

ROSEMARY'S BABY: NIGHT ONE

Written by

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Based on the book by Ira Levin

INT. BEDROOM - PARIS - NIGHT

CLOSE on a young woman, early twenties, a dark hair beauty but for the streaked mascara and tears running down her cheeks. The haunted look of betrayal etched on her face. A POUNDING on the bedroom door turns her head.

JACQUES (O.S.)
(in French)
Nena, unlock this door. Let me in.
Let me talk to you.

NENA
(in French)
All this time. I've been in a cage.

Nena moves to the door, and now WE can see if this is her cage, it's a gilded one.

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Jacques is distraught. He is handsome, around the same age. He's trying to make her understand...

JACQUES
(in French)
Let me explain. Please.

He fumbles with a set of keys, finally finding the one he's looking for.

BEDROOM

The SOUND of a key in the lock, the knob turning. The door cracks open, Jacques's hand reaches around the door as Nena throws her weight against it. The door SLAMS on the fingers, crushing them.

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Jacques SCREAMS as he pulls his hand back. Nena jams a chair against the knob, wedging it closed.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
(in French)
You can't stay in there forever.

BEDROOM

Nena looks around, the truth of his statement fills her with despair. Her eyes erratic now as Jacques begins to RAM his shoulder against the door - the wood CRACKING.

NENA
 (softly, in French)
 No...

A sudden determination fills her face. She rips a delicate chain with a small GOLD AMULET off her neck. WE SEE the elaborate ornamentation.

NENA (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Lies... all lies.

Nena throws the amulet away. She begins to quickly take off her clothes, as if finally freeing herself from everything. Another shoulder against the door. The door almost giving way, the SOUND of wood splintering.

Nena steps naked out onto the balcony, the night air billows the sheers. She steps up onto the ledge.

NENA (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 I'm free.

She tips forward. Her body falling into the darkness.

EXT. RUE CAMBON - NIGHT

The quiet of the night is shattered as the body SLAMS into the sidewalk.

OVERHEAD ANGLE on Nena, her dead body in angelic repose, blood spreads in a circle around her head, as if surrounding her in a red halo. CAMERA TILTS UP to find the building from where she leapt. Gargoyles on the parapet stand vigil, they appear to watch over the body mockingly.

FADE OUT:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NEW YORK - DAY

The image of an ultrasound fills the screen. Black and white, a nightmarish vision of shadow and light. Moving as the wand is moved over a young woman's stomach.

ROSEMARY WOODHOUSE lies on the examination table. Her husband, GUY sits in a chair next to her, across from DOCTOR LIBERMAN, an elderly OB-GYN.

DOCTOR LIBERMAN
 So how have you been feeling?

ROSEMARY

Good. Anxious.

DOCTOR LIBERMAN

Has it been three months?

GUY

Almost. I think we found out she was pregnant on opening day of the season. Now we're almost mathematically out of the playoffs, so yeah.

DOCTOR LIBERMAN

Yankees' fan?

ROSEMARY

Mets.

The Doctor winces in sympathy. He works the wand over her stomach again, jabs a few buttons on the monitor. Seems to be having trouble finding whatever he's looking for. The room suddenly growing quiet.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Anything wrong?

The Doctor glances up at his patient, gives Rosemary a tight smile. He sets the wand back into its holder.

DOCTOR LIBERMAN

Give me one second. Okay?

The Doctor leaves the examination room. Rosemary looks over to Guy with some trepidation.

ROSEMARY

Guy, I'm scared.

Guy takes her hand, squeezes it tight.

GUY

Let's not jump to any conclusions. Maybe there's something wrong with the machine.

ROSEMARY

There's something wrong with me.

GUY

Rosemary...

ROSEMARY

I can feel it.

The door opens again. Doctor Liberman is followed into the room by another DOCTOR, a younger female. She smiles at Rosemary, spreads some conducting gel on the wand and places it on her stomach.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 (a whisper)
 Please...

The image on the ultrasound screen moves like blackened waves. The Doctor in utter concentration, probing, moving the wand in every conceivable orientation. Finally, she looks up at Liberman, her mouth set in a grim line. The female Doctor turns to the young couple.

FEMALE DOCTOR
 I'm so sorry. We can't find a
 heartbeat.

On Rosemary. Stoic shock dissolving into grief as the words begin to sink in. Her eyes well with tears. Guy is stricken with emotion. He tries to hold it together as Rosemary softly sobs...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Guy has an arm wrapped around Rosemary as they walk out of the examination room. They are both devastated.

GUY
 I don't know what to say.

ROSEMARY
 Me neither.

Rosemary cries. Guy holds her tight, helpless in grief. CAMERA PANS with the couple as they move to an exit, REVEALING a dark figure, seated in the f.g., watching them. HOLD on this mysterious stranger. Though we can't see his face. WE can see the ornate head of his cane - a beautifully carved visage of a gargoyle. On this portent...

FADE OUT:

THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. PARISIAN STREET - DAY

Rosemary walks down a Parisian street, following navigation directions on her phone. Three months have blunted the grief of losing her pregnancy.

Her face reflects the sunny beauty of Paris. There is a lightness in her step. Carrying a small gift bag, Rosemary looks at her phone, turns the corner - into a dead end alley. The young woman stops.

PHONE (V.O.)

You have arrived at your destination.

ROSEMARY

No. This is not happening.

She checks the screen. The blinking dot definitely indicates she's there. Cafe' Miro. A PASSERBY walks behind her. Rosemary turns.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I seem to be lost. I'm looking for Cafe Miro' on Rue Geneta? Am I even close?

The Passerby continues walking as if she doesn't exist. Beat.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Thank you for confirming the stereotype.

Rosemary looks around. She pulls up another app on her phone, starts typing furiously before approaching two FRENCHMEN smoking cigarettes. They turn to her. She smiles. Rosemary holds up her phone, presses play.

PHONE

(translation app)

Je suis perdu. Pouvez-vous me café Miro 'rue Greneta diriger?

As the men begin to gesticulate, pointing her in the right direction.

EXT. CAFE MIRO' - DAY

Rosemary approaches a woman sitting alone at an outdoor table. As the woman lifts a glass of wine to her lips...

ROSEMARY

Jules?

JULES turn, her face lights up. Attractive but blunt, she's been a friend since college. Jules stands and gives Rosemary a hug. Holds her close...

JULES

I'm sorry.

Rosemary nods. Doesn't want a pity party. She sets the gift bag on the table in front of Jules.

ROSEMARY

That's the last time I want to hear those words, okay? This is for you.

JULES

No, you didn't.

ROSEMARY

For everything you've done.

JULES

Moi?

ROSEMARY

There's no way Guy would have gotten the job without you. A year in Paris. Teaching at the Sorbonne.

JULES

Listen, all I did was put his C.V. on top of the pile. He's pretty impressive all on his own. By the way, you won't be thanking me once you see what they consider faculty housing.

ROSEMARY

We've been there. It's fine. Actually, it's perfect. It's just what we needed.

Jules flags down a waiter, turns to Rosemary.

JULES

White okay?

(Rosemary nods)

Un vin blanc, s'il vous plait.

The waiter places a napkin on the table, then moves off to get the wine.

JULES (CONT'D)

Your husband still writing the great American Novel?

ROSEMARY

Every time I check, he's one revision away from "The End."

JULES

He's always been a great writer.
Problem is he's a perfectionist.

ROSEMARY

That he is. And stubborn. And he's
getting angry about it. Maybe Paris
is the push he needs to finally
finish.

JULES

What about you?

ROSEMARY

(shrugs)

I'm coping. I'll find something
sooner or later.

JULES

Well, there are plenty of non-
profits around that could use your
help. Fundraising is more art than
science.

The waiter returns with a glass of wine. The two friends
drink. Jules reaches out and takes Rosemary's hand. There's a
genuine closeness between these two.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm so happy that you're here. I
want to take care of you. Give me a
chance to pay you back for helping
me survive the year of eating
dangerously.

Rosemary laughs.

JULES (CONT'D)

I mean honestly, what's left after
no carbs, no fat, and no gluten?

Rosemary looks around, notices some older people glancing
their way. She releases her hand from Jules.

ROSEMARY

Is it me, or do we look like two
lesbians on a date?

Jules follows her look, sees the older people looking away.

JULES

The hell with them. And don't knock
it 'til you tried it.

ROSEMARY
(scandalized)
Jules!

JULES
Just sayin'. So you and Guy are
okay?

ROSEMARY
He's been wonderful. Better to me
than I am to myself.

JULES
Rosemary. It's nobody's fault. You
know that.

ROSEMARY
I know, but I can't help but think,
if I didn't have that glass of
wine, or... whatever. There are a
thousand reasons I can think of, to
feel guilty about.

JULES
And no reasons at all.

Beat.

ROSEMARY
This is exactly what I didn't want
to do.

JULES
Okay. When you two get settled,
you'll come to my place for dinner.
None of this French gourmet crap,
I'll make chicken pot pie, that's
Guy's favorite.

ROSEMARY
That's right. How did you know
that?

Jules pauses for half a beat.

JULES
Lucky guess. Do we have a date?

Rosemary nods, enthusiastic.

ROSEMARY
Absolutely.

JULES

You're so brave, Rosemary. When I first moved here, it took me a month before I ventured two blocks out from my apartment. And I know how to speak French. I have a feeling you're going to have a great adventure. You deserve one.

EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - DAY

Playing tourist for the day, Rosemary walks through the plaza onto a smaller side street. She checks her phone, mapping her next adventure, totally unaware of her surroundings. Suddenly, a GYPSY BOY comes out of nowhere and grabs her purse. Rosemary is yanked off balanced, but she manages to hang on, slowing the boy down.

He pulls harder, nearly separating her arm from the socket. The strap on the purse breaks, the boy scrambles away with Rosemary hot on his trail.

ROSEMARY

You little shit! Give it back.

The boy looks back behind him in disbelief. Rosemary is actually gaining on him. The boy weaves through people on the sidewalk, running as fast as he can.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Stop him. He's got my purse!

Nobody moves to help. Rosemary is not giving up, she weaves through the crowd only to see the boy running into the street.

The boy glances back at Rosemary, a second before a car SLAMS into him. He rolls up onto the hood, SMASHING into the windshield, before landing hard on the ground.

Rosemary stops short, breathless. She moves toward the accident. The boy is hidden from sight on the other side of the car.

The DRIVER gets out, going around the car. He picks up Rosemary's purse and a wallet, along with some of the scattered contents. Suddenly, the boy gets up from the ground and hobbles away.

Rosemary moves to the Driver, who hands her the stolen purse. She watches the boy disappearing into the city.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Is he alright?

DRIVER
(in French)
You can't kill a cockroach.

The Driver gets back into his car. Rosemary steps aside as he drives away. She picks up a few remaining items on the ground. Lipstick. Compact. Before moving to the sidewalk.

Rosemary looks into her purse. Finds her passport. Sees the wallet. She takes it out. It's designer chic, elegant.

ROSEMARY
This isn't mine.

She opens the wallet to see a wad of cash and credit cards and a picture I.D. with an address. She looks at the picture - an elegant woman. Even her I.D. photo looks beautiful. Margaux Castevet.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Margaux Castevet. This is your
lucky day.

EXT. RUE CAMBON - DAY

WE'VE seen this place before. Might recognize it as the same street where Nena made her desperate suicide. In daylight, the street looks magnificent. Sparkling clean. Surrounded by grand beautiful buildings. Rosemary steps up to an impressive structure. It's ancient, but immaculately maintained. Gargoyles stand watch over the parapet. Everything about it speaks of wealth and power. A plaque at the entrance reads "*La Chime're.*"

INT. LA CHIME'RE - LOBBY - DAY

Rosemary approaches the concierge, PAUL at a front desk. He notes her dress, in the way that immediately makes her feel like she doesn't belong here. He smiles at her perfunctorily.

ROSEMARY
Um, *parlez-vous anglais?*

PAUL
Oui. Yes.

ROSEMARY

Great. I have a wallet that belongs to one of your tenants here. Margaux Castevet.

Paul holds out his hand.

PAUL

I will make sure it is returned to her.

Rosemary hesitates.

ROSEMARY

I'd rather give this to her myself.

PAUL

You're looking for a reward.

ROSEMARY

No. I'm not. Can you just please call her? Margaux Castevet.

MARGAUX (O.S.)

My ears are burning. Are you looking for me, darling?

Rosemary turns to find Margaux in person, entering from the street. The picture I.D. does not do justice to the whirlwind of elegance and beauty that sweeps before Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

I am. I have your wallet.

MARGAUX

Oh my God. I just spent the last hour with the police. A complete waste of time. They had no hopes of returning it. You're an absolute angel. American?

Rosemary nods.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

I love Americans. You're so honest. And open. Everything can be seen on the face. How did you find this?

ROSEMARY

I think we were robbed by the same thief.

MARGAUX

I hope you beat him to a pulp.

Margaux opens her wallet. Checks the contents.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
It's all here.

She takes out a wad of cash, tries to hand it to Rosemary who backs away, refusing.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
You must take this. For your efforts.

ROSEMARY
No. I can't. I'm just happy to see it returned to its rightful owner.

MARGAUX
What is your name?

ROSEMARY
Rosemary Woodhouse.

MARGAUX
Rosemary. An old fashion name. I like it. Very feminine. Where are you staying in Paris?

ROSEMARY
My husband is teaching at the Sorbonne. We're in the faculty housing there.

MARGAUX
You must come join us at our party. Here. Tonight. I won't take no for an answer.

Rosemary smiles. Heads out the door.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
You will come with your husband. I insist.

ROSEMARY
Okay.

On Margaux, watching her with interest.

INT. FACULTY HOUSING - NIGHT

Guy is rummaging through the closet while Rosemary tries to unpack.

The one room apartment includes a bed that sits very low to the ground. An area for a small desk, a table and a dresser.

Rosemary places clothes from a suitcase into the drawers, filling it pretty quickly.

ROSEMARY

The drawers are full and I haven't even opened the second suitcase.

GUY

Good news. I just found our kitchen.

Guy comes out of the closet with an old hotplate. He looks for an electric outlet. Finds one near the bed. He plugs the hotplate in.

GUY (CONT'D)

Which happens to be next to our bedroom. Makes it a cinch to have breakfast in bed.

ROSEMARY

And I thought New York apartments were small.

GUY

Look on the bright side. It's only for a year.

Rosemary laughs. She moves to him.

ROSEMARY

We'll take shifts. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays I get the room. You live here Tuesday, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sundays we'll stay in bed together.

GUY

Then I want Sunday everyday.

He kisses her. Guy digs into one of the boxes, finds a little cooking pot. He moves to a bag of groceries, picking out a couple of cans.

ROSEMARY

Oh, I forgot to tell you. We were invited to a party. By the lady who I returned the wallet to.

GUY

You were crazy to chase down a
purse snatcher.

ROSEMARY

My passport was in my purse. So
what do you think, should we go?

GUY

To the party? And miss out on a
delicious bowl of *soupe poulet et
nouilles*.

He holds up two cans of chicken noodle soup.

ROSEMARY

When you say it in French, how can
I refuse.

GUY

Shall I tell you what I want to do
with you later? *Déballer les
valises et nettoyer la salle*.

ROSEMARY

That sounds sexy.

GUY

Unpack the bags and clean up the
room.

Rosemary punches Guy playfully in the arm. A KNOCK at the
door.

ROSEMARY

You expecting anyone?

Guy shakes his head. Rosemary opens the door to REVEAL a
CHAUFFEUR in full uniform.

CHAUFFEUR

Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse? I'm here to
take you to the party.

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

The black limousine glides through the City Of Lights. Paris
is never more romantic and magnificent.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The door opens to find Guy and Rosemary, he in a sports coat, she in a cocktail dress entering the most opulent private home they've ever seen. The decor belongs in magazines. The view from the windows and balcony are breathtaking. Everyone invited exudes either power or beauty. Men are in tuxedos, women in gowns. Politicians, artists, models, if you're anyone in Paris, you're here tonight.

GUY

(to Rosemary)

Look at these people. We should go put on aprons and start serving.

ROSEMARY

No, the waiters are better dressed than we are.

A WAITER comes by with a tray of champagne. He *is* dressed better. They each take a glass.

MARGAUX (O.S.)

Rosemary!

The couple turn to find Margaux moving through the crowd. She is dazzling in a designer gown.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

And you must be the husband.

GUY

Guy.

She presents a hand. Guy holds it awkwardly, then bends down and kisses her hand.

ROSEMARY

What a gentleman.

Guy shoots a withering glance at his wife. Margaux looks behind her, gesturing.

MARGAUX

Roman, come! I want you to say hello to my savior.

Separating himself from a group of men, ROMAN moves over to Rosemary and Guy. Handsome and distinguished, Roman walks with a slight limp. He carries an ornate cane. As he extends a hand to the good Samaritan...

ROMAN

Rosemary. I've been dying to meet
you.

CAMERA DROPS, PUSHING IN CLOSE to the head of the cane. It's
one we've seen before, at the Doctor's office in New York -
with the distinct visage of a gargoyle.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. Drinks are flowing. Conversation is sparkling. Though much of it in French. Rosemary looks across the room to find Guy and Roman in deep conversation. Guy looks over to Rosemary. Gives her a little wave before Roman pulls him away. Margaux comes up to her with a drink.

MARGAUX

There are no wallflowers allowed at my parties, Rosemary. You'll have to mingle.

ROSEMARY

Everyone looks fascinating, but I don't speak French.

Margaux moves to the center of the room. She CLAPS her hand for attention. Everyone quiets.

MARGAUX

In honor of my guest, Rosemary Woodhouse, this night of festivities will now be conducted in English only. *Comprendre?* Excuse me. Understand?

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Of course. Only Americans would know how to speak just one language.

People around him LAUGH.

MARGAUX

Commissioner Fountain. Even in English you're an arrogant prick.

She gives him a peck on the cheek, he laughs, charmed. She presents Rosemary.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Rosemary, this is the man to know if you're up to any mischief. He is the head of police in Paris.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Margaux told me your story with the thief. You were brave, but very foolish.

(beat)

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)
I wish I had a hundred more like
you on the force.

ROSEMARY
I promise to never do that again,
if you can promise I'll never need
to.

Fountain looks over to Margaux.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
You're right. *Elle est spéciale.*

The Commissioner takes a business card out of his pocket,
presents it to Rosemary.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)
Anything you need. You call me.

Rosemary pockets the card, smiles her thanks. Margaux leads
her away to introduce the other guests...

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Rosemary shakes the hand of LAURA VEAULIEU, an impossibly
chic woman.

MARGAUX
Madame Veaulieu is the chief
designer with the House of
Beauchamps.

-- MR. WEES kisses Rosemary's hand.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
Monsieur Wees is a master of rare
manuscripts. He is a guiding force
in the preservation of the Dead Sea
Scrolls.

-- Another powerhouse, VICTORIA PLASIR...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
The chief editor of Belle Magazine.

-- A gentleman of Mediterranean descent...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
Xavier Exharos. Exharos shipping.

-- Completing the multi-cultural rainbow coalition...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
Yoshiro Kawashiri. Akia
Technologies.

Rosemary's head is spinning from the luminaries in the apartment. She pulls Margaux aside.

ROSEMARY
You have an amazing group of
friends.

MARGAUX
Yes. Everybody who is anybody.

Rosemary smiles.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
And they all have a great
appreciation for this place. La
Chime're. Those who are able, live
here. Can you feel the energy?

Rosemary looks at the guests in the room. Their beauty and vitality completely evident.

ROSEMARY
I think so.
(beat)
Can you point me to the little
girl's room?

MARGAUX
Down the hall and to the left. Next
to the Renoir.

Rosemary smiles her thanks and walks away.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosemary moves down the hallway to another wing of the house, the hubbub of the party receding away. She turns the corner to find a darkened corridor. Several closed doors on either side.

Rosemary opens one door, then another, no bathroom yet. She twists the handle on a third to find...

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three naked bodies on the bed. Two WOMEN and a MAN, intertwined in the act of love. The beautiful bodies glisten in the soft light from the hallway.

The three seem to take no notice of Rosemary. Her first instinct is to shut the door in embarrassment, but she finds herself frozen on the spot. Watching. Growing excited herself.

The woman climbs on top of the man, her mouth devouring his lips as she pushes down on him in ecstasy. The man looks over to the door at Rosemary. His blue eyes locked on hers as he makes love to the woman riding him. Rosemary sucks in a breath, completely enthralled...

GUY (O.S.)

There you are.

Rosemary turns to see Guy moving towards her with a drink in his hand.

GUY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Rosemary turns back to the room. The bed is empty except for coats and jackets throw there by guests. No bodies. Definitely no Blue Eyed Man. Rosemary doesn't quite understand what happened, but her heart is still beating quickly, her breaths shallow from excitement. Guy looks into the room, sees the coats and jackets.

GUY (CONT'D)

You okay? Why's your face all red?

Rosemary moves to her husband and kisses him passionately. The heat of what she saw transferring directly to her lips. She finally pulls away from him. Now Guy is breathless, and so very turned on.

ROSEMARY

Let's go home.

GUY

Yeah.

ROSEMARY

And not to unpack.

GUY

No. I get it.

He takes her hand and pulls her through the hallway on the way to the front door. As they reach the living room with all the guests, Roman steps toward them, blocking their path to the door.

GUY (CONT'D)

Roman, thank you so much for having us. It's been an unbelievable evening, and I think it's about to get even better.

ROMAN

It certainly is. Before you leave, I want to present Rosemary a small token of our appreciation.

Roman raises a hand, the room quiets - immediately. The effect is so distinct, it's unnerving. Rosemary looks around her, the guests are all directing their rapt attention to Roman.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

There is nothing more special than new friends. And you know this does not happen very often, but I consider Rosemary and Guy new additions to our clan of misfits. I have such wonderful feelings about our relationship ahead.

The guests APPLAUD. He turns to his wife.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Margaux.

Margaux steps up to Rosemary, an elegant white box topped with a ribbon tied in a bow.

MARGAUX

They say one life is not enough to fully enjoy the pleasures of this world. I'd like to offer you nine more.

Rosemary pulls the ribbon to untie the bow. She lifts the lid to REVEAL a beautiful BLACK SIAMESE CAT. Rosemary smiles, delighted.

INT. FACULTY HOUSING - NIGHT

Guy opens the door to the small one room apartment. He follows Rosemary who enters carrying the cat in her arms. Their living quarters are quite a come down from the opulence they just experienced.

GUY

I know I'm totally going to cock block myself, but what kind of person gives a live animal as a gift to total strangers? I mean it's really less of a gift and more of an obligation.

ROSEMARY

I think she's beautiful. What should we name her?

GUY

No name. There's no way we can keep this cat.

Rosemary fills a bowl with water for the cat. She nuzzles the animal.

ROSEMARY

Come on. Look at this face.

GUY

There's not enough room here for the two of us. And I doubt the university will allow animals in the building.

Guy begins to disrobe, tossing his jacket and tie onto a chair.

GUY (CONT'D)

We can keep the cat through the night, find a good home for her in the morning.

ROSEMARY

What did you think of them?

GUY

Well, I don't want to speak ill of my fellow clan's men, with a "c." But I find Roman to be one of the most arrogant, opinionated men I've ever met. And that's just the part I like.

ROSEMARY

He's not lacking for confidence.

Guy laughs. Rosemary turns to Guy to unzip her. They continue to take off their clothes.

GUY

No. He's got enough ego for both of us and the cat.

(beat)

He'd make a great character.

ROSEMARY

Put him in your book.

GUY

Yeah, but that would mean I'd have to speak to him again.

ROSEMARY

I like Margaux.

Rosemary folds her dress carefully. She moves around the room in her bra and panties, putting her clothes away. Guy watches her as he takes off his pants, tosses them aside. He reaches for her arm and pulls her close.

GUY

Hey, what got you so hot and bothered there tonight?

She blushes, thinking about it. Rosemary leans in and kisses her husband seductively.

ROSEMARY

Do you want to analyze it, or do something about it?

He unhooks her bra.

GUY

I pick the latter.

ROSEMARY

You talk too much.

They kiss again. Growing heated. The two fall back into the bed, Guy buries himself in her neck. Rosemary MOANS passionately. As they begin to make love...

On the cat, watching them with unblinking eyes.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK...

The cat HISSES. Urgent.

INT. FACULTY HOUSING - LATER

CLOSE ON Rosemary's eyes. They're closed in slumber. Another HISS from the cat, before a paw bats at Rosemary's cheek.

Rosemary's eyes open like tiny slits, awakened by the cat.

ROSEMARY'S POV - THE CAT

Sitting right on her chest. Her face inches away from Rosemary. The cat bats Rosemary's cheek again.

ROSEMARY

What?

Rosemary's eyes focus beyond the cat's face. The ceiling appears to be wavering, undulating.

Rosemary sits up, knocking the cat off her chest. She COUGHS, realizes now the room is filling with thick black smoke. She pushes at her husband.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Guy! Wake up!

Guy groggily opens his eyes as Rosemary begins COUGHING violently. He looks over to the outlet where he had plugged in the hotplate. Smoke is pouring from the inside. Guy moves to the outlet just as sparks explode from it. The sparks ignite the sheet, catching on fire. And suddenly, Guy is engulfed in flames. On Rosemary's blood curdling SCREAM...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - BURN UNIT - NIGHT

Rosemary sits alone in the empty hallway. Next to her on the chair is a box, the same one that held the cat from the Castevets. A BURN PATIENT is wheeled on a gurney past Rosemary, MOANING in pain, his face and body disfigured.

Rosemary looks up, locks eyes with the Patient. She quickly looks away, her eyes tearing, imagining this fate for Guy. A SCRATCHING from inside the box draws her attention. Rosemary pops the lid up. The cat is inside.

ROSEMARY

Shhh. Keep quiet just a little longer.

NURSE (O.S.)

Est-il un animal dans la boîte?

Rosemary looks up, busted. She tries to bluff her way through.

ROSEMARY

Sorry, I don't speak French. *Pas parle français.*

NURSE

No animals allowed in the hospital. If you want to wait, the animal has to go outside.

ROSEMARY

Please, my husband is in the burn unit. I can't leave her alone outside.

NURSE

Then I am going to ask both of you to leave.

Rosemary stands, flustered. Roman and Margaux hurry down the hallway to her.

ROMAN

Quel est le problème?

Roman guides the Nurse away from Rosemary and Margaux.

MARGAUX

We came as soon as we heard. Is he hurt badly?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. They haven't told me anything. How did you find out we were here?

MARGAUX

Commissioner Fountain said the police responded to an accident at your residence. We want to make sure you're okay.

ROSEMARY

I'm fine. It's Guy. There was something wrong with the hotplate. It shorted out or something and everything caught on fire. Guy was burned...

Rosemary breaks down, traumatized. Margaux wraps her arm around the young woman, trying to comfort her.

MARGAUX

We're here now. I've already started a prayer for him.

Roman returns to them, shaking his head.

ROMAN

There is no talking to a woman with a little power. You wait here with Rosemary. I'll bring the cat outside.

ROSEMARY

Take care of No Name. She woke me up. She saved our lives.

MARGAUX

You named her "No Name?"

ROSEMARY

Actually, Guy did.

ROMAN

(dry)

For a writer, he has quite the imagination.

Roman picks up the box as DOCTOR CORTE comes out of the examination room.

DOCTOR CORTE

Mrs. Woodhouse. I have news about your husband.

ROSEMARY

(scared)

How is he?

DOCTOR CORTE

From your description of the accident, I expected much greater trauma. Your husband suffered second degree burns on his back and his chest, but he seems to have escaped any permanent damage. He should be released within the hour.

ROSEMARY

Oh my God, that's great news. Thank you, Doctor.

The Doctor walks away. Rosemary turns to the Castevets, beaming with relief and joy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It's a miracle.

MARGAUX

Never underestimate the power of my prayer.

Rosemary throws her arms around Margaux. Roman looks on with a smile.

ROSEMARY

I feel like I've been ripped apart and sewn back together again. Thank you for being here.

ROMAN

What will you do for housing? Your home is clearly uninhabitable.

ROSEMARY

I haven't even thought about that.

MARGAUX

There's an empty apartment in the building. Directly below us.

ROSEMARY

I don't know if you realize how much an English professor makes in a month, but we couldn't afford the rent in your building for a weekend.

MARGAUX

We own it. We charge whatever we like.

ROMAN

We get nothing now because it sits empty. You pay us the same rent as your housing allowance, and it's a profit.

Rosemary is stunned by the offer.

ROSEMARY

That's insane. I mean, it's way too generous.

MARGAUX

It's not about the money, Rosemary. It's about people. You need this. We're here to help.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - DAY

Guy gingerly carries the last box of their belongings into the luxuriously furnished apartment. He moves a little stiffly from his recent injuries. Some evidence of his burn can be seen peeking out from his undershirt, but he otherwise looks in perfect health. He puts the box down, starts to unpack their meager belongings which feel completely out of place in this opulent room.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary stands in the same place where we last saw the frantic Nena in the opening, soaking in the vibration of the room. She runs her hand over the furniture, sits on the bed.

Rosemary steps out onto the balcony, looks over the ledge where Nena jumped to her death. A feeling of unease comes over her.

Rosemary comes back into the bedroom. She is drawn to a door. Tension as the girl moves to it, reaching for the knob. CLOSE ON the knob turning. CLICK as the door opens.

WE don't see what she sees, but her face is frozen in shock.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary comes out of the bedroom, with a strange intense look on her face. Guy turns to her, puzzled.

ROSEMARY
Guy, you have to see this.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - CLOSET - DAY

The light turns on REVEALING a bedroom size walk in closet. The room is filled with clothes. His on one side, hers on the other.

GUY
This is unexpected.

They move inside, checking out the finery. Suits. Shirts. Dresses. Coats. A complete wardrobe. Guy pulls a suit coat from a hanger, puts it on.

GUY (CONT'D)
Perfect fit.

Rosemary holds a dress up against her body.

ROSEMARY
This can't be for us.

GUY
Either that or the last tenants were exactly our size.

ROSEMARY
These clothes are new.

Rosemary pulls open a drawer. Lingerie and underwear.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
It's a little creepy, right?

Guy holds up a piece of sheer nothing.

GUY
I don't know, maybe you could try this on for kicks.

Rosemary gives him a look.

GUY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Sort of.

ROSEMARY
Seriously, I'm sure it was done with good intentions, but it's too much.

GUY

Look, this is temporary. We don't have to use anything they give us. We wear our own clothes, eat our own food. When everything settles down, we'll find our own place.

Guy kisses her, steps out of the closet to return to unpacking. Like a diabetic in a candy store, Rosemary looks wistfully around her. She reaches out for a beautiful scarf, runs the fabric against her finger.

EXT. SORBONNE - DAY

The same scarf, wrapped around Rosemary's neck as she walks onto the campus. She still has her "regular" wardrobe, except for the finery keeping her warm on this brisk day. Rosemary carries a small hamper - lunch for her and Jules.

Up ahead, Jules sits waiting, smoking a cigarette. She sees Rosemary, snubs out her smoke, and gives our girl a hug.

JULES

It's about time you came to visit me. I was jonesing for my Rosemary fix.

They start walking through the beautiful campus.

ROSEMARY

It's been crazy. With the accident and moving. I spent the last week trying to organize the new place, find some local store we can afford. I swear, everything cost double where we live.

JULES

You're living with the point zero zero one percent. It's a whole different world.

ROSEMARY

Well, we certainly don't belong.

JULES

Did Guy tell you I put him up for a new job?

Rosemary shakes her head.

JULES (CONT'D)

The post opened up when one of our professors suddenly "retired" with a co-ed to one of those clothing optional islands in Greece.

ROSEMARY

What's the position?

JULES

Ironically, teaching Romanticism.

Jules smiles and waves at a passing Professor, who gives her a curt nod back. The man looks rather stern, like if he smiled his skin would crack. This is PROFESSOR FUCHS.

JULES (CONT'D)

That's Guy's main competition.
Professor Ludwig Fuchs.

ROSEMARY

(laughs)
Sounds severe.

JULES

Yeah. And he walks like he's got a stick up his ass. Very well published though. It'd be a lot more money, plus the prestige.

ROSEMARY

Guy doesn't care about money. He wants to start writing again. I think he's had writer's block since the miscarriage.

JULES

He needs a new muse. I'd watch out for the co-eds.

ROSEMARY

I'm not worried.

JULES

You're that confident.

ROSEMARY

No, I checked them out before the term started. Didn't see his type.

Jules laughs.

JULES

Your husband never had a wandering eye. Not after he met you.

ROSEMARY

You're sweet.

JULES

Where should we eat? There are the benches by the garden. Or if it's too cold, we can go to my office.

Rosemary looks across the campus, she stops. Furrows her brow.

ROSEMARY'S POV - CAMPUS

Guy and Roman are in an animated discussion. It looks like Roman is doing most of the talking.

RETURN

ROSEMARY

Let's go to your office.

Jules leads the way. Rosemary fingers her scarf, suddenly feeling guilty about wearing it.

JULES

Hey, I like your scarf.

ROSEMARY

You do? Here take it.

Rosemary puts her scarf on Jules who is pleasantly surprised.

JULES

I like your husband.

Rosemary gives her a sharp look.

JULES (CONT'D)

What? You're not wearing anything else I want.

Rosemary laughs. She turns back to look across campus. Guy and Roman sit close together. Conspiratorial.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy and Rosemary asleep in bed. Rosemary tosses and turns, uncomfortable in her skin. Her eyes suddenly open.

CLOSE - ROSEMARY

Eyes unfocused, staring into a middle space, Rosemary appears to be in a trance. She rises from bed.

WIDER

In a diaphanous nightgown, Rosemary steps to the balcony doors. In a somnambulant state, she reaches out and opens the door.

A breeze rustles the sheers. Her nightgown lifted by the air.

BALCONY LEDGE

Rosemary steps up onto the ledge. She sways dangerously. The traffic below her appears miles away. As she stands over the precipice, her eyes seem to clear. Rosemary's expression grows tight with fear. She loses her balance and tips forward. And suddenly, she is falling.

As the ground rushes toward her...

BEDROOM

Rosemary WAKES with a start. Disoriented, she looks wildly around her. Guy is obviously asleep. In the darkness, two green glows draw her attention.

It's the cat. No Name. The animal stares at Rosemary, unmoving, a silent sentinel.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LA CHIME'RE - LOBBY - DAY

Rosemary comes through the lobby carrying a bag of groceries. A long baguette sticking out of the bag. She passes Paul, the concierge.

PAUL
Back so soon?

ROSEMARY
Didn't have much on my list today.

Rosemary moves to the elevator, presses the call button. As she waits, she turns and sees Paul watching her. After a moment, he looks away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Do you keep tabs on everybody?

PAUL
(confused)
Tabs?

ROSEMARY
Comings and goings.

PAUL
I try to know who is in the building. *Oui*. So I can help better... *anticiper*.

ROSEMARY
So not just me, right?

Paul smiles, solicitous...

PAUL
You are a very special resident. But of course everyone in the building is special.

Rosemary nods, now feeling rather foolish. The elevator doors open.

ROSEMARY
Thank you, Paul.

PAUL
If you require anything at all, I am at your service.

Rosemary steps into the elevator. On Paul, who watches her stoically as the doors close.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - COMMON HALLWAY - DAY

Rosemary pulls her keys out of her purse, about to insert it into the lock, notices the door is cracked open. She pauses, her heart rate suddenly doubling.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary pushes open the door, takes a couple of steps into the apartment.

ROSEMARY

Hello?

ROSEMARY'S POV - THE APARTMENT

Silent and still.

ROSEMARY

Hear a NOISE. She moves through the living room, walking down the hallway, past her bedroom.

Margaux suddenly appears from one of the back rooms holding No Name. Rosemary tenses.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Margaux? Is anything wrong?

Out of the bedroom doorway behind her, a large figure appears. Rosemary senses danger, turns...

ROSEMARY'S POV - A LARGE MAN

Moves toward her. Rosemary startles. She stumbles backwards, dropping the groceries to the ground. The man opens his mouth, an inhuman GUTTURAL NOISE emits from his dark cavity. Rosemary freaks. Margaux steps forward to calm her.

MARGAUX

No cause for concern, Rosemary.
This is Emile, the handy man for
the building. Forgive his lack of
eloquence. Emile was born without a
tongue.

EMILE GRUNTS an affirmation.

ROSEMARY

What the hell is he doing here? I didn't ask for a handyman.

MARGAUX

It's my fault. We had an issue with our fireplace upstairs. I thought we should check yours while he was engaged.

Margaux turns to Emile.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Did you find anything?

Emile shakes his head, GRUNTS a negative.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Thank you Emile. Please send the bill to us.

Emile lumbers away. Rosemary is still amped.

ROSEMARY

I'd really appreciate it if you asked me first before you bring anybody into my home.

MARGAUX

I apologize, but I thought my husband had informed your husband yesterday.

Beat. Now Rosemary is embarrassed.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry. Guy forgot to tell me.

MARGAUX

So now we're both sorry.

Rosemary rubs the back of her neck with her hand.

ROSEMARY

He gave me a fright. I have such a headache right now.

Margaux releases No Name to the floor, steps closer to the girl...

MARGAUX

Here, let me.

Margaux leads her by the hand into the bedroom, makes her lay down on the bed. It's not overtly sexual, but there is a seduction there.

ROSEMARY

What are you doing?

Margaux climbs onto the bed, sitting down near her head. Margaux cradles Rosemary's face in her hands, moving them so very gently before taking her earlobes between her thumbs and forefingers. She squeezes the lobes as her remaining fingers pushes into Rosemary's temple. The girl feels the effects immediately.

MARGAUX

I learned this in Tibet. For all our hubris, so much ignorance remains in Western healing.

Rosemary looks up at Margaux, whose face is upside down to her. At this angle, Margaux looks slightly demonic.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Rosemary does so.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath. Hold it in your chest. Now exhale. Slowly.

Rosemary expels the air from her lungs. She opens her eyes.

ROSEMARY

My headache is gone.

Margaux smiles. The two women remain on the bed, intimately close. Margaux bends down and softly kisses Rosemary on the forehead. The moment is fraught with sexual tension. Beat. Margaux breaks it - she extends her legs and climbs off.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What can I do to thank you?

MARGAUX

You can wear one of the dresses in your closet. I spent a lot of time picking them.

Margaux smiles.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

You relax. I'll let myself out.

Rosemary lies back on the bed, her head spinning from the encounter. A nagging idea invades her thoughts. She lifts her head up from the bed. Looks around the bedroom, the same room Emile came out of.

ROSEMARY

There's no fireplace in here.

EXT. SORBONNE - NIGHT

After a day of classes, Guy walks across campus to the Metro station. His bag slung over his shoulder, he looks more like one of the students than a teacher.

As he is about to join the crowd into the underground, a black limousine pulls up to the curb. A window rolls down.

ROMAN

Guy, can I offer you a lift?

Guy pauses. Roman smiles.

GUY

Is this a coincidence or are you developing a man crush?

ROMAN

Believe me, my interest is purely platonic.

GUY

Sure, thanks. Save me a fare.

Guy gets in. Sits across from Roman in the long sedan.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The vehicle is on the move.

ROMAN

Can I offer you a libation?

GUY

I'll have what you're having.

Roman serves him a scotch neat from a crystal decanter.

ROMAN

I hope you like single malt. This is from a private distillery. Aged twenty-five years.

Guy swirls the scotch in the glass, releasing the aroma before savoring it.

GUY

A good whiskey lingers in your mouth like a fond memory.

ROMAN

Spoken like a true writer. That is your ambition, am I right? You don't look like an academic to me.

GUY

Well, I write, but my ambition is to be read.

ROMAN

By as large of an audience as possible.

Guy nods.

GUY

First I have to finish writing the novel. Then get it published. Finally, go on the international book tour.

ROMAN

You're thinking too small.

GUY

Oh, we're playing *that* game. Okay. Thirty weeks on the best seller's list. Auction the movie rights to the studios. Clooney begs me to be involved. I turn him down to write the sequels. Fame and fortune follows.

ROMAN

Now you're talking.

Roman extends his glass, Guy CLINKS his against it. They drink.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

No Name sits on the bed, watching Rosemary as she looks with some paranoia around the bedroom. She's racking her brain to see if something is amiss.

ROSEMARY
(to herself as much as No
Name)
What was he doing in here?

She turns to the cat.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Was he looking for something...?
(a revelation)
Or leaving something behind?!

Rosemary checks a bookcase, starts to take books and knick
knacks off the shelf.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The bottle is half empty. Guy and Roman are well on their way
to a hangover morning. They're not slurring their words, but
inhibitions have loosened.

GUY
How did you get all your money?

ROMAN
Me? Started out in shipping. Got
lucky with some properties, then
moved into finance...

GUY
Titan of industry.

ROMAN
No, that's bullshit!

He laughs. Guy also finds it hysterical.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
This is my secret. Do you want to
know my secret?

GUY
Yes.

ROMAN
I have never told anyone.

GUY
Wait, I want to write it down.

Guy fumbles in his bag, trying to find a pen.

ROMAN

No, you don't have to. It's simple.

Guy is all ears.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I believe there are two people, in each person's life, that are critical to his success. If you understand this, and find the two people you must answer to, drop everything to follow, you will be a success. My first person was Margaux, my wife. She made me complete, one whole person.

GUY

My first person is Rosemary.

Roman nods, agrees.

ROMAN

The other was my benefactor.

GUY

Who was he?

ROMAN

Doesn't matter. Your benefactor will be a different person than mine. When you find him, you'll know.

Beat, a little drunk.

GUY

I want to write about you. I want you in my book.

ROMAN

Then let's do something for you to write about.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Everything from the shelves have been pulled down and piled on the bed or the floor. Clothes from the closet. Books. Decorations. The room is half trashed. Rosemary has a manic look in her eyes. As if caught in a fever.

ROSEMARY
 (to the cat)
 Where's that camera, No Name? Did
 he put a bug in here?

Rosemary looks around her.

ROSEMARY'S POV

A corner of the carpet sticks up from the ground.

ROSEMARY

Moves to it. She grabs the loose corner with both hands and
 pulls up, dislodging the carpet.

INT. CLUB MYSTERE - NIGHT

With a healthy mix of elegance and sex, the club caters to a
 very well heeled clientele, men and women, looking for some
 spice in their lives. Though the ratio stacks higher for
 "HOSTESSES" versus "HOSTS," there are plenty of variety for
 any preference.

Roman leads Guy through the club, where PATRONS mingle with
 gorgeous people.

ROMAN
 Do you have a preference? Or would
 you care to experiment?

Guy looks over to a sharply dressed Host who smiles at him.

GUY
 I'm open minded, but not that open
 minded.

ROMAN
 Then let me introduce you to
 Ginger. She's very special.

Roman makes a tiny gesture and a beautiful woman appears next
 to Guy. GINGER is a combustible mixture of demure and sex.
 Beauty without the intimidation.

GINGER
 Monsieur Castevet, qui est votre
 ami?

ROMAN
 This is Guy.

GINGER
 (in perfect English)
 It's my pleasure to know you.

Guy looks at her. Extremely attracted. The temptation is almost overwhelming. He smiles, takes a deep breath.

GUY
 I'm sure the pleasure will be mine.
 And I'll probably regret this, but
 I can't...

Guy turns to Roman.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm a straight shooter.
 Rosemary is waiting for me at home.

Roman nods.

ROMAN
 You do not disappoint.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy enters the apartment, coming down from the alcohol, feeling drained as if he's been put to the test. He drops his bag on the floor and tosses his jacket onto a chair.

He sighs, EXITS FRAME...

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guy walks into the aftermath of a tornado. Everything that was on the shelves are piled high. Drawers are emptied, clothes are strewn. The carpet has been pulled up around the edges of the room.

Rosemary sits against a heavy but now empty armoire, exhausted. She looks at her husband, his presence seems to bring her to her senses.

GUY
 Rosemary? You okay?

ROSEMARY
 I'm so glad you're here.
 (re: armoire)
 You can help me move this.

GUY

Honey, I think you've done enough.
What's going on? Are you looking
for something...

ROSEMARY

When I was pulling up the carpet, I
noticed a slight difference in the
level of this moulding, behind the
armoire.

GUY

Baby...

ROSEMARY

Help me move it! Please. I know
this looks crazy and maybe I am
crazy, but I just have this
feeling.

She looks at her husband. Without another word, he grabs the
other end of the armoire. It's heavy. He strains with all his
might and together they manage to slide it away from the
wall.

There is a break in the moulding, and the armoire was hiding
a seam. Rosemary pushes on the wall, and with a CLICK, a
utility door opens. A small disused closet sits behind. Some
old linen, an even older vacuum cleaner.

GUY

It's a closet they weren't using.

ROSEMARY

Why hide it?

Rosemary suddenly turns to Guy, her eyes narrow in suspicion.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What were you talking to Roman
about?

GUY

(caught)
When?

ROSEMARY

At the school. I was visiting
Jules. I saw you with him.

GUY

I'm a little embarrassed to admit
this, Ro, but I'm using him. He's
going to be a character in my book.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Rosemary, you're acting a little
paranoid.

She steps inside the closet, pushing on the shelves, the
walls. Solid. Maybe he's right.

ROSEMARY

You're right, I don't know what...

She pauses, notices something on the ground, sticking out
from beneath a shelf, as if accidentally dropped. She
carefully slides out a small square piece of paper. Picks it
up. It's a photograph.

CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPH

A couple with their arms around each other. It's Nena, the
girl who jumped from the opening, and her husband Jacques.
(She is not wearing the amulet.) The picture is taken in the
bedroom where Rosemary and Guy are presently. The couple in
the picture feels exactly like them.

ROSEMARY

Studies the photo, she looks at the smiling woman. Innocent.
Happy. A chill runs down her back.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

The room has been returned to its former state. Books are on the shelves, decorations hung, the carpet has been tacked down. Rosemary remains occupied with the photograph she found. She stares at the couple, moving around the room...

ROSEMARY

They were standing here. This exact spot when they took the picture.

Guy comes out of the closet, wearing a new suit, crisp new shirt.

GUY

Rosemary, you're obsessed.

ROSEMARY

What are you wearing?

Guy becomes a little self conscious.

GUY

I know what I said. But I have an interview for this new position at the university. I thought I'd try to make a good impression.

ROSEMARY

Are you really interested? Teaching Romanticism?

GUY

It's almost doubled my salary.

ROSEMARY

I thought you wanted to finish your novel.

GUY

Well, that's the thing. It's hard to write when you're devoid of ideas.

He looks into the mirror, finishes tying his tie.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm not counting on getting this. Professor Ludwig Fuchs is infinitely more qualified.

ROSEMARY

No, you're going to be great.
There's nothing you can't do when
you put your mind to it.

GUY

Thanks, mom.

He gives her a kiss. Guy is about to step out when he stops,
turning back to Rosemary.

GUY (CONT'D)

Ro, I wouldn't mention the picture
to anybody.

ROSEMARY

Why?

GUY

You went a little nuts last night.
That's all.

Guy gives her a smile, finally exits. On Rosemary,
considering...

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

Margaux moves through the floral area of an outdoor market
with Rosemary tagging along. Every kind of plants and flowers
are for sale. The scene is filled with color and vibrancy.

MARGAUX

I'm so glad you decided to come
along. Roman wouldn't be caught
dead at the flower market.

ROSEMARY

I adore them. To me flowers
represent love.

MARGAUX

Of course, many do. The most famous
being the rose. But flowers have
many meanings.

She points out a couple...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Amaryllis represents pride. Poppies
are symbols of magic, fertility,
eternal life. Baby's breath means
purity of heart and innocence.

Margaux begins to gather flowers into a basket for a large bouquet. Rosemary appears to be waiting for the right moment. She hands Margaux some flowers...

ROSEMARY

I was wondering. Who lived in our apartment before us?

Margaux gives the slightest of pauses...

MARGAUX

Why do you want to know?

ROSEMARY

It's such a great place. Just can't imagine anybody wanting to move out.

Margaux remains silent.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What were they like, do you remember?

MARGAUX

(shakes her head)

They didn't make much of an impression.

ROSEMARY

Do you know why they left?

Margaux picks up a bunch of yellow flowers, hands them to Rosemary.

MARGAUX

I want to get these for you.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. They're beautiful.

MARGAUX

They're Day Lilies. It means forget your worries.

On Rosemary with the flowers, her questions will not be answered today.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - WAITING AREA - DAY

Guy walks briskly down the impressive hallway to his interview. Jules gets up from a bench as he approaches.

JULES
Snazzy. I like the new you.

She straightens his jacket and his tie.

GUY
I thought you liked the old me.

JULES
I did. But this is better.

Guy looks at her, dubious.

JULES (CONT'D)
More confident. More manly.

GUY
(playing along)
Meaning I was... what, effeminate
before. Not sure how I should take
that.

She laughs.

JULES
Ludwig is in there already.
Probably boring the Dean with a
recitation of his academic
achievements.

GUY
Not to mention his published works.

JULES
But you've got the smile.

GUY
Thanks for the pep talk.

JULES
Hey, seriously. Good luck. You'd be
perfect for the job.

She reaches up to give him a good luck kiss. Their lips meet
and the kiss lingers. Guy pulls back. Jules is breathless,
confused.

JULES (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know what came
over me.

She gives him a weak smile and hurries away.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SORBONNE - DAY

Flustered, Jules walks out of the building into the courtyard. CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Laura Veaulieu on a bench, a book in her hand. She watches Jules leave, then looks up at the administration building.

CAMERA WHIP PANS across the courtyard to another figure outside. Mr. Wees is entering the garden area. He also stops, as if waiting for something. In his hand, the same book.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, Victoria Plasir ENTERS FRAME. By now, it should become clear these are guests we've seen at Margaux and Roman's party. Victoria spreads a blanket on the ground, she lays back on the blanket as if to enjoy the sun, she places the same book on her chest, a hand touching it.

CLOSE - BOOK

A compendium of criticism by Professor Fuchs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Yoshiro Kawashiri rides up on a bicycle. He parks the bike, takes the book out of his backpack.

The four guests are at different areas of the courtyard, far away from one another. No one looking at these four people should make a connection that they are together in any way.

Without a word or a glance to one another, the four begin to **subtly** and **silently** move their mouths, as if repeating a mantra. Their fingers make tiny circles on the books.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ludwig Fuchs sits before the dean of the department, DR. CARRARO. He listens with a half smile as Carraro expounds on his qualifications...

DR. CARRARO

Vos diplômes sont impeccables. Bien sûr, vos publications sont impressionnantes, mais je me demande comment ils se rapportent à la classe. Après tout, nous devons engager les étudiants. Non divertir, mais il faut les saisir par la gorge, pour ainsi dire.

Fuchs nods appropriately, but he is starting to feel some discomfort.

CLOSE - PROFESSOR FUCHS

Sweat is beginning to bead on his forehead.

RETURN

PROFESSOR FUCHS

Je suis d'accord avec tout ce que vous avez dit. Bien que chaque élève est unique, il est mon responsabilty pour leur permettre d'atteindre leur plein potentiel.

The professor is quickly becoming drenched. He takes out a handkerchief and dabs at his forehead, wiping the back of his neck.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - OUTSIDE DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Guy nervously waits outside the office for his interview. He checks his phone, searching for a distraction. He smiles at the SECRETARY who glances back at him with no expression.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Professor Fuchs. He's trying to hold it together, but he's having difficulty concentrating. The SOUND of a fly BUZZES his ear. He shivers. Dr. Carraro doesn't notice anything amiss. He continues to talk...

DR. CARRARO

La position transporte avec elle, le titre de président du département. Je pense que vous trouverez le salaire en rapport avec les responsabilités. Nous avons un autre candidat à l'entrevue, mais ce n'est qu'une formalité. Je ne vois pas d'autre ayant les qualifications et l'expérience nécessaire pour notre département.

As Dr. Carraro speaks, one fly becomes two, then four, then eight. The BUZZING grows LOUDER commensurately. Fuchs is staring at Dr. Carraro, he can see his mouth move, but the BUZZING has drowned out his voice.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SORBONNE - CONTINUOUS

Remaining far apart from one another, the four guests of the party subtly and rhythmically repeat a phrase - one we do not hear. Their fingers continue moving on the book.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As the Dean smiles from behind his desk, finishing his congratulations to Professor Fuchs...

CLOSE - PROFESSOR FUCHS

CHAOTIC BUZZING reaching a crescendo, a drop of blood drips from his nose. Fuchs dabs at the blood, sees it on his handkerchief. The sight of red seems to propel him.

Fuchs suddenly stands. He picks up a pair of scissors from the Dean's desk, moves around to Carraro and stabs him in the chest. CARRARO SCREAMS. Blood seeps from his wound. Panicked, Carraro manages to kick Fuchs away.

Confused, Fuchs looks at the scissors in his hands before suddenly turning them on himself. He stabs at his neck, severing the carotid artery and falls to the floor...

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - OUTSIDE DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The door to the office BURSTS open, Dr. Carraro stumbles out, his shirt red with blood. Shocked, Guy stands, quickly moving to him. He catches Carraro as he falls.

DR. CARRARO
(croaks)
Appelez la police!

Guy turns to the Secretary who remains frozen.

GUY
The police! Appelez la Police!

The Secretary moves into action. Guy lays Carraro down, puts pressure on his wound. He looks into the office.

GUY'S POV - PROFESSOR FUCHS

Scissors are sticking out of his neck. The man GURGLES his last breath. His face etched with fear.

On Guy, the events tumbling in his mind. On his horror...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SORBONNE - DAY

The entrance to the administration building has been cordoned off by law enforcement. Police vehicles with flashing lights, ambulances and a coroner's van are parked against the building. ONLOOKERS are held away from the perimeter beyond that.

CAMERA FINDS Guy sitting alone on the side steps. He is trying to make sense of what just happened. Jules comes up to him, she is shaken, her eyes are puffy from crying.

JULES

Dr. Carraro is going to be okay. I guess the scissors didn't reach any vital organs.

GUY

That's good news.

JULES

Do you have any idea what happened?

Guy shakes his head.

JULES (CONT'D)

I never thought Professor Fuchs was capable of anything like that. I mean, he wasn't so much fun at parties, but I didn't expect him to have a psychotic break.

GUY

I guess you never know what's hiding in a person's heart.

Jules nods.

JULES

I probably shouldn't be bringing this up right now, but this is good for you.

GUY

Don't, Jules.

JULES

I mean it. It's sick, but now you're the best candidate for the job.

GUY

I'm not going to think about that.
I don't want to prosper from
somebody else's misfortune.

JULES

Can you stop being a pussy for a
second? You had nothing to do with
his misfortune. He was bipolar, or
on drugs or whatever.

Guy looks away from Jules.

GUY'S POV - A DARK FIGURE

On the sidewalk beyond the crowd, a silhouetted man. He walks
with a cane, looks very much like Roman.

RETURN

Guy sits up. The hairs stand on the back of his neck.

JULES (CONT'D)

You okay?

GUY

Will you excuse me?

Guy moves quickly away from Jules. He works his way past the
police vehicles, through the crowd of onlookers.

GUY (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Roman!

He finally clears the crowd, only to find the figure is gone.
Nowhere to be found. On Guy's rising disquiet...

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

The picture of Nena and Jacques slides across the desk.
Commissioner Fountain picks it up. Studies it for a moment.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

I don't understand. Do you know
them? Are they missing?

CAMERA PANS to find Rosemary across from him. She looks a
little sheepish, her obsession revealing itself.

ROSEMARY

No. I don't know anything.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
But you have suspicions they were
met with foul play.

ROSEMARY
(beat)
Yes.

Commissioner Fountain waits for more.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
They lived in our apartment. See?
That's our bedroom. It's morning.
She just got out of bed. She seems
happy here. But there's something
about her eyes. When I look at the
picture, I get a bad feeling.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
You have an entire life imagined
for them from this single snapshot.

ROSEMARY
I know it's crazy.
(beat)
I'm wasting your time. I'm sorry.

Commissioner Fountain raises a hand, somewhat charmed by her
intuition.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
Did you talk to Madame Castevet?
She might know the whereabouts of
this mysterious couple.

ROSEMARY
I tried. She wouldn't talk to me
about it.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
Do you feel she was hiding
something?

Rosemary pauses, she doesn't want to speak ill of her friend,
but she has doubts. Fountain reads this loud and clear.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)
You don't wish to disparage anyone
without evidence. You're a kind and
loyal friend. I, on the other hand,
am only loyal to the law.

He turns to his computer, quickly taps the buttons on his
keyboard.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

They lived in your apartment. Let's check if there might be any police activity reported at your address last year.

He hits enter. Reads the information with interest on his screen. Rosemary sits up anxiously. Fountain finally turns to her...

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ROSEMARY

Nothing?

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

The woman in the picture is dead.

ROSEMARY

Oh my God.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Her name was Nena Pascal. Egyptian born, no family in France. Preliminary report indicates she jumped from the balcony of her bedroom to her death.

ROSEMARY

My bedroom.

Fountain nods, continues reading.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Her husband Jacques confirmed her suicide, but... investigators found possible signs of violence on the bedroom door. It appears he missed an appointment for questioning. He is presently missing.

ROSEMARY

When did this happen?

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Three months ago.

Rosemary reacts to the time period. That's when her own personal tragedy occurred.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

I will ask our detectives to double their efforts to find Jacques Pascal. Thank you for bringing this to my attention.

He hands the picture back to Rosemary, who looks at the image with a grim satisfaction.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

Rosemary. You should always listen to your feelings. They're bullet proof.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary ENTERS the front door. The house is dark, and after the recent information, a little foreboding. A single lamp is illuminated on a small table. On it, a glass of wine and a note.

Intrigued, Rosemary moves to the table. The note reads, "Take off your clothes. Go to the bedroom." Rosemary smiles, takes a sip of wine. EXITS FRAME.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her dress drops INTO FRAME, followed by a bra and panties. Rosemary walks naked into the darkened bedroom...

ROSEMARY

Guy?

No one is in the room. Laid out on the bed, delicate lingerie, and a beautiful, sexy dress. Another note accompanies the clothes. "Come up to the roof."

EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

Strings of light are stretched across the roof top like stars in the sky. A round table is placed in the middle of the expanse. A large bouquet of flowers sits over starched linen. The place settings are exquisite.

This is more of an intimate gathering than a party. Guests include Laura Veaulieu, Mr. Wees, Victoria Plasir, Yoshiro Kawashiri and Jules, who is enjoying a glass of wine with Guy.

The door opens to the rooftop. Rosemary steps out in the dress. She is stunningly beautiful. Rosemary is met by Margaux and Roman who gives her a kiss on the cheek.

MARGAUX

Do I know how to pick a dress?

ROMAN

You know how to pick a lady.

Rosemary looks around, sees Jules and Guy who move to her. Jules greets her with a hug and a kiss.

ROSEMARY

Jules! What a surprise?

She turns to Guy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What's going on?

JULES

Your husband is the new chair of the Department of Romanticism at the Sorbonne.

GUY

I made the mistake of letting Roman know, and the rest is history. This is their idea.

ROMAN

Life should be celebrated. Particularly when good things happen to good people.

Rosemary gives Guy a kiss.

ROSEMARY

Congratulations. I hope this is everything you wanted.

GUY

Not exactly. Come here.

He leads Rosemary away from the others. They move to the edge of the roof top. Paris is before them. It's as romantic a backdrop as can be.

ROSEMARY

What's the matter?

GUY

I think we should try again.

ROSEMARY

What?

GUY

I want us to have a baby.

Rosemary looks at him...

GUY (CONT'D)

I think it's time. It's going to be different here. I can feel it.

She moves into his arms, holding him tight.

ROSEMARY

I believe you.

They kiss to affirm their shared desire.

MARGAUX

(calls out)

Did she say yes? Does she want a baby?

Rosemary looks to Margaux then turns to Guy.

GUY

I did not tell her, I swear.

Rosemary's broad smile gives Margaux her answer. Everyone APPLAUDS politely. Margaux moves to them.

ROSEMARY

How did you know?

MARGAUX

What else can it be? You have everything.

Margaux brings out a small black box.

ROSEMARY

No more gifts.

MARGAUX

No, this is not a frivolous thing, like a dress. This is serious.

She opens the box to REVEAL a necklace with the **gold amulet** - the same one Nena wore before her death. Margaux takes it out and hangs the amulet around Rosemary's neck.

ROSEMARY

What is it?

MARGAUX

A family heirloom, filled with
Tannis root from my greenhouse.

Rosemary breathes in the perfume of the amulet. Her head swims with lightness.

ROSEMARY

It's pungent.

MARGAUX

It's actually quite powerful. It's there to protect you and the baby soon to be inside you. Promise me you'll wear it.

Rosemary touches the charm, somehow, it comforts her. The gold amulet sits twinkling around her neck.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy is SNORING SOFTLY in bed, Rosemary beside him. Another restless night. CAMERA DROPS TO A CLOSE UP as her eyes open. She stares out without focus.

Rosemary climbs out of bed. As if in a trance, she walks to the balcony. Climbs up onto the ledge. Traffic flows frighteningly below her.

She appears to snap out of it. Finding herself in danger again. In the corner of her eyes, something is behind her.

It's Guy. He moves towards Rosemary.

Rosemary reaches out to him for help. He steps forward and pushes her from the ledge.

Rosemary tumbles from the balcony, falling into space.

As the ground RUSHES towards her...

BED

Rosemary wakes with a START, her heart POUNDING. She reaches for the base of her neck, finds the amulet. Touching it seems to calm her down.

She turns over to Guy next to her in bed. He's not there.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosemary moves down the hallway. A CLICKING SOUND drawing her forward.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Guy sits at the table. The light from his laptop illuminating his face. His fingers are flying over the keyboard. Rosemary steps INTO FRAME.

ROSEMARY

Guy, what are you doing?

GUY

Writing my book.

ROSEMARY

It's three in the morning.

GUY

It's coming, Rosemary. The words.
Like a spigot has been opened.

Guy returns to the computer. His fingers transferring the rush of thoughts to the screen. On Rosemary, watching her husband manically typing, she's growing ever more apprehensive...

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. CAFE MIRO' - DAY

Jules takes a big gulp of her wine, stares at the person across the table from her.

JULES

So you're not just falling, he's pushing you off the building.

Rosemary nods. Takes a sip of her tea.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm going to get you a glass of wine.

ROSEMARY

I'm not drinking, remember? I'm trying to detox before I ovulate. Which, according to my calender, is next Tuesday.

JULES

Yeah, maybe you need to rethink this whole getting pregnant thing.

ROSEMARY

What are you talking about?

JULES

Your dream. It's so obvious. Falling in a dream means you're anxious about something, you're afraid of losing control. Guy pushing you means exactly that. What did he push you into recently? By the way, very publicly.

ROSEMARY

But I'm ready to try again.

JULES

Your subconscious says you're not.

ROSEMARY

No. It's not that.

Rosemary takes out the picture of Nena and Jacques from her purse. She hands it to Jules who looks at it, puzzled.

JULES

I don't get it. Is Guy pressuring you into wife swapping?

ROSEMARY

No! This is Nena and Jacques, they lived in our apartment three months ago. She either jumped off, or maybe was pushed off the balcony in our bedroom.

JULES

Creepy.

ROSEMARY

They're still trying to find him. Maybe my dream is a premonition.

JULES

You think Guy is going to kill you? Boy, you *really* do need a drink.

ROSEMARY

No. I don't think that. Of course not. I just know that whatever my dream meant, she had the answer. But now I'll never know because she's dead.

Jules studies the photograph.

JULES

Maybe you can go talk to her friends.

ROSEMARY

I don't know anything about her. How would I find her friends?

Jules points to a small tattoo on the inside of Nena's wrist.

JULES

See that? That's a symbol for Coptic Christians. If she's devout enough to tattoo it on her wrist, she probably went to church. There's only one Coptic church in Paris.

EXT. ST. MARY & ST. MARK COPTIC CHURCH - DAY

The Egyptian church rises in mid Paris. Though it is a Christian church, the architecture and iconography have a distinctly middle Eastern feel.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - DAY

Rosemary steps into the ornate sanctuary. Only a few PARISHIONERS are in the pews, praying, communing with God. FATHER ALIM moves to Rosemary.

FATHER ALIM

Vous semblez être perdu.

Rosemary smiles awkwardly, but she's prepared. She hands the photo of Nena to the Father and presses play on her phone, translating her question.

PHONE

(translation app)

Je cherche des amis de cette femme.

Elle est venue à cette église.

The Father's face darkens. He looks around nervously.

ROSEMARY

Do you know her?

She starts to type her question into her phone. The Father gestures for Rosemary to follow.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - HALLWAY - DAY

Father Alim leads Rosemary through a maze of narrow hallways. It feels as if she's making a dark and mysterious descent. Rosemary looks nervously behind her, trying to avoid becoming lost. Father Alim finally stops. He KNOCKS softly on a wooden door.

FATHER ALIM

*Il ya quelqu'un ici. Elle a demandé
à propos de Nena.*

After a beat, the door opens. An old man looks at Rosemary with suspicious eyes. His white hair wild and unkept. This is Father Tekem. His eyes drop to the gold amulet around her neck.

FATHER TEKEM

Nena had a necklace just like that.

Rosemary touches the amulet. He steps aside and allows her into a small room. Father Alim closes the door, leaving them alone.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Rosemary takes the chair across from Father Tekem.

ROSEMARY

You speak English very well.

FATHER TEKEM

I lived in America for ten years. Houston, Texas. I was a fan of the Cowboys.

Rosemary smiles.

FATHER TEKEM (CONT'D)

Are you a friend of Nena's?

ROSEMARY

No. But I want to know more about her.

FATHER TEKEM

She died.

ROSEMARY

(nods)

Three months ago. I'm trying to find the reason why.

FATHER TEKEM

I know why. Nena was consorting with Satanists. She lived in an unholy place. La Chime're.

Rosemary is taken aback.

ROSEMARY

That's where I live.

Father Tekem pauses, as if deciding to trust the girl before him.

FATHER TEKEM

La Chime're. What do you know about its past?

ROSEMARY

I looked up the history on the computer.

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It was built in the 1860's. It has always been very exclusive. The home of fame and fortune.

FATHER TEKEM

Did the computer tell you about the Trench sisters? They lived there in 1933.

ROSEMARY

No. Were they famous?

FATHER TEKEM

Infamous. They were cannibals.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - 1933 (FLASHBACK)

The bones of the residence remains the same, only the decor and the paint on the walls have changed. The TRENCH SISTERS ENTER the residence, behind them is a DAPPER GENTLEMAN who can't believe his luck. The beautiful sisters start to undress him, kissing, caressing all the right places.

One of the sisters, DELPHINE, breaks off from the clinches. She begins to disrobe as she moves behind him while DAPHNE continues the seduction.

As Daphne pulls back from the man and straddles him. A garrote is whipped around the man's neck. From behind him, Delphine pulls tight. The man's eyes bulge in pain and fear. Daphne watches his struggle, completely turned on. She claps her hands in excitement.

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - KITCHEN 1933

The sisters hoist the naked dead body onto a large butcher block. CAMERA TILTS UP on Delphine as she raises a cleaver. She swings the knife down with obvious delight. As blood splatters her face...

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - SMALL ROOM - RESUME

FATHER TEKEM

They slaughtered countless men and served them to their friends before they were caught and hung for their crimes.

Rosemary is aghast.

ROSEMARY
That's a horrible story.

FATHER TEKEM
It's not the only one. Terrible things have happened ever since La Chime're arose from the ground. The building is cursed.

ROSEMARY
(dubious)
Father, that sounds like something you tell to scare children.

FATHER TEKEM
Steven Marcato lived there until 2001. He was a Satanist. Maybe Satan himself.

Father Tekem rummages through some tattered belongings. He pulls out a faded picture of Steven Marcato. Looks like a picture from a magazine. It is the image of the **handsome blue eyed man** Rosemary saw earlier in the me'nage a' trois.

ROSEMARY
Where did you get this picture?

FATHER TEKEM
Fortune magazine. How do you think he's so successful? The devil hides behind his billions.

ROSEMARY
What makes you think he's this great evil?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 2001 (FLASHBACK)

A SERIES OF SURREAL SHOTS:

-- A PROSTITUTE leads a customer by the hand down a dark alley.

-- In the shadows, he strips her top off. He's rough, but she likes it that way.

FATHER TEKEM (V.O.)
I saw him. In an alley in Belleville. Where the prostitutes ply their trade.

-- The bodies twist, REVEALING the Blue Eyed Man. He raises a sacrificial dagger.

-- With a hand silencing her scream, the woman cannot escape the dagger as it plunges into her chest.

-- With demonic strength, the Blue Eyed Man pulls out her heart. As he takes a bloody bite...

FATHER TEKEM (V.O.)
He sacrificed a whore. Marcato
killed her and ate her heart.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - SMALL ROOM - RESUME

FATHER TEKEM
I called the police, but no
evidence was found. I fled Paris
and went into hiding in America.

Rosemary reads an article from the back of the picture.

ROSEMARY
Steven Marcato is the CEO of Delphi
Group. He's given tens of millions
to charity.
(beat)
I've taken too much of your time.

FATHER TEKEM
You don't believe me. Nena didn't
believe me either. Look what
happened to her.

Father Tekem takes her hands. His eyes manic.

FATHER TEKEM (CONT'D)
Take my advice. Leave everything
behind. All your worldly
possessions. Everyone you know.
Leave here and disappear before
they find you.

Frightened, Rosemary dislodges herself from his grasp.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - DAY

Rosemary walks quickly down the aisle on the way out of the church. CAMERA SETTLES on a parishioner in the last pew, his head lowered, deep in prayer. He turns as Rosemary passes, REVEALING Emile, the handyman. He watches as she exits, stoically intent...

END ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy stares at the cat. The man is sitting anxiously at the table, waiting. No Name stares back at him, unmoving.

Rosemary comes out of the bedroom. Guy stands up. She's holding a thick manuscript in her hands. Rosemary shakes her head, with tears in her eyes.

GUY

Well?

ROSEMARY

It's the best thing you've ever written. It's wonderful.

Guy smiles, relieved. Happy.

GUY

Really?

ROSEMARY

No. These are not tears in my eyes. I was not moved by your prose, or your brilliant, magical words.

Guy moves to her, gives her a hug.

GUY

Roman loves it, too. He's sending it out to a publisher.

ROSEMARY

You gave it to Roman?

GUY

I felt like I owe it to him. He was sort of my muse.

Rosemary feigns hurt feelings, teasing.

ROSEMARY

I've been replaced by a man?

GUY

I still think of you in my private time.

Rosemary smiles, kisses him.

ROSEMARY

You did it, Guy. All by yourself.
I'm so proud of you.

She lays her head on his chest affectionately. On Guy, the smile fixed on his face. Only his eyes betray his doubt.

INT. COPTIC RESIDENCE - COMMUNAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Father Alim brushes his teeth over the sink. He spits, rinses. Turns off the faucet. As he dries his face with a towel, he hears the drip, drip, drip of water on tile.

Alim shakes his head, moves to the shower area. He pulls the curtain on the first shower. It's empty inside. He tightens the shower handle. Drip, drip, drip.

Moves to the second shower. The plastic curtain slides open. Also empty. Alim repeats his action. Still the SOUND remains.

He listens carefully, his head turning to follow the SOUND. Alim moves to the toilet area. Pulls open the door to the toilet stall. A flash of red as Father Tekem's body falls onto Father Alim.

Tekem's throat has been slashed. Alim SCREAMS as he tumbles to the ground, the dead man on top of him.

HIGH ANGLE

Father Alim's anguish echoes in the bathroom as the blood pools on the white floor.

EXT. SORBONNE - DAY

Guy walks briskly through the campus. A pretty co-ed, MARIANNE, runs to catch up with him.

MARIANNE

Professor Woodhouse, I want to say
I'm excited for your class.

GUY

Thank you...

MARIANNE

Marianne.

GUY

Call me Guy. You're in my Lake
Poets seminar. Second row center.
Right?

She beams, so happy he remembers.

MARIANNE

I know you're new in Paris. If you need someone to show you what the real Paris is like, anytime...

GUY

Thanks Marianne, I might take you up on that.

She waves happily. Goes on her way. Guy smiles to himself, getting hit on by a pretty young girl isn't the worse thing in the world.

JACQUES (O.S.)

It feels good when everything goes your way.

CAMERA PANS to REVEAL **Jacques Pascal** walking a step behind Guy.

GUY

Yeah, sure.

JACQUES

Pretty soon it'll feel quite natural to always be on top. It's addictive. You'll find yourself doing anything to stay there.

GUY

You make it a habit to walk next to strangers and talk nonsense?

JACQUES

It's an art. The seduction.

Guy takes a closer look at his companion, seems vaguely familiar.

GUY

Do I know you?

JACQUES

But nothing comes without a price. You know that.

Guy stops, turns and faces him.

GUY

I'm not having this conversation with a stranger. Who are you?

JACQUES

I am you.

A HONK o.s., Guy turns to see Roman's limousine waiting for him up ahead. He turns back but Jacques is already walking away. Guy considers as he walks to the limo. Roman steps out to greet him.

ROMAN

Who was that?

GUY

(beat)

A student.

ROMAN

I have great news. They read the book. They're very excited. They want to meet you, today.

Guy is thrilled. They climb into the limousine.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The FISH EYE LENS image of Commissioner Fountain stares at us through the peephole. He RINGS the doorbell again.

Rosemary opens the door, surprised to see him.

ROSEMARY

Commissioner, what a pleasant surprise?

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Not so pleasant, I'm afraid. I'm here on official business. Who did you visit yesterday?

Rosemary pauses.

ROSEMARY

I had lunch with my girlfriend and then I went to church.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Why?

ROSEMARY

(beat)

I needed spiritual guidance.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
Father Tekem was murdered last
night. Father Alim told us you were
the last one to see him that day.

Rosemary is shocked.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)
Now why did you go see him?

ROSEMARY
I went to ask him about Nena. He
knew her. That was her church.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
What did he say to you?

ROSEMARY
A lot of insane things. He said
cannibals lived in this building,
as well as Devil worshippers. He
claims he saw Steven Marcato commit
murder.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
The billionaire?

ROSEMARY
He told me he saw Marcato eat the
heart of a prostitute. I thought he
was crazy.

Fountain makes some notes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Was it a coincidence or do you
think his murder had something to
do with Nena?

Commissioner Fountain looks at Rosemary seriously.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN
I don't know. But this is no purse
snatcher, Rosemary. You need to let
this go and let the police do their
jobs. If you see anything
suspicious, I want you to call me.
(beat)
Be careful where you place your
trust.

END ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

INT. LA CHIME'RE - CASTEVET RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Margaux wields a cleaver like Delphine in the flashback of the Trench sisters, she swings it viciously down onto a butcher block where a **black skin chicken** (these really exist) is being cut into pieces. She dumps the chicken into a clay pot with pungent herbs and other unique plants.

The steam from the pot wafts over Rosemary who wrinkles her nose from the smell. She watches the proceedings with some trepidation.

MARGAUX

I see you're not wearing the amulet.

Rosemary touches her bare neck, a little defensively.

ROSEMARY

I didn't feel like it today. And what exactly are you making for me?

MARGAUX

Fertility soup. You drink it after it simmers for twelve hours in the clay pot.

ROSEMARY

Does it taste good?

MARGAUX

No. Terrible. But it will make you ready to have a baby. I learned this from the Chinese.

As Margaux stirs more herbs into the concoction...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

My dear friend Shui Fa had to flee China after the communist revolution. She had three nights to conceive a child with a man she was forced to leave behind. This is the recipe she used to make her fertile. A recipe she still uses today.

ROSEMARY

Not for herself obviously. Your friend must be in her late eighties.

Beat. Margaux seems to catch herself.

MARGAUX

Of course. For occasions like this one. My friends and their secrets are at your disposal.

ROSEMARY

What about your secrets?

Margaux turns to Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me about Nena?

Margaux pauses. It is emotional for her.

MARGAUX

How do you talk about the most painful heartbreak of your life? I loved Nena like the daughter I never had. I begged her to leave her husband. He was a dark force who had a strangle hold on her soul. I tried so many ways to help her out of the trap I knew she was in. At one time, Roman had a plane waiting to take her anywhere she wanted to go.

Margaux's eyes well with tears...

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

I saw her on the day before she died. I still remember her smile. She told me she was so happy, she was walking on air. She had just found out she was pregnant.

A tear rolls down Margaux's cheek. Rosemary moves to her, feeling her pain, Nena's story reflecting on her own tragedy.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I didn't tell you before. The pain of losing her almost destroyed me, I was afraid to face it again. I have no more secrets.

ROSEMARY

I was a cynic. I thought you and Roman were too good to be true.

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And when I found out about Nena, I thought somehow I was being used. I'm sorry I doubted you.

MARGAUX

Rosemary, our friendship is not about replacing Nena. I care about you. I only want you to be happy and healthy.

Rosemary is touched.

ROSEMARY

I'll try my best to drink some stinky fertility soup.

MARGAUX

(sternly)

No. You'll finish every last drop.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With the gold amulet back around her neck, Rosemary is doing her best to drink the fertility broth. She takes a spoonful at a time, forcing herself to swallow the concoction. The cat moves to her, curious.

ROSEMARY

No Name, this is wicked bad.

No Name MEOWS.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You want to try some?

Rosemary extends a spoonful. No Name takes a sniff and moves away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Coward.

The front door opens. Guy enters, looking completely beat.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I hope you had dinner out. All I got is fertility soup.

GUY

I'm not hungry.

Rosemary watches him.

ROSEMARY
Are you okay?

GUY
I don't know if I made a mistake...

ROSEMARY
(concerned)
What is it Guy? You know you can
tell me anything.

GUY
I sold my book today.

Rosemary has a moment of shock. Beat. Guy smiles broadly
before Rosemary SCREAMS in joy and throws her arms around
him.

ROSEMARY
You faker!

Guy pulls out a check from his pocket. Rosemary's eyes go
wide.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I don't think I've seen that many
zeros in one check.

GUY
And that's just the advance. Go put
on your fancy clothes. We're going
out.

Rosemary gives him a big smooch. Guy pulls back, tasting his
lips.

GUY (CONT'D)
Boy, that is some bad soup.

ROSEMARY
I know, right? What I won't do for
this baby. And Margaux too. She's
had a rough time.

Rosemary downs the rest in one big gulp. She sticks her
tongue out in distaste...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm brushing my teeth.

Guy LAUGHS as she heads off to the bedroom. On Guy, the smile
fading from his face...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rosemary and Margaux come out of the ladies room GIGGLING like school girls at this impossibly chic restaurant. They are both dressed in style. Rosemary stops, looks across the room.

ROSEMARY'S POV - GUY AND ROMAN

Their moods are so different. Guy appears to be in a serious discussion.

RETURN

ROSEMARY

Does that look like a celebration to you?

MARGAUX

Sometimes success is hard to accept. Wait until he has a "problem" in bed. You really have to be a cheerleader.

Rosemary LAUGHS.

ROSEMARY

This is his dream come true.

MARGAUX

Now we're onto the next dream. Yours.

Rosemary takes an anxious breath.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)

Are you afraid?

ROSEMARY

I had a miscarriage before. It was the hardest thing I've ever had to deal with. I don't know if I can go through that pain again.

Margaux pulls Rosemary close to her.

MARGAUX

You listen to me, do everything I say and nine months from now, you will be holding a beautiful baby.

Rosemary looks into her eyes.

MARGAUX (CONT'D)
Do you believe me?

ROSEMARY
I want to.

MARGAUX
Come on, it's time to put some life
into this party.

Margaux pulls Rosemary toward the table. CAMERA HOLDS,
ADJUSTING to find Commissioner Fountain at the bar. He
watches them with some interest.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The meal seems to have lifted everyone's spirits. The couples
come out the front door to the waiting limousine.

MARGAUX
Roman, let's walk. I need to clear
my head from the wine.

She starts walking ahead, taking Guy's arm for support. Roman
turns to the limo DRIVER, who is holding the door open...

ROMAN
*Pierre vous remercie, nous serons
marchant à la maison.*

The Driver nods. Roman catches up to Rosemary. She takes his
arm as they follow Margaux and Guy.

ROSEMARY
I have to admit, I was a little
jealous of you.

ROMAN
Me?

ROSEMARY
You did in two weeks what I
couldn't do for two years. Somehow
you made him finish. Guy told me
you were his muse.

ROMAN
I take no credit. Creativity is a
mystery. The spark can ignite from
the most curious source. Maybe it
was the flames on his body. Perhaps
the new apartment. Or your sweet
breath next to his ear at night.

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

All we can do is celebrate the end result.

ROSEMARY

No. It was you. Just hearing the way you talk. As my father would say, you could sell ice to an Eskimo.

Roman smiles, as they walk along, Roman seems to sense something. He glances back behind them...

ROMAN'S POV

A dark figure follows.

RETURN

ROMAN

Are you cold? Maybe we should catch a taxi.

ROSEMARY

No, I'm fine.

ROMAN

(calls to Margaux)
We'll call a taxi, Margaux.

Margaux turns, annoyed.

MARGAUX

Don't be ridiculous. We're three blocks away.

Roman looks behind him, the figure is right there. WE can see it's **Jacques Pascal**.

JACQUES

Engraissement du porc à l'abattoir?

Roman pulls Rosemary behind him, shielding her from this intruder.

ROMAN

Que voulez-vous?

JACQUES

I want what you promised.

ROMAN

We'll talk another time.

JACQUES

No more lies.

Jacques pulls out a gun and FIRES! Rosemary SCREAMS. Roman goes down, shot in the side. He's in shock, but still alive. Jacques steps up, levels the gun at Roman's head, point blank. Another SHOT RINGS OUT.

This time, Jacques falls, REVEALING behind him, Commissioner Fountain. The police officer runs up. He kicks Jacques's gun away before kneeling down to check on them.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

They're still alive. Call for help.

Guy quickly dials. On Rosemary's stunned terror...

END ACT NINE

ACT TEN

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The roles have been reverse. Rosemary is now comforting Margaux who tries to hold it together. Guy returns with some water. He hands them to the anxious and upset ladies.

GUY

No word yet. He's still in surgery.

ROSEMARY

He's going to be alright, Margaux.
You have to believe that.

GUY

Roman is strong. It'll take more
than a bullet to kill him.

Margaux smiles through her tears.

MARGAUX

He always said to me, *Il ne faut
jamais jeter le manche après la
cognée*. One should never throw the
handle after the felling axe.

(beat)

It loses something in translation.

GUY

I think we say in English, "Never
say die."

Commissioner Fountain approaches Guy and the ladies. Margaux stands, moves to him in gratitude.

MARGAUX

Commissioner, thank you for
shooting that bastard. I can only
hope he suffered before his death.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Jacques Pascal is not dead, Madame
Castevet. Barring complications,
the doctors expect him to recover.
They're prepping him for surgery
now. I will talk to him the moment
he regains consciousness. There are
so many questions he can answer.

MARGAUX

I would be curious myself to know why he felt the need to shoot my husband.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Jacques and his wife lived in your building. In the same place where Guy and Rosemary are living now. Is that correct?

MARGAUX

Yes. His wife died three months ago.

(beat)

The police told me it was suicide.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

With what happened tonight, I think we may have to consider another theory.

(turns to Rosemary)

Mrs. Woodhouse, could I ask you a few questions while the incident is fresh in your mind?

Rosemary nods.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me exactly what Jacques said before he fired his weapon?

ROSEMARY

He said something in French. Which I didn't understand.

Fountain turns to Margaux and Guy who shake their heads.

GUY

We were too far away.

ROSEMARY

Then he said he wanted what was his... no, what was promised. And then he said no more lies. Then he shot Roman.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Could Roman have broken a promise to Jacques? Something that happened while he lived there?

Guy looks to Margaux, interested in the answer himself.

MARGAUX

C'est impossible! Roman would never break his promises. You know my husband yourself, Commissioner. It's an insult to me that you would take the jabbers of an assassin seriously.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

Madame Castevet, I am merely a dispassionate servant of the truth. I think that is how you should be satisfied with your Police Commissioner.

Margaux looks at him with fire in her eyes. Fountain turns to Guy and Rosemary.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you can remember? Maybe you might have seen him before tonight?

Rosemary shakes her head. Guy remains quiet, but he fidgets with unease. Commissioner Fountain clocks this.

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)

Please call if you think of anything.

(to Margaux)

I wish Roman a quick and complete recovery. But I will also need to speak with him the moment he's able.

The Commissioner moves away. Margaux gives a tense smile to Rosemary and Guy.

MARGAUX

I want to start a prayer.

ROSEMARY

That's a great idea. We'll go to the chapel.

MARGAUX

No, I must do this myself.

ROSEMARY

Are you sure you want to be alone?

MARGAUX

If you have faith, you are never alone.

Rosemary gives her a hug.

GUY

We'll be here. I'll call if there's
any news.

Margaux nods somberly before walking down the hallway.
Rosemary and Guy settle in for a long wait.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's late. Margaux walks down the empty hallway. Up ahead,
the small hospital chapel. She stops at the door and peeks
in. Nobody is using it.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Margaux steps inside. It's a small room. A couple rows of
pews. A station of candles, and a cross on the wall.

Margaux moves down the aisle to the cross. She considers the
Christian symbol for a beat before reaching up and RIPPING it
off the wall. She turns the cross upside down and stands it
on the floor that way. Anti-Christ. Margaux EXITS.

INT. OPERATING ROOM A - NIGHT

An OVERHEAD ANGLE on Roman as a team of DOCTORS operate on
the man. They work efficiently, with great expertise as they
dig out the bullet and repair the damage done by the lead
projectile.

SURGEON

J'ai trouvé la balle.

With surgical tweezers, he removes the lead pellet. It CLINKS
into a steel bowl.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Bon. Allons nettoyer.

As he and team start to close up...

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - NIGHT

Jacques Pascal is wheeled into the operating room. The
ANESTHESIOLOGIST hooks his equipment into Pascal's I.V. and
begins to sedate him for the operation.

INT. HALLWAY - SURGICAL AREA - NIGHT

Margaux walks down another hallway. She peeks into an operating room. It's empty.

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaux steps inside. The equipment is all there, waiting for a patient. From a small pocket, she removes a simple gold band.

EXT. STREET - NEAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Right after the shooting. Commissioner Fountain checks the bodies...

COMMISSIONER FOUNTAIN

They're still alive. Call for help.

As Guy dials, Commissioner Fountain moves away to call for police backup. Margaux rushes to her husband, checks him quickly before turning to Jacques. She appears to check his pulse...

CLOSE - MARGAUX'S HAND

She is actually taking the ring off of Jacques' finger.

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - RESUME

The same gold band now in Margaux's fingers. She closes her eyes, rubbing the band as she begins to silently chant...

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

The FEMALE SURGEON preps then slices open Jacques abdomen where the bullet entered the body. As she digs inside, searching for the bullet...

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaux looks over the empty operating table as if she can see Jacques' body. She is in the same position as the Female Surgeon.

Margaux increases her concentration...

MARGAUX'S POV - JACQUES BODY

Appears before her like she's there. Organs can be seen as gloved hands probe for the bullet.

RETURN

Margaux closes her eyes, her mouth continues to chant silently.

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

The Anesthesiologist is checking his monitors, the vital signs on Jacques begin to elevate. He checks the amount of medicine flowing into his patient. It's correct, but the signs continue to rise. Pulse, respiration...

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

No. It cannot be. He's waking...

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaux opens her eyes.

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

Jacques eyes open. The Female Surgeon is mortified.

FEMALE SURGEON

What the hell? *Mettez-le sous!*

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

I can't!

He turns the dials, pumping more drugs into Jacques.

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaux's chanting reaches a fever pitch. A BABBLE of words can be heard like the SOUND of bees.

CLOSE - FINGERS

Rub on the ring quickly, almost a blur of motion.

MARGAUX

She opens her mouth in a silent scream...

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

Jacques is fully awake. He SCREAMS. Fully feeling the intense pain from his abdomen where the Surgeon has sliced him opened. He jerks his body wildly.

Nurses try to hold his body still, but the pain is too great. WAILING, Jacques writhes in agony, twisting and turning. Nurses with clamps inside his opened abdomen try to hang on, but his movements rip the instruments from their hands. A scalpel inadvertently slips, slices open an artery. Blood geysers from his abdomen. SURGEONS and NURSES try to stem the damage, but they can't keep Jacques still.

FEMALE SURGEON

Sedate him. *Sedate lui!*

The Anesthesiologist plunges a needle full of drugs into his arm. Nothing seems to stop Jacques' painful spasms.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

It's not working!

INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaux's chanting comes to an abrupt end.

CLOSE - RING

Between her fingers, the circle has been crushed out of shape. Looking more like an oval.

MARGAUX

She takes a painful breath. Her exhale HISSES out of her like a snake.

INT. OPERATING ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

Jacques body literally jerks off the top of the surgical table, before SLAMMING back down with a THUD. The vital signs monitors BEEP with a continuous TONE. Flat line. Jacques has experienced an extremely painful death.

The personnel in the operating room look at one another, wide eyed. No one can quite understand what just happened.

HIGH ANGLE

The body, the surgical table, and the floor is tinted with a film of red. On this terrifying tableau...

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The surgeon from Roman's operating room moves to Guy and Rosemary who stand to meet him.

ROSEMARY

How is he?

SURGEON

Resting comfortably. His vitals are strong. I expect Mr. Castevet to make a full recovery.

GUY

That's great news. We have to find Margaux.

MARGAUX (O.S.)

What did I miss?

Rosemary turns to find Margaux moving towards them.

ROSEMARY

Roman's out of surgery. He's going to be fine.

MARGAUX

My prayers have been answered.

On her wicked smile...

END ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Roman opens his eyes. He tries to swallow, but his throat is parched. He sees Margaux beside his bed, a weak smile is all he can manage.

ROMAN
(haltingly)
I can only imagine how I look,
because you look terrible.

She's been up all night, and it shows. Margaux manages a bright smile for her husband. Leans down and kisses him on the forehead.

MARGAUX
I was worried *mon amour*, but now I
know you're going to be fine.

Rosemary and Guy come to Roman's bedside.

GUY
How are you feeling, Roman?

ROMAN
Worse than I look. But better than
I should be considering all things.
It's very kind for you to come.

MARGAUX
They've been here all night with
me.

ROMAN
You are true friends. I am humbled
by your loyalty.

GUY
You'd do the same for your
benefactor.

Roman smiles at the acknowledgement.

ROMAN
What happened to Jacques?

ROSEMARY
Nobody told us. They said he was
expected to recover.

Roman looks to Margaux.

CLOSE - MARGAUX'S HAND

Squeezes Roman's hand. A signal.

RETURN

Roman gives her a slight smile.

ROMAN

I can only hope he is brought to justice.

MARGAUX

I'm sure of it.

ROSEMARY

Is there anything we can do for you?

ROMAN

Yes. Go home. And take my wife. We all need to put this behind us.

Rosemary and Guy gather their belongings. Margaux kisses her husband goodbye.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Margaux, no more walking. Take the car.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Driving back from the hospital. Margaux and Rosemary sit in the backseat, leaning against each other, exhausted from their vigil. Guy is already asleep in the seat facing them.

Lulled by the movement of the car, Rosemary sighs, almost asleep as Margaux nuzzles against her. Margaux is directly at the level of the gold amulet.

MARGAUX

(drowsy)

You smell different...

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry, I didn't have a chance to shower during all the excitement.

MARGAUX

No. Something else...

Beat. Rosemary shifts. Margaux gets more comfortable against her. It's quite sensual.

ROSEMARY

According to my calender, I'm
suppose to be ovulating.

Margaux opens her eyes. She smiles softly...

MARGAUX

That's what it is.

ROSEMARY

What?

MARGAUX

You're ready. You're ripe.

Margaux kisses her on the lips. Pulls away, excited. Rosemary blushes...

ROSEMARY

You're embarrassing me.

MARGAUX

Guy, wake up. We have work to do.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Margaux is heating up the rest of the fertility soup. On the counter next to the pot are some unique herbs, including what looks to be some bright red fuzzy pellets.

ROSEMARY

Margaux, we don't have to do this
today. I'm exhausted. I know you
must be.

Margaux stirs in the red herbs.

MARGAUX

Go take a shower. When you come
out, this will be ready.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - DAY

The spray of water splashes against Rosemary's body. The effect is sensual, erotic. CAMERA glides along her wet skin, SETTLING on the gold amulet.

JUMP CUT TO:

Rosemary drying her skin. The Gold amulet slightly tighter IN FRAME.

JUMP CUT TO:

Rosemary pulling on a robe. The focus on the gold amulet even TIGHTER. WE CAN almost sense a glow from the charm.

JUMP CUT TO:

Rosemary finishing the last of the soup. The spoon CROSSING FRAME as the gold amulet DOMINATES the FRAME. The light plays on the tannis inside the charm, bringing it to life.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary in white, a beautiful flowing dress that symbolizes purity. Her posture is regal, but she appears to be in a daze. Her eyes soft and unfocused. Guy steps before her.

ROSEMARY

I feel so warm. Everywhere. Is it night already? I can't remember where the time went.

GUY

You look beautiful.

ROSEMARY

I want this to be perfect. For our baby night. This should be the most beautiful night of our lives.

GUY

No pressure, right?

Rosemary GIGGLES.

ROSEMARY

You shouldn't have any problems.

She stands and sways sexily to the bedroom. With her back to Guy, she drops a shoulder strap off her dress. Then turns to give him a come hither look. Guy is very turned on, he grabs her from behind. She SQUEALS with delight.

INT. WOODHOUSE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The couple SLAM on top of the bed. She looks up at her husband with half closed eyes. Her lips part, ready to be ravaged.

GUY

Drinks in his wife, marvel at her beauty, and her trust. He leans down close to her, but their lips remain apart. Tears well in his eyes...

ROSEMARY

Her half eyes slowly closing.

A SERIES OF SURREAL SHOTS

-- Looking at the sky, trees. A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY leans in. A YOUNG ROSEMARY, her first kiss.

-- The EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD ROSEMARY pants with excitement. A naked body in f.g. moves over her. She arches her neck, a stab of pain as he enters her...

-- Guy making love to our Rosemary, as they twists...

-- Guy is replaced by Margaux. The women are gentle, loving...

-- CLOSE ON Rosemary's eyes, opening as if waking from a trance. They try to focus... the background shifting as if they are someplace different entirely.

-- A MOVING POV - as if she's being carried. An elaborate Baptismal font...

-- Her dress now falling away, her naked body caressed by a strong hand.

-- Coming IN and OUT OF FOCUS. Familiar faces. Mr. Wees. Laura, Margaux, Victoria, Yoshiro, Paul.

-- The Blue Eye Man looming over her.

-- VERY TIGHT - their lips collide. They're devouring each other.

-- His Blue Eyes, mesmerizing, suddenly turning to BLACK ONYX.

-- Rosemary, her breaths shallow, excited. She arches as he enters her.

-- Her limbs wrap around his back. The man's spine PROTRUDING LIKE SPIKES BENEATH THE SKIN. (This should feel creature-like.)

-- Rosemary's fingers run along the protrusions on his back. Her eyes widening as he begins THRUSTING...

ROSEMARY

This is no dream. This is really
happening!

-- His fingers CLAW LIKE as he scratches her back in lust.

-- The Blue Eyed Man sexually dominating her. His physicality
overtaking her consciousness. Her entire body on fire - sweat
glistens...

-- Rosemary's mouth open in climax...

CUT TO BLACK:

END NIGHT ONE