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NIGHT GALLERY

"SHE'LL BE COMPANY FOR YOU"

Teleplay by
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From the Story by
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NIGHT GALLERY"SHE 'LL BE COMPANY FOR YOU"CAST

HENRY
BARBARA
JUNE
REVEREND
WILLY
DELIVERYMAN'S VOICE
VOICE (BRITISH ACCENT)
MRS. LUNDSTROM'S VOICE

S.B.:

MOURNERS
2 GRAVE DIGGERS

SETSINTERIOR:

HOUSE
FOYER
SUNROOM
MARGARET'S ROOM
HALLWAYS
STAIRS
KITCHEN
THIRD AVENUE BAR
HENRY'S OFFICE

EXTERIOR:

CEMETERY
HOUSE
GARDEN

NIGHT GALLERY

"SHE'LL BE COMPANY FOR YOU"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CEMETERY - FULL VIEW - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 1

It's a small burial ground; a few cars, a few Mourners. The Reverend's voice drones inaudibly, eulogizing. Two Grave-diggers stand bareheaded, a discreet distance from the still-open grave, talking softly. Camera lowers, moving in to hold on Henry. He's about 40, husband of the deceased. Apparently deep in meditation, he stares down at the coffin.

2 ANGLE ON GRAVE - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 2

A single spadeful of earth has been sprayed across the lid of the simple box.

3 CLOSER ON HENRY 3

Carefully, almost shyly, he lifts his gaze...

4 MOURNERS - SLOW PAN - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 4

No sound. Camera holds on Reverend now: he's as big as a walrus, and apparently still eulogizing because his lips are moving...but we hear nothing.

5 HENRY 5

looking at the Minister...Suddenly Henry's expression changes.

6 REVEREND - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 6

his lips working...but we hear a voice with no exterior-quality, and completely out of sync: the flat, fast delivery of a bad stand-up comic:

VOICE

I hear they buried your wife today, Lord Bottomley.

(same voice; bad British accent)

Had to, old boy; dead, you know.

7 CLOSE ON HENRY 7

who lowers his eyes at once. And we hear:

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

HENRY'S VOICE

...But what d'you do? times like
this. I never knew.

8 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLING DOWN

His black shoes...the grass he's standing on. As he lifts
one foot and polishes the shoe on his trouser-leg:

HENRY'S VOICE

Doesn't mean I have no feelings...

Now camera tilts up slightly to include the grave.

HENRY'S VOICE

I loved you, Margaret. You know.
I mean, all those years, of course
I did, but...what'm I supposed to
do today...?

9 CLOSE ON HENRY

HENRY'S VOICE

...break down?...
(never used the word
before:)
sob?? Would you like that? What --

Stops abruptly. Angle widens: the service has ended and a
Mourner - they're leaving - has thrust his hand into Henry's.
Henry smiles, then saddens it, nodding some kind of commiseration,
as if it were the other man's loss...! Camera pulls back
into full view: the Mourners gone or going...

10 NEW ANGLE ON HENRY

head lowered solemnly once more, waiting. We can read his
relief at the silence that means he's alone at last...Broken
by an abrupt new sound: a handful of dirt has struck the coffin
lid. Henry looks up sharply, reacts in surprise.

11 ACROSS THE GRAVE - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

One Mourner - Barbara - has remained; her expression is
impossible to read. She's about 37, striking looking, a bit
overdone, not funerally-dressed. She has extraordinary eyes:
oversized, green and a tifle tilted - not oriental, but like
something else. Her hair is red; she has a mole high on her
left cheek, vertical, ending at the eye. She'd knelt in the
newly-turned earth to throw that last handful on the coffin.
...Now she rises, walks around the edge of the grave toward
Henry (camera), never turning her eyes away.

12 FAVORING HENRY

12

somehow astounded by her approach. Entering frame, she stops, close to him. We see she has more of the dirt in her hand; she holds it out toward Henry. Beat. He takes it - barely concealing his distaste - quickly tosses it into the hole. When he looks back at her, she announces crisply:

BARBARA

Let's go.

HENRY

What...?

BARBARA

To your house, Henry.

His reaction is strong, puzzled.

BARBARA

...Maggie's room...

He remains silent but the reaction deepens.

BARBARA

I'm so sure she'll be there.

13 INT. HOUSE, NORTH SHORE, LONG ISLAND - DUSK

13

Camera moves through a foyer, past a stairway...into a sunroom: ceramic-tile floor, many windows and French doors that open onto a small garden; almost as many plants in the sunroom as in a greenhouse. Furniture is bamboo or rattan-framed; fabrics are colorful prints derived from jungle foliage and flowers... Camera holds on Henry, troubled, a glass of whiskey held to his lips, tapping the thin rim of the glass against his teeth, listening...It's quiet, broken by the distant - but urgent - sound of a small bell (like one of those elephant bells from India). Henry starts up out of his chair!...stops himself. Then he hears Barbara's footsteps descending the stairs. To stop his heavy breathing, he drinks. Barbara enters.

BARBARA

Sorry, I just had --

Henry shakes his head no, it's nothing; then:

HENRY

Drink up, will you, please, Barbara, I've got to get some rest.

BARBARA

Of course: you want rest.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

Henry's found her drink on the liquor cabinet; but when he holds it out to her:

BARBARA

Oh, I don't want it, thanks.

HENRY

Well then...

He makes a move to see her to the door...but she doesn't seem to notice; she sits and muses:

BARBARA

I suppose I didn't...really expect to see Maggie up there, upstairs. Still --

Henry makes some exasperated sound, goes to the stand of bottles for a refill. She watches, with a wistful smile:

BARBARA

Poor...impatient Henry...saddled with his wife's best friend...

HENRY

(manages:)

...Look, I do understand, Barbara.

BARBARA

And I understand you, Henry...

(when she's sure he's looking at her)

...your impatience, after all these years, to...get on with it.

HENRY

What?

BARBARA

(overlap)

No point in keeping things as they were, her things...Of course strip the bed and get rid of her books, her watercolor-pad, the wheelchair, that little brass bell she'd ring to call you to help --

HENRY

-- that's still there.

BARBARA

Is it?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED - 2

13

HENRY

You just rang.

BARBARA

Did I?

HENRY

Yes.

BARBARA

I may have, it's just...

HENRY

Didn't you see it? on the little
table beside her bed?

Emptyly, as if just to quiet his anxiety; overlap:

BARBARA

Yes yes, I suppose.

HENRY

(pause; then)

'Get on with it', you said...With
what?

BARBARA

Why...your life.

He makes a rough sound of denial, moves to liquor bottles.

BARBARA

And why shouldn't you be impatient?

14 ANOTHER ANGLE

14

He whirls to face her; she goes on, in the same gentle tone:

BARBARA

All those...young years, passing...
spent on someone in her condition --

HENRY

On an invalid! she didn't mind the
word.

(then; ridicule:)

And you don't think about 'young'
years passing!

BARBARA

...What do you think about?

HENRY

That she's your wife!

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

BARBARA

...But you must've wanted...an
-end to it...

(as he looks at
her sharply)
for her sake, finally, without pain.

HENRY

No.

BARBARA

When you knew it was hopeless...?
(an odd smile)
You can talk to me.

HENRY

I am talking to you: never.

BARBARA

And never thought of...all the...
young things that would happen to
you...? if you were free again?

HENRY

...Yes
(and then)
I had thoughts...

BARBARA

(warm; sympathetic:)
But did nothing...?

They look at each other in the failing light.

BARBARA

Funny: I'd do...anything for thoughts
like those: to make them happen.

HENRY

(lightly:)
Maybe you're...a more evil person
than I am.

BARBARA

Yes.

The darkening room and the whiskey-haze deny him a clear view
of her expression. She speaks up now; businesslike:

BARBARA

Maggie was everything to me...

CONTINUED

HENRY

(shakes head no, back
into his drink:)

Margaret. Never called her Maggie.

BARBARA

I can't let you stay here by your-
self, come home to an empty h--

HENRY

(drinking)

-- I don't mind being alone.

Camera pushes slowly in on Barbara:

BARBARA

I mind your being alone.

HENRY'S VOICE

(muddled; belligerent:)

What're you goin' do 'bout it?

Just before camera holds tight on her eyes, we see her smile:

BARBARA

I'll send you my cat.

HENRY'S VOICE

(brief, harsh laugh)

Cat??

BARBARA

(quiet:)

She'll be company for you.

Beat, before:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

Open close on the face of a cat, staring at camera. When camera moves in a small arc, holding close, the cat's gaze follows it. As angle widens a bit we see it's barely more than a kitten, its markings just beginning to emerge (N.B: author of story describes coloring as a cross between tabby and marmalade.)

HENRY'S VOICE

There a note?

DELIVERYMAN'S VOICE

Maybe in the basket.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

Sounds of Deliveryman's departure, as Henry's hand enters frame, scratches the cat's head, under its chin...warily, not at home with it. When the cat shifts position it exposes an envelope between the cushions in its basket. Henry's fingers pull out the note as if he were stealing it from the cat. Camera pans Henry's hand and note closer: we can read "Dear Henry..." on the envelope. Angle includes Henry's face, now: more tolerant; apparently he's had a good night's rest. He moves his head from side-to-side, half-smiles, as if to say: "She did it...!"

16 WIDER ANGLE

16

Henry sets down the basket, opens envelope, reads:

BARBARA'S VOICE

Here's everything you need...Her name's Jennet.

He looks: a large carton of cat-food, bowls, toys, delivered with the cat.

17 MOVING SHOT - HENRY

17

into the sunroom, where he stops at the telephone, thinks a moment, dials; then:

HENRY

Miss Morgan, please; this is Henry Auden...Barb-- ?...She has? Where? d'you know?...Well, for how long?
(edge of irritation)

Unusual, isn't it? I mean what kind of vacation, the company doesn't know where she's gone or when she's -- !
(what's the use? he just shakes his head)

...No...

Hangs up. Camera close on his annoyed expression. Beat. Something makes him look down, abruptly.

18 ANGLING DOWN - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

18

The cat's rubbing against his leg.

HENRY'S VOICE

Yeah? hell with that, cat...you're not staying that long.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

As if it understood, the cat looks up at camera.

BARBARA'S VOICE

She'll be company for you.

19 CLOSE ON HENRY

19

On the cat, his head whirls sharply.

20 WHIP PAN - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

20

to the chair in which Barbara'd been sitting when she said those words. Empty, of course...but:

21 HENRY

21

looking at the chair, shaken.

22 BARBARA - TIGHT CLOSEUP

22

Camera pushes even closer on her eyes: their slant - we identify it now - is feline.

BARBARA

All those...young years...

23 CLOSE ON HENRY

23

transfixed...until some cat-sound - not meowing; deeper-throated and rough - breaks the moment:

24 CAT - PANNING SHOT - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

24

It moves lightly, bounds up on to "Barbara's" empty chair, settles into the plump cushions, looks this way and that, like a dominant male in a pride of lions. Long moment before we hear, very faintly, the sound of the elephant-bell. The cat's ears twitch sharply in reaction...but once it seems to have identified the sound, it settles again, surveys its domain.

25 ANGLE ON HENRY

25

looking across the room at the cat, thoughtful, troubled. He pours himself a drink, starts to his own chair with it...but reaches back for the fifth, takes it along, sets it down closer at hand. He braces his head against the chair's high

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

back and tries to out-stare the cat...Camera slowly pans off Henry, holds on the French doors that look out on the garden. The panes of the old glass - some tinted - begin to darken... Twilight...and now, Night...Camera pans off French doors... past Henry, asleep in the chair, now. whiskey half gone... holds on Barbara's chair: the cat is gone. Faint sound of bell.

26 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Open close on the tiny decorated brass elephant-bell, on a bed table. Though we're close on it, we hear its sound even more faintly than in Sc. #13. The memory of a sound... Camera begins move to establish more of the room: empty bed, bare mattress doubled-over...a single robe on a row of ornate, carved-wood pegs...a wheelchair is folded away, hidden behind the open door to a bathroom...Camera moves past the locked door to this room, before it holds on the curtained double-windows...and the face of the cat! outside, staring in, pushing its face against the windowpane...Sound of the bell is louder, more urgent!

27 INT. SUNROOM - ANGLE ON HENRY - NIGHT

27

Sound of bell persists, seems to rouse him...but dies away before he's fully awake. So he awakens to dead silence...and a headache, a dry mouth. We watch him become aware of things, orient himself: he's in the sunroom, must've fallen asleep after a drink or two and...oh yes, his wife is dead. Then, all at once, remembers the cat: he looks toward the other chair. Too dark. He switches on the lamp.

28 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW - "BARBARA'S CHAIR"

28

The cat's not there. The chair's empty. But wait...is it?

29 HENRY

29

rising; he's seen something in the chair...

30 MOVING TOWARD CHAIR - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

30

Yes, something's half-hidden in the shadows of the cushion. Camera stops, angle tilts...moves closer again, more slowly... until we recognize it: a dead rat. Henry gasps...but his hand enters frame, examines the corpse: limp; no obvious cause of death.

31 ANGLE ON HENRY

31

Disbelief, revulsion...then anger: he looks about for the cat. He goes to the French doors - surprised and annoyed to find them ajar - switches on exterior lights in garden. There are two pair, powerful but mounted low, amidst flowering shrubs, bushes, etc. They cast huge, distorted leafy shadows against the French doors and windows...but no trace of the cat. Henry latches the doors tight. Camera pans him to the foyer; he glances up the stairway...But something draws him back to the sunroom. It's oddly-lighted: just one lamp...and the spill of patterned light from the garden. He stops in the center of the room, alert...switches off the lamp. Instantly, the wild-shaped shadows of foliage invade the room!...Still, nothing moves. Beat. Nothing...until the shadow of the cat - panther-size! - is cast into the room from the garden...against the French doors! It peers inside, pushes against the glass, settles down. It's larger, somehow, now...no longer, in any respect, kittenish.

32 CLOSE ON HENRY

32

breathless, afraid to move, precariously balanced...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

33 INT. THIRD AVENUE BAR - DAY

33

Camera moves with Willy, bartender/owner, hauling a case of wine up through trapdoor behind bar. Born in Ireland but here long enough to sound the way he does:

WILLY

Tend a cat, geez...

He's shaking his head no, dubious at the prospect.

HENRY'S VOICE

Board of Health likes to see a cat on the premises...

WILLY

I don't know, Mr. Auden...

Angle now includes Henry, seated on a barstool, as Willy stops in front of him, drops case, begins placing bottles. In Henry's face we read the edge of his desperation:

HENRY

Just till she gets back, Willy.

WILLY

Wouldn't the ASPCA or -- what is it? Bideawee? take --

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

HENRY

-- they find homes for kittens,
they'd give it aw--

WILLY

Is it a kitten, then?

34 FLASH CUT - SHADOW OF THE CAT

34

as we saw it in Sc. #31...but even larger.

WILLY'S VOICE

...Mr. Auden?

35 BACK TO SCENE

35

Forcing away the image; briefly, as if ashamed of a lie:

HENRY

...You know: starting to be a cat.

WILLY

See, I run a clean place...but
there's things down there
(indicates trapdoor)
could bite a kitten in half!...And
them's just the cockroaches.

HENRY

(carefully controlled)

This...cat...can take care of it-
self.

Willy's become aware of Henry's distraught state, so:

WILLY

Ah, hell, if it's a real mouser,
fearless and all...

HENRY

It's fearless.

WILLY

...sure, bring it in.

HENRY

That...may be a problem.

WILLY

D'you need a box, then?
(to Henry's puzzled
frown)
To carry him.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

Henry shakes his head no; then, reminded of something...and distracted by it:

HENRY

...It's a female.

WILLY

All th' better: cat family, they're the ones do the killin'.

Beat. Henry pushes his glass forward. Willy disapproves: glances at the wall-clock. As he pours another shot:

HENRY

I'm...through for today; they've been giving me...time.

Reminded, Willy prepares his overdue condolences, but:

36 FLASH CUT - THE ELEPHANT-BELL

36

and a woman's emaciated hand ringing it, softly, insistent.

WILLY'S VOICE

I've been wantin' to tell you how sorry me'n, you know, the wife feels about your loss. We --

37 HENRY - LONG SHOT - SHOOTING FROM EXIT-DOOR

37

As Henry rushes toward camera, from behind him, in b.g.:

WILLY

Mr. Auden!...when is it you're bringin' that fierce exterminator to terrify me rats and mice...?!

Henry falters in f.g., lunges past camera and out. Hold on full view of bar, Willy doing his work...Someone's fed the early-model jukebox, there's the start of loud music, before:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

38 EXT. HOUSE, NORTH SHORE - CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR - DUSK

38

First, briefly, the o.s. deep-throated feline rumbling sound we've heard before. Then, a beat of quiet. Henry enters frame...listens...notices now that the door is ajar! just a few inches. He reaches...pushes it wide, calls:

HENRY

Mrs. Lundstrom...?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED 38

Again, but farther off, the deep-throated, guttural rumble.

39 INT. HOUSE, FOYER - DUSK 39

Subjective camera moves through the open front door, toward a folded note on the foyer table. As soon as we see the note, we begin to hear:

MRS. LUNDSTROM'S VOICE

Worked half day. There's cold supper you know where. Mrs. L. PS: Have you bought a cat or what's all the kitty food for? I put some out, but she never ate none. Must be shy. You'll want a scratching-post or we can say goodbye to chair-legs and hassock in sunroom. I know cats. Tear things to pieces. Tuesday, then.

During above, Henry opens the note and reads it...sets it down. He feels uneasy, turns abruptly:

40 FOYER/STAIRS/HALLWAYS - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 40

Series of whip pans and holds - as if trying to catch some hidden observer. Each time there's a trace of movement - a glimpse of color, a shadow, a blur - but by the time the view is steady...nothing.

41 HENRY 41

unsatisfied, still wary...and now that low, deep-throated sound!...Where's it coming from? He turns, yes, the kitchen...He starts toward it.

42 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW - TRUCKING SHOT 42

downstairs hallway, toward the kitchen...

43 ANGLE ON HENRY 43

He stops at the closed door. Beat. Fainter sound of cat now: a rough purring...Henry pounds the door open with the heel of his hand, moves through. Camera holds on the door as it swings shut - then open a crack: glimpse of Henry - then shut again. Beat of silence...an outcry! carries us through an abrupt cut to:

- 44 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON HENRY - DUSK 44
Horrorified!...he aborts his scream.
- 45 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW (OVERCRANKED) 45
On the cut - slow motion - a jungle-marked cat disappearing in a graceful, arc-ing leap through the kitchen window! A spray of sunlit, shattering glass obscures our view like a bright mist.
- 46 HENRY 46
charges forward, to the window above the big double-sink... sees nothing outside...But when he turns to examine damage to window, he becomes puzzled...He reaches his hand out - palm down - and it passes right through; no jagged edges, it seems to've been annihilated! But then he sees that nothing's been smashed: the window is wide open! He lowers it, feels the polished pane; intact...But somehow he's left a smudge on it. He turns his hand over.
- 47 CLOSER ANGLE 47
...blood just beginning to seep through three parallel gashes! How did he do this to himself?? He makes a fist...Sound of liquid dripping into the sink - becomes louder as he becomes aware of it, looks down.
- 48 ANGLE ON SINK - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 48
The faucet is dripping...but there's something else on the white enamel: a pattern of different smudges...that might be the paw-prints of a large cat...slowly being obliterated by the dripping water...
- 49 HENRY 49
staring down at it...Angle adjusts to include sink as he turns on the faucet - abruptly, full-force - to eradicate the prints. He holds his fist under the water, now...and his palm seems clear and clean when he opens it. He bends suddenly, puts his head and neck under the flow...! When he turns it off, he remains bent over the sink, hair drenched, dripping...hoping that the rush of water has cleaned his mind of its horrors and emptied it white, like the enamel sink. He raises his head slowly, tentatively...it seems to've worked: the kitchen is quiet...and the garden - visible through the window - is quiet, too...for a moment. But then: whirring sound of insects...a rasping shriek of a jungle-bird...some chattering

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

mammal-cries...building...And added to it now - like the sound of Henry's own terror - the urgent ringing of the elephant-bell! Joined and dominated then by the roar of a jungle cat...! Henry can't bear the climax of sounds that feels so imminent!...he raises his hands, above his head and looks upward, toward Margaret's room...and he makes a terrible, anguished outcry that's meant to over-ride all of it, prevent a climax, silence the room. The outcry becomes a fragment, a few words, a question:

HENRY

What d'you want...?! what'd you
always want...!!

The ringing stops; all the sounds stop. Deep quiet. But it cost all his energy; he slumps against the sink, lowers himself to the tile floor of the kitchen...Still, the silence reassures him: it was - after all - his overwrought state, his imagination. The pale beginnings of a smile...He sees something on the floor. Camera follows his gaze: the small bowl of untouched cat-food and some innocent cat-toy, a half-unraveled ball of twine. He taps this with his foot: it rolls against the wall, rebounds gently, leaving a trail of cord. Henry's smile broadens...

50 NEW ANGLE

50

...for some reason - there's been no change, no sound - he looks toward the kitchen door. Beat. The door pushes open slowly: a cat - size of a half-grown leopard - appears! It has the markings of the kitten we first saw, but more vivid. It looks about...then at Henry. It makes no aggressive gesture or grimace or sound...but settles in the doorway, blocking it.

51 CLOSE ON HENRY

51

breathing stopped...then the faintest nodding, yes, yes...

52 CAT - HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

52

The distant, barely audible, sound of the elephant-bell. The cat alerts.

53 HENRY

53

looks up sharply...then toward the door again.

54 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW

54

The cat disappearing from view, down the hallway.

55 HENRY

5

HENRY
(whispered:)
Where are you going...?
(then)
I locked that door...! She can't
tell you...anything!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

56 INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

5

On the cut a dark-green shade rolls up, admitting a burst of bright sunlight.

HENRY'S VOICE
Pull that down...!

Angle widens to include June, a pretty secretary...who's just raised the shade and whirls now at the voice...Henry's lying on a black-leather sofa, under an old raincoat. He leans up on one elbow, shielding his eyes from the glare. His right hand is bandaged.

HENRY
What time is it?

She resents having been frightened: lowers shade part-way.

JUNE
Almost nine.

He looks at her for the first time; softer:

HENRY
I'm sorry, June.

JUNE
(unfriendly)
Y'like some coffee, Mr. Auden?

HENRY
Put up the shade, it's all right now.

JUNE
(as she does:)
Mr. Greenberg wants to see you.

Henry nods wearily, still not together. She watches; then, somewhat vengeful:

JUNE
He wouldn't countersign yesterday's work.
(as Henry looks up)
He wouldn't...

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

HENRY

What're you smiling about?

JUNE

I'm not smiling.

HENRY

(long look; then:)

What happened...?

JUNE

He just said it wasn't --

HENRY

(overlap)

between us...

(then)

From the day Margaret died...

JUNE

(overlap)

There was never anything between
us, Mr. Auden.

Beat. Then, sad, not argumentative:

HENRY

...Sure there was.

To end it, to show she's leaving:

JUNE

...No coffee?

HENRY

Black, with sugar.

She goes. He gets up, rockily, finds aspirin, puts them in his mouth, pulls the lid off the water-pitcher on his desk - it's empty. He slams it down...finds whiskey in a drawer, washes down the pills...takes a few hard candies from a tray on his desk, unwraps three or four and chews distastefully, lights a cigarette...all the while trying to sort through some papers and folders. He's lost...about what's due, what's to be done. June returns with the coffee, sets it down - carefully, but coldly - near him. He watches her perform the simple chore...looks up at her now:

HENRY

Sure there was...

She takes her time - sets a plastic spoon next to the packets of sugar - before returning his gaze:

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2

56

JUNE

Did Mrs. Auden know about me?

(to his silence:)

...Then there was nothing.

She goes briskly toward the door.

HENRY

June...!

57 ANOTHER ANGLE

57

She doesn't stop until she has the door wide open; it's meant to intimidate him - other people will be coming to work soon - but he's more reckless, desperate, than she knows:

HENRY

I can't...go back there...!

JUNE

(glance at sofa)

So I see.

(then)

What'm I supposed to do about it?

HENRY

...Please.

JUNE

...What? Are you lonesome?

He sees the trace of a smile and guesses that her price is his humiliation; he's willing to pay it:

HENRY

...Yes.

JUNE

The way I've been lonesome?

HENRY

I'm sorr--

JUNE

(insists)

-- The way I've been lonesome for you?!

HENRY

...Yes.

JUNE

There's no one there?

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

HENRY

No.

JUNE

And the house is...what? full of
ghosts?

HENRY

(staring at his
bandaged hand)

Yes. That's it.

She lets the door close; moves closer:

JUNE

Maybe you don't need anybody.

HENRY

I do.

JUNE

Me?

(he nods, but she
insists on the word:)

You need me?

HENRY

...Yes.

JUNE

(pause, before)

How much?

(as he looks at her)

What'll you give me...?

HENRY

(bewildered:)

What's...happened to you...?? You
were...so sweet...!?

JUNE

(plain; almost kind:)

No. I'm not sweet.

(then)

You never noticed it because you
don't really give a damn, you just
...want! for now: something, some-
body...And when the taste is chewed
out, like gum!...what d'you do?

(level; right to him:)

What'd you do with your wife?...
when you were through with her?
Everybody wants to know...

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2

57

Beat. He can't believe this is happening. Then, with a curious smile:

JUNE

...Barbara wants to know.

HENRY

Barbara??

She holds up something she'd concealed behind her back: a picture-postcard. Henry reaches. She holds it away, an instant...

JUNE

You remember Barbara...Maggie's friend?

But his concentration is on the card...that there might be some word from Barbara about the cat! He takes it to the window for better light. June leaves, unnoticed by him. And during the above we hear:

BARBARA'S VOICE

Dear Henry, Maggiore's lovely, but not as blue as Lake Como...What was that plan Maggie had...?

58 CLOSER ON HENRY AND POSTCARD

58

BARBARA'S VOICE

...to swim in every one of the Italian lakes! Whatever happened to it?...to all our plans!...whatever happened to us...?

59 UP ANGLE - HENRY'S FACE

59

BARBARA'S VOICE

(brightly)

As you can see: Maggie's with me in spirit...So it comforts me to know that --

Henry's eyes - scanning rapidly - go back over, slowly, to make sure of the following:

BARBARA'S VOICE

...to know that Jennet is there, with you, Henry.

CONTINUED

Although Henry lifts his eyes from the card, looks out the window, we continue to hear:

BARBARA'S VOICE

Is she eating you out of house and home? I'll bet!...But be careful: don't kill her with kindness. I know you, Henry.

Henry slowly crushes the card in his bandaged fist.

BARBARA'S VOICE

I'd stay longer -- it is beautiful here -- but something...calls me back. Or

Faintest sound of the elephant-bell.

BARBARA'S VOICE

someone.

Henry slams his bandaged fist down on the window sill.

Open close on mail-basket beneath slot in front door: a couple of letters and a picture-postcard. Camera pulls back as the doorknob turns and the door is pushed open slowly...wide open...by Henry. He's as seedy-looking as in the previous scene...but there's some new determination in his face. He moves deeper into the silent house...He's in f.g. of frame when a harsh, ripping sound - not of fabric - tears the silence! The rush of fear makes him angry: that he can be terrified - in his own home - by someone's pet kitten! He heads upstairs...

Henry checks both ways. Camera then tracks him down the hallway toward Margaret's room. He stops, shocked:

The door and frame have been raked by claws that ripped deep grooves through the finish down to the light-grained wood itself! And around the knob the edge has been gnawed and chipped and the lock sprung. The door is open...!...Henry's hand enters frame...pushes it open wider...Camera moves through...

- 63 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - PANNING SHOT - DUSK 63
As we saw it: undisturbed. Now camera moves slowly toward the bed-table where we saw the small brass bell...Faint sound of of the bell...
- 64 ANGLE ON HENRY 64
looks down at the table. Sound persists...but sweet, not urgent this time. His hand closes around the metal and the sound stops. He brings the bell up, to examine to more closely ...We watch his expression change with an idea: something reckless - perhaps even repellent to him - that he wants to do... He looks about the shadowy room, the bell held by its tiny knob...and he shakes it now, hard!...But there's no ringing! no sound at all! the bell is mute! Stunned, he turns it upside-down.
- 65 INSERT - THE BELL 65
No clapper, nothing inside to make it ring!
- 66 HENRY 66
can't believe it! He tries again - silence...Then a low, slow-starting, deep, deep-throated sound...from outside. He whirls; camera pans him to the window that overlooks the garden.
- 67 EXT. GARDEN - HIGH ANGLE - DUSK 67
Shooting sharply down through the window: many-paned, old, tinted glass, so there's distortion...but is it enough to account for the size and coloration of the cat we see stalking majestically in the garden below?...the size of a tiger!
- 68 CLOSE ON HENRY 68
Beat of reaction...Camera pans down to a close view of his bandaged hand: it opens in a single convulsive movement... releasing the bell...
- 69 THE BELL (OVERCRANKED) 69
Camera pans its fall - slow motion - to the carpet. When it strikes we hear a tolling, this time. And quietly, almost questioning:

HENRY'S VOICE

No...

- 70 ANGLE ON CAT - THROUGH PANES OF TINTED GLASS 70
As if summoned by the bell, the cat is moving through the garden plants...half-hidden...then lost from view, too close to the house to be seen...
- 71 HENRY 71
listening for - and there it is, from below: the sound of glass breaking and of wood under strain...and a door-lock sprung! Something new in Henry's expression: protest...but a primitive sort, savage, like an animal being challenged. Some outcry as he hurls himself toward a confrontation...!
- 72 INT. STAIRCASE - ANGLING UPWARD - DUSK 72
Henry bounding downstairs.
- 73 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK 73
On the cut, door is swung open hard and Henry bursts in, goes to a cutlery-drawer, searches...He's dissatisfied with a small knife, tosses it down...Remembers a magnetic knife-holder above the sink. He chooses the biggest blade: like a professional sandwich-maker's, a long, gleaming triangle. He turns, faces the kitchen-door and the house beyond...
- 74 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AND FOYER - DUSK 74
Moving through the foyer, Henry notices the mail-basket, the postcard! As soon as he spots it:

BARBARA'S VOICE
Dearest Henry, by the time you get --

Her voice stopped by his action: he drives the knife through the basket into the door, yanks it out, slashes the basket loose from the door...resumes his hunt for the cat...
- 75 INT. SUNROOM - DUSK 75
The lowering sun makes the room glow deep-orange. Henry slows, more wary now...
- 76 HENRY'S POINT OF VIEW 76
scans the plants that line the window ledges and fill ceramic planters hung from the ceiling...Camera holds on a dark corner, camouflaged by plants.

77

FAVOR HENRY

77

moving forward, knife ready...close to the place. He stops, sweaty as a man on safari. With his foot he tries to push aside a large, leafy potted-plant...but it's top-heavy, begins to fall. He hacks at it with his knife! Nothing behind it... but the crashing plant unnerves him; he hacks at the fallen plant...then at a planter. He severs the supports and the ceramic smashes to the tile floor.

78

EXT. GARDEN - SERIES OF CUTS - DUSK

78

thru

83

Henry emerges from the sunroom, charges through the plants, hacking right and left at anything that might conceal the cat he saw from the window above...! Series ends in a full view of the garden: Henry, at the French doors, turning slowly to survey the damage he's done.

thru

83

DISSOLVE TO:

84

NEW ANGLE - HENRY - LONG SHOT

84

He rests his head back...As camera pushes closer we see his lips moving...now we can make it out:

HENRY

Margaret...Margaret...

Just her name, over and over...but apologizing for something.

DISSOLVE TO:

85

NEW ANGLE - CLOSE ON HENRY

85

HENRY

Margaret...

Falls silent. Then, differently:

HENRY

Yes. All right.

He looks up toward her windows, as if he'd expected to see her there...then lowers his head. And then he nods, just a few times, in some sad agreement. Angle widens as he goes into the house. And as we see him walk through the sunroom, the foyer, toward the stairs, we hear:

HENRY'S VOICE

It's coming.

(then)

My watch has stopped.

(then)

I could bar the door with furniture
but that would only...delay it.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

We don't see Henry any longer. Now, from closeby, we are again aware of the jungle sounds: whirring insects, shrieking birds, chattering mammal-cries...and something else: the padding feet of a huge cat, unseen by us, prowling through the tangled wreckage of the tropical garden. Over above:

HENRY'S VOICE

(more desperate now)

My hand hurts...Margaret -- ! oh,
God, I'm alone...

(then)

Is...this what you wanted??

(then)

I can hear it...steady...stealthy!
It knows where to come!

(abrupt; cut off:)

I hope it won't hurt too much!

Ended abruptly. Beat of absolute silence before: We hear sounds at the front door - knocking, tapping on the small panes of glass on either side of it...Camera moves toward foyer, and we hear sound of lock being tried...door opens ...Barbara enters:

BARBARA

Hello-o-o-o...! Henry...?

Perhaps it's the light-hearted summer suit she's wearing, or her diffident manner...but she's unlike the Barbara of earlier scenes: she's without menace or mystery.

86 INT. FOYER - ANOTHER ANGLE - BARBARA - DUSK

86

Continuing to call Henry, and then Jennet, she goes down the hallway to the kitchen, pushes open the door.

87 INT. KITCHEN - ANGLE ON BARBARA - DUSK

87

She smiles at the bowl, low in f.g. of frame. To herself:

BARBARA

Ts ts, haven't touched your supper!
...bad cat.

88 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - DUSK

88

On the cut: close on Jennet: a kitten!...sniffing at a drop of blood that gleams on the polished-wood floor near the bed ...Reacts sharply to another drop that falls...sniffs, licks at it...During this, from downstairs, distantly:

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

BARBARA'S VOICE

...Henry? I phoned your office so
I know you left early...

And we've begun to hear Barbara's footsteps coming up the stairs; and now, somewhat closer:

BARBARA'S VOICE

Are you home, Henry?...Please don't
play any tricks...

At this instant, another drop falls and Jennet's head spins to find the source:

89 NEW ANGLE - LOW

89

shooting from the floor, upward toward the bed. Only Henry's left hand is visible, extended over the edge of the bare mattress. Camera pushes closer on the drop of blood forming, about to fall...

BARBARA'S VOICE

(close; at the door:)

...I don't like tricks.

GO TO BLACK

THE END