

**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)

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2.

**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" 5  
WATANABE BLISS - NIGHT

She speaks emotionally, hoping to solicit sympathy:

**ADELE**

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

(CONTINUED)

3.

5 CONTINUED: 5

**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)

4.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

**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)

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5.

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.

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6.

**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 malevolent message on the bus stop poster. The light changes.

\*

A CAR HORN breaks her disturbed reverie and she proceeds through the intersection.

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7.

\*

**A13 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT ESTABLISHING. A13**

**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 rumpled and dislocated. A vase of flowers atop a grand piano is overturned and water from it stains the polished surface.

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

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

**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)

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8.

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)

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9.

**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)

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11.

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**

**MELVENOS**

\*

You know what he said to me?

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)**

**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

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)

**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)**

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14.

\*

**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)**

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15.

\*

**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)

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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)**

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\*

**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)

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\*

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.

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**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)

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20.

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)

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**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)

21.

**23 CONTINUED:** **23**

**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)**

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22.

**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)**

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23.

**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)

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24.

\*

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, fasse!

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

**HARRY**

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

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

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Get him under control now, Joan.

**JOAN**

I am...

(struggling  
with Duke)

Good boy, be nice.

**HARRY**

Give him the off command!

**JOAN**

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

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

**HARRY**

Duke, aus!

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

**(CONTINUED)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/29/91

25.

**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)

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26.

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)**

27.

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 interseccion.

**32 INT. CAMPUS REHEARSAL ROOM - ON LEWIE - NIGHT (SHOT 5/16)**

**32**

\*

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.

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30.

\*

**33 EXT. NEARBY CAMPUS AREA - NIGHT (SHOT 5/16)**

**33**

\*

\*

**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)**

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30A.

\*

**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  
&  
35

34  
&  
35

)J( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/21/91

31.

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?

)J( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/21/91  
\*

32.

36 CONTINUED:

36

**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)

)J( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/21/91

33.

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

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34/35.

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)**

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36.

**37 CONTINUED :**

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

**HARRY**

You're probably quite a singer too.  
(looking back  
to her)

I'd like to come down and catch  
you sometime.

**JOAN**

Yes, anytime. Do you like  
Classical music?

**HARRY**

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

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

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

I just mean it starts to get to me  
too much. I can't swallow my  
saliva.

**JOAN**

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

**HARRY**

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

**JOAN**

**37**

(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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/23/91

36A.

**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.

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

37.

\*

**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)**

**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.

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39.

**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)

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40.

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)

41.

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 room. (A portion of the Chorus Membership chairs, and some, including Eddy Revere and occasional interest in the intense exchange at the door:)

rehearsal  
are seated in  
Helen, show  
taking place

**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.

41 CONTINUED:

41

**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)

43.

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)

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44.

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)

45.

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)

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46.

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)**

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46A.

**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...

47.

**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**  
her expression shows some concern:

**44B**

**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)**

**48.**

**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.

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**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)

50.

**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.

51.

**46 INT. MOUNT HAVEN HOSPITAL/RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT**

**46**

Harry stands scowling for effect, his arm around Joan. MALE ADMISSION'S CLERK sits at a computer behind a counter, keying up a file, then reading it off the screen:

**A**

**A.C.**

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

**JOAN**

How do you know he was her physician?

**HARRY**

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

**JOAN**

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

**A.C.**

According to this he was her doctor.

**JOAN**

Then who was the doctor who operated on her foot?

**A.C.**

(looking at screen)

There's nothing on here about her foot. It says 'observation for clinical depression.'

**JOAN**

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

**A.C.**

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

**(CONTINUED)**

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52.

**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.

**53.**

**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)

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54.

**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)

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55.

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)

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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)

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/9/91

57.

52 **CONTINUED:**

52

**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)

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/9/91

58.

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)

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59.

\*

**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)**

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60.

\*

**55 CONTINUED:**

**55**

**JOAN**

La manuscrito  
(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 escritoire against the back wall of the bedroom. Then she moves toward the dressing area giving off to the bathroom, and stops as she sees the top rung of a ladder just visible above the bottom ledge of a window adjacent to the shower. A small section of glass has been removed, just large enough to permit the entry of hand to the window lock.

56 INT. HOUSE OF BLISS OFFICE - LATE DAY 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)

61.

56 CONTINUED: 56

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)**

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56 **CONTINUED: (2)**

56

**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)**

63.

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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

64.

\*

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...

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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/23/91

65.

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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

66.

**59A CONTINUED: (2)**

**59A**

**HELEN**

Wait.  
enormously

**ACTRESS (V.O.)**

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

\*

**60 OMITTED**

**60**

thru  
thru

63A  
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)

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

66A.

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)

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/23/91

67.

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.

**68.**

**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.

)O( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/30/91 69.

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

Socorro exits her bedroom to the hall and heads down the 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)**

)P( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 6/4/91

70.

\*

**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)**

)P( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 6/4/91

71.

**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



**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)**

)P( MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 6/4/91

72/73.

**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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/23/91

74.

**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.

**75.**

**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)**

**76.**

**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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

77.

**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)**

78.

73 **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:

73

**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)

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/1/91

79.

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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/1/91

80.

\*

**74 CONTINUED:**

**74**

**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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 5/1/91

81.

74 **CONTINUED: (2)**

74

\*

**JOAN**

Yes it was.

\*

\*

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

\*

**JOAN**

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

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

**JOAN**

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

**HARRY**

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

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

\*

to Socorro:

\*

\*

**HARRY**

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

**75 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**75**

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

**HARRY**

Will you just once take the benefit of my advice?

**(CONTINUED)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

82.

**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)**

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83.

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)

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84.

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.

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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.

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\*

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 ges-  
tures 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)**

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87.

**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.

88.

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**  
ON Harry and the Nurse, as before:

**86**

**NURSE ONE**

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

**HARRY**

That's very correct.

**(CONTINUED)**

**89.**

**86 CONTINUED:**

**86**

**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)**

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86 **CONTINUED: (2)**  
**HIS POV**

86

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.

91.

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 Lays 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.

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**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)**

93.

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)**

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94.

**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)**

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95.

**92 CONTINUED:  
HIS POV - RED LAYLS**

**92**

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 fear-  
fully 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)**

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96.

**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**

94

**ON GROUNDS - ON HARRY**

Muttering under his breath:

(CONTINUED)

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97.

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**



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)**

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99.

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)

100.

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

**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)**

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101.

97 **CONTINUED: (3)**

97

**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 atten-  
tion to Andy:

**JOAN**

Will you listen to me! This man  
is not only a bastard, he's a  
scummy, soul-less little thug and  
a criminal!

**ANDY**

Are you implying that I have  
defective judgement in men, Joanie?

Red and Harry, as before. In the b.g., a hospital  
employee wheels a cart holding several glasses of iced  
tea. Moncrief moves over to the cart and the employee  
exits.

**HARRY**

I just want a say, that though  
you're someone in a category I  
admire, you've gone to some  
lengths on this thing here, that  
I don't entirely agree with...

**RED**

Sit down. I have a neck condition  
and it aggravates me to have to  
look up at you.

**HARRY**

Okay. No problem.  
As he seats himself in the other chair, Red reaches up  
and takes a glass of tea offered by Moncrief:

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

But I want to go on and finish my  
thought on this, because...

**(CONTINUED)**

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102.

97 **CONTINUED: (4)**

97

**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)**

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103.

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)**

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104.

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)

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105.

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)**

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106.

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)

107.

97 CONTINUED: (9)

97

**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?

**JOAN**

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

**HARRY**

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

(pauses)

Don't you believe that?

**PARK (V.O.)**

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

**RED (V.O.)**

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

**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 pericardium is a gorgeous color.

**(CONTINUED)**

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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...

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**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)**

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110.

**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)

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111.

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)

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112.

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)

113.

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



**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)**

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**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)**

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**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)

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\*

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.

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**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)**

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119.

\*

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

\*



thru  
thru  
120  
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 rutty incline.

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\*

**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.

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123.

\*

**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)**

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124.

**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)**

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124A.

**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)**

**125.**

**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)**

**126.**

**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)

127.

124 CONTINUED:  
124

**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)**

MAN TROUBLE - Rev. 4/22/91

128.

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)

129.

124 CONTINUED: (3)  
124

**JOAN**

(up into the light)

Will you please shut up and go  
away!! This is private! Can't  
you see that!?

**HARRY**

I just wanted to tell you, because

you don't know, how important you  
are to me...

**VOICE**

(from above)

Step away from him, ma'am.

She waves the voice off, trying to listen to Harry.

**HARRY**

And I needed you to know this one  
other thing about me, because I  
don't want to withhold anything  
from you anymore...

**JOAN**

Oh God, I don't want to know,  
Harry. What is it?

**HARRY**

My real name's not Harry. It's  
Eugene.

**JOAN**

(profoundly relieved)

Oh.

(saying it lovingly)

'Eugene.' I love that name.

Eugene puts his arms around her. The "ET RESSUREXIT"  
from Bach's B-Minor Mass BEGINS OVER the sound of the  
**ROTORS.**

The CAMERA MOVES TO a REMOTE ANGLE, REVEALING them  
bathed in a celestial cone of light from above, making  
intimately emotional declarations and explanations to one  
another.

**CREDITS BEGIN OVER:**

125 INT. MUSIC CENTER - ON LEWIE - NIGHT

125

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

(CONTINUED)

130.

125 CONTINUED:  
ON AUDIENCE

125

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:**

**131.**

**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)

132.

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**