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Rev. 04/22/91 (Blue)
Rev. 04/23/91 (Pink)
Rev. 04/29/91 (Yellow)
Rev. 05/01/91 (Green)
Rev. 05/03/91 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 05/09/91 (Buff)
Rev. 05/16/91 (Salmon)
Rev. 05/20/91 (Cherry)
Rev. 05/21/91 (Tan)
Rev. 05/30/91 (White)
Rev. 06/04/91 (Blue)

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 1

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 2

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 3

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 4

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)

4

CONTINUED:

4

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:

5

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

5

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)

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Uhm hmm. I hear you.

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.

Discomforted 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)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

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)

*

*

6 EXT. CAMPUS/AUDITORIUM BUILDING - NIGHT

6

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.

7 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

7

Joan, walking quickly across the campus.

8 INT. CAMPUS PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

8

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.

9 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

9

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.

10 INT. CAMPUS/PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

10

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.

11 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

11

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.

*

12 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD/INT. JOAN'S CAR

12

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

*

- A13 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT A13
ESTABLISHING.
- 13 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 13
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.
- 14 INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 14
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 rumped 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.
- 15 INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY 15
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)

15

CONTINUED:

15

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)

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

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)

15

CONTINUED: (3)

15

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)

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

ANDY

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?

JOAN

Oh no. You've written a book about Red Layls.

ANDY

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

JOAN

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

ANDY

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...

(lowering her voice)

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

Melvenos and the Fingerprinter re-enter:

*

ANDY

You know what he said to me?

MELVENOS

We're going to be leaving.

*

JOAN

Wait, I need to talk to you...

16

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

16

Melvenos and the Fingerprinter step out into the hallway, with Joan following:

*

JOAN

I wanted to ask you, if there's somebody, who for some unknown reason, doesn't like me, what do you suggest I do?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

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.

17

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

17

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.

ANDY

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)

17

CONTINUED:

17

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)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

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?

18 INT. HOUSE OF BLISS - OFFICE - DAY

18

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.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

JUNE

(reading the paper)

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.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

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)

18A CONTINUED:

18A

HARRY

I'm in Vegas, delivering a couple
a 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.

19 OMITTED

19

20 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

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.

21 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

21

Joan hurries out of the house and runs down the drive-
way 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 pas-
senger 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)

21

CONTINUED:

21

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.

SOCORRO

Si, lunes, lunes.

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.

22

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

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:

22

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

22A

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

22B

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

23

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)

23

CONTINUED: (A1)

23

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)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

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)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

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.

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

24

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)

24

CONTINUED:

24

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!

HARRY

Duke, fassé!

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)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

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?

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

25

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)

25

CONTINUED:

25

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.

26

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

26

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)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HARRY
I sincerely mean that.

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

27

as Harry unzips the attack jacket:

JUNE
You big flirt.

HARRY
Come on, dumpty, don't start that.
(removing the
jacket)
This is quality clientele. It
calls for a certain kind of
approach.
(nods toward
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
up.
(tossing the
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)

27 CONTINUED:

27

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.

27A OMITTED

27A

28 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

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.

29 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

29

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.

30 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

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."

31 EXT. STREET/INT. JOAN'S CAR - NIGHT

31

(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.

32 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM - ON LEWIE - NIGHT

32

(SHOT 5/16)

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.

ON DUKE

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)

33

CONTINUED:

33

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.

34

OMITTED

34

&

&

35

35

36 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

36

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)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

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.

36A OMITTED

36A

37

INT. YAMASHIRO INN/PAVILION - LATE DAY

37

(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)

37

CONTINUED:

37

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 reveren- *
 tially and gesturing that their table is ready. *

37A

INT. YAMASHIRO INN/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

37A *

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

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

37A

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.

37B EXT. YAMASHIRO INN/FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

37B

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)

37B CONTINUED:

37B

JOAN

So...

(looking at him)

You think men and women can be friends?

HARRY

Oh yeah, absolutely.

38 OMITTED

38

39 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/FRONT YARD/DRIVEWAY - DAY

39

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.

40 OMITTED 40

40A EXT. CAMPUS CONCESSION AREA - DAY 40A

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)

40A

CONTINUED:

40A

ON VINCENT GALLARDO

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)

40A CONTINUED: (2)

40A

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.

41 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

41

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)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

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?

42 INT./EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

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.

43 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/PATIO - NIGHT

43

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...

(hands him
a cup)

He keeps getting up and trying to
ride on one's extremities.

HARRY

Oh don't worry about that.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

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)

43A CONTINUED:

43A

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)

43A CONTINUED: (2)

43A

HARRY

Other modes?

JOAN

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

HARRY

Uhm hmm.

JOAN

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

HARRY

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

*
*
*

JOAN

Pardon me?

*
*

HARRY

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

(moving closer
to her)

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:

JOAN

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

44 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

44

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:

JOAN (V.O.)

(on answering
machine)

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

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

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...

44A INT. DARKENED HOSPITAL ROOM

44A

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...

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

44B

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.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Joan and:

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

44C

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)

44C CONTINUED:

44C

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.

44D INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

44D

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 goddammed wires
on the windows...

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

44E

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)

44E CONTINUED:

44E

HARRY

Let's just take a run out there.

ON JOAN

hesitant and fearful:

JOAN

You mean right now?

44F EXT. FREEWAY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

44F

as Joan's car creeps along on a Saturday night Freeway, bottling up a line of cars behind.

45 EXT. FREEWAY/INT. JOAN'S CAR - NIGHT

45

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 it 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 and 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)

46

CONTINUED:

46

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.

47

INT. MOUNT HAVEN HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

47

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.

48 EXT. MOUNT HAVEN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

48

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)

48

CONTINUED:

48

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.

49

INT. MERYL'S COFFEE SHOP - ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - DAY 49

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)

49

CONTINUED:

49

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.

*

*

50

INT. MERYL'S COFFEE SHOP/EXT. STREET - DAY

50

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.

51

EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/PARKING LOT - DAY

51

Harry stands back, uneasily regarding the smoked windows and the sun flaring off the glossy surfaces of the car.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

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.

52 EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

52

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 goddammed 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)

52

CONTINUED: (2)

52

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.

53

EXT. STREET (PERPENDICULAR TO ANDY'S HOUSE) - DAY

53

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)

53

CONTINUED:

53

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.

54

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY

54

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.

55

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN - DAY

55

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

I-am-looking-for-my-sister's-book.

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

SOCORRO

No. No es mi.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

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

55A

Joan rifles through the drawers of a small escritorio 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

56

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...

(lighting up)

Life's too goddammed 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)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

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.

57 EXT. STREET - EVENING

57

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.

58 OMITTED

58

58A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

58A

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)

58A CONTINUED:

58A

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...

59 OMITTED

59

59A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DEN

59A

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)

59A CONTINUED:

59A

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

Assholes.

ACTRESS (V.O.)

Yes it was, very horrendous...

JOAN

(to Helen)

Come on, let me drive you home.

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED: (2)

59A

HELEN
Wait.

ACTRESS (V.O.)
But what helped me enormously
is that we shot the film
in sequence... *

60 OMITTED
thru
63A

60
thru
63A

64 INT. HOUSE OF BLISS - REAR APARTMENT - NIGHT

64

June, lying on a studio couch with a remote control in
her hand, looking at the Actress:

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. *

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

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

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED: (A1)

64

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)

64

CONTINUED: (2)

64

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

X64

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.

X64 CONTINUED:

X64

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.

X64A INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY AND STAIRS - ANGLE DOWN HALL X64A
CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

Socorro exits her bedroom to the hall and heads down the stairs to investigate the cause of DUKE'S BARKING.

X64B INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT X64B

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.

X64C EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT X64C

(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.

X64D INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER X64D *

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!

(CONTINUED)

X64D CONTINUED:

X64D

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...
(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)

X64D CONTINUED: (2)

X64D

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
thru
67

OMITTED

65
thru
67

68

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

68

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...

68A ANGLE ON CLOSET

68A

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)

68A CONTINUED:

68A

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.

*
*

69 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NEXT DAY

69

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.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

(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.

69A

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

69A

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.

70

INT. ANDY'S DEN/UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

70

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.

*
*

71 OMITTED 71

72 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY 72

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.

72A EXT. ADELE'S FRONT LAWN - LATE DAY 72A

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)

72A CONTINUED:

72A

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.

ADELE

(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)

72A CONTINUED: (2)

72A

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.

73 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

73

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

No. Nothing's wrong. Everything's fine.

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)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

73

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 television!

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:

74

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

74

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 ear marks 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)

75

CONTINUED:

75

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.

76

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

76

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
jail, 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)

76

CONTINUED:

76

HARRY

Alright.

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

HARRY

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

77

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

77

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.

A78

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

A78

78

INT. JOAN'S MERCEDES (FREEWAY) - NIGHT

78

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)

78

CONTINUED:

78

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

79 *

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

80

81 EXT. MONROE PARK CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

81

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

82

ON Harry and Joan, as he tries several locked doors before finding one that gives entrance into the hospital.

83 INT. M.P. CENTER/UTILITY AREA - NIGHT

83

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.

84 INT. M.P. CENTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

84

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.

84A INT. M.P. CENTER/STAIRWELL TO 2ND FLOOR HALL

84A

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.")

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED:

84A

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.

85 INT. M.P. CENTER/ANDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

85

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?

86 INT. M.P. CENTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

86

ON Harry and the Nurse, as before:

NURSE ONE

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

HARRY

That's very correct.

(CONTINUED)

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)

86

CONTINUED: (2)

86

HIS POV

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.

*

87 EXT. M.P. CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

87

Harry, outside the Mercedes, glancing around furtively, while inside the car, Andy continues to persevere 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.

88 EXT. M.P. CENTER/ GROUNDS - NIGHT

88

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)

89 EXT. M.P. CENTER - REAR - NIGHT

89

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.

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

90

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)

90 CONTINUED:

90

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.

91 EXT. MONROE PARK CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

91

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)

91

CONTINUED:

91

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.

92

EXT. M.P. CENTER/GROUNDS - NIGHT

92

Harry hastens back along the walkway to the parking lot. Once again he halts abruptly in his tracks:

HARRY

Aw, Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

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.

93

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

93

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)

93

CONTINUED:

93

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.

94

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

94

Muttering under his breath:

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

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.

95

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

95

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.

96

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

96

HARRY

Oh, you want to see your check?

He begins searching frantically through his pockets:

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

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.

97

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

97

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)

97

CONTINUED:

97

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 Sturge 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 attention 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)

97

CONTINUED: (5)

97

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 maniac 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)

97

CONTINUED: (6)

97

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)

97

CONTINUED: (7)

97

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...

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED: (8)

97

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.

PARK (V.O.)
Red? I've got good news.
We've found one for you.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I just want to go out
to the yacht and get a
little color back, for
god sakes...

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.

PARK (V.O.)

I'm over at Poly-Medical. How soon can you get over here?

JOAN

Will you go get them please, I'd like to leave.

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?

PARK (V.O.)

I'm not rushing you, but we don't have the luxury of waiting too long either.

JOAN

There's nothing for you to say, Harry, it's very clear what your priorities are.

RED (V.O.)

Well, I want a hell of a lot more information before you start carving me up.

HARRY

Honey, all I've been trying to do, from day one, is look out for you...

(pauses)

Don't you believe that?

PARK (V.O.)

I can tell you this much, Red, I've taken a look at it and I'm very excited.

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)

97

CONTINUED: (10)

97

RED

Well whose heart is it? Give me a profile.

PARK (V.O.)

I don't have any specific data, but the host was around 35 and she was obviously very healthy.

RED

Godammit, Monroe!

He begins pacing anxiously again, the CAMERA FOLLOWING him:

RED (CONT'D)

I told you I don't want a woman's heart!

PARK (V.O.)

Don't worry, it's not going to change you in any way.

RED

How do you know?! You don't know that!

PARK (V.O.)

Look, let's just get it done.

As Red paces toward the open bathroom door, Harry and Joan resume their discord:

HARRY

In other words, you don't trust me.

PARK (V.O.)

And later if you find you're unsatisfied with it, we can always get you another one.

JOAN

Would you please get me my clothes.

Moncrief steps in beside Joan:

MONCRIEF

I wanted to tell you a moment ago, that I was privileged to see you at the Bowl on the Fourth of July...

HARRY

So what. I'm talking to this lady...

98 INT. M.P. CENTER/M.D. CENTER - ANDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 98

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 goddamned healthy, why is she dead?!

99 INT. M.P. CENTER/M.D. CENTER - ANDY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 99

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)

99

CONTINUED:

99

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.

99A

EXT. M.P. CENTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

99A

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.

99B

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

99B

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)

99B CONTINUED:

99B

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 100

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.
 (after a brief
 silence)
 I bet you never read Dante, either.

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)

100 CONTINUED:

100

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)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

BACK TO SCENE

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.

101 EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

101

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.

101A EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/INSIDE HARRY'S VAN - DAY

101A

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.

101B EXT. HOUSE OF BLISS/REAR APARTMENT - DAY

101B

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)

101B CONTINUED:

101B

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)

101B CONTINUED: (2)

101B

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)

101B CONTINUED: (3)

101B

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.

101C INT. MERYL'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

101C

Harry, in a profound state of bereavement, as Vita fills
a coffee cup in front of 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.

102 OMITTED

102

103 INT. MUSIC CENTER/BACKSTAGE AREA - ON JOAN - NIGHT

103

equally bereaved, in front of a full-length mirror, while
a seamstress makes some adjustments on her gown.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

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?

(blows her a kiss)

See you tomorrow.

She moves away and Joan returns her attention to the mirror, then:

JOAN

Thank you, Eddy.

103A EXT. MUSIC CENTER/PLAZA - NIGHT

103A

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.

103A CONTINUED: 103A
 ON HARRY
 as he restrains the impulse to follow, then does so. *

104 OMITTED 104
 & &
 104A 104A

X104 EXT. STREETS/INT. EDDY'S JEEP - NIGHT X104 *
 ON Eddy's Jeep as it moves through one of the seedier *
 sections of the city. Joan stares sadly out the window. *
 Then: *

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.

105 OMITTED 105
 thru thru
 111 111

112 EXT. STREETS/IN HARRY'S VAN - ON HARRY - NIGHT 112
 The van moves through the same city streets as above. *

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

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.

113 EXT. CITY STREETS/INT. EDDY'S JEEP NIGHT

113

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.

114 EXT. CITY STREETS/INT. HARRY'S VAN

114

Further up the winding road a car passes him, obscuring his view of Eddy's Jeep.

114A OMITTED

114A

115 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS/INT. EDDY'S CAR

115

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)

115 CONTINUED:

115

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, inadver-
tently drawing her attention to his hand.

*

*

115

CONTINUED: (2)

115

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.

116

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

116

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.

117

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EDDY'S JEEP - ANOTHER ANGLE ON JEEP - NIGHT

117

The Jeep continues on the winding road, nearing a promontory high above the city.

118
thru
120

OMITTED

118
thru
120

X120

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HARRY'S VAN - NIGHT

X120

The Van tries to negotiate without the benefit of four-wheel drive, up a steep and ratty incline.

X121 EXT. DIRT ROAD/HARRY'S VAN - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT X121

The van bounces and skids. The green shepherd in the bed of the van pants nervously, looking at Harry struggling with the steering wheel.

121 OMITTED 121

122 EXT. DIRT ROAD/IN EDDY'S JEEP - NIGHT 122

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.

X122 EXT. DIRT ROAD/HARRY'S VAN X122

The wheels of the van lose 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.

Y122 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Y122

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.

Z122 INT. EDDY'S JEEP

Z122

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:

Z122

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

123

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

123A

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)

123A CONTINUED:

123A

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)

123A CONTINUED:

123A

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:

JOAN

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)

123A CONTINUED: (2)

123A

HARRY

What are you yelling at me for?!
This son of a bitch is probably
the Westside Slasher!

124 INT. HELICOPTER - VIEW OUT WINDOW - NIGHT

124

of the circling HELICOPTER: A man, holding onto a lifeless 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)

HARRY

A friend of yours! This guy's a friend of yours?!

JOAN

None of you are friends of mine, you fucker!!

VOICE

(from above)

Ma'am, is this guy bothering you?

They both yell up into the blinding light of the search beam:

JOAN

Will you shut up!!

HARRY

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:

HARRY

Look, you assholes! The guy was holding a knife at her throat!!

VOICE

(from above)

Okay, put the knife down, fellow.

Then to Joan again, taking a step toward her:

HARRY

What were you doing, kissing this guy!?

JOAN

I wasn't kissing him!!

VOICE

(from above)

Stand where you are, and put down the knife.

ON JOAN

Perceiving the danger to Harry:

JOAN

Put the knife down, Harry!

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

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:

conducting the full chorus, soloists and orchestra in the above music.

(CONTINUED)

- 125 CONTINUED: 125
- 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.
- 125A EXT. KENNEL ENCLOSURE - NIGHT 125A
- MUSIC OVER: Lee MacGreevy opens the enclosure, puts Duke inside and MOVES OUT OF FRAME. Duke paces unhappily back and forth.
- 125B INT. JAIL - NIGHT 125B
- 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.
- 125C EXT. KENNEL ENCLOSURE - NIGHT 125C
- MUSIC OVER: Duke makes a run from the far end of enclosure and vaults into the air, sailing over the top of the fence.
- 125D INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT 125D
- 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.
- 125E EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 125E
- MUSIC OVER: Duke, looking like he "knows what he's doing and where he's going," runs through the night.

CUT TO:

- 125F EXT. CITY STREETS - JUNE - NIGHT 125F
 dressed in leather, on the back of a motorcycle, her arms around the helmeted young man, moving in a counter-direction to Duke.
- 126 OMITTED 126
- 127 EXT. ADELE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT 127
 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.
- 127A EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 127A
 MUSIC OVER: Duke, running through the night.
- 127B EXT. MUSIC CENTER/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 127B
 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.
- 127C EXT. MUSIC CENTER/CITY STREETS NEARBY - NIGHT 127C
 MUSIC OVER: Duke, running across an intersection.
- 127D EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 127D
 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 looking across at Sturge, he raises his lips in a soundless, disdainful growl.
- 128 INT. MUSIC CENTER - ON JOAN - NIGHT 128
 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)

128 CONTINUED:

128

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