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NIGHT GALLERY

"SOMETHING IN THE WOODWORK"

Teleplay by

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From a story by

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#35229

NIGHT GALLERY

"SOMETHING IN THE WOODWORK"

CAST

MOLLY WHEATLAND
CHARLIE WHEATLAND
JAMIE DILMAN
JULIE
JOE WILSON

SETS

INTERIOR:

LIVING ROOM
STAIRWELL TO SECOND FLOOR/
TO ATTIC
FOYER
ATTIC ROOM
CAR

EXTERIOR:

TWO STORY HOUSE

NIGHT GALLERY"SOMETHING IN THE WOODWORK"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - DAY 1

A nondescript, terribly undistinctive frame dwelling, perhaps 30 years old. Parked in front is a panel truck with a sign on it reading "Wilson's Repair Service."

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

We're watching Molly Wheatland flutter around a table, setting it in formal and royal fashion; embroidered tablecloth, wine goblets, flower centerpiece, candlesticks. Molly is in a housecoat - a faded blonde on the unfortunate side of 40 with just a haunting remnant of a past beauty. Intermittently she indulges with a sip or two from a martini glass. There is the o.s. sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. Joe Wilson, a youngish repairman, sticks his head into the living room.

WILSON

I planed down your bedroom door, Mrs. Wheatland. Just a little bit warped is what she was. Looks just fine now.

Molly looks at him vaguely, as if unaware of what he's said. She points to the table.

MOLLY

Elegant, huh?

WILSON

Ma'm?

MOLLY

(lifting a candleabra)
Elegant.

WILSON

(a little wary, taking note of the martini)
Yes, ma'm. Real elegant.

MOLLY

Surprise dinner for my husband. My ex-Husband. It's his birthday. I asked him to come over just to talk over some things. Then when he walks into the room --

(bugles out an L.A. Dodgers' "Charge!")

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

MOLLY (cont'd)
 gestures expansively
 to the table)
 Look what's waiting for him!

WILSON
 (edging away)
 That's...that's real nice.

MOLLY
 (suddenly)
 How about a drink?

WILSON
 Thank you, no, ma'm --

MOLLY
 Cup of coffee, then. Fresh and hot.
 Just made it.
 (beat)
 Please?

3 FAVORING WILSON

3

who takes a deep breath. The woman unnerves him.

WILSON
 Well...well, okay. Just one cup,
 then I've got a bunch of other
 calls I've got to make.

Molly crosses to him, takes his arm, leads him over to a stuffed chair.

MOLLY
 Now you sit right down there. I'll
 get you a nice cup of coffee and
 I'll get you some toll-house cookies
 that I just made this morning.

WILSON
 No cookies, ma'm -- just a cup of
 coffee would --

She's already left the room, moving into the kitchen. Her o.s. voice continues in a long, protracted prattle:

MOLLY'S VOICE
 Charlie used to love my cookies.
 Ate 'em all the time. Said I should
 have gone into commercial baking,
 that's what Charlie said.
 (beat)
 Take cream and sugar?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

WILSON

No, ma'm, just black.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Charlie used to take it black, but I told him about how he needed energy. You get energy from cream and sugar. It took me a year or so to change his habits -- but he finally came around.

4 CLOSEUP - WILSON

4

as he murmurs under his breath:

WILSON

And he finally left...lucky Charlie!

5 PAST WILSON TO MOLLY

5

coming in with coffee on a tray. She puts it down on a table near Wilson, hands him a cup.

MOLLY

Now you drink hearty. That's what Charlie used to say. Drink hearty.

She sits across from him, reaching instinctively for her martini which she now drains, then rises, moves over to a highboy, pours another martini from a jug, carries this back over to her seat, sips at it.

MOLLY

Now, where were we?

Wilson, having hurriedly consumed his coffee, puts the cup aside.

WILSON

I've really got to run, Mrs. Wheatland --

MOLLY

You fixed all the doors upstairs?

WILSON

(nods)

Yes, ma'm.

MOLLY

What about that leak by the bathroom window --

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

WILSON

All plugged up, Mrs. Wheatland.
Shouldn't give you anymore trouble.

MOLLY

The busted step on the basement
stairs?

WILSON

Replaced.

MOLLY

(leans forward)

What about...what about the attic
room?

6 REVERSE ANGLE

6

Wilson's head jerks up.

WILSON

What about it?

MOLLY

I wanted the lock removed from the
door.

WILSON

(very wary)

There's no key for it, Mrs. Wheatland.
You'll either have to get a lock-
smith...or I'll have to saw through
it. Ruin your lock that way.

MOLLY

Ever been in this house before?

WILSON

My dad did some of the carpentry.

MOLLY

Then you know something about the
house.

WILSON

A little. Just what my dad told me.

MOLLY

And I expect you've heard some other
things about it.

WILSON

(reluctantly)

Well, I...I have heard some stories --

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

MOLLY

About the attic room.

WILSON

(nods)

Yeah. The attic room.

MOLLY

You know what happened?

WILSON

(looks at watch)

Honest, Mrs. Wheatland -- I'd like to stay and talk to you, but --

7 FEATURING MOLLY

7

who rises.

MOLLY

You know what happened up there, don't you?

WILSON

(very reluctantly)

There was some talk --

MOLLY

More than just talk. A man was killed up there. His name was Dilman. Jamie Dilman. He'd robbed the bank downtown, then tried to run away. Got as far as this house. It was just being finished at the time. Ran upstairs -- then on up into the attic -- had a gun fight with the police. He died in that room. Torn to pieces they said.

(sits back down,
looking proud)

Original owners never even moved in here. Just left the house standing. Never could sell it.

WILSON

(rising)

That's what they say, all right. Stayed empty for over thirty years.

MOLLY

Until I bought it. And I'll tell you something, Mr. Wilson -- it'd take a lot more'n an empty room in an attic to scare me off.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE

8

Wilson starts toward the door.

WILSON

Well, I'll be seeing you, ma'm --

MOLLY

What about the attic room?

Wilson turns at the entrance to the living room.

WILSON

You want it opened, Mrs. Wheatland?

MOLLY

I do, indeed. I've been in this house three months, and I think it's time I saw every inch of it.

Wilson glances a little apprehensively toward the stairs.

WILSON

Tell you something, ma'm. It's just a partial attic. Real low ceiling. And the way those corners are angled, it's not much good for storage. You got roof beams --

MOLLY

(rises, smiling)

You scared, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Ma'm?

MOLLY

Haunted. That's what they say, isn't it? They say that Jamie Dilman is still in that attic. Never left it. Walks around at night. I've heard the story.

WILSON

Well...as a matter of fact --

MOLLY

You go on up there, Mr. Wilson. You saw off that lock. You don't have to go inside the room. I'll do that myself. It's just like Charlie said. I don't have a scared bone in my body. I never have. Nothing scares me. I mean, really... nothing scares me.

9 WILSON 9

as, shamed and red-faced, he picks up his repair bag which he had laid down on the floor before entering the living room and starts up the stairs with it.

10 MOLLY 10

who moves back over to the martini, takes a sip, listens for a moment - first to the o.s. footsteps mounting the stairs to the attic, then the clang of tools, and finally the sawing sounds of teeth on metal. She smiles as she refills her martini glass from the pitcher, nodding slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLING DOWN TO MOLLY - NIGHT 11

She walks up toward the landing of the second floor, then turns to start up the attic stairs, stops, looks.

12 THE ATTIC DOOR - MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW 12

featuring the severed lock.

13 MOLLY 13

as she moves up the steps, reaches out, takes off the lock, slowly opens the door.

14 INT. ATTIC ROOM - MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT 14

Molly's hand fumbles for the light switch, flicks it on. Nothing happens. She takes a tentative step into the darkened interior, stands stock still. Camera slowly pans the walls. Suddenly intruding on the silence is just the suggestion of a distant wailing wind sound - nothing to be identified - just a sound, and the bare rafters and beams seem to shimmer as if moving with the wind, or as if someone...some thing was behind them, tunneling around.

15 MOLLY 15

silhouetted in the open door as her eyes scan the empty room. She speaks softly:

MOLLY
I know you're here -- I feel you.
You're in the woodwork. You're
behind the walls.
(a beat)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

MOLLY (cont'd)

You don't frighten me. Do you understand? Whoever you are...you don't frighten me. As a matter of fact... as a matter of fact...I could use the company!

16 EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

16

A car pulls to a stop in front of the dwelling.

17 INT. CAR - CHARLIE WHEATLAND AND JULIE - NIGHT

17

Julie, Charlie's fiancée, is a stately looking broad - several shades bluer-blooded than Molly.

JULIE

Will you be long?

Charlie, a beefy, hearty and very astute guy, pats her hand.

CHARLIE

As long as it takes to hear her current inventory of her despair and my deceit.

(looks briefly at the house, his voice more somber)

Poor, sad, drunken broad.

(then, shaking off the mood, kisses Julie)

I owe her, Julie...

Julie takes his hand, holds it tightly.

JULIE

What do you owe her, Charlie? She took fifteen years of your life and alimony...and she gave you a heart condition in return. So what do you owe her?

CHARLIE

(a sad smile)

Humoring. Occasional humoring.

(opens car door)

I'll be right back. Promise.

18 INT. HOUSE - ANGLING UP STAIRWELL - NIGHT

18

Molly comes down the steps toward the foyer at the sound of the doorbell ringing. Camera pulls back, angle widening as she moves to the front door, opens it, steps back.

MOLLY

How nice. How real nice, Charlie.
Come in.

Charlie moves into the foyer, closing the door behind him, looks briefly around. Molly, crooking her arm familiarly under his, leads him into the living room.

MOLLY

Elegant, isn't it? Isn't it elegant,
Charlie? And such a steal!

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

19

As they enter, Molly releases Charlie's arm, grins broadly, gives out the Dodger "charge" trumpet noise, points to the table. Camera pans over to the table: the candles are lit, the wine poured - the tableau a pathetic little attempt at regal splendor - pathetic because it smacks of such desperate loneliness.

20 CHARLIE

20

as he reacts and is unable to meet Molly's eyes.

21 TWO SHOT - FAVORING MOLLY

21

who plops a wet kiss on Charlie's face.

MOLLY

Thought I'd forget your birthday,
didn't you? Well, I didn't.

(from the pocket of
her dress she takes
a tiny gift box,
hands it to him)

Happy birthday, lovey.

Charlie looks at the box, then finally looks at her.

MOLLY

Go ahead. Open it.

(as he starts to
open it; excited)

It's a pill box, Charlie! For your
heart pills. A real antique. An
elegant pill box.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

Charlie finishes opening the box, takes out the pill box, looks at it, tries to smile, turns to her.

CHARLIE

That's...that's thoughtful of you,
Molly --

Molly grabs for his hand, starts to pull him to a chair.

MOLLY

Now you sit right over there and --

22 REVERSE ANGLE

22

Charlie stops, firmly but gently removes her hand.

CHARLIE

Molly, I can't stay.

MOLLY

(blinks at him)

You can't stay? Why, that's crazy.
Of course you can stay. See? I
fixed the table all up and I got a
real nice dinner for you and I even
baked a birthday cake. Remember
what you used to say about my baking,
Charlie? You used --

CHARLIE

(overlapping)

Molly! I really can't stay. You
told me you had something to talk
over with me...

MOLLY

(screaming out
with laughter)

That was part of the surprise!
Don't you get it, Charlie? That
was to get you over here.

CHARLIE

(shaking his head)

I've got someone waiting for me,
Molly.

23 CLOSEUP - MOLLY

23

The smile fades, the look turns ugly, the lips tremble and then compress.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

MOLLY

Who? Who you got waiting for you?
Some bimbo? Some dirty little street
slut?

24 ACROSS MOLLY TO CHARLIE

24

who grabs her, forcing his voice to remain composed:

CHARLIE

Listen to me, Molly -- we're not
married anymore. When I go out with
another woman, it's a date -- not
an act of infidelity.

He releases her, becomes aware of the pill box in his hand,
puts it down on a table, looks at her.

CHARLIE

Maybe you'd better...maybe you'd
better hang onto this. Give it to
the next guy...in all probability
he'll need it.

(a beat)

You and sickness -- that's a matched
set.

25 REVERSE ANGLE

25

Molly's lips quiver.

MOLLY

You want to know what you are,
Charlie?

Charlie half closes his eyes. He's gone this route before.

CHARLIE

Molly -- let's not turn this into
one of those raging scenes --

MOLLY

I'm just going to tell you what you
are. You're scum, Charlie. You
always were. I don't need you. I
don't want you. You're scum. You're
scum, Charlie, that's what you are --

26 EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Charlie comes out and we're still hearing Molly's voice -
a shrieking, banshee wail that hangs over the night.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

MOLLY'S VOICE

You're scum, Charlie! You're
really scum! I don't want you...I
don't need you!

Her voice continues like some dissonant siren as Charlie moves
back over to the car, stops, closes his eyes, leans against the
door. Julie reaches out through the window to steady him.

JULIE

Charlie? Charlie, are you all right?

27 CLOSEUP - CHARLIE

27

He lifts up his head, listens for a moment to Molly's scream-
ing o.s. voice. Then, softly:

CHARLIE

Listen to that. I lived with that
for fifteen years. Wouldn't you
think...wouldn't you think with all
her liquor and all her loneliness
she'd have quieted down by now?

28 INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLING DOWN TO MOLLY - NIGHT

28

She carries a flashlight, walking deliberately and directly up
the steps to the attic door. She opens it.

29 INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

29

Molly moves into the darkened interior, looks around.

MOLLY

Hey. Hey, ghost. Don't be afraid
of me. I'm not of you. Why can't
we...why can't we just talk to-
gether?

(moves flashlight
around room,
flicks it off)

You prefer the dark? Okay. Why
don't you come out? Why don't you
let me look at you? Why don't you
say something?

30 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - PANNING SHOT

30

There is the soft, rustling sound that is part voice, part
movement, and then, distinguishable, though faint, is an
answering voice:

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

JAMIE'S VOICE

Leave me alone.

31 MOLLY

31

her eyes suddenly bright and excited. She takes a step further into the room.

MOLLY

I need you! Understand? I need you!
(suddenly beginning to
cry, sinks to her
knees, repeating over
and over)
I need you...I need you...

32 INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLING UPWARD TO ATTIC DOORWAY - NIGHT

32

Camera retreats in forced perspective down the stairs, back, back, and we're still hearing Molly's weeping voice:

MOLLY'S VOICE

I need you...please...I need you...

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

FADE IN:

33 EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - MORNING

33

Charlie's car brakes to a stop in front of the house. He gets out, walks up the path, takes note of three or four newspapers still folded and untouched lying on the porch steps, then three bottles of also untouched milk by the front door. He moves up the steps, picks up the milk, rings the doorbell. No answer. He looks around, goes down the steps again, looks up toward the second story window.

34 SECOND STORY WINDOW - CHARLIE'S POINT OF VIEW

34

then a pan upward to the attic window.

35 CLOSER SHOT - ATTIC WINDOW

35

where we see briefly Molly's face. It disappears.

36 DOWN ANGLE - CHARLIE 36

who looks a little perplexed, then starts up the steps again, rings the doorbell.

37 INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLING UP THE STAIRS - DAY 37

At the top of the stairs we glimpse the open attic door.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Jamie? Guess who's at the front door?

38 INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY 38

Molly moves into the middle of the room, the omniscient martini glass in hand.

MOLLY

Can you hear me, Jamie?

Again the rustling, windy sound, and then the voice:

JAMIE'S VOICE

Why don't you leave me alone?

MOLLY

Why should I? It's my house.

O.s. sound of front doorbell persistently ringing. Molly listens, grinning, then:

MOLLY

That's Charlie, Jamie. Charlie.
At the front door.

39 CLOSEUP - MOLLY 39

as she looks around the room.

40 PANNING SHOT - MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW (TRICK SHOT) 40

First we see a spider's web and behind it just the dim outline of a human eye. Pan to the window frame where we see reflected in the glass just the suggestion of a human form. Continue pan over to an upturned bottle of beer left behind years ago. Move in close. Reflected in the beer bottle we see what might just be a human face.

MOLLY'S VOICE

I'm beginning to see you, Jamie...

41 MOLLY

41

her eyes darting excitedly from item to item.

JAMIE'S VOICE

I can't leave here.

MOLLY

Who says you must? Nobody's kicking you out.

JAMIE'S VOICE

I died here...so I have to remain here.

MOLLY

For good and all?

JAMIE'S VOICE

For eternity...and then some.

MOLLY

(sips her drink)

Don't you have...don't you have any form?

JAMIE'S VOICE

I have a shadow, that's all.

MOLLY

You can see --

JAMIE'S VOICE

Yes.

MOLLY

You can feel, too, can't you?

JAMIE'S VOICE

Some things.

MOLLY

Can you touch? Can you...pick up something...move anything?

JAMIE'S VOICE

I don't want to.

MOLLY

Can you...

There is a long silence.

JAMIE'S VOICE

What?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

MOLLY

...Can you hurt anyone?

Again, the shrilling sound of the doorbell.

42 INT. FOYER - DAY

42

The opaque figure of Charlie is visible through the glass of the front door. Molly enters frame from behind camera, opens the door, stands aside. Charlie steps across the threshold, holding the milk bottles. He looks at the glass in her hand, holds up the milk.

CHARLIE

You might try this -- instead of that.

MOLLY

What's it to you?

CHARLIE

Nothing, really.

Molly shrugs, moves into the living room. He follows her.

CHARLIE

But something else does concern me.

43 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

43

Molly turns to Charlie, pouring herself a fresh martini.

MOLLY

What's that?

CHARLIE

You've been phoning my girl. All hours of the night.

MOLLY

Who says?

CHARLIE

Your whiskey soprano, Molly, is not difficult to identify.

(steps closer)

I'll ask you this favor, Molly. Leave her alone.

MOLLY

(her face ugly)

Charlie, baby -- I don't care if

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

MOLLY (cont'd)

she falls off a bridge -- and you
chalk up another heart attack the
first of every month. Believe me
-- I don't care.

Charlie tries to stifle his fury and also the sense of pal-
pable distaste he feels for this woman.

CHARLIE

Then leave her alone, Molly. And
leave me alone.

44 ACROSS CHARLIE TO MOLLY

44

who responds with a kind of paranoiac secretiveness:

MOLLY

Who needs you?...I've got my own
friends.

(a beat)

Would you believe me, Charlie? My
own friends.

(looks up at ceiling,
jerks her thumb in
its direction)

Upstairs. Up in the attic. I've
got a friend up there, Charlie. He
lives behind the walls. In the
woodwork. And you know what he's
made of? Shadow, Charlie. He's
built of shadow.

(then, giggling)

At that, there's more to him than
some ex-husbands I might mention.

45 REVERSE ANGLE

45

as Charlie studies her, realizing that he's face to face with
an incipient insanity.

CHARLIE

Whatever you say, Molly.

He turns, starting toward the foyer.

MOLLY

Where you going?

CHARLIE

(turns, looks at her
intently)

I'll be back, Molly. Tonight.

46 CLOSEUP - MOLLY

46

the same crooked, wise look.

MOLLY

Tonight?...Why tonight, Charlie?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Molly, you're ill. You need help.

MOLLY

(nods)

Whatever you say, Charlie. You come back tonight...and you bring help. Bring a priest, a couple of psychiatrists, a brain surgeon and somebody from Alcoholics Anonymous. Bring the whole group, Charlie. I'll be right here.

Beat. Camera slowly tightens on her face. O.s. sound of front door softly opening, closing.

LAP DISSOLVE THRU TO:

47 INT. ATTIC ROOM - SLOW SUBJECTIVE PANNING SHOT - DAY

47

We see the spider web, the window, the beer bottle - each with its own suggestion of a human form or face.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Jamie...Jamie, I need you.

JAMIE'S VOICE

Go away. Please...let me be...

MOLLY'S VOICE

A deal. Charlie wants to commit me. I know that now. I want you to stop him, Jamie.

JAMIE'S VOICE

I'm only a shadow --

MOLLY'S VOICE

You help me, Jamie...or I'll burn this house down. That immortal soul of yours will be out on the sidewalk.

JAMIE'S VOICE

(after a beat)

What can I do?

48 MOLLY

48

Satisfied that she's won, she smiles triumphantly.

MOLLY

Charlie has a bum ticker, Charlie.
Frighten him to death.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - ANGLING FROM ATTIC WINDOW - NIGHT 49

Charlie's car again pulls to a stop outside. Charlie gets out, looks toward the house, his eyes almost automatically moving up toward the attic window.

50 ATTIC WINDOW - CHARLIE'S POINT OF VIEW 50

It is dark, unrevealing.

51 MOVING SHOT - CHARLIE 51

as he strides up the front walk toward the house.

52 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 52

In a traveling shot, camera descends the stairs to the empty foyer, moves into the equally deserted living room. The place is quiet - absolutely soundless. O.s. sound of doorbell ringing, then a knock on the door, then the door being opened, footsteps entering.

53 CHARLIE 53

as he closes the front door, moves across the foyer to peer into the living room, then retraces his steps to look into the dining room, then comes back out to look up the stairs. He stops abruptly, reacting.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Couldn't stay away, could you,
Charlie?

54 ANGLING UP PAST CHARLIE TO MOLLY 54

standing on the stairs, her martini glass in her hand.

CHARLIE

I told you I'd be back.

CONTINUED

Molly takes a slow, sauntering walk down the stairs.

MOLLY

So you did. Didn't you bring a salvage squad with you? A couple of men in white coats? Don't you have some kind of fancy-schmantzy court order moving me to a funny farm?

CHARLIE

I have a friend, Molly. A Dr. Phillips. He'll be over later. I thought...I thought you and I might talk first --

Molly reaches the foot of the stairs, stands there, swaying slightly, clinging to the bannister for support.

MOLLY

You and I don't have anything to talk about. I told you already, Charlie...I don't need you.

Then, into Molly's face comes the crafty look again. With a little gesture, she points toward the top of the stairs.

MOLLY

Know who's up there?

CHARLIE

(tiredly)

Some kind of...some kind of ghost, you said.

MOLLY

(nods vigorously)

Waiting for you, Charlie. Waiting to say hello.

(giggles)

A shadow. That's all that's left of him. A puff of smoke. They fed his body to the worms. Poor Jamie. He's got no body.

More than a little discomfitted, Charlie gestures awkwardly.

CHARLIE

Why don't we...why don't we go into the living room and --

56 CLOSEUP - MOLLY

56

interrupting with a laugh.

MOLLY

Plenty of time, Charlie, for the living room. Why don't you go up and shake hands with the haunt in the attic?

(smile fades, her face turning into a twisted mask)

I'll tell you something about insubstantial shadows in empty rooms. I'll tell you something about dead men doomed behind walls.

(a step toward Charlie)

They don't run out on you! They don't trade you in on nicer and newer models.

(suddenly shouting)

Go on up, Charlie! I dare you! G'wan up!!

57 CHARLIE

57

his voice very soft, gentle, accomodating:

CHARLIE

If it gives you some kind of pleasure, Molly...

Camera swings with him as he crosses to the stairs, begins mounting them very slowly, very deliberately - the methodical and very reluctant walk of a man who isn't sure what does exist in the dark at the top of the stairs.

58 MOLLY

58

She stands there for a moment, looking up toward the stairs, then crosses to the martini pitcher, pours herself another cocktail, looks at her reflection in the mirror, holds up the goblet to the reflected image.

MOLLY

To you, my dear. You may be in for some lonely times...but Charlie Wheatland --

A sudden, piercing o.s. cry from overhead.

59 DOWN ANGLE - THE FLOOR 59

as Molly's glass falls and breaks with an over-loud explosive sound of its own; then there is silence.

60 BACK TO MOLLY 60

standing stock-still. Turning now, she picks up another goblet, pours the martini into it.

MOLLY

There's always another glass. But unfortunately...unfortunately, Charlie...there's only one heart to a customer. And yours...yours, Charlie, I'm sure, just gave up.

As she shifts position, her gaze fixes on something o.s.

61 INSERT - PILL BOX 61

on the highboy. Molly's hand enters frame, picks it up and, camera following, tosses it carelessly into the wastebasket.

62 MOLLY 62

as she raises the goblet to her lips. There is the sudden o.s. sound of creaking stairs far above. Angle tightens on Molly's face as she reacts, frowning, arresting the drink.

MOLLY

...Charlie?
(a beat)
Charlie...?

She whirls, and, camera adjusting with her, hurries toward the foyer. She halts, staring up the stairwell.

63 WHAT SHE SEES 63

The creaking o.s. footsteps grow louder, change their nature as they obviously walk along the landing and then, suddenly, looming big at the top of the steps leading from landing to foyer, appears the figure of Charlie. But this time, the face is white, death-like, the movements jerky and spasmodic.

64 DOWN ANGLE - CLOSEUP - MOLLY 64

whose eyes are like saucers as she stares in horror. It takes her a long moment before words come:

MOLLY

Charlie?...Are you all right?

65 UP ANGLE - CHARLIE 65
as he starts to walk down the steps.

66 SUBJECTIVE CAMERA - MOLLY - CHARLIE'S POINT OF VIEW 66
Hand-held Arriflex moves nearer to her. She instinctively backs away, staring in horror, burgeoning panic.

67 CHARLIE 67
who stands near the foot of the stairs just an arm's length from her. When he opens his mouth and speaks, the voice is that of Jamie Dilman - the same raspy whisper from the grave:

CHARLIE

Charlie is no longer with us, Mrs. Wheatland. Charlie is gone.

(a beat)

You wouldn't let me stay in the woodwork. You wouldn't let me stay behind the walls...

68 ACROSS CHARLIE TO MOLLY 68
her face chalk-white, her voice a tremulous whisper:

MOLLY

Where's...where's Charlie?

CHARLIE

(points upward)

He's in the attic room...moving around...getting used to things. He'll be there for some time.

(beat, pointing to himself)

And I'll be here for some time.

Angle tightens on Molly as she lets out a stifled little scream.

69 REVERSE ANGLE 69
as Charlie moves toward Molly.

CHARLIE

What's the matter, Mrs. Wheatland? Why aren't you contented and happy? You won't be lonely anymore. You've got the two of us. You've got the two of us...forever.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

The figure continues forward until it obliterates the lens,
and all we hear is the long, piercing scream of Molly Wheatland.

FADE OUT

THE END