerman, or her sister.

He takes a voucher from the folder and sets the file aside:

(CONTINUED)
MONCRIEF
And it's my hope that we can avoid any unpleasant eventualities, either for you, or for someone you have such admirable feelings toward...

HARRY
What do you mean, 'unpleasant'?

MONCRIEF
I mean that Mr. Layls is prepared to do whatever it takes to confiscate this document. And if you'd like to be of some assistance to us, by finding it and turning it over to me, he'd like to offer you this very generous gift.

He holds the voucher out to Harry who avoids looking at it:

HARRY
Jesus Christ, I hardly know the woman. I'm just renting a dog to her, that's all.

(looking at Moncrief)
What kind of a person do you take me for?

Harry stands in the parking lot, watching as the Continental drives off. He starts to move toward The House of Bliss, then stops and opens the voucher, braving a look at it.

CLOSEUP OF TYPHON CORPORATION CHECK

signed by L.N. Moncrief and made out to the sum of $15,000.

Joan's car pulls onto the street leading to Andy's house. Her gaze is drawn to a pickup parked on the street and, as she passes the vehicles she turns to look at:

(CONTINUED)
POV - BUTCH GABLE

sits in the pickup. A pile of recently-trimmed tree branches litter the ground near the truck. He turns his head to look at her.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joan gets out of the Mercedes and opens the gates. As she moves back to the driver's door, she glances at Butch, then gets quickly into the car. She drives in through the gates and once again gets out to close them behind her.

ON BUTCH

He watches sullenly as her car disappears through the gates, then lifts a can of beer to his mouth and drinks.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN - DAY

Joan searches through the file cabinets and not finding what she's looking for, goes through a similar course of procedure with the desk drawers.

ANGLE - UPSTAIRS

On an upstairs landing, she searches through some drawers and cupboards. Then spotting Socorro on the level below:

JOAN

Oh, Socorro...

ANGLE PAST JOAN TO SOCORRO BELOW

JOAN (CONT'D)

Could you come in here, por favor?

As Socorro comes to the landing, Joan indicates one of the open desk drawers:

JOAN


Socorro steps closer and glancing into the now disorderly contents of the drawer, shakes her head defensively:

SOCORRO

No. No es mi.

(CONTINUED)
55 CONTINUED:

JOAN
La manuscripto
(holding an empty
manila envelope in
her hand)
... de mi hermana, Andy, si?
(pointing at
herself)
I go... toda la casa...
(makes a wide
sweeping gesture
with her hand)
Everywhere... Looking y looking...
(pointing at her own
eye)
And no es anywhere. Sabe usted?

Socorro smiles apologetically:

SOCORRO
No se, no entiendo...
(backing away)
Lo siento...

Continuing to mumble some disclaimer, she moves out into
the hallway and disappears.

55A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY
Joan rifles through the drawers of a small escritoire
against the back wall of the bedroom. Then she moves
toward the dressing area giving off to the bathroom, and
stops as she sees the top rung of a ladder just visible
above the bottom ledge of a window adjacent to the shower.
A small section of glass has been removed, just large
enough to permit the entry of hand to the window lock.

56 INT. HOUSE OF BLISS OFFICE - LATE DAY
Harry behind his desk, irritable, avoiding eye contact
with Joan, who is seated across from him on the window
bench. (See Appendix for new items, visible on the crime
collage behind Harry.)

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
I told this detective I wanted to press charges against Red Layls, for abducting Andy, for burglarizing my apartment, for breaking into her house...

HARRY
Oh come on, you're way off.

JOAN
And that he's been trying to scare and intimidate me in case I might have read something in her manuscript that he doesn't want anybody to know. And you know what he said? That I haven't given him probable cause to even go and question Red Layls, or his lawyer...

HARRY
Well, he's right, I could've told you that. This is a man who goes fishing with the President, honey. (grabs a pack of cigarettes) He's a little high up to go around burglarizing people and sending them nasty notes. So why don't you just ease back on this thing for awhile...
(lightening up) Life's too godammed short.

JOAN
I can't do that, Harry. This is my sister. I can at least make out a missing persons report on her, and then I want to talk to the private detective friend of yours.

HARRY
I'm trying to chase the guy down, okay? But don't go and make yourself sick...

He begins pushing the paraphernalia around on his desk:

HARRY
I mean, Jesus, why don't you just get this damn thing and hand it over to me and I'll give it to these guys.

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
You mean to Red?

HARRY
Yeah, to Red, or whoever...

JOAN
Well if I ever find, it, that's the last thing I'd do with it.

HARRY
Dammit, you're making my work more difficult for me, you know that!

JOAN
What is this, have I come at the wrong time or something?

HARRY
I tell you what the hell to do and you don't listen to me!

Joan looks down at the floor, attempting a drollery:

JOAN
Well, someone abates your maidenhood and suddenly feels they can start ordering you around.

HARRY
I'm not ordering you around. I'm just giving you my opinion. And maybe I get tired of hearing about this stuff all the time, this book business, this manu-whatever, and Red Layls, and your sister.

JOAN
Oh. Well...
(deeply hurt)
I'm sorry if I've overtaxed you with my problems, Harry, but I never asked you to consider them a part of your work.
(stands up)
So why don't we speak when you're in a better frame of mind.

As she crosses to the door, Harry stands up:

HARRY
Ah honey, now...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

JOAN
Aw honey yourself.

She disappears into the reception room and can be heard going out the door. Harry moves to the window, unhappily watching as Joan gets into the Mercedes and drives off.

ON HARRY
again seated at his desk. He stares out the window, in the throes of a moral conflict. Then making some sudden resolve he opens a drawer, takes out an envelope and a paperback book and lays them on the desk.

CLOSEUP ON PAPERBACK

The price sticker is still attached above the title: Dante's Divine Comedy - Simplified Edition. He opens the book, removes the Typhon voucher from between its pages and begins addressing the envelope with the information on the check. Then he puts the voucher into the envelope and seals it.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Harry, envelope in hand, moves with determination down the block from his building. He approaches a mailbox, pulls the handle on the letter drop and inserts his hand inside the chute. He holds it there a moment, seized by indecision, and then brings his hand back out, still holding the envelope.

Turning around, he angrily stuffs it into his back pocket and heads back to the House of Bliss.

OMITTED

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joan, carrying two glasses of beer, crosses to exit the kitchen, the ubiquitous Duke trailing after her. She pauses to address Socorro, at the service island, vigorously hacking at the pink cadaver of chicken and tossing the dismembered pieces into a stewing pot:

JOAN
Oh, Socorro, please-keep-the-dog
... el perro, in... in piso
inferior, por favor... exercise
room... Tiene allergy...

(CONTINUED)
SOCORRO
Ah, si. Duke, venga aqui.

Duke returns to the kitchen and Joan moves into an entertainment alcove off the living room. Helen is seated on a couch, eating a slice of pizza from a delivery box on the coffee table, her attention on the TV, where a talk show is in progress:

HOST (V.O.)
(over above action)
... And now I'd like you to meet the director and the star of the smash hit movie, Blood And Kisses. So let's give them a nice warm welcome...

59A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN

APPLAUSE OVER. On a large TV screen, where a fervently solicitous HOST addresses the DIRECTOR. Seated beside him is the Actress previously seen on the billboard and in the movie trailer of Blood and Kisses.)

HOST (V.O.)
Before we begin, why don't we show the audience a clip from the movie. Do you want to set it up for us?

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Well, it's a bit... this scene involves... just go ahead and run it.

After clip:

HOST (V.O.)
(to the Director)
I must say, this is a dazzling piece of work and you two are a dynamite wedding of talents...

Joan hands Helen one of the glasses, then sits down beside her. Under the following, she picks up a pen and leans over the police document now resting on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)
HOST (V.O.)
But I hear you're a little sensitive about the criticism you've had about the amount of sexual violence and nudity you have in the picture...

JOAN *'Any scars, marks or tattoos.'*

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(overlapping her)
Well it's absurd. In the first place, I didn't invent this genre. And it happens to be a tradition in this kind of film that women make more interesting and exciting victims than men do...

HOST (V.O.)
Well, I understand...

She looks up from the document to the screen. Then both women look at each other with their mouths open:

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
And secondly the violence directed at Mimi's character is an essential component of the story, and is not in any sense of the word, gratuitous.

ON TV SCREEN
as the Host turns to the Actress:

HOST (V.O.)
But, Mimi, now what about you. That scene where you run nude through Times Square with those multiple knife wounds all over your body. That must've been horrendous for you.

ON JOAN
as she throws the pen down onto the coffee table:

JOAN ACTRESS (V.O.)
Assholes. Yes it was, very horrendous...

JOAN
(to Helen)
Come on, let me drive you home. (CONTINUED)
HELEN

Wait. But what helped me enormously is that we shot the film in sequence...

ACTRESS (V.O.)

... and that scene came directly after the gang rape in the elevator.

Harry steps INTO VIEW, only half-listening and grumbling:

HARRY

What's her problem.

ACTRESS (V.O.)

Also, I love Dick's taste so I knew he was handling it very artistically...

HARRY

Now what's she complaining about?

He holds out his hand to June, requesting the remote control:

HARRY

Give me that.

HOST (V.O.)

Well, you're just delightful in the movie and you're both great fun to have on the show. Thanks for coming. (to camera)

Iwo's got some shit she's looking at...

HOST (V.O.)

Don't go away, we'll be right back. (Before you go, let's look at another clip from Blood And Kisses!)

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
... I come over here to look at
the ball game and you give me
these clowns.

A COMMERCIAL comes on. June hands him the remote and he
sits down on the couch, channeling to a BASEBALL GAME:

HARRY
I mean, what's wrong with these
women.

JUNE
You want a know something?

HARRY
They don't want to hear the truth,
that's what disturbs me.

(CONTINUED)
JUNE
There's some people that don't treat me like you do.

HARRY
You tell them the truth and they come at you with a cleaver.

JUNE
I know one guy that says very complimentary things to me, like that I have nice features and a sense of humor.

HARRY
What guy?

JUNE
Some guy I met, that likes me.

He looks at her, then reaches over and places a hand affectionately on the nape of her neck:

HARRY
You're going to leave me, lard, just after I've broken you in, and taught you the fine art of dog training?

JUNE
Maybe.

(waits for a response, then)

As if you cared.

HARRY
(shakes his head and sighs)

Women.

(then back to the TV)

What's the score?

X64 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

Joan and Helen enter the garage. Joan gets into the driver's seat and closes the door, while Helen maneuvers on her crutches around to the passenger side.

ANGLE INSIDE JOAN'S CAR

Joan turns the IGNITION ON and as she starts to buckle herself in, her eye catches the movement of something at the back of the garage.
From behind a sheet of plywood resting against the back wall of the garage, and just visible in the darkness, a man's hand can be seen reaching to the handle of an ax in amongst other gardening tools in an iron rack.

Helen opens the passenger door and Joan whispers to her:

JOAN
Helen, quick, get in the car!

Helen leans down and looks in at her:

HELEN
What?

Looking in the direction of Joan's gaze she sees the dark figure of a man wearing a hood over his head, stepping out from behind the sheet of plywood, holding the ax in his hand and as he moves toward the front of the car, she screams.

He lifts the ax over his head and swings it down violently, cleaving the blade into the hood of the Mercedes. (From inside the house, DUKE can be heard BARKING furiously.)

Joan leaps from the car and in stark terror, runs out of the garage toward the house. Stopped by the sounds of HELEN'S HYSTERIA, she turns around to see her, hampered by her crutches and unable to move.

ON the hooded man's eyes, shifting their homicidal intent from Helen to Joan.

Joan runs back into the garage and frantically tries to pull Helen away from her death grip on the door handle. The man begins stalking around the front of the car toward her. She grabs one of Helen's crutches and raises it up as if to hit him. As he steps back to the ax and tries to extract it from the hood, she suddenly rushes at him and begins belaboring him with the crutch. He lifts an arm to fend off the blows while his other hand continues to tug at the ax handle.

JOAN
Helen! Help me!

HELEN
I can't! I can't move!!

Raising both arms to protect himself, the man is forced to give ground, moving further back into the garage, with Joan continuing to batter at him. Then in a sudden burst of rage he grabs hold of the crutch, yanks it from her grasp and lunges at her.
Socorro exits her bedroom to the hall and heads down the stairs to investigate the cause of Duke's barking.

Socorro steps into the room. The door automatically closes behind her. Duke, in a frenzy, leaps at her, then runs toward the glass doors. He hurls himself at the glass, then returns to Socorro. Thinking he's gone rabid, she screams and tries to hide behind one of the weight racks. The above course of procedure continues, with Duke trying desperately to indicate his intentions, chasing Socorro around and over the press benches and exercise paraphernalia.

(Helen screaming over:) The hooded man has Joan up against the garage wall. One of his hands is on her throat and the other is held over her mouth. In the struggle, she manages to sink her teeth into his hand. He pulls it free and hits her across the face. She reaches to a flower pot on a potting shelf and pole-axes him on the top of the head. It staggers him briefly and enables her to move out of his grasp. She immediately grabs an iron rake from the garden rack and turns fiercely toward him.

Now standing, vanquished, breathing hard, and apparently having had enough, he begins to back away from her. When he reaches a safe distance, he turns and moves quickly off, disappearing into the dark.

Joan, her garments soiled and disheveled from the previous scene, comes from the vicinity of the front door, closely followed by Duke and Harry:

HARRY
Why didn't you have the damn dog with you, that's what he's for!

JOAN
I told you, he was in the house.

HARRY
What the hell good is that! You have to have him with you at all times!
As they move into the living room, Helen, wearing Joan's chenille robe, her hair wildly askew, can be seen in the kitchen area, holding a bottle of liquor in one hand and searching through a cupboard for a glass.

**JOAN**
I can't have him with me all the time, he's killing my mucous membranes...

**HARRY**
Didn't I tell you, right from the start, it's very dangerous to fool around with people like Red Layls!

**JOAN**
No you didn't, I said he was dangerous, and you said he wasn't...

**HARRY**
Yeah, but that's before he tried to part your hair with an axe!

**JOAN**
I don't know if it was him. Maybe it was this tree surgeon...

She starts to move toward the bedroom and he stops her:

**HARRY**
Wait a minute. How tall was he?
About six one? Kind of ugly?

Helen, now with a drink in her hand, steps into view behind Harry:

**HELEN**
He was about your height.

**JOAN**
No, he wasn't, he was much taller.

**HELEN**
Well let's not quibble, for god sakes. The man is a complete maniac...
(t to Harry)
And excuse me for saying, but this isn't a job for an amateur...

**JOAN**
But wait, he couldn't be the same man who burglarized my apartment, because that's before I came up here...

(Continued)
HARRY
Forget about him. I know what I'm talking about...

HELEN
Joan, if you don't call the police, I'm not staying here.

She takes the drink out of Helen's hand and drains it while Harry continues:

HARRY
Guy like Red Layls have hit men working for them, that drive them around and do their dirty work for them.

JOAN
Gee whiz, first it isn't Red, now it is Red. I can't keep up with these sudden reversals.

HELEN
Alright... I'm calling a cab.

ON Helen, as she clumps away in the direction of the guest bedroom:

65 OMITTED thru 67

68 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM AND BATHROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits on chaise trying not to catch glimpses of Joan, who is changing her clothes in the closet. The mood is more subdued.

JOAN
You know what I think? It's more than one person.

HARRY
It's not more than one person. I'm telling you who the hell it is!

JOAN (O.S.)
But I don't think Red would have someone sing into my answering machine...
Joan sticks her head out door.

JOAN
It doesn't seem like something he'd do.

HARRY
Dammit, Joan!!

She steps out of the closet and comes toward the bedroom, dressed in one of Andy's negligees.

JOAN
God, what is this?! I can't say anything to you anymore, you're so darn touchy!

HARRY
You can mention anything you want, honey. I'm just trying to keep you from turning up face down, that's all.

After a moment:

HARRY (CONT'D)
I mean, I can't leave you up here alone now...

She moves toward the bed, aware of Harry staring at her.

JOAN
It's Andy's --

HARRY
It's very becoming on you.

She sits down on the edge of the bed, looking over at him.

JOAN
-- Maybe I don't quite fill it out.

HARRY
Yes you do.

After a brief moment:

JOAN
Well?

He remains seated, looking at her.

She reaches to the answering machine on the night stand, disconnects it, then once again looks over at him.

(CONTINUED)
He gets up and comes over to the bed and reaches a hand down to touch the side of her face. She looks up at him:

She takes his hand, he sits down on the bed beside her and they begin to make love.

Harry stands watching Joan. She pulls the Mercedes half-way out of the garage and stops the car to call out to him:

   JOAN
   What are you going to do now? Are you going to leave?

   HARRY
   Yeah, I'm going to skip down the hill, take care of a few things, pick up some clothes...

   JOAN
   Could you be back for dinner, around 7:00?

   HARRY
   Yeah. Sure.

   JOAN
   Good.

She waves to him and pulls the rest of the way out of the garage, revealing the ax handle still embedded in the front of the car, its handle sharply angled up from the hood like a soup ladle.
(NOTE: Harry steps toward the car. H: "Let me pull that thing out of the hood for you." J: "Later, I don't have time right now.") She blows him a kiss. Then moves down the driveway toward the gates.

He stands watching until her car disappears. Then he moves to front door of the house and finds it locked.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Moving around to the side of the house, he unbuckles his wrist watch and puts it in his pants pocket. Then he steps up to the service porch door, sees Socorro inside putting clothes into a washer and raps on the glass panel.

She smiles in recognition and opens the door for him:

HARRY
Hi.

SOCORRO
Ella no esta aqui.

HARRY
I just want to look for my...
(indicating his wrist)
... watch, I think I left it...
(gesturing toward the living room)
... in there.

SOCORRO
Ah si, es okay.

She steps out of the way to let him in.

HARRY
Thanks, Soco.

INT. ANDY'S DEN/UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Harry searches through the file cabinet then moves over to the desk and as Joan had done previously, goes through the drawers. Duke sits in the doorway, watching him.

ANGLE UPSTAIRS

He opens and inspects the contents of the same drawers and cupboards Joan had searched.
Duke follows Harry's every movement, as he engages in a
deft, professional search of the bedroom. He goes
through the bureau drawers, the closet shelves, a pair of
suitcases, then crosses to one of the two nightstands.
Finding nothing in the drawer, he moves around to its
mate on the other side of the bed.

CLOSE ON HARRY

He opens the drawer, glances inside and starts to close
it when he sees:

POV OF DRAWER

A gift envelope with his name on it rests on a small
wrapped box.

He picks it up, opens the envelope and takes out a plain
white card with a handwritten message on it:

CLOSE ON CARD

"Thank you for everything you've done for me, Harry, and
mostly, for being in my life. I love you, Joan."

BACK TO SCENE

Harry sits down on the bed, feeling the utter deficiency
of heart implicit in this act of treachery and deception.
He stares blankly into space for a moment. Then he puts
the card back, picks up the box and without removing it
from the drawer, gives it a little shake.

Adele stands playing a garden hose over the lawn. Two
pop-eyed little DOGS YAP and mill about her legs. In the
b.g., Harry's van can be seen in the driveway, and
presently he appears from the side of the house, carrying
a suitcase and a few items of clothes. As he moves to
the van and opens the door, her attention is drawn to
him:

ADELE

Harry! What the hell do you think
you're doing?

(CONTINUED)
He sets the suitcase down, lays the clothes over it and crosses the lawn to her:

HARRY
I just got a phone call, honey, from a prominent entertainer up in Vegas, a very well-known singer...

ADELE
Who is it, Paul Anka?

HARRY
He's a rock star, you probably wouldn't know the name. Anyway, I gotta run a couple a dogs up to him...

ADELE
You know, it's T-minus zero and counting, Harry, on this whole shitty deal.

HARRY
Now Iwo, don't blow this way out of proportion. You think I want to do this. I need the extra cash right now, believe me.

ADELE
If you leave, I'm getting Top Lock to come over and change the front and back doors!

HARRY
Look, I'm only talking about a short period of time here. (screaming at the dogs) Ming! Tippy! Shut up!!

ADELE
I mean it! You get in that van, and I'm taking my building back and putting in a Fingernail Salon!

HARRY
Come on now, honey, don't say things like that...

He puts an arm around her, giving her a perfunctory hug:

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Let's not make a big issue out of it...
(kisses her on the cheek)
Okay?

Without waiting for a response, he moves back across the lawn toward the van and is stopped mid stride as a strong spray from the hose hits him squarely on the back.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They are finishing dessert and coffee by candlelight. Joan's hands encircle Harry's wrist with a new watch.

ON HARRY AND JOAN

Seated at the dining table. He is deeply morose and makes a half-hearted attempt to enthuse as she tries to secure the clasp. (The empty box and the card rest on the table next to the watch he used to deceive his way into the house.)

HARRY
It's really very nice looking, honey.

JOAN
Do you like it?

HARRY
Yeah. I do. Very much.

She finishes securing the watch.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

JOAN
You're welcome.

HARRY
Yeah it's great and it's something I really needed, so...

He leans over and kisses her on the cheek, then picks up his fork and begins poking with disinterest at his food.

Joan's eyes remain on him, trying to divine his mood:

JOAN
Is anything wrong?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY

She resumes eating. Then, desirous of drawing his attention, she fixes her gaze on the table top and smiles pensively, making the assumption that he is looking at her. When no response is forthcoming, she attempts a verbal solicitation:

JOAN
(without looking up)
You're probably wondering why I'm smiling.

He looks over at her:

HARRY
What?

JOAN
I was just thinking that I find this moody side of you very attractive.

HARRY
Oh, uh-huh.

JOAN
In fact, if you want to know, and I can see you're dying to...
(reaches over and caresses his back)
I completely adore you.

HARRY
Well, same here, honey.

JOAN
Why are you all wet?

He lays his fork down and tries to make an awkward and difficult excursion into the truth:

HARRY
You know, there is something I feel I gotta say here, Joan, that's been preying on my mind. Something I maybe should've handled a bit differently with you from the start, about this particular situation I'm in...

JOAN
What situation?

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Well, you recall I mentioned to you a while back, that I was finished...

Socorro steps INTO VIEW, addressing Joan with great excitement:

SOCORRO
Senora, ven rapido. Mira que estoy en las noticias de la televisión!

HARRY
... with a certain relationship, and I, more or less, am, but...

She motions Joan to follow and disappears into the kitchen.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN/KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Joan and Harry, looking toward the television set. Socorro stands next to the screen, pointing at herself, a small figure near the front door of Andy's house. In the f.g. a television REPORTER addresses the camera:

SOCORRO
Mira, alli estoy.

REPORTER (V.O.)
(over the above)
... Regarding an earlier press release announcing Mrs. Ellerman's intention to publish her book, which purportedly contains several explosive details concerning Redmon Layls' controversial business dealings.

Harry coughs loudly as Moncrief appears, standing outside a government office building, encircled by a picket of microphones attached to a number of floating hands.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Mr. Layls' lawyer, Laurence Moncrief, had this to say when asked if he was concerned about what might be revealed in the Ellerman book:

(CONTINUED)
MONCRIEF
I have no knowledge whatsoever of Mrs. Ellerman's so-called book, or her alleged disappearance, which appears to have all the earmarks of a publicity stunt.

JOAN
(to Harry, outraged)
Can you believe this?!

She turns contemptuously back to the screen. The Reporter now stands in the f.g. of a three-story building. SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS, but discernible over its entrance, are the words: Monroe Park Center.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Recent reports of Layls' failing health were denied by his personal physician, Dr. Park. When questioned in a phone interview, he responded that the elusive billionaire...

As the Reporter continues, Joan moves closer to the TV.

REPORTER (V.O.)
... was recovering from quote, 'nothing more than the treatment of an ordinary virus.' Meanwhile...

She points to the sign over the building's entrance:

JOAN
Do you see that?

HARRY
What?

JOAN
Monroe Park! That's the name of the man who checked Andy out of the hospital!

HARRY
I'm not sure that was the guy's name.

REPORTER (V.O.)
... this seems to be another intriguing episode in the stormy career of Andy Ellerman, one-time Washington playgirl and erstwhile companion to one of the country's wealthiest men... This is Heidi Robles reporting to you from Monroe Park Center in San Dimas...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)  

JOAN
Yes it was.

She looks quickly back to the screen -- a commercial comes on.

JOAN
What did she say? San Dimas?
(then to Harry)
Where's San Dimas?

Without waiting for his answer, she strides across the room:

JOAN
Let's call the T.V. station and find out.

HARRY
This is not the way you want to go about this, honey.

As she moves OUT OF VIEW into the living room, he turns to Socorro:

HARRY
Tell her, Soco. She shouldn't mess with these people.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joan comes out of the bedroom with her purse and jacket and with Harry following, crosses the living room:

HARRY
Will you just once take the benefit of my advice?

(Continued)
JOAN
First you tell me I go around
acting too timid...

HARRY
Yeah, but this is a whole different
situation here...

JOAN
And now when I suddenly feel like
I could save the Pope in an
earthquake, you start trying to...

HARRY
This is not the Pope we're talking
about here, believe me.

JOAN
That's just a figure of speech.

They disappear out the front door.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY & GARAGE - NIGHT

Joan comes out the front door, Harry moving along beside
her, as she moves crossing briskly toward the garage:

HARRY
Dammit, Joan, these people are
holding all the cards. They'll
probably throw you into that
bughouse with your sister.

She begins moving a little less purposively than before:

HARRY
You want to go there and call 'em
a bunch of names, throw a lot of
accusations at them? They don't
care. People with that kind of
money behind them, with their kind
of connections, they never go to
ejail, you never see them behind
bars.

They stop in front of the garage where Joan's car is
parked:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Am I getting through to you?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY

Alright.

Though evidently very troubled, she nevertheless goes into the garage, opens the driver's door and gets into the car.

HARRY
(tolsef)
Jesus Christ.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Mercedes moves along one of the surface streets with the ax handle still protruding from its hood.

FOLLOWING ON the car as it enters a ramp and pauses before merging into the dense traffic on the eastbound Hollywood Freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY - SERIES OF SHOTS - JOAN'S CAR ON FREEWAY

INT. JOAN'S MERCEDES (FREEWAY) - NIGHT

Joan, staring grimly out the windshield as she snails along in the right-hand lane. Harry begins shifting fitfully around, grumbling:

HARRY
This is just nuts, what you're doing.

JOAN
Will you stop trying to undermine me every inch of the way.

HARRY
(gesturing out the window)
Look at this goddamned traffic.

JOAN
Anyway, I didn't ask you to drag along with me.

HARRY
You're the one that's dragging along.
(gesturing at a semi in front of them)
Go around the goddamned truck.

(Continued)
JOAN
Don't tell me what to do.

HARRY
Okay, just let me drive the
goddamned car, that's all I ask.

JOAN
Why should I let you drive?

HARRY
Why? I'll tell you why, because
you're a terrible driver, that's
why.

JOAN
Oh, now all the ugly little truths
are coming out.

HARRY
You operate this vehicle like it
was a cane with a red tip painted
on the end of it.

JOAN
Don't talk to me, Harry. I mean
it, just don't say another word to
me!

He angrily folds his arms across his chest, assuming a
sullen silence for a moment. The traffic has come to a
grid-lock stop, raising their anxiety levels:

JOAN (CONT'D)
I was doing just fine until you
started in on me...

HARRY
(gesturing at the
ax)
Driving around with a goddamned ax
stuck in your car...

JOAN
And now look at me. I've got
purpose tremors...

He suddenly opens the door, gets out and moves to the ax
handle. Joan watches as he makes several unsuccessful
attempts to pull the ax out of the hood of the car.
79 EXT. FREEWAY/INT. JOAN'S CAR - NIGHT

He gives up and moves back to the passenger door, passing a man in an adjacent car, looking curiously from the ax handle to him:

HARRY
Is something the fuck bothering you, pal?

He gets into the Mercedes and slams the door.

80 OMITTED

81 EXT. MONROE PARK CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Joan moves quickly through the parking lot and onto a walkway leading to the hospital entrance. Harry, trailing behind, calls up to her:

HARRY
Can I at least offer some advice?

JOAN
No.

HARRY
Good. Just barge into the place, honey, and play the big hero. (pauses for a response) When he tells you your sister's not there, what're you going to do, cry?

She stops walking and as he moves up beside her, looks defiantly at him:

JOAN
Okay. What?

REMOTE ANGLE ON HARRY AND JOAN

He takes her by the hand and leads the way over the grounds toward the rear quarters of the hospital.

82 EXT. M.P. CENTER/REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

ON Harry and Joan, as he tries several locked doors before finding one that gives entrance into the hospital.
INT. M.P. CENTER/UTILITY AREA - NIGHT

They step inside a narrow hallway leading to one of the main corridors of the hospital. As they edge past a laundry cart outside a utility room, Harry releases her hand. She moves ahead, then experiencing a sudden loss of nerve, stops and looks back to see Harry rummaging through the dirty laundry.

INT. M.P. CENTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry, in a white doctor's jacket, with Joan at his side, move through a corridor. As she glances nervously about, then at him:

JOAN
This isn't going to work. You look like a busboy.

They approach a nurses' station and Harry steps forward to address one of TWO NURSES behind the counter:

HARRY
Excuse me, Nurse...

LONG SHOT

ON Harry, Joan and Nurse One. Presently the Nurse gestures to a stairwell leading to the second floor. Joan and Harry move in the direction indicated.

ON HARRY AND JOAN

Moving into the stairwell.

INT. M.P. CENTER/STAIRWELL TO 2ND FLOOR HALL

PICKING UP Harry and Joan moving down the above hallway, looking at the room numbers:

JOAN
I hope you know what you're doing.

HARRY
Don't worry. Just do what I told you.

They approach room 206. (In the hallway outside the adjacent room, an old man in a hospital gown is seated in a wheelchair. He wears a stingy-brim hat on his head and reads a pamphlet entitled "Colostomy and You.")
Harry reaches to the door, opens it, ushers Joan inside and is about to follow, when:

NURSE ONE (O.S.)
Doctor! Just a minute please!

HARRY'S POV - NURSE
Approaching up the hallway.

BACK TO SCENE
He takes a few steps towards her, assuming his all-purpose scowl:

HARRY
What's the problem, dear?

NURSE ONE
We're trying to contact Doctor * Park, just to be sure he's authorized you to examine Mrs. Ellerman, because you know, we have to follow certain...

HARRY
I understand. You're doing your job.

NURSE ONE
(trying to look around him)
Where did your assistant...?

HARRY
She had to step inside for a moment, to relieve herself.
Joan is now wearing Andy's hospital gown, while Andy is hastily buttoning herself into Joan's blouse:

**ANDY**
And if this little kinglet of corporate shit thinks he can get away with this, he's greatly mistaken. Just wait 'til he hears what I'm going to come out with now.

Joan thrusts her skirt at Andy:

**JOAN**
Put this on.

**ANDY**
Remember when he passed me off as staff and I was put on official government payroll all through Maui and the Yucatan Mission?

**JOAN**
No, I don't. And hurry up, will you.

And as Andy steps into the skirt, Joan takes over the uncompleted buttoning chores:

**ANDY**
Yes you do, remember, when I almost died of the vomito negro? Well that's when he was doing all that illegal oil drilling off the Mexican Gulf...

She turns to look critically at her face in the mirror:

**ANDY**
Have you got any lipstick?

**NURSE ONE**
I assume you're a fairly recent associate of the doctor's?

**HARRY**
That's very correct.
NURSE ONE
Uhm hmmm... What do you specialize in?

HARRY
I'd say female troubles, mainly.

NURSE ONE
Oh, so Dr. Park feels there's a gynecological involvement here.

HARRY
Sometimes he does, yes.
(a beat)
By the way, did anyone ever tell you what attractive eyebrows you have?

NURSE ONE
(thrown)
Oh, well, no, they haven't...

Her attention is diverted to a SECOND NURSE entering the wing, calling out to her and making a summoning gesture:

NURSE ONE
Excuse me a minute, Doctor.

Harry watches as she moves away, and while the two Nurses engage in an exchange some distance down the hall, he steps back to the door, opens it and sticks his head inside:

HIS POV

of Joan and Andy, the former whispering urgently in reference to the latter's red hair:

JOAN
What about her hair?

ANDY
Who's he?

ON OLD MAN

now snoozing in the wheelchair. Harry's hand MOVES INTO FRAME and deftly removes his hat.

(CONTINUED)
of the Second Nurse on her way back to the main corridor, while Nurse One is returning to Harry.

As she comes up to him:

BACK TO SCENE

NURSE ONE
That was my superior. She tells me Dr. Park is in surgery and she suggests that you wait in the Administrative Lounge until we can get a hold of him. Would that be alright?

HARRY
Certainly.

He moves to the door, opens it, blocking the Nurse's view into it with his body.

HIS POV OF JOAN
Looking frightened at her imminent abandonment.

HARRY (O.S.)
Don't worry Mrs. Ellerman, we'll be right back.

Andy, wearing dark glasses and with her hair hidden up under the stingy-brim hat, steps out into the hallway.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry takes her by the arm and looks amiably toward the Nurse.

HARRY
Which way?

NURSE ONE
* (gesturing a direction)
That way, Doctor, and thank you very much for your patience.

HARRY
Don't mention it.

The Nurse watches briefly as they move away, then extracting a key from her pocket, she steps over to the door and locks it.
Harry, outside the Mercedes, glancing around furtively, while inside the car, Andy continues to perseverate about Red Layls as she struggles out of Joan's clothes:

**ANDY**
And this man, who wouldn't know the truth if it came up and spit him in the eye, is accusing me of lying...

She hands him the skirt out through the window:

**ANDY**
You know what that prick had his lawyer say to me?

Harry lays the skirt on the hood of the car and begins getting out of the doctor's jacket.

**ANDY**
That I was a pretty, grudge-bearing little malcontent, grasping at some splinter of celebrity for myself at his expense. Can you believe that?

She hands him out the blouse and he turns politely away from her semi-nudity as he hands her the doctor's jacket.

**HARRY**
Here, put this on.

**ANDY**
I mean, the arrogance...
(getting into the jacket)
What did she say your name was?

**HARRY**
Harry.

**ANDY**
( flirtatiously)
Have you got a cigarette, Harry?

He takes a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his shirt pocket and hands them to her:

**HARRY**
Stay in the car. Don't talk to anybody, and I'll be right back.

He immediately moves off, rolling Joan's clothes into a bundle and heading back to the hospital grounds.
Harry, hurrying across the grounds to the rear of the hospital. (In the distant b.g. beyond him, the Continental can be seen pulling up and parking on a street bordering the hospital. Moncrief, carrying a briefcase, and his chauffeur (Sturge), get out and move onto a walkway leading to the hospital entrance)

Harry rounds the corner of the hospital building and stops:

Two male hospital employees are smoking and conversing outside the door he had previously entered with Joan.

HARRY

Fuck!

He turns and moves OUT OF SIGHT.

Joan, in a state of extreme nervousness, paces about the room. Her perambulations bring her near the door to the hallway. She reaches to the doorknob, tests it and finds she is locked in.

JOAN

Christ.

A soft WHISTLE comes from the vicinity of the windows behind her, followed by Harry's voice, whispering:

HARRY (O.S.)

Joan? Are you there?

She crosses quickly to the windows, looking out through the thick wire mesh at Harry:

HER POV

He stands several feet below, looking up at the window.

HARRY

Is that you?

BACK TO SCENE

JOAN

Yes, it's me. Hurry up, will you!

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
I'm having a little trouble getting back in.

JOAN
Oh great, Harry. What have you got me into?

JOAN
Don't worry, honey...

JOAN
You have to get me out of here!

HARRY
Everything's under control, just hang on a few more minutes and I'll be right back, okay?

As he moves out of sight, her attention is drawn to the sound of MUFFLED VOICES in the hallway. In a panic, she starts toward the bathroom, changes her mind, moves to the bed and gets into it. As the door begins to open, she grabs one of the pillows and quickly covers her head with it.

ON MONCRIEF AND STURGE

Being let into the room by a male nurse. He closes the door after them and the two men look toward the bed:

MONCRIEF
Andy? It's Larry Moncrief.

HIS POV

of the unresponsive figure under the covers.

BACK TO SCENE

MONCRIEF
Would you care to sit up for a minute? I'd like to talk to you.

EXT. MONROE PARK CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ON Andy in the driver's seat of the Mercedes. The window is rolled up and she puffs impatiently on a cigarette. Presently, she catches sight of something out the driver's window and turns to look:

(CONTINUED)
A sleek black car with opaque'd windows pulls into a parking slot several yards away. A faded male beauty, somewhere in his 50s, gets out of the rear passenger door and as he moves to the walkway leading to the hospital grounds:

She quickly rolls down the window and angrily addresses him:

ANDY
You son of a bitch!

RED LAYLS looks toward the Mercedes and as he approaches, we can see a medical beeper attached to his belt.

HIS POV OF ANDY
Her hair still hidden under the stingy-brim, her eyes unrecognizable behind the dark glasses.

BACK TO SCENE
He comes up to the car, peering closely at its occupant:

RED
Who is it?

ANDY
Who the hell do you think it is?!

RED
Sweetheart? Is that you?

She pulls the dark glasses off...

ANDY
No thanks to you, it's me.

... and throws them onto the dashboard.

EXT. M.P. CENTER/GROUNDS - NIGHT
Harry hastens back along the walkway to the parking lot. Once again he halts abruptly in his tracks:

HARRY
Aw, Jesus.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HIS POV - RED LAYLS

Opening the driver's door and reaching in to take hold of Andy's arm. (As she steps out of the car, we see that below the doctor's jacket Harry had intended to retrieve, she is bare-legged and wears Joan's high heels.)

BACK TO SCENE

Harry turns and strides back toward the hospital.

INT. M.P. PARK CENTER/ANDY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Moncrief places a briefcase on a nightstand next to the bed. As he opens it and searches through its contents:

MONCRIEF
Before he arrives, I'd like you to take a look at a list of certain deletions and expurgations, which if agreed to...

He removes several typed pages, stapled together and looks down at the pillow covering Joan's face:

MONCRIEF
... Red is, very generously, I think, prepared to offer his sanction to a sanitized version of your book.

No response. Moncrief glances over at Sturge, standing near the door, then back at the figure on the bed.

MONCRIEF
I think you should know, that if you push this too far, you run the risk of having him withdraw his consent to your well-being.
(pauses, then)
I don't think we want that, do we, Andy?

He reaches down and removes the pillow. Joan looks fearfully up at him:

JOAN
Andy's not here.

MONCRIEF
I can see that, Miss Spruance. Would you care to tell me where she is?

(CONTINUED)
She sits up, glancing uneasily at Sturge, then attempts to assert herself boldly to Moncrief:

    JOAN
    As a matter of fact, she happens to be on her way to the police right now, accompanied by a close friend of mine...

Her bluff is immediately belied by:

    HARRY (O.S.)
    Honey? It's me again.

Moncrief and Joan look toward the window:

    HARRY (O.S.)
    I have to tell you something.

Joan jumps from the bed and moves to address Harry:

    JOAN
    Don't say a word, Harry! I'm not alone!

Moncrief looks at the chauffeur, gesturing toward the door.

    MONCRIEF
    Sturge.

Sturge exits to the hallway, leaving the door open.

POV OF HARRY

standing below the window, whispering:

    HARRY (O.S.)
    Who's there?

BACK TO SCENE

Moncrief steps in beside Joan:

    MONCRIEF
    I think you better come in here, Mr. Bliss.

Muttering under his breath:

    (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY
Shit.

In the distant b.g., the previously seen old man is being wheeled along the main walkway by a hospital orderly.

JOAN
Just go get Andy and leave, will you!

HARRY
That's what I'm trying to tell you...

MONCRIEF
I'm a little disappointed to find you defaulting on our agreement.

INT. M.P. CENTER/ ANDY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Joan looks from Moncrief to Harry:

JOAN
What agreement?

POV - HARRY

HARRY
(to Moncrief)
Bullshit! I never agreed to anything!

(to Joan)
This asshole approached me and tried to bribe me into working for them, and I told him to go to hell!

ON MONCRIEF

MONCRIEF
I believe an agreement was implicit in your acceptance of my check.

EXT. M.P. CENTER/THROUGH ANDY'S HOSPITAL WINDOW - ON HARRY

HARRY
Oh, you want to see your check?

He begins searching frantically through his pockets:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOAN (V.O.)
Oh Harry, how could you...

HARRY
Honey, don't go by anything this guy says, because I'm the only one who knows what the hell I'm doing.
(pulls the envelope from his back pocket)
It just slipped my mind, I was going to tell you.
(holds it up)
See? I never cashed the fucking thing!

He tears the envelope in half and as he throws it on the ground, a hand the size of a large dictionary reaches INTO FRAME and grabs him roughly by the back of his shirt collar.

INT. M.P. PARK CENTER/ANDY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - JOAN'S POV - HARRY AND STURGE - NIGHT

lurching about in a grappler's waltz below the window. In the b.g. the old man can be seen leaning down to the walkway, picking up the stingy-brim hat and returning it to his head.

She turns from the window to see a subdued Andy entering, her eyes showing signs of recent weeping. Behind her in the hall, Moncrief can be seen greeting Red Layls.

Joan moves over to her...

JOAN
Are you alright?

... And in response to Andy's stoical nod:

JOAN
No you're not. (embracing her)
What did that bastard do to you?

ANDY
I need a Kleenex.

She moves toward the nightstand with Joan following:

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
You know what they're trying to do, don't you? To force you into signing some kind of agreement that...

ANDY
Wait, I want to tell you what he said to me...

She extracts a tissue from a dispenser on the nightstand:

ANDY (CONT'D)
He said I was the only woman he's ever really cared for...

JOAN
What?!

ANDY
And when he said it... (blowing her nose)
... he had a tear in his eye...

Joan's jaw goes slack in disbelief.

ON RED
Glancing sourly at the two women, as he and Moncrief enter.

MONCRIEF
Well this moves to the top of the list, Red, as one of your more stunning achievements.

RED (irritably)
Get me something cold to drink, will you?

MONCRIEF
Certainly.

ON SISTERS
Speaking in hushed, and in Joan's case, urgent tones, while, in the b.g., Moncrief exits to the hallway.

JOAN
Andy, you don't know what you're saying. You're suffering from hostage syndrome or something.

(CONTINUED)
ANDY
Well, after all I do love him.

JOAN
You 'love' him?!

ANDY
Yes, he's been a very important man in my life, you know that.

JOAN
(raising her voice)
Oh, now he's not a fecal-faced, great white shark!

Andy looks over at RED, now seated in one of the two chairs in the room. Moncrief can be seen re-entering and joining him.

ANDY
I don't know where she got that.
(back to Joan)
Will you please keep your voice down. He's very sensitive to what people say.

JOAN
'Sensitive'? Have you lost all your beads?! This man had you kidnapped and kept in a drugged stupor for the last three weeks, and now he's...

ON HARRY

Stepping into the doorway, holding Struge in a painful armlock:

HARRY
Alright, what the hell's going on in here?

RED
Who's this?

MONCRIEF
That's the dog trainer.

RED
I thought he was working for us.

(CONTINUED)
MONCRIEF
Well there seems to be a little
grey area there, Red.

RED
(to Harry)
Come over here, I want to talk to
you.

Harry releases Sturje and moves over to Layls, offering
his hand and trying to maintain his gruff manner:

HARRY
Mr. Layls...

Joan looks with dismay at Harry's apostasy as he shakes
"the great man's" hand, then quickly returns her atten-
tion to Andy:

JOAN
Will you listen to me! This man
is not only a bastard, he's a
scummy, soul-less little thug and
a criminal!

ANDY
Are you implying that I have
defective judgement in men, Joanie?

Red and Harry, as before. In the b.g., a hospital
employee wheels a cart holding several glasses of iced
tea. Moncrief moves over to the cart and the employee
exits.

HARRY
I just want a say, that though
you're someone in a category I
admire, you've gone to some
lengths on this thing here, that
I don't entirely agree with...

RED
Sit down. I have a neck condition
and it aggravates me to have to
look up at you.

HARRY
Okay. No problem.

As he seats himself in the other chair, Red reaches up
and takes a glass of tea offered by Moncrief:

HARRY (CONT'D)
But I want to go on and finish my
thought on this, because...

(CONTINUED)
RED
You know, I'm not in the best of health right now, and I've been advised to avoid excitement...

Harry takes a second glass from Moncrief:

RED (CONT'D)
So if you intend to do that...
(after a sip of tea)
I might just have to have my shock troops blow your brains out.

HARRY
Oh, uh huh.

RED
(holds the glass up to Moncrief)
More sugar.

ON JOAN AND ANDY

JOAN
And furthermore, this 'sensitive' man's lawyer more than implied they were willing to put your feet, as well as probably mine, into a block of cement!

ANDY
Oh that's just all talk...
(calling over to Moncrief)
Would somebody please get me my clothes!

ON HARRY AND RED

(In the b.g., Sturge exits on another flunky errand.)

RED
Just put yourself, Harry, for a moment, in the shoes of a man whose sole intention is to leave the world a better place than he found it, only to discover those intentions have been painfully slandered by someone he'd given both his heart and his economic support to, not to mention his trust...

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
(nodding his head)
Uhm-hmm.

ON JOAN

looking over at Harry, protesting loudly:

JOAN
Harry, I can't believe you're sitting there nodding your head and having a tea party with these crooks!

HARRY
I'm not nodding my head, honey, I'm just listening to the man.

ON ANDY

as Harry, in the b.g., resumes his exchange with Red:

ANDY
Who is this guy, anyway? Isn't he a little sleazy, Joanie, a bit infra dig? I mean Lewie's a bit of a stiff, but...

JOAN
You're going to talk to me about sleaze, when you consorted with some manic tree surgeon, who was flicking his tongue out at me like some rutting iguana, and groping at his naturalia at three in the morning?!

ANDY
Oh, 'him.'

She looks to the chauffeur, re-entering with her clothes.

JOAN
Oh 'him'?! He came at me with an ax!

ANDY
Well, he's very immature.

Before Joan can respond, she crosses to take her belongings from Sturge, and as she moves toward the bathroom:

(CONTINUED)
JOAN'S POV

of the beleaguered maiden she hoped to rescue, pausing on her way, to lean down and kiss the cheek of the dragon she meant to slay.

ON JOAN

As Moncrief steps up to her, offering a glass of tea:

MONCRIEF
Miss Spruance, would you care for a...

JOAN
No, thank you.

She moves past him, striding over to Harry and Red:

JOAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me!

ON RED

Raising a baleful eye to Joan:

JOAN (CONT'D)
I don't know what kind of spell you've cast on my sister, but it doesn't extend to me...

ON JOAN

Standing above Layls:

JOAN (CONT'D)
In fact, I've been to the police and I intend to press charges against you...

HARRY
Honey, he's not supposed to get excited.

JOAN  
(overlapping him)
... Not only for having my apartment burglarized but for breaking into Andy's house, as well as hiring someone to frighten, harass and intimidate me!

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
You know, maybe you better not...

JOAN
No, Dammit!

HARRY
He's got a bad neck...

JOAN
I'm not afraid of these snakes!!

She looks defiantly from Harry to Moncrief, then back to Red, who regards her coldly for a moment, then:

RED
I never much cared for you, young lady. And I find your display of anger both unattractive and unfeminine.

HARRY
(to Red)
Now wait a minute...

JOAN
(overlapping)
I'm not here to beg your good opinion...

Under the following, Red's BEEPER begins SIGNALING:

HARRY
... Red Layls or not, you don't insult this party in my presence.

JOAN (CONT'D)
... or to find out the right amount of attractiveness and likability I'm supposed to render up!

Without removing his eyes from Joan's, he raises the beeper to his mouth and presses the speaker button:

RED
What is it?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Doctor Park is trying to reach you.

RED
Tell him to hold on.
(then, to Joan)
First, you assume far more interest in you on my part than exists. I had nothing whatsoever to do with your supposed misfortunes...
JOAN

(very emphatic)
I don't believe you!

RED
And as regards Andy's house, I'd have no need to break into Andy's house, because I own Andy's house.

JOAN
I don't care whose house you own, you're nothing but a slimy, mean-minded little hood!

ON ANDY

Partially dressed, stepping into the doorway and combing her hair as she addresses Joan:

ANDY
Will you please stop interfering in my personal life, Joanie.

Red lifts the beeper to his mouth again:

RED
Go ahead.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I just want to go out to the yacht and get a little color back, for god sakes...

PARK (V.O.)
Red? I've got good news. We've found one for you.

JOAN
Andy, you know something?

As she moves over to Andy, Red gets up, paces around with the beeper and his and Parks' VOICES are MUFFLED in b.g.

JOAN (CONT'D)
The kind of woman you are is a danger to the kind of woman I am, so the next time you and your boyfriend have a domestic spat, don't call me!

ANDY
Well if you're going to take this kind of grumpy attitude, I certainly won't.

And as she goes back into the bathroom, Joan turns to Harry:

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
Harry, where are my clothes?

HARRY
Uh...

He stands up and Red steps INTO FRAME beside him, a distressed look on his face as he listens to Park (V.O.):

HARRY
I think they must be outside.

JOAN
Will you go get them please, I'd like to leave.

PARK (V.O.)
I'm over at Poly-Medical. How soon can you get over here?

RED (V.O.)
Wait a minute, don't rush me on this, Monroe.

Harry moves around Red and steps up to Joan:

HARRY
Can I just talk to you for one minute first?

JOAN
There's nothing for you to say, Harry, it's very clear what your priorities are.

HARRY
Honey, all I've been trying to do, from day one, is look out for you...
(pauses)
Don't you believe that?

JOAN
No, I don't.

RED
Will you people be quiet, I can't hear this.
(to the beeper)
Go ahead.

Joan and Harry are forced to listen to the following exchange:

PARK (V.O.)
It's as sound a muscular bag as I've ever seen and the pericordium is a gorgeous color.

(CONTINUED)
Well whose heart is it? Give me a profile.

I don't have any specific data, but the host was around 35 and she was obviously very healthy.

Godammit, Monroe!

He begins pacing anxiously again, the CAMERA FOLLOWING him:

I told you I don't want a woman's heart!

Don't worry, it's not going to change you in any way.

How do you know?! You don't know that!

Look, let's just get it done.

As Red paces toward the open bathroom door, Harry and Joan resume their discord:

In other words, you don't trust me.

And later if you find you're unsatisfied with it, we can always get you another one.

Would you please get me my clothes.

Moncrief steps in beside Joan:

I wanted to tell you a moment ago, that I was privileged to see you at the Bowl on the Fourth of July...

So what. I'm talking to this lady...
Andy pauses in her application of mascara, shifting her gaze to Red's reflection in the mirror as he enters behind her:

**RED**

You can't tell me what kind of a woman she was?! And if she was so godammed healthy, why is she dead?!

ON Moncrief, Joan and Harry.

**MONCRIEF**

And I was especially moved by your rendition of 'The Battle Hymn of The...'

Harry suddenly grabs Moncrief roughly by the arm:

**HARRY**

Never mind that shit. Tell her...

He shakes him, causing him to spill his iced tea onto the front of his jacket:

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Did I spend your money! Did I give you any services for it. Tell this woman the truth, you son of a bitch!

Harry releases him and under the following, Moncrief takes out a handkerchief and dabs at his jacket:

**MONCRIEF**

Well, shall we start with the fact that you're a married man...

(looking at Harry)

... and then go on from there?

ON JOAN'S REACTION

Devastated, as she looks at Harry.

**RED (V.O.)**

(over the above)

Jesus Christ! What are you trying to do to me!!

(CONTINUED)
She turns away from him and goes toward the bathroom.

**HARRY**
Wait a minute, honey...

As she disappears inside, Red re-enters, and covering the speaker vents on the beeper, strides over to Moncrief:

**RED**
You know whose heart this body-snatcher is trying to give me?! A victim of somebody called the Westside Slasher! And this is the doctor you recommended to me!
(into the beeper)
You're killing me, Monroe! You know that?! You're pushing me to the goddamned wall!

Joan comes out of the bathroom with the doctor's jacket and moves immediately to the hallway door and exits.

**EXT. M.P. CENTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT**
Joan moves quickly down the hall, putting the doctor's jacket on over her hospital smock, with Harry following, trying desperately to explain:

**HARRY**
Honey, there's a simple explanation to all of this, if you want me to go into it... I was trying to tell you at dinner...

She disappears into an intersecting hallway.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**
Will you just stop for one minute and let me talk to you... It's very complicated...

He disappears into the same hallway.

**INT. M.P. CENTER - ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT**
Red, slumped in a chair and looking in desperation to Andy, who enters, now fully dressed and looking as glamorous as a movie star:

**RED**
What in the hell should I do?!

(CONTINUED)
ANDY (CONT'D)
(coming over to him)
Well Red, better a woman than dead, don't you think?

She reaches down and proprietarily brushes the scarf from his shoulders.

ANDY
So let's just go there, sweetheart, and have him sew the darn thing in.

100 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - INSIDE JOAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Joan sits in dejected silence, refusing to look at Harry:

HARRY
Look, you know, you live a life, honey, you make some mistakes. You get married for maybe mutual benefits, or business considerations weighing on you at the time, and because you don't think the right person is ever going to come along.

JOAN
I would never have knowingly become involved with a married man.

HARRY
I know that, that's why I was trying to come out and tell you...

JOAN
Please, I don't want to discuss it anymore.

HARRY
Now there you're 75 percent wrong.

JOAN
I mean, I can't believe it, that you'd lie to me about this...

HARRY
Okay, I lied. Didn't you ever tell a lie? If not let me kiss your high heel.

JOAN
I'm going in the house.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Wait. Can I call you tomorrow, just to see how you're feeling? Or how things are going?

JOAN
I have a dress rehearsal tomorrow and a concert on Friday. That's all I care about right now.

She reaches to the door handle, then very emotionally:

JOAN (CONT'D)
And I don't want to see you anymore.

HARRY
Don't say that, please. I'm asking you to just give me the chance to clear up all these things in my life, because...

JOAN
No. I didn't extricate myself from the infidelities of one man, just to fall into the arms of the prince of prevaricators...

HARRY
Well, I may be all kinds of a son of a bitch, and the prince of whatever, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't, when it comes down to it, stand up and take the bullet for you.

She finally looks over at him, her eyes brimming with tears:

JOAN
That's not what I observed, Harry.

She opens the door and gets out.

HARRY'S POV
as Joan crosses the driveway to the house, moves up the steps to the front door and disappears inside.

(CONTINUED)
He remains seated for a moment, glancing briefly down at the watch on his wrist. Then his eyes raise expectantly as:

POV - DUKE

comes out the door and lopes across the driveway toward the Mercedes.

Harry lays a hand on Duke's head, half-heartedly acknowledging the dog's devoted greeting, then he moves with him toward the van. On his way, he glances somberly over his shoulder at the house. In so doing his gaze falls on the ax embedded in the hood of the Mercedes. He stops and walks back to the car.

Once again, he takes hold of the ax handle and makes several attempts to dislodge it. In a final Arthurian effort, the blade yields and he pulls the ax free. He suddenly steps back away from the car, as a steamy spray of hot radiator water spurts up from the gash in the top of the hood. Then he glances guiltily toward the house, and moves to his van with Duke following.

Harry, his suitcase and clothes in the front seat and Duke in bed of the van, parks in front of the House of Bliss:

HIS POV - FOR LEASE SIGN

in the plate glass window.

Harry knocks on the door of the apartment, waits for a response and getting none, steps over to one of the windows and looks inside:

LEE (O.S.)
Harry, I want my dog.

He turns around to see his ex-partner, Lee MacGreevy standing on the pathway.

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Hey, Lee, how are you.
(moves toward him)
I just this minute got back from
Vegas. I was dealing a couple of
dogs to Paul Anka.
(shakes his hand)
I was about to give you a call.

LEE
Don't embarrass us both, man.
Just give me the dog back, and
let's preserve the friendship.

ON HARRY AND LEE
as they move over to Lee's van:

HARRY
Lee, I'm in the neighborhood of
getting my hands on the money.
I'm about to close a business deal
with Vark Zulethian of Zulethian
Carpets, you've probably heard of
him...

LEE
Come on, I know these dodges
backwards and forwards. I need
the dog. He's up for a TV series.

They stop beside the van. Harry glances at the printing
on the side panel: Lee MacGreevy - Trainer of "Duke," -
The World's Smartest Dog.

LEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over the above)
I don't even want the ten thousand
now, compared to what he might
appreciate to.

ON HARRY
as Lee opens his van and takes out a leash.

HARRY
Look, our agreement was I could
buy the dog back. He's the only
thing I got to prove to people
what I can do, and all I'm asking
you, Lee, is...

(CONTINUED)
LEE
Don't make me have to get legal with you, Harry. You sold me the animal, then as a personal favor, I let you borrow him, to demo to some V.I.P.. that probably don't even exist. You haven't been straight with me, man.

(hands him the leash)
Just go get the dog.

ON DUKE AND HARRY

as they come across the parking lot to Lee's van. Harry hands him the leash and Lee addresses Duke:

LEE (CONT'D)
Get in.

He ignores the command and looks at Harry:

HARRY
Duke, geh im wagen.

Duke jumps into the back of the van. Inside is a large wire travel kennel with another German shepherd inside. Lee removes the leash from Duke and gestures at the other dog:

LEE
Why don't you take this dog, Harry. He's green, but maybe you could do something with him.

He opens the cage and clips the leash to the dog's collar.

HARRY
No, I don't want the dog.

The shepherd jumps out to the ground, wagging his tail:

LEE
(giving him the leash)
Go ahead, man. Take him. If you don't want him, pick up some change.
(closing the van)
Sell him for a pet.

As Lee starts to walk past him, Harry detains him, indicating the words on the side panel of the van:

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
Do me one favor, will you? Say 'owner' if you want to, but don't say 'trainer.' I trained that dog.

LEE
(claps him on the shoulder)
Let me think about that, okay?

He moves past him and OUT OF FRAME.

Harry, watching Lee's van pull away. In the rear window Duke's face can be seen, looking back at him.

VITA
What do you want, Harry?

Without responding, he looks across to the House of Bliss.

VITA (CONT'D)
You want the Meatloaf Special?

He looks up at her, unable to answer.

VITA (CONT'D)
Chicken pot pie?... Tuna melt?

No response.

VITA (CONT'D)
Do you want anything?

He finally answers, but from some place deeply felt and unrelated to the day's specials:

HARRY
Yeah.
In the b.g., members of the Chorale can be seen milling about and conversing at the close of the dress rehearsal.

Helen, now free of her crutches and holding a gown over her arm, moves INTO VIEW, addressing her:

HELEN
A few of us are going to grab a bite. You want to join us?

JOAN
No, go ahead. I'm not hungry.

HELEN
Well, who's going to drive you home?

JOAN
I'll call a cab.

Eddy steps INTO FRAME:

EDDY
I can take her home.

HELEN
Good, because I don't want you to be alone. Alright?
(blow's her a kiss)
See you tomorrow.

She moves away and Joan returns her attention to the mirror, then:

JOAN
Thank you, Eddy.

Harry stands in the vicinity of the fountains. His attention on the facade of the Chandler Pavilion, where:

A contingent of the Chorale can be seen exiting out through the glass doors in various groupings.

CLOSE ON HARRY

Searching for Joan.

Following the last grouping, Joan, carrying a garment bag, and Eddy Revere, exit and move in the direction of the other Chorale members, crossing the Plaza to the stairway leading down to the surface parking lots.
ON HARRY
as he restrains the impulse to follow, then does so.

ON Eddy's Jeep as it moves through one of the seedier sections of the city. Joan stares sadly out the window.

JOAN
I hate living here now.
(a pause)
I'd like to move to a small town, where it's friendly, and everybody knows each other, and there are no bars on the windows...

EDDY
And the milkman's a child molester.

JOAN
Thanks, Eddy.

He laughs, then:

EDDY
Well, it's true. It doesn't matter where you live. Shit happens.

JOAN
Are you in a bad mood or something?

EDDY
No. I'm not in a bad mood. Not as bad as yours.

After a moment, he begins softly singing the words to a popular song.
CONTINUED:

HIS POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A sports car is in between the van and Eddy's Jeep. From the higher vantage point of the van, he has a clear view through the rear window of Eddy's Jeep and just before it makes a right-hand turn onto a northbound street, Joan can be seen leaning over to Eddy, placing her face close to his.

ON HARRY'S REACTION

Stunned and disturbed by the implications of what he's seen.

EXT. CITY STREETS/INT. EDDY'S JEEP NIGHT

Joan, singing the same song as above, her head inclined toward Eddy's, harmonizing her voice with his as the Jeep turns onto a street leading up into the Hollywood Hills.

EXT. CITY STREETS/INT. HARRY'S VAN

Further up the winding road a car passes him, obscuring his view of Eddy's Jeep.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS/INT. EDDY'S CAR

Eddy and Joan are now midway above the city. They drive in silence for a while, then he begins what seems to be a casual reminiscence.

EDDY

Remember when we were on tour in Japan, in '86?

She looks over at him.

EDDY (CONT'D)

The night after we did a concert in Osaka?

JOAN

Could you be more specific?

(CONTINUED)
EDDY
We had a few drinks in your room.
And a certain intimacy took place.

She appears uncertain that she shares the same memory.

EDDY (CONT'D)
And when I asked to see you the next night, you know what you said? You were too tired and sleepy.

JOAN
That was witty of me.

EDDY
But you weren't. Because an hour later, you went into Lewie's room and you didn't come out.

JOAN
Well, if you remember, I was in love with Lewis around that time, which I confided to you, so you did know...

EDDY
That's not the reason.

JOAN
Excuse me, Eddy, you just passed the turn off to my street.

No response.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Eddy.

EDDY
I just want to drive a little, so we can talk.

She sighs impatiently, then:

JOAN
Anyway, if I remember correctly, we only kissed. But if that led you to believe something that hurt you in any way, I apologize.

He reaches up to adjust the rearview mirror, inadvertently drawing her attention to his hand.
POV - FLESHY CRADLE
between the thumb and the forefinger is imprinted with a crescent-shaped series of indentations.

JOAN (O.S.)
What happened to your hand?

ON JOAN AND EDDY

JOAN (CONT'D)
It looks like somebody bit you.

EDDY
Somebody did.

He returns his hand to the steering wheel. She looks at him, with a slight smile, waiting for him to elaborate, then:

JOAN
Well, am I supposed to guess, or are you going to...

She breaks off, suddenly aware that the teeth marks are her own:

JOAN
Oh, Eddy.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Jeep pulls off Mulholland and onto a dirt road, lifting a haze of dust into the car's headlights, appearing and disappearing in the switchbacks, Harry's van can be seen, following.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EDDY'S JEEP - ANOTHER ANGLE ON JEEP - NIGHT

The Jeep continues on the winding road, nearing a promontory high above the city.

OMITTED

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HARRY'S VAN - NIGHT

The Van tries to negotiate without the benefit of four-wheel drive, up a steep and rutty incline.
The van bounces and skids. The green shepherd in the bed of the van pants nervously, looking at Harry struggling with the steering wheel.

The Jeep pitches about on its shocks as it moves up an incline graded slightly higher than the one already giving Harry trouble. Eddy shifts into four-wheel. Joan, jostled about by the uneven surface beneath them, looks over at him:

JOAN
Why did you do these things?

EDDY
Because you deserved it.

JOAN
I didn't deserve it. I've always thought of you and treated you as one of my closest and dearest friends...

EDDY
I use to think very highly of you, too, but now I don't like what I see. In fact, it's been very disturbing to me, Joan.

(pauses, then)
Very disillusioning. To see that before you've even gotten rid of Lewie, you've started up with some other man.

JOAN
Eddy, I want you to take me home now.

The wheels of the van loose traction. Harry gets out and looks up toward the taillights of Eddy's Jeep, disappearing in the hazy distance. He looks for a rock and finding one large enough, wedges it under one of the rear tires. Then he quickly gets back into the van.

ON WHEEL OF VAN
spinning to no effect and sending up a jet of dust.
The Jeep pulls onto a large dirt promontory situated above the city and makes a sharp angle, bringing it to the edge of the brush and chaparral sloping down into the darkness.

Eddy and Joan. Under the following, his hand reaches down to something lying out of sight to the left of the driver's seat:

**EDDY**

You know, there's so many things about me you have no idea of. You never ask me about my life or what I'm thinking, because you have no interest...

**JOAN**

Yes I do. You can tell me whatever you want to, but let's go back down to...

She breaks off as she catches sight of a knife held in his left hand.

**EDDY**

Creative things, and dreams, and feelings I have, that Lewie or anyone else in your life, are not capable of...

She suddenly reaches frantically to the door handle and tries to get out. He grabs hold of her arm and pulls her back into the seat:

**EDDY (CONT'D)**

See? You're not genuinely interested. You're not at all sincere, Joan.

**JOAN**

Eddy...

**EDDY**

You present yourself like you are, but you're not...

(moves his face closer to hers)

Don't you think I know that, better than anybody?

He takes her arm and places it around his neck.

(CONTINUED)
Z122 CONTINUED:  

JOAN  
What are you doing?  

EDDY  
I want you to listen to me, and I  
want you to kiss me. And this  
time, like you mean it...  

He brings his mouth close to hers.  

123 EXT. DIRT ROAD/EDDY'S JEEP - NIGHT  
The driver's door suddenly opens and Harry, in the heat  
and fury of his jealousy, instantly begins berating her:  

HARRY  
Okay, what is this! What the hell  
are you doing with this guy!  

He reaches in and pulls Eddy away from Joan.  

JOAN  
Harry, look out!  

The warning is simultaneous with an attempt by Eddy to  
stab him with the knife.  

HARRY  
Jesus Christ...  

He grabs Eddy's arm and in hauling him out of the car,  
rips loose the sleeve of Eddy's shirt.  

123A EXT. DIRT ROAD/EDDY'S JEEP - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT  
Eddy and Harry, the latter finding himself engaged in a  
violent scuffle with a man larger than himself and  
possessed of the prodigious strength of the psychotic.  

Joan hurries around the car. Harry, his cheek cut, is  
trying to force the knife out of Eddy's hand. She looks  
toward Harry's van, parked several yards behind Eddy's  
car and immediately runs over to it.  

ON VAN  
She pulls open the door and addressing the dog inside,  
points toward Harry and Eddy:  

JOAN  
Duke, fasse!  

(CONTINUED)
The shepherd jumps out of the car, runs past her to the nearest bush and lifts his leg on it.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Oh shit...

She runs back to the two men and hurls herself at them, causing all three of them to land in the brush on an incline at the side of road.

(Continued)
A frantic free-for-all takes place on the precarious footing of the hillside, with Joan alternately pulling at one and pushing at the other. The intensity and violence of their struggle is such that she is knocked further down the incline. Harry, quickly glances down the hill to see if she is alright and is left open to severe blow by Eddy, who breaks free and runs to his car.

Harry pursues him, catching him as he tries to get into the car. He pushes him against the door and they begin battering each other with a series of punches.

The SHEPHERD, wanting to join in the excitement, leaps about them, BARKING joyously. Then finding Eddy's sleeve, he takes it in his mouth and begins shaking it vigorously.

Joan, her hair fretted with twigs, climbs up over the edge of the hill. In the b.g. behind her, a HELICOPTER APPROACHES. She looks toward Harry and Eddy trading blows, then climbs up the rest of the way, and as she gets to her feet, she picks up a stone and throws it at them, yelling:

DJAN
You bastards!!

The search beam of the COPTER spotlights Joan. She is bent over, picking up sticks and stones and as if routing a deadly enemy, she begins hurling them, as well as a series of invectives, at the lights of the city below, her words barely audible over the sound of the ROTORS.

The beam sweeps from her, to pick up Harry and Eddy and an AMPLIFIED, God-like voice comes from above:

VOICE
(from above)
What are you people doing down there?

Joan turns back to Harry. He holds the now unconscious Eddy by his shirt front and resuming his accusations, starts to move toward Joan:

HARRY
Are you crazy?! What are you doing, running around with a guy like this!!

She raises her arm, ready to hurl the last stone:

JOAN
You maniacs!! You liars!! You shits!!

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
What are you yelling at me for?!
This son of a bitch is probably
the Westside Slasher!

INT. HELICOPTER - VIEW OUT WINDOW - NIGHT

of the circling HELICOPTER: A man, holding onto a life-
less body, seems to be stalking toward a woman in a
defensive stance, standing on the edge of the hill with
a stone in her hand.

MAN
It looks like a domestic quarrel.
Let's get a car up here quick.

BACK TO HARRY AND JOAN

She is yelling at him:

JOAN
I'm finished wagging my tail and
leaving little puddles on the
floor...!!

HARRY
Wait a minute, honey...

JOAN
And smiling on command, because I
don't give a damn whether any of
you like me or not!!!

VOICE
(from above)
Are you alright, ma'am?

HARRY
(yelling up at the
copter)
Yeah, she's alright!! I've got
him!!

(gesturing at Eddy)
The Westside Slasher, I got him!!

JOAN
He's not the Westside Slasher!!

VOICE
(from above)
Just stand where you are, buddy.

JOAN
He's a friend of mine!!

(CONTINUED)
A friend of yours! This guy's a friend of yours?!

None of you are friends of mine, you fucker!!

Ma'am, is this guy bothering you?

They both yell up into the blinding light of the search beam:

Will you shut up!!

I'm not bothering her, godammit, I love her!!

Harry lets go of Eddy and leans down to pick up the knife, gesturing it at the helicopter:

Look, you assholes! The guy was holding a knife at her throat!!

Okay, put the knife down, fellow.

Then to Joan again, taking a step toward her:

What were you doing, kissing this guy!?

I wasn't kissing him!!

Stand where you are, and put down the knife.

Perceiving the danger to Harry:

Put the knife down, Harry!
HARRY
(to the copter)
Why don't you go harass someone else!!

VOICE (CONT'D)
(from above)
We've got a bead on you, so just put it down.

Terrified that they are going to shoot him, she moves over to Harry:

VOICE (CONT'D)
(from above)
Stay where you are, don't go near him.

HARRY
(to the copter)
I just saved her life, you son of bitches!!

JOAN
Give me that thing.

She grabs the knife out of his hand, throws it away, then places her arms around him, desperately pantomiming to the helicopter:

JOAN
See? He's not hurting me! He's my friend!!
(then, to Harry)
This is just for their benefit.

VOICE
(from above)
Don't touch her, buddy.

HARRY
But that's what I am, honey, your friend, that's what I wanted to tell you, and then I saw you with this guy...

VOICE
(from above)
Don't worry, lady, we've got a car on the way.

(CONTINUED)
JOAN
(up into the light)
Will you please shut up and go away!! This is private! Can't you see that!?

HARRY
I just wanted to tell you, because you don't know, how important you are to me...

VOICE
(from above)
Step away from him, ma'am.

She waves the voice off, trying to listen to Harry.

HARRY
And I needed you to know this one other thing about me, because I don't want to withhold anything from you anymore...

JOAN
Oh God, I don't want to know, Harry. What is it?

HARRY
My real name's not Harry. It's Eugene.

JOAN
(profoundly relieved)
Oh.
(saying it lovingly)
'Eugene.' I love that name.

Eugene puts his arms around her. The "ET RESSUREXIT" from Bach's B-Minor Mass BEGINS OVER the sound of the ROTORS.

The CAMERA MOVES TO a REMOTE ANGLE, REVEALING them bathed in a celestial cone of light from above, making intimately emotional declarations and explanations to one another.

CREDITS BEGIN OVER:

125 INT. MUSIC CENTER - ON LEWIE - NIGHT

conducting the full chorus, soloists and orchestra in the above music.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ON AUDIENCE

The CAMERA SEARCHES OUT some familiar faces and FINDS Socorro and her son-in-law, Balto. In the row behind them, Detective Melveny, and a few seats to the side of him, Vita, the waitress.

ON ANDY

restively fanning herself with a programme, seated in an aisle seat next to Moncrief.

EXT. KENNEL ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER: Lee MacGreevy opens the enclosure, puts Duke inside and MOVES OUT OF FRAME. Duke paces unhappily back and forth.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER: Shadows from a barred window are cast onto the wall behind Butch Gable and Eddy Revere, who sit sulky and disinterested in the MFCC's cheerful Therapy Hour Rap.

EXT. KENNEL ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER: Duke makes a run from the far end of enclosure and vaults into the air, sailing over the top of the fence.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER: Red Layls lies with a plastic tube up his nose. His hospital gown is open and his chest area is laced up like a football. Through half-closed eyes he watches the cardiograph line hooked up to his heart, dance in tempo to the MUSIC.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER: Duke, looking like he "knows what he's doing and where he's going," runs through the night.

CUT TO:
dressed in leather, on the back of a motorcycle, her arms around the helmeted young man, moving in a counter-
direction to Duke.

OMITTED

MUSIC OVER: Adele in her shorts and halter top, attends
the barbecue, a spatula in her hand. As though someone
had just addressed her by her rightful name, she suddenly
turns to look IN the CAMERA, and happy to be noticed, she
lays the spatula down and begins to do a hula dance.

MUSIC OVER: Duke, running through the night.

MUSIC OVER: Sturge leans with his back against the
Continental. Across from him is Eugene's van, and in
through the window the green shepherd looks back at him
with one of Eugene's socks dangling from his mouth.

MUSIC OVER: Duke, running across an intersection.

MUSIC OVER: Sturge lights a cigarette, then raises his
eyes to see:

Duke, leaping up onto the hood of Eugene's van. He lies
down and lowers his head to rest on his paws. Then look-
ing across at Sturge, he raises his lips in a soundless,
disdainful growl.

Singing. Her eye catches:

Eugene, arriving late. He moves down the aisle searching
for a seat. He has forgotten to remove the training
leash from his belt loop and the tip of it hangs an inch
or so below the hem of his sport jacket.

(CONTINUED)
Finding an empty seat, he edges in past a couple on the aisle and seats himself.

ON CHORUS
Soloists and orchestra.

ON EUGENE
Listening.

ON JOAN
searching for him again and finding him, she smiles.

ON EUGENE
He returns her smile. His eyes shine and glisten with emotion and an expression of undissembled and openly childlike delight takes shape upon his face.

CREDITS FINISH. The SCREEN GOES BLACK. The MUSIC CONCLUDES.

THE END