

ROSEMARY'S BABY

Written by

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based on the novel by Ira Levin

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

1

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)

2

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)

3

Oak-paneled9 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)

4

Dimly lighted, walled and carpeted in dark green. They pass a sculptured green door marked Seven B. A WORKMAN is fitting a periscope 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 greenhall way. 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 eye brows 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.

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)

5

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 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.
(NONCOMITTALLY BUT
SQUEEZING BACK HER HAND)

MR. NICKLAS
The fireplace works, of course.

Mr. Nicklas, standing behind them, turns to the bed room 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.

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)

6

Rosemary and Guy walk along.

ROSEMARY
It's cheaper than the other.

GUY
It's one room less, honey.

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)

7

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.

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.

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?

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.

ROSEMARY

Mmm. Terrific.

GUY
The house?

ROSEMARY
The lamb.

HUTCH
It was called Black Branford.

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!

HUTCH
Have some more wine.

Hutch refills the glasses.

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

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

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

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

11 INT. STORE - ESCALATOR - (DAY) 11

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) 12

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 13

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 14

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

15

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

16

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, pleased

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 3 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)

17

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)

18

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.

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

19

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 Ama
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.

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 apartments Mrs. -

ROSEMARY

Gardenia.

TERRY

Gardenia. She was a good friend of
the Castevels. 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 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!

She pulls away the collar of her blouse, draws out a silver neck chain 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.

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)

20

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 Castevelts. Seven A, you know.

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 Castevelts eat at six.

Rosemary opens the door.

21 INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

21

Rosemary walks Terry towards Castevelts' 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.

ROSEMARY
Hello, Lisa.

LISA
Did you eat your Captain Crunch?

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

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.

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)

23

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
percent 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' voices:

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

24

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 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 gargoyle'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 sides 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?

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-mouthing, in a raincoat over striped pajamas.

3RD POLICEMAN
Short and sweet,
(Holding 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, sucking 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,
 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-color 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 underlap. She wears pink rimmed eyeglasses on a neck chain that dips down from behind plain pearly earrings.

2ND POLICEMAN
 Are you folks the Caste vets 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.

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.

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 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)

25

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 (?)

26

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
in stead 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

27

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

Mrs. Gastevet, 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. GASTEVEET

Fine.

(She smiles bleakly)

May I come in for a minute?

ROSEMARY

Yes, of course; please do.

Rosemary holds the door wide open. Mrs. Gastevet comes in. She wears torador 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. Gastevet puts on her neck chained 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?

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.

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)

28

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?

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)

29

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

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 yard stick 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!

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 any thing. Right?

GUY

Right.

30 INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

30

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)

31

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 book shelves 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 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.

Mir. 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.

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.

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)

32

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 showbiz.

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.

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
parts. 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.

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 him self 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 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)

33

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.

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!

(Hanging 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)

34

Mr. Castevet and Guy are sitting facing each other on the settee. Guy is looking at Mr. Castevet, fascinated. 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?

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)

35

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 Mojestky
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)

36

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!

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)

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.

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 37

Rosemary puts a record on, picks up a hook, 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.

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 ball-charm and.
its clustered-together neck chain. 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.

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.

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 tennis root. From her green house.

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?

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.

41 INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

41

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.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

GUY

I love you, Ro.

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

40

Guy holds out a pair of theatre tickets to Rosemary.

GUY

Here, these are for the 'Fanta sticks'. 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)

41

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.

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)

42

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)

43

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 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

44

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)

45

Rosemary trying different arrangements with chairs.

The telephone RINGS in the Bedroom. Rosemary makes an involuntary move to answer it. Through the arch-way 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.

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.

They look painfully at each other.

ROSEMARY
Oh no.

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

46

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 dis appeared 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

47

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.

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.

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)

49

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

50

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!

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)

51

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 do 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.

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.
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?

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 spoonful's of the mousse into it. She folds the napkin 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)

52

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 I

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.

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)

53

The bed is a raft floating on gentle ripples.

ROSEMARY

Nice.

GUY

(O.S.)

Sleep is what you need.

54 INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

54

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)

55

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)

56

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 - (?)

57

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
prejudicess, but unfortunately -
(Spreading his arms)

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 Michelangelo 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 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-BROWNED MAN. The point moves back and forth across her stomach and down to the insides of her thigh so The NAKED PEOPLE are chanting - flat, un musical, 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 hearo
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-SMOKED 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.

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 armor. 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 righto 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

58

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.

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.

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)

59

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

60 INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

60

Rosemary opens the windows, both of them.

61 INT. BATHROOM - (DAY)

61

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)

62

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.

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) -

63

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

64

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

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)

65

Rosemary and Hutch walking along the street.

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

66

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?

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

67

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.

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 68

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.

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 concerned 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)

69

Rosemary marks on the wall calendar: "Blood".

70 INT. HALLWAY - (DUSK)

70

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 open ness 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.

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)

71

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!

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?

ROSEMARY
What about Dr. Hill?

GUY
Don't worry, I'll tell him some
thing. 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.

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.

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.

ROSEMARY
(Calling)
Susan!

She looks quickly at Guy but he doesn't stir. Behind the wall, the Casteverts 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 aluminum-foil wrapping and puts the chain over her head.

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

73

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

74

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?

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
Tennis root?

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

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

75

Guy is practicing 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.

GUY
Where?

ROSEMARY
(Putting her hands on her middle)
Here.

GUY
Just how?

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

76

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
(Skeptically)

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.

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

77

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

78

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

79

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?

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.

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.

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. 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)

80

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?

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.

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 grandchildren?

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.

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.

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)

81

Guy watches television.

82 INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

82

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.

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 (OOS.)
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?

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. Par 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

83

Rosemary rings the Casteverts doorbell. Mrs. Castevert 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)

84

- 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)

85

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)

86

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

87 INT. TIME-LIFE - (DAY)

87

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)

He Hot

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.

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)

88

Rosemary walks slowly, looking down at the pavement.

She crosses the street. In voluntarily she stops in front of a shop window in which a small creche is spot lighted. 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 Christ mas
shopping', and here you are and
here I am! Isn't that some thing?
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.

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) - 89
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) - 90
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 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

91

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 her self. 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)

92

Guy, in his pajamas, goes across the hallway. He enters the kitchen. Rosemary his 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.

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

93

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, 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.

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 94
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.

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!

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.

PORȚIA 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?

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)

95

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.

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.

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.

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.

The guests are sitting round in various places with napkins and plates on their knees, eating chute 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.

ROSEMARY

This is why I wanted this apartment; to sit here and watch the snow with the fire going.

97 INT. LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

97

There are dirty glasses, used napkins and spilling-over ashtrays all round. Rosemary is sitting. Guy is standing 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?

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.

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?

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

98

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, 99
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

100

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.

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

Hatch regained consciousness at the
end and he thought it was 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)

101

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.

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 underlining's 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 18^6, he was brought soon after to New York (underlined)...he was attacked by a mob out side 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 café. 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 underlining. 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 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 "GA" in front: "ROMAN CASTEVET".

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)

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 -

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. 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.

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

103

Rosemary is sitting in front of Dr. Sapirstein.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

(Amazed)

Fantastic, Absolutely fantastic.
What did you say the name was,
'Machado'?

ROSEMARY

Marcato.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN

Fantastic. I think he told me once
that his father was a coffee
importer.

ROSEMARY

Re 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.

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

104

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.

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)

105

Rosemary is standing on a chair, looking over the Kinsey Reports, for Hutch's book. She takes the two 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 106

Rosemary stands holding a sample card of a birth 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)

107

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 «o 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.

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)

108

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)

109

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)

110

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)

111

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)

112

Rosemary changes her dress, splashes herself all over with cologne.

113 ROSEMARY ON THE PHONE - (DAY)

113

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 now 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.

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 how what color
tie I'm wearing.

ROSEMARY
I didn't understand. I thought he
had only borrowed it.

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)

114

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.

Rosemary puts her suitcase by the nearest chair and sits down. She opens her handbag, takes out a tissue and wipes her pains 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.

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?

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)

115

Rosemary, suitcase in hand, walks fast.

116 INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY)

116

Rosemary enters a glass phone booth, puts the suitcase on the floor, takes the address book out of her hand bag, 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 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 won-
derful. 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 fore head.

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.

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 -

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. Saperstein. 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)

117

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.

ROSEMARY

Keep it, please.

118 EXT. THE DOORWAY OF DR. HILL'S OFFICE -(DAY)

118

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)

119

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 hooks 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

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 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

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 suffering. 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 happiness, 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.

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 hand bag,
into the examining room.

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)

120

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)

121

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.

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)

122

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)

123

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)

124

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)

125

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?

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.

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, 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

126

After a long moment of darkness — light. The ceiling. Guy sitting beside the bed watching Rosemary with an anxious, uncertain smile.

GUY
Hi.

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)

127

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.

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 bone less. 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 till effect
future births.

ROSEMARY
It's -

DR. SAPIRSTEIN
Dead.

Rosemary stares at Dr. Sapirstein. He nods. She turns to Guy. He nods too.

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!

Guy holds her shoulders to the bed and Dr. Sapirstein gives her an injection.

128 INT. BEDROOM - (DAY) - JUNE 26, 1966

128

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.

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.

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

129

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

130

Rosemary lying in bed. Laura-Louise sitting beside, holding the tray, with the pump and cup, glass of water and small white pill.

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 doo

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.SO)

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)

131

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 others 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 hall way of Mr. and Mrs. Castevetfs 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 distant voices from the living room. The bathroom is on Rosemary's righty 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).

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, sssssssssssss.

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 watched 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.

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.

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 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 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.

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 ordinary 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.

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