

"CAT PEOPLE"

Original Screen Play  
by  
DeWitt Bodeen

FADE IN:

The RKO trademark FADES OFF, leaving a black screen, in the center of which are two slits of pale light. These move closer until we see that they are a pair of cat's eyes. Over these mysteriously blinking lights the title is SUPERIMPOSED. DISSOLVE A misty OUT-OF-FOCUS SHOT of a black panther pacing behind cage bars. Over this come the production credits. A pale fog rises over the shot of the black panther, and over it is SUPERIMPOSED the following quotation:

"Even as fog continues to lie in the valleys, so does ancient sin cling to the low places, the depressions in the world consciousness".

Sigmund Freud

1 EXT. ZOO PROMENADE - PARK - AFTERNOON

As the last word of the quotation FADES from the screen, the fog clears, the caged leopard comes into full focus, and we see that it is an actual leopard behind actual bars. Over the scene is the wheezy music of the Triumphal March from "Aida," as played on a hand, organ. This is playing in the distance, and we do not see the organ-grinder until later.

2 The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show a young artist sitting before the cage on a campstool with a drawing portfolio in her hand. She is presumably sketching the panther, although her drawing is not shown, and we do not see the features of the girl's face. The girl picks up the drawing and holds it off, weighing its values. It evidently does not meet with her approval, for she wads the drawing into a ball and turns to look for a place to throw the waste paper. We see her face. It is heart-shaped, demure, even a little naive. She is small, young, and very beautiful. In one hand the wad of waste paper is poised, ready to throw into a container.

INSERT -- WASTEPAPER BASKET as Irena sees it.

It is a rather fancy container in the shape of a tree trunk.

OLIVER

Yes.

(then continuing in  
the same tone)

"Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may  
find Thee sitting careless on a  
granary floor, Thy hair soft lifted...

(ponders, as if trying  
to remember)

Thy hair soft lifted..."

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(snapping her compact  
shut)  
Reminds me. I have a date with the  
hairstylist.

OLIVER  
What a way to spend a Saturday  
afternoon!

ALICE  
The business girl's holiday

OLIVER  
You should've minded your mother and  
eaten more bread crusts. You'd have  
curly hair now.

ALICE  
Thank you for lunch. See you at the  
office Monday.

She starts off down the promenade. She walks briskly in one direction, while Oliver turns the other way, ambling toward the leopard cage. Along the promenade a file of Saturday afternoon idlers goes by. Oliver moves up to the cages and pauses at the guard rail before the leopard cage. Near him sits Irena, busily sketching. Oliver looks at her, but she does not look up at him. She gets up and moves a few steps, her eyes intent on the movements of the panther, which is walking about in its cage. Oliver politely steps aside so that she can get a better vantage point. She does not even notice him. She frowns at her drawing, wads the paper into a ball, and turns to throw it into the container. Oliver steps before her, smiling and extending his hand. She looks at him a moment, then smiles and drops the wad of paper into his hand.

IRENA  
Thank you.

With an easy aim, Oliver tosses it neatly into the container and turns to her with a shrug, as if to say how easy it was. But Irena has picked up another drawing upon which she has worked and is now studying it. The music of the organ-grinder grows constantly louder as the scene progresses.

OLIVER  
You won't believe this, and you've  
probably heard it a dozen times  
before...but I've never known any  
artists.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA

I'm not an artist, really... not a  
real artist...just a sketch artist  
for fashion drawings.

She has picked up the drawing and is holding it in her hand  
with its back toward Oliver, who extends his hand.

OLIVER

May I see it?

Irena smiles but shakes her head as she tears the drawing  
about two-thirds of the way through, dropping it face down  
upon the pavement.

IRENA

Oh, no. It's not good. If I let you  
see it, you might not want to know  
any artists...ever.

OLIVER

(smiling at her)

I'm afraid it would have to be pretty  
bad to do that. Besides, look...

(pointing to a drawing  
she had dropped,  
quoting in a mocking  
tone)

"Let no one say, and say it to your  
shame..."

Irena laughs and starts to pick up the paper, but a gust of  
wind blows it down the promenade. She turns to Oliver and  
shrugs her shoulders. She starts to fold up her campstool.  
Oliver comes forward to offer his assistance. At the same  
time the organ-grinder passes between them and the camera,  
playing "Aida" on his hand organ. Oliver asks Irena if he  
may help her, but the music is so loud she cannot hear him.  
He assists Irena in gathering up her things. He takes the  
campstool, and Irena carries her artist's portfolio. They  
start toward the avenue together.

CLOSE SHOT of the torn drawing as a little wind, carrying  
with it some autumn leaves, picks up the paper again and  
blows it over and over up the promenade. The torn half of  
the drawing falls over into place, so we see what Irena had  
been drawing. It is a smart fashion sketch of the type seen  
in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar, but the face of the model is  
the blunt mask of a black panther, and the hands protruding  
from the sleeves are tipped with feline talons. The CAMERA  
HOLDS on the drawing.

DISSOLVE OUT:

3 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver as they walk down a side street. Irena is looking straight ahead of her, amused. Oliver is doing his best to get acquainted.

OLIVER

Irena Dubrovna -- is that a Russian name?

IRENA

No...I am from Serbia.

OLIVER

I see. Would you mind spelling it?

IRENA

You want to know how to spell my name? Are you going to write me a letter?

OLIVER

I'd like to write you a letter.

IRENA

What about?

OLIVER

I would say in this letter... "Dear Miss...Dubrovna," I would say, "will you have tea with me?"

Irena shakes her head with a little smile. Oliver is undaunted.

OLIVER

Well, in that case, I'd just have to write you another letter, I'd say...

But again, with the same teasing smile, she shakes her head. She suddenly stops and TURNS to Oliver.

IRENA

Here is my house.

Oliver starts to give her the campstool he is carrying, She lays a soft, gloved hand on his coat sleeve and smiles charmingly.

IRENA

Perhaps, Mr. Reed, you would like to have tea in my apartment.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

Oliver looks at her quizzically, realizing that she had meant to ask him all the time, that he needn't have tried so hard to wangle a date. He grins.

OLIVER

Oh, Miss Dubrovna, you make life so simple!

DISSOLVE:

4 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE  
AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT of Irena and Oliver as they enter the building from the street. It is the ornate, elaborate interior of a brownstone mansion converted into an apartment house. They walk the few steps of the short hallway to the stairs. Oliver looks at the enormous staircase.

OLIVER

(pointing)

I never cease to marvel at what lies behind a brownstone front.

They start up the stairs.

5 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT. Irena has inserted the key in the lock of her door. She turns it, but before she opens the door, she looks up at Oliver.

OLIVER

What's the matter?

IRENA

Nothing.

OLIVER

But you looked at me in such a funny way.

IRENA

I've never had anyone here. You're the first friend I've met in America. I know lots of people in business...editors, secretaries, other sketch artists...you know. But you might be my first real friend. That's why I looked at you.

(pauses)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

OLIVER  
(seriously)  
Thank you.

Irena swings the door wide open. Through the doorway a little bit of the room can be seen. Prominently displayed is an odd equestrian statuette. It is the figure of a man in armor, carved out of gray stone. The man wears a regal chaplet on his head and is mounted on a magnificent horse. Around the base of the statue is a circle of flames, while the rider holds high above his head a sword upon which is impaled the figure of a writhing cat. Irena takes a step into the room and stands waiting for Oliver to follow her, then turns to look back at him. He has become aware of the perfume in the room.

OLIVER  
Mm. Nice.

IRENA  
That's Lalage.

OLIVER  
Lalage?

IRENA  
The perfume I use. I like it, perhaps too well. Maybe I use too much of it, living alone like this.

OLIVER  
Oh, I like it all right. It's hard to describe...not like flowers...it's like something warm and living.

As he goes on into the room, she closes the door.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

6 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT of statuette. The figure is silhouetted against a window dim with twilight. As the CAMERA HOLDS on the statuette, a light appears in a bay window across the street, bringing the figures of horse, king, and cat into dramatic focus. Over the shot we hear Irena's voice humming "Berceuses du Chat" by Stravinsky.

The CAMERA PANS to show Irena and Oliver seated together on a couch near the window. Because of the dim light in the room they can barely be seen. Oliver is listening to her

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

sing. She ends her song, and they sit quietly for a moment. Suddenly, as sometimes happens, there is a lull in the traffic outside. In this momentary stillness, this stillness in which a great city seems to catch its breath, Oliver hears the sound of distant roaring, muffled and yet full of savage reverberation.

OLIVER  
(looking toward Irena)  
What's that?

IRENA  
It's the lions in the zoo. One can hear them here often. Many people in this building complain. The roaring keeps them awake.

OLIVER  
And you don't mind it?

IRENA  
No. To me it's the way the sound of the sea is to others, natural and soothing. I like it.

She looks out the window, then turns back to Oliver.

IRENA  
Some nights there is another sound. The panther. It screams... like a woman. I don't like that.

Oliver strikes a match to light his cigarette. He looks at Irena's face in the dancing match light. She smiles at him.

IRENA  
I hadn't realized how dark it was getting.

She rises and goes over to a lamp. She speaks in a sighing breath of ecstasy.

IRENA  
I like the dark. It is friendly.

She turns on the lamp. Now, in the light, we see her apartment — a nicely proportioned living room with a little fireplace set under a neat Georgian mantel. Doors at either end of the room lead off into small bedrooms. Behind a fantastic three-part screen on which is painted the long, sleek figure of a black leopard against a background of jungle foliage, is concealed the two-burner stove, tiny sink, and old-fashioned icebox which make up the kitchenette.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED: (2)

In the other corner, under the wide window, are a drawing board and a desk, littered with crayons, brushes, bottles of discolored water, and papers. On one side of the wall, in neat frames, hang three of Grandville's amusing studies of cats dressed as humans. Over the mantel hangs a beautiful reproduction of Goya's sinister portrait of Don Manuel Osorio do Zunlga and the cats. In front of Oliver, on the coffee table, are the remnants of their tea. Irena comes down to pick the tray up to take it into the kitchenette. Oliver starts to help her, but she stops him.

IRENA

No, no. Sit still, please.

She begins to dump the ash trays and collect the saucers and cups. Oliver smokes contentedly. Irena carries the tray behind the screen. Oliver snuffs out the cigarette and picks the statue up, holding it for a moment in his hand.

IRENA

(coming out from behind  
screen; eagerly)

Are you admiring my statue?

OLIVER

(who does not like it  
at all)

Not exactly. Who's it supposed to  
be?

IRENA

King John.

OLIVER

King John? The Magna Carta and stuff?

IRENA

Oh, no. King John of Serbia. He was  
a fine king. He drove the Mamelukes  
out of Serbia and freed the people.

OLIVER

But why have this around?

IRENA

Perhaps you have in your room a  
picture of George Washington or  
Abraham Lincoln?

OLIVER

(still unconvinced)

Aren't there some better statues of  
him -- some without that cat thing?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

IRENA

Yes. There are beautiful statues of King John. There is one in Belgrade, where his face shines with goodness. But this statue reminds me of my home, the little village where I was born. This is the statue that stands in the square.

OLIVER

But what does it mean? Why is he spearing that cat?

Irena turns, her back to the fireplace mantel. In her hand is the statue of King John. Above her, to one side, the three cats in the Goya portrait glare from the shadowed background.

IRENA

It's not really a cat. It's meant to represent the evil ways into which my village once had fallen. You see, the Mamelukes came to Serbia long, long ago, and they made the people slaves. But my village was too little, too far away in the mountains. They left it alone. For five hundred years my little village was cut off from the Mother Church. At first the people were good and worshipped God in a true Christian way. But, little by little, the people changed. When King John drove out the Mamelukes and came to our village he found dreadful things. The people bowed down to Satan and said their Masses to him. They had become witches and were evil. King John put some of them to the sword and burned some of them in fires.

(pauses, drops her  
voice a little)

But some --the wisest and the most wicked -- escaped into the mountains.

(looks at Oliver))

Now, do you understand?

Oliver comes over beside her near the mantel.

OLIVER

I still don't see what it has to do with you.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

Irena looks down at the statue of King John. There is a haunting look of memory in her eyes.

IRENA

Those who escaped -- the wicked ones --  
their legend haunts the village where  
I was born. The past remains...

She breaks off suddenly, conscious that she has spoken too much and too frankly. A little ormolu clock on the mantel strikes the hour. It is six. It is obvious that Irena welcomes the interruption and she glances down at her own wrist watch. Oliver takes the hint. He starts toward the door.

OLIVER

(as he picks up his  
things)

Boys who come to tea can't expect to  
stay to dinner.

7 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT & STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT

Irena has followed Oliver out and stands in the doorway Oliver turns to look at her.

OLIVER

When am I going to see you again?  
Tomorrow?

Irena nods with a smile, Oliver continues to the head of the stairs and turns back.

OLIVER

What time tomorrow?

Irena shrugs her shoulders.

OLIVER

Dinner?

Irena nods and smiles at him.

SHOT of stairway as Oliver comes down the stairs. He reaches a landing, turns, and looks up, Irena is looking down at him from the bannister. They both smile. He continues down the stairs. At the very bottom he looks up again. Irena is still standing watching him. He smiles up at her and exits.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

8 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - MORNING

WIDE VIEW. The Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company has a handsome drafting office. Severe and modern, it is nevertheless a room that immediately suggests shipbuilding. A wide doorway opens in from the hall, in the f.g. are three draftsmen's tables, glass-topped and lighted from beneath. Behind them are several tables for other workers. There are a number of rows of filing cabinets, and at one side is a water cooler. The back wall of the office is unadorned, wide, and slightly curving. At the moment, a group of office workers are just starting to paste up the sectional plans of a ship, entitled "PROJECT NO. 457," on this wall. The ship's bow can be seen taking form in detailed constructional profile.

Two of the three draftsmen's tables in the f.g. are now occupied. Oliver sits working at one of them. The center one is unoccupied. At the other one, a tall, lean Englishman works. This is James Carver. At the back wall, Alice Moore is supervising two workers, who are doing the actual pasting. She holds in her hands a small sheet of paper with the detailed mathematical measurements of the project. Beside her, Commodore Judson, head of the Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company, stands watching the beginning of the project with genuine delight. He is a bald, bearded gentleman and would look like an amiable tramp rather than the head of a successful shipbuilding company, if it were not for the seamanlike neatness of his clothes.

ALICE  
(motioning to one of  
the men at the wall)  
A little more to the left, Harry.  
Easy...just a hair...

She lifts her hand to indicate that it's in position.

COMMODORE  
By George! This is going to be our  
best yet. Wait till she rides into  
Tokyo Bay.

ALICE  
She's got what it takes all right,  
Commodore.

Alice turns and goes to the desk between Oliver and Jim Carver.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

She picks up a sheet of paper from the desk and is just about to return to the wall, when she is stopped by the sound of a cat's mewing. She listens. The mew is repeated. Carver raises his head and also listens. Alice takes a look at the floor under and around her desk, Oliver is still bending over his work, Alice looks suspiciously and questioningly at Carver, Carver replies by throwing his hands out to show that he doesn't know, and then pointing to himself and shaking his head to announce that the mew is not coming from him. The mewing continues during this, which is one reason Carver and Alice do not speak. They are listening. Alice and Carver both turn and look at Oliver, He knows very well that they are looking at him, and his pose is one of elaborate innocence. There is a light cardboard box on his desk.

The CAMERA FOCUSES on it as the lid of the box rises, and the head of a very small Siamese kitten pokes out, Alice hurries to Oliver's desk, uttering a cross between a coo and a cry of pleased surprise.

ALICE

A-a-ah!

She picks up the kitten and cuddles it against her cheek.

ALICE

It's a darling! Where'd you got it?

OLIVER

Bought it.

The Commodore has joined them.

COMMODORE

You're not going to start keeping cats, are you?

(scratching kitten's head)

OLIVER

No, Commodore, I just got it for a friend.

CARVER

We arrive at the inescapable conclusion that our Oliver  
(he is addressing the assembled multitude)  
has a girl.

COMMODORE

A brilliant deduction.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

He takes Carver's arm and draws him away/

ALICE  
A girl friend?

OLIVER  
(almost as if  
correcting her)  
A girl.

ALICE  
Anybody I know?

Oliver takes the kitten and puts it back into the box. It makes vain efforts to scramble out past his restraining hand,

OLIVER  
Not yet, but I know you'll like her.

Alice watches him try to get the cover of the box over the protesting kitten.

ALICE  
(speaking lightly)  
If you like her, she's okay with me.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to CLOSE SHOT of kitten, and as the lid of the box hides it from view, we

DISSOLVE:

9 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NOON

MED. SHOT. Oliver, with the boxed kitten under one arm, is ringing the bell to Irena's apartment. After a moment, she opens the door. She is wearing a paint-stained smock and has obviously been interrupted in her work. She smiles at Oliver, and he bends down to put the box on the floor.

OLIVER  
Look, Irena. I brought you a present.

He takes the kitten out of the box and sets it on the floor. Irena stoops down beside it. Seeing her, the kitten draws back, arching itself. Oliver, puzzled, looks from the cat to Irena. She leans forward, smiling, trying to coax the kitten to come to her. The kitten snarls and spits viciously at her. Oliver scoops it up in his hands.

OLIVER  
Why, you little devil!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

IRENA  
(as she rises to her  
feet)  
It's all right. It's just that cats  
don't seem to like me.

OLIVER  
But this is only a kitten. It's very  
friendly. When I had it in the office,  
Alice - the girl who works in our  
department - it played with her.

IRENA  
(smiling uncomfortably)  
Cats just don't like me.

Oliver has stuffed the kitten back into its box and put the  
lid over it. He is obviously disappointed. Irena puts her  
hand on Oliver's arm.

IRENA  
(Brightly)  
I know what we can do. You got it at  
a pet store, didn't you?

OLIVER  
Yes.

IRENA  
Good. We could exchange it for some  
other pet?

She looks up at him. He nods.

IRENA  
I'll get my hat and coat.

She turns to go back into the apartment for her coat and  
hat.

DISSOLVE:

10 INT. PET STORE - DAY

All is tranquil in Miss Plunkett's Pet Shoppe. Outside it is  
raining, a soft autumn rain. Miss Plunkett sits nodding.  
Most of the birds and animals are sleeping. Above Miss  
Plunkett, in a circular stand, a brilliant macaw swings. It  
looks very much like Miss Plunkett, and, like her, is  
peacefully nodding in sleep. A little bell tinkles, and there  
is the sound of the door opening and closing. Miss Plunkett  
sleeps right on. We see that Irena and Oliver have entered  
the shop. Immediately there is a transformation.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

The birds begin to call back and forth to one another, their calls growing excited, shrill. The monkeys, awakened, clamber excitedly in their cages, whimpering and chattering madly. The puppies begin to bark, the cats to meow. In a moment the sound has grown to sheer cacophony. The macaw, too, has awakened, and is screeching its head off. Miss Plunkett snaps out of her stolen rest and looks about her, blinking curiously. Her lips form the words of amazement, "Landie, dearie me!" but there is so much noise now that nothing she says can be heard. She looks up to see what may have startled the animals into such noisy activity;

MED. SHOT of Irena and Oliver, as they stand, perplexed by all the commotion. Oliver is closing an umbrella. Miss Plunkett comes into the scene. She tries to yell to the animals to be quiet. The noise is too much for her. Oliver tries to explain to Miss Plunkett that he wants to exchange the kitten, which he holds in the box in his hands, for a canary, but he cannot make himself heard. She only shakes her head and tries to say something at which Oliver shakes his head. Irena touches Oliver's arm, indicating that it might be better to go outside. Oliver points outdoors to Miss Plunkett. She nods and follows them out onto the street.

11 EXT. PET STORE - DAY

MED. SHOT. The three emerge from the store, Miss Plunkett closing the door behind her. All three stand under the umbrella. In the loud, shrieking voice she has been using, Miss Plunkett starts to speak.

MISS PLUNKETT

I can't imagine...

She realizes she doesn't have to talk so loudly now, and, with an embarrassed laugh, begins again in her natural voice.

MISS PLUNKETT

Landie, dearie me! I can't imagine what got into them... all that caterwauling. The last time they did that was when an alley cat got in and ate up one of my nice rice finches.

OLIVER

All I want is to exchange this kitten for a bird.

MISS PLUNKETT

Why, of course. I have some lovely canaries. One little lemon-colored follow with top notes like Caruso.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

She opens the door cautiously and peeks in, turning back to them with a pleased expression

MISS PLUNKETT

As peaceful as my dream of heaven!  
Shall we go back now and select just  
which little birdie?

IRENA

(to Oliver)

You go, please, Oliver. Pick the  
one you like. It's so hot and stifling  
in there. I'd rather stay here.

OLIVER

(handing Irena the  
umbrella)

Of course. I'll only be a minute.

12 INT. PET STORE - DAY

Oliver and Miss Plunkett return inside the shop, Miss Plunkett talking all the while.

MISS PLUNKETT

Animals are ever so psychic. There  
are some people who just can't come  
in here. My dear brother's wife, for  
instance; she's a very nice  
girl...I've nothing against her...but  
you should just see what happens  
when she puts her foot inside this  
place. The cats particularly. They  
seem to know. You can fool everybody,  
but landie, dearie me, you can't  
fool a cat. In some ways they seem  
to know who's not right - if you  
know what I mean.

(she has the bird in  
her hand and holds  
it up with pleasure)

Here we are! Isn't he a ducky little  
angel!

Oliver takes the bird and holds it up for Irena to see.  
Irena, standing outside the window, looking in, nods her  
head eagerly. Oliver turns back to Miss Plunkett

OLIVER

This is it.

## 13 EXT. PET STORE - DAY

MED. SHOT of Irena. The little bell tinkles over the door as Oliver comes out with the bird in a small wooden cage. He comes over to Irena. She exchanges the umbrella for the bird cage.

OLIVER  
(giving her the cage)  
What do you think of it?

Irena holds the cage up before her eyes, tenderly to the bird.

She coos.

IRENA  
Ah, he is sweet!  
(turns and smiles up  
at Oliver)  
He will like me very much. You will  
see. I like to be liked.

Oliver takes her by the arm and smiles at her.

OLIVER  
That ought to be easy. Really easy.

They start away together up the street, under the umbrella, smiling at one another, as we

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## 14 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT. In the b.g. the ship plans on the wall can be seen. They are complete now as far back as the flying bridge. Obviously some time has elapsed. Oliver and Alice are sitting back to back, both of them doing particularly exacting pieces of mathematical measuring. Oliver raises up to call out:

OLIVER  
Slide rule.

Alice makes no motion. He turns to her more definitely, calling out again, louder this time:

OLIVER  
Let me borrow your slide rule, will  
you?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

But Alice is in the midst of a difficult problem, and she goes on with it. Oliver turns around to her, places one arm around her, and whispers in her ear after the fashion of Charles Boyer.

OLIVER

Mademoiselle, you are so beautiful -  
so charming. So gracious a lady will  
surely pass me her slide rule, no?

Alice succumbs. She looks up at him and gives him the slide rule. Then she gulps.

ALICE

(getting up)  
I have to wash the taste of that out  
of my mouth.

She goes over to the water cooler. Oliver follows her, Alice looks up to see Jim Carver approaching.

ALICE

Look who's coming.

Oliver winks at her, Jim reaches the two at the water cooler. Alice has a paper cup full of water in one hand. She takes out a coin with the other hand.

ALICE

Doc, I'll bet there's one thing you  
can't do..

CARVER

What's that?

ALICE

(demonstrating with  
belt on her dress)  
I'll bet you a dollar you can't hold  
a quarter on your forehead like this,  
pull out your belt, lower your head,  
and let the quarter fall bingo into  
your trousers.

CARVER

(taking the quarter;  
with confidence)  
A mere matter of precision.

He balances the quarter on his forehead, throwing his head back to do so. He holds out the front of his trousers. Oliver takes a box of paper clips from a near-by desk and empties them into Carver's trousers. They all laugh. Carver laughs

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

with them. At this moment the Commodore comes down from the mezzanine. There is instant silence.

COMMODORE

Who wants to go out on my boat Sunday?

Everyone ad libs enthusiastic acceptance except Oliver. Carver, forgetting the paper clips, joins in and moves a little more than he should; a deluge of clips falls around his ankles. The Commodore looks at him, then back to Oliver.

COMMODORE

Don't you want to go, Ollie?

OLIVER

The fact is, sir, I've got an engagement for Sunday.

ALICE

Your boat seems to have competition, Commodore.

CARVER

You should meet the competition.

ALICE

Have you met her, Doc?

CARVER

I saw her one day with Ollie.

ALICE

(looking at Oliver)  
Ollie's always saying he'll take me to see her, but he never does.

OLIVER

As a matter of fact, Alice, I was going to take you around next Sunday, but since the Commodore...

COMMODORE

(quickly)  
I withdraw my invitation to you two.

ALICE

We'll take a rain check, Commodore,  
(looks at Oliver)

COMMODORE

(turning to go)  
I'll expect the rest of you.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

He starts toward the door. Carver moves to get out of his way. There is a veritable deluge of clips. The Commodore looks down at the clips and then gives Carver a long and searching glance.

COMMODORE

I always wondered what held you together, Carver.

DISSOLVE:

15 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Alice, Irena, and Oliver are walking Into the room. It is obvious that Alice and Oliver have just arrived and been met at the door by Irena. She has her free arm linked through Alice's.

IRENA

I think, Alice, I shall like you very much. We shall be good friends, you and I.

Alice is a little embarrassed by Irena's warmth of manner. She looks about the apartment.

ALICE

Ollie tells me you like to draw cats. I tried to draw a cat once -- looked more like a mouse.

IRENA

Cats are harder to draw than the human hand...a good cat portrait is almost impossible. Look up there...

(pointing to the mantel picture)

Even Goya couldn't do it...not really well. That's why I like It...because it's hard.'

ALICE

(with a laugh)

Because it's hard? You're a glutton for punishment.

IRENA

No, it's not just because it's hard. In a way, I felt I had to draw them. Didn't you draw boats?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

ALICE

(nodding)

Sure. I spent half my study periods drawing boats. The Marblehead tomboy — that was me.. My poor mother wept every time I brought home a report card.

IRENA

And I drew cats. The other children in my village had cats, and they could hug them and play with them. But cats don't like me. They won't let me cuddle or caress them. So instead of playing with them, I drew them. They're the one subject still too hard for me. You understand, don't you?

Without waiting for an answer, she rises and picks up a sheaf of drawings from her desk. She spreads them out before Alice.

IRENA

Look, Fashion drawings bore me.  
The only way I can do them is this way.

Alice picks up one of the drawings and looks at it,

IRENA

Of course, when I got the gown the way I want it, I rub out the cat's face and sketch in a regular face.

Alice nods and puts the drawing back with the others. Oliver, looking at Alice, is afraid that she has not been sufficiently Impressed. He feels called upon to defend Irena's work and to change the subject.

OLIVER

I think it's right clever. How about my mixing a cocktail?

IRENA

I have them all mixed.

She hurries off behind the screen. Alice looks up at Oliver, He is beaming with pride. She smiles at him, holding up her finger, ring-joined, in a little gesture of silent approval. The canary begins to sing. Alice rises and goes over to the canary's cage. Oliver joins her beside the cage.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

This is what the kitten turned into.

ALICE

Much easier for a working girl to  
keep.

(as the bird hits an  
especially high note)

Listen to her, will you? Little old  
Jenny Lind herself.

The bird suddenly stops singing. Alice and Oliver look at  
one another.

IRENA'S VOICE

(coming over scene)

Was the bird singing?

They turn.

ALICE

Yes. It gave out with an aria.

Irena comes toward them. She holds a small tray upon which  
is a martini whirler, three glasses, and a small plateful of  
hors d'oeuvres. She places the cocktail things upon a small  
table.

IRENA

It's never sung before. This is the  
first time.

She comes up to the cage, trying to coax the bird into song  
with little cooing and whistling noises. The bird mopes on  
its perch as far away from her as the cage will allow.

IRENA

The naughty bird. For me he will  
never sing.

ALICE

Probably a prima donna.

Turning toward the coffee table, Irena speaks suddenly, as  
if with a desire to change the subject.

IRENA

Shall we have our martinis?

Oliver bends down, gets the glasses, and hands them around.  
Just as they lift their glasses, the eerie scream of the  
panther sounds. Oliver and Alice look up.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

IRENA  
It's the panther --

OLIVER  
(lifting his glass)  
Here's luck to all of us...May we  
always be in better voice than that.

MED. CLOSEUP of Alice. She is twirling the glass in her  
fingers thoughtfully.

ALICE  
To all of us.

DISSOLVE:

16 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

The panther is pacing behind the bars of its cage. It is a  
windy day, one of the last days of fall. A gust of wind blows  
a shower of dead leaves across the screen in front of the  
cage.

DISSOLVE OUT:

17 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of the panther screen, glowing in bright firelight.  
Over this shot comes the melody of "Berceuses du Chat."

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include CLOSE SHOT of Irena near the  
phonograph as she turns down the music so that it is only  
background music. She is wearing an attractive hostess gown.  
She goes over to the sofa where Oliver is stretched out and  
sits beside him. Irena's fingers begin to stroke his brows  
regularly. She smiles down at him.

IRENA  
Better now?

OLIVER  
Much better. Those under-lit tables  
we work at...we had to use them all  
day today... they give a man a rotten  
headache.

IRENA  
What about Alice? Doesn't she mind  
them?

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

OLIVER

I suppose so, but she never lets  
anything bother her. She says the  
best cure for anything is swimming.

(his voice begins to  
get sleepy)

She only lives at that women's club  
because there's a pool there.

Irena continues to caress his brow. His head sinks down into the pillows. He closes his eyes. An outside sound distracts Irena, and she looks up.

CLOSE SHOT of the window from Irena's viewpoint. It has begun to rain, and a blast of wind has spangled the window with raindrops.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena as she smiles contentedly and looks down at Oliver. He has fallen asleep and is breathing easily. He moves gently, and one hand extends over the edge of the sofa. Irena lets herself slide from the sofa to the floor. She nestles against the sofa, cuddles her cheek against the back of Oliver's outstretched hand, and rubs her face back and forth, almost like a cat that pets itself against its master's hand. Her eyes look toward the dancing flames in the fireplace.

DISSOLVE:

18 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHOT of the fire. The flames have burned down. There are only glowing coals on the hearth. The room is almost dark. The music has stopped.

The CAMERA MOVES from the fire to Irena, as she still sits on the floor with her cheek against Oliver's hand, Oliver stirs slightly and opens his eyes. Irena does not move. Oliver looks at her.

OLIVER

Irena.

IRENA

Yes.

OLIVER

I've been asleep.

IRENA

I know.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

OLIVER  
It couldn't have been very  
entertaining for you.

IRENA  
I was watching you.

OLIVER  
And that was fun?

Irena makes a little purring murmur of assent. There is a pause then Oliver speaks softly.

OLIVER  
Do you love me, Irena?

Again the little murmur of ascent.

OLIVER  
I thought so. And you know that I  
love you, don't you?

Again the little, happy, thrilling murmur from the darkness. Oliver puts his hand on her shoulder.

OLIVER  
I've never kissed you.  
(pauses)  
You know, that's funny, Irena  
withdraws gently from him and moves  
back a bit into the shadows away  
from him.

IRENA  
Why?

OLIVER  
When people in America know each  
other as well as we do — when they're  
in love — or even think they're in  
love, they've usually kissed long  
ago.

Irena slips further away from him into the shadows. He leans toward her.

OLIVER  
Well...?

He can see only the dim outline of her shoulders, the white blur of her face.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA  
(suddenly taut,  
anguished, as if the  
words were being  
pulled from her throat)  
I love you, Oliver.

OLIVER  
(sitting up, alarmed  
by her intensity)  
For heaven's sake, Irena, what's  
wrong?

Without answering, Irena suddenly lays her cheek against his knee and begins to sob. Perplexed, Oliver looks down at her and puts a hand on her head. She turns her head but does not look at him. Her voice has a wild, strained quality, echoing some strange agony.

IRENA  
I've lived in dread of this moment,  
Oliver. I've not wanted to love  
you. I kept myself away from  
people...I stayed alone...I never  
wanted this to happen.

OLIVER  
But you just told me you loved me.

IRENA  
I do. I do.

Oliver puts his hands under her elbows and tries to draw her up to him.

OLIVER  
Then there's only one thing to do.  
Come up here and be kissed.

IRENA  
(withdrawing from his  
hands)  
No. I can't, Oliver, I've fled from  
the past, from things you could never  
know or understand...evil things...  
evil...

She breaks out again, sobbing. He looks down at her, worried. Her sobs lessen, and Oliver begins to speak very quietly, very calmly.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

OLIVER

Irena, you've told me something of the past...of King John, and the witches in the village, and the cat people who are descended from them. Fairy tales, Irena, fairy tales you heard in childhood...nothing more than that. They've nothing to do with you, really. You're Irena...you're here In America...you're so normal you're even in love with me...Oliver Reed...a good, plain Americano.

He tries to raise her again, to kiss her, but she eludes him and cuddles down by his feet, pressing her cheek against his knee. She has stopped crying.

OLIVER

Yes, you're so normal that you're going to marry me, Irena, And those fairy tales of yours, you can tell them to our children... for them...hundreds of kittens to amuse them...

Irena utters a little murmur of happiness and delight.

Oliver bends over, and kisses her hair softly.. Over the sound of the rain and wind comes the coughing roar of lions in the park.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

19 EXT. & INT. SERBIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Belgrade, as seen through the plate glass window from outside. It is snowing, the first light snow of the winter. In the window on display are three calves' heads prepared in Serbian fashion. They have been skinned. The eyes, considered a great delicacy by gourmets, are wide open and glisten like bullets. The heads are crowned with chaplets of artificial flowers. In the b.g. we see the wedding party. Seated around a table are Oliver, Irena, Alice, the Commodore, Jim Carver, and some of the other people we have seen on the office sequences. Irena is dressed in a light suit and wears a bridal bouquet on her shoulder. She is laughing a natural, happy laugh to contrast with the later hysterical laugh. The proprietor of the restaurant has just brought proudly to the table from the kitchen a large iron kettle from which the steam of hot wine is rising.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

The CAMERA TRUCKS THROUGH to the wedding party. A trio of musicians, dressed in Balkan costume, is playing a Balkan love song. Jim Carver, like everyone else in the party, has been drinking, and is in a gay mood. As the proprietor places the iron kettle on the table, Carver applauds.

CARVER  
(calling out)  
Ah! Comitaji!

The proprietor gives him a fierce look. Irena laughs merrily.

IRENA  
Oh, Mr. Carver, you should not call  
the good man that.

CARVER  
But it's Serbian. I got it from my  
barber this afternoon.

IRENA  
You might insult him. "Comitaji"  
means bandit...robber...

CARVER  
Bless my soul!

Commodore Judson, seated next to Alice, is watching Irena. He turns to find Alice's eyes on his.

COMMODORE  
Oliver's bride seems a very nice  
girl...and very pretty too. Carver  
tells me she's a bit odd. He's a  
little worried about the marriage.

ALICE  
(defensively)  
Nonsense. Irena's a grand girl.  
She and Oliver are going to be very  
happy together.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of a woman who is seated at a little table at the far side of the restaurant. She is in evening dress, but is dining alone. The woman looks like a cat. She has a round, tabby face and a pompadour which somehow suggests the roundness of a cat's head. The eyes, slanting, large, and very light in color, fringed with sweeping lashes, are completely feline. She turns these great, luminous eyes in the direction of the wedding party and stares at the festivities.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

MED. SHOT of the wedding party. The Commodore rises, with his glass in one hand.

COMMODORE  
To the bride.

Everybody toasts Irena. Oliver looks down at her, proud and happy.

CLOSEUP of the Cat Woman, as she looks straight at Irena.

MED. SHOT of the wedding party. As the Commodore is sitting down, he sees the Cat Woman. He turns to Jim Carver.

COMMODORE  
Look at that woman. Isn't she something.

CARVER  
(glancing up)  
Looks like a cat.

He turns back to his food.

MED. SHOT - the Cat Woman. Drawing-on her gloves, she rises and crosses the room. As she reaches the wedding party and is directly opposite Irena, she stops and stares at Irena.

MED. SHOT - the wedding party, holding her hand as she talks.

Irena is turned to Alice.

IRENA  
Thank you so much, Alice, for this lovely party. I did not know there was a Serbian restaurant.

ALICE  
Anything you want to know about this city, ask me. I know all the unimportant details.

Irena laughs, and turning around, looks up at the Cat Woman. The smile fades from her face. She stares at the woman with a kind of haunted fascination. The Cat Woman takes a step closer, never removing her eyes from Irena. She smiles and speaks. (Note: Irena's voice is to be dubbed in on the sound track when the Cat Woman speaks.)

CAT WOMAN  
Moja sestra.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

Irena blanches and shrinks, back into her chair. She makes the sign of the Cross. The Cat Woman smiles and repeats the words. (Note: Scene without sign of Cross to be made for England.)

CAT WOMAN

Moja sostra.

She turns and walks out back on a festive basis.

Alice tries to put the party.

ALICE

How do you like that?

WO SHOT - Oliver and Irena. Irena is looking white and shaken. Oliver takes her hand.

OLIVER

What did that woman say to you?

Irena looks up at him with frightened eyes,

OLIVER

What did she say, darling?

IRENA

(slowly, seriously)

If this were any night but-my wedding night...If you were any man but my husband...I would not tell you.

OLIVER

Wait a minute. It can't be that serious...just one single word --

IRENA

(very seriously)

She greeted me...she called me "sister."

(seizing his hands,  
looking up at him)

You saw her, Oliver. You saw what she looked like.

OLIVER

(laughing)

Oh, the cat people ... she's one of the cat people. She looks like a cat, and so she must be one of the cat people...one of King John's pets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(tweaks her chin  
playfully)  
Irena, you crazy kid!

Irena looks at him from her throat sobs of hysterical laughter break

OLIVER  
Look...you're laughing. You can see  
how funny it is yourself.

And it is true. Irena is laughing with him, but hers is the forced, flat laughter of near hysteria.

The CAMERA MOVES IN so that we see that it is hysteria, whereas Oliver, seated beside her, feels sure it is normal laughter joined with his.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

20 EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

A cab draws up before Irena's apartment house. In it are Oliver, Irena, the Commodore, and Carver. It is still snowing lightly. Carver is the first out, extricating himself from the jump seat. He helps Irena out, and Oliver follows her.

CARVER  
I know a joke about weddings. Why  
would my wedding be a dollar and  
cents wedding?

He looks at Irena. She does not say anything. He looks around at the rest. No one says anything. Then the Commodore pokes his head out of the cab.

COMMODORE  
All right -- why?

CARVER  
Because I haven't a dollar, and my  
girl hasn't any sense.

No one laughs. It hasn't been a funny joke. Then Irena, begins to laugh. She laughs hysterically. Oliver looks at her worried. Carver is very pleased, because he thinks he has been funny. The Commodore reaches out from the cab and taps him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)



20 CONTINUED:

COMMODORE  
Come along, Carver.

Carver climbs into the cab, and it drives off.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver on the sidewalk. The soft snow falls on their shoulders. For the first time they are alone together, and Irena's problems have to be discussed.

OLIVER  
What is it, darling?

Irena is struggling to put a hard request into reasonable words. She forces herself to speak.

IRENA  
I'm going to beg --

She breaks off, unable to speak. They stand there a moment. Oliver is looking at her. He wants to help her; he wants to know the way of her thoughts.

OLIVER  
(encouragingly; softly)  
Mrs. Reed.

Irena stops and puts her hands tenderly against his chest.

IRENA  
It's nice to hear that...nice. I  
want to be Mrs.. Reed.

OLIVER  
You are, Irena.

IRENA  
But I want to be Mrs. Reed really. I  
want to be everything that name means  
to me --  
(with tears coming to  
her eyes)  
-- and I can't -- I can't.

OLIVER  
There's no sense in what you're  
saying, darling. You're excited.  
That woman in the restaurant upset  
you.

IRENA  
She brought back the old fears. If I  
could have some time to --  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA (CONT'D)  
(seizing his hands)  
Oliver, be kind -- be patient - let  
me have time - time to get over this  
feeling there's something evil in  
me.

Oliver looks at her quietly for a moment.

OLIVER  
Darling, you can have all the time  
there is in the world, if you want  
it, and all the patience and the  
kindness there's in me. You didn't  
have to ask for that.

Irena draws his hand to her lips and kisses it.

IRENA  
Only a little time...only a little  
time, Oliver. I don't want more  
than that!

They turn toward the house, and as they begin to walk

DISSOLVE:

21 INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena is crossing the room toward the door. The room  
is lighted only by the glow from the street lamps outside.  
She is in a negligee. Outside, through the window, the snow  
can be soon falling.

22 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver, still wearing street clothes, stands at the door  
of Irena's bedroom. He taps lightly on the door.

OLIVER  
(softly)  
Good night, Irena, He stands waiting.

23 INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena presses herself against the door. Her hand goes  
down to the doorknob.

24 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands waiting.

25 INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena sinks down to her knees beside the door and crouches there, lonely and desirous. She moves slightly. Her hand goes up toward the doorknob. There is no doubt that her intention is to open the door. From the park comes the thin, eerie scream of the panther. Irena listens, trembles, and takes her hand from the knob.

IRENA  
(almost whispering)  
Good night, Oliver..

OLIVER'S VOICE  
(from the other side  
of the door)  
Good night, Irena.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

26 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PAR" - DAY

The keeper of the cat cages is sweeping out the blank panther's cage with a long-handled broom. He sings to himself in a nasal New England voice. Irena comes and stops at the guard rail.

KEEPER  
(singing)  
There was not any person hurt, Except  
the Reverend Parson Burt...  
(sliding the broom  
handle far into the  
cage)  
He wasn't killed by cannon ball, As  
judged by jurors one and all.

The panther steps haughtily over the broom handle, and comes up to the bars.

KEEPER  
But being in a sickly state, He  
frightened fell and met his fate.

The leopard, maneuvering for a better view of Irena, gets in the way of the broom. The old keeper stops his work and his song, turning to see what has attracted the leopard's attention. On seeing Irena, he tips his peaked cap and smiles,.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

KEEPER

Ain't seen you here for some time,  
mamam.

IRENA

I've been married. I've been married  
almost a month.

Withdrawing his broom, the old keeper uses it as a crutch to support himself. He jerks one thumb in the direction of the leopard.

KEEPER

That's what I tell this misbegotten  
devil...nobody comes to see him when  
they're happy. The monkey house and  
the aviary draw the happy customers.

Irena leans over the guard rail. The leopard's hackles rise and he tenses his front paws to unsheathe the talons.

IRENA

(admiringly)  
But he's beautiful.

KEEPER

No. He ain't beautiful. He's an  
evil creature, ma'am. You read your  
Bible. In Revelations -- when the  
Book is talking about the worst beast  
of them all -- it says, "And the  
beast which I saw was like unto a  
leopard."

IRENA

(repeating softly)  
Like unto a leopard...

KEEPER

Yes, ma'am, like a leopard... but  
not a leopard. I guess that fits  
this fellow.

IRENA

Yes, it fits him.

She pauses a moment, then leaves the guard rail to continue on her way down the promenade. The old keeper calls after her.

KEEPER

Best wishes for your marriage, ma'  
am.

She turns and waves to him.

DISSOLVE:

27 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The panther screen is glowing in the bright sunlight streaming through the window. The sun throws a shadow onto the screen just over the panther. It is the enlarged shadow of the bird cage, with the canary hopping about inside the bars.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show Irena at her desk. She has just finished working on a sketch. Now she gets up, stretching and turning. Her eyes fall on the bird in its cage, and she crosses over to it, the CAMERA MOVING with her. The bird huddles on its perch, frightened, Irena tries to encourage it to sing. She whistles a few notes. Still no response. She opens the small door of the cage, and puts her hand inside to take hold of the canary. The bird flutters wildly. Before she can get hold of it, it falls to the cage floor and lies there. Irena picks it up tenderly and holds it in her hands. The bird is dead. Irena is serious and concerned as she puts the bird down on a table, opens a drawer, and takes out an empty bonbon box. Very carefully she places the dead bird in the box, and ties it up with a bit of ribbon. She puts on her hat and coat, gets a trowel that is on. The window ledge by one of the window boxes, and leaves the room with the trowel and the box under her handbag.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

28 EXT. PARK WALK - DAY

Irena walks along the park path. The CAMERA is MOVING with her. Her eyes are searching for a likely spot of earth to bury the dead bird. Under a bush she spies a bit of soft earth. She stops, and takes a step toward it. A whistled tune attracts her attention, and she looks up.

A policeman has rounded a corner of the path, and is coming toward her amiably swinging his nightstick, as he whistles "Who?" Irena swiftly pushes the purse back on her arm and continues walking along the path, passing the policeman, who goes right on whistling.

29 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

Irena comes up the walk. The panther is pacing back and forth behind the bars. It stops pacing as she passes the cage. She, too, stops, and looks at the beast. Suddenly, as if under the compulsion of some thought or desire outside herself, she hurriedly takes the box, tears off the lid, and throws the dead body of the canary into the cage.

CLOSE SHOT of the panther, as daintily, with little paw pats, it begins to play with the dead bird, shuffling the tiny yellow body across the dusty floor of the cage, CLOSE SHOT

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

of Irena watching the animal. She shudders, almost as if recovering herself, and turning, walks quickly away.

DISSOLVE

30 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena is standing looking out the window. Oliver is opening the little cabinet which they use for a bar. He half turns and calls over his shoulder to her.

OLIVER

Would you like some sherry?

Irena doesn't answer. Oliver fills two glasses with sherry and brings them over to her. He offers her one.

OLIVER

Here. If you're determined to mourn that bird...we'll have a regular wake...

IRENA

(looking at him)

It's not just because the bird died.

Oliver puts a glass into her hands and stands beside her. She takes a little sip of the wine and stares into the glass, thoughtfully.

IRENA

It's me. I envy every woman I see on the street.

OLIVER

They can't match your little finger.

IRENA

I envy them. They are happy. They make their husbands happy. They lead normal, happy lives. They're free...

(a pause)

The bird...do you know what happened to the bird?

OLIVER

It died.

IRENA

It died of fright when I tried to take it in my hand.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

OLIVER

All right. The bird was afraid of you -- that's nothing. I had a rabbit once that hated me; yet I grew up to be quite a nice fellow.

IRENA

(shaking her head)

Oliver, when I went past the panther's cage I had to open the box; I had to throw the bird to him,

(a pause; then more  
intensely)

Do you understand?...I had to. I had to do it! That's what frightens me.

Oliver looks at her for a moment then, speaks quietly, no longer mocking her.

OLIVER

I've been trying to kid you out of it. Maybe that's wrong. I've tried...

IRENA

(taking his hand)

No one could have been more gentle or more patient.

OLIVER

I've tried to make you realize all these stories that worry you are so much nonsense. Now I see it's not the stories... it's the fact that you believe them. We've got to have help, Irena.

Irena half turns. The statuette of King John is on the table before her. She lets one hand rest for a minute on the base of the figure. Oliver follows the direction of her gaze and he shakes his head.

OLIVER

Not that sort of help. There's something wrong, and we have to face it in an intelligent way. We don't need a King John with fire and sword. We need someone who can root out the reason for your belief and cure it. That's what we need -- a psychiatrist.

Irena turns toward him, her face eager and hopeful,

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA  
(eagerly)  
Find one for me, Oliver. The best  
one...the very best one I

DISSOLVE

31 INT. DR. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Irena. She is in a dark room. Coming diagonally across is a square shaft of light which falls softly on Irena's face, framing the closed eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving everything else in undisturbed darkness. From the darkness comes a male voice, a very persuasive, insistent voice.

JUDD  
the cats...the cats...you were saying  
the cats....the cats...

IRENA  
(eyes still closed as  
she speaks)  
They torment me. I wake in the night,  
I fool their warmth and their strength  
in me...in me. I walk in the day,  
and the tread of their foot whispers  
in my brain. I have no peace...for  
they are in me...

She pauses, and a little grimace of pain goes over her features. From her closed eyes two tears course slowly down her cheeks. From the darkness the voice continues to urge her on.

JUDD  
In me... in me...

There is no response. The man gets up, so that we see him in silhouette. He crosses the room and draws the curtains, letting in the brilliant sunlight. Irena lies with eyes closed, breathing with the shallow, regular breath of sleep, undisturbed by the harsh light.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Dr. Louis Judd. He stands for a moment watching her. Judd is a harshly ugly man of early middle ago. There is an arrogance in his bearing which makes some women see him as the suave, continental man, perfectly sure of his success with any woman. His consulting room is clean, antiseptic, and sparsely furnished with a couch, a chair, and a gooseneck lamp on a stand. Irena is lying on the couch. Judd, standing beside her, makes a few notations on a pad. Then he lightly pats her cheek to wake her.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED:

She comes from sleep very quietly.

JUDD  
You are very tired.

IRENA  
(smiling uncertainly)  
No...not very.

Dr. Judd pours her a drink from a carafe.

JUDD  
Hypnosis always tires me. And some  
of my patients, too, find it  
exhausting.

IRENA  
(taking the glass he  
gives her)  
It's only that I remember nothing.

JUDD  
But it is my duty to remember,  
(patting the notebook  
in his hand)  
I have it all here. Most Interesting.  
You told me of your village, and the  
people, and their strange beliefs.

IRENA  
(anxiously)  
Is that all I told you?

JUDD  
You told me tales of blood,  
violence...mangled bodies in dark  
forests...men torn to death by woman  
half witch, half panther.

IRENA  
I am so ashamed. It must seem so  
childish.

JUDD  
And the cat woman of your  
village...you told me of them,  
too...woman who in jealousy or anger,  
or out of their own corrupt passions,  
could change into great cats, like  
panthers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDD (CONT'D)

And if one of those woman were to  
fall in love...and if her lover were  
to kiss her...take her into his  
embrace, she would be driven by her  
own evil to kill him.

JUDD

(pausing, coming closer  
to her)

That's what you believe and what you  
fear, isn't it?

Irena nods her head but does not raise her eyes.

JUDD

Frankly, there is no need to be  
ashamed. This is only what we call  
a psychological block...a thing which  
stands between you and what you really  
desire.

Irena looks at him. He looks at his watch, crosses to the  
desk and puts away his notebook with an air of finality.

JUDD

Those things are very simple to  
psychiatrists. You told me of your  
childhood. Perhaps we'll find this  
trouble stems from some early  
experience. You said you didn't know  
your father...that he had died in  
some mysterious accident in the forest  
before your birth...and because of  
that the children teased you and  
called your mother a witch...a cat  
woman. These childhood tragedies are  
inclined to corrode the soul, to  
leave a canker in the mind, but we  
will try to repair the damage.

Irena rises and gives Dr. Judd her hand. He places an arm  
around her shoulders with familiar ease, as he leads her to  
the door.

JUDD

You are not to worry.

IRENA

What shall I tell my husband?  
Naturally, he is anxious to have  
some word.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDD  
(with heavy gallantry;  
as he assists her  
with her coat)  
What does one tell a husband? One  
tells him nothing.

By this time they have reached the door to the outer office -  
the waiting room.

32 INT. DR. JUDD'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Judd and Irena enter and cross to the door which leads  
to the hall. He opens the door for her.

JUDD  
Friday, at eleven?

Irena nods and leaves. Dr. Judd turns to another of his  
patients in the waiting room. She is a beautiful, neurotic  
looking woman, swathed in furs and adorned with loops of  
pearls. Judd bows from the waist to kiss her hand.

JUDD  
My dear lady.

DISSOLVE:

33 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE -  
AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of Irena running lightly up the stairs, humming a  
little snatch of song.

34 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of Irena as she reaches the top of the stairs and  
goes down the hallway to her door, still humming the song.  
Joyously she swings open the door of the apartment\* CLOSEUP  
of Irena as she sees something inside, REVERSE SHOT. Through  
the door can be seen Oliver and Alice seated together on the  
sofa. Oliver-is just bending over to light Alice's cigarette.  
They turn and look as Irena enters and closes the door.

Irena, Alice and Oliver.

IRENA  
(as she crosses to  
Alice)  
Alice, it's so nice to see you!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
Hello, darling. How did you make out  
with Louis?

IRENA  
(puzzled)  
Louis ?

ALICE  
Dr. Judd.

Instantly Irena's mood changes. She looks at Alice, puzzled  
and a little hurt to think that Oliver has spoken of her  
visit to the psychiatrist. Oliver catches Irena's look.

OLIVER  
(quickly)  
Alice knows, darling.

ALICE  
(not catching the  
vibrations in the  
air)  
Of course. Didn't I suggest Dr.  
Judd? I met him on the Commodore's  
boat. The way he goes around kissing  
hands makes me want to spit cotton,  
but I guess he knows all there is to  
know about psychiatry.

Oliver is looking very embarrassed. Irena is both startled  
and angry now. Alice looks at both of them and catches on.

ALICE  
Uh-oh!

OLIVER  
(to Irena)  
I told Alice; I knew she'd know some  
good doctor.

IRENA  
I don't see why that was necessary.

Her manner is very cold. She gives them both a long look,  
and walks away to stand by the window, gazing out, with her  
back toward them. Alice looks guiltily at Oliver, shrugs her  
shoulders, and picks up her hat and coat from a near-by chair.

ALICE  
Sorry. I seem to have put my big  
foot in it.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

She lets Oliver help her on with her coat, and, with her hat still in her hand, she goes over to the door. Pausing, she calls out to Irena.

ALICE

Sorry, Irena. I'm sure neither I nor Oliver had any notion of offending you. I'm dreadfully sorry.

IRENA

(half-turning, coldly)  
Good-bye, Alice.

With another-guilty look at Oliver, Alice closes the door behind her. The moment the door clicks shut, Irena turns to face Oliver. She is furious, hurt, offended. Oliver tries to make nice with her.

OLIVER

Darling, really, there's no reason....

IRENA

But, Oliver, how can you discuss such things...such intimate things about me? How much did you tell her?

OLIVER

(good-naturedly)  
You can tell Alice anything. She's such a good egg, she can understand anything.

IRENA

There are some things a woman doesn't want other women to understand.

She crosses the room, goes into the bedroom, and closes the door firmly behind her. Oliver is honestly perplexed. He looks after her ruefully.

DISSOLVE:

35 INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena is unable to sleep. A bright moon drives a shaft of misty light through the window and across her bed. She turns restlessly, gets up, and goes to the window for a moment to look out. From the park comes the sound of the lions and one eerie, piercing shriek that she knows is the leopard's cry. She trembles, perhaps with cold, perhaps with some emotion that she cannot understand.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

She comes to a decision, throws a fur coat over her nightdress, puts on a pair of galoshes over her bedroom slippers, and lets herself out of the room.

36 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena hesitates as she tiptoes across the studio room of her apartment. The moonlight is pouring in through the window, throwing the familiar objects of the room into mysterious half-shadows. She goes quietly over to the other door, opens it quietly, and looks in.

37 INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver is sound asleep in his bed. He sleeps quietly.

38 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena closes the door to Oliver's bedroom softly, and tiptoes to the main door, snapping the night latch back, and quietly letting herself out.

X

X

X

X

X

X

TWO SHOT. Oliver comes out of the shadows of the hallway and joins Irena on the steps.

OLIVER

I woke up. You were gone, What's wrong, darling?

IRENA

(a pause, as she looks at him)

I couldn't sleep. I went out.

They continue up the stairs together, the CAMERA HOLDING on them. As they reach a landing, Oliver stops.

OLIVER

Where'd you go?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

IRENA  
Just walked.

There is a brief pause. Oliver reaches out and takes her hand.

OLIVER  
I'm sorry about this afternoon. I  
just didn't think.

IRENA  
We should never quarrel, Oliver. I  
need you so much. You must help me,  
Oliver.  
(pauses)  
Never let me feel jealousy or anger.  
Whatever it is that is in me is held  
in...is kept harmless...when I am  
happy.

OLIVER  
I'd turn handsprings, darling...  
I'd dance in the streets...to make  
you happy.

He smiles down at her. Then, taking her little face in his hands, he pinches her cheeks together so that her mouth puckers to an enforced smile.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

39 EXT. THE PANTHER'S CAGE - PARK - DAY

Irena stands at the guard rail, watching the old keeper unlock the cage door and throw in the big, bloody chunks of meat. He is singing again his monotonous, nasal song, but even his singing cannot drown out the noisy feeding of the panther as it gnaws and tears at the meat. When he has thrown in the last chunk, he slams shut the cage door and moves on. It is a gusty, blowy day of hard, inconstant winds. Irena notices that he has left the key in the lock of the cage.

INSERT THE KEY in the panther cage lock.

BACK TO SCENE. Irena pushes aside the little gate, gets the key, stands with it for a moment in her hands, and then runs after the keeper. She holds it out toward him.

IRENA  
You forgot your key.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

KEEPER

(taking the key)

Ah, I'm always forgettin' it, 'Tain't  
no worry in It. Nobody'd steal one  
of them creatures.

He moves on, muttering his monotonous song to himself. Irena returns to the little gate. Dr. Judd is now standing where she had formerly stood. He is smiling at her. She lets herself out of the gate and stands beside him. He leans on his cane with a great air of nonchalant ease.

JUDD

You resist temptation admirably.

IRENA

Temptation?

JUDD

The key.

IRENA

Why would I want it?

JUDD

For many reasons. There is, in some cases, a psychic need to loose evil upon the world. And we all of us carry within us a desire for death. You fear the panther; yet you are drawn to him again and again. Could you not turn to him as an instrument of death?

(a pause)

You didn't come back to see me Friday.  
I've had to come to you.

IRENA

(bewildered)

How did you know where to find me?

JUDD

(smiling)

You told me many things.

Irena looks away.

Irena and Dr. Judd as SHOT from within the panther's cage. The black panther moves from time to time in the foreground, sometimes blotting one and then the other character from view. Irena and Judd are seen through the bars of the cage.

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDD

Why didn't you come back?

IRENA

I don't feel that you can help me.  
You are very wise. You know a great  
deal. Yet when you speak of the soul,  
you mean the mind...and it is not my  
mind that is troubled.

JUDD

What a clever girl! All the  
psychologists, all the theologians  
have tried for centuries to find  
that subtle shade of difference  
between mind and soul...and you have  
found it!

IRENA

(apologetically,  
turning away)

It does seem presumptuous of me,  
doesn't it? Good-bye, Doctor.

She starts off. The CAMERA STAYS with her, as we hear o.s.  
Judd's voice.

JUDD'S VOICE

I can cut one thread of fear for  
you.

Irena turns back to him questioningly, and he smiles at her,  
as he joins her on the walk.

JUDD

Your mother. Do you remember her?

IRENA

Yes. My mother was a peasant. She  
was lovely...quiet and strong...a  
big woman.

The doctor takes one of her hands and holds it up before  
her.

JUDD

And this aristocratic little hand...is  
this a peasant hand? The little  
bones of this wrist...are they peasant  
bones?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDD (CONT'D)

(drops her hand and  
looks at her)

The mystery of your father is very simple. Perhaps a young aristocrat from Belgrade... maybe an artist on a sketching trip. And your mother...fresh and attractive, as peasant girls are when they are young.

(making a little  
gesture with his  
cane)

It's quite clear - a hasty marriage...a brief pastoral - and then he disappears.

JUDD

No wonder your mother never spoke of him...that the village people drew aside from her. As for the children who teased you...who would explain his absence to them? Naturally, they could only go by old wives' tales of cat women and violence,

(pauses, looking  
closely at Irena)

I'm right, am I not?

Irena pauses thoughtfully for a moment.

IRENA

(quietly)

But what of my mother's death?

JUDD

Her death? You didn't tell me.

IRENA

(still quietly)

I held her hand when she died. That hand...even as I held it... turned to the black paw of a panther. I felt the coarse hair, the sharp talons, the pads...I felt them... I saw her lying, black... I saw that.

She pauses and looks at Judd, who is frowning at her; she speaks, almost with a note of triumph,

IRENA

What little pastoral, Doctor... do you have to explain that?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDD  
(confidently)  
You were a child?

IRENA  
I was thirteen when my mother died.

JUDD  
Why did she die?

IRENA  
There was an epidemic in the village.

JUDD  
And you were sick, feverish,  
delirious, when your mother died?

IRENA  
No. I was called from school. I can  
remember it so clearly. I came through  
the fields. The meadow larks were  
singing, and the sun was shining. I  
carried the knapsack of school books  
in my hand. I remember I could not  
believe that on such a day anyone  
could die. I was not delirious.

JUDD  
There is a delirium in great grief.  
There are the illusions of  
bereavement.

IRENA  
The priest would not come into our  
house when he saw what was on the  
bed. Was his also an illusion of  
grief?

Dr. Judd has no answer to make for a moment. He flicks a  
leaf from the path with his cane, then smiles at her.

JUDD  
There is always an explanation for  
every phenomenon. We shall find the  
reasonable explanation for this one.

Irena gives him a scornful look of disbelief, and turns away  
as we...

DISSOLVE:

40 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

TWO SHOT of Oliver and Alice. They are at a plotting table, Oliver is holding a slide rule in his hand, and is calling out numbers as she moves the batten. He looks at the number on the hairline, and calls It off to Alice.

OLIVER  
Toward the sheer line...sixty-two  
degrees --

Alice moves the batten with which she is plotting the curve of a bulkhead to the measurement Oliver has given her. It takes a sharp, awkward bend. She looks up at Oliver and points at the batten.

ALICE  
Hey!

Oliver looks at the batten, grins ruefully and apologizes!

OLIVER  
I'm sorry. Must have given you the  
wrong figure. Let me try again.

ALICE  
(coming round the  
table to him)  
Wait. Let's have a cigarette first.

They go toward the water cooler, as he fishes through his pockets for a package of cigarettes. Alice takes a cigarette, taps it on her nail, and smiles at him.

ALICE  
That's the third wrong figure you've  
given me this morning.

OLIVER  
Getting careless in my old ago.

ALICE  
Something's on your mind. Anything  
wrong?

OLIVER  
No.

They have reached the water cooler. She lights her cigarette, and accepts the cup of water he hands to her. He draws another cup for himself. She grins at him, as she waves away the first strong puff of smoke from her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(lightly)  
Must be marriage.

OLIVER  
In a way, it is. I'm worried about  
Irena.

ALICE  
I thought she was going to Dr.  
Judd.

OLIVER  
That's what I thought. But I bumped  
Into Judd this morning, and she  
hasn't been there since the first  
visit.

ALICE  
But you told me she seemed anxious  
to be cured.

OLIVER  
Apparently not.

Alice crumples up the paper cup and drops It into the waste  
basket.

ALICE  
I'm sorry, Oliver. It must make you  
very unhappy.

OLIVER  
(thoughtfully, simply)  
You know...it's a funny thing...  
I've never been unhappy before.  
Things have always gone swell for  
me. I had a grand time as a  
kid...lots of fun at school... at  
the office here with you, and the  
Commodore, and Doc. That's why I  
don't know what to do about all this.  
I've just never been unhappy.

Alice looks at him. Suddenly she begins to cry. Oliver looks  
at her in astonishment, takes a quick glance to see that the  
other workers in the office have not noticed, and quickly  
leads her around behind the filing cabinets.

OLIVER  
(drawing out the word)  
Hey --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(pulling out his  
handkerchief)  
Wait a minute!

ALICE  
(blowing her nose)  
I can't help it. I just can't help  
it.  
(looking up at him)  
I can't bear to see you unhappy. I  
love you too darn much, and I don't  
care if you do know it. I love you.

OLIVER  
(a pause)  
I didn't' know it.

ALICE  
Of course, you didn't. What do you  
think I'd do...drag my bleeding heart  
across the drafting tables? It just  
had to come out now. It's been too  
hard to love you...to see you in  
love with Irena...and to see you  
unhappy.

They stand looking at each other. Alice gives a final blow  
to her nose, hands the handkerchief back to Oliver, and  
manages a grin.

ALICE  
Forgot it. There's Irena... you're  
in love with her.

OLIVER  
(puzzled)  
I don't know. All this trouble has  
made me think -- I don't know what  
love really is. I don't even know  
whether I'm in love with Irena.

Alice looks at him very thoughtfully.

ALICE  
(simply, sincerely)  
I know what love is. It's  
understanding. It's you and me...and  
let the rest of the world go by.  
It's just the two of us, living our  
lives together...happily...proudly.  
No self-torture...no doubt.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's enduring and it's everlasting.  
Nothing can change it. Nothing can  
change us. That's what I think love  
is.

Oliver looks over at the water bubbles rising in the cooler.  
He looks intently at them, almost as if counting them as  
they rise, burbling to the surface. He speaks without looking  
at Alice, his eyes on the bubbles rising in the water cooler.

OLIVER

I don't feel that way about Irena.  
It's a different feeling. I'm drawn  
to her. There's a warmth from her  
that pulls at me...I have to watch  
her when she's in the room. I have  
to touch her when she's near. But I  
don't really know her. In many ways  
were strangers.

He turns and looks at Alice. She reaches out and takes his  
hand. They stand together like two people on a street corner  
shaking hands.

ALICE (SIMPLY)

You and I...we'll never be  
strangers.

He smiles at her and she returns his smile.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

41 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena is in the window alcove, busily engaged in washing her  
paint brushes. She twirls them between her palms to get the  
water out of them. Oliver is in his easy chair. He holds a  
magazine in his hands, but he is not reading. Suddenly he  
puts the magazine down.

OLIVER

Irena.

Irena turns toward him, but continues to twirl the brush she  
has in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

OLIVER  
(rising and coming  
toward her)  
Irena, I'm worried. What's happening  
to us?

Irena looks up at him as she stops twirling her brush. She speaks very simply, as if this explained and adjusted all difficulties.

IRENA  
I love you, Oliver.

OLIVER  
I know -- but people can love, and  
people can still drift apart. And  
that's what I feel is happening to  
us. We don't talk together openly  
— you are not frank with me...

IRENA  
(interrupting)  
I have never lied to you.

OLIVER  
I ran into Dr. Judd today.

Irena looks at him and then down at the brush in her hand.

OLIVER  
You haven't been back to see him.

IRENA  
He cannot help me.

OLIVER  
You won't let him help you. You won't  
let me help you. You won't even help  
yourself. It's what I said to Alice  
this afternoon —

At the mention of Alice, Irena has repeated the name softly, furiously, the while a look of concentrated fury has come to her face. The rest of Oliver's speech has been lost to her through her own anger.

OLIVER  
You're content to go on as we are.

IRENA  
(softly, but savagely  
sibilant)  
Alice!

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED: (2)

Oliver looks at her. He sees her anger, realizes that she is just about to burst forth savagely. He makes a gesture of resignation.

OLIVER  
(restraining himself)  
I promised you we'd never quarrel.  
Let's calm down a bit.  
(starts toward the  
door)  
I'll go down to the office - I've  
got some work to do.

At the door he picks up his hat and coat and goes out, closing the door quietly behind him. No sooner has the door closed than Irena jumps to her feet, paces quickly toward it, then back again.

42 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Oliver comes up in front of the office building that houses the Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company. A plaque on an entrance cornerstone bears the name of the company. There has been snow, followed by thaw, so that the streets are wet. Oliver stands on the wet street, watching the revolving door slowly move around with abrupt jerks. No one, however, is in any of the door compartments. Then as the door comes around, we see that in one of the compartments, on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor, is a thin charwoman, Mrs. Agnew, her blowsy hair falling down over her face. As she gets around in front of Oliver, she looks up, brushing the hair out of her eyes. A lighted cigarette, with a long ash dangles from one corner of her mouth. She picks up her bucket and scrubbing brush and starts to move out of Oliver's way.

MRS. AGNEW  
You want to go up to the office, Mr.  
Reed?

OLIVER  
No, I think I'll go around the corner  
to Sally Lunn's and get a cup of  
coffee before I got to work.  
(starting off down  
the street)  
I'll be back.

Mrs. Agnew nods. The long ash of her cigarette falls down the front of her dress. She brushes off the ashes with ladylike strokes, as if it were a usual occurrence,

## 43 INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Oliver comes into the tearoom. It is a typical quaint tearoom of the type seen in Manhattan side streets. A Negro waitress, Minnie, dressed in a stylized soubrette costume (something like the kind worn by the Brown Derby waitresses) turns around as Oliver enters.

MINNIE

(with a broad smile  
as he sits down)

Maybe you'd like some nice chicken  
gumbo, Mr. Reed.

OLIVER

No, thanks, Minnie. How about some  
apple pie and a cup of coffee?

MINNIE

(disappointed)

Yes'r, Mr. Reed.

(as she turns to get  
his order)

My goodness, don't nobody like chicken  
gumbo?

DISSOLVE:

## 44 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice is working alone late at night. She has just hung up the last T-square on the back wall. Now she turns out the light above her desk, leaving the room illuminated by a single light near the door. On her under-lit drafting table, taking full advantage of the warmth, his forepaws snuggled under his chin, is the most decorous sort of office cat. He looks like a bookkeeper. Alice is putting on her hat when the telephone rings. She picks up the phone.

ALICE

(into phone)

Hello.

(no response)

Hello.

(still no response)

## 45 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena has the telephone in her hand, and over the phone we hear Alice's voice.

ALICE'S VOICE

Hello -- Hello --

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

Irena quietly hangs up the phone.

46 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

There is a faint click from the other end of the wire, as of a receiver being put softly back onto the cradle. Alice, disgusted, slams her own receiver into place.

ALICE  
(addressing the cat)  
John Paul Jones, don't you hate people  
who do that?

She grabs her coat and starts putting it on. She turns out the last remaining light and starts to leave the office. At the door she pauses and calls through to the cat.

ALICE  
Good night, John Paul.  
(closes door)

47 EXT. A ROOFTOP OPPOSITE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Along the rooftop of the building opposite Irena's apartment glide a couple of mangy alley cats. They lead into the scene. Seeing Irena's lighted window, they seat themselves on the parapet side and look down into the lighted square of the window. Through it Irena can be seen on her knees, her hands folded in prayer. Her lips are moving.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING: cat in line; a little further to one side than the other. From this vantage point we can see down into Irena's apartment. We now see the object of Irena's adoration and her plea: the statue of King John of Serbia. Suddenly, Irena rises swiftly to her feet, and with a quick, violent movement she sweeps the statue to the floor. The cats, frightened, scamper away over the rooftops.

The CAMERA MOVES toward the window, as we see Irena catch up her hat and coat and leave.

48 INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice comes out of the elevator. Mrs. Agnew is in the lobby and has risen to a sitting position on her knees. She has just finished lighting a fresh cigarette. Alice reaches in her pocketbook and takes out a couple of match books.

ALICE  
Here, Mrs. Agnew, I've got a couple  
of new match books for your  
collection.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

MRS. AGNEW  
Thanks, Miss Moore.  
(admiring a particular  
one)  
Chartreuse. My, ain't that elegant!

Alice smiles and starts out.

MRS. AGNEW  
Too bad you wasn't here a minute  
ago. Mr. Reed looked in.

ALICE  
(stopping)  
Oh? Where'd he go?

MRS. AGNEW  
Said he was going around the corner  
to Sally Lunn's.

ALICE  
(starting off)  
I'll see if I can catch him, Good  
night.

MRS. AGNEW  
Good night, Miss Moore.

The ash of her cigarette falls down on her dress again.  
Almost automatically she brushes it off with her customary  
ladylike gesture.

49 INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Alice enters the tearoom and stands beside Oliver. She signals  
to Minnie.

ALICE  
Could you squeeze the coffee pot for  
me, Minnie?

OLIVER  
(turns and sees Alice)  
Hello !

MINNIE  
I sure could. Only this coffee's  
been workin' so long, it's got  
muscles.

Alice smiles at Oliver as she sits down beside him.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
What are you doing in this part of  
town at this hour of night?

Oliver shrugs his shoulders. Alice nods.

ALICE  
Hmmm. Stormy weather.

50 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irena as SHOT in the reflection of a florist shop window.  
She is walking with fast, soft steps.

51 INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have finished drinking their coffee. She is  
looking very seriously at him.

ALICE  
Ollie, you're going to have to  
solve your problems your own way.  
(picking up her cup)  
I'm going to drink up and go home.  
You'd better go home, too, and make  
it up with Irena.

OLIVER  
(leaning over and  
patting her hand)  
You're very swell.

ALICE  
(lightly)  
That's what makes me dangerous. I'm  
the new type of other woman.

They leave the counter, calling "good nights" to Minnie, who  
turns and nods to them.

52 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As SHOT through the plate glass window of the florist shop,  
with a grouping of tiger lilies in the f.g. Irena stands in  
an alcove-entrance, watching Oliver and Alice as they go by.

TWO SHOT - Oliver and Alice. Alice stops, shivers, and draws  
the collar of her coat higher. Oliver turns to her.

OLIVER  
Cold?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(shaking her head)  
A cat just walked over my grave.

They smile at each other and move on.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena through the tiger lilies, as she looks after them.

53 EXT. TRANSVERSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver pause at the entrance to the transverse, which stretches away from them, its darkness punctuated with pools of widely spaced street lights. Alice looks up the street and turns to Oliver.

OLIVER  
Don't you want me to walk you home?

ALICE  
I'm a big girl now, and I'm not afraid.

OLIVER  
Well, good night.

ALICE  
Good night.

They shake hands. Oliver turns and starts off across the street, Alice waves good night to him as he reaches the other side; then she draws a deep breath of the cold, crisp night air, and turning, starts toward the transverse walk.

54 EXT. PARK WALL - NIGHT

Irena steps out from the shadows around the park wall. She draws up her fur collar over the lower part of her face and turns toward the transverse walk. On the sound track the music for "Berceuses du Chat" begins in an eerie, minor key.

55 EXT. TRANSVERSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irena pauses at the entrance to the transverse. Ahead of her, walking briskly about one hundred feet in advance is Alice. There are no other pedestrians on the narrow transverse walk. The street and sidewalk are glistening wet and reflect the pools of light from the street lamps. The melting snow drips down the stone walls. Irena turns into the transverse and starts to walk after Alice.

56 EXT. TRANSVERSE. WALK - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice, as she walks along. On one side of her are the high, rock walls of the transverse; on the other is the street.

SHOT of Irena, as she, too, walks along.

MED. SHOT - street lamp on transverse. It throws a circular pool of light, Alice emerges from the darkness, crosses the area of light, and continues on into the darkness. The soft click of her heels fades into the distance. Even as the sound of her steps fades, the sound of Irena's steps comes into the scene. Irena comes from the darkness, crosses the area of light, and continues on after Alice into the darkness.

CLOSEUP of Alice's feet as they walk along, the heels clicking on the wet pavement.

CLOSEUP of Irena's feet as they walk along, her heels likewise clicking on the pavement.

MED. SHOT of a lighted area, as Alice again walks through a circle of light. She walks directly through and into the darkness beyond, her footsteps clicking on the pavement. As her footsteps fade, we would logically hear Irena's steps coming onto the scene. But we do not. There is nothing, only the sound of Alice's heels fading into the distance. The music of the "Berceuses du Chat" rises and fades.

SHOT of Alice as she walks along, the CAMERA TRUCKING with her. There is the sound of her feet on the pavement. She stops in a pool of street light, frowning, sensing the presence of something behind her. She glances over her shoulder, then looks around. The music is growing louder.

LONG SHOT of the glistening wet transverse walk, as Alice sees it -- a dark, deserted walk, fading off to a perspective line. It is lighted by regularly spaced street lamps.

SHOT of Alice, as she peers more closely into the darkness. She is troubled. The silence is ominous. She frowns apprehensively, turns, and starts to walk on a little faster. She turns her head slightly, but does not dare look behind her. She increases her pace and walks very rapidly through the next area of light and on into the darkness. The sound of her own steps is loud, and she begins to run. She reaches the next pool of light, stops stock still, panic-stricken, afraid to move. Outside the circle of light is only blackness and silence, Alice's frightened eyes peer into the darkness. She shrinks against the lamp post. Sheer terror crosses her face. Suddenly there is a roaring sound that fills the sound track, completely drowning the loud music. A pattern of light

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

cuts across Alice's face. She throws up one arm, almost as if to defend herself. There is a hissing, screeching sound.

SHOT of a transverse bus, as with a hiss of air brakes it stops directly alongside Alice. She grasps the platform rail to steady herself. The doors open.

BUS DRIVER  
Climb on, sister.

Alice steps up. A snarl sounds in the darkness, looks behind her. Her eyes are carried upward.

The wet shrubbery at the top of wall stirs, settling, as if something had only that moment passed through it.

Alice is looking back over her shoulder, fascinated by what she has seen. She is standing just within the bus, but the driver cannot close the door.

BUS DRIVER  
(exasperated)  
Are you ridin' with me, or ain'tcha?

Alice nods weakly, and steps In.

57 INT. TRANSVERSE BUS - NIGHT

Alice is fumbling in her purse for change. She has been greatly shaken by her fright. Her hands are trembling. The bus driver looks up at her.

BUS DRIVER  
You look as if you'd seen a ghost.

ALICE  
(eagerly)  
Did you see it?

The driver looks at her in amazement. Abashed, Alice drops a coin in the box and moves on. The driver shakes his head morosely, as if crazy women were the cause of all misfortune in this world, and pulls the gear that operates the door.

58 EXT. SHORE OF PARK LAKE - NIGHT

The waterfowl are nesting on the shallow, reed-fringed shores of the lake. Their heads are tucked in under their wings. Suddenly, one of the fowl, the leader, comes to life, and starts to cluck.

CLOSE SHOT - the tall reeds swaying, moving unnaturally, as if something were stealing quietly behind them.

(CONTINUED)



58 CONTINUED:

All the birds have wakened now, and silently are swimming out to the safety of the deeper water in the middle of the lake.

59 EXT. ARCHED BRIDGE OVER BRIDLE PATH - PARK - NIGHT

A mounted policeman, in glistening raincoat and cape, sits quietly on his horse. A cone of lamplight illuminates him. Overhead, from the bridge, a dark shadow glides. There is the deadened sound or padded paws on the stonework of the bridge. The horse, sensing the presence and hearing the sound, rears suddenly and plunges. The policeman struggles to rein in the maddened animal.

The policeman gets the horse in hand, although it continues to snort and start nervously. He bends down from the saddle to pat the horse's lathered neck.

POLICEMAN

What got into you, Joe?

60 EXT. SHEEPFOLD - PARK - NIGHT

Inside the sheepfold there is panic. The sheep mill about in the darkness, leaping over each other in blind fright, bleating piteously.

61 EXT. SHEEP CARETAKER'S HUT - PARK - NIGHT

The caretaker comes out of his hut, with a lantern. He has been roused from his sleep, and goes toward the fold, muttering.

CARETAKER

The woolly fools!

62 EXT. SHEEPFOLD - PARK - NIGHT

The caretaker stumbles over something on the ground inside the sheepfold. He holds up his lantern.

CLOSE SHOT of a killed lamb lying torn on the muddy ground. The muddy soil around the dead animal is trampled.

The caretaker raises his lantern higher, and peers into the light.

The bodies of three more slain lambs lying on the earth, are revealed by the caretaker's lantern.

The caretaker hobbles over to the last body, pausing for just a second at the body of each lamb on the way. He reaches

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

the last body, and kneels down beside it, examining the ground.

CLOSE SHOT of the prints of an animal In the soft mud around the body of the fourth lamb.

CAMERA MOVES a few feet beyond the body. Here, going off toward the sheep pasture gate, are more prints, but not the prints of the animal. Those are the dainty imprints of a woman's slippered-foot.

The caretaker, stunned and a little frightened by what he has seen, brings a whistle up to his lips, and blows it shrilly.

63 EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irena is standing under a street lamp. She seems dazed and bewildered. She is dabbing at her lips with her handkerchief. The caretaker's whistle is blowing in the distance. Irena frowns, puzzled, irresolute. Another whistle, closer, responds to the caretaker's whistle. A taxi drives up and stops beside her.

TAXI DRIVER

Taxi?

Irena looks up, nods and gets into the cab.

DISSOLVE:

64 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver is pacing the floor. The room lights are on full. He is smoking a cigarette nervously. There is the sound of the door being opened. Oliver turns around.

Irena has let herself In. She closes the door behind her and leans up against it. She is blinking in the glare of the light, She looks ghastly, white, and drawn, her shoes and stockings are wet, muddied, torn. She has lost her hat, and her hair is in wild disorder. In her hand she is crumpling and re-crumpling a soiled lace handkerchief.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver. Irena's exhaustion is so great that she looks as if she were about to collapse. Oliver jumps quickly to her side, putting his arm around her waist to support her. She draws away from him,

OLIVER

Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

IRENA  
Please...please...don't touch  
me...don't come near me.

OLIVER  
(weakly)  
All right.

Oliver hesitates and looks at her with sympathy.

OLIVER  
Look, Irena, I'm sorry. I've been  
worried to death. I didn't know  
where you were. I thought..

There is a pause. She turns away from him.

OLIVER  
These things...what happened  
tonight...happen in every family. I  
was all on edge. You've got to  
understand, and you've got to forgive  
me.

Irena starts toward her room, mumbling brokenly.

IRENA  
I forgive you.

She stumbles. Oliver tries to help her, but she eludes his hand and slips into her room. Oliver stands at the closed door.

65 INT. IRENA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She has turned on the water taps and is filling the tub with water. She is pulling off her wet clothes as rapidly as she can.

66 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands at the door to Irena's room.

OLIVER  
Irena? Irena?

IRENA'S VOICE  
(over the sound of  
running water)  
What do you want?

Oliver Is worried.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

INT. IRENA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT .

CLOSEUP of the base of an old-fashioned bathtub that has floor supports of ornamental balls with tiger claws extending down over the tops. Over the scene comes the broken sobbing of Irena.

CAMERA MOVES UP, and we see Irena In the tub. She sits very still in the still water, but her glistening shoulders shake as she tries to control the storm of her hysteria.

DISSOLVE:

67 INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Irena sleeping. She moves slightly in her sleep. Her lips move as if she were trying to speak.

LAP DISSOLVE OVER HER FACE:

SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT. An army of gigantic, thin, angular cats marches up from the back of the screen until their weird shapes, and glowing eyes fill the entire screen from frame to frame. Then through their ranks comes stalking a knight in chain armor with ragged grave cerements for cloak and tabard. He is unearthly tall and, as he walks forward, it is as if a statue were moving. It is the same figure we have seen on horseback as King John of Serbia. The face under the crowned helmet is in darkness. When he comes up close, this darkness is divided and reveals the face of Dr. Judd. Suddenly, and with a savage movement, this knightly figure draws his sword. It comes flashing from the scabbard and instantly changes, to an enormous Yale key on a ring. The key grows constantly larger, blotting out everything else from the screen. Over this sequence is the music of "Berceuses du Chat" in the softer portions of the melody we hear constantly the repetition of Judd's suggestions:

JUDD'S VOICE

(over EFFECT SHOT)

Go loose evil upon the world -- a  
psychic necessity -- a desire for  
death-- to loose evil --a desire for  
death -- to loose evil -- a desire  
for death ---

We LAP DISSOLVE BACK to Irena's face in such a manner that it seems this enormous key were pressing down upon her in her sleep.

DISSOLVE:

68 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

A light rain is falling. Once more the keeper is singing to himself in his nasal voice as he pushes chunks of meat in for the beast. He looks up to see Irena standing at the guard rail and smiles at her.

KEEPER

Good afternoon, ma'am.

IRENA

The animals must love you. You feed them so promptly...the same time every day. One could set one's watch by you.

KEEPER

Thank you, ma'am. It ain't that the animals like me, though. I tell you, they'd just as leave have me for their dinner, even if they was to get everlasting dyspepsia.

IRENA

(laughing)

I don't think they'd find you indigestible.

This strikes the keeper as being very amusing. He chuckles to himself and absent-mindedly moves on to the next cage. Irena looks at the door Of the panther's cage.

THE KEY to the panther's cage has been left in the lock again by the keeper.

BACK TO SCENE, Irena looks around her, making sure that no one is near enough to see her. Very quietly she opens the little gate, takes out the key and slips it in her purse. She steps back onto the promenade, closing the gate behind her. The keeper looks up; he is still chuckling. Irena smiles and looks toward the black panther.

CLOSEUP of the black panther's face as the beast stares at her.

DISSOLVE:

69 INT. FLECKER MUSEUM - MODEL SHIP EXHIBIT - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of a grinning cat's face which adorns the bowhead, the end of the timber projecting at right angles from the bow of a model ship.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

CAMERA DRAWS BACK for CLOSE SHOT of Irena looking at the ship model. It is the "Royal Harry," progenitor of the mighty British fleet. But what obviously holds Irena's interest is the cat's face. She is fascinated.

THREE SHOT - Alice and Oliver in the f.g. and Irena in the b.g. Alice and Oliver are engrossed in their examination of a frame model of the privateer, "Swallow". They move over to the next, model, which brings them beside Irena. Alice stops and looks at Oliver.

ALICE

I'm afraid this is dull for Irena.

Irena, aroused from her absorption in the quaint cat face on the "Royal Harry," comes to herself with a start. Oliver takes her elbow.

OLIVER

Look, darling, there are some beautiful moderns upstairs. Why don't you take a look at them?

IRENA

I like these little boats. I want to be with you.  
(looking up at Oliver;  
pouting)  
Don't send me away.

OLIVER

(gently and lightly)  
We're not sending you away. We just don't want you to be bored.

Irena looks at him. Her mood changes, as she feels that perhaps they do want to be rid of her. She walks off.

OLIVER

(calling after her)  
We'll meet you in the main lobby in an hour.

Alice's attention is attracted by a set of line drawings. She turns to them.

ALICE

Ollie, look! Line drawings of the "America!"

They begin to examine the drawings,

## 70 INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - EGYPTIAN ROOM - NIGHT

Irena paces the museum corridors. She walks alone, the CAMERA TRACKING with her. A sullen look is on her face and her lips are heavy with sulkiness. She passes a showcase filled with terra cotta figurines of the cat-headed goddess, Bubastis. She only glances at them as she passes. Her stride lengthens with her growing anger. At the end of the aisle she stops still and looks up.

As SHOT from Irene's VIEWPOINT, looking up, we see a towering effigy of the goddess Bubastis, carved into a black basalt caryatid. The huge cat head is supported by a lovely, slim, women's neck, rising from rounded, feminine shoulders. The goddess gazes down at Irena from blind, enigmatic, cat's eyes.

Irena, as she looks up at this dread goddess of the noonday sun, seems to reach a resolve. Her expression grows grim, resolute. She turns, and walks quickly away.

## 71 INT. MAIN LOBBY - MUSEUM - NIGHT

Irena walks through the main lobby toward the exit door. She pauses for a moment beside a great bronze statue of a puma leaping on a frightened horse, and looks toward the ship exhibit room.

## 72 INT. MODEL SHIP EXHIBIT ROOM - MUSEUM - NIGHT

As SHOT from the lobby, from Irena's VIEWPOINT, with the bronze statue of the puma and the horse in the f.g. We can see Alice and Oliver within the exhibit room, with their backs turned, closely inspecting a ship model.

## 73 INT. MAIN LOBBY - MUSEUM - NIGHT

SHOOTING through the intricacies of the puma-and-horse statue at Irena, who looks a moment at Alice and Oliver, then turns, and walks out of the building.

DISSOLVE:

## 74 EXT. ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

A cab drives up in front of the hotel and Alice gets out. She waves good-bye to Oliver, and the cab drives off with him. She turns and enters the hotel. The streets are still wet. Just as Alice is passing through the door, another cab drives up. Irena gets out. She pays the driver, and the cab moves off. Irena stands for a moment irresolutely under the marquee.

75 INT. ALICE'S HOTEL, - LOBBY - NIGHT

Alice, striding cheerfully across the lobby, stops at the desk, where a young blonde desk attendant is stationed.

ALICE  
Could I have the key to the swimming  
pool? .

BLONDE  
Of course, dearie.

The attendant gives Alice the key. A little black kitten suddenly jumps up onto the desk top. Alice picks it up and holds it against her cheek.

ALICE  
What a darling kitten!

BLONDE  
Yeah. It's one of four. Minou had  
'em about a month ago.

Alice laughs and putting the kitten down on top of the desk, starts toward a stairs where there is a placard marked "TO THE SWIMMING POOL" the kitten jumps down from the desk top and starts after Alice. The blonde leans over the desk.

BLONDE  
(calling out)  
Oh, dearie! When you get through,  
don't forgot to turn off the light,  
will ya?

ALICE  
I won't forget!

She starts down the stairs. The little kitten follows her. The desk phone rings, and the blonde picks it up.

BLONDE  
(on phone)  
Hullo...Ah, gee -- I can't tonight.  
I got Civilian Defense work...Yeah.  
As I was saying to Brenda, them Japs  
and Nazis is whittling down my social  
life.

76 EXT. ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Irena is walking irresolutely back and forth underneath the lighted marquee. Suddenly, she seems to come to some decision and walks up the lighted steps toward the entrance



77 INT. ALICE'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The desk clerk is still talking over the phone as Irena comes quietly up to the counter. The blonde glances up and sees her.

BLONDE  
Just a minute, dearie.  
(looking up, to Irena)  
Yes?

IRENA  
Is Miss Moore in?

BLONDE  
She just went downstairs to the swimming pool.

IRENA  
Would it be all right if I went down to see her?

BLONDE  
Of course, dearie. Right down them steps there.

Irena nods and goes toward the steps. The blonde picks up the phone again and continues.

BLONDE  
As I was sayin' to Brenda...

QUICK DISSOLVE:

78 INT. LOCKER ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Alice is standing in front of her locker, drying herself with a big towel. She has just come out of the pool. The door to the plunge is open behind her, but she has turned out the lights and it is dark within. There is only the single light gleaming in the locker room. Alice removes her wet bathing cap and shakes her hair out. She puts on a chenille wrapper over her bathing suit and goes toward the door. She starts to turn out the lights in the locker room, but remembers the kitten. She looks around and sees the kitten.

CLOSE SHOT of the little black kitten. It is standing on the threshold, looking up toward the stairs. Its tiny ears are raised, listening.

SHOT of Alice, as she looks from the kitten toward the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

SHOT of the stairway, as Alice sees it. A shaft of light comes down the stairs. The rest of the stairway is in darkness. No one is on the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT of the black kitten. Its back begins to arch. Suddenly it turns, scampers through the locker room, leaps up the wall, clambers over the top sill of the half-opened window, and drops into the areaway.

Alice shrugs her shoulders good-humoredly. She turns out the lights in the locker room and steps toward the entrance door. She pauses as she hears something ahead of her and looks up, trying to peer into the darkness.

SHOT of the hallway, as Alice sees it. It is in shadow. Over the scene is the sound of padded feet on pavement.

Alice starts toward the hall. A snarl sounds in the darkness ahead of her. She pauses, rooted in panic, as the slow, stealthy tread of feet starts again. She looks toward the stairs.

Alice, with terror in her eyes, looks into the darkness.

The locker room, SHOOTING toward the door, as Alice sees it. All is blackness.

Alice takes a step backward. She looks behind her, and pauses an instant. She turns, flings off the robe, throws it toward something in the blackness, and races through the locker room toward the pool. We hear the splash of her dive.

79 INT. PLUNGE ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice in the pool, as she swims rapidly out to the center. Behind her there is a frustrated snarl of rage, the sound of fanged teeth ripping, sharp claws snagging into cloth. Alice reaches the center of the pool and treads water. Around the edge of the tank she can hear her pursuer begin to run with bounding steps along the tiles. Then there is silence. Alice looks about her in the quiet darkness. Her eyes try to peer into the shadows. Her whole expression is one of taut, almost hysterical panic. She listens closely.

CLOSEUP of a little wave of water, as it slaps against the side of the tank.

Alice, as she hears the water, afraid that the thing may have slipped into the pool. She looks around her in terror. She begins to scream. Her cries race around the empty room, echo back at her from the dark end of the pool, and are thrown back at her from the high, beamed ceiling. '

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

SERIES of THREE QUICK SHOTS, over which are the echoes of Alice's voice screaming for help.

First, the empty dark room.

Then, the black surface of the pool.

Then, the high, beamed ceiling.

SHOT of Alice, as she thrashes about in the water, screaming, the sound track filled with the sound of her voice and the mocking echoes.

80 INT. ALICE'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The blonde, still telephoning, hears the cries for help. She slams up the receiver and runs out from behind the desk.

BLONDE

Mrs. Hanson! Mrs. Hanson!

Mrs. Hanson,,a buxom Scandinavian, comes running into the scene.

MRS, HANSON

P3r barmhertighetens skull...  
(breaks off, hearing  
the cries)  
Kom med skynda.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde run toward the stairs and start down them.

81 INT. PLUNGE ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Alice's voice is gone. Her strength is ebbing. She paddles weakly around in the water. There is a sharp shriek and the room is flooded with light. Alice looks, in the direction of the metallic click.

SHOT of Irena, as she stands by the electric switch, dressed immaculately as Alice had last seen her, calm, poised.

IRENA

What Is the matter, Alice?

SHOT of Alice as she stares back at Irena.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde come running down the stairs crying in unison.

MRS. HANSON

Vad fattas, Miss Moore...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

BLONDE

Gee whiz, dearie, you all right?

Alice, glancing toward Irena, has recovered her poise. She explains lamely.

ALICE

It's nothing. It was dark down here.  
Mrs. Reed, coming in unexpectedly,  
frightened me. I'm terribly sorry.

SHOT of Irena, as she smiles at the women, and then looks back toward Alice.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde breathe sighs of relief, and start back toward the stairs.

MRS. HANSON

(to herself)

Jag ar glad att allt &r v&lbestSlt  
med er.

Alice has no desire to be left in the same room with Irena alone and she calls out to the women.

ALICE

Don't go. I'm coming right out.

She starts swimming toward the edge of the pool.

SHOT of Irena, as she smiles and starts toward the stairs.

Alice and Irena. Alice has taken hold of the edge of the pool. Irena bends down, smiling.

IRENA

I'm sorry I disturbed you, Alice. I  
missed you and Oliver. I thought you  
might know where he is.

ALICE

We looked for you at the museum,  
You'll probably find him at home.

IRENA

(rising)

If you don't mind, then, I'll run  
on.

82 INT. LOCKER ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Irena goes up the stairs. As Irena disappears up the stairs, Alice comes in from the pool.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(to the blonde)  
Would you get me my robe? I left it  
over there.

The blonde picks it up and examines it. She looks up with genuine amazement on her face.

BLONDE  
Why, honey, it's torn to ribbons!

Alice looks at the robe, taking it in her hands.

INSERT -- THE TORN ROBE in Alice's hands. It is literally cut to shreds.

BACK TO SCENE. Alice looks down at the robe thoughtfully,

DISSOLVE

83 INT. SMALL ALCOVE OFF LOBBY - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

This is a small, feminine room of the type to be seen in women's hotels, where the guests may receive gentlemen callers. Alice is seated on a sofa, smoking a cigarette. Dr. Judd is beside her. His hat and coat lie on a near-by chair

ALICE  
Thank you for coming at so late an  
hour, Dr. Judd. I phoned you because  
I am troubled. I think you can help  
me.  
(pauses and looks at  
him closely)

How much do you believe about the  
cat people?

JUDD  
The cat people? The story Mrs. Reed  
told me?

Alice nods.

JUDD  
I believe, my dear Miss Moore, exactly  
what I told Mrs. Reed. The story is  
a product of her own fears, her own  
overworked imagination.

ALICE  
What would you say, Dr. if I were to  
tell you that believe Irena's story?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

JUDD

Yes?

ALICE

Twice I have been followed by something that was not human, something that attempted to take my life. I believe that was the cat form of Irena.

JUDD

Why should she wish to harm you?

Alice looks at him a moment. She determines to tell him the truth.

ALICE

(very quietly)

Because I am in love with her husband.-

Judd is highly amused. He chuckles to himself as he settles back in the sofa.

JUDD

Oh, my dear Miss Moore, the story grows more and more charming. And simpler all the time, too. You are both victim of fear. Mrs. Reed fears the past and you fear the present. Mrs. Reed has a very strong imagination, and you have an equally strong conscience.

ALICE

I am not a victim of fear, Dr. Judd. The danger that threatened me was very real.

JUDD

(shaking his head)

You disappoint me, Miss Moore.

Alice looks at his smiling face. Quietly she reaches down beside her and brings forth the torn robe.

ALICE

Here is my robe.

Judd examines the robe. The smile fades from his face. He looks up at Alice's serious expression and shrugs his shoulders. He gives the robe back to her. Both rise.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDD

To understand this, I would first have to hear Mrs. Reed's version of the story myself. That should be a most interesting interview\*

ALICE

I shouldn't advise you to see her alone.

JUDD

Do you think I am afraid of so charming a lady?

ALICE

I know you don't believe me, Doctor but you must be careful.

JUDD

(laughing)

You want me to carry some means of protection - a gun, perhaps, with a silver bullet...is that what you mean?

ALICE

(amused in spite of herself)

If you're lucky enough to have one.

JUDD

(smiling; lightly,  
not gravely menacing)

Of course, this isn't silver...

He twists the top of his stick and pulls out a short, steel rapier. He smiles at Alice. She nods to him in dismissal. With a little shrug, he pushes the dagger back into the cane, and with a bow starts to leave the room.

JUDD

Good night, Miss Moore.

Alice looks down thoughtfully at the torn robe she holds in her hands.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

84 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

Alice stands for a moment before the telephone. In back of her, Oliver can be seen working at the desk. She turns, half looks at him a moment, and then, picking up the phone, starts to dial.

85 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irena is working at her drawing table. She has on her smock. The telephone rings, and Irena picks it up. In the b.g, the empty bird cage swings in the cold winter sunlight.

IRENA

Hello.

(a little, frown, as  
she recognizes the  
voice))

Alice?

86 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

ALICE

(into phone)

I didn't sleep last night, Irena.

IRENA'S VOICE

(over phone)

Oh, darling...

Alice pauses for a moment, looking over at Oliver. Then she turns back to the phone, and the blunt truth comes boldly from her lips.

ALICE

You hate me, Irena, don't you? You  
hate me so much that twice you have  
tried to kill me, haven't you?

(pausing, then  
continuing)

That night on the Transverse... again  
last night in the swimming pool...that  
was you, wasn't it?

87 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The smile, the innocence have left Irena's face. A look of dread horror takes their place. She leans against the table for support. Her tone is imploring.

(CONTINUED)



87 CONTINUED:

IRENA  
(into phone)  
Don't say that, I don't remember  
last night. I don't remember. It  
isn't true. You mustn't say it!

88 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

Alice realizes by Irena's desperate tone that Irena in her human form is entirely ignorant of what she may do in some other guise.

ALICE  
(into phone)  
I am sorry, Irena.

She hangs up and turns around, looking at Oliver, draws a deep breath and starts back to her desk.

89 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irena places the phone back on the desk. She leans forward, one troubled hand, brushing the hair back from her forehead. In the b.g. the empty bird cage fills the scene. The sun throws the shadows of the bars across her face. Irena comes to a decision, rises, and throwing on a fur coat over her smock, leaves the apartment.

DISSOLVE:

90 INT. DR. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Judd at his desk.

IRENA'S VOICE  
Help me...help me...

Judd looks in her direction calmly through the arch of his joined fingers.

JUDD  
You say you have lapses of memory  
for which you cannot account...they  
are becoming more frequent...and you  
are afraid...

TWO SHOT of Irena and Judd. She is looking at him imploringly.

IRENA  
Help me...

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

JUDD  
I cannot help you. You are not  
truthful with me.

IRENA  
But I am. I have told you everything.  
I have not lied.

Judd comes around the desk to stand beside her, bends down  
and places his hand on her shoulder.

JUDD  
Do you sincerely believe that if  
your husband were to kiss you, you  
would change into a cat and rend him  
to bits?

IRENA  
(looking down)  
I don't know...I am only afraid...

JUDD  
(bonding closer)  
And if I were to kiss you?

IRENA  
(moving away from him  
so that his hand  
falls from her  
shoulder)  
I don't know, I only know that I  
should not like to be kissed by you.

Dr. Judd seats himself on the edge of his desk.

JUDD  
(as he looks intently  
at her)  
My dear Mrs. Reed, sometimes, in my  
profession, there comes a contest of  
will between the doctor and his  
patient. The patients are clever...oh,  
very clever...and they can fool the  
doctor...sometimes. You are very  
clever and, perhaps you enjoy this  
little game you are having with me.  
But, in the end, I will discover  
your secret.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA

(desperately)

Dr. Judd, believe me...I beg you to believe, me. I have no secrets. I have told you everything. I have not lied to you. I need your help.

JUDD

I cannot help you when you refuse to confide in me. But I can warn you. These hallucinations approach insanity - this nonsense about Miss Moore- in the park and at the swimming pool - it is a deterioration of the mind - the escape into fantasy - and it is dangerous -He leans forward and shakes his forefinger before her face.

JUDD

At this moment I could go before n board and have you put away for observation.

(his voice drops to a confidential tone)

You are that close to real insanity.

For a moment they face each other, and frightened.

Irena is shaken.

JUDD

I cannot help you. You can only help yourself. You keep going back to the mad legends of your birthplace. Forget them. You surround yourself with cat objects - pictures - get rid of them. Lead a normal life.

He rises, puts his arm about her shoulder, and starts leading her toward the door. At the door Irena looks up at him.

IRENA

(softly)

For the first time you have been kind to me.

JUDD

It is because you interest me.

As Irena walks out, he stands at the door watching her.

DISSOLVE:

91 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver and Irena are sitting at a little table drawn up before the fireplace. They have finished dinner. Only the empty dessert plates and the empty demitasse cups remain. The fire is burning bright, but low. Above the mantle is an empty space. The Goya has been removed. Later, as the CAMERA SHIFTS, we will notice that the Grandville drawings and the panther screen have also been taken away. Oliver is looking down at his empty coffee cup, lost in thought. Irena is watching him.

IRENA

Oliver?

Oliver does not look up.

IRENA

I've been to Dr. Judd.

Oliver looks up Irena looks first at him, then at the empty space where the Goya had hung. He follows her gaze and notices that it is no longer there. They look at each other.

IRENA

I am no longer afraid.

Oliver looks at her very thoughtfully; then he rises and starts around the table toward her. She rises expectantly, almost as if preparing herself for his kiss. She stands smiling. A step away from her he stops.

OLIVER

Listen, Irena -- I had hoped - things have changed.

Irena still smiles at him, but there is more inquiry than invitation in her smile. Oliver finds the words he wants to say and says them with blunt simplicity.

OLIVER

I don't love you, Irena. I love Alice. I've always loved her, but I didn't know it. I had to learn maybe through this marriage of ours -- what love was. I didn't want to tell you this. But now, you see, I have to. It's too late.

CLOSEUP of Irena. Oliver's words.

She has tears in her eyes as she echoes

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

IRENA

Too late ---

Irena and Oliver.

OLIVER

It's no one's fault...neither yours,  
nor mine. I'm sorry we've caused  
each other unhappiness...

IRENA

(looking tip at him)

You gave me happiness.

She sinks down on the edge of the sofa. Oliver faces her. It is obvious that he is trying to be very practical and matter of-fact. He takes this attitude from a sense of kindness.

OLIVER

There seems only one decent thing  
for me to do -- I'll give you a  
divorce. Believe me, it is better  
this way.

IRENA

Better? Better for whom?

(she pauses, averts  
her face and then  
says brokenly)

I am being left alone.

CLOSE SHOT of Oliver. Her words have affected him greatly. He tries to say something but is struck by the futility of anything he can say and does not speak. (Note to director: If necessary to get over this thought, you might let him start and swallow the word "Irena" as if he were going to say more.)

Irena. She looks at him. As she looks, her mood changes; anger comes to her face and it is almost as if with this flood of anger, her grasp on reality and sanity relaxed. Although her voice lowers, it gains in intensity. (Note to director: There are a great many "s" sounds in the following speech and, if possible, they should be emphasized so that we can almost hear the spitting of a cat in her voice. The words between should be held in low key. The facial expression is tense and presages the immobility of her face in the coming scene with Judd.)

IRENA

Speak.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENA (CONT'D)

You can't speak -- there's nothing  
you can say. There's only silence.  
But I love silence -- I love  
loneliness -

Irena and Oliver. He kneels down beside her alarmed by her tone and very concerned. Irena turns away from him hiding her face in the back of the sofa. Her two hands rest on the back, stiffly, claw-like.

IRENA

(in the same low voice  
but growing more  
incoherent as she  
goes on)

I don't care. I am not a woman. I  
can feel fierce pleasures a woman  
never knows.

She grows completely incoherent, pouring forth torrentially the meaningless words.

IRENA

In me --- they are in me --- their  
warmth --- their strength- their  
softness -- lonely -- dark -- silent --  
silent.

Oliver bends close to her and shakes her shoulder.

OLIVER

Irena -- you're talking, like an insane  
woman.

Irena fights for self-control. We can see her fingers dig deep into the upholstery. Then her voice comes, throaty and vibrant with attempted control.

IRENA

Please --- please go.

Oliver looks at her, concerned, reluctant.

IRENA

I want you to go -- go -- please, go.

Oliver gets up hesitantly and goes toward the door. He looks back, sees her tensely quiet on the sofa, picks up his hat and coat, looks again, his face showing worry and concern. Finally he leaves, closing the door softly behind him. Irena's two hands rip downward, the nails slashing the thin fabric of the sofa covering.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

Oliver is dialing a number. There is a tense look of urgency on his face. He gets a response.

OLIVER  
Dr. Louis Judd, please.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

92 INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - DAY

We open the scene with a CLOSE SHOT of the kitchen door as it opens outward into the restaurant. It is held open for a moment as Minnie, the waitress, gets her tray through. On the back of the door, a placard reads: PUSH THE CHICKEN GUMBO TODAY Sally Lunn, Manager Through this door Minnie comes, bearing a tray on which is a piece of apple pie, a dish of Bavarian cream, another of Roquefort cheese, and three cups of coffee.

CAMERA PANS with her as she proceeds across the restaurant with mincing steps. She is followed by a large, sinuous black cat. Minnie comes up to a booth in which Alice, Oliver and Dr. Judd are seated.

MINNIE  
Bavarian cream?

Oliver indicates Alice's place.

MINNIE  
Roquefort?

Oliver indicates Dr. Judd.

MINNIE  
And you get the apple.

She serves the three cups of coffee and retires with the cat, tail aloft and proudly waving, pacing behind her. Judd resumes a conversation that has obviously been interrupted by the waitress.

JUDD  
I have pointed out two alternatives,  
Mr. Reed. Either have her put away  
for observation and restraint or  
have your marriage annulled.

ALICE  
It's tough for Oliver either way,  
Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

JUDD

As a psychiatrist I should recommend  
that you have her put away.

He looks first into Oliver's face and then into Alice's.

JUDD

As your friend, however, I have much  
more reasonable advice to offer. I  
think you should have your marriage  
annulled. In this way you are free  
of responsibility. You two could  
marry.

ALICE

And if Irena is sent away?

JUDD

The law is very explicit. One cannot  
divorce an insane person.

OLIVER

If she's not well, I am going to  
take care of her.

ALICE

(looking at Oliver)  
It's the only right thing.

JUDD

(shrugging)  
As you will. I shall have the  
commitment papers drawn up and arrange  
an interview with Mrs. Reed tonight  
at her apartment. Let's say 6 o'clock?

Oliver and Alice nod agreement.

DISSOLVE OUT:

93 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ormolu clock on the mantel indicates that it is now 7:30.  
It rings, the half hour. The apartment is as we first saw  
it; all the pictures are back; the screen is up. Alice has  
just taken a record off the phonograph. Now she puts on  
another one. It is the Berceuse. Oliver stops the machine  
and takes off the record with an apologetic smile.

OLIVER

Let's not play that.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



93 CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(looking at his watch)  
I don't think Irena's coming. We've  
waited an hour and a half. I don't  
think she Intends to come. She's  
probably walking in the park.

SHOT of Judd as he rises and picks up his coat, hat, and  
gloves.

JUDD  
Perhaps it Is useless to wait.

He looks at his walking stick.

INSERT -- JUDD'S WALKING STICK resting on the sofa.

BACK TO SCENE. Judd smiles and quietly pushes the stick  
down under the cushions.

WO SHOT - Oliver and Alice.

ALICE  
Let's get back to the office, Ollie.  
We've had a terribly brokenup day.  
There's lots of work to be done.

OLIVER  
Suits me.

94 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have just started down the stairs.

Dr. Judd pauses to strike his forehead with his gloved  
fingertips.

JUDD  
How stupid! I left my walking stick  
in the apartment.

OLIVER  
I'll get it for you.

JUDD  
(stopping Oliver)  
No, no. It is my fault. Give me the  
key. I shall only be a moment.

Oliver gives Judd the key; Judd starts down the hall.

SHOT of Judd, as he opens the door to Irena's apartment and  
goes in.

95 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Judd crosses the room in the half-light, having left the door to the apartment open. He picks up his walking stick from under the pillow, and starts back.

CLOSE SHOT of Judd at the door. He takes the key out of the lock.

INSERT -- JUDD'S HANDS, as he slips the latch off the lock.

BACK TO SCENE. Judd lets himself out, closing the door.

96 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Judd rejoins Oliver and Alice. He returns the key to Oliver.

JUDD

(smiling)

Thank you so much. I should be quite  
lost without my walking stick.

He looks at Alice. They start down the stairs.

DISSOLVE:

97 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have turned on the light in the office. Oliver is sitting down at the desk, a thoughtful look on his face. Alice has taken off her coat, and is just removing her hat. As she pats her hair into shape, she gets a look at Oliver's face. She comes over to him and touches his arm.

ALICE

Don't worry, Ollie. It'll come out  
all right. It must.

He turns and smiles at her, John Paul Jones, the office cat, walks across the drafting table in front of Alice, jumps down and crosses to the door. He scratches to be let out.

ALICE

(as she goes to open  
the door for him)

All right, John Paul -- I don't ask  
questions ---

She opens the door. John Paul passes through with dignity, and Alice returns to her drafting table, leaving the office door slightly ajar.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

OLIVER  
Let's get to work.

He picks up a list of measurements and starts reading them out.

OLIVER  
Three and a quarter...

ALICE  
(picking up the batten,  
reporting the  
measurement)  
Three and a quarter...

DISSOLVE:

98 INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Oliver has reached the end of the list, the last number.

He calls out.

OLIVER  
And one and three eighths!

ALICE  
(repeating, as she  
bonds the batten  
into shape)  
And one and three eighths!  
(looking up at Oliver)  
There!

She smiles at Oliver, who returns her smile, the telephone rings. Alice reaches for it.

ALICE  
I'll get it.  
(lifts the receiver)  
Hello.  
(there is no response;  
she repeats)  
Hello...hello!

From the other end of the line there is a little click as the receiver is hung up. Alice looks at Oliver.

ALICE  
They hung up.

She puts the receiver back on the cradle and pushes the phone aside.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

Suddenly she remembers another evening when the telephone had rung..,

ALICE  
(thoughtfully)  
That's funny.

OLIVER  
What?

ALICE  
It happened once before like that.  
The telephone rang. I answered.  
There was someone on the other end  
of the line; I could almost hear  
them listening. And then there was  
a little click, as they put up the  
receiver. That was the night I was  
followed on the transverse...  
(looks at Oliver and  
takes his sleeve)  
Oliver...

OLIVER  
What is it, Alice?

ALICE  
Let's get out of here, I'm afraid.

He looks at her.

ALICE  
That was Irena...I know it was Irena  
who called. She could call from  
downstairs. She may be on her way  
up now.

Oliver looks at her grimly and reaches for his hat and coat.

OLIVER  
Your things.

She quickly gets into her coat and hat and picks up her  
pocketbook. Oliver puts his hand on the light switch.

OLIVER  
I'll have to turn out the lights  
from here.

Alice looks ahead.

SHOT of the door into the hall, from Alice's viewpoint. The  
door is open, and one can see out into the dimly lit hallway.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

TWO SHOT of Alice and Oliver. She takes his arm.

ALICE

The door's open. We can see to get  
out into the hall.

OLIVER

I'll switch off the table lights as  
we go.

Oliver turns out the light, and together they start toward the door, the CAMERA MOVING with them. Oliver turns out the under-lit table lights. Halfway across the room Alice stops, her fingers clenching in Oliver's sleeve. There is a soft, metallic click as of a door closing. They look in the direction of the sound.

SHOT of the door. It is closed.

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver.

ALICE

(turning to him)

It's shut now. Just a minute ago it  
was open.

They go to the door, Oliver reaches out and turns the knob; then he turns to look at Alice.

OLIVER

It's locked.

Alice seizes his arm. In the darkness, to one side of them, there is a sound like a snarl. Instinctively Oliver and Alice step backward, away from the sound in the dark.

The CAMERA MOVES with them. They bump into a desk, grope their way around it. From the darkness following them, there is a whisper of light, padded feet - a delicate tick, tick of claws scraping the floor. Alice bumps into the glassy coldness of the water cooler, gasps in fright, and pushes it away from her. There is a crash, the sound, of glass breaking, and then the throaty gurgle of water spilling out onto the floor.

It is silent then. Alice and Oliver are creeping back down between a row of filing cabinets. Now there comes again, pursuing them, the whispering tread of soft paws. Alice and Oliver are against the further wall now. Alice is pushed behind Oliver, her back against the wall. Panic-stricken, she begins to whimper with restrained hysteria. Her nerves are cracking up. Oliver tightens his hold on her wrist. A cold sweat breaks out on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

He reaches in his pocket, and pulls out a book of matches. He lights one. It throws a faint glow around them. Shadows flicker across their faces. Behind them the match light dimly reveals the letters "Project No. 457." They peer into the darkness.

SHOT of the dark, shadowy room.

Alice is sobbing with fright, trying to restrain her fear, so that the sobs, when they come, are the more terrifying to hear. Oliver calls into the darkness.

OLIVER  
Irena...Irena...  
(the match light begins  
to flicker)  
Irena...

The match light dies. He lights another and pushes the book of matches into Alice's hands.

OLIVER  
Keep lighting them.

Alice lights a match, the scene is brighter.

OLIVER  
Leave us, Irena. Leave us.

SHOT of the darkness before Alice and Oliver.

Oliver's match light flickers out before Alice's match also goes out, Oliver looks up to one side.

CLOSEUP of a T-square hanging beside him on the wall.

As Oliver reaches up to get the T-square, Alice's match light dies. In the darkness, he snatches the T-square. Alice lights another match. Oliver has the T-square in his hand and in the eerie light, a shadow is thrown on the wall above and to one side of him. He leans forward tensely. He speaks with deep feeling, the name of God in tones of reverent supplication.

OLIVER  
Irena...I beg you, leave us In peace.  
(pauses)  
In the name of God --Irena.

There is a snarl. The match light flickers out. Again Alice lights a match. Oliver leans forward, still gripping the T square In his hands.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

The darkness. There is only silence. Beyond, the door stands open, and one can see out into the hall again.

Oliver takes Alice's hand and starts back toward the hall. She holds a match in her free hand.

99 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver close the door to the office behind them and stand in the dimly-lighted hallway. They look down the hall.

SHOT of the elevator, from their point of view, as it stands waiting.

Alice takes a step toward the elevator, but Oliver stops her.

OLIVER

Let's go down the stairs.

They turn and go toward the stairs.

100 INT. STAIRWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

As Alice and Oliver reach the bottom of the first flight of stairs, Alice stops, leans up against the railing, and covers her face with her hands. Oliver puts an arm around her.

OLIVER

Don't Alice. It's gone. Everything's all right. Don't be afraid.

ALICE

(lifting her face to  
his, smiling)

I'm not afraid.

He smiles, and kisses her lips. They turn and continue down the stairs.

101 INT. LOBBY - OFFICE-BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come out of the doorway marked "Stairway." They stop short. Oliver points off.

OLIVER

Look!

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. She looks beyond the elevators, and her fingers tighten on Oliver's arm. He follows the direction of her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

SHOT of the revolving door, from their viewpoint. It is spinning emptily, as if someone had just passed through.

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. Alice looks about her and then up at him.

ALICE  
Irena's perfume -- strong - sweet...

They go out the revolving door.

102 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver stand on the sidewalk. He tries to peer through the night. There is a heavy ground fog, white and still. The night is windless and quiet. Alice puts one hand to her forehead and sways a bit. She forces a grin at him.

ALICE  
I've got to have a drink.

They start off.

DISSOLVE:

103 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Judd is seated in a chair. The phonograph is playing the music for Irena's song. The phone starts to ring. Judd looks at it. The phone rings again, and he picks it up.

JUDD  
Yes?

ALICE'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
Dr. Judd?

104 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - IN A BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of Alice and Oliver at pay telephone. Alice is speaking into the phone.

ALICE  
Yes. We've been trying to get you on the phone, Dr. Judd. I called your hotel.  
(pause)  
Yes. I know. That's what I want to talk about. Are you alone?  
(pause)  
You had better leave then.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



104 CONTINUED:

ALICE (CONT'D)

She may be on her way back now,

(pause)

She is dangerous, Dr. Judd. I warn  
you - Hello. Hello. Dr. Judd. Dr.  
Judd are you there?

(pause)

Alice hangs up the receiver and turns  
to Oliver.

ALICE

I think Irena just came in. He hung  
up on me.

OLIVER

(taking her arm as  
they start out)

We'll get a taxi!

105 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHOOTING PAST Judd, who is putting down the phone, we see  
Irena standing, looking at him, the open door behind her. He  
stands up and comes toward her as she closes the door.

JUDD

I kept my appointment, late, aren't  
you?

Irena continues to look at him with a calm, measuring stare.  
He comes closer to her, speaking as he moves. In the b.g.  
the record still plays Irena's music. She looks up at him,  
betraying no emotion. He is beside her. He kisses her hand.  
Still no emotion crosses her face. She only looks at him.

JUDD

I have never believed your story. I  
am not afraid of you.

He puts his arms around her, looks into her eyes. She does  
not struggle, continues only to stare at him. He speaks softly  
to her.

JUDD

I take you in my arms. You are so  
very little...so soft...there is  
warm perfume in your hair... your  
body. Do not be afraid of me, Irena...

CLOSEUP of Irena's face, his kiss.

She lifts her mouth to receive CLOSE TWO SHOT of Irena and  
Judd as he bends to kiss her.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

They kiss. He draws back from her, smiling, his arms still around her body.

CLOSEUP of Irena. This is as immobile, as expressionless a shot of her face as we can achieve; there is a frightening blankness and vacancy in this face. Then the whole head moves forward slowly toward the camera, the expression never changing, not even stirring to breathe.

CLOSEUP of Judd. The smile suddenly fades from his face. Its place is taken by shock and terror.

106 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice and Oliver in a taxi that is racing through the streets.

107 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Judd fumbles behind him for his cane, finds it, and draws the dagger out. Beads of sweat stand out on his brow. He cannot take his eyes off something in front of him.

CLOSE SHOT of the panther screen. Silhouetted on it are the shadows of Judd and some beast-like figure as they fight. There is the sound of furniture being overturned, snarls of rage from the beast, and the heavy, terrible breathing of Judd.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the panther screen. The fight is reflected in its glossy surface. Something crashes into the screen, and it goes over.

108 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SHOT of a taxi racing through the foggy city streets\*

109 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of the Goya portrait. On the glossy surface of the painting, two shadows are engaged in a struggle. We hear the sound of the struggle o.s.

SHOT of a charming table lamp. The table on which it is set is turned over, and the lamp rolls to the floor. The lamp shade rolls back, and the electric globe casts, moving shadows over the scene.

SHOT of the empty bird cage swinging crazily. Something knocks it to the floor.

110 EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi draws up in front of the apartment, and Alice and Oliver got out quickly.

111 INT. IRENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHOT of the table lamp still rolling back and forth, with large, moving, distorted shadows fighting. Something crosses in front of the strong light, completely blotting the scene from view.

112 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come hurriedly in. Oliver lets the door close behind him, and they start up the stairs. A man's high-pitched scream of mortal agony cuts down the stairwell. It is followed by hideous noises, bestial snarls and growls, the crash of overturned furniture. Alice and Oliver look at each other; then they start running up the stairs. As they reach the first landing, the sounds of snarling and struggle grow louder. There comes one piercing, human shriek of agony and then quick silence. Again Oliver and Alice pause and look at each other, then continue on up the stairs.

SHOT of the stairs a flight above Oliver and Alice. There is a shadow on the stairs, moving, black, and stealthily agile.

113 INT. STAIRWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO SHOT - Oliver and Alice. They are running up the second flight of stairs.

SHOT of the stairs above them. We can see the shadow now more clearly. It is Irena. She is coming down the stairs. Her fur coat is only half on. One arm is in the sleeve; the other side of the wrap is draped about her shoulders, pulled across her breast as if she were holding it to hide some hurt. She sees Alice and Oliver below her and moves stealthily back into the deeper shadows of the stairway.

Alice and Oliver are passing an angle of the stairway where Irena stands. Neither of them sees her.

CLOSEUP of Irena as she watches them go by. Her eyes are on Oliver.

114 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come up the stairs. On the stairway, coming down from another floor, are two old ladies in faded dressing robes. Other tenants have congregated about the open door of the apartment.

115 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT  
Irena is on the first floor. She is looking up.

IRENA  
(calling softly)  
Oliver!

116 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. Oliver does not hear his name but sensing Irena's presence, he stops, hesitating.

FIRST OLD LADY'S VOICE  
Mr. Reed! Oh, Mr. Reed!

Oliver turns in the direction of her voice.

117 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT  
SHOOTING DOWN the stairwell from the upper floor, we see Irena make a gesture of farewell to Oliver and turn away toward the street door.

118 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
Oliver and Alice join the two old ladies and go through, the doorway of Irena's apartment.

119 INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
As Alice and Oliver step into the apartment, Alice gets one look at the room and turns away. Oliver takes her in his arms, trying to hide the room from her. Over the scene is the sound of the phonograph record still revolving with a monotonous, grinding sound.

REVERSE SHOT of the apartment as Alice and Oliver see it. The room bears the signs of a terrific struggle. Furniture is overturned, ornaments smashed, the draperies and pictures torn down. Judd's body is hidden by a chair. Only his legs, one pants leg torn, can be seen. O.S. is the sound of the record revolving.

The two old ladies push into the room. They seem quite pleased at all the excitement.

FIRST OLD LADY  
(to Oliver)  
You needn't worry, Mr. Reed, Sue Ellen and I phoned the police Just as soon as we heard the racket.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

Oliver speaks almost automatically as he starts to look in the other rooms.

OLIVER

Thank you.

The second old lady stoops and starts to pick something up. The first old lady stops her.

FIRST OLD LADY

Sue-Ellen! You know better than that.  
You're not supposed to touch anything  
until the police get here.

SUE-ELLEN

But it's all blood.

She points down.

INSERT -- THE BROKEN SWORD CANE in Judd's hand.

BACK TO SCENE. Alice and Oliver have joined the two old ladies and are looking down at the broken sword.

ALICE

We've got to help her.

OLIVER

(thoughtfully)  
She never lied to us.

ALICE

(taking his arm)  
Come on.

They slip out of the room together.

120 EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come down the steps, and they start to run through the foggy night.

121 EXT. ZOO PROMENADE - PARK - NIGHT

Irena starts down the promenade. A white ground fog lies heavily upon the earth. She pauses for a moment.

122 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK- NIGHT

Irena comes up to the cage of the black panther. The panther rises and looks at her.

123 INT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

REVERSE SHOT - as the panther in the f.g. looks out between the bars at Irena.

124 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

Irena opens the gate, reaches in her purse and finds the key. She goes up to the lock in the cage and fits the key in the lock, turning it. She pauses a moment and then swings open the cage door.

CLOSEUP of the panther, doorway.

It is crouched, in the open REVERSE SHOT of Irena. She is standing facing the panther. Her head is up; her arms hang at her side, her hands spread out. Her eyes are wide open.

MED. SHOT of Irena and the panther. The beast snarls once and leaps forward. With one sweep of a heavy paw the animal hurls Irena to the ground. Free, he bounds off into the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena. There is a little smile on her lips. Her coat has fallen back from a naked shoulder. A piece of the broken blade of Judd's dagger protrudes from a bloodless wound in the shoulder. A thin trickle of blood flows from the corner of her mouth. She scrabbles with her fingers against the hard pavement. Then her fingers relax. She is dead.

125 EXT. PARK WALL - NIGHT

The panther leaps up on the wall and pauses, then leaps, down, bounding across the avenue.

126 EXT. STREET - PARK - NIGHT

SHOT of a taxicab speeding along through the fog, with headlights glaring. Suddenly there is a scream of brakes, an impact, a startling scream. The cab pulls to a stop, almost beside the avenue, and the driver gets out. A policeman joins him. They start running back.

CLOSE SHOT of the dead panther of the policeman's flashlight. We see it in the beam.

127 EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

Oliver and Alice come to a little space before the cage. They see a black object lying on the pavement. Quietly and cautiously they cross over to it.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Oliver bends down to examine it. Under Irena's fur coat is a black leopard's body, the leg and paw in the same attitude her arm and hand had taken, and the broken blade that had once protruded from Irena's gleaming shoulder is now rooted in the black fur of the panther.

Oliver looks up at Alice, then gets to his feet, takes her arm, and they start to the walk. Some few foot away, they turn back to look again at the body.

OLIVER  
(softly)  
Poor Irena.

They turn off and walk away, arm in arm. They are lost to view in the foggy luminosity under a street lamp.

FADE OUT:

THE END