

ROSEMARY'S BABY

Screenplay by
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Based on the novel
by
IRA LEVIN

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WILLIAM CASTLE ENTERPRISES

ROSEMARY'S BABY

1.

1. EXT. BRAMFORD - (DAY) - AUGUST 1, 1965

Panoramic of New York from a high building, finishing on the Bramford.

GUY and ROSEMARY WOODHOUSE enter the main gate of the Bramford.

2. EXT. BRAMFORD ENTRANCE HALL - (DAY)

MR. NICKLAS is a small and dapper man; his fingers missing from both hands.

MR. NICKLAS

Oh, an actor.

(Ringing for the
elevator with
his middle finger)

We're very popular with actors.
Have I seen you in anything?

GUY

Let's see. I did Hamlet a while
back, didn't I, Liz? And then we
made The Sandpiper...

ROSEMARY

He's joking, he was in "Luther"
and "Nobody Loves an Albatross"
and a lot of television plays
and commercials.

The elevator doors slide open. They enter.

MR. NICKLAS

That's where the money is, isn't it?
The commercials.

ROSEMARY

Yes.

GUY

And the artistic thrill, too.

Rosemary gives him a pleading look; he gives back one of stunned innocence and then makes a leering vampire face at the top of Mr. Nicklas' head.

3. INT. ELEVATOR - (DAY)

Oak-paneled, with a shining brass handrail - is run by a uniformed Negro boy, DIEGO, with a locked-in-place smile.

MR. NICKLAS

Seven

(To Rosemary
and Guy)

Originally the smallest apartment was a nine - they've been broken up into fours, fives, and sixes. Seven E is a four that was originally the back part of a ten. It has the original master bedroom for its living room, another bedroom for its bedroom, and two servants' rooms thrown together for its dining room or second bedroom. Do you have children?

ROSEMARY

We plan to.

The elevator stops and DIEGO, smiling, chivvies it down, up and down again for a closer alignment.

4. INT. HALLWAY - (DAY)

Dimly lighted, walled and carpeted in dark green. They pass a sculptured green door marked Seven B. A WORKMAN is fitting a peepscope into it. He looks at them and turns back to the cut-out hole.

Mr. Nicklas leads the way to the right and then to the left, through short branches of dark green hallway. The wallpaper is rubbed away and curling inward in places. One of the bulbs in a cut-glass sconce is dead. The dark green carpet is patched with light green tape. Guy looks at Rosemary and lifts his eyebrows in mock outrage. She looks away and smiles brightly with an I-love-it-everything's-lovely expression.

MR. NICKLAS

The previous tenant, Mrs. Gardenia, passed away only a few days ago and nothing has been moved yet. Her son asked me to say that some of the furniture can be had practically for the asking.

They reach the door of apartment Seven E.

4. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Did she die in the apartment?
Not that it -

MR. NICKLAS

Oh, no, in a hospital.

Mr. Nicklas presses the pearl bell-button (the name
L. Gardenia is mounted above it on black plastic)

MR. NICKLAS

She'd been in a coma for weeks.

Mr. Nicklas turns a key in the lock. Despite lost
fingers he works the knob and throws the door smartly.

MR. NICKLAS

After you, please. She was very old
and passed away without ever waking.

5.

INT. THE APARTMENT - (DAY)

Four rooms divided two and two on either side of a narrow central hallway that extends in a straight line from the front door. The first room on the right is the kitchen. It has a six-burner gas stove with two ovens, a mammoth refrigerator, a monumental sink, dozens of cabinets, a high ceiling and a window on Seventh Avenue. On a chrome table, roped bales of "Fortune" and "Musical America." Opposite the kitchen, another room with windows facing onto a narrow courtyard, which has apparently been used as a combination study and greenhouse. Hundreds of small plants, dying and dead, stand on jerry-built shelves under spirals of unlighted fluorescent tubing; in their midst a roll-top desk spilled over with books and papers.

As they are looking through the apartment, Mr. Nicklas continues:

MR. NICKLAS

I'll be grateful to go that way
myself when the time comes. She
was chipper right to the end...
She'd been one of the first women
lawyers in New York State.

Rosemary nudges Guy and indicates the desk. She leaves Guy and Mr. Nicklas and goes to it, stepping over a shelf of withered brown fronds. She touches the old wood. It is a handsome desk, broad and

5. (Cont'd)

gleaming with age. On mauve paper, graceful blue penmanship "...than merely the intriguing pastime I believed it to be. I can no longer associate myself..." Rosemary catches herself snooping and looks up at Mr. Nicklas.

ROSEMARY
Is this for sale?

MR. NICKLAS
I don't know. I could find out for you.

GUY
It's a beauty.

ROSEMARY
Isn't it?
She looks about smiling.

MR. NICKLAS
It would make an ideal nursery.

ROSEMARY
White and yellow wallpaper would
brighten it tremendously.

She looks at the closet filled with potted seedlings.

GUY
What are all these?

ROSEMARY
Herbs, mostly.
(Pointing)
Mint. Basil.

Further along the hall is a guest closet on the left and, on the right, a wide archway opening into the Living Room. Two large bay windows, small fireplace and high oak bookshelves.

ROSEMARY
Oh, Guy!
She finds Guy's hand and squeezes it.

GUY
Mmm.
(Noncommittally but
squeezing back her hand)

MR. NICKLAS
The fireplace works, of course.

5. (Cont'd)

Mr. Nicklas, standing behind them, turns to the bedroom opposite. Its windows are facing on to the same narrow courtyard as those of the study. The bathroom is beyond the living room; big and full of bulbous white brass-knobbed fixtures.

ROSEMARY

It's a marvelous apartment!
I love it!

GUY

What she's trying to do is get
you to lower the rent.

MR. NICKLAS

(Smiling)

We would raise it if we were
allowed. Apartments with this
kind of charm -

Mr. Nicklas stops short and looks at a mahogany secretary at the head of the central hallway.

MR. NICKLAS

That's odd. There's a closet
behind that secretary. I'm
sure there is.

Mr. Nicklas goes closer to the secretary. Guy stands on tiptoe.

GUY

You're right.

ROSEMARY

She moved it. It used to be
there.

She points to a peaked silhouette left ghost-like on the wall near the bedroom door, and the deep prints of four ball feet in the burgundy carpet. Faint scuff-trails curve and cross from the four prints to the secretary's feet where they stand now against the narrow adjacent wall.

MR. NICKLAS

Give me a hand, will you?

Guy and Mr. Nicklas, between them, work the secretary bit by bit back toward its original place.

GUY

I see why she went into a coma.

5. (Cont'd)

MR. NICKLAS

She couldn't have moved this by herself. She was eighty-nine.

Rosemary looks doubtfully at the closet door they have uncovered.

ROSEMARY

Should we open it? Maybe her son should.

The secretary lodges in its four footprints. Mr. Nicklas massages his hands.

MR. NICKLAS

I'm authorized to show the apartment.

He goes to the door and opens it. The closet is nearly empty; a vacuum cleaner at one side and four wood boards at the other. The overhead shelf is stacked with blue and green bath towels.

GUY

Whoever she locked in got out.

MR. NICKLAS

She probably didn't need five closets.

ROSEMARY

Why would she cover up her vacuum cleaner and her towels?

MR. NICKLAS

(Shrugging)

I don't suppose we'll ever know. She may have been getting senile after all.

(Smiles)

Is there anything else?

ROSEMARY

Yes. What about the laundry facilities?

6. EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE - (DAY)

Rosemary and Guy walk along.

ROSEMARY

It's cheaper than the other.

GUY

It's one room less, honey.

6. (Cont'd)

They walk in silence for a moment.

ROSEMARY
It's better located.

GUY
God, yes. I could walk to all
the theatres.

ROSEMARY
Oh, Guy. Let's take it! Please!
That living room could be - oh
please, let's take it, all right?

GUY
Well, sure. If we can get out
of the other lease.

7. INT. NEW YORK CAFE - (DAY)

Rosemary sitting at a table. There are two Bloody Mary's in front of her. She is looking anxiously at the telephone booth at the end of the room. Guy is inside the booth talking on the phone. Rosemary at the table. She keeps her fingers crossed.

A PREGNANT WOMAN passes in a navy blue dress, followed by her MOTHER, carrying packages. Rosemary watches them.

JOAN JELLICO, a red-haired girl, waves to Rosemary from a table opposite. Rosemary waves back. Joan Jellico mimes I'll-come-to-see-you. A starved-looking, waxen-faced MAN facing Joan Jellico turns to look at Rosemary.

Rosemary looks toward the telephone booth again. Guy is on his way back, biting back a grin.

ROSEMARY
Yes?

GUY
The lease is void. We'll get back
the deposit.

ROSEMARY
What did you tell them?

Guy sits down. A WAITRESS brings sandwiches.

7. (Cont'd)

GUY

I'm leaving for Vietnam on a U.S.O. tour and you're going to Omaha to stay with your folks.

ROSEMARY

Is that all?

GUY

No. When I'm in Saigon I'm to keep an eye open for Lieutenant Hartman of the Marine Corps.

Joan Jellico reaches the table and bends over it.

JOAN

Hi!

Guy turns to see who it is.

GUY

Joan!

JOAN

Where have you been hiding?

ROSEMARY

How's Dick?

JOAN

Okay.

GUY

Sit down.

JOAN

(Indicates over shoulder)

I'm with my agent. How are you doing?

ROSEMARY

Guess what? We've just got an apartment in the Bramford.

JOAN

You haven't! I'd die to live in the Bram!

ROSEMARY

I'm so excited.

JOAN

(Looks over her shoulder)

Call me, Rosemary, I'll help you move.

8. INT. HUTCH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - (NIGHT) -
AUGUST 5, 1965

Small, well-equipped and slightly old-fashioned.

Guy is leaning against a tall refrigerator, glass of wine in his hand. Rosemary is sitting on a stool, also with wine. HUTCH, wearing an apron and one oven glove, is bent double, looking in the oven. He is English, has a broad shiny face and a few strands of wetted-down hair combed crossways over his skull.

HUTCH

I was tempted to write the management that you were drug addicts and litterbugs.

Rosemary and Guy laugh.

HUTCH

Instead, I lied and said that you'd be wonderful tenants.

ROSEMARY

You're great, Hutch.

HUTCH

I hope though, that I can talk you out of it.

GUY

(To Rosemary)

He's pulling your leg.

HUTCH

I'm not indeed.

Hutch straightens up, red-faced, perspiring, holding a large joint of lamb.

GUY

Gee, that looks great.

Hutch, holding the joint out in front of him, leads the way into the other room.

This is small, dark and neat. There is an inscribed photo of Winston Churchill and a period sofa. Two bridge tables, each with its typewriter and piles of paper. There is another table at the side, laid for dinner and looking out of place. Hutch goes to this table and puts down the joint.

HUTCH

Are you aware that the Bramford had rather an unpleasant reputation early in the century?

8. (Cont'd)

Hutch looks at them; Rosemary sits down and Guy is pouring more wine into the glasses. Hutch starts carving.

HUTCH

It's where the Trench sisters performed their little dietary experiments, and Keith Kennedy held his parties. Adrian Marcato lived there too; so did Pearl Ames.

GUY

Who were the Trench sisters?

ROSEMARY

Who was Adrian Marcato?

HUTCH

The Trench sisters were two proper Victorian ladies. They cooked and ate several young children, including a niece.

GUY

Lovely.

HUTCH

Adrian Marcato practiced witchcraft. He made quite a splash in the nineties, announcing he had conjured up the living Satan. Apparently people believed him; so they attacked and nearly killed him in the Bramford lobby.

ROSEMARY

You're joking.

HUTCH

Later the Keith Kennedy business began, and by the twenties the house was half empty.

GUY

I knew about Keith Kennedy, I didn't know Marcato lived there.

ROSEMARY

(Shuddering)

And those sisters!

Hutch sits down and they start eating.

HUTCH

World War Two filled the place up again.

8. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Mmm. Terrific.

GUY

The house?

ROSEMARY

The lamb.

HUTCH

It was called Black Bramford.

ROSEMARY

But - awful things happen in every apartment house.

HUTCH

The house happens to have a high incidence of unpleasant happenings. Why deliberately enter a danger zone?

GUY

Danger zone! Sounds like something out of your boys' stories. You must be kidding.

HUTCH

I am honestly trying to talk you out of it.

GUY

Well, Jesus, Hutch --

HUTCH

Go to the Wyoming or the Osborne if you're dead set on nineteenth century splendor.

ROSEMARY

The Wyoming is co-op. The Osborne is going to be torn down.

They eat for a moment in silence.

HUTCH

In '59 a dead infant was found wrapped in newspaper in the basement.

GUY

You really rouse my appetite!

8. (Cont'd)

HUTCH
Have some more wine.

Hutch refills the glasses.

9. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CARPET STORE - (DAY) -
AUGUST 15, 1965

Rosemary and Joan Jellico stand looking in the window.
They have parcels and magazines in their hands.

10. INT. STORE - FABRIC DEPARTMENT - (DAY)

Rosemary and Joan Jellico are ploughing their way
through curtain fabrics, hung like flags side by side.

11. INT. STORE - ESCALATOR - (DAY)

Rosemary and Joan Jellico standing on the escalator,
going up, their arms piled high with packages and bags.
They wave to ELISE DUNSTAN going down on the other
escalator.

12. INT. STORE - BEDDING DEPARTMENT - (DAY)

Rosemary lies, bouncing up and down, on a huge bed.
Elise Dunstan, Joan Jellico and a SALESMAN stand
watching her.

ROSEMARY
(Sitting up)
This is too big.

She looks at the Salesman and points to a bed opposite.

ROSEMARY
What about this one?

JOAN
Oh no. You want a king-size bed.

SALESMAN
(Pointing to the
smaller bed)
If your husband is not a heavy
person, this is quite comfortable
for two people.

JOAN
What happens if there are three?

SALESMAN
What do you mean? The baby?

The girls burst into laughter.

13. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DUSK) -
AUGUST 20, 1965

Guy and Rosemary enter. He is carrying a lamp and a shopping bag. Rosemary pulls the key out of the door and follows Guy along the hallway. The apartment is empty, except for a few pieces of furniture in the den, from Mrs. Gardenia's son. The rooms are dark and full of shadows. Faint blue light comes through the windows. Guy turns into the living room, Rosemary to the bedroom; there are many packages spread on the floor (results of the shopping) and a solitary vanity. Rosemary kneels, opens a wooden crate, and pulls out three plates from the shavings. Guy comes in; she hands him the plates and starts putting back the shavings. We hear a woman's voice from behind the wall.

MRS. CASTEVET (o.s.)
Roman? Bring me in some root
beer when you come!

Guy and Rosemary look at each other.

GUY
I didn't know they were still
making Ma and Pa Kettle movies.

He goes back to the living room. Rosemary follows him. On her way, she stops and looks toward the closet at the end of the hallway. She goes to it and opens it slowly. She takes out one of the four boards leaning against the side, turns it and looks at it. Guy has plugged the lamp in the living room and a light comes through the archway.

ROSEMARY
Hey, these are shelves!

Rosemary brings the shelf into the Living Room, puts it on the floor; they picnic on it - tuna sandwiches and beer - sitting on the rug.

ROSEMARY
Let's make love!

They unplug the lamp, strip and start making love. Wide-eyed with fear, Guy hisses.

GUY
Shh! I hear - the Trench sisters
chewing!

Rosemary hits him on the head, hard.

14. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DAY) -
AUGUST 25, 1965

Big splash of paint on the wall; the PAINTERS are working in the living room. The CARPET LAYER unrolls carpet on the floor in the bedroom. THREE WORKMEN carrying an enormous bed and chairs in the hallway. A PAPER-HANGER, grumbling, hangs wallpaper in the bedroom.

Rosemary, standing on a table, hangs curtains in the den. We hear the sound of a television commercial.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
 Discover the swinging world of Yamaha...

Rosemary drops everything, jumps down from the table, and hunkers down in front of the television set. She waits for Guy to appear. When the commercial is finished, she switches off.

15. INT. KITCHEN - (DUSK) - AUGUST 30, 1965

Completely furnished and equipped. Rosemary is washing salad. There are preparations for dinner on the table. A large potted plant stands on the fridge and a smaller one on the floor.

Guy comes in. Rosemary, holding her dripping hands away, kisses him. She points to the large plant.

ROSEMARY
 From Joan and Dick Jellico.
 (Pointing to the
 smaller one)
 From your agent.

GUY
 Alan? Stingy bastard.

Rosemary turns and picks up a telegram, holding it carefully by the corner with her wet hand. She hands it to Guy.

ROSEMARY
 From Hutch.

Guy looks at it.

GUY
 (Striking a pose)
 "The Bramford will change from
 a bad house to a good house when
 one of its doors is marked R. and
 G. Woodhouse."

They both collapse in laughter.

16. INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - (DAY)- SEPTEMBER 5, 1965

Rosemary steps out of the elevator, carrying a large roll of gingham contact paper. On the left, the GOULDS, a middle-aged couple, are coming out of an apartment door.

MR. GOULD
(Calling towards
the elevator)

Hold it, hold it, please!

They run towards the elevator, smiling at Rosemary. Rosemary smiles back at them. When the rolling gate closes, Rosemary goes to see their names on the door of their apartment. It says: MR. and MRS. GOULD. Rosemary turns back in her own direction and passing the door opposite the elevator, Seven A, looks for the name around the doorbell. There is no sign of any. Rosemary bends down and looks at the pile of mail on the doorstep. There are six to eight letters, with stamps of different countries. The name reads: MR. R. CASTEVET. A VOICE behind the door can be HEARD.

MRS. CASTEVET (O.S.)
Terry? Where's Terry?

Rosemary straightens up and moves on and looks at the door of Seven B. There is a little golden plate: MESSRS. DUBIN and DEVORE.

17. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

Rosemary is in the closet at the end of the hallway. She is sticking the gingham contact paper on the top shelf. The shelves below are already finished.

Guy comes in. Rosemary shows him the shelves.

ROSEMARY
Look!

GUY
Great.

They kiss.

18. INT. KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

Rosemary and Guy. He's eating a sandwich, with a newspaper open at the theatrical page, and a can of beer in front of him.

18. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY
I've seen those people Goulds.

GUY
Mmm.

ROSEMARY
And Ma and Pa Kettle's name is
Castevet. They get a lot of
mail. Who were Ma and Pa Kettle
anyway?

Guy, reading, doesn't answer. Rosemary waits for a
moment.

ROSEMARY
Guy?

GUY
Yes, honey.

ROSEMARY
Oh, never mind!

19. INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 10, 1965

Prison-like with steamy brick walls, bulbs in cages,
and scores of deep double sinks in iron-mesh cubicles.
Rosemary is sitting reading the 'New Yorker' next to
an operating machine. TERRY, a girl Rosemary's age,
enters. She is dark-haired and looks like Anna Maria
Alberghetti. Terry carries a yellow plastic laundry
basket. She nods at Rosemary and then, not looking
at her, goes to one of the machines and begins feeding
dirty clothes into it.

Rosemary stares at the girl. Terry finishes putting
in the clothes, closes the door, starts the machine;
the water begins to fill up. Terry turns and catches
Rosemary's look and smiles questioningly.

ROSEMARY
I'm sorry. I thought you were
Anna Maria Alberghetti. I'm
sorry.

Terry blushes and looks at the floor.

TERRY
It's all right. Lot of people
think I'm Anna Maria. I don't
see any resemblance.

19. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Do you know her?

TERRY

No.

Terry wipes her hand on her shorts and steps forward, holding it out.

TERRY

I'm Terry Gionoffrio.

Rosemary smiles and shakes hands.

ROSEMARY

I'm Rosemary Woodhouse. We're new tenants here.

TERRY

I'm staying with Mr. and Mrs. Castevet. Seventh floor. I'm their guest, sort of, since June.

ROSEMARY

Oh, our apartment used to be the back part of yours.

TERRY

Oh, for goodness' sake. You took the old lady's apartment! Mrs. -

ROSEMARY

Gardenia.

TERRY

Gardenia. She was a good friend of the Castevets. She used to grow herbs and things and bring them in for Mrs. Castevet to cook with.

ROSEMARY

I've seen those plants.

TERRY

Now Mrs. Castevet grows her own things.

ROSEMARY

Excuse me, I have to put softener in.

Rosemary gets up and takes a bottle from the laundry

19. (Cont'd)

bag on the washer. She pours a capful of softener.
Terry opens the washer door.

ROSEMARY
(Tossing softener in)
Thank you.

TERRY
What does your husband do?
Capping the bottle Rosemary nods complacently.

ROSEMARY
He is an actor.

TERRY
No kidding? What's his name?

ROSEMARY
Guy Woodhouse. He was in
"Luther" and "Nobody Loves an
Albatross" and he does a lot
of television.

TERRY
Gee, I watch TV all day long.
I'll bet I've seen him.

Glass crashes somewhere in the basement.

TERRY
Yow.

Rosemary hunches her shoulders and looks uneasily
toward the laundry room's doorway.

ROSEMARY
I hate this basement.

TERRY
Listen, we could come down
together regular.

ROSEMARY
That would be great.

Terry laughs happily, seems to seek words and then,
still laughing:

TERRY
I've got a good luck charm
that'll maybe do for both of
us!

19. (Cont'd)

She pulls away the collar of her blouse, draws out a silver neckchain and shows Rosemary on the end of it a silver filigree ball a little less than an inch in diameter.

ROSEMARY
Oh, that's beautiful.

TERRY
Isn't it? Mrs. Castevet gave it to me. It's good luck, or anyway it's supposed to be. There's some stuff inside it.

Rosemary looks more closely at the charm Terry holds out between thumb and fingertips. It is filled with a greenish-brown spongy substance which presses out against the silver openwork.

Rosemary draws back, wrinkling her nose. Terry LAUGHS again.

TERRY
I'm not mad about the smell either. I hope it works.

ROSEMARY
It's a beautiful charm. I've never seen anything like it.

TERRY
European.

She leans a hip against the washer and admires the ball, turning it one way and another.

TERRY
The Castevets are the most wonderful people in the world, bar none. They picked me up off the sidewalk - literally.

ROSEMARY
You were sick?

TERRY
I was starving and on dope and doing a lot of other things. They're childless. I'm like the daughter they never had, you know?

Rosemary nods.

19. (Cont'd)

TERRY

I thought at first they had some kind of sex thing they would want me to do, but they've really been like real grandparents.

Terry drops the filigree ball back into her blouse.

ROSEMARY

It's nice to know there are people like that, when you hear so much about apathy and people who are afraid of getting involved.

TERRY

I would be dead now if it wasn't for them. That's an absolute fact. Dead or in jail.

ROSEMARY

You don't have any family that could have helped you?

TERRY

(Shrugging)

A brother in the Navy.

20. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

Guy is sitting in front of the TV set eating a bag of Fritos. Rosemary enters with Terry.

GUY

Them sure must be clean clothes.

ROSEMARY

This is Terry. This is Guy.

TERRY

Hello, Guy.

They shake hands. Terry blushes and turns to Rosemary, flustered.

TERRY

Of course I remember him. He was in - how was it called?

ROSEMARY

(To Guy)

Terry is staying with the Castevets. Seven A, you know.

20. (Cont'd)

TERRY

'Another World' wasn't it?

GUY

Are you sure it wasn't Donald Baumgart?

TERRY

Oh, I thought it was you.

ROSEMARY

Of course it was Guy. He's teasing you. Guy and Donald are reading for the same part.

TERRY

Oh, I'm sure you'll get it.

(Looks round the
apartment)

It's a lovely apartment.

ROSEMARY

It will be. Have you seen it before?

TERRY

No.

GUY

You know, you remind me of somebody.

TERRY

I've got to go now. The Castevets eat at six.

Rosemary opens the door.

21. INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

Rosemary walks Terry towards Castevets' apartment. The door of Seven D is open and LISA, a two-year-old girl, stands on the threshold.

LISA

What's your name?

Rosemary bends down, smiling. Terry goes on.

TERRY

See you, Rosemary.

LISA

I'm Lisa.

21. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Hello, Lisa.

LISA

Did you eat your Captain Crunch?

22. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DAY) -
SEPTEMBER 15, 1965

Rosemary is unwrapping a tall teak wood ice bucket with a bright orange lining, on the table in the living room. Hutch is walking around admiring the half-furnished room. Rosemary goes to Hutch and kisses him.

ROSEMARY

Oh, Hutch! I'm so ashamed, we haven't had you over for dinner yet.

HUTCH

For God's sake don't even think about entertaining. Tell me, how is everything?

ROSEMARY

Guy's still auditioning. Nothing really exciting except for commercials, which is not too bad - money-wise.

HUTCH

It costs a fortune to furnish a place nowadays.

ROSEMARY

Ah, and the time... The chairs are four weeks late.

HUTCH

Typical.

ROSEMARY

The neighbors certainly don't seem abnormal. Except normal abnormal like homosexuals. They breed Persian cats. We can have one any time we want.

HUTCH

They shed.

ROSEMARY

And there's a couple who took in this girl who was hooked on drugs, and they completely cured her.

22. (Cont'd)

HUTCH

It sounds as if you've moved into Sunnybrook Farm. I'm delighted.

ROSEMARY

The basement is kind of creepy. I curse you every time I go down there.

23. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Guy in bed reading. Rosemary in front of her vanity mirror, brushing her hair. We hear a WOMAN'S voice behind the wall.

MRS. CASTEVET

(O.S.)

But it's impossible to be a hundred per cent sure! If you want my opinion, we shouldn't tell her at all; that's my opinion!

The voice fades away. Guy lifts his head from his book; Rosemary turns round; they both look at the wall.

GUY

Jesus!

ROSEMARY

That must be the partition.

Guy pulls his pajama sleeves over his hands, leaving only one finger showing on each hand; imitating Mr. Nicklas' voice:

GUY

(Pointing)

This is the back part of the original 'ten', with its master bedroom...

Rosemary, laughing, jumps into the bed and claps her hand over his mouth. Guy switches the lamp off. They kiss for a moment, then lift their heads in surprise; there is a sound of a party, flat unmusical singing and a flute or a clarinet piping along beside it.

24. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT) - SEPTEMBER 17, 1965

Rosemary and Guy walk along approaching the Bramford. The night is mild and balmy. As they get nearer they see a group of about TWENTY PEOPLE gathered in a semi-circle at the side of a parked car. Two police cars are double-parked, roof lights spinning red. Rosemary

24. (Cont'd)

and Guy walk faster, hand in hand, straining to get a better view. Cars on the street slow questioningly; windows scrape open in the Bramford and heads look out beside gargyle's heads. The NIGHT DOORMAN, TOBY, comes from the house with a tan blanket. A POLICEMAN turns to take it from him. The roof of a Volkswagen is crumpled to the side; the windshield is crazed with a million fractures.

ONLOOKER

Dead.

2ND ONLOOKER

Gee, did you hear that crash. Wow.

Rosemary and Guy stand on tiptoes, craning over peoples' shoulders.

POLICEMAN

Get back now, will you?

The shoulders separate, a SPORT-SHIRTED BACK moves away. On the sidewalk lies Terry, watching the sky with one eye, half of her face gone to red pulp. The blanket flips over her, settles, and red blotches soak through in one place and then another. Rosemary wheels, eyes shut, her right hand making an automatic cross. Her mouth is tightly closed.

GUY

Oh, Jesus. Oh my God.

POLICEMAN

Get back, will you?

GUY

We know her.

A SECOND POLICEMAN turns towards them. He is forty or so and sweating. His eyes are blue and beautiful, with thick, black lashes.

2ND POLICEMAN

What's her name?

GUY

Terry.

2ND POLICEMAN

Terry what?

GUY

Ro? What was her name? Terry what?

24. (Cont'd)

Rosemary opens her eyes and swallows.

ROSEMARY

I don't remember. An Italian name.

GUY

She was staying with people named
Castevet, in Seven A.

2ND POLICEMAN

We've got that already.

A THIRD POLICEMAN comes up holding a sheet of yellow
notepaper. Mr. Nicklas is behind him, tight-mouthed,
in a raincoat over striped pajamas.

3RD POLICEMAN

Short and sweet.

(Handing over notepaper)

She stuck it to the window sill with
a band-aid.

The Third Policeman and Mr. Nicklas shake their heads.
The Second Policeman reads the sheet of paper, suck-
ing thoughtfully at his front teeth.

2ND POLICEMAN

(With an Italian
accent)

Theresa Gionoffrio.

MR. NICKLAS

(To Rosemary)

Did you know her?

ROSEMARY

Only slightly.

The Second Policeman opens his pad holder and puts
the paper inside it. He closes the holder with a
width of yellow sticking out.

Guy puts his hand on Rosemary's back.

GUY

Come on, hon.

Rosemary and Guy nod to the 2nd Policeman and Mr.
Nicklas and start towards the house.

MR. NICKLAS

Here they come now.

Rosemary and Guy stop and turn,

24. (Cont'd)

An old couple is coming along the street.

MRS. CASTEVET is wrapped in light blue, with snow-white dabs of gloves, purse, shoes and hat. Nurselike she supports her husband's forearm. He is dazzling, in an every-colour seersucker jacket, red slacks, a pink bow tie, and a grey fedora with a pink band. He is seventy-five or older; she is sixty-eight or nine. They come closer with expressions of young alertness, with friendly quizzical smiles. The 2nd Policeman steps forward to meet them and their smiles falter and fall away. Mrs. Castevet says something worryingly; MR. CASTEVET frowns and shakes his head. His wide thin-lipped mouth is rosy-pink, as if lipsticked; his cheeks are chalky, his eyes small and bright in deep sockets. She is big-nosed, with a sullen fleshy underlip. She wears pink-rimmed eyeglasses on a neckchain that dips down from behind plain pearly earrings.

2ND POLICEMAN

Are you folks the Castevets on the seventh floor?

MR. CASTEVET

We are.

(Dry voice that has to be listened for)

2ND POLICEMAN

You have a young woman named Theresa Gionoffrio living with you?

MR. CASTEVET

We do. What's wrong? Has there been an accident?

2ND POLICEMAN

You'd better brace yourselves for some bad news.

(He waits, looks at each of them in turn)

She's dead. She killed herself.

(Raising a hand the thumb pointing back over his shoulder)

Jumped out of the window.

Mr. and Mrs. Castevet look at the 2nd Policeman with no change of expression at all, as if he hasn't spoken yet; then Mrs. Castevet leans sideways, glancing beyond him at the red-stained blanket. She stands straight again and looks him in the eyes.

24. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
That's not possible.
(Loud midwestern accent)
It's a mistake.

2ND POLICEMAN
(Without turning from her)
Artie, would you let these people
take a look, please?

Mrs. Castevet marches past him, her jaw set. Mr.
Castevet stays where he is.

MR. CASTEVET
I knew this would happen. She got
deeply depressed every three weeks
or so. I told my wife but she pooh-
poohed me.

MRS. CASTEVET
(Coming back)
That doesn't mean that she killed
herself. She was a very happy
girl with no reason for self-
destruction. She must have been
cleaning the windows or something.

MR. CASTEVET
She wasn't cleaning windows at
midnight.

MRS. CASTEVET
Why not? Maybe she was!

The 2nd Policeman takes the yellow paper from his
holder and holds it out. Mrs. Castevet hesitates,
then takes it and turns it round to read it. Mr.
Castevet tips his head in over her arm and reads
it too, his thin vivid lips moving.

2ND POLICEMAN
Is that her handwriting?

Mrs. Castevet nods.

MR. CASTEVET
Definitely. Absolutely.

The 2nd Policeman holds out his hand and Mrs.
Castevet gives him the paper.

2ND POLICEMAN
Thank you. I'll see you get it back
when we're done with it.

24. (Cont'd)

Mrs. Castevet takes off her glasses, dropping them on their neck-chain and covering both her eyes with white-gloved fingertips.

MRS. CASTEVET

I don't believe it. I just don't believe it. She was so happy.

Mr. Castevet puts his hand on her shoulder, looks at the ground and shakes his head.

2ND POLICEMAN

Who is the next-of-kin?

MRS. CASTEVET

She was all alone. She didn't have anyone, only us.

ROSEMARY

Didn't she have a brother?

Mrs. Castevet puts on her glasses and looks at her. Mr. Castevet looks up from the ground, his deep-socketed eyes glinting under his hat brim.

2ND POLICEMAN

Did she?

ROSEMARY

She said she did. In the Navy.

The 2nd Policeman looks to the Castevets.

MRS. CASTEVET

It's news to me.

2ND POLICEMAN

(To Rosemary)

Do you know where he's stationed?

ROSEMARY

No, I don't.

(To Castevets)

She mentioned him to me in the laundry room. I'm Rosemary Woodhouse.

GUY

We're in Seven E.

ROSEMARY

I feel just the way you do, Mrs. Castevet. She seemed so happy and full of - of - she said

24. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)
wonderful things about you and your
husband; how grateful she was.

MRS. CASTEVET
Thank you.

2ND POLICEMAN
You know anything about this
brother except he's in the Navy?

ROSEMARY
No.

MR. CASTEVET
It should be easy to find him.

Guy puts his hand on Rosemary's back and they begin
to withdraw towards the house.

ROSEMARY
I'm so stunned and so sorry.

GUY
It's such a pity. It's -

MRS. CASTEVET
Thank you.

25. INT. GUY'S AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -
(NIGHT)

Guy is asleep but Rosemary lies awake beside him, she
sees: Terry's pulped face and her one eye watching
the sky. (This is the first shot leading to the
dream sequence.) Sister Agnes is shaking her fist at
Rosemary.

SISTER AGNES
(Mrs. Castevet's voice)
Sometimes I wonder how come you're
the leader of anything!

A bump on the other side of the wall wakes Rosemary.

MRS. CASTEVET (O.S.)
And please don't tell me what
Laura-Louise said because I'm
not interested!

Rosemary turns over and burrows into her pillow.

26. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE (?)

Set in a composite of Our Lady's School, Uncle Mike's Body Shop and the candy counter in the Orpheum Cinema.

MASONS are bricking up the windows. Sister Agnes is furious. She squeezes her piggy-eyes and shouts.

SISTER AGNES

If you'd listened to me, we wouldn't have had to do this!

(She points to the window)

We'd have been all set to go now instead of starting all over from scratch!

UNCLE MIKE tries to hush her. Other SISTERS and GIRLS are standing a little apart listening to the argument.

SISTER AGNES

I told you not to tell her anything in advance.

(She points at SISTER VERONICA who stands with her head lowered)

I told you she wouldn't be open-minded.

Uncle Mike looks questioningly at Rosemary. Rosemary starts to explain to him in a hushed voice.

ROSEMARY

I told Sister Veronica about the windows and she withdrew the school from the competition. Otherwise we would have won.

Uncle Mike looks at Sister Veronica questioningly who spreads her hands out wide in a helpless gesture. By this time we are already in Uncle Mike's body shop.

SISTER AGNES

(Shouting)

Anybody! Anybody! All she has to be is young, healthy, and not a virgin. She doesn't have to be a no-good-drug-addict whore out of the gutter.

Uncle Mike is shocked. Rosemary turns and she is at the candy counter with the other children.

27. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 20, 1965

Rosemary is washing the vegetables. The bell rings. She goes to the door and looks through the peephole.

27. (Cont'd)

Mrs. Castevet, white hair in curlers under a blue-and-white kerchief, looks solemnly straight ahead as if posing for a photograph. Rosemary opens the door.

ROSEMARY

Hello. How are you?

MRS. CASTEVET

Fine.

(She smiles bleakly)

May I come in for a minute?

ROSEMARY

Yes, of course; please do.

Rosemary holds the door wide open. Mrs. Castevet comes in. She wears toreador pants; her hips and thighs are massive, slabbed with wide bands of fat. The pants are lime-green under a blue blouse; the blade of a screwdriver pokes from her hip pocket. They stop between the doorways of the den and the kitchen. Mrs. Castevet puts on her neckchained glasses and smiles at Rosemary.

MRS. CASTEVET

I just came over to thank you for saying those nice things to us the other night.

ROSEMARY

Please, there's no reason --

MRS. CASTEVET

Poor Terry. We thought maybe we had failed her in some way, although her note made it crystal clear we hadn't. You'll never know how helpful it was, in such a shock moment. So I do thank you. Roman does too. Roman is my hubby.

Rosemary ducks her head in concession.

ROSEMARY

You're welcome. I'm glad I helped.

MRS. CASTEVET

She was cremated yesterday. Now we have to forget and go on. It won't be easy. We don't have children of our own. Do you have any?

27. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

No, we don't.

Mrs. Castevet looks into the kitchen. She points to the pans hanging on the wall.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, that's nice. And look how you put the table, isn't that interesting.

ROSEMARY

It was in a magazine.

MRS. CASTEVET

Nice paint job.

Mrs. Castevet fingers the door jamb appraisingly and turns to look into the den.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, that's nice. A T.V. room.

ROSEMARY

It's only temporary. It's going to be a nursery.

MRS. CASTEVET

(Looking at her)

Are you pregnant?

ROSEMARY

Not yet, but I hope to be, as soon as we're settled.

MRS. CASTEVET

That's wonderful. You're young and healthy; you ought to have lots of children.

ROSEMARY

We plan to have three.

MRS. CASTEVET

I'm dying to see what you've done to this apartment. The woman who had it before was a dear friend of mine.

ROSEMARY

I know.

(Leading her to the living room)

Terry told me.

27. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, did she? You two had some long talks together in the laundry room.

ROSEMARY

Only one.

The living room startles Mrs. Castevet.

MRS. CASTEVET

My goodness! It looks so much brighter. What did you pay for a chair like that?

ROSEMARY

(Disconcerted)

I'm not sure. I think it was about two hundred dollars.

MRS. CASTEVET

You don't mind my asking do you?

(She taps her nose)

That's how I got a big nose, by being nosy.

28. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY)

Rosemary and Mrs. Castevet are sitting having coffee and cake.

MRS. CASTEVET

I knew it!

(Checking prices on the cans of soup and oysters)

I said it to Roman yesterday. He's so good-looking! What movies was he in?

ROSEMARY

No movies. He was in two plays called 'Luther' and 'Nobody Loves An Albatross' and he does a lot of television and radio.

MRS. CASTEVET

Listen, Rosemary, I've got a two inch thick sirloin steak sitting defrosting right this minute. Why don't you and Guy come over and have supper with us tonight, what do you say?

28. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY
Oh, no. We couldn't.

MRS. CASTEVET
Why not?

ROSEMARY
This is very kind but really --

MRS. CASTEVET
It would be a big help to us.

Mrs. Castevet looks into her lap, then looks up at Rosemary with a hard-to-carry smile.

MRS. CASTEVET
This'll be the first night we'll
be alone since -

ROSEMARY
(Leaning forward
feelingly)
If you're sure it won't be trouble
for you.

MRS. CASTEVET
Honey, if it was trouble I wouldn't
ask you.

ROSEMARY
I'll have to check with Guy, but
you go ahead and count on us.

MRS. CASTEVET
(Standing up)
Listen! You tell him I won't take
no for an answer!

Mrs. Castevet moves toward the door. Rosemary accompanies her. Mrs. Castevet reaches the door and opens it herself.

MRS. CASTEVET
Oh, here's your mail, dear.
(She picks it up)
Ads.

29. INT. GUY'S AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Guy come in, kisses Rosemary and goes straight into the living room. Rosemary goes into the kitchen. Guy calls out from the living room.

29. (Cont'd)

GUY

Donald Baumgart got that part.

Rosemary doesn't answer immediately. She comes into the living room carrying a sandwich and a glass of beer which she gives to Guy, sitting in the new chair.

ROSEMARY

It's a bad play anyway.

GUY

Even if it folds out of town, it's the kind of part that gets noticed.

Guy opens the corner of his sandwich, looks in bitterly, closes it, and starts eating.

ROSEMARY

Mrs. Castevet was here. To thank me for what I said about Terry. She's the nosiest person I've ever seen. She actually asked the prices of things.

GUY

No kidding.

Rosemary kneels on the floor between the bay windows, drawing a line on brown paper with crayon and a yardstick and then measuring the depth of the window seats.

ROSEMARY

She invited us to have dinner with them.

(She looks at Guy)

I told her I'd have to check with you, but that it would probably be okay.

GUY

Ah, Jesus, Ro, we don't want to do that, do we?

ROSEMARY

I think they're lonely.

GUY

Honey, if we get friendly with an old couple like that we're never going to get them off our necks. They're right across the wall!

29. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I told her she could count on us.

GUY

I thought you told her you had to check first.

ROSEMARY

I did, but I told her she could count on us too.

GUY

Well, it's not my night for being kind to Ma and Pa Kettle. I'm sorry, honey.

ROSEMARY

All right, I'll tell her.

Rosemary draws another line with the crayon and the yardstick. Guy finishes his sandwich.

GUY

You don't have to sulk about it.

ROSEMARY

I'm not sulking. I see exactly what you mean.

GUY

Oh, hell. We'll go.

ROSEMARY

No, no, what for?

GUY

We'll go.

ROSEMARY

We don't have to if you don't want to. That sounds so phony but I really mean it, really I do.

GUY

It'll be my good deed for the day.

ROSEMARY

Only if you want to. And we'll make it clear that it's only this one time and not the beginning of anything. Right?

GUY

Right.

30. INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

Guy and Rosemary at the Castevet's door. Guy rings the bell. The elevator behind them clangs open and MR. DeVORE comes out carrying a suit swathed in cleaner's plastic. He smiles and unlocks the door of Seven B next to them.

MR. DeVORE
You're in the wrong place,
aren't you?

Rosemary and Guy make friendly laughs.

Mr. DeVore lets himself in, calling out.

MR. DeVORE
Me!

As the door is ajar we get a glimpse of a black sideboard and red and gold wallpaper.

Mrs. Castevet opens the door. She is powdered and rouged and smiling broadly. She is wearing light green silk with a frilled pink apron.

MRS. CASTEVET
Perfect timing! Come on in!
Roman's making Vodka Blushes. My,
I'm glad you could come, Guy! I'm
fixing to tell people I knew you when!

Guy and Rosemary laugh and exchange glances. They enter.

31. INT. CASTEVET'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

A large foyer with a rectangular table set for four. It has an embroidered white cloth, plates that don't all match, and bright ranks of ornate silver. The room is oddly furnished; at the fireplace end there is a settee, a lamp table and a few chairs. At the opposite end an office-like clutter of file cabinets, bridge tables piled with newspapers, overfilled bookshelves and a typewriter on a metal stand. There are clean squares on the walls as if pictures had been removed.

Mrs. Castevet shows them across the brown carpet and seats them on the settee; Mr. Castevet comes in, holding in both hands a small tray on which four cocktail glasses run over with clear pink liquid. Staring at the rims of the glasses he shuffles forward across the

31. (Cont'd)

carpet, looking as if with every step he will trip and fall disastrously. Mr. Castevet is wearing black loafers with tassels, gray slacks, a white blouse, and a blue and gold striped ascot.

MR. CASTEVET

I seem to have overfilled the glasses. No, no, don't get up. Please. Generally I pour these out precisely as a bartender, don't I, Minnie?

MRS. CASTEVET

Just watch the carpet.

MR. CASTEVET

But this evening I made a little too much and rather... I'm afraid... there we are. Please, sit down. Mrs. Woodhouse?

Rosemary takes the glass, thanks him and sits. Mrs. Castevet quickly puts a paper cocktail napkin in her lap.

MR. CASTEVET

Mr. Woodhouse? A Vodka Blush. Have you ever tasted one?

GUY

(Taking one and sitting)

No.

MR. CASTEVET

Minnie.

ROSEMARY

It looks delicious.

Rosemary smiles vividly as she wipes the base of her glass.

MR. CASTEVET

They're very popular in Australia.

Mr. Castevet takes the final glass and raises it to Rosemary and Guy.

MR. CASTEVET

To our guests. Welcome to our home.

Mr. Castevet drinks, cocking his head critically, one eye partway closed, the tray at his side dripping on the carpet.

31. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
(Coughing in mid-swallow)
The carpet!

Mrs. Castevet chokes and points at the carpet.

Mr. Castevet looks down, then holds the tray up uncertainly.

MR. CASTEVET
Oh, dear.

Mrs. Castevet thrusts aside her drink, hurries to her knees and lays a paper napkin carefully over the wetness.

MRS. CASTEVET
Brand-new carpet. This man is so clumsy!

ROSEMARY
Do you come from Australia?

MR. CASTEVET
Oh no.
(Sitting and crossing his legs)
I'm from right here in New York City. I've been there though. I've been everywhere. Literally.
(He sips the Vodka Blush, one hand on his knee)
You name a place and I've been there. Go ahead. Name a place.

GUY
Fairbanks, Alaska.

MR. CASTEVET
I've been there. I've been all over Alaska; Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage, Nome, Seward; I spent four months there in '38.

MRS. CASTEVET
Where are you folks from?
(Fixing the folds at the bosom of her dress)

ROSEMARY
I'm from Omaha. Guy is from Baltimore.

31. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

Omaha is a good city. Baltimore
is too.

ROSEMARY

Do you travel for business?

MR. CASTEVET

Business and pleasure both. I'm
seventy-nine and I've been going one
place or another since I was ten.
You name it, I've been there.

A bell pings in the kitchen.

MRS. CASTEVET

Steak's ready.

(Standing up, glass
in her hand)

Don't rush your drinks now;
Roman, take your pill.

32. INT. CASTEVET'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

Guy, Rosemary, Mr. and Mrs. Castevet are sitting at
the table, eating.

MR. CASTEVET

No Pope ever visits a city where
the newspapers are on strike.

MRS. CASTEVET

I heard he's going to postpone and
wait till it's over.

GUY

Well, that's show biz.

Mr. and Mrs. Castevet laugh, Guy along with them.
Rosemary smiles and cuts her steak. It is difficult
to cut, and flanked by peas and mashed potatoes.
From her expression we can gather it doesn't taste
good either.

MR. CASTEVET

(Still laughing)

That's just what it is. The costumes,
the rituals.

MRS. CASTEVET

I think we're offending Rosemary.

32. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

No, no, not at all.

MR. CASTEVET

You aren't religious, my dear, are you?

ROSEMARY

I was brought up a Catholic, now I don't know.

MRS. CASTEVET

(To Rosemary)

You looked uncomfortable.

Mrs. Castevet stands up and starts to collect the empty plates.

ROSEMARY

Well, he is the Pope.

MR. CASTEVET

You don't need to have respect for him because he pretends he is holy.

GUY

Good point.

MRS. CASTEVET

When I think what they spend on robes and jewels.

Mrs. Castevet serves the dessert; Boston cream pie.

MR. CASTEVET

A good picture of the hypocrisy behind organized religion was given, I thought, in 'Luther'. Did you ever get to play the leading part, Guy?

GUY

Me? No.

MR. CASTEVET

Weren't you Albert Finney's understudy?

GUY

No.

We can see from Rosemary's expression that the Boston cream pie isn't too good. She looks at Guy but he is eating away avidly.

32. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

That's strange. I remember being struck by a gesture you made and checking in the program to see who you were.

GUY

What gesture do you mean?

MR. CASTEVET

I'm not sure now; a movement of your -

GUY

I used to do a thing with my arms when Luther had the fit; a sort of involuntary reaching -

MR. CASTEVET

That's it! It had a wonderful authenticity to it.

GUY

Oh, come on now.

MR. CASTEVET

Oh no, I mean it.

GUY

That makes two of us.

Guy laughs but he is pleased. He casts a bright-eyed glance at Rosemary. She smiles back.

Mrs. Castevet holds out the Boston cream pie towards Guy.

MRS. CASTEVET

Guy?

GUY

Oh yes, please.

Rosemary looks in surprise at Guy who is helping himself to the dessert.

MR. CASTEVET

My father was a theatrical producer. My early years were spent in the company of such people as Mrs. Fiske, Forbes-Robertson, Modjeska. You have a most interesting inner quality, Guy. It appears in your television work too, and it should

32. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET (CONT'D)
carry you very far indeed; provided,
of course, that you get those initial
'breaks'. Are you preparing for a
show now?

GUY
I'm up for a couple of parts.

MR. CASTEVET
I can't believe that you won't get them.

GUY
I can.

33. INT. KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

It opens off the foyer. It's small and it has the miniature greenhouse, which stands on a large white table near the one window. Goosenecked lamps with bright bulbs lean over it with a blinding white light, reflecting in the glass. In the remaining space the sink, stove and refrigerator stand close together with cabinets jutting out on all sides above them. Mrs. Castevet stands at the sink washing up. Rosemary stands beside her drying. The pile of clean dishes beside her indicate that they have been in the kitchen for some time. While drying a dish, Rosemary turns and looks at the greenhouse.

ROSEMARY
I'd like to have a spice garden
some day. I'm a country girl at
heart.

MRS. CASTEVET
Do you come from a big family?

ROSEMARY
Three brothers and two sisters.

MRS. CASTEVET
Are your sisters married?

ROSEMARY
Yes, they are.

Mrs. Castevet pushes a soapy sponge up and down inside a dinner glass. She is a slow and thorough washer. Rosemary has to wait each time, towel in hand, for the next piece.

33. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
Do they have children?

ROSEMARY
One has two and the other has four.

MRS. CASTEVET
Well, there's a chance you will
have lots of children too.

ROSEMARY
Oh, we're fertile, all right. I've
got twenty nieces and nephews.

MRS. CASTEVET
My goodness!
(Handing Rosemary
the glass)

ROSEMARY
(Puts the glass on
shelf)
Would you like me to wash and you
wipe for a while?

MRS. CASTEVET
No, this is fine, dear.

Rosemary looks outside the door. She can see only the
end of the living room that has bridge tables and file
cabinets. Mr. Castevet and Guy are out of sight. A
plane of blue cigarette smoke lies motionless in the
air.

MRS. CASTEVET
Rosemary?

Rosemary turns. Mrs. Castevet, smiling, holds out a
wet plate in a green rubber-gloved hand.

34. INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Mr. Castevet and Guy are sitting facing each other on
the settee. Guy is looking at Mr. Castevet, fascin-
ated. They smoke for the moment in silence. Rosemary
appears in the doorway.

MR. CASTEVET
Take Kennedy for example. Do you
think it could have been a plot of
some kind?

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(Continued)

34. (Cont'd)

Mrs. Castevet comes past Rosemary into the room.

MRS. CASTEVET
Now Roman, you stop bending Guy's
ear with your Modjeska stories.
He's only listening 'cause he's
polite.

GUY
No, it's interesting, Mrs. Castevet.

MR. CASTEVET
You see?

MRS. CASTEVET
(To Guy)
Minnie, I'm Minnie and he's Roman,
okay?
(Looking mock-defiantly
at Rosemary)
Okay?

GUY
Okay, Minnie.

35. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CASTEVET'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Rosemary and Guy go along the hallway and the door
closes behind them. They both give relieved sighs,
look at each other and laugh.

GUY
Naow Roman, yew stop bendin' Guy's
ee-yurs with them thar Mojesty
sto-rees!

Laughing, Rosemary hushes him. They run hand in hand
on ultra-quiet tiptoes to their own door.

36. INT. GUY'S AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Rosemary and Guy slam, lock, bolt and chain the door;
Guy nails it over with imaginary beams, pushes up
three imaginary boulders, hoists an imaginary draw-
bridge, mops his brow and pants while Rosemary bends
over double and laughs into both hands.

GUY
About that steak.

ROSEMARY
Oh my God! The pie! How did you
eat two pieces? It was weird!

36. (Cont'd)

Guy pretends that he is going to vomit and runs to the bedroom.

Rosemary works her feet against the floor to unshoe them.

ROSEMARY

Only three dinner plates that match...

GUY

(Indicating wall)

Shhh --

ROSEMARY

(Whispering)

...and all that beautiful, beautiful silver.

GUY

Let's be nice; maybe they'll will it to us.

ROSEMARY

Guess what they've got in the bathroom.

GUY

A bidet.

ROSEMARY

'Jokes for the John'.

GUY

No.

ROSEMARY

(Shucking off her dress)

A book on a hook. Right next to the toilet.

Guy smiles and shakes his head. He begins taking out his cufflinks, standing beside the armoire.

GUY

Roman's stories were pretty damn interesting, actually. I'd never even heard of Forbes-Robertson before.

(Working at the second link, having trouble with it)

36. (Cont'd)

GUY (Cont'd)

I'm going to go over there again
tomorrow night and hear some more.

ROSEMARY

(Looking at him,
disconcerted)

You are?

GUY

He asked me.

(Holding out his hand)

Can you get this off for me?

Rosemary goes to him and works at the link, feeling
suddenly lost and uncertain.

ROSEMARY

I thought we were going to do
something with Dick and Joan Jellico.

GUY

Was that definite?

ROSEMARY

It wasn't definite.

GUY

(Shrugging)

We'll see them next week.

Rosemary gets the link out and holds it in her palm.
Guy takes it.

GUY

Thanks. You don't have to come
along if you don't want to; you
can stay here.

ROSEMARY

I think I will. Stay here.

Rosemary goes to the bed and sits down.

GUY

He knew Henry Irving too. Really
interesting.

ROSEMARY

(Unhooking her
stockings)

Why did they take down the pictures.

36. (Cont'd)

GUY

What do you mean?

ROSEMARY

Their pictures; they took them down.
There are hooks in the wall and clean
places. And the one picture that is
there doesn't fit.

GUY

(Looking at her)

I didn't notice.

37. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DUSK) -
SEPTEMBER 21, 1965

Rosemary puts a record on, picks up a book, sits on
the new couch, puts up her feet and opens the book.
The doorbell rings. She remains motionless for a
moment. Then, closes the book, gets up and goes to
the door.

It's Mrs. Castevet and another woman, short, plump
and smiling, with a Buckley-for-Mayor button on the
shoulder of her green dress.

MRS. CASTEVET

Hi, dear, we're not bothering you,
are we? This is my dear friend
Laura-Louise McBurney, who lives
up on twelve. Laura-Louise, this
is Guy's wife Rosemary.

LAURA-LOUISE

Hello, Rosemary, welcome to the Bram!

MRS. CASTEVET

Laura-Louise just met Guy and she
wanted to meet you too. Can we
come in?

With resigned good grace Rosemary shows them into the
living room. Mrs. Castevet indicates a new couch.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, isn't it beautiful!

ROSEMARY

It came this morning.

MRS. CASTEVET

Are you all right, dear. You look
worn.

37. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I'm fine.

(Smiling)

It's the first day of my period.

LAURA-LOUISE

And you're up and around?

(Sitting)

On my first day I experienced such pain that I couldn't move or eat or anything. Dan had to give me gin through a straw to kill the pain.

MRS. CASTEVET

Girls today take things more in their stride.

(Sitting)

They're healthier than we were, thanks to vitamins and better medical care.

Both women have identical green sewing bags and, to Rosemary's surprise, they open them now. Mrs. Castevet takes out darning and Laura-Louise takes out crocheting.

MRS. CASTEVET

What's that over there? Seat covers?

ROSEMARY

Cushions for the window seats.

Rosemary stands for a moment undecidedly. She sits uneasily, trying to find a comfortable position.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, before I forget. This is for you. From Roman and me.

Mrs. Castevet hands Rosemary a small packet of pink tissue paper.

ROSEMARY

For me?

MRS. CASTEVET

It's just a little present is all.

(Quick hand-waves)

For moving in.

ROSEMARY

But there's no reason ...

Rosemary unfolds the leaves of used-before tissue paper. Within the pink is Terry's silver filigree

37. (Cont'd)

ball-charm and its clustered-together neckchain.
She pulls her head away.

MRS. CASTEVET

It's real old. Over three hundred
years.

Rosemary holds the ball between her thumb and finger-
tips like Terry did. She stares at it for a moment.

ROSEMARY

It's lovely.

MRS. CASTEVET

The green inside is called tannis
root. It's good luck.

ROSEMARY

It's lovely, but I can't accept such a -

MRS. CASTEVET

You already have.

Mrs. Castevet darns a brown sock not looking at
Rosemary.

MRS. CASTEVET

Put it on.

LAURA-LOUISE

You'll get used to the smell before
you know it.

MRS. CASTEVET

Go on.

ROSEMARY

Well, thank you.

Rosemary uncertainly puts the chain over her head and
tucks the ball into the collar of her dress.

38.

INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Guy opens the door of the apartment, comes in and
goes into the living room.

The women are seated in different positions as before.
Rosemary is sewing the cushion covers and there's a
tray with coffee pot and cups on the table. Guy says
hello to the women and, by Rosemary's chair, bends
and kisses her cheek. He is quiet and a little self-
contained.

38. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET

Eleven? My land! Come on, Laura-Louise.

LAURA-LOUISE

Come and visit me any time, you want, Rosemary; I'm in twelve F.

The two women close their sewing bags and leave quickly.

ROSEMARY

Were his stories as interesting as last night?

GUY

Yes. Did you have a nice time?

ROSEMARY

All right. I got a present.

She shows him the charm.

ROSEMARY

It was Terry's.

GUY

No kidding! It's pretty though.

Rosemary lifts the chain off over her head and holds it out between two fingers, the ball dangling at the end of the chain.

GUY

Aren't you going to wear it?

ROSEMARY

It smells. There's stuff in it called tannis root. From her greenhouse.

Guy smells it, and shrugs.

GUY

It's not bad.

Rosemary goes into the bedroom and as she opens a drawer in the vanity, she catches her reflection in the mirror. She leans towards it and calls:

ROSEMARY

Tannis, anyone?

38. (Cont'd)

GUY

If you took it, you ought to wear it.

Rosemary turns; Guy is leaning against the door frame. Instead of answering Rosemary opens a tin Louis Sherry box in the drawer, puts the charm in the box, closes it and closes the drawer.

39. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary wakes up and finds Guy beside her smoking in the dark.

ROSEMARY

What's the matter?

GUY

Nothing.

A moment of silence, then she touches his arm.

ROSEMARY

Don't worry.

GUY

About what?

ROSEMARY

About anything.

GUY

All right. I won't.

ROSEMARY

You're the greatest. You know?
And it's going to come out right.

Guy smiles in the glow of his cigarette.

ROSEMARY

Any day now. Something big.
Something worthy of you.

GUY

I know. Go to sleep, honey.

ROSEMARY

Okay. Watch the cigarette.

GUY

I will.

39. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I love you.

GUY

I love you, Ro.

40. INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 25, 1965

Guy holds out a pair of theatre tickets to Rosemary.

GUY

Here, these are for the "Fantasticks".
Alan Stone gave them to me so why don't
you call Hutch or somebody and go and
see it.

ROSEMARY

Aren't you going to see it with me?

GUY

I saw it ages ago.

41. INT. TAXI - DRIVING ALONG AN AVENUE - (NIGHT)

Elise Dunstan and Rosemary, dressed for the theatre
in her summer silk coat, sitting in the back. There
is a fat, old DRIVER listening to their conversation.

ELISE DUNSTAN

This is a break for me to get away
from my three monsters.

ROSEMARY

That's what we're going to have.
Three, two years apart.

ELISE DUNSTAN

You're not pregnant, are you?

ROSEMARY

I wish I was, Elise, Guy is
"not ready yet".

ELISE DUNSTAN

Well -

ROSEMARY

I'm afraid he'll never be ready,
until he's like Marlon Brando and
Richard Burton put together.

41. (Cont'd)

They giggle.

ELISE DUNSTAN
All men feel the same way. You
have plenty of time.

ROSEMARY
I have my little plan. I'm going
to get pregnant by accident.

ELISE DUNSTAN
Are you taking pills?

Rosemary shakes her head.

ROSEMARY
I told Guy they give me a head-
ache, and the rubber gadgets are
repulsive. So he studies the
calendar like mad. But I'll get
him anyway.
(They laugh)

The Driver looks in the mirror and grins.

ELISE DUNSTAN
You mustn't do that, Rosie, it's
a terrible thing to do to a man.

ROSEMARY
(Smiling)
It's a contest between us.

ELISE DUNSTAN
Contest? He doesn't know he's
engaged in it.

42. EXT. THEATRE - (NIGHT)

The taxi stops in front of a theatre. There is a big
illuminated sign with "The Fantasticks" and the names
of artists.

Elise Dunstan and Rosemary get out of the cab and turn
to pay the fare.

The Driver has a good look at Rosemary.

DRIVER
Lot'sa luck, lady.

Rosemary and Elise Dunstan go into the theatre.

43.

INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Rosemary, taking off her silk coat, goes into the Bathroom. Guy is getting out of the shower, wrapping himself in a towel. He kisses Rosemary vivaciously.

GUY

How was it?

ROSEMARY

Wonderful, wonderful. You worked on your scene?

GUY

Yes. I've got it down cold.

Rosemary sniffs.

ROSEMARY

Damn that tannis root. It's even in here.

Rosemary goes to the Kitchen (tossing her coat on the way into the Bedroom).

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

(Calling)

Elise says that Joan and Dick Jellico are separating.

GUY

No kidding.

Rosemary comes back with some aluminum foil, and a deodorant bomb.

ROSEMARY

Lucky they didn't have children.

She takes the charm out of the Louis Sherry box, winds it in a tight triple wrapping and twists the ends to seal it. Guy, comes into the Bedroom, drying his hair with a towel.

GUY

It'll probably lose its strength in a few days.

ROSEMARY

It better. If not, I'll throw it away.

As Rosemary puts the wrapped charm back in the box, standing behind her, Guy unzips her dress and pulls it off her shoulders; he starts kissing her neck. We

43. (Cont'd)

HEAR a party in progress behind the wall; flat unmusical CHANTING, with a flute or clarinet underneath it.

44.

INT. HALLWAY - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 28, 1965

Guy is painting the inside of the guest closet red. There are several brushes, cans of paint and paint remover.

45.

INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary trying different arrangements with chairs. The telephone RINGS in the Bedroom. Rosemary makes an involuntary move to answer it. Through the archway she sees Guy, can of paint remover in his hand, running to get to the phone.

GUY (O.S.)

(Quickly)

Yes? This is he.

(Long silence)

Oh, God, no. Oh, the poor guy.

Rosemary goes to the Bedroom door; Guy is sitting on the bed, the phone in one hand and a can of Red Devil paint remover in the other. He doesn't look at Rosemary.

GUY

And they don't have any idea what's causing it? My God, that's awful, just awful.

Guy straightens up, listening.

GUY

Yes I am.

(Listens)

Yes, I would. I'd hate to get it this way, but I -

(Listens again)

Well, you'd have to speak to my agent about that end of it.

(Listens)

Alan Stone, but I'm sure there won't be any problem, Mr. Weiss, not as far as we're concerned.

Rosemary, standing in the doorway, holds her breath, waiting.

45. (Cont'd)

GUY

Thank you, Mr. Weiss.

Guy hangs up and shuts his eyes. He sits motionless, his hand staying on the phone. He is pale and dummy-like, a Pop Art wax statue with real clothes and props, real phone, real can of paint remover.

ROSEMARY

Guy?

He opens his eyes and looks at her.

ROSEMARY

What is it?

Guy blinks and comes alive.

GUY

Donald Baumgart. He's gone blind. He woke up yesterday and - he can't see.

ROSEMARY

Oh no.

They look painfully at each other.

GUY

I've got the part. It's hell of a way to get it.

Guy looks at the paint remover in his hand and puts it on the night table.

GUY

Listen, I've got to get out and walk around.

ROSEMARY

I understand. Go ahead.

Rosemary stands back from the doorway. Guy goes out, down the hall, out the door, closing it behind him. Rosemary goes into the Living Room and sits down. She leans with arms folded on her knees, thinking. She remains motionless for a moment, then pronounces slowly, tasting the name.

ROSEMARY

Baumgart. Donald Baum ...

She looks at the window, stands up and goes quickly to it. She opens the window and looks down at the quiet street.

46. INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 30, 1965

Guy is sitting in an easy chair, cigarette between his fingers. He is motionless but his eyes follow Rosemary as she vacuum cleans the room. She works thoroughly, gradually moving toward the door. After she has disappeared into the hall, the SOUND of the cleaner stops. Guy, still in the same position, slowly lifts the cigarette to his mouth. Rosemary comes back without the cleaner. She walks slowly towards Guy and stands silently in front of him. They look at each other.

ROSEMARY

What's wrong?

GUY

Nothing. Don't you have your sculpture class today?

ROSEMARY

I haven't gone in two months.

GUY

Why don't you go?

47. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY) - OCTOBER 2, 1965

Rosemary comes in, her coat still on and carrying a shopping bag. There are roses in a vase on the table. Rosemary puts down the shopping bag and goes in surprise to examine them. She inhales their scent. Taking off her coat, she goes into the Living Room. There are roses there also. Guy comes in from the Bedroom, one rose in his hand, and kisses her.

GUY

I've been a creep. It's from worrying Baumgart would regain his sight, rat that I am.

ROSEMARY

That's natural. You're bound to feel two ways about -

Guy lifts the rose to her nose. Then he turns and walks toward the Kitchen. Rosemary follows him.

GUY

Listen, even if I'm Mister Yamaha for the rest of my days, I'm going to stop giving you the short end of the stick.

47. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

You haven't -

GUY

Yes, I have. I've been too busy tearing my hair out over my career. Let's have a baby, okay? Let's have three, one at a time.

Rosemary looks at him.

GUY

A baby. You know, Goo, goo? Diapers? Waa, waa?

ROSEMARY

Do you mean it?

GUY

Sure I mean it; I even figured out the right time to start. Look!

Guy turns towards the calendar hanging on the wall. There are two days encircled with a red pencil. He taps them with his finger.

ROSEMARY

(Tears in her eyes)

You really mean it, Guy?

GUY

No, I'm kidding. Sure I mean it. Look, Rosemary, for God's sake don't cry, all right? Please.

ROSEMARY

All right.

48. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY) - OCTOBER 4, 1965

Rosemary is washing salad. There are other things on the table ready to be cooked. The TV set has been moved so that she can see it while working. She is watching the Pope's visit in New York, and listening to the newscaster.

49. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary is sitting at her vanity, dressed in burgundy silk lounging pajamas. She makes up her eyes, powders

49. (Cont'd)

her face and perfumes herself. She HEARS the front door open off-screen and goes out into the hallway. Guy has just come into the apartment. Rosemary meets him and they kiss.

GUY

Mmm, you look good enough to eat.
Damn!

ROSEMARY

What?

GUY

I forgot the pie.

ROSEMARY

It's all right.

GUY

I passed two of those damn retail stores; not one but two.

ROSEMARY

We can have fruit and cheese. That's the best dessert anyway, really.

GUY

It is not; Horn and Hardart pump-kin pie is.

Guy starts to undress; going into the Bathroom.

50.

INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

The table is set for dinner. Rosemary and Guy are drinking cocktails and eating stuffed mushrooms. Guy puts crumpled newspaper and sticks of kindling on the fireplace grate, and two big chunks of cannel coal.

GUY

Here goes nothing.

He strikes a match and lights the paper. It flames high and catches the kindling. Dark smoke begins spilling out over the front of the mantel and up toward the ceiling. Guy gropes inside the fireplace.

GUY

Good grief!

ROSEMARY

The paint, the paint!

50. (Cont'd)

Guy gets the flue opened; and the air conditioner draws out the smoke.

GUY

Nobody, but nobody has a fire tonight.

Rosemary kneels, with her drink, and stares into the spitting flame-wrapped coals.

ROSEMARY

Isn't it gorgeous? I hope we have the coldest winter ever.

Guy puts on a record.

51.

INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary and Guy are at the dining table eating swordfish. The doorbell rings.

GUY

Oh! No!

He gets up, tosses down his napkin, goes out.

Rosemary cocks her head and listens. We hear the door open off screen and Mrs. Castevet's voice saying 'hi, Guy'. The rest is unintelligible.

Rosemary lifts her eyes to heaven.

ROSEMARY

Oh, no!

(Whispering)

Don't let her in... not tonight.

Off screen dialogue continues. Now Guy speaks; then Mrs. Castevet again. Only a few words are intelligible: "... extra. We don't need them". Guy again and Mrs. Castevet again. Rosemary holds in her breath. We hear the door being closed and chained.

ROSEMARY

Good!

We hear the bolt drawn.

ROSEMARY

Good!

Guy appears in the archway, smiling smugly, with both hands behind his back.

51. (Cont'd)

GUY

Who says there's nothing to ESP?

He comes towards the table and brings forth his hands with two white custard cups sitting one on each palm.

GUY

Madame and Monsieur shall have
ze dessairt after all.

He puts one cup by Rosemary's wine glass and the other by his own. The cups are filled with peaked swirls of chocolate. One topped with a sprinkling of chopped nuts. The other with a half walnut.

GUY

Mousse au chocolat
(Sitting)
or 'chocolate mouse', as Minnie
calls it.

Rosemary laughs happily. Guy replaces his napkin and pours more wine.

ROSEMARY

I was afraid she'd stay all evening.

GUY

No, she just wanted us to try it,
seein' as how it's one of her
speci-al-ities.

ROSEMARY

It's sweet of her, really. We
shouldn't make fun of her.

GUY

You're right. You're right.

Guy and Rosemary start eating the chocolate mousse.

ROSEMARY

It's good.

At the second spoonful, she pauses and looks at Guy but he is busy eating.

ROSEMARY

It has an undertaste.

Guy looks up at Rosemary.

GUY

Mmm?

51. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

A chalky undertaste.

Guy rolls the mousse on his palate, cocking his head.

GUY

I don't get it.

After a few swallows, Rosemary puts down her spoon.

GUY

That's silly, honey, there's no 'undertaste'.

ROSEMARY

There is.

GUY

Come on, the old bat slaved all day; eat it.

ROSEMARY

But I don't like it.

GUY

It's delicious.

ROSEMARY

You can have mine.

GUY

All right, don't eat it. There's always something wrong.

ROSEMARY

Oh - if it's going to turn into a big scene -

She takes a full spoonful of mousse and thrusts it into her mouth.

GUY

Look, if you really can't stand it, don't eat it.

ROSEMARY

Delicious.

(Taking another spoonful)

No undertaste at all. Turn the records over.

Guy gets up and goes to the record player. Rosemary doubles her napkin in her lap and plops a few spoonfuls of the mousse into it. She folds the napkin

51. (Cont'd)

closed and then showily scrapes clean the inside of the cup and swallows down the scrappings as Guy comes back to the table.

ROSEMARY

There, Daddy.
(Tilting the cup
toward him)
Do I get a gold star?

GUY

Two of them. I'm sorry if I was stuffy.

ROSEMARY

You were.

GUY

I'm sorry.

He smiles and kisses her.

52. INT. KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

Rosemary scrapes the uneaten mousse from her napkin into the waste bin. The water is running into the sink. We hear the sound of television from the other room. A sudden wave of dizziness makes her sway for a moment, then blink and frown.

GUY (O.S.)

The Pope at Yankee Stadium.
Christ, what a mob!

ROSEMARY

Good.

She shakes her head to clear the dizziness, then rolls the napkins up inside the tablecloth and puts the bundle aside. She turns the water off and loads the dirty dishes into the full sink. She dries her hands on the kitchen towel and as she hangs it up, another wave of dizziness makes her swivel and hang on to the edge of the sink. This time it lasts longer.

ROSEMARY

Oh boy!

She straightens up and makes it to the doorway of the Den. She keeps her footing with difficulty by holding on to the knob with one hand and the jamb with the other.

52. (Cont'd)

Guy stands up anxiously.

GUY
What is it?

ROSEMARY
Dizzy.

Guy snaps off the TV, comes to her, takes her arm and holds her surely around the waist.

GUY
No wonder, all that booze.
You probably had an empty
stomach, too.

He helps her towards the bedroom but her legs buckle. He catches her up and carries her. He puts her down on the bed and sits beside her, taking her hand and stroking her forehead sympathetically. Rosemary closes her eyes.

53. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - (DAY)

The bed is a raft floating on gentle ripples.

ROSEMARY
Nice.

GUY
(O.S.)
Sleep is what you need.

54. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Guy is sitting beside Rosemary stroking her forehead.

GUY
A good night's sleep.

ROSEMARY
We have to make a baby.

GUY
We will. Tomorrow. There's
plenty of time.

ROSEMARY
Just a nap.

55. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - (DAY)

Large Yacht. Rosemary is sitting with a drink in her hand. It is sunny and breezy. The Skipper is unrolling a large map to plot the course. He is Hutch now and is giving terse and knowing instructions to a Negro Mate (Elevator Operator).

Guy's hands take off the top of Rosemary's pajamas.

ROSEMARY

Why are you taking them off?

56. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Guy is taking off the top of Rosemary's pajamas.

GUY

To make you more comfortable.

ROSEMARY

I am comfortable.

GUY

Sleep. Ro.

Guy undoes the snaps at the side and slowly draws off the bottom of Rosemary's pajamas.

57. EXT.-INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - (?)

Back on the yacht. Guy is holding the legs of Rosemary's pajamas and pulling them away from her. Rosemary tries to hide her nudity; she looks around and sees other ladies on the yacht. They are wearing bikinis - so is Rosemary. The Skipper is in his Navy uniform.

Hutch is standing on the dock with armloads of weather-forecasting equipment.

Rosemary comes to the Skipper and asks him very quietly - in dream sequences everybody speaks quietly.

ROSEMARY

Isn't Hutch coming with us?

SKIPPER

Catholics only.

(Smiling)

I wish we weren't bound by these prejudices, but unfortunaely -

(Spreading his arms)

57. (Cont'd)

Rosemary turns. There is her family: Ma, Pa, children we have seen in the previous dream, several pregnant women.

Guy is taking off Rosemary's wedding ring. She looks surprised then she closes her eyes.

ROSEMARY

Sleep.

Set is now a composite of the Sistine Chapel Ceiling with Michaelangelo frescoes and the linen cupboard at the end of the hallway. Rosemary is lying on the special elevator which carries her horizontally, making it possible for her to see the frescoes from very close. As she passes under the shelf, partly covered with gingham contact paper, we can hear voices off screen.

GUY (O.S.)

Easy.

DR. S. (O.S.)

You've got her too high.

Hutch on the dock. We see him from further off and higher. He tries to gesticulate as much as the weather-forecasting equipment he is carrying will allow him. He shouts and wind blows his words away so we hear them only partially.

HUTCH

Typhoon! Typhoon! It killed fifty-five people in London and it's heading this way.

Back on the Yacht. The wind is even stronger. Rosemary looks for the skipper but everybody is gone. The dock is infinite and bare. Far away, the NEGRO MATE firmly holds the wheel. Rosemary goes to him; she is about to warn him when the Negro Mate speaks without looking at her.

NEGRO MATE

You'd better go down below, Miss.

Huge Ballroom. On one side is a burning church (it's sometimes burning with real fire and sometimes only a picture). On the other side, a BLACK-BEARDED MAN stands glaring at Rosemary. In the centre is a

57. (Cont'd)

bed. She goes to it and lies down. She is immediately surrounded by a dozen naked men and women. Guy is among them. They are elderly, the women grotesque and slack-breasted. There is also Mrs. Castevet, Laura-Louise and Mr. Castevet in a black mitre and black silk robe. With a thin black wand, Mr. Castevet is drawing designs on her body, dipping the wand's point in a cup of red held for him by a SUN-BROWED MAN. The point moves back and forth across her stomach and down to the insides of her thighs. The NAKED PEOPLE are chanting - flat, unmusical, foreign-tongued syllables - and a flute or clarinet accompanies them. Guy's eyes are large and tense. He whispers to Mrs. Castevet.

GUY

She's awake, she sees!

MRS. CASTEVET

She don't see. As long as she ate the mouse she can't see nor hear. She's like dead. Now sing.

Lady comes into the Ballroom. She wears an exquisite ivory satin gown embroidered with pearls. She hurries to Rosemary's side.

LADY

I'm sorry to hear you aren't feeling well.

ROSEMARY

It's only the mouse-bite.

LADY

You'd better have your legs tied down in case of convulsions.

ROSEMARY

Yes, I suppose so. There's always a chance it was rabid.

Rosemary watches with interest as WHITE-SMOCKED INTERNS tie her arms and legs to the four bedposts.

LADY

If the music bothers you, let me know, and I'll have it stopped.

ROSEMARY

Oh, no. Please don't change the program on my account.

57. (Cont'd)

LADY

Try to sleep.
(Smiling warmly)
We'll be waiting up on deck.

She withdraws, her satin gown whispering.

Guy comes and bends over Rosemary. He strokes her with both hands - a long relishing stroke that begins at her bound wrists, and slides down over her arms, breasts, loins and between her legs. He repeats this stroke several times; his hands are rough now and sharp-nailed. Rosemary breathes faster. He slips a hand in under her buttocks and raises them. He lies forward upon her, his broad chest crushing her breasts. He is wearing a suit of coarse leathery armour. As he is making love to her, she opens her eyes and sees yellow furnace-eyes in front of her. Protest wakes in Rosemary's eyes.

ROSEMARY

This is no dream. This is happening.

Something covers her face fading into darkness.

The Pope comes in with a suitcase in his hand and a coat over his arm.

POPE

They tell me you've been bitten
by a mouse.

Rosemary speaks sadly trying to hide that she is having an orgasm.

ROSEMARY

Yes. That's why I didn't come
to see you.

POPE

That's all right. We wouldn't
want you to jeopardize your health.

ROSEMARY

Am I forgiven, Father?

POPE

Absolutely.

He holds out his hand for her to kiss the ring. Its stone is a silver filigree ball. Inside it, ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI sits waiting.

58. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY) - OCTOBER 5, 1965

Guy and Rosemary in bed. Rosemary is asleep and Guy is shaking her shoulder. He is sleep-rumpled, needing a shave.

GUY

Hey, it's after nine.

Rosemary pushes his hand away and turns over onto her stomach, her face deep in the pillow.

ROSEMARY

Five minutes.

Guy yanks her hair.

GUY

No. I've got to be at Alan's at ten.

ROSEMARY

Eat out.

GUY

The hell I will.

Guy slaps Rosemary's behind through the blanket. For a moment she lies motionless, then suddenly she turns back over and raises herself on her arms, looking at Guy.

He is lighting a cigarette. He has his pajamas on. Rosemary is nude.

ROSEMARY

What time is it?

GUY

Ten after nine.

Rosemary sits up.

ROSEMARY

What time did I go to sleep?

GUY

You didn't go to sleep, honey, you passed out. From now on you get cocktails or wine, not cock-tails and wine.

ROSEMARY

(Rubbing her forehead
and closing her eyes)
The dreams I had.

58. (Cont'd)

She opens her eyes and sees scratches on her left breast; two parallel hairlines of red running down into the nipple. She pushes the blanket away and sees more scratches, seven or eight going this way and that.

GUY

Don't yell. I already filed them down.

He shows short, smooth fingernails.

Rosemary looks at him uncomprehendingly.

ROSEMARY

You mean you - while I was - out?

GUY

I didn't want to miss Baby Night. And a couple of my nails were ragged.

Guy nods and grins.

GUY

It was kind of fun in a necrophile sort of way.

Rosemary looks away, pulling the blanket back up.

ROSEMARY

I dreamed someone was - raping me. I don't know -- someone unhuman.

GUY

Thanks a lot.

Rosemary turns further away and swings her legs out on the other side of the bed.

GUY

What's the matter?

Rosemary sits there, not looking around at him.

ROSEMARY

Nothing.

GUY

I didn't want to miss the night.

ROSEMARY

We could have done it this morning or tonight. Last night wasn't the only split second.

GUY

I thought you would have wanted me to.

58. (Cont'd)

Guy runs a finger up Rosemary's back. She squirms away from it.

ROSEMARY

It's supposed to be shared.
Oh, I guess I'm being silly.

She gets up and goes to the closet for her housecoat.

GUY

I'm sorry I scratched you. I
was a wee bit loaded myself.

59. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY)

Rosemary is sitting at the table. She is drinking coffee slowly, absent-minded.

60. INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary opens the windows, both of them.

61. INT. BATHROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary standing under the shower. She remains motionless, letting the water run all over her hair and face.

ROSEMARY

(Whispering)

'Kind of fun in a necrophile
sort of way'.

62. LANDING IN FRONT OF THE CASTEVETS' APARTMENT - (DAY)

Rosemary, ready to go shopping, with two custard cups in her hand, rings the bell.

The door opens and Mrs. Castevet appears.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, hello, dear. Did you like it?

(Taking the cups)

I think I put a little too much
Cream de Cocoa in it.

ROSEMARY

It was delicious. You'll have
to give me the recipe.

62. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET

I'd love to. Would you do me a teeny favor? Six eggs and a small Instant Sanka; I'll pay you later.

63. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - (DAY) -
OCTOBER 20, 1965

Rosemary is drinking coffee. Guy is practicing with crutches.

ROSEMARY

Don't you think we ought to talk about it?

GUY

About what?

Rosemary looks at Guy. He seems genuinely unknowing.

ROSEMARY

The way you haven't been looking at me.

GUY

What are you talking about? I've been looking at you.

ROSEMARY

No you haven't.

GUY

I have so. Honey, what is it? What's the matter?

ROSEMARY

Nothing. Never mind.

GUY

No, don't say that. What is it?

ROSEMARY

Nothing.

GUY

Ah, look, honey. I know I've been preoccupied, with the part and all. Well gee whiz, Ro, it's important, you know? It doesn't mean I don't love you.

He leans across the table and kisses her.

64. INT. HUTCH'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - OCTOBER 21, 1965

Hutch is sitting barefoot between two bridge tables, each with its typewriter and piles of paper. Rosemary is sitting on the sofa.

ROSEMARY

It's a fascinating part. He'll really be noticed this time. He also has an offer for a lead in the T.V. series, "Greenwich Village." He's suddenly very hot.

HUTCH

Now I understand why you're so overjoyed.

Rosemary looks at Hutch and smiles.

ROSEMARY

Well, it's a difficult period in his life -- a challenge.

HUTCH

I see.

ROSEMARY

You know how it is with actors - they're all a bit self-centered. I bet Laurence Olivier is vain and self-centered --

Rosemary's voice cracks; determined not to cry, she continues:

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)

It's a difficult part. He's got to work with crutches and naturally he's preoccupied and -- and, well, preoccupied.

Rosemary breaks down. Hutch comes over and comforts her.

HUTCH

I've a lot of good advice for you, but I'm going to shut up.

65. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HUTCH'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Rosemary and Hutch walking along the street.

65. (Cont'd)

HUTCH

I meant to ask you. You had another suicide up there at Happy House?

ROSEMARY

Oh, didn't I tell you?

HUTCH

No, you didn't.

ROSEMARY

It was that girl I told you about; the drug addict who was rehabilitated by this old couple. I'm sure I told you that.

HUTCH

They didn't rehabilitate her very successfully, it would seem.

ROSEMARY

We've gotten to know them well, since. Mr. Castevet's father was a theatrical producer in the old days.

HUTCH

Castevet. That's an odd name. French, I suppose?

66. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY) - OCTOBER 22, 1965

Guy is sitting at the table reading the theatre section of the Sunday Times. Rosemary is preparing breakfast. As she puts the Chemex on the table, her eyes fall on the calendar; she stares at it.

GUY

(Without looking up)
It was due on Friday.

ROSEMARY

(Surprised)
It was?

Guy nods.

ROSEMARY

It'll probably come tonight. Or tomorrow.

GUY

You want to bet?

66. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Yes.

GUY

A quarter?

ROSEMARY

Okay.

GUY

You're going to lose, Ro.

ROSEMARY

Shut up. You're getting me all jumpy. It's only two days.

67. INT. DR. HILL'S OFFICE - (DAY) - OCTOBER 28, 1965

Rosemary sitting while DR. HILL is measuring her blood pressure. He is very young, medium height, and handsome. He speaks slowly and tries to appear older by his serious behavior.

ROSEMARY

When will I know?

Dr. Hill takes the instrument off Rosemary's arm, and puts it back into the box.

DR. HILL

I will call you as soon as I have the results. I like to do a general checkup just to know something more.

ROSEMARY

It was Elise Dunstan who recommended you to me, Dr. Hill.

DR. HILL

Oh, yes, yes. How is she?

ROSEMARY

Fine. And the boys are great. Did you deliver all of them?

DR. HILL

No. Only the last.

The NURSE comes with a syringe and two little bottles.

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(Continued)

67. (Cont'd)

DR. HILL
Universal and haemoglobin.

NURSE
Yes.

She goes to Rosemary, applies a tourniquet and draws blood from her arm.

ROSEMARY
We went to see "The Fantasticks" --

DR. HILL
Oh, did you?

68. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DAY) -
OCTOBER 30, 1965

Telephone rings. Rosemary picks it up.

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Mrs. Woodhouse?

ROSEMARY
Dr. Hill?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Congratulations.

ROSEMARY
Really?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Really.

Smiling, Rosemary sits down on the side of the bed.
Pause.

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Are you there?

ROSEMARY
What happens now?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Very little. You come and see me next month. And you get those Natalin pills. One a day. I'll mail you forms - for the hospital.

68. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY
When will it be?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Works out to June twenty-eighth.

ROSEMARY
That sounds so far away.

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
It is. Oh, one more thing, Mrs.
Woodhouse. We would like another
blood sample.

ROSEMARY
Yes, of course.
(A beat)
What for?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Nurse didn't take enough. So
would you drop by and see her?

ROSEMARY
But - I'm pregnant, aren't I?

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Oh yes. It's just for blood sugar
and so forth. Nothing to be con-
cerned about. You're pregnant,
don't worry.

ROSEMARY
All right. I'll come tomorrow.

DR. HILL
(O.S.)
Good. Don't forget the pills.
Goodbye.

ROSEMARY
Goodbye, Dr. Hill.

She puts down the telephone slowly and looks at it
for a long moment, hand still on the receiver.

ROSEMARY
(Whispering)
Blood sugar?

She stands up briskly and walks out.

69. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY)

Rosemary marks on the wall calendar: "Blood".

70. INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

Rosemary holds out a quarter in her palm. Guy, who has just come in, looks at Rosemary's outstretched hand, closing the door behind him.

GUY

What's this for?

He catches on, takes Rosemary by the shoulders and kisses her.

GUY

Oh, that's great, honey! Just great.

ROSEMARY

Father.

GUY

Mother.

Rosemary looks up at him, suddenly serious.

ROSEMARY

Guy, listen. Let's make this a new beginning, okay? A new openness and talking-to-each-other. Because we haven't been open.

Guy puts his hands on her shoulders, his eyes meeting hers earnestly.

GUY

It's true. I'm so God-damned self-centered, Ro. That's what the whole trouble is. You know I love you though, don't you? I do, Ro. I swear to God. I'll be as open as -

ROSEMARY

It's my fault as much as -

GUY

Bull. It's mine. Bear with me, will you, Ro? I'll try to do better.

ROSEMARY

Oh, Guy.

70. (Cont'd)

Deeply moved, she falls into his arms. They kiss fervently.

GUY

Fine way for parents to be carrying on.

Rosemary laughs, wet-eyed.

GUY

Gee, honey. Do you know what I'd love to do?

ROSEMARY

What?

GUY

Tell Minnie and Roman.

(Raising a hand)

I know, I know, it's supposed to be a deep dark secret. But I told them we were trying. They were so pleased -

ROSEMARY

(Lovingly)

Tell them.

Guy kisses her nose.

GUY

Back in two minutes.
(He hurries out the door)

71. INT. BATHROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary fixes her eyes in front of the mirror. She looks at herself.

ROSEMARY

You're pregnant.

(Pause)

Another blood sample?

Through the front door comes Mrs. Castevet in a house-dress, Mr. Castevet carrying a bottle of wine, and Guy behind them flushed and smiling.

MRS. CASTEVET

Now that's what I call good news!
Congrat-u-la-tions!

71. (Cont'd)

She bears down on Rosemary, takes her by the shoulders and kisses her cheek hard and loud. Mr. Castevet kisses Rosemary's other cheek.

MR. CASTEVET

Our best wishes to you, Rosemary.
We're more pleased than we can say.
We have no champagne on hand, but
this will do just as nicely.

He shows the bottle of St. Julien. Guy goes into the kitchen.

MRS. CASTEVET

When are you due, dear?

ROSEMARY

June twenty-eighth.

MRS. CASTEVET

It's going to be so exciting.

Guy comes back with glasses and a corkscrew. Mr. Castevet turns with him to the opening of the wine. Mrs. Castevet takes Rosemary's elbow and they walk together into the Living Room.

MRS. CASTEVET

Listen, dear. Do you have a good doctor?

ROSEMARY

A very good one.

MRS. CASTEVET

One of the top obstetricians is a
dear friend of ours. Abe Sapirstein.
He delivers all the Society babies.

Mr. Castevet and Guy are at the other end of the room, busy with the wine.

MR. CASTEVET

Abe Sapirstein? One of the finest
obstetricians in the country.

GUY

Wasn't he on 'Open End' a couple of
years ago?

MR. CASTEVET

That's right.

GUY

Ro?

71. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

What about Dr. Hill?

GUY

Don't worry, I'll tell him something. You know me.

MRS. CASTEVET

I'm not going to let you go to no Dr. Hill that nobody heard of! The best is what you're going to have, young lady. Where's the phone?

GUY

In the Bedroom.

Mrs. Castevet goes into the Bedroom. Mr. Castevet pours glasses of wine.

MR. CASTEVET

He's a brilliant man. Very sensitive.

He gives glasses to Rosemary and Guy.

ROSEMARY

Let's wait for Minnie.

They stand motionless, each holding a glass. Mr. Castevet holding two.

GUY

Sit down, honey.

Rosemary shakes her head. Through the open doors of the Living Room and Bedroom, we see Mrs. Castevet sitting on the bed, holding the phone.

MRS. CASTEVET

Abe? Minnie. Fine. Listen, a dear friend of ours just found out today that she's pregnant. Yes, isn't it? I'm in her apartment now. We told her you'd be glad to take care of her and that you wouldn't charge none of your fancy Society prices neither.

(Silence)

Wait a minute.

(Raising her voice)

Rosemary? Tomorrow morning at eleven?

ROSEMARY

Fine.

71. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

You see?

MRS. CASTEVET

(Into the phone)

Eleven's fine, Abe. Yes. You too.

No, not at all. Let's hope so. Good-bye.

Mrs. Castevet comes back into the Living Room.

MRS. CASTEVET

There you are.

GUY

Thanks a million, Minnie.

ROSEMARY

I don't know how to thank you. Both of you.

Mrs. Castevet takes the glass of wine from Mr. Castevet.

MRS. CASTEVET

Just have a fine healthy baby; that's all. Oh, my, I can't wait to tell Laura-Louise.

ROSEMARY

Oh, please. Don't tell anyone else. Not yet.

MR. CASTEVET

She's right, there'll be plenty of time.

(Raising his glass)

To a fine healthy baby.

GUY

Hear, hear.

They all drink.

72. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Guy and Rosemary are in bed. Guy is asleep on his side, but Rosemary's eyes are wide open. She lies on her back with her hands folded across her stomach.

ROSEMARY

(Almost inaudible)

Andrew - Andy?

(Silence)

Or Susan.

72. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)

(Calling)

Susan!

She looks quickly at Guy but he doesn't stir. Behind the wall, the Castevets' bed creaks. A fire engine screams by. Guy shifts and mumbles. Suddenly Rosemary slips out of bed, tiptoes to the vanity, takes the good luck charm from the Louis Sherry box, frees it from its aluminium-foil wrapping and puts the chain over her head.

73. INT. DR. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICE - (DAY) -
OCTOBER 31, 1965

Rosemary listens carefully to DR. SAPIRSTEIN, sitting on the other side of a desk. He is a tall sunburned man with white hair, reassuringly old-fashioned and direct.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Please don't read books. No pregnancy was ever ~~exactly~~ like the ones described in the books. And don't listen to your friends either. No two pregnancies are ever alike.

ROSEMARY

Dr. Hill prescribed vitamin pills.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

No, no pills. Minnie Castevet has a herbarium. I'm going to have her make a daily drink for you that will be fresher, safer and more vitamin-rich than any pill on the market. Any questions you have, call me night or day. Call me, not your Aunt Fanny. That's what I'm here for.

74. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - (DAY) -
NOVEMBER 1, 1965

Mrs. Castevet holds out to Rosemary a large glass of watery pistachio milkshake.

MRS. CASTEVET

Here!

Rosemary happily takes the glass and looks at it.

ROSEMARY

What's in it?

74. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
Snips and snails and puppy-dogs'
tails.

ROSEMARY
(Laughing)
That's fine, but what if we want
a girl?

She lifts the glass and starts drinking.

MRS. CASTEVET
Do you?

ROSEMARY
Would be nice if the first one
were a boy.

MRS. CASTEVET
Well, there you are.

ROSEMARY
No, really, what's in it?

MRS. CASTEVET
A raw egg, gelatin, herbs...

ROSEMARY
Tannis root?

MRS. CASTEVET
Some of that, some of some other
things.

75. INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT) - NOVEMBER 21, 1965

Guy is practising with crutches, repeating his lines
from the script. Rosemary comes in. She has a new
haircut. Guy looks at her.

GUY
What's this?

ROSEMARY
I've been to Vidal Sassoon.

GUY
You didn't pay them for that,
did you?

ROSEMARY
I have a - pain.

75. (Cont'd)

GUY

Where?

ROSEMARY
(Putting her hands
on her middle)

Here.

GUY

Just now?

ROSEMARY
Since Monday. A sharp pain.

GUY

Did you see Dr. Sapirstein?

ROSEMARY

I'm seeing him Wednesday.

GUY

But this is ridiculous! Why didn't
you say anything? Why didn't you
see Dr. Sapirstein?

ROSEMARY

I see him Wednesday regular.

76. INT. DR. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICE - (DAY) -
NOVEMBER 24, 1965

DR. SAPIRSTEIN and Rosemary across the desk.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

An entirely natural expansion of the pelvis.
You can fight it with ordinary aspirin.

ROSEMARY

I was afraid it might be an ectopic
pregnancy.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

(Sceptically)

Ectopic? I thought you weren't
going to read books, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

(Blushing)

It was staring at me in the drug store.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

And all it did was worry you. Will you
go home and throw it away, please.

76. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY
I will. Promise.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
The pains will be gone in two days.
(Shaking his head)
Ectopic pregnancy.

77. INT. LIVING ROOM - (DUSK) - DECEMBER 1, 1965

Guy and Rosemary sitting on the floor playing Scrabble. Rosemary gets up and goes to the Bathroom. She sits on the edge of the bathtub, and doubles over in pain.

Guy making up a word on the board. Rosemary comes back and stands in the archway.

ROSEMARY
I look awful.

GUY
What are you talking about? You look great. It's that haircut that looks awful, if you want the truth, honey. That's the biggest mistake you ever made.

78. INT. DEN - (DAY) - DECEMBER 5, 1965

The television is on but no sound. Rosemary is sitting in front of it sick frozen with pain.

79. INT. HALLWAY - (DAY) - DECEMBER 9, 1965

Hutch stands on the threshold, staring at Rosemary.

HUTCH
My God!

ROSEMARY
It's Vidal Sassoon and it's very in.

She pats her hair. Hutch steps inside and Rosemary closes the door.

HUTCH
What's wrong with you?

79. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Do I look that bad?

With a fixed, bright smile, she takes his coat and hat and hangs them away.

HUTCH

Terrible. You aren't on one of those 'Zen diets' are you?

ROSEMARY

No.

HUTCH

Then what is it? Have you seen a doctor?

ROSEMARY

Oh, I might as well tell you. I'm pregnant.

HUTCH

That's ridiculous. Pregnant women gain weight, they don't lose it.

ROSEMARY

I don't sleep well. I have stiff joints or something, so I have pains. Nothing serious.

They enter the Living Room. Hutch sits in the easy chair.

HUTCH

Well, congratulations. You must be very happy.

ROSEMARY

I am. We both are.

HUTCH

Who's your obstetrician?

ROSEMARY

Abraham Sapirstein. He's -

HUTCH

He delivered two of my daughter's babies.

ROSEMARY

He's one of the best in the city.

79. (Cont'd)

HUTCH

When did you see him last?

ROSEMARY

Yesterday.

HUTCH

And?

ROSEMARY

He says it's fairly common.

HUTCH

How much weight have you lost?

ROSEMARY

Three pounds.

HUTCH

Nonsense! You've lost far more than that!

ROSEMARY

(Smiling)

It's perfectly normal to lose a little at first. Later on I'll be gaining.

Rosemary smiles. Hutch leans back and smiles, too.

HUTCH

Well, we'll assume Dr. Sapirstein knows whereof he speaks. He should; he charges enough.

ROSEMARY

We're getting bargain rates; our neighbors are close friends of his.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

HUTCH

(Makes a move to rise)

I'll go.

ROSEMARY

Hurts less when I move around.

She goes out of the room to the front door and opens it. Mr. Castevet is standing there, looking slightly winded. Rosemary smiles.

ROSEMARY

I was just talking about you.

79. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET
Favorably I hope. Do you need
anything from outside?

ROSEMARY
No, nothing. Thanks so much for
asking.

Mr. Castevet glances beyond her for a moment, and then
smiles.

MR. CASTEVET
Is Guy home already?

ROSEMARY
No, he won't be home till six.

Mr. Castevet stays, waiting with a questioning smile.

ROSEMARY
A friend of ours is here.

The questioning smile stays.

ROSEMARY
Would you like to meet him?

MR. CASTEVET
If I won't be intruding.

She shows Mr. Castevet in. He passes close to her and
she notices that his ear is pierced. She follows him
to the living room archway. Hutch rises and smiles.

ROSEMARY
This is Edward Hutchins.
(To Hutch)
This is Roman Castevet.
(To Mr. Castevet)
I was just telling Hutch that it
was you and Minnie who sent me
to Dr. Sapirstein.

The two men shake hands and greet each other. The
men seat themselves and Rosemary sits by Hutch.

MR. CASTEVET
So Rosemary has told you the good
news, has she?

HUTCH
Yes, she has.

79. (Cont'd)

HUTCH (Cont'd)
taking better care of Rosemary
than her own parents would.

MR. CASTEVET
We're very fond of her, and of
Guy, too.

He pushes against the arms of his chair and raises
himself to his feet.

MR. CASTEVET
If you'll excuse me, I have to
go now. My wife is waiting for me.

HUTCH
(Rising)
It's a pleasure to have met you.

MR. CASTEVET
We'll meet again, I'm sure.
(To Rosemary)
Don't bother, Rosemary.

80. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY)

Rosemary and Hutch are sitting drinking coffee.

ROSEMARY
He's been everywhere in the world.
Really everywhere.

HUTCH
Nonsense; nobody has.

ROSEMARY
I've just noticed he has pierced
ears.

HUTCH
Pierced ears and piercing eyes.
What's she like?

ROSEMARY
Nosey. Funny. Guy's gotten very
close to them. I think they've
become sort of parent-figures for
him.

HUTCH
And you?

80. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I'm not sure. Sometimes they're
too friendly and helpful.

We hear the front door open; Guy hurries in. He still has his make-up on; his face is orange, his eyes black-lashed and large.

GUY

Hey, what a surprise.

He comes over and grabs Hutch's hand before he can rise.

GUY

How are you, Hutch? Good to see you.

He clasps Rosemary's head in his other hand and bends and kisses her cheek and lips.

ROSEMARY

You're the surprise. What happened?

GUY

Ah, they stopped for a rewrite, the dumb bastards. Stay where you are, nobody move.

He goes out to the closet.

ROSEMARY

(Calling out)

Would you like some coffee?

GUY (o.s.)

Love some!

Rosemary gets up, pours a cup and refills Hutch's cup and her own. Hutch sucks at his pipe, looking thoughtfully before him. Guy comes back in with his hands full of packs of Pall Mall. He dumps them on the table.

GUY

Loot.

Guy tears a pack open, jams cigarettes up, and pulls one out. He winks at Rosemary as she sits down again.

HUTCH

It seems congratulations are in order.

80. (Cont'd)

GUY

(Lighting up)

It's wonderful, isn't it?

HUTCH

When is the baby due?

ROSEMARY

June twenty-eighth.

(To Guy)

Do you know that Dr. Sapirstein
delivered two of Hutch's grand-
children?

GUY

Really?

HUTCH

I met your neighbor, Roman Castevet.

GUY

Oh, did you? Funny old duck, isn't he?

ROSEMARY

Did you ever notice that his ears
are pierced?

GUY

You're kidding?

ROSEMARY

No I'm not; I saw.

They drink their coffee.

GUY

It's a shame we haven't seen more
of you lately. With me so busy
and Ro being the way she is, we
really haven't seen anyone.

HUTCH

Perhaps we can have dinner together
soon.

GUY

Sure.

Hutch rises. Guy goes to get his coat.

HUTCH

Thank you for the coffee, my dear.

80. (Cont'd)

In the hallway, they meet Guy who is holding out Hutch's coat.

GUY

It's not mine, it must be yours.

HUTCH

Right you are.

He turns around and puts his arms into the sleeves, Guy holding it for him. Hutch feels in his pockets.

HUTCH

Have you thought about names yet?
Or is it too soon?

ROSEMARY

Andrew or Douglas if it's a boy.
Melinda or Sarah if it's a girl.

GUY

Sarah? What happened to Susan?

Guy gives Hutch his hat. Hutch shows them a fur-lined glove and feels in his pockets again.

HUTCH

Is there another one of these around?

Rosemary looks round the floor and Guy goes to the closet to look down on the floor and up on the shelf.

GUY

I don't see it, Hutch.

HUTCH

Nuisance. I probably left it at
City Centre. I'll stop back there.
Let's really have that dinner, shall we?

GUY

Definitely.

ROSEMARY

Next week.

They watch him go round the first turn of the hallway.

GUY

(To Rosemary)
That was a nice surprise.

ROSEMARY

Guess what he said.

80. (Cont'd)

GUY
What?

ROSEMARY
I look terrible.

GUY
Good old Hutch.

He picks up his coat from the closet and puts it on.

GUY
Spreading cheer wherever he goes.

Rosemary looks at him questioningly. Guy moves to the front door.

GUY
Going to get a paper.

He turns back to look at Rosemary, over his shoulder.

GUY
(Opening the door)
He is a professional crape-hanger,
honey.

ROSEMARY
He isn't a professional crape-
hanger.

GUY
(Going out)
Then he sure is one of the top-
ranking amateurs.

81. INT. DEN - (NIGHT)

Guy watches television.

82. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary in bed reading. The telephone rings in the other room. We hear Guy answering it and after a moment, he appears in the doorway, phone in hand.

GUY
Hutch wants to speak to you.

He puts the phone on the bed and plugs it in.

82. (Cont'd)

GUY

I told him you were resting. He
said it couldn't wait.

Rosemary picks up the receiver. The television is
still playing in the other room and we can hardly
hear Hutch's voice.

ROSEMARY

Hutch?

HUTCH (O.S.)

Tell me, dear, do you go out at
all?

ROSEMARY

Well, I haven't been going out.
Why?

She looks at Guy who looks back at her, frowning,
listening.

HUTCH (O.S.)

Can you meet me tomorrow morning at
eleven in front of the Time-Life Building?

ROSEMARY

Yes, if you want me to. What is it?
Can't you tell me now?

HUTCH (O.S.)

I'd rather not. We can have an
early lunch if you'd like.

ROSEMARY

That would be nice.

HUTCH (O.S.)

Good. Eleven o'clock then.

ROSEMARY

Right. Did you get your glove?

HUTCH (O.S.)

No, they didn't have it. Good
night. Rosemary. Sleep well.

ROSEMARY

You too. Good night.

She hangs up.

GUY

What was that?

82. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

He wants to talk to me.

GUY

What about?

ROSEMARY

He didn't say.

Guy shakes his head, smiling.

GUY

I think those boys' adventure
stories are going to his head.
Where are you meeting him?

ROSEMARY

In front of the Time-Life
Building at eleven o'clock.

Guy unplugs the phone and goes out with it to the
den; almost immediately the Television sound stops,
and Guy comes back.

GUY

Isn't it funny? You're pregnant
and I've got the yens.

He plugs the phone back in again and puts it on the
night table.

GUY

I'm going to get an ice cream cone.
Do you want one?

ROSEMARY

Okay.

GUY

Vanilla?

ROSEMARY

Fine.

Guy goes out. Rosemary leans back against the pillows,
looking ahead at nothing with her book forgotten in
her lap. Far away we hear a short ring on a doorbell.
Rosemary tries to listen but she has to fold with a
sudden pain.

83. INT. HALLWAY - (DAY) - DECEMBER 10, 1965

Rosemary rings the Castevets doorbell. Mrs. Castevet

83. (Cont'd)

opens the door. She is wearing a housecoat with her hair in curlers.

MRS. CASTEVET

Hi.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Minnie. I'm going out this morning, so I won't have the drink at eleven.

MRS. CASTEVET

Why, that's fine, dear. You can take it later. Buzz me when you get back.

84. EXT. PARK AVENUE - (DAY)

- with its centre line of Christmas trees - Sunny, clear cold day. Rosemary walks slowly, carrying her pain inside her. Her coat is slightly snug over her stomach.

Rosemary passes Salvation Army Santa Clauses, shaking their bells, stores with their Christmas windows. She reaches the Time-Life Building and walks around looking for Hutch. It's five-to-eleven on her wristwatch. She sits down on the low wall at the side of the forecourt. She lifts her face to the sun, and listens to the noises of the busy street. With her eyes closed, she speaks to herself.

ROSEMARY

Pain, begone! I will have no more of thee!

She laughs ruefully. We hear a racketing noise. She opens her eyes and looks up. A helicopter passes over the building.

85. EXT. THE GLASS DOORS OF THE TIME-LIFE BUILDING - (DAY)

Rosemary is standing at the edge of the heavy flow of traffic. She looks at the out-coming faces, stretching now and then on tiptoes. She sees a man looking like Hutch, goes towards him, and realizes her mistake. It is a quarter past eleven on the clock.

86. INT. THE TIME-LIFE BUILDING - (DAY)

Rosemary walks in the lobby. She looks vaguely at the Directory on the wall.

87. INT. TIME-LIFE - (DAY)

A stainless steel phone booth. A NEGRO GIRL is in it. She finishes soon and comes out with a friendly smile. Rosemary slips in and dials. On the first ring, a woman's voice answers.

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

Yes?

ROSEMARY

Is this Edward Hutchins' apartment?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

Yes. Who is this, please.

ROSEMARY

My name is Rosemary Woodhouse. I had an appointment with Mr. Hutchins -- is he there?

(Silence)

Hello?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

He was taken ill this morning.

ROSEMARY

Taken ill?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

Yes. He's in a deep coma at St. Vincent's Hospital.

ROSEMARY

Oh, that's awful. I spoke to him last night about ten-thirty.

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

I spoke to him at eleven.

ROSEMARY

Who is this?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

You don't know me, Rosemary. I am Grace Cardiff, Hutch's friend.

ROSEMARY

What's causing it?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

They don't know yet. At the moment he's totally unresponsive.

87. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

How awful.

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

I'm going to the hospital now.

ROSEMARY

Is there anything I can do?

GRACE CARDIFF (O.S.)

Not really.

88.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - (DAY)

Rosemary walks slowly, looking down at the pavement. She crosses the street. Involuntarily she stops in front of a shop window in which a small creche is spotlighted. Rosemary smiles tenderly at the scene. She sees suddenly her own smiling reflection in the window glass. Her black-circled eyes look deeper and her cheeks more skeletal. The smile fades on her face.

MRS. CASTEVET (O.S.)

Well, this is what I call the long arm of coincidence!

Rosemary turns and sees Mrs. Castevet, smiling, coming towards her.

MRS. CASTEVET

I said to myself, 'As long as Rosemary's out, I might as well go out for a little bit of Christmas shopping', and here you are and here I am! Isn't that something? Why, what's the matter, dear?

She looks at Rosemary, who is frozen with pain.

MRS. CASTEVET

Do you feel all right?

Rosemary nods, pale, biting her lips.

MRS. CASTEVET

You poor thing. You know what I think? I think we ought to be going home now. What do you say?

ROSEMARY

(Fast)

No, no you have to do your shopping.

88. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh shoot, there's two more weeks.

She puts her wrist to her mouth and blows a whistle on her gold-chain bracelet. A taxi veers towards them. They get in.

89. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - (DAY) -
DECEMBER 20, 1965

Rosemary opens fridge, takes out a little piece of meat, goes to the stove, puts it on a frying pan for two seconds each side, then puts it on a plate, sits down at the table and starts cutting the practically raw meat. There are many Christmas cards piled on the table. Rosemary, while eating, writes names on the cards.

90. INT. MR. & MRS. CASTEVETS' APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -
(NIGHT) - DECEMBER 31, 1965

New Year's Eve party. All elderly people talking quietly, drinks in their hands. LAURA-LOUISE, MR. & MRS. FOUNTAIN, MR. & MRS. GILMORE, MR. & MRS. WEES, MRS. SABATINI and her cat. In two armchairs sit DR. SAPIRSTEIN and ROSEMARY. GUY is at her side, resting on the arm of her chair.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

It'll stop any day now.

ROSEMARY

It's like a wire inside me getting tighter and tighter.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Usually older women, with less flexible joints have this sort of trouble.

ROSEMARY

I'm not going out any more.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

You don't have to --

Mrs. Castevet brings DR. SHAND towards them.

MRS. CASTEVET

Rosemary, I'd like you to meet

90. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET (Cont'd)

Dr. Shand. He used to be a famous dentist, and he made the chain for your charm.

ROSEMARY

Nice to meet you.

MR. CASTEVET

(Holding up a bottle
of champagne)

One minute to go!

Guy looks at his watch, stands up and goes toward Mr. Castevet. Mr. Castevet opens the champagne. He is an attentive and energetic host. Mrs. Castevet and Guy help with glasses. The champagne is passed around.

MR. CASTEVET

(Raising his glass)

To 1966, The Year One!

91. INT. KITCHEN - (EARLY MORNING) - JANUARY 12, 1966

Rosemary in front of the open fridge chewing a raw and dripping chicken heart. She catches her reflection in the side of the toaster, looks at herself, her hand and the part of the heart not yet eaten held in red-dripping fingers. She goes over and puts the heart in the garbage, then turns on the water and rinses her hand. With the water still running, she bends over the sink and begins to vomit. She drinks some water, washes her face and hands, turns off the water and dries herself. She stands for a while, thinking; she gets a memo pad and pencil from a drawer, sits at the table and starts to write.

92. INT. HALLWAY - KITCHEN - (DAY)

Guy, in his pajamas, goes across the hallway. He enters the kitchen. Rosemary has the Life Cookbook open on the table and is copying a recipe from it.

GUY

What the hell are you doing?

ROSEMARY

Planning the menu. We're giving a party on January twenty-second. A week from next Saturday.

92. (Cont'd)

She looks among several slips of paper on the table and picks one up.

ROSEMARY

For our old friends. I mean our young friends. Minnie and Roman are not invited. Neither is Laura-Louise. Neither is Dr. Sapirstein and Dr. Shand. This is a very special party. You have to be under sixty to get in.

GUY

Whew! For a minute there I didn't think I was going to make it.

ROSEMARY

Oh, you make it. You're the bartender.

GUY

Swell. Do you really think this is such a great idea?

ROSEMARY

I think it's the best idea I've had in months.

GUY

Don't you think you ought to check with Sapirstein first?

ROSEMARY

Why? I'm just going to give a party; I'm not going to swim the English Channel.

Guy goes to the sink, turns on the water and holds a glass under it. He turns off the water, raises the glass and drinks.

GUY

What about the pain?

ROSEMARY

(Smiling drily,
Haven't you heard? It'll go in a day or two.

93. INT. KITCHEN - (DAY) - JANUARY 17, 1966

Mrs. Castevet is standing beside Rosemary in the doorway. Rosemary is wearing an apron and holding the glass with the drink in her hand. On the table,

93. (Cont'd)

there is crab-meat and pieces of lobster and other food, ready to be cooked. Mrs. Castevet looks at the preparations.

MRS. CASTEVET

That looks interesting. What is it?

ROSEMARY

We're having some people over, on Saturday.

MRS. CASTEVET

Oh, you feel up to entertaining?

ROSEMARY

Yes, I do. These are old friends whom we haven't seen in a long time. They don't even know yet that I'm pregnant.

MRS. CASTEVET

I'd be glad to give you a hand if you'd like. I could help you dish things out.

ROSEMARY

That's sweet of you, but I can manage. It's going to be a buffet and we are getting a bartender.

MRS. CASTEVET

I could help you take the coats.

ROSEMARY

No, really, Minnie, you do enough for me as it is. Really.

MRS. CASTEVET

Well, let me know if you change your mind. Drink your drink now.

Rosemary looks at the glass in her hand.

ROSEMARY

I'd rather not.

(Looking at Mrs.
Castevet)

Not this minute. I'll drink it in a little while.

MRS. CASTEVET

It doesn't do to let it stand.

93. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I won't wait long. Go on.. You go back and I'll bring the glass to you later on.

MRS. CASTEVET

I'll wait and save you the walk.

ROSEMARY

You'll do no such thing. I get very nervous if anyone watches me while I'm cooking. Scoot now, go on. You're too nice to me, really you are.

Mrs. Castevet backs away.

MRS. CASTEVET

Don't wait too long. It's going to lose its vitamins.

Mrs. Castevet goes. Rosemary watches the door close. She goes into the kitchen and stands a moment with the glass in her hand, then goes to the sink and tips out the pale green drink straight down into the drain.

94. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - PARTY - (NIGHT) -
JANUARY 22, 1966

There is a fire going and an Italian bartender, RENATO, mixes drinks quickly. People already there are: TED and CAROLE WENDELL, JOAN JELICO, ELISE and HUGH (limping) DUNSTAN, RAIN MORGAN (a beautiful Negro model), JIMMY and TIGER, LOU and CLAUDIA COMFORT and SCOTT (Claudia's brother). JOAN is giving Rosemary a hug and a kiss.

JOAN

You dirty stinking secret-keeper!

RAIN MORGAN (O.S.)

Who's pregnant?

ELISE (O.S.)

Rosemary is.

People gather to congratulate Rosemary. Telephone RINGS in the bedroom. Claudia SHOUTS:

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Rosie! Bob and Lee are stuck at another party. They'll be right over.

94. (Cont'd)

RAIN MORGAN
Congratulations.

Lou and Claudia come from the bedroom.

CLAUDIA
You're so lucky. What a great house!

HUGH DUNSTAN
Adrian Marcato lived here.

GUY
And the Trench sisters.

The DOORBELL RINGS; Rosemary goes out.

JIMMY
The Trent sisters?

HUGH DUNSTAN
Trench. They ate little children.

TED
And he doesn't mean just ate them.
He means ate them!

Rosemary opens the door. Mike and Pedro stand there with bouquets of bright red roses. They kiss. Pedro, with his cheek against Rosemary, murmurs:

PEDRO
Make him feed you, baby; you look like a bottle of iodine.

Rosemary takes the roses into the kitchen. Elise Dunstan comes in after her, with a drink in her hand.

ELISE DUNSTAN
Will you look at this kitchen!
Are you all right, Rosie? You look a little tired.

ROSEMARY
Thanks for the understatement.

ELISE
How do you like C. C. Hill? Isn't he a dreamboy?

ROSEMARY
Yes, but I'm not using him.

ELISE
No!

94. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I've got a doctor named Sapirstein,
an older man.

Guy looks in.

ELISE

Well congratulations, Dad.

GUY

Thanks. Weren't nothin' to it.
Do you want me to bring in the dip,
Ro?

ROSEMARY

Oh, yes, would you? Look at these
roses!

Guy takes a tray of crackers and a bowl of pale pink
dip from the table.

GUY

(To Elise)

Would you get the other one?

ELISE

Sure.

Elise takes the second bowl and follows Guy out.

PORTIA HAYNES and DEE BERTILLON arrive. They leave
their coats in the bedroom.

In the living room, Guy puts dip on table.

TIGER

Hey, what ever happened to the
other guy? Is he still blind?

GUY

I don't know.

Rosemary enters with roses. Mike wig-wags over heads
and mouths "Congratulations." Rosemary smiles and
mouths "Thanks."

CAROL

Donald Baumgart? You know who he
is, Tiger, he's the boy Zoe Piper
lives with.

TIGER

Oh, is he the one?

94. (Cont'd)

Renato gives Rosemary a scotch with a lot of water.

RENATO

I make the first ones strong, to get them happy. Then I go light and conserve.

CAROL

He's writing a great play.

ROSEMARY

Is he still blind?

CAROL

Oh, yes. He's going through hell trying to make the adjustment. But this great play is coming out of it. He dictates and Zoe writes.

Rosemary shuts her eyes and holds her breath with pain. She puts her drink aside.

CLAUDIA

Are you all right?

ROSEMARY

(Smiling)

Yes, fine. I had a cramp for a moment.

95. INT. KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

Tiger watches Rosemary tossing the salad. Joan and Elise come in and close the door behind them.

JOAN

Is the doctor satisfied with your condition?

Rosemary nods.

JOAN

Claudia said you had a cramp.

ROSEMARY

I have a pain. But it's going to stop soon.

TIGER

What kind of a pain?

ROSEMARY

A - a pain. A sharp pain, that's all. It's because my pelvis is expanding.

95. (Cont'd)

ELISE

Rosie, I've had that - two times.
It's a bit like a Charley horse,
that's all.

ROSEMARY

Well, everyone is different. Every
pregnancy is different.

JOAN

Not that different. You look like Miss
Concentration Camp '66. Are you sure
this doctor knows what he's doing?

Rosemary begins to sob quietly and defeatedly, holding
the wooden spoon in the salad. Tears run down her
cheeks.

JOAN

Oh, God.

She looks for help to Tiger who touches Rosemary's
shoulder.

TIGER

Shh, ah, shh, don't cry, Rosemary.

ELISE

It's good. It's the best thing. Let her.

Rosemary weeps, black streaks smearing down her cheeks.
Elise puts her into a chair; Tiger takes the spoons
from her hands and moves the salad bowl to the far
side of the table. The door starts to open and Joan
runs to it and stops and blocks it. It's Guy.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey, let me in.

JOAN

Sorry. Girls only.

GUY (O.S.)

Let me speak to Rosemary.

JOAN

Can't; she's busy.

GUY (O.S.)

Look, I've got to wash glasses.

JOAN

Use the bathroom.

95. (Cont'd)

She shoulders the door; it closes with a click and she leans against it.

GUY (O.S.)

Damn it, open the door.

Rosemary goes on crying, her head bowed, her shoulders heaving, her hands limp in her lap. Elise crouches, wiping at her cheeks with the end of a towel; Tiger smooths her hair and tries to still her shoulders.

ROSEMARY

It hurts so much.

She raises her face to them.

ROSEMARY

I'm so afraid the baby is going to die.

ELISE

What is he doing to help you?

ROSEMARY

Nothing, nothing.

TIGER

When did it start?

Rosemary SOBS.

ELISE

When did the pain start, Rosie?

ROSEMARY

In November.

ELISE

In November?

JOAN

(From the door)

What?

TIGER

You've been in pain since November
and he isn't doing anything for you?

ROSEMARY

He says it'll stop.

JOAN

Why don't you see another doctor?

Rosemary shakes her head.

95. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

He's very good. He was on "Open End."

TIGER

He sounds like a sadistic nut.

ELISE

Pain like that is a warning that something's not right. Go see Dr. Hill, Rosie. See somebody besides that -

TIGER

That nut.

ELISE

You can't go on suffering like this.

ROSEMARY

I won't have an abortion.

Joan leans from the door whispering.

JOAN

Nobody's telling you to have an abortion! Just go see another doctor, that's all.

Rosemary takes the towel and presses it to each eye in turn. She smiles at Elise, and at Tiger and Joan.

96. INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

The guests are sitting round in various places with napkins and plates on their knees, eating chupe and salad. Renato is serving wine.

CLAUDIA'S BROTHER

His name is Altizer and he's down in - Atlanta, I think; he says that the death of God is a specific historic event that happened right now, in our time. That God literally died.

JIMMY

Hey, snow!

Guests crowd the windows; fat wet snowflakes shear down, now and then striking one of the panes, sliding and melting.

96. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

This is why I wanted this apartment;
to sit here and watch the snow
with the fire going.

97. INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

There are dirty glasses, used napkins and spilling-over
ashtrays all round. Rosemary is sitting. Guy is stand-
ing with his hands on his hips; looking round the room.

GUY

The thing to do now is move.

ROSEMARY

Guy.

GUY

Yes?

ROSEMARY

I'm going to Dr. Hill. Monday morning.

Guy says nothing, looking at Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Dr. Sapirstein is either lying or
else he's - I don't know, out of his
mind. Pain like this is a warning
that something is wrong.

GUY

Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

And I'm not drinking Minnie's drink
any more. I want vitamins in pills,
like everybody else. I haven't drunk
it for three days now. I've thrown
it away.

GUY

You've -

ROSEMARY

I've made my own drink instead.

Guy draws together all his surprise and anger and points
back over his shoulder toward the kitchen, crying at her.

GUY

Is that what those bitches were
giving you in there? Is that their
hint for today?

97. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

They're my friends. Don't call them bitches.

GUY

They're a bunch of not-very-bright bitches who ought to mind their own God-damned business.

ROSEMARY

All they said was get a second opinion.

GUY

You've got the best doctor in New York, Rosemary. Do you know what Dr. Hill is? Charley Nobody, that's what he is.

ROSEMARY

I'm tired of hearing how great Dr. Sapirstein is.

(She starts to cry)

GUY

We'll have to pay Sapirstein and pay Hill too. It's out of the question.

ROSEMARY

I'm not going to change, I'm just going to let Hill examine me and give his opinion.

GUY

I won't let you. It's - it's not fair to Sapirstein.

Rosemary rises.

ROSEMARY

Not fair to - What are you talking about?
What about what's fair to me?

GUY

You want another opinion? All right. Tell Sapirstein; let him decide who gives it. At least have that much courtesy to the top man in his field.

ROSEMARY

I want Dr. Hill. If you won't pay I'll --

She stops short and stands motionless, paralyzed, no part of her moving. A tear slides down her cheek.

97. (Cont'd)

GUY

Ro?

Rosemary catches her breath.

GUY

Ro?

He takes a step forward, worried.

ROSEMARY

It stopped.

GUY

What?

ROSEMARY

The pain.

GUY

Stopped?

ROSEMARY

Just now.

She manages to smile at him.

ROSEMARY

It stopped. Just like that.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath; then another one, deeper still. She opens her eyes. Guy is still looking at her, worried.

GUY

What was in the drink you made?

Consternation... Rosemary doesn't answer immediately.

ROSEMARY

An egg. Milk. Sugar.

GUY

What else?

Rosemary puts her hands on her stomach, concentrating.

GUY

What else?

Rosemary giggles.

GUY

Rosemary, for Christ's sake, what
was in the drink?

97. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

It's alive.

(She giggles again)

It's moving. It's all right. It's moving.

She looks down at her stomach and presses it lightly. She reaches for Guy, not looking at him; snaps her fingers quickly for his hand. He comes closer and gives it. She puts it to the side of her stomach and holds it.

ROSEMARY

You feel it?

(She looks at him)

There.

Guy jerks his hand away, pale.

GUY

Yes. Yes, I felt it.

ROSEMARY

(Laughing)

It's nothing to be afraid of. It won't bite you.

GUY

It's wonderful.

Rosemary holds her stomach again, looking down at it.

ROSEMARY

It's alive. It's kicking.

Rosemary laughs and cries too, holding her stomach with both hands.

GUY

I'll clean up some of this mess.

He picks up an ashtray and a glass and another glass.

98. INT. DEN - (DAY) - APRIL 15, 1966

The grumbling PAPERHANGER sticks yellow and white paper on the wall. Mrs. Castevet hands Rosemary the drink and a white cake.

TWO WORKERS come with a bureau, Guy with a bathinette, and Rosemary with a crib. She is much bigger than before. She looks healthier and prettier.

Rosemary puts baby clothes into the bureau; receiving blankets, waterproof pants and shirts. She holds up a tiny shirt to show Guy. They both laugh.

99. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - (DUSK) -
JUNE 7, 1966

An open suitcase lying on the bed. Rosemary in her ninth month is putting things into it (nightgowns, nursing brassieres, a quilted housecoat, etc.). She closes the suitcase, goes to the Hallway and leaves it next to the Bedroom door.

In the Living Room, Guy is sitting in an armchair with an open newspaper. He watches Rosemary as she places the suitcase.

GUY

What's that for?

ROSEMARY

My hospital suitcase.

GUY

Honey, you have three weeks to --

The telephone rings. Rosemary goes to answer it. Guy strains to listen.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Yes. Hello, Mrs. Cardiff.

(Beat)

No!

(Beat)

Oh my God!

(Long silence)

Oh my God! Yes I will.

Guy stands up and goes toward the Bedroom. As he is under the archway, Rosemary appears in the Bedroom door. They look at each other for a moment.

ROSEMARY

Hutch is dead.

Guy turns white. There is a long silence.

ROSEMARY

I feel awful. All this time
 I didn't even think of him.

100. EXT. CEMETERY GATE - (DATE) - JUNE 8, 1966

Rosemary gets out of a taxi. She is late; the funeral guests are leaving the cemetery and getting into cars. Rosemary meets DORIS and her HUSBAND.

ROSEMARY

I'm Mrs. Woodhouse. I knew your
 father.

100. (Cont'd)

DORIS

Oh, you're Rosemary?

They shake hands.

ROSEMARY

Yes. I know how you feel, both
of you.Doris indicates EDNA, who looks like Doris, but a
little younger.

DORIS

This is my sister, Edna.

Rosemary shakes Edna's hand.

ROSEMARY

Nice to meet you. I'm so sorry
to be late.GRACE CARDIFF, a smartly dressed woman in her early
fifties, touches Rosemary's arm.

GRACE CARDIFF

Excuse me.

ROSEMARY

Yes?

GRACE CARDIFF

I'm Grace Cardiff.

ROSEMARY

Oh! I'm glad I met you. Thank
you so much for calling me.Grace Cardiff is holding a book-size brown-paper
package.

GRACE CARDIFF

I was going to mail this. Then
I thought you'd be here.She gives Rosemary the package. Rosemary looks at it;
her name and address are printed on it, and Grace
Cardiff's return address.

ROSEMARY

What is it?

GRACE CARDIFF

Hutch regained consciousness at
the end and he thought it was

100. (Cont'd)

GRACE CARDIFF (Cont'd)
the next morning. You know -
when you had the appointment.

ROSEMARY
Yes.

GRACE CARDIFF
I wasn't there, but he told the
doctor to make sure that you got
the book that was on his desk.

Grace gets into car. The car begins to leave.

ROSEMARY
Thank you.

GRACE CARDIFF
(Through window)
Oh, and I'm to tell you, the name
is an anagram.

ROSEMARY
The name of the book?

GRACE CARDIFF
Apparently. He was delirious -
so it's hard to be sure.

101. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary slips out of her shoes, takes off her gloves
and pushes her feet into slippers. At the same time,
she picks up her handbag, opens it and takes out the
wrapped book. The doorbell rings. Still carrying the
book, Rosemary goes to open the door. Mrs. Castevet
stands there with the drink and a little white cake.

MRS. CASTEVET
I heard you come in. It certainly
wasn't very long.

ROSEMARY
I was late. Couldn't get a taxi.

She takes the glass and drinks the pale green liquid.

MRS. CASTEVET
Oh! What a shame! You got mail already?

ROSEMARY
No, someone gave it to me.

101. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
Here, I'll hold it.

Mrs. Castevet takes the package and hands Rosemary the white cake. Rosemary starts to eat it.

MRS. CASTEVET
(Weighing the package)
A book?

ROSEMARY
Mm-hmm.

MRS. CASTEVET
(Reading the return address)
Oh, I know that house. The Gilmores used to live there.

ROSEMARY
Oh?

MRS. CASTEVET
I've been there lots of times.
'Grace'. That's one of my favorite names.

ROSEMARY
Yes?

She finishes the cake and the drink and takes the package from Mrs. Castevet; giving her the glass.

MRS. CASTEVET
You need anything?

ROSEMARY
No, thanks.

MRS. CASTEVET
Take a nap, why don't you?

ROSEMARY
I'm going to. 'By.

With a paring knife Rosemary cuts the string of the package and undoes the brown paper. It is a black book, not new; the gold lettering, all worn away, says: "All Of Them Witches by J.R. Hanslet." On the flyleaf is HUTCH'S signature, with the inscription: "Torquay, 1934." Rosemary goes into the living room, riffling its pages. There are occasional photographs of respectable-looking Victorians, several underlinings

101. (Cont'd)

and marginal checkmarks. One underlined phrase is: "the fungus they call 'Devil's Pepper'." Rosemary sits in one of the window bays and looks at the table of contents. The name: "Adrian Marcato" is the title of Chapter Four. Other chapter titles: "Prudence Duvernoy: Stanley Rolfe; Aleister Crowley; Margaret Wick; Witch Practices; Witchcraft and Satanism." Rosemary turns back to the chapter: Adrian Marcato. "Born in Glasgow in 1846, he was brought soon after to New York (underlined)...he was attacked by a mob outside the Bramford...."

ROSEMARY

Outside. Not in the lobby.

There is a standing portrait of Marcato, a hypnotic-eyed black-bearded man. Rosemary turns the page. There is a less formal photograph of him sitting at a Paris cafe. The caption reads: "Paris, 1899. Adrian Marcato, his wife and son, Steven." The name "Steven" is underlined. Rosemary flips through the book; pauses for other underlinings. A few pages later: "the universally-held belief in the power of fresh blood."

Rosemary looks up from the book, and whispers:

ROSEMARY

But there are no witches. Not really.

She closes the book, looks at the title.

ROSEMARY

'The name is an anagram.'

Holding the book on her lap, she looks at the ceiling; then at the book again. Suddenly, she stands up and goes to get the Scrabble Set. She puts the book, an open board and the box on the floor. Kneeling in front of them, she picks up the letters to spell: "All Of Them Witches". She jumbles the letters, mixes them round and starts building a new sentence; it comes out: "Comes with the fall". Then: "How is hell fact me". She looks at the one letter left in her hand for a moment. Then, mixes the letters again and forms: "Elf shot lame witch" and "Tell me which fatso".

ROSEMARY

That really makes sense.

She puts the letters back in the box, the box on the

101. (Cont'd)

board, the book on top of the box, and everything on the window seat. She steps back and looks at them.

ROSEMARY

Poor Hutch.

A new idea comes. Slowly, she picks up the book, looks at the edge, finds the place where the corner of a page had been folded. She bends the corner again as it was, then straightens it. Once more, she looks at the Paris photograph and the name "Steven" underlined. Suddenly, she grabs the box and empties it on the floor. Very fast, she forms the name "Steven Marcato" with the wooden squares; Index finger, "R" out, then "O". With two fingers "M" and "A". With index, "N": "ROMAN". With her whole hand, she moves "STEVE" to the right, after "ROMAN". Again her index finger pulls down "T" at the end of it and "CA" in front: "ROMAN CASTEVET".

102. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

The front door unlocks and pushes against the chain. Rosemary is sitting in the kitchen eating tuna fish; the open book in front of her. She lifts her head, listening. The doorbell rings and Rosemary goes to see who it is. It's Guy. She lets him in. He has a bunch of daisies and a box from Bronzini.

GUY

What's with the chain?

Rosemary closes the door and rechains it.

GUY

What's the matter?

He kisses her and gives her the daisies.

GUY

Are you all right?

ROSEMARY

Yes.

She goes into the kitchen.

GUY

How was the funeral?
(Going towards
the bedroom)

102. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

O.K.

Rosemary puts the daisies into a blue pitcher. Guy calls out from the Bedroom.

GUY (O.S.)

I got the shirt that was in
"The New Yorker".

Rosemary takes the flowers into the living room. Guy comes in and shows her the shirt.

ROSEMARY

That's nice. Do you know who
Roman really is?

Guy looks at her, blinks and frowns.

GUY

What do you mean, honey?

ROSEMARY

He's Adrian Marcato's son.

GUY

What?

ROSEMARY

I'll show you something.

(Going towards
the kitchen)

'Roman Castevet' is 'Steven Marcato'
rearranged.

They enter the kitchen. Rosemary picks up the book and gives it to Guy.

ROSEMARY

It's from Hutch.

Guy looks at the book, then puts his shirt aside, and starts leafing through it. Rosemary puts her finger on the Parisian photograph.

ROSEMARY

Here he is when he was thirteen.
See the eyes?

GUY

A coincidence.

ROSEMARY

In the same house? And look here -

102. (Cont'd)

She turns the page and searches for a second, Guy still holding the book.

ROSEMARY

"Soon after that, in August 1886,
his son Steven was born". 1886.
Got it? Makes him seventy-nine now.
No coincidence.

GUY

No, I guess not.
(Springing through
the pages)
He's Steven Marcato, all right.
Poor old geezer. With a crazy
father like that no wonder he
switched his name around.

Rosemary looks at Guy uncertainly.

ROSEMARY

You don't think he's - the same?

GUY

(Smiling)
What do you mean? A witch?

Rosemary nods.

GUY

Ro, are you kidding?

He laughs and gives the book back to her.

GUY

Ah Ro, honey.

He picks up his shirt and goes to the Living Room.

ROSEMARY

His father was a martyr to it.
Do you know how he died?

GUY

Honey, it's 1966.

Rosemary holds out the book towards him.

ROSEMARY

This was published in 1933; there were
covens in Europe - that's what they're
called, the the - congregation; covens
- in Europe, in America, in Australia.

102. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)

They've got one right here -- all that bunch; those parties with the flute and the chanting, those are sabbaths or esbats or whatever-they-are!

GUY

Honey, don't get excited. Let's -

ROSEMARY

Read what they do, Guy.

She opens the book at him and jabs a page with her forefinger.

ROSEMARY

They use blood in their rituals, and the blood that has the most power is a baby's blood. And they use more than the blood, they use the flesh too!

GUY

For God's sake, Rosemary!

ROSEMARY

They're not setting foot in this apartment ever again. And they're not coming within fifty feet of the baby.

GUY

Honey, they're old people and they have a bunch of old friends, and Dr. Shand happens to play the recorder.

She goes to the window where the Scrabble set lay, holding the book in both hands, trembling.

ROSEMARY

I'm not going to take any chances with the baby's safety. We're going to sub-let and move out.

GUY

We are not.

ROSEMARY

(Turning to him)

Oh yes we are.

Guy picks up his new shirt and goes out and into the Bedroom.

102. (Cont'd)

GUY

We'll talk about it later.

Rosemary sits down next to the Scrabble set. She closes it and, after a moment, opens the book and begins to read the final chapter: "Witchcraft and Satanism". Guy comes back in without the shirt.

GUY

I don't think you ought to read any more of that.

ROSEMARY

Just this last chapter.

GUY

Not today, honey.

He puts his hand out and waits for her to give him the book.

GUY

You're shaking. Come on, give it to me. You'll read it tomorrow.

ROSEMARY

Guy -

GUY

No, I mean it. Come on, give it to me.

ROSEMARY

Ohh.

She gives it to him. He goes over to the bookshelves, stretches up, and puts it as high as he can reach, across the tops of the two Kinsey Reports.

103. INT. DR. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICE - (DAY) - JUNE 9, 1966

Rosemary is sitting in front of Dr. Sapirstein.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

(Amazed)

Fantastic. Absolutely fantastic.
What did you say the name was,
'Machado'?

ROSEMARY

Marcato.

103. (Cont'd)

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
Fantastic. I think he told me once
that his father was a coffee importer.

ROSEMARY
He told Guy that he was a producer.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
(Shaking his head)
I understand how disturbed you must
be to have him for a close neighbor.

ROSEMARY
I don't want anything more to do
with him or Minnie. I don't want
to take even the slightest chance
where the baby's safety is concerned.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
Absolutely. Any mother would feel
the same way.

ROSEMARY
(Leaning forward)
Is there any chance at all that
Minnie put something harmful in the
drink or in those little cakes?

Dr. Sapirstein laughs.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
No, Rosemary. I would have seen
evidence of it long ago.

ROSEMARY
I won't take anything else from her.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
You won't have to. I can give you
some pills that will be adequate
in these last few weeks. In a way
this may be the answer to Minnie
and Roman's problem too.

ROSEMARY
What do you mean?

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
Roman is very ill. In fact -
confidentially - he has no more
than a month or two left to him.

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(Continued)

103. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I had no idea--

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

He wanted to pay a last visit to a few of his favorite cities, but they didn't want to offend you by leaving before the baby's birth.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry to hear that Roman isn't well.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

He would be extremely embarrassed if he knew what you found out. Suppose we do this: I'll tell them to leave on Sunday. I'll say I spoke to you, and you understand.

ROSEMARY

Are you sure they'll leave on Sunday?

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

I'll see to it.

ROSEMARY

All right. I'll go along, but only until Sunday.

104. EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE BRAMFORD - (DAY) - JUNE 12, 1966

At the edge of the curb, the DOORMAN blows his whistle at the oncoming cars. A little behind him stands Mr. Castevet with the transistor radio over his shoulder, Mrs. Castevet in white dress and gloves, with a camera and a hatbox, Rosemary in her peppermint-striped smock, and Guy in blue jeans and a T-shirt. Two big suitcases are beside them on the sidewalk.

MRS. CASTEVET

No matter where we are, our thoughts are going to be with you every minute, darling, till you're all happy and thin again with your sweet little boy or girl lying safe in your arms.

Rosemary kisses her cheek.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. Thank you for everything.

104. (Cont'd)

MRS. CASTEVET
You make Guy send us lots of
pictures, you hear?

ROSEMARY
I will. I will.

Mrs. Castevet turns to Guy and Mr. Castevet takes
Rosemary's hand.

MR. CASTEVET
I won't wish you luck, because
you won't need it. You're going
to have a happy, happy life.

Rosemary kisses him.

ROSEMARY
Have a wonderful trip, and come
back safely.

MR. CASTEVET
(Smiling)
Perhaps. But I may stay on in
Dubrovnik, or Pescara or maybe
Mallorca. We shall see, we
shall see...

ROSEMARY
(Meaning it)
Come back.

She kisses him again.

A taxi comes. Guy and the Doorman stow the suitcases
beside the DRIVER. Mrs. Castevet shoulders and grunts
her way in, sweating under the arms of her white dress.
Mr. Castevet folds himself in beside her.

MR. CASTEVET
Kennedy Airport. TWA building.

As the taxi pulls away there are more 'Goodbyes'
through the open window. Rosemary and Guy stand
waving at the taxi speeding away with hands ungloved
and white-gloved waving from either side of it.

105. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary is standing on a chair, looking over the
Kinsey Reports, for Hutch's book. She takes the two

105. (Cont'd)

thick volumes away and looks behind. With the books still in her hands, she glances around the room and calls toward the Bedroom.

ROSEMARY

Guy?

GUY (O.S.)

Yes.

ROSEMARY

Where is the book?

Guy appears in the archway.

GUY

What was that, honey?

ROSEMARY

I'm looking for my book.

GUY

Oh, I put it in the garbage.

Rosemary steps down and puts the books aside.

ROSEMARY

What?

GUY

I'm sorry, Ro. I didn't want you upsetting yourself any more.

ROSEMARY

(Surprised and annoyed)

Guy, Hutch gave me that book. He left it to me.

GUY

I didn't think about that part of it. I'm sorry.

ROSEMARY

That's a terrible thing to do.

GUY

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking about Hutch.

106. INT. STATIONERY COUNTER IN TIFFANY'S - (DAY) -
JUNE 24, 1966

Rosemary stands holding a sample card of a birth

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(Continued)

106. (Cont'd)

announcement in her hand. There are other samples, more decorative and fancy, lying on the counter. The SALESMAN is writing on a pad.

ROSEMARY

Andrew John or Jennifer Melinda.

SALESMAN

Well, the name is usually phoned later.

ROSEMARY

Oh yes, of course. With the date.

SALESMAN

Envelopes?

ROSEMARY

Yes. Fifty.

ALAN STONE leans over Rosemary's shoulder.

ALAN

When is my new client due?

ROSEMARY

Alan! How are you?

ALAN

Haven't seen you for ages. Has Guy been hiding you?

107. EXT. TIFFANY'S - (DAY)

ALAN

Tell Guy I'll call him tonight. We've got an offer from Paramount.

ROSEMARY

Really? That's wonderful!

He kisses her on the cheek, starts to leave.

ALAN

Why don't you drop in with Guy to see our new office?

ROSEMARY

I will. I've never thanked you for the tickets to "The Fantasticks." I just loved it.

107. (Cont'd)

ALAN
"The Fantasticks"?

ROSEMARY
You gave Guy a pair of tickets.
Oh, long ago.

ALAN
I never had any tickets to
"The Fantasticks"; you're
mistaken.

ROSEMARY
Last fall.

ALAN
I've got to rush. You'll
tell Guy I'll call him, yes?

108. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - (DAY)

Rosemary absent-mindedly walks along the Avenue.
She crosses the street. A CAR HONKS and swerves
to avoid her.

DRIVER
For God's sake, lady!

Rosemary pulls the charm out from under her dress,
undoes the chain and drops it in the sewer grating.

ROSEMARY
So much for tannis root.

109. INT. BOOKSHOP - (DAY)

Through the window we can see Rosemary talking to a
BOOKSELLER. He nods, turns, goes towards the shelves
and with his finger, indicates a large section of it.
Rosemary looks at him with surprise and also lifts
her hand in a gesture which means "All of this"?

110. INT. TAXI - (DAY)

Rosemary has two books. She examines the covers and
spine of each. She puts the small book on her lap,
opens the big one: "United mental force of the whole
coven, could blind, deafen, paralyze and ultimately
kill the chosen victim."

111. INT. GUY AND ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Rosemary sitting in the Living Room reading the smaller book: "Spells can't be cast without one of the victim's belongings."

She stands up and starts walking around the room. She lifts the front of her dress and sniffs it.

112. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary changes her dress, splashes herself all over with cologne.

113. ROSEMARY ON THE PHONE - (DAY)

The ringing tone before someone answers.

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

Yeh?

ROSEMARY

Is this Donald Baumgart?

BAUMGART (O.S.)

That's right.

ROSEMARY

This is Rosemary Woodhouse.
Guy Woodhouse's wife.

BAUMGART (O.S.)

Oh?

ROSEMARY

I wanted -

BAUMGART (O.S.)

My God, you must be a happy little lady these days! Living in the Bram. Rows of uniformed lackeys -

ROSEMARY

I wanted to know how you are; if there's been any improvement.

BAUMGART (O.S.)

(Laughing)

Why bless your heart, Guy Woodhouse's wife. I'm splendid! I only broke six glasses today.

113. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Guy and I are both very unhappy
that he got his break because of
your misfortune.

Silence for a moment.

BAUMGART (O.S.)

Oh, what the hell. That's the way
it goes.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry I didn't come along that
day he came to visit you.

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

Visit me? You mean the day we met
for drinks?

ROSEMARY

Yes. That's what I meant.

(Voice shaking)

By the way, he has something of
yours, you know.

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

What do you mean?

ROSEMARY

Don't you know?

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

No.

ROSEMARY

Didn't you miss anything that day?

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

You don't mean my tie, do you?

ROSEMARY

Yes.

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)

Well he's got mine and I've got
his. He can have it back; it
doesn't matter to me now what
color tie I'm wearing.

ROSEMARY

I didn't understand. I thought he
had only borrowed it.

113. (Cont'd)

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)
No, it was a trade. Did you think
he stole it?

ROSEMARY
I have to hang up now. I just
wanted to know if there was any
improvement.

DONALD BAUMGART (O.S.)
No, there isn't. It was nice of
you to call.

ROSEMARY
'By.

She hangs up; looks at the time (nine after four).
She takes a fold of bills from underneath Guy's
underwear in the drawer, puts them in her handbag.
She puts in also the bottle of vitamin capsules and
her address book. She takes the suitcase standing
by the bedroom door and goes out. Halfway down the
hallway, she turns and doubles back. She rides down
in the service elevator with TWO DELIVERY BOYS.

114. INT. DR. SAPIRSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - (DAY)

Rosemary is standing with her suitcase in front of
the RECEPTIONIST's desk. Another woman (MRS. BYRON)
sits reading. The Receptionist looks at the suitcase
and smiles.

RECEPTIONIST
You aren't in labor, are you?

ROSEMARY
No, but I have to see the doctor.
It's very important.

The Receptionist glances at her watch.

RECEPTIONIST
He has to leave at five and there's
Mrs. Byron...

She looks across at Mrs. Byron and then smiles at
Rosemary.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sure he'll see you. Sit down.

ROSEMARY
Thank you.

114. (Cont'd)

Rosemary puts her suitcase by the nearest chair and sits down. She opens her handbag, takes out a tissue and wipes her palms and then her upper lip and temples. Her hands are shaking.

RECEPTIONIST

How is it out there?

ROSEMARY

Terrible. Ninety-four.

The Receptionist makes a pained sound. A PREGNANT WOMAN (5-6 months) comes out from Dr. Sapirstein's office and nods at Rosemary. The Receptionist goes in to Dr. Sapirstein.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(To Rosemary)

You're due any day now, aren't you?

ROSEMARY

Tuesday.

PREGNANT WOMAN

You're smart to get it over with before August.

The Receptionist comes out again.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Byron?

(To Rosemary)

He'll see you right after.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

Mrs. Byron goes in to Dr. Sapirstein and closes the door. The Pregnant Woman by the desk confers with the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

July 10th?

PREGNANT WOMAN

What time?

RECEPTIONIST

Four o'clock?

PREGNANT WOMAN

O.K. Good-by.

114. (Cont'd)

She turns and goes out, passing Rosemary, she smiles.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Good luck.

The Receptionist writes. Rosemary takes up a copy of "Time", in red letters on a black background, it says: "Is God dead?"

RECEPTIONIST

That smells nice.

(Sniffing)

What is it?

ROSEMARY

It's called 'Detchema'.

RECEPTIONIST

It's a big improvement on your regular, if you don't mind my saying.

ROSEMARY

That wasn't a cologne, it was a good luck charm. I threw it away.

RECEPTIONIST

Good. Maybe the doctor will follow your example.

ROSEMARY

(After a silence)

Dr. Sapirstein?

RECEPTIONIST

He has the after-shave. But it isn't is it? I don't think he has a good luck charm.

(She laughs)

Anyway, he has the same smell once in a while, whatever it is, and when he does - oh boy! Haven't you ever noticed?

ROSEMARY

No.

Rosemary puts down the magazine.

RECEPTIONIST

Maybe you thought it was your own you were smelling. What is it, a chemical thing?

114. (Cont'd)

Rosemary is standing up with her suitcase in her hand.

ROSEMARY

My husband is outside. I have to tell him something. I'll be back in a minute.

The Receptionist looks surprised as Rosemary backs and runs out.

115. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Rosemary, suitcase in hand, walks fast.

116. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY)

Rosemary enters a glass phone booth, puts the suitcase on the floor, takes the address book out of her handbag, finds a number and, repeating it to herself, searches in her purse for a coin. She finds one, puts it in the slot and starts to dial. She is sweating. A woman's voice answers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dr. Hill's office.

ROSEMARY

Dr. Hill, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This is his answering service.
Would you like to leave a message?

ROSEMARY

My name is Rosemary Woodhouse.
Please ask him to call me back right away. 475-2498. It's an emergency. I'm in a phone booth.

WOMAN'S VOICE

All right.

With her foot, she cracks the door open for air. Rosemary replaces the receiver. Wiping her forehead, she speaks to herself.

ROSEMARY

Quickly, please, Dr. Hill. Call me.

She notices a WOMAN coming towards the telephone booth. She steps back, letting the door close and picks up

116. (Cont'd)

the receiver, keeping a hidden finger on the hook.
The Woman stands outside and waits.

ROSEMARY

(To mouthpiece)

Oh, I didn't know that. Really?
What else did he say? That's wonderful. Did he say anything else?

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Rosemary jumps and lets her finger off the hook. Sweat is pouring down her face.

ROSEMARY

Dr. Hill?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Did I get the name right? Is it
'Rosemary Woodhouse'?

The Woman outside the booth is walking away.

ROSEMARY

Yes!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you Dr. Hill's patient?

ROSEMARY

No. Yes. I mean - I've seen him
once. Please, please, he has to
speak to me! It's important! It's
- Please tell him to call me.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

All right.

Rosemary looks around; nobody is waiting; she doesn't replace the receiver though, but puts her finger on the hook. She opens the door again and with the hand holding the receiver, wipes the sweat from her forehead.

ROSEMARY

All of them. All of them. All
in it together. "All of them Witches".
Don't you worry, Andy-or-Jenny, I'll
kill them before I let them touch you!

The TELEPHONE RINGS. She jumps her finger from the hook, stopping the ring in the middle. She steps forward and the door closes.

116. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Yes?

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Mrs. Woodhouse?

ROSEMARY

Thank you. Thank you for calling me.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

I thought you were in California.

ROSEMARY

No. I went to another doctor, and he isn't good, Dr. Hill; he's been lying to me and giving me unusual kinds of - drinks and capsules. The baby is due on Tuesday - remember, you told me, June twenty-eight? - and I want you to deliver it.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Mrs. Woodhouse -

ROSEMARY

Please, let me talk to you. Let me come and explain what's been going on. I can't stay too long here. They will be looking for me. There is a plot. I know that sounds crazy, Doctor, and you're probably thinking, 'My God, this poor girl has completely flipped, 'but I haven't flipped, Doctor, I swear by all the saints I haven't. There are plots against people, aren't there?

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Yes, I suppose there are.

ROSEMARY

There's one against me and my baby.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Come to my office tomorrow after -

ROSEMARY

Now. Right now.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Mrs. Woodhouse, I'm not at my office now, I'm home. I've been up since yesterday morning and -

116. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I beg you, I beg you.

(Silence)

I can't stay here.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

My office at eight o'clock.

ROSEMARY

Yes. Thank you.

DR. HILL (O.S.)

All right.

ROSEMARY

Dr. Hill?

DR. HILL (O.S.)

Yes?

ROSEMARY

My husband may call you and ask -

DR. HILL (O.S.)

I'm not going to speak to anyone.
I'm going to take a nap.

ROSEMARY

Thank you, Dr. Hill.

She replaces the receiver, breathing deeply in relief. She notices that somebody is standing outside, back against the door. It is a MAN looking like Dr. Sapirstein. Rosemary, who has been bending to pick up her suitcase, is unable to move. She remains in this position for several seconds until the MAN turns and looks at her. She straightens up, opens the door, and suitcase in hand goes quickly away.

117. INT. TAXI - (DAY)

Rosemary is sitting with her suitcase on her knees.

The taxi stops somewhere on West Seventy-second. The driver stops the meter and Rosemary gives him money. She looks anxiously around.

ROSEMARY

Driver, could you wait please, and watch until I'm inside the door?

The Driver, a little surprised, hands Rosemary the change.

117. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Keep it, please.

118. EXT. THE DOORWAY OF DR. HILL'S OFFICE - (DAY)

She gets out, shrinks, trying to be as small as possible, and hurries to the door.

Dr. Hill opens it. He wears a blue and yellow plaid sport shirt. He had grown a moustache, blond and hardly noticeable. He shows Rosemary inside.

119. INT. DR. HILL'S OFFICE - CONSULTING ROOM - (DAY)

Rosemary sits in an armchair. Dr. Hill sits beside the desk.

ROSEMARY

You see, he lied to you. He said we were going to Hollywood. The worst thing of all, he is involved with them as well. He sleeps in pajamas now. He never used to before. He's probably hiding a mark. You know, they give you a mark when you join. All sorts of rituals. They hold Sabbaths there. You could hear them singing through the wall. Guy, my husband, said it was Dr. Shand, one of these people, playing a recorder. Now, how did he know it was Dr. Shand unless he was there with them? They're very clever. They planned everything from the beginning. I suppose they made some sort of a deal with Guy. They gave him success and he promised them a baby. To use in their rituals. I know this sounds crazy, but I've got books here. I'll show them to you.

Rosemary opens her suitcase, takes the two books out of it, finds a place in the large one and hands it to Dr. Hill.

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)

There was another actor like him, Donald Baumgart, and they cast a spell on him to make him blind, so Guy could get his part. Look. Here!

Dr. Hill looks at the place. He puts the book on the desk and holding his hand on the page, reads it. While

119. (Cont'd)

Rosemary is speaking, Dr. Hill examines the cover and starts flicking through the leaves.

ROSEMARY

I had a friend, Edward Hutchins.
Maybe you heard of him? A writer.
He wrote for boys. Anyway, he was
a friend of mine since I first
came to New York.

DR. HILL

(Holding book)

May I keep it?

ROSEMARY

Yes, please.

Rosemary gives him the smaller book also. Dr. Hill puts it on top of the larger one at the side of his desk.

ROSEMARY (Cont'd)

Once, Mr. Hutchins came to visit me.
It was the time I had this pain. I
was suffering so much, Doctor, you
can't imagine how much I was suffer-
ing. And they wouldn't help me.
Nobody would. They were giving me a
drink, with tannis root. Also a
witch stuff. Tannis root. So,
Hutch came and immediately saw some-
thing was wrong. He knew about
witches, you see. Suddenly Guy
rushed in with his make-up still on,
which he never did. They must have
called him to get home and steal one
of Hutch's belongings. So he did.
Took his glove, and they cast a spell
on him too. Put him in a coma.
Three months later he died. Maybe
all this is coincidence but one thing
is certain. They have a coven and
they want my baby.

DR. HILL

It certainly seems that way.

Rosemary shuts her eyes and almost cries from happi-
ness, that Dr. Hill believes her. She opens her eyes
and looks at him, calm and composed. Dr. Hill had
moved behind the desk and is writing. Rosemary, who
was clutching the chair arms, relaxes her hands and
dries her palm on her dress.

19. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

I was afraid you wouldn't believe me.

DR. HILL

(Writing)

I don't believe in witchcraft but there are plenty of maniacs and crazy people in this city. The doctor's name is Shand, you say.

ROSEMARY

No, Dr. Shand is one of the group. The doctor is Dr. Sapirstein.

DR. HILL

Abraham Sapirstein?

ROSEMARY

Yes.

(Uneasily)

Do you know him?

DR. HILL

(Writing)

I met him once or twice.

ROSEMARY

Looking at him, you would never think he -

DR. HILL

Never in a million years.

(Putting down his pen)

Would you like to go into Mount Sinai right now, this evening?

ROSEMARY

(Smiling)

I would love to. Is it possible?

DR. HILL

Difficult but we'll try. I want you to lie down and get some rest.

He rises and goes to the open door of his examining room, reaches inside and switches on an ice-blue fluorescent light.

DR. HILL

I'll see what I can do, then I'll check you over.

Rosemary hefts herself up and goes, clutching her handbag, into the examining room.

119. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Anything you're got. Even a broom closet.

DR. HILL

I hope we can do better than that.

He comes into the examining room after her. There is a day bed at the far end of the room covered in blue, and a chair. There are blue curtains on the window. Dr. Hill switches on the air conditioner in the window. It is a noisy one.

ROSEMARY

Shall I undress?

DR. HILL

No, not yet. It'll take some half-hour on the telephone. Just lie down and rest.

He switches off the light, goes out and closes the door. There is a nice glow of evening light from behind the curtains. Rosemary puts her handbag on a chair, and sits down heavily on the day bed.

ROSEMARY

(Sighing)

God bless Dr. Hill.

She shakes off her sandals and lies back gratefully.

ROSEMARY

Everything's okay now, Andy-or-Jenny. We're going to be in a nice clean bed with no visitors and -

She sits up suddenly, opens her handbag, takes out the fold of bills and counts them. There is some more money in her purse. She takes it out and adds it to the fold of bills. She takes the capsules out of her handbag, puts the money back in, closes it and puts it on the chair. She looks at the bottle of capsules in her hand.

ROSEMARY

Monsters!

She puts the bottle on the chair beside the handbag, lies back again on the day bed.

ROSEMARY

Unspeakable. Unspeakable.

120. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - (DAY)

In front of a large contemporary house in Beverly Hills, Rosemary rocks a bassinet. There are ten to twelve persons around; her family and some of her friends. Looking over shoulders, each one tries to see into the bassinet. Rosemary picks up the baby.

ROSEMARY

He'll be four months in two days.

A MAN

Already talking?

Rosemary cradles the baby in her arms. Elise Dunstan bends over it, making cooing noises.

ELISE

Andy, Andy!

121. INT. EXAMINING ROOM - (DUSK)

The door opens. Dr. Hill looks in. Rosemary, lying on the day bed, looks at him. Dr. Hill switches on the fluorescent light. Rosemary shields her eyes with her hand and smiles at him.

ROSEMARY

I've been sleeping.

Dr. Hill withdraws, pushing the door wide open. Guy and Dr. Sapirstein come in. Rosemary sits up, lowering her hand from her eyes. They come and stand close to her. Guy's face is stony and blank. He looks at the walls, not at her.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Come with us quietly, Rosemary.
Don't argue or make a scene, because
if you say anything more about
witches or witchcraft we're going
to be forced to take you to a mental
hospital. You don't want that, do
you? So put your shoes on.

Guy finally looks at her.

GUY

We're just going to take you home.
No one's going to hurt you.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Or the baby. Put your shoes on.

121. (Cont'd)

He picks up the bottle of capsules, looks at it, and puts it in his pocket. Rosemary puts her sandals on and Dr. Sapirstein gives her the handbag. They go out, Dr. Sapirstein holding her arm, Guy touching her other elbow. Dr. Hill gives Rosemary's suitcase to Guy.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

(To Dr. Hill)

She's fine now.

(To Rosemary)

We're going to go home and rest.

Dr. Hill smiles at Rosemary.

DR. HILL

That's all it takes.

Rosemary looks at Dr. Hill and says nothing.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Thank you for your trouble, Doctor.

GUY

It's a shame you had to come in here and -

DR. HILL

(To Dr. Sapirstein)

I'm glad I could be of help, sir.

Dr. Hill opens the door. They go out.

122. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DR. HILL'S OFFICE - (DUSK)

There is a car waiting with Mr. Gilmore at the wheel. Rosemary sits in the back between Guy and Dr. Sapirstein. The suitcase is put on the front seat. Nobody says anything; they drive in silence.

123. INT. BRAMFORD LOBBY - (NIGHT)

Guy, Rosemary and Dr. Sapirstein walk across the lobby towards the elevator. Diego smiles at Rosemary from the open door of the elevator. As they walk Rosemary sneaks open her handbag at her side, hooks a finger through the key ring and holding onto the keys, spills the handbag onto the floor near the elevator. There are coins, rolling lipstick, bills fluttering all over the floor. Rosemary looks down stupidly. Guy and Dr. Sapirstein start to pick the contents up. Diego comes out to help them, making tongue-teeth sounds of concern.

124. INT. ELEVATOR - (NIGHT)

Rosemary backs into the elevator to get out of the way. Watching them, she toes the big round floor-button. The rolling door rolls. She pulls closed the inner gate.

Diego grabs for the door but saves his fingers; smacks the outside.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Hey, Mrs. Woodhouse!

Rosemary pushes the handle and the car lurches upward. She overruns the elevator car to the ninth floor, then back to between six and seven, eventually just above seven. She opens the gates and steps down.

125. INT. HALLWAY - (NIGHT)

She runs through the turns of hallway as quickly as she can. As she reaches the landing near the apartment door, she stops, holding her middle, leaning against the wall, breathing shallowly. She sees the service elevator indicator light blink for the fourth then fifth floor. Rosemary dashes for the door; the key won't go in.

The service elevator door opens; Guy and Dr. Sapirstein come out, rushing towards Rosemary.

The apartment door opens; Rosemary stumbles in. She slams the door behind her, chains it and bolts it, leans against it, breathing. We hear a key being put into the lock; immediately the door opens against the chain. We can see Guy's face and the tips of his fingers through the crack.

GUY

Open up, Ro.

ROSEMARY

Go to hell.

GUY

I'm not going to hurt you, honey.

ROSEMARY

You promised them the baby. Get away.

GUY

I didn't promise them anything.
What are you talking about?
Promised who?

125. (Cont'd)

DR. SAPIRSTEIN (O.S.)

Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

You too. Get away.

She pushes the door shut and bolts it. She backs away watching it. It stays bolted. Rosemary goes to the Bedroom. The time is nine-thirty. She picks up the phone and dials. Still holding the phone, Rosemary steps towards the door and looks down the hallway towards the front door. There is quiet, the door is still closed. She steps back and sits on the bed.

BABY SITTER (O.S.)

Hello.

ROSEMARY

Elise?

BABY SITTER (O.S.)

Mrs. Dunstan is out.

ROSEMARY

Who is this?

BABY SITTER (O.S.)

The baby sitter.

ROSEMARY

Do you know where she is?

BABY SITTER (O.S.)

They went to the movies.

ROSEMARY

This is Rosemary. Please tell Mrs. Dunstan to call Rosemary the second she gets back. It's terribly urgent. Please don't forget.

BABY SITTER (O.S.)

Don't worry.

She hangs up, and stares at the telephone. We can hear whispers and footsteps.

GUY

Honey, we're not going to hurt you.

Rosemary stands up.

125. (Cont'd)

Guy is in the doorway with Mr. Fountain. Behind them, Dr. Sapirstein with a loaded hypodermic, the needle up and dripping his thumb at the plunger. Other people appear behind them: Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Fountain, Dr. Shand.

MRS. GILMORE

We're your friends.

MRS. FOUNTAIN

There's nothing to be afraid of, Rosemary; honest and truly there isn't.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

This is nothing but a mild sedative to calm you down.

Rosemary is between the bed and the wall. They come toward her.

GUY

You know I wouldn't let anyone hurt you, Ro?

Rosemary picks up the phone and strikes with the receiver at Guy's head. He catches her wrist. Mr. Fountain catches her other arm and the phone falls as he pulls her around with startling strength.

ROSEMARY

(Screaming)

Help me, somebody!

A handkerchief is jammed into her mouth and held there by a small strong hand. They drag her away from the bed so Dr. Sapirstein can come in front of her with the hypodermic and a dab of cotton.

Rosemary moans through the handkerchief; a contraction; she clenches shut her eyes, holds her breath, then sucks air in through her nostrils in quick little pulls. A hand feels her belly deftly.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Wait a minute, wait a minute now; we happen to be in labor here.

Silence. Whispers outside the room.

VOICE (O.S.)

She's in labor.

Rosemary opens her eyes and stares at Dr. Sapirstein,

125. (Cont'd)

dragging air in through her nostrils. He nods at her, takes her arm that Mr. Fountain is holding, touches it with cotton and jabs the needle into it.

Rosemary takes the injection without moving. Dr. Sapirstein withdraws the needle and rubs the spot with his thumb, then with the cotton. The women are turning down the bed.

MRS. GILMORE

Here?

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Here.

Rosemary struggles. In the confusion of this scene we hear Rosemary's voice, without knowing if she is saying the words or if they are her thoughts. At the same time, Guy is speaking into Rosemary's ear.

ROSEMARY

It was supposed to be Doctors Hospital! Doctors Hospital, with nurses and everything clean and sterile!

GUY

You'll be all right, honey, I swear to God you will! Don't go on fighting like this, Ro, please don't! I give you my absolute word of honor you're going to be perfectly all right!

Another contraction. Dr. Sapirstein gives Rosemary another injection. Mrs. Gilmore wipes Rosemary's forehead. The telephone rings.

GUY

She isn't here Elise, I'll have her call you back.

Another contraction. Darkness. We hear Rosemary's voice.

ROSEMARY

Oh, Andy, Andy-or-Jenny! I'm sorry, my little darling. Forgive me!

126. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY) - JUNE 25, 1966

After a long moment of darkness - light. The ceiling. Guy sitting beside the bed watching Rosemary with an anxious, uncertain smile.

GUY

Hi.

126. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

Hi.
 (Long pause)
 Is it all right?

GUY

Yes, fine.

ROSEMARY

What is it?

GUY

A boy.

ROSEMARY

Really? A boy?

Guy nods.

ROSEMARY

And it's all right?

GUY

Yes.

Rosemary lets her eyes close, then manages to open them again.

ROSEMARY

Did you call Tiffany's?

GUY

Yes.

Rosemary lets her eyes close and sleeps.

127. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Next to the bed in which Rosemary is sleeping, Laura-Louise sits reading the "Reader's Digest" with a magnifying glass.

ROSEMARY

Where is it?

Laura-Louise jumps, drops the book and presses the magnifying glass to her bosom.

LAURA-LOUISE

My goodness, dear, what a start
 you gave me. My goodness!

She closes her eyes and breathes deeply.

127. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

The baby; where is it?

LAURA-LOUISE

You just wait here a minute.

She gets up, retrieves the "Reader's Digest", and goes toward the door.

ROSEMARY

Where's the baby?

LAURA-LOUISE (O.S.)

(From the hallway)

I'll get Doctor Abe. Just wait.

Rosemary tries to get up but falls back, her arms boneless. She looks at the clock. It's half past six. Guy and Dr. Sapirstein come in looking grave and resolute.

ROSEMARY

Where's the baby?

Guy comes around to the side of the bed, crouches down and takes her hand.

GUY

Honey.

ROSEMARY

Where is it?

GUY

Honey...

He tries to say more but can't. He looks across the bed for help. Dr. Sapirstein stands looking down at Rosemary.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

There were complications, Rosemary, but nothing that will effect future births.

ROSEMARY

It's -

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Dead.

Rosemary stares at Dr. Sapirstein. He nods. She turns to Guy. He nods too.

127. (Cont'd)

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

It was in the wrong position. In the hospital I might have been able to do something, but you wouldn't listen -

GUY

We can have others, honey, just as soon as you're better, I promise you.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Absolutely. You can start on another in a very few months.

Guy squeezes Rosemary's hand and smiles encouragingly at her.

GUY

As soon as you're better.

Rosemary looks at them.

ROSEMARY

You're lying. I don't believe you. You're both lying.

GUY

Honey.

ROSEMARY

It didn't die. You took it. You're lying. You're witches. You're lying! You're lying! You're lying! You're lying! You're lying! You're lying! You're lying! You're lying!

Guy holds her shoulders to the bed and Dr. Sapirstein gives her an injection.

128. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY) - JUNE 26, 1966

Rosemary in bed with a tray of soup and buttered white bread on her lap. Guy, standing, hands her a glass of water and a small white pill. Rosemary takes it.

GUY

Abe says it's called Prepartum I-don't-know, some kind of hysteria. You were really kapow out of your mind.

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(Continued)

128. (Cont'd)

Rosemary says nothing; she takes a spoonful of soup. Guy sits on the edge of the bed, and starts nibbling at one of the bread triangles.

GUY

Listen, I know how you got the idea Minnie and Roman were witches, but what made you think Abe and I had joined the party?

Rosemary says nothing. Guy takes another of the bread triangles and bites off first one point and then another.

GUY

Let's face it, darling, you had the prepartum crazies. Now you're going to rest and get over them.

(Leaning closer and taking her hand)

I know this is the worst thing that ever happened to you, but from now on everything's going to be roses. Paramount is within an inch of where we want them, and suddenly Universal is interested too. We're going to blow this town and be in the beautiful hills of Beverly, with the pool and the spice garden and the whole schmeer. And the kids, too, Ro. Scout's honor. You heard what Abe said.

(He kisses her hand)

Got to run now and get famous.

He gets up and starts for the door.

ROSEMARY

Let me see your shoulder.

Guy stops and turns.

ROSEMARY

Let me see your shoulder.

GUY

Are you kidding?

ROSEMARY

Left shoulder.

Guy looks at her.

GUY

All right, whatever you say, honey.

128. (Cont'd)

He undoes the collar of his short-sleeved blue knit shirt and peels it up over his head. Underneath is a white T shirt.

GUY

I generally prefer doing this to music.

He takes off the T shirt; goes close to the bed, leans and shows Rosemary his left shoulder. It is unmarked. There is only a faint scar of a boil or pimple. Guy shows his other shoulder, his chest and back.

GUY

(Grinning)

This is as far as I go without a blue light.

129. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT) - JUNE 28, 1966

Rosemary is lying in bed watching television. We hear the faint sound of a baby crying. Rosemary rays off the television and listens. She slips out of bed and turns off the air conditioner. FLORENCE GILMORE comes in with a pump and cup, glass of water and small white pill on a tray.

ROSEMARY

Do you hear a baby crying?

They both listen. We hear a baby cry.

MRS. GILMORE

No, dear, I don't. Get back into bed now. Take your pill.

She hands Rosemary the tray and switches on the air conditioner. Rosemary puts the pill under the mattress.

MRS. GILMORE

Did you turn it off? You mustn't do that. People are actually dying, it's so hot.

Mrs. Gilmore looks out the window.

130. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY) - JUNE 29, 1966

Rosemary lying in bed. Laura-Louise sitting beside, holding the tray, with the pump and cup, glass of water and small white pill.

130. (Cont'd)

ROSEMARY

What do you do with it?
(Indicating the
milk)

LAURA-LOUISE

Why, throw it away.

Guy comes in. He puts his head around the door.

GUY

Hello, girls. Phew! Ninety-five
outside.

LAURA-LOUISE

Your pill, Rosemary.

Rosemary takes the pill, lifts it to her mouth and fakes swallowing it. She takes the glass of water and drinks it. Simultaneously, with her other hand, she slips the pill under the mattress. Eight or ten other pills are already there. Guy calls from the other room.

GUY (O.S.)

Some new people moved in. Up
on eight.

ROSEMARY

Do they have a baby?

Guy's head appears once again in the doorway.

GUY

How did you know?

ROSEMARY

I heard it crying.

There is a cup and saucer on the bedside with remains of coffee and a dirty spoon beside it. Rosemary takes the cup and puts it on the tray. She lifts the dirty spoon and starts putting it into the Pyrex cup of milk. Laura-Louise grabs her hand.

LAURA-LOUISE

Don't do that!

ROSEMARY

What difference does it make?

LAURA-LOUISE

Just messy, that's all.

131. INT. BEDROOM - (DUSK)

Rosemary gets out of bed, slides her feet into slippers, she puts on her housecoat. Going quietly out of the bedroom, she walks to the linen closet and opens it. The shelves look neat and orderly, piled with bath towels, hand towels and winter blankets.

Rosemary takes everything out of the closet except what is on the fixed top shelf. She puts towels and linens on the floor, then lifts out the four gingham-covered shelves. The back of the closet, below the top shelf, is a single large white-painted panel framed with narrow white molding. Standing close and leaning aside for better light, Rosemary can see that where the panel and the molding meet, the paint is broken in a continuous line. She presses at one side of the panel and then at the other; presses harder, and it swings inward on scraping hinges. Within is darkness; a second closet with a wire hanger glinting on the floor, and one bright spot of light, a keyhole. Pushing the panel all the way open, Rosemary steps into the second closet and ducks down.

Through the keyhole, Rosemary sees at a distance a small curio cabinet that stands at a job in the hallway of Mr. and Mrs. Castevet's apartment. Rosemary tries the door. It opens. She closes it and backs out through her own closet and goes to the kitchen. From her knife-rack, Rosemary takes the longest sharpest carving knife. As she is leaving the kitchen, we hear a key working in the lock of the front door. Rosemary rushes into the nursery, brushing against the new bassinet, and presses herself against the wall.

Guy enters and goes into the kitchen, opens the fridge and takes out ice cubes.

Rosemary sees that the bassinet is swinging. She stops it with the point of the long knife.

Guy comes out of the kitchen with Hutch's ice bucket in his hand. He opens the entrance door and goes out.

Rosemary listens for a moment, then moves out to the front door and chains it. Holding the knife point-down at her side, she goes down the hallway to the linen closet door. She opens it, goes through again into the second closet (quick glance at the underneath of the fixed top shelf; like in the dream), looks through the keyhole and cracks open the door into the Castevet's apartment. Holding the knife point forward, Rosemary pushes the door wide open and steps through. The hallway is empty. There are

131. (Cont'd)

distant voices from the living room. The bathroom is on Rosemary's right, its door open, dark; the Castevet's bedroom on the left, with a bedside lamp burning. She goes cautiously down the hallway and tries a door on the right; it is locked. Another, on the left, is a linen closet. Over the curio cabinet hangs a vivid oil painting of a church in flames.

ROSEMARY

(Almost inaudible)

- got her too high.

Knife high, she follows the jog to the left and the right. Other doors are locked. There is another painting; nude men and women dancing in a circle. Ahead are the foyer, the front door and the archway on the right to the living room. The voices are louder.

MR. FOUNTAIN (O.S.)

Not if he's still waiting for a plane, he isn't!

There is laughter and then hushing.

MRS. CASTEVET (O.S.)

Oh hell now, Hayato, you're just making fun of me! 'Pulling my leg' is what we say over here.

Rosemary is at the archway now. She can see the coven is at the other end, laughing, talking softly. Ice cubes clink. She betters her grip on the knife and moves a step forward. She stops, staring.

Across the room, in the one large window bay, stands a black bassinet, skirted with black taffeta, hooded and flounced with black organza. A silver ornament turns on a black ribbon pinned to its black hood. The stiff organza trembles. The silver ornament quivers and we can see that it is a crucifix hanging upside down, with the black ribbon wound and knotted around Jesus' ankles.

Rosemary wipes her hands on her housecoat, throws back her hair, finds a fresh grip on the knife's thick handle, and steps out where they can see her. Insanely, they don't. They go right on talking, listening, sipping, pleasantly partying: Mr. and Mrs. Castevet, Guy, Mr. Fountain, the Weeses, Laura-Louise and a studious-looking young Japanese with eye-glasses. All gathered under an over-the-mantel portrait of Adrian Marcato (the same as in the book).

131. (Cont'd)

Mr. Castevet sees Rosemary first, puts down his drink and touches Mrs. Castevet's arm. The voices fade. Those who sit with their back to Rosemary turn around questioningly. Guy starts to rise but sits down again. Laura-Louise claps both hands to her mouth and starts squealing.

MRS. GILMORE

Get back in bed, Rosemary; you know you aren't supposed to be up and around.

JAPANESE

Is the mother?

Mr. Castevet nods and the Japanese looks at Rosemary with interest.

JAPANESE

Ah, sssssssssssssss.

Watching them, Rosemary starts across the room toward the bassinet.

MR. CASTEVET

Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Shut up.

MR. CASTEVET

Before you look at -

ROSEMARY

Shut up. You're in Dubrovnik. I don't hear you.

Rosemary watches them until she is by the bassinet, which is angled in their direction. With her free hand, she catches the black-covered handle and swings the bassinet slowly, gently, around to face her. Taffeta rustles, the black wheels squeal. She looks in. Smiling gently, she slowly reaches her left arm to take the baby. The smile fades on her face and changes into an expression of horror. She backs slowly away and freezes with her eyes wide open.

ROSEMARY

What have you done to it? What have you done to its eyes?

They stir and look to Mr. Castevet.

131. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

He has His Father's eyes.

Rosemary looks at him, looks at Guy - whose eyes are hidden behind a hand - looks at Mr. Castevet again.

ROSEMARY

What are you talking about? Guy's eyes are normal! What have you done to him, you maniacs?

She moves from the bassinet, ready to kill him.

MR. CASTEVET

Satan is His Father, not Guy. He came up from Hell and begat a Son of mortal woman!

MR. WEES

Hail Satan.

Mr. Castevet cries, his voice growing louder and prouder, his bearing more strong and forceful.

MR. CASTEVET

Satan is His Father and His Name is Adrian! He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples! He shall redeem the despised and wreak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured! Hail Adrian!

VOICES

Hail Adrian! Hail Adrian!

MR. CASTEVET

Hail Satan! Hail Satan.

VOICES

Hail Satan!

Rosemary shakes her head.

ROSEMARY

No.

MRS. CASTEVET

He chose you out of all the world, Rosemary. Out of all the women in the whole world, He chose you. He arranged everything 'cause He wanted you to be the mother of His only living Son.

131. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

His power is stronger than stronger.

MRS. WEES

Hail Satan.

MR. CASTEVET

His might will last longer than longer.

JAPANESE

Hail Satan!

Laura-Louise uncovers her mouth. Guy looks out at Rosemary from under his hand.

ROSEMARY

No, it can't be. No.

MRS. CASTEVET

Go look at His hands.

LAURA-LOUISE

And His feet.

ROSEMARY

Oh God.

She covers her face. The knife falls into the floor and sways, upright.

MR. CASTEVET

(Thundering)

God is DEAD!

ROSEMARY

Oh God! oh God! oh God!

MR. CASTEVET

God is dead. Satan lives! The year is One.

VOICES

Hail Satan! Hail Adrian!
Hail Adrian! Hail Satan!

MR. CASTEVET

The year is One, God is done!
The year is One, Adrian's begun!

Rosemary backs away.

ROSEMARY

No, no.

She backs further and further away through the shouting people. In the confusion of movement, a faint fragment of her dream flashes. A chair is behind her; she sits

131. (Cont'd)

down on it and stares at them. Mrs. Castevet goes over and, grunting as she stoops, pulls out the knife and takes it into the kitchen. Guy follows her. Laura-Louise rocks the bassinet possessively, making faces into it. Rosemary sits staring. Mr. Castevet comes over to her.

MR. CASTEVET

Why don't you help us out, Rosemary, be a real mother to Adrian. You don't have to join if you don't want to; just be a mother to your baby.

(Bends down and
whispers)

Minnie and Laura-Louise are too old.
It's not right.

Rosemary looks at Mr. Castevet. He straightens up. The doorbell rings.

MR. CASTEVET

Think about it, Rosemary.

He goes to answer the door.

ROSEMARY

Oh God.

LAURA-LOUISE

(Rocking the bassinet)

Shut up with your 'Oh God's, or
we'll kill you, milk or no milk.

MRS. WEES

You shut up.

She comes to Rosemary and puts a dampened handkerchief in her hand.

MRS. WEES

Rosemary is His mother, so you
show some respect.

Laura-Louise mutters.

Rosemary wipes her forehead and cheeks with the handkerchief. The Japanese, sitting across the room on a hassock, catches Rosemary's eye, grins and ducks his head. He holds up an opened camera into which he is putting film. Rosemary looks down and starts crying.

Mr. Castevet comes in, holding the arm of ARGYRON STAVROPOULOS. He is a robust, handsome, dark-skinned man, wearing a white suit, white shoes and carrying

131. (Cont'd)

a large box wrapped in light blue paper patterned with Teddy bears and candy canes. Musical sounds come from it.

Everyone gathers to meet him and shake his hand. There is a confused, hushed conversation from which words like "Worried - pleasure -- airport - Stavropoulos -- occasion" can be heard. Laura-Louise brings the box to the bassinet. She holds it up for the baby to see, shakes it, and puts it on the window seat. There are other boxes similarly wrapped and a few that are wrapped in black with black ribbon. Mr. Castevet draws Argyron Stavropoulos forward.

MR. CASTEVET

Come, my friend. Come see Him.
Come see the Child.

They go to the bassinet. Laura-Louise waits with a proprietary smile. They close around it and look into it silently. Argyron Stavropoulos lowers himself to his knees.

Guy comes back from the kitchen, over to Rosemary. He stands looking down at her.

GUY

They promised me you wouldn't be hurt, and you haven't been, really. I mean, suppose you'd had a baby and lost it; wouldn't it be the same? And we're getting so much in return, Ro.

Rosemary puts the handkerchief on the table, looks at Guy, and, as hard as she can, spits at him. Guy flushes and turns away, wiping his face.

Laura-Louise rocks the bassinet. The baby starts whimpering. Mr. Castevet catches Guy by the arm.

MR. CASTEVET

Guy, let me introduce you to Argyron Stavropoulos.

Argyron Stavropoulos clasps Guy's hand in both his own.

STAVROPOULOS

How proud you must be.

He looks over Guy's shoulder, at Rosemary.

131. (Cont'd)

STAVROPOULOS

Is this the mother? Why in the
name of -

Mr. Castevet draws him away, speaking in his ear. Mrs.
Castevet brings a mug of steaming tea to Rosemary.

MRS. CASTEVET

Here. Drink this and you'll feel
a little better.

Rosemary looks at the mug and looks up at Mrs.
Castevet.

ROSEMARY

What's in it? Tannis root?

MRS. CASTEVET

Nothing is in it. It's plain ordi-
nary Lipton tea. You drink it.

Rosemary looks at Laura-Louise rocking the bassinet.
The baby is still whimpering, and Laura-Louise rocks
it faster and faster. Rosemary gets up and goes over.

LAURA-LOUISE

Get away from here. Roman!

ROSEMARY

You're rocking him too fast.

LAURA-LOUISE

Sit down!

(To Mr. Castevet)

Get her out of here. Put her
where she belongs.

ROSEMARY

You're rocking him too fast.
That's why he's whimpering.

LAURA-LOUISE

Mind your own business!

MR. CASTEVET

Let Rosemary rock Him.

Laura-Louise stares at him. He stands behind the
bassinet's head.

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(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

MR. CASTEVET

Go on. Sit down with the others.
Let Rosemary rock Him.

LAURA-LOUISE

She's liable -

MR. CASTEVET

Sit down with the others, Laura-Louise.

Laura-Louise huffs and marches away.

MR. CASTEVET

Rock him.

He smiles at Rosemary and moves the bassinet back and forth towards her, holding it by its hood. Rosemary stands still and looks at him.

ROSEMARY

You're trying to get me to be his mother.

MR. CASTEVET

Aren't you His mother?

Slowly, Rosemary lets the black-covered handle come into her hand, and closes her fingers around it. For a few moments they rock the bassinet between them, then Mr. Castevet lets go and Rosemary rocks it alone, nice and slowly. Mr. Castevet withdraws silently to where everybody now stands in a semi-circle, watching. Dr. Sapirstein comes into the room and looks at the scene in surprise. Mrs. Castevet puts her finger to her lips. The Japanese steps forward and crouching down to find an angle, clicks his camera. Very softly, Rosemary is humming. From behind the window, we can hear the distant noise of the street and cars hooting. The sun has already set behind the buildings and the pleasant evening light covers the city.

THE END