SHOT - RESNICK

He moves back to the bench and sits down, his hands folded on his lap, his frightened little face in repose of a sort.

LOUIS

See you tomorrow afternoon, Si. It's been nice havin' this chat!

He turns and STARTS UP the path, leaving Resnick sitting there, studying his hands. He reaches up, takes off his glasses, straightens out the bend in the frame, and then rises, hunches up his bony shoulders against a wind that rises and sweeps through the surrounding trees. He takes a forlorn, shuffling little walk down the path, stops, turns, moves back toward the bench, stops again, leans against the lamp post.

CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

by the lamp post as tears start to roll down his face.

RESNICK

(aloud)

All I really want -- I swear to God -- all I really want is one lousy Daily Double. And then about three weeks in Miami Beach...and a box of fifty cent cigars. God...God, is that too much to ask?

A PULL BACK on the forlorn little figure leaning against the lamp post, shabby and skinny and miserable...and still wanting to survive.

EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DISSOLVE TO

INT. PACKER'S OFFICE - DAY

A big, sumptuous room furnished in Danish Modern -- expensive modern art color-splashed against the walls. And behind the desk -- PACKER -- tall, gray-haired and distinguished -- almost a caricature of the type. He looks up as a side door to his office opens.

SHOT - THE DOOR

opening, as Heatherton COMES IN. Beyond him, in an adjoining office, WE SEE Resnick, tying the lumpy knot of a misshapen tie.
CONTINUED

PACKER
(with a nod
toward the
door)

What do you think, Doctor? Will he
pass?

SHOT - HEATHERTON

He looks briefly over his shoulder toward Resnick and comes
INTO the room.

HEATHERTON
I think so. I'll have to take a
few more extensive tests in the
hospital tonight...
(a pause)
...but I think he'll do.
(another pause --
a twisted grin)
After all -- we're not asking much
of him. Just his damned eyes --
that's all.

SHOT - PACKER

who studies Heatherton, lights a cigarette.

PACKER
I've got something for him to sign.

He points to a paper on his desk.

TWO SHOT - PACKER AND HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON
(in a dead kind
of voice)
He'll be happy to sign -- anything.
That's the name of the game, Mr.
Packer. Desperation.

PACKER
(nods, his
voice quiet)
On all our parts. She's got you
too, huh?
That's her style. She knows precisely the right kind of wheels to put into motion -- this fragile, bird-like little thing. A threat to destroy, passed down through channels. Do it to him -- or I'll do it to you -- until it reaches the very bottom echelon.

He looks toward the door as Resnick stands there at the entrance.

And there emerges one poor, hapless soul who can find no one lower or more vulnerable than he is. And this is the one who gets destroyed.

who deliberately forces his head down to look at the paper on his desk.

Mr. Resnick? A little something for you to sign here.

as he walks across the room to the desk, grins his gargoyle smile, looks at the paper, studies it, makes a flamboyant shrugging gesture.

It's to laugh! I swear -- it's to laugh! I gotta be a Philadelphia lawyer to read this thing....

He studies it for a moment. The smile fades, the features sag. He looks up toward Heatherton. No subterfuge now -- just a naked, dead realization of his fate.

...or just a poor, hapless slob who can't find anybody lower to pass it on down to.

He looks toward Packer who hands him a pen.
PACKER
On the bottom line, Mr. Resnick.
Over the word 'donor.'

Resnick takes the pen, holds it over the paper, stops, looks up.

RESNICK
Just for kicks... really...
just for kicks. What am I givin'
and what are you gettin'?

SHOT - HEATHERTON AND PACKER

who exchange a look.

HEATHERTON
You're donating your eyes, Mr. Resnick. Specifically -- the central optic nerve. I can give it to you medically, if you like. I can tell you about the nerve fibres or axons of the ganglion cells ---

RESNICK
(waving the pen back and forth)
I believe it, I believe it.

A pause. He stands there hunched over -- then in a hollow voice:

RESNICK
I got no choice.
(he shakes his head)
No choice. Here you take the eyes.
Outside they take the body.

Then he slowly scribbles his name, remains hunched over.

RESNICK
My son, the donor. Simon the sight-giver.

He flings the pen down on the desk, straightens up, his bravado now a thing of inexpressible pathos. He points to his eyes.

RESNICK
So what's left to see? I seen everything there is. I seen the second Louis-Schmeling fight and I won a bundle. I seen the Kentucky Derby three times.
CONTINUED

RESNICK (Cont'd)
I seen Bobby Thompson hit the home run that killed the Dodgers. I seen everything there is man -- every-thing! Everything.

Then slowly his head goes down to his chest -- his voice soft.

RESNICK
But the thing of it is...the thing of it is...what's it gonna be like when it's midnight all the time and nobody paid the electric bill? What do I do then? White cane, tin cup and pencils?

He takes a deep breath, shakes his head.

RESNICK

(points to his eyes again)
I'll still be able to cry out of 'em, won't I?

CLOSE SHOT – HEATHERTON

torn by this.

HEATHERTON
To your heart's content, Mr. Resnick.

RESNICK
To my heart's content.
(a lopsided grin)
Oh, Doctor, baby -- you turn a phrase. I swear -- you turn a phrase.

Packer hands him an envelope.

PACKER
Here's your money, Mr. Resnick -- with an extra five hundred thrown in by the Doctor and myself. Also the address of the hospital. You're to be there at seven this evening.

REVERSE ANGLE – LOOKING AT RESNICK

as he takes the envelope, holds it out in his palm.

CONTINUED
RESNICK
Got a nice heft to it.
(takes another
deep breath)
I hope I don't meet a bookie on the
way. I'm a sucker for any game of
chance. A fact...honest....
Anything.

He walks slowly toward the door, pauses, his back to them.

RESNICK
For example, gentlemen. For example.
I'll give you five to one...five to
one...

(a pause -- his
fingers clench
the envelope)
...that twenty-four hours after you
make me blind...I'll wanna cut my
throat.
(turns to them)
And I'll give you even money that
I do it.

A long silence. He smiles, cocks his head, shrugs.

RESNICK
So what's to do? Nothin'. That's
the story of simple Simon's life.
Put it on the tombstone, men. 'Here
lies Resnick. He wanted Miami Beach
and a fifty cent cigar.' That's all
he wanted. So learn the lesson.
This is what you get for cheap
tastes. You get your eyes cut out.

He turns and EXITS. The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the two men who
stand there silently, unable to speak for a moment, then
Heatherton walks slowly around the desk to the window and
stares down at the city street.

HEATHERTON
It occurs to me...it just occurs to
me about Mr. Resnick's eyes.

PACKER
His eyes?

HEATHERTON
I never even noticed. If they were
black or blue or brown.

CONTINUED
HEATHERTON (Cont'd)

But I wonder if they've filled that frantic, itchy, scared little brain of his with enough beauty to compensate for the blindness that's going to follow.

(he turns toward Packer)

I wonder if they've given him sufficient memories of things good to behold -- to dwell on in the coming darkness.

(a pause, then very tightly)

I hope so. I pray to God they have.

Dissolve to

INT. MISS MENLO'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN AT MISS MENLO

in bed -- a large vapid-eyed piece of alabaster blending with the whiteness of the room. A NURSE ENTERS, moves over to the bed, checks her pulse, studies the grim little profile.

MISS MENLO

What is it this time? A pill? A syringe? Or just more of the tribal rite tiptoeing in and out that goes on around here?

ANGLE - THE NURSE

leaning over the bed.

NURSE

I'm to prepare you for surgery, Miss Menlo. You'll be going up in about fifteen minutes.

ANGLE - MISS MENLO

who turns, her sightless eyes fixing on the Nurse's face.

MISS MENLO

That's very good to hear. Very good.

CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

studying her.
CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO
Are you young? You sound young.

CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

NURSE
I'm twenty-four, Miss Menlo.

CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

the thin lips twisted in a smile, looking more like a gash or a wound.

MISS MENLO
Twenty-four. And your eyes, my dear. Large eyes are they? And their color?

CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

strangely uncomfortable.

NURSE
Hazel, I'm told.

Hazel.

ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM

MISS MENLO
I have no concept of color, you know. I don't know what 'hazel' is. But in two weeks... that's how long it will take, I'm told. Two weeks.

The empty blue eyes flutter for a moment, then close. The Nurse inches closer to her.

NURSE
Sleepy, Miss Menlo?

The little head.

MISS MENLO
Yes. Yes, I'm very sleepy.

NURSE
That was the shot I gave you just a few minutes ago. You'll receive additional anesthesia in surgery.
CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

The eyes open again.

MISS MENLO
I'm not at all concerned. They can put scalpels into my eyes without benefit of even aspirin -- and I shall be quite satisfied.

She takes a deep breath, her whole frame convulsing.

MISS MENLO
There are some things that one hungers for, easily paid for with pain.

Her eyes close again. The breathing becomes more regular and deeper.

SHOT - THE NURSE

as she moves away from the bed, crosses the room over toward the door, opens it.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - LONG ANGLE SHOT - DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE FAR END

where WE SEE a hospital cart coming around the corner being wheeled by a NURSE TOWARD the CAMERA. The CAMERA PULLS BACK for a:

SHOT - ELEVATOR DOORS

Then the cart comes into the FRAME, stops by the elevator doors. The Nurse pushes a button then turns as Miss Menlo's Nurse COMES OUT of the room, pauses, looks down at Resnick on the cart.

NURSE 1
(in a whisper)
Is this the donor?

Nurse 2 nods.

SHOT - RESNICK

He opens his eyes -- a crooked grin.

RESNICK
(in an exaggerated whisper)
That's right, baby -- this is the donor.
SHOT - THE CEILING - RESNICK'S POINT OF VIEW

as the cart enters the elevator and the CAMERA IS NOW ON the fluorescent lights of the elevator ceiling. INTO THE FRAME COMES Resnick's bony hands held out in front of him, turning back and forth like painfully thin meat on a rotisserie.

ANGLE DOWN - RESNICK

as he studies his hands then suddenly clenches them into a fist. There is the SOUND of the ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDING SHUT.

NURSE 2
Relax, Mr. Resnick. There's no pain in any of this.

CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

He turns his head to look toward her.

RESNICK
No pain, huh? Then I tell you what you do, baby. You go scout up a psychiatrist. Tell him you got a patient here with delusions.

(a pause, his mouth twists)
I got pain in me from my arches to where I part my hair. I got pain, baby. God in Heaven, I got pain.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

His eyes are shut tight. A languid somnolence takes over. His stiff, taut little body relaxes and he ceases the battle.

ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR DOORS

as they open.

MOVING SHOT WITH THE CART

as it goes down another corridor toward swinging doors marked "Surgery." The cart is pushed through the swinging doors leaving them undulating back and forth until them come to a complete frozen stop. After a moment another cart hits them head on and WE SEE Miss Menlo being wheeled into the same room. A DOLLY IN TOWARD the swinging doors.
SHOT - THROUGH A SMALL CIRCULAR WINDOW

where WE SEE Heatherton in surgical cap and gown, face mask, et al., as he moves toward the two hospital carts that are now side by side.

INT. SURGERY - NIGHT - TWO SHOT - MISS MENLO AND RESNICK

Resnick's eyes go half open. He turns his head slowly to look toward the little white profile alongside. He lifts one hand, struggling to raise it as if it were cemented, then he extends the thumb, jerks it toward Miss Menlo.

RESNICK
(his voice heavy
with drugs and
sleep)

This the broad?
(a silence)

Do me a favor, Doctor. Tell her...
tell her to look at the right things.

ANGLE - HEATHERTON

who stands over him, the eyes over the mask anguished. He nods.

SHOT - RESNICK

RESNICK

Broadway with the lights on. The East River, maybe, or a summer night. The purple smoke in the lobby at Madison Square. Lots to see, tell her. Lots to see.

The hand drops to his side, the eyes close.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

Tears roll down his cheeks.

RESNICK

Man, what'll I do? Here comes old man Resnick with the white cane... tap, tap, tap, tap...lookin' for Boy Scouts to take me across the street.

(shakes his head
back and forth)

It's to laugh. I swear...it's to laugh!

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

He sighs and then falls asleep as the Doctor hovers over him, reaches down, lifts up an eyelid, looks at the unconscious orb, then straightens up.

HEATHERTON
All right. We'll begin right now.

ABRupt CUTFo

INT. MISS MENLO'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON - SHoT - AN ANTIQUE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL

as it RINGS FIVE TIMES, PAN DOWN AND ACROSS the ornately fur-nished room to Miss Menlo who sits in her straight-backed chair facing the window -- a regal little mummy swathed in bandage, staring out at the fast encroaching darkness of the winter night.

CLOSE SHoT - HER HANDS

as they touch the upholstered arms of the chair, her fingers writhing, touching, caressing, in a spasm of nerves. There is the SOUND of DOOR CHIMES.

ANoThER ANGLE - MISS MENLO

who turns, profile to the CAMERA.

MISS MENLO
(calling out)
Come in, Dr. Heatherton. The door is not locked.

SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM

TOWARD the foyer as the front door opens and Heatherton ENTERS. He has to peer through the gloom of the room, takes off his hat as he walks TOWARD THE CAMERA and toward Miss Menlo who now puts her hands on her lap, fingers clutching fingers, the bandaged head held high.

HEATHERTON
I thought I'd best be here when....

He stops.
MISS MENLO

On the contrary. There's no need for you to be here. I told you that two weeks ago. The morning after the operation. As a matter of fact, I have arranged that no one be here -- servants or anyone. I much prefer to be alone, Doctor... (the little mouth twists in a smile)

...for the anointed hour.

HEATHERTON

The anointed hour can be any moment now, Miss Menlo, as I told you -- from five o'clock on. But may I make a few suggestions? Remove the bandages very gradually. I'd keep my eyes closed if I were you, throughout the process. I'd also keep the room dark. The introduction of light should come in stages...degrees. In a way it will be like becoming accustomed to artificial limbs. And it may take time for the eyes to focus and accept light. Perhaps hours ---

He stops abruptly, staring.

lined up like soldiery with paintings and statuary.

MISS MENLO

What's the matter, Doctor? Looking at my gallery, are you?

HEATHERTON

You have it all planned, don't you, Miss Menlo?
308 SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO
Indeed. All the paintings, all the statues -- they're right there where I can see them. And so is the rest of the evening...and the night. Museums, art galleries, a chauffeur-driven limousine with a guide. There isn't one moment during the next eleven or twelve hours that isn't planned. My eyes will take pictures, Doctor -- pictures of everything -- to be filed for future reference.

(A pause)
A rather long future reference.
Whatever is the length of my life.
Now, if there was nothing else, Doctor ---

309 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

He studies the bandaged face for a moment.

HEATHERTON
I hope you enjoy the eleven hours, Miss Menlo. I hope you see everything that's important to see.

(A pause, then
a little grimly)
I hope my efforts have made it possible.

The bandaged head goes up again and turns in his direction.

MISS MENLO
For both our sakes -- I hope they have.

HEATHERTON
I'll say good evening, Miss Menlo.

MISS MENLO
Say goodbye, Doctor. We'll not be seeing one another again.

310 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON
How sad, Miss Menlo...and how revealing. I'm to be discarded.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

The used light bulbs of Miss Menlo's life. When they cease lighting her way -- out they go.

He turns and starts to walk the length of the room toward the door.

LONG SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Doctor?

He turns at the door.

MISS MENLO

Flick on the light switch, if you will. The one in the hall.

SHOT - HEATHERTON

as he presses a light switch. The hall LIGHT GOES ON.

CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

as he looks up at the light.

LONG SHOT - MISS MENLO

in the shadows.

MISS MENLO

Perhaps if you're around town this evening, Doctor -- you might introduce yourself to me. It occurs to me that I've never seen your face.

CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

His mouth twisted.

HEATHERTON

You can't miss me, Miss Menlo. I'll be the tall man with the sick eyes. The one with the ache in his gut... the infection in his conscience so miserably incurable.

(A pause)

You can't miss me, Miss Menlo.

He turns, opens the door and walks OUT.
SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she slowly rises, moves across the room, feeling out in front of her until she reaches a light switch, flicks it on. The overhead chandelier BLOSSOMS forth with LIGHT. She turns, very carefully threads her way over to a gigantic antique lamp. She pulls its chain and this, too, goes on. She moves back to her chair to a stand-up lamp which she also turns on.

MOVING SHOT WITH HER

over to the mantel.

CLOSER ANGLE OF HER

as she touches the clock, feeling of the hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she looks up toward the chandelier.

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

as they touch the back of her head, fumble with the metal clip of the bandage, then rip off the clip.

SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she starts to unroll the bandage.

SHOT - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE BANDAGE

toward the chandelier. (WE ARE SEEING everything that she sees and after a moment of darkness are able to distinguish her hands in front of her face as they unroll the bandage.)

ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN AT MISS MENLO

as she continues to unroll the layers of bandage.
SHOT - THROUGH THE BANDAGE - HER POINT OF VIEW

Now for the first time WE SEE the light of the chandelier as seen through bandage layer, then her fingers, then more bandage unwrapped -- the LIGHT GROWING BRIGHTER with each layer unwrapping.

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER HANDS AND FACE

as she succumbs to a spasm of excitement. She unrolls and also rips, tears, pulls at the bandage.

SHOT - THE CHANDELIER - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW

as seen through the last single layer of bandage. When this layer is removed the CHANDELIER TURNS INTO A GIANT FLAMING SUN that blinds her with its intensity and then abruptly GOES BLACK.

ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING DOWN AT HER

WE ARE LOOKING at her dark little figure in a dark room as she lets out a little gasp.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MISS MENLO

as groping, stumbling, hands outstretched, she goes from light switch to lamp to the hall light switch, back to another lamp, flicking the switches on and off -- but still the darkness remains.

CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she stand there, fingers in her mouth, torn between a fury, a frustration...and an unutterable disappointment that is tearing and bleeding. Finally words come. They are sobbed out.

MISS MENLO
Heatherton! You quack. You charlatan.
You filthy, rotten medicine man.
Heatherton! Heatherton, you monster!

ANGLE OF HER

as she stumbles across the room, stumbles again on the one step that goes up from the living room to the foyer.
as she scrabbles with fingernails against the wall, and like some wounded little bird finally manages to stand upright.

as she pitches forward, banging against the door, and with the same scrabbling of fingers reaches down and finally finds the door knob, flings the door open.

This is in the same kind of darkness as her apartment.

as she stumbles across the corridor toward the elevator door. Reaching it, her searching, frantic fingers find the button. She pounds on it with angry little fists.

which does not move.

as she continues to pound in frustrated fury.

AS SEEN FROM the top rung of a stairway which leads down from the other end of the corridor. She turns and starts to move toward it, hands outstretched, flailing away at the empty air.

as Miss Menlo APPEARS at the top and then, clutching at the bannister starts a slow, hesitant -- but still frantic descent down the stairs.

as she goes down the stairs, sporadically lifting up her voice in thin little beseeching wails for help.
CONTINUED

MISS MENLO
Who's here? Someone help me.
Who can see me? Someone...anyone...
please help me. I need help. I need someone to help me.

SHOT - MISS MENLO - FROM ABOVE
as she continues down the stairs, her voice like a thin, fragile siren, growing weaker as she continues down the flights of stairs.

INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT
This is in the same kind of darkness.

SHOT - A DOOR
that leads to the stairway as it opens and Miss Menlo PITCHES FORWARD, stumbling again, falling to her knees.

SHOT - MISS MENLO
as she rises, moves around the lobby, hands out in front, gyrating like a cartoon of a female Frankenstein monster, her voice continuing in spasmodic sobs, cries, supplications.

MISS MENLO
Please...I need help.

Her hesitant, unsure steps take her to the door leading to the rear of the building.

EXT. ALLEY - REAR OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
as Miss Menlo comes OUT the back door and stand there in the face of a sweeping, cutting, icy wind that blows against her thin dress, making her GASP with the pain and the shock of it. Her thin, skeletal little arms wrap themselves around her against the attacking cold. She GASPS and CRIES again.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER
as she takes a step into the darkened alley, flailing with her hands again as if trying to reach out and grab unseen pedestrians.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

MISS MENLO
Who's here? Isn't anyone here?
Doesn't anyone hear me? Please...
please. Someone....

HIGH ANGLE OF HER

as she hits a garbage can then falls foward with a heavy thud.

CLOSE TOP HAT SHOT - MISS MENLO

as muddy, freezing, she rises to her hands and knees, looking for all the world like some wounded stillborn animal. The wind again comes up, sweeping into her like needles and knives. She shudders, GASPS again, forces herself to her feet.

HIGH ANGLE OF HER

as she moves down the alley.

CLOSE SHOT - A BRICK WALL

as she hits this full force, knocking the breath out of her. She retreats a few feet, clutching at her body, then turns slowly -- blind eyes trying to search out some glimmering of light...some "thing"...some item that will tell her where she is and what is happening.

SERIES OF SHOTS - HER POINT OF VIEW

the darkened New York City skyline up above the alley wall; the black sky; the empty, gloom-filled silence; the uninhabited night desert that stretches out all around her.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

Her features are begrimed with dirt and frozen tears as she turns, stumbles again across the alley, inching against the side of the building, feeling ahead of her, finally touching the rear door. She pushes, then moves INTO the building.
INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT BUILDING - ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as she half crawls across the room, hands flailing in front of her. She reaches the elevator door, moves past it to the stairway door. She touches it, pushes it open.

INT. STAIRWAY - ANGLE DOWN AT HER

as WE SEE her start up the steps, half a walk, half a crawl, now her voice restricted to simply a running thin little sob of pain, of frustration and fear as she goes up the steps.

INT. MISS MENLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM

toward the front door as WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS then the SCRATCHING OF FINGERNAILS, then the door opens. Miss Menlo stands there, her dress torn, face muddled -- tear-strained, scratched, bleeding. She moves INTO the apartment.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she moves past the hall, gingerly stepping down the one step that leads to the living room.

CLOSE SHOT - HER FOOT

as it becomes entangled in the telephone cord.

SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she pitches forward, tripping -- the cord yanked from its wall socket. But her little body propelling forward, hits the window, SMASHING the GLASS, and it is with difficulty that she clutches the window sill to keep herself from falling completely forward. Her body turns and rolls to the left, upsetting a table and a lamp and then she CRASHES to the floor in a welter of cord, broken pottery and the upturned table. She moves toward the chair again, reaching ahead of her until she finds the upholstered arm and then -- as if discovering a haven -- some comfortable niche that she's familiar with, she puts herself into the chair and just sits there, silently for a long, long moment. The wind comes through the broken window, attacking her again, but she remains in the chair -- the tears now rolling down her face, the sightless eyes moving left and right, right and left, trying to carve and probe and dissect the darkness.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

MISS MENLO
Oh, God...oh, God...it's not fair.
It's not fair at all. Why can't
I see?

(then louder)
Why can't I see?

The CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY from her from the vantage
point of the window. WE HEAR her CRIES and SOBS and
recriminations throughout the ENTIRE PAN UNTIL WE ARE
SHOOTING AT HER FROM OUTSIDE, then a SLOW PAN DOWN the side
of the building TO the sidewalk below, then ANOTHER PAN
ACROSS the sidewalk. WE HEAR now a HUM of DISTANT TRAFFIC
and a CONGLOMERATION OF VOICES way off in the distance. The
PAN CONTINUES until WE'RE at a STREET INTERSECTION, where
WE PICK UP a long line of cars and a harried, harassed
POLICEMAN in the center who moves over to one of the cars
that has just entered the intersection.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN AND THE DRIVER

who rolls down his window. WE SEE all this in the shadowed
darkness that has characterized all that has gone before.

DRIVER
What's going on, Officer. What's
happening?

POLICEMAN
Blackout. No power. No nothin'.
Where you headin', Mister?

DRIVER

POLICEMAN
Lotsa luck. Go over there to
Columbus Circle, try to get out
on Seventy-ninth Street. But
get out of the city if you can.

DRIVER
How long is it going to last?

POLICEMAN
Ask the Mayor. Keep goin', Mister,
keep goin'.
369  ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN

as he moves past the car which lurches forwar, and he heads
toward another car. WE HEAR his VOICE, OFF CAMERA.

      POLICEMAN'S VOICE
     It's a blackout, lady. No power...
      no current...no nothin'. Whole
town's dark. Nothin's workin'.
Nothin's movin'. So keep goin'
and get outa here if you can. Let's
go -- let's move it. C'mon -- let's
go.

Now the CAMERA RETREATS and FOLLOW THE SAME PATTERN as in
the earlier shot, DOWN the sidewalk TOWARD Miss Menlo's
apartment building, then UP its front wall TO the broken
window UNTIL WE'RE once again SHOOTING TOWARD Miss Menlo
who remains perched in the chair -- freezing, anguished,
in pain, bewildered, shattered, traumatized and totally,
tragically uncomprehending. She turns in her chair, stretches
out one thin, torn little arm.

370  CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

as they reach for the portrait. They touch the canvas and
remain fixed there. A PAN ACROSS the length of her arm
BACK TO her face, glistening with perspiration, a rivulet
of blood, a long, dirty line of dried up tears.

      MISS MENLO
     Why...why now I'll never know what
      I look like. I'll never know.
It'll be just the way it's always
been. It'll be...it'll still be
dark. It'll be dark all the time.
Oh, God...that's not fair. That's
simply not fair.

the CAMERA STARTS TO PAN AWAY from her as she continues to say
this over and over again.

      MISS MENLO'S VOICE
     It's not fair...it's really not
     fair...it's not fair at all.

The DOLLY CONTINUES UNTIL WE'RE SHOOTING FROM the level of
the mantel where WE SEE the CLOCK. It rings out its thin
little CHIMES as WE GO INTO a SLOW, OUT-OF-FOCUS DISSOLVE
then FADE ON again with the mantel suddenly caught in a
GLARE of LIGHT. A WHIP PAN OVER TO the broken window.

371  LONG SHOT - THROUGH THE WINDOW - CENTRAL PARK BEYOND

and a SUN which has just begun a dawn RISING.
SHOT - MISS MENLO

She is asleep, her head slumped, her face hidden. A soft breeze comes in through the window and ruffles her dress and her hair. Very slowly, as if awakened by the warmth, her head goes up. Her eyes are now tightly closed, then her head moves left and right like a sun bather searching for the warmth of the sun's rays.

CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

on the sides of the chair as they grip and convulse.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she slowly rises to her feet. Her hands are now outstretched in front of her as if trying to reach the sun. She moves directly over to the window and stands there, her hands still in front of her.

MISS MENLO

It's the sun. The sun is up. I feel it. I feel the sun.

(she hears the CHIMES of the mantel clock,
chokes off one little sob)

All gone. All finished. Eleven hours. Eleven hours...and this is all that's left of it.

(she reaches up and touches her face)

The cold...and the pain...and the...the nothing.

(then louder)

The nothing.

(then very softly,
almost in a whisper)

Not fair. Not fair at all.

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she leans against the window jamb, the light playing on her face, then very slowly her eyes open.

SHOT - THE OUTSIDE - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW

What WE ARE LOOKING at is a SHOT OF THE SUN, distorted -- OUT-OF-FOCUS -- a flaming orb that stretches across her field of vision.

ABRUPT CUT TO
EXTREMELY TIGHT SHOT - HER FACE

her eyes wide open and staring.

MISS MENLO
(with a gasp)
Why it's...it's the sun. It's the
sun. And the sun is...the sun is
yellow. The sun is a golden yellow.
That's color. That's what I'm seeing
now -- color. I'm seeing the sun.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she moves away and stretches out her hands in front of her,
pressing her weight against the broken glass.

ANGLE - FROM BELOW THE WINDOW

as WE SEE her suddenly topple forward, her little waist act-
ing as a fulcrum, jack-knifing her through the window, and
then her body falls past us.

ABRUPT CUT TO

REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

at the little figure as it sails through the air to land on
the sidewalk below. The SHOT REMAINS, looking down at the
crumpled, tiny, indistinct figure as PEOPLE begin to converge
around it. Automobiles stop, HORNS HONK. Finally a police
car comes INTO THE FRAME and TWO POLICEMEN get out, pushing
their way through the crowd. Several faces look skyward
toward her window then back to the now engulfed little figure.
The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is once again SHOOTING THROUGH
the broken window INTO the interior of the apartment where
WE SEE Miss Menlo's portrait caught in the rays of the sun --
the imperious, emotionless face with the dead, blind eyes.
The CAMERA STARTS a DOLLY THROUGH the window TOWARD the
portrait UNTIL the FACE COVERS THE ENTIRE SCREEN. Now the
CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE ARE once again:

INT. LIMBO SET - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES OVER TO THE THIRD PAINTING -- that of the
FAMILY CRYPT. SERLING steps INTO the LIGHT.
A little Gothic item in blacks and grays -- a piece of the past known as The Family Crypt. This one we call simply -- The Cemetery. Offered to you now -- six feet of earth and all that it contains ---

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HENDRICK'S CHATEAU - DAY

It is a vast, aged castle-like structure with looming spires and turrets, a front entrance flanked by ancient gargoyles; the landscape bleak and gray. The place and its mood is one of impassive permanence but carries with it no sense of grace or charm. The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is SHOOTING THROUGH an iron gate which surrounds the family cemetery. This, like the rest of it, is overgrown, full of ancient tombstones and ornate mausoleums and crypts -- weathered and worn by the passage of time -- but like the rest of the place, foreboding and almost omniscient.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

INT. CHATEAU - DAY - EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - PICTURE ON THE WALL

It is the same scene of the family graveyard WE HAVE already SEEN outside, painted in gray and black oil by an obviously talented amateur. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a sweep of pictures that dot the wall leading above the staircase to the balcony upstairs. A SLOW TRUCK PAST THE PICTURES -- all of them obviously painted by the same hand -- until we reach one near the top of the stairs. This is a giant, full length professional portrait of the manor owner -- William Hendricks, as he once was -- a big, broad-shouldered, white-haired man with patrician bearing. The TRUCK CONTINUES to a closed door at the top of the stairs which opens, REVEALING a MAN in a wheelchair -- behind him, a BUTLER. The man is HENDRICKS, as he is now -- a wasted, dying parody of what he once was -- almost entirely paralyzed by a stroke, the face twisted into a permanent grimace. The butler behind him is PORTIFOY -- a taciturn, grim-looking man, cold as ice, proficient and passionless. He moves around protectively to pat the blankets on the old man's lap.
CONTINUED

PORTIFOY
Anything more you need, Mr. Hendricks?

The old man looks up from lusterless, pain-racked eyes, moves his head just a fraction of an inch -- all that he can. Portifoy picks up a tray from closeby.

PORTIFOY
Then I'll move you over to the window, sir, for a few minutes.

SHOT - HENDRICKS

as his head lifts slowly, his mouth opens. He lets out a small animal sound and one claw-like hand rises painfully until a finger is outstretched, pointing across the room.

SHOT - AN EASEL

Portifoy comes INTO THE SCENE, picks up the easel, carries it over to the old man. The hand picks up a brush, dabs it into a paint well like a child discovering colors. The brush moves against the canvas as the old man exerts tremendous will and effort. He manages to scratch out one irregular line then the brush falls to the floor, the hand drops back into his lap, his head goes down, his eyes close. Very slowly he shakes his head. Portifoy, showing no emotion, bends down, picks up the brush, puts it back, waits for a moment then slowly wheels the old man over to the window.

SHOT - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS' - THE FAMILY CEMETERY

The old man looks at it numbly, without emotion. Portifoy cat-feet's his way OUT of the room, closing the door.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRWAY

as Portifoy starts down, tray in hand.

INT. STUDY

A big, paneled room with a fire roaring in the hearth, then a PAN OVER TO JEREMY, Hendricks' nephew, who stands by a desk across the room -- most of its drawers open, papers disheveled and thrown around. Jeremy is a tall, good-looking man in his thirties. He carries with him the air of a bon vivant -- but of a type that has the taste but not the means. There's a
suggestion of an ingrown shabbiness in the man. He studies
one set of papers in his hand, smiles, satisfied, throws them
back into the desk, collects the rest of the papers, also puts
them into the desk, then closes the drawer. He moves across
the room, opens the door just as Portifoy comes down the stairs,
carrying the tray of nibbled-at food. Jeremy moves OUT of the
study over toward Portifoy.

390 ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as Jeremy looks at the tray in Portifoy's hands.

JEREMY
Appetite not so good today.

PORTIFOY
It never is at lunchtime, sir.

JEREMY
(pointing to the
plate)
Then why do you load it up that
way? That's wasteful, Portifoy.

PORTIFOY
Your uncle doesn't complain, Mr.
Jeremy...

(a beat)
...and he also pays for it.

He starts to move past Jeremy who puts out his hand,
detaining him. Portifoy looks down at the hand with just a
quick fleeting look of disdain which he immediately covers for.
But Jeremy, wise in the ways of other men, perceives it, smiles
grimly.

JEREMY
Tell me something, Portifoy. During
all those thirty years, waiting
hand and foot on that dying blob
of flesh up there -- you didn't
know there was a nephew in the
woodwork, did you?

PORTIFOY
Nor did your uncle, sir.

JEREMY
Well now you know. So dwell on it,
Portifoy.

CONTINUED
Portifoy starts to move past him as Jeremy, in turn, starts up the stairs. He stops in front of the small picture of the family cemetery and points to it.

JEREMY
When did he paint that one anyway?

PORTIFOY
Just before his last stroke.

JEREMY
(With a thin little shudder)
How festive! Which calls to question not only my uncle's minimal talents -- but his somewhat morbid preoccupation with all things dead and dying.

He moves down the steps to stand closer to the picture.

SHOT - OVER HIS SHOULDER - THE PICTURE
One particular crypt is in the foreground, the ancient tombstones behind it.

JEREMY
Tell me, Portifoy -- what did my uncle do for kicks before his several illnesses?

ANGLE - JEREMY
as he turns to look across the railing toward Portifoy who stands there.

JEREMY
I mean...with all that money, did he have any other interests besides this painting nonsense?

SHOT - PORTIFOY
PORTIFOY
His painting has been his only pleasure. And this place...it's all he's cared about.
So my dear late mother used to
tell me. She, herself, died at a
relatively early age, Portifoy,
from overwork and a surplus of
pride. She couldn't bring herself
to crawl over to that rich recluse
of a brother. There was her dig-
nity to consider. That was her
long suit, Portifoy. Dignity.
And as a result I've spent the bulk
of my life acquiring a taste for
the good life…but never achieving
the means.

(portifoy)
(Ice cold)
How sad, sir.

(jeremy)
(An upraised eyebrow)
But a passing sadness, old chap.
(He nods toward
the picture)
If this crud was—my uncle's only
indulgence— I anticipate a much
more carefree existence as of the
day that he stops staring at this
particular view… and becomes a
part of it!

(portifoy)
A look crosses his face, undefinable.

(jeremy)
Go on, Portifoy. Say what you're
thinking. I'm a scoundrel, aren't
I?

(portifoy)
You're a swine, sir.
398 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN - FAVORING JEREMY

who smiles as if complimented.

JEREMY
What refreshing candor.
(Then the smile fades)
Get it out of your system, Portifoy.
Because when I take over here and
you bare those ancient fangs --
I'll pull them out, one by one!

He then GOES up the stairs, leaving Portifoy staring after
him for a moment, then turning and DISAPPEARING into the
kitchen area.

399 ANGLE - UP THE STAIRS - JEREMY

who walks up to the top, slowly looks down, studies the
portrait of his uncle.

JEREMY
(under his breath)
Portifoy, old sport -- how in the
world shall I carve into the high
part of the hog -- if the old
gentleman persists in clutching to
life so steadfastly?

He turns, moves across the corridor to the door of his uncle's
room, turns the doorknob, moves INTO the room.

400 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

as Jeremy ENTERS. His uncle is asleep by the window, head
down. Jeremy closes the door carefully, walks over to him,
looks down at him, reaches down to touch his shoulder. The
old man wakes with a start, painfully lifts his head up.

JEREMY
I've come for a little chat, uncle.

Hendricks opens his mouth, makes a sound -- a distorted grunt
suggestive of a desperate attempt to speak. Jeremy, smiling,
moves closer to the old man.

JEREMY
Relax, uncle. Let me handle the
conversation.
(A pause)
I've had a very interesting morning.
I went through the things in your
desk.

CONTINUED
400 CONTINUED

The Old Man's eyes blink -- the face, even through the sick mask, takes on a grim look of ferocity. Again Jeremy is quite aware of this. He smiles.

JEREMY

Guess what I came across, uncle?

The Old Man glares at him, this time with a tinge of fear.

JEREMY

Correspondence. Letters between you and your lawyer. Having to do with...having to do with your will, uncle.

The Old Man reacts.

JEREMY

Terribly impressed with your literary style, uncle. Cogent, right to the point, say what you have to say. Really impressive. And as to the contents -- more than impressed, uncle dear. To discover that you've made my mother the beneficiary. Now that touched me. That deeply touched me. And that part...let me see...what did it say? That should she not be alive, it would go to her sole survivor. Uncle, can you believe me when I tell you that I wept when I read that? I actually wept. What a heart you have. What a...what a massive-compassion.

(He looks around the room a little uncomfortably)

Stuffy in here, isn't it, uncle? Don't you think it's stuffy?

The Old Man doesn't respond. Jeremy moves over to the window, unlocks the latch and raises it an inch. The WIND sends a shrill little WHISTLE into the room. Jeremy turns back to his uncle.

JEREMY

And then it occured to me...that since I am my mother's sole survivor --
that would make me the beneficiary of your will.

SHOT - HENDRICKS

The one partially paralyzed side seems to heave with tremors. The right hand, clutching at the wheelchair, turns into a weak fist. Jeremy notes this again and smiles.

JEREMY
Let's be frank with one another, shall we, uncle? You don't much care for me.

Hendricks nods slowly. Jeremy makes a little reproving face as if playing with a child, then straddles a chair.
CONTINUED

JEREMY
But I'm not sensitive, Uncle. Not at all. For example -- it's my understanding, from the copies of the notes you dictated to Portifoy, that you've been trying to reach your lawyer. He's been out of the country.

The old man stares at him.

JEREMY
The implication is quite clear. You wanted to change the will. Cut me off.

The old man's head raises. He stares long and deep into Jeremy's face. Their eyes meet and lock.

JEREMY
(Now his voice holds no subterfuge)
I can't let that happen, Uncle. I'm sure you can understand why. And that leaves really only one thing on the agenda.
(He moves closer to his uncle, stares down at him)
Do you know what that is, Uncle?

ANOTHER ANGLE - HENDRICKS

With his last atom of strength he starts to rise from the wheelchair, takes one shuffling pained step toward the window and a cord that hangs from the wall near it. Jeremy moves in front of him, grabs his arm as it reaches for the cord.

JEREMY
I wouldn't call Portifoy, Uncle. Really I wouldn't. Why disturb the old man? Thirty years he's been waiting on you. Let's give him an afternoon off, shall we?

He bodily half pushes, half carries his uncle back to the wheelchair, slams him down into it, then turns, whips up the window. The HOWLING WIND shrieks into the room. He moves his uncle over to the window so that the wind slams into him.

JEREMY
I've been told by your physician, Uncle, to keep you away from drafts. It seems that you're quite susceptible to colds...perhaps even pneumonia. Well, let's put this medical advice to a test, shall we? Let's see how susceptible you are.
CLOSE SHOT - HENDRICKS

struggling to get out of the wheelchair, but his strength is now totally dissipated. He opens his mouth, wanting to scream, but no sound comes.

SHOT - JEREMY

who stands aside, laughing, then he turns, walks across the room.

JEREMY

Refreshing, isn't it, Uncle? The wind...the cold...isn't it refreshing?

And think of this, if you will. Your last view of life. That family cemetery down there. Drink it all in. Study it carefully. Like a new tenant investigating his next abode.

(a pause)

Now I'll leave you, undisturbed. Neither Portifoy nor I shall come back in here for say...an hour? Two hours? Whatever it takes, Uncle. Whatever it takes to...simplify things!

Again he laughs, turns, goes OUT of the door, closing it behind him. The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the old man, still struggling to get out, but perceptibly weakened as the WIND HOWLS into the room, ruffling his clothing -- his hair.

OMITTED

EXT. HOUSE - DAY - SHOT - UP TOWARD THE OPEN WINDOW

where WE SEE Hendricks sitting there in the wheelchair, his face a white portrait of agony...and hopeless fury. The CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE BACK UNTIL THIS SHOT IS FRAMED OVER A TOMBSTONE from the family graveyard.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The hall lights are out. The FIRE, seen through the open doors of the study, casts a FLICKERING orange glow through the whole place.

ANGLE - UP THE STAIRS - JEREMY

who leans against the top railing outside of Hendricks' room, legs crossed, a nonchalance as if waiting for a bus. The closed door of his uncle's room opens. The LAWYER (CARSON) comes OUT, lights a cigarette, looks at Jeremy.
CARSON

No change. The doctor says he may remain in a coma for some time.

The two men look at one another.

JEREMY

(unsmiling)

Pity.

CARSON

(studies him for a moment)

I'm told you've gone through the will.

JEREMY

A precaution, Mr. Carson. When it appeared he had pneumonia, it seemed the practical thing to do.

(a pause)

Who told you I went through the will?

CARSON

A little bird.

JEREMY

A little bird in a butler's suit who should mind that he not get his beak smashed.

(he takes out a cigarette of his own)

However, Mr. Carson, since my mother was the major beneficiary -- and I her survivor -- that would give everything to me.

CARSON

(shaking his head, offended by what he sees and hears)

The man is not dead yet! Do you suppose you could stifle those great expectations of yours until the body's cold?

The door opens. The DOCTOR comes out. He looks briefly toward the bed where WE SEE the still and silent figure of Hendricks.

CONTINUED
DOCTOR
Mr. Hendricks has passed on.
   (he closes the door,
    looks briefly from
    one to the other then
    fixes his final look
    on Jeremy)
He never regained consciousness.

Jeremy tries not to look relieved. He turns toward Carson.

JEREMY
May I now claim my inheritance,
Mr. Carson?

Carson and the doctor look at one another.

CARSON
   (icily)
Would it be too much trouble to
first go through the motions of
a funeral and a reasonable period
of mourning?

JEREMY
   (a thin smile)
Is that a legal requirement, Counselor?

CARSON
Let's say it's what might be expected
of a civilized man as an act of re-
spect and appreciation ---

JEREMY
I'm not a civilized man, Mr. Carson.
I'm a black sheep nephew with an
itch.
   (then to the doctor)
May I impose upon you, Doctor, to
arrange the burial service and all
the rest of it. And put it on the
bill.

DOCTOR
He'll be buried in the family crypt.
He'd mentioned that to me many times.

JEREMY
Fine. Now if there's nothing else --
   (he steps away from
the bannister, makes
a gesture toward the
stairs)
CONTINUED - 3

JEREMY (Cont'd)
I'll be here if you two gentlemen should need me for anything.

The two men exchange another look and start down the stairs. Jeremy takes a step over to the closed door, opens it. Over his shoulder WE SEE the body on the bed. He turns.

JEREMY
(calling down the stairs)
Doctor -- shouldn't he be covered or something? Or his hands folded? Isn't part of the ritual that he should look at peace?

408 ANGLE DOWN - CARSON AND THE DOCTOR

CARSON
He should be resurrected... for as long as it takes to cut you off and boot you out -- that would give him peace!

Then he and the doctor continue down the stairs over to the front door. Portifoy comes OUT from the kitchen wing.

CARSON
No need, Portifoy. We'll show ourselves out.

The two men continue to the front door, open it and EXIT. Portifoy stands there a little hesitantly then looks up the stairs.

JEREMY
Care to pay your last respects, Portifoy?

Portifoy moves to the foot of the stairs.

PORTIFOY
He's...he's gone?

JEREMY
Irrevocably... and permanently.

Portifoy's head goes down. He's about to turn away.

JEREMY
Item of interest, Portifoy.
CONTINUED

Portifoy stops and turns back.

JEREMY
There is a small stipend indicated in the will for you. I believe it's about eighty dollars a month for as long as you live.

PORTIFOY
(very softly)
Eighty...dollars...a month.
(a beat)
I see.

Jeremy starts a slow walk down the stairs.

PORTIFOY
I...I'd like to stay, sir. With your permission.

JEREMY
Excellent. And the first thing on the agenda...
(he looks up and down the wall covered with the paintings)
...is to remove the bulk of this pen and ink grotesquerie and ---

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY'S FACE

His eyes widen.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he moves up the steps to the small picture of the family cemetery and stares at it, then continues to stare at it.

ANGLE - OVER HIS SHOULDER - PORTIFOY

his face blank, unrevealing.

PORTIFOY
Something, sir?

SHOT - JEREMY

who turns very slowly, almost reluctantly, from the painting.
412 CONTINUED

Odd.

PORTIFOY

Odd, sir?

Jeremy turns again to the painting.

JEREMY

Look at this.

413 ANGLE - PORTIFOY

as he moves up the stairs, looks at the picture.

PORTIFOY

Look at what, sir?

JEREMY

(losing his temper)
The picture, stupid. The painting.
Look at it.

414 CLOSE SHOT - PORTIFOY

who looks again at the picture.

415 CLOSE SHOT - THE PICTURE

It's the family graveyard that we have already seen, but in one corner there has appeared a new grave.

JEREMY

(his voice shaking slightly)
This painting...it's been...it's been altered.

PORTIFOY

I don't under ---

JEREMY

(shouting at him)
It's been altered! Can't you see it? Haven't you any eyes? Look at this!
ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as Jeremy takes a step down, grabs Portifoy, pulls him up a couple of steps then points to the picture.

JEREMY
Look in the lower right hand corner.
The grave. The...the freshly dug grave.

Portifoy looks at him as if wondering about his sanity.

PORTIFOY
I see nothing wrong with it, sir.

JEREMY
(pulling his eyes away from the painting)
Forget it, Just forget it.
(a beat, then in a different terse tone)
That will be all for now. I'd like my dinner at the usual time.

He turns and moves on up the stairs, deliberately averting his eyes from the painting, pauses by Hendricks' door, briefly looks in then closes the door and starts down the hall toward his own room.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY

A cold, gray, leaden twilight. A GRAVEDIGGER is just flinging the last shovelful of earth over a freshly covered grave. With the back of the shovel he starts to pat firm and even the mound of earth then straightens the newly carved tombstone, wipes off some of the excess dirt from it. The CAMERA ARCS UP so that it is SHOOTING OVER the stone TOWARD the house.

SHOT - THE FRONT DOOR

a wreath hanging from the middle of it.

Dissolve through to

INT. HALL - NIGHT - SHOT - ACROSS THE HALL

TOWARD the closed study door where WE HEAR the SOUND of a WOMAN'S SHRILL LAUGHTER, a BOTTLE BREAKING, then MORE LAUGHTER, joined in by Jeremy -- then silence.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

Portifoy COMES OUT from the kitchen area, looks toward the closed study door that opens. A high-stepping BLONDE FLOOZY COMES OUT, FOLLOWED by Jeremy, flushed from drinking, his shirt open, several buttons missing. He whacks the girl on the fanny, walks with her to the front door where they kiss and nuzzle a bit, then the girl GOES OUTSIDE. Jeremy closes the door after her, turns to look toward an obviously disap-proving Portifoy. He waggles a finger drunkenly.

JEREMY

Why it's Osmond Portifoy, as I live and breathe. Osmond Portifoy.

He laughs, walks back toward the study door.

PORTIFOY

(stiffly)
If there's nothing else, sir. I thought I'd lock up and retire.

ANGLE - JEREMY

as SEEN THROUGH the open study door. He's pouring himself a stiff drink from a half-filled bottle, then turns.

JEREMY

That's your life, isn't it, Portifoy? Locking up and retiring. To my dying day I'll carry a picture of you walk-ing through life straight-backed, stiff-legged --

—he moves toward
Portifoy, stand-
ing at the open
door)
-- carrying a tray, some folded towels over the arm, and that reproving look of yours. You know the look? How shall I describe it? The bank examiner find-ing an incorrect balance.

He laughs. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON a:

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY'S FACE

as his laughter is suddenly chopped off as again he stares -- this time over Portifoy's shoulder. WHIP PAN OVER TO the painting over the stairs. This time, in sharp relief, WE SEE that the grave in the lower right hand corner has been excava-ted. A mound of earth is heaped to one side. The casket has been tilted upward and is perceivable.
HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THE HALLWAY

as Jeremy takes a drunken, stumbling run to the stairs, then up the steps to stand by the painting.

JEREMY  
(his voice broken)  
It's changed again! Portifoy -- it's changed again!  
(he whirls around)  
Look at it! Dammit -- look at it!

He rips the picture off the wall, stares at it in his hands.  

JEREMY  
There's a mound of earth there...  
and a casket...they weren't there before.  
(them shouting)  
Portifoy -- they weren't there before!

Carrying the picture, he runs down the steps to the front door, flings it open.

EXT. HOUSE - SHOT - THROUGH THE IRON GATE TOWARD THE HOUSE

as Jeremy runs in the direction of the cemetery -- tripping, stumbling. He reaches the gate, grasps at it, peering through the bars.

ANGLE - HENDRICKS' GRAVE

It is intact, untouched, the stone in place.

SHOT - THROUGH THE BARS - JEREMY'S FACE

distorted.

JEREMY  
What's happening? What in the name of God is happening.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he turns, runs back toward the house.

INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy BOLTS THROUGH the front door, the painting in his hand. He RUNS INTO the study.
INT. STUDY

He races toward the fireplace, stands there for a moment.

ANGLE UP - AS SEEN FROM THE FLAMES - JEREMY

as he flings the painting into the fire.

CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

as it burns in the fireplace.

ANGLE - JEREMY

as he stands there, shaken, drenched with perspiration. He turns and walks very slowly and somewhat unsteadily OUT of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy COMES OUT of the study, flicks OFF a LIGHT over the hall, leaving the cavernous area in semi-darkness. He starts up the steps, pausing for a moment, takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one, then compulsively -- as if somehow hidden to do so -- he holds the still lit match up.

SHOT - THE WALL

In the flickering light of the match WE SEE that the painting has returned. ZOOM INTO THE PAINTING. Predominant now in the picture is the open grave -- this time with the casket perched up and open and the face of Hendricks, arms crossed in front of him, staring out.

SHOT - JEREMY

as he screams.

ABRUPT CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - SHOT - A TEA KETTLE

as it sends out a SHRILL little notice of the boiling water that fuses with Jeremy's SCREAMING from the previous scene.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

as Portifoy carries a tray with a teapot and cup over to the closed study door, taps at it with his foot, then juggles the tray to open the door with his free hand.
INT. STUDY - DAY

Jeremy stands by the window in a bathrobe. He turns to look toward Portifoy -- his face gray, drawn, his eyes shadowed.

PORTIFOY
I brought you some hot tea, sir.

Jeremy turns from the window.

JEREMY
I don't want any hot tea, Portifoy.

PORTIFOY
(with a little
shrug)
Suit yourself, sir.

He makes a move as if to leave.

JEREMY
Portifoy!

Portifoy turns to him.

JEREMY
Did you look at the painting like I told you?

PORTIFOY
(simply)
Yes, sir. It's hanging there as usual.

JEREMY
(moving across the room, ferociously
mimicking him)
It's hanging there as usual, it's hanging there as usual!

He reaches the open study door, looks out toward the stairs and the hanging pictures.

438 SHOT - THE CEMETERY PAINTING

It's just as it always was in the very beginning.

439 CLOSE ANGLE - JEREMY

JEREMY
I burned it. I threw it there in the fireplace. I watched it bubble and crinkle up. I watched it dis-appear.

CONTINUED
He turns very slowly back toward Portifoy, his face strained and pale.

    JEREMY
    And there it is, hanging on the wall.

    PORTIFOY
    (quite neutral)
    Imagination, sir.

    JEREMY
    (again the fierce
    mimicry)
    Imagination, sir.
    (then glaring at Portifoy)
    That's a family retainer's euphe-
    mism, isn't it? Interchangeable
    with batty!

Portifoy picks up the tea tray.

    PORTIFOY
    Whatever you say, sir.

Jeremy moves over to him swiftly and suddenly lashes out, hitting the tray, knocking it out of Portifoy's hand, and in the process part of the hot tea hits Portifoy's hands and wrists. He lets out a cry of pain, steps back.

    PORTIFOY
    You...you burned me.

He looks down at his scalded hands then up into Jeremy's leer-

    PORTIFOY
    You did it deliberately.

Jeremy laughs, moves over to a decanter of brandy, pours him-

    PORTIFOY
    self a large tumbler-full of brandy, gulps at it like beer,
    then faces Portifoy.

    JEREMY
    It's your imagination, Portifoy --
    that's what it is. Tray...teapot...
    scalded wrists...that's your imagi-
    nation. Isn't that the catch-all
    explanation to cover all the phenom-
    ena around here? Pictures that get
    burnt and then return? Paintings
    that change and then return to normal?
    This isn't a haunt, Portifoy, old
    chap -- it's a prolonged hallucination!
CONTINUED - 2

JEREMY (Cont'd)

(he moves to the study door)

Now get out of here, If I want you -- you'll be called.

SHOT - PORTIFOY

He bends over, picks up the tray, the fragment of a broken cup, then the teapot, places them on a table.

PORTIFOY

If you want me, Mr. Jeremy...call long distance.

SHOT - JEREMY

at the door, his eyebrow raised.

JEREMY

What are you talking about?

SHOT - PORTIFOY

as he moves slowly across the room, pausing near Jeremy.

PORTIFOY

I don't intend to stay here any longer.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

JEREMY

No?

PORTIFOY

(shakes his head)

No.

MOVING SHOT - PORTIFOY

as he moves past Jeremy INTO the hall and starts toward the kitchen wing, stops for a moment, looks up at the full length portrait of Hendricks.

SHOT - THE PORTRAIT

as SEEN THROUGH the bannister railing -- the tall, grim visage of Hendricks, alive and well.
446 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN TOWARD PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY
In life, he needed me. But in death...
(he turns very
slowly to look
at Jeremy stand-
ing at the study
door)
...he's obviously strong enough to
take care of himself.

447 CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY

This shocks him.

JEREMY
And that's supposed to mean what?

448 INT. THE HALL - FULL SHOT

and the two men. Portifoy shrugs, says nothing.

JEREMY
(louder)
That's supposed to mean what? In
death, he's stronger.
(he moves closer
to Portifoy)
Let me tell you something, old man --
death is final. Death is it. The
grave is the last stop.

PORTIFOY
I think not, Mr. Jeremy. I think
there are things stronger than
death...and more lasting than the
grave.

He turns, starts toward the kitchen wing.

JEREMY
(shouting)
Portifoy!

Portifoy pauses, but keeps his back to him.

PORTIFOY
I think hate, Mr. Jeremy, is stronger
than death.
(he looks up toward
the painting on
the wall)
And I think you realize that!
PORTIFOY (Cont'd)
(them he half
turns toward
Jeremy)
I'll leave now. I'll spend the night
in the inn in the village. I'll send
for my things later.

JEREMY
(half a laugh,
half a roar
of rage)
And what about me? What am I sup-
pose to do for help? Who'll tend
to my wants now?

PORTIFOY
Use your imagination, Mr. Jeremy.
You're rather good at that!

He turns and DISAPPEARS INTO the kitchen wing, leaving Jeremy
standing there alone.

PORTIFOY
Tell me something, Uncle. Why can't
you stay where you belong?

He looks down at his brandy glass and then suddenly, as an
afterthought, he flings it at the portrait -- the carmel
liquid running over the face.

JEREMY
That's as close to a toast as you'll
ever get from me...living or dead.

Then he turns and moves up the rest of the stairs, DISAPPEARING
around the bend, heading toward his own room.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ACROSS THE ROOM - JEREMY
in bed, lying there, sleepless, the creaks and groans of the old
house overly loud -- distorted by the background silence.
CONTINUED

He suddenly starts, sits up, then gets out of bed, throwing on a bathrobe. He moves over to a cord hanging by the window, yanks at it then calls out:

JEREMY
(calling out)
Portifoy?
(a beat)
Portifoy!

He moves across the room, opens the door, GOES OUT into the corridor.

ANGLE UP - JEREMY

from the foot of the stairs as he flicks ON the corridor LIGHT which sends SHADOWS across the hallway. He APPEARS at the top of the stairs.

JEREMY
(calling out again)
Portifoy!

CLOSER ANGLE OF HIM

His face seems to freeze. Very slowly his eyes turn to look down toward the one particular painting. He slowly moves down the stairs toward it.

REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING TOWARD HIM

as he moves down the stairs. He reaches the picture, gasps, eyes wide. WHIP PAN OVER TO the picture. Now it is a paint- ing of the iron gate, open, leading from the family crypt to the house. Beyond it WE SEE the open grave and a shrouded figure walking on the path leading to the house.

ANGLE - JEREMY

He backs against the bannister,

JEREMY
(shouting)
Portifoy! Portifoy!

He stumbles, clutches the bannister for support as he heads down the steps, races across the hall toward the kitchen wing.
SERIES OF SHOTS - JEREMY

as he goes through the butler's pantry, the kitchen, and finally
slams open the door to Portifoy's bedroom in the servants' wing.
The room is empty. He moves back into the kitchen, flicks ON a
LIGHT over the sink, sees a telephone, grabs at it, dials a num-
ber.

JEREMY

(into the phone --
his voice almost
a gibberish)
Operator...operator, can you give
me the inn in the village?
(his words tumble
on top of each
other)
Yes, I know -- but I don't have the
number. Please...please...I'd be
grateful.

(he waits for
a moment)
Hello? Is this the inn? I want to
talk to Osmond Portifoy. He checked
in there this afternoon.
(a beat)
What do you mean, you can't ring his
room? You've got to ring his room.
This is urgent!

(a beat)
Listen, you -- I don't care what the
house rules are. So it's three in
the morning. I tell you, this is
urgent! I tell you ---

He shakes his head, slams the phone down, stares at it for a
moment then slowly moves through the butler's pantry INTO the
corridor leading to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy COMES OUT. Immediately his eyes rivet on the paint-
ing. ZOOM INTO IT. Again it's changed. Now the shrouded
figure is almost to the front door which is visible in the
picture.

SHOT - JEREMY

as he lets out a gasp, runs toward the stairs, stops, stares
at the picture, looks around wildly as if seeking sanctuary,
then he races across the hall INTO the study.
as Jeremy slams the door shut, bolts it, leans against it, digs his knuckles into his eyes as if trying to rub away the image, then his head bolts up as the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD crunching outside. He whirls around to look toward the window.

SHOT - THE CURTAINS
slowly undulating in the draft.

INT. HALLWAY
as Jeremy comes OUT of the study. He looks from the study doors to the front door, backing away from both of them, inadvertently heading toward the stairs.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRS
as Jeremy once again turns, looks toward the picture.

CLOSE SHOT - THE PICTURE
This time we see the figure at the steps leading to the front door, and while we're looking at it WE HEAR the unmistakable SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS walking up the front steps.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JEREMY
This time the panic is complete. He moves away from the stairs over to a telephone on a small entrance table. He picks up the receiver, dials a number, his eyes darting from the stairs to the front door to the study.

JEREMY
(into the phone)
Operator? Operator, this is Jeremy Evans. I'm at the Hendricks' house. There's an intruder here.
I've got to have the police here immediately. I tell you, I can hear him outside now. He's at the front door! You've got to call the police! Tell them to get here right away!

(a beat)
Yes, right away!

He slams the phone down, whips around to look toward the front door. He backs away again, his eyes fixed on the

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

doors as he moves toward the study. He reaches the open study door, GOES inside.

INT. STUDY

Jeremy hesitates for a moment as if trying to figure out if this room is a fortress or a trap. He hears a SOUND at the window, whirls around.

SHOT - THE WINDOW

The curtains still move in the draft and there is nothing but darkness beyond.

SHOT - JEREMY

JEREMY
(shouting)
Who is it? Who's out there?
(he takes a few steps toward the window)
Who's out there?

He moves back to the study door, opens it, walks OUT.

INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy walks across it toward the stairway. Again his eyes rivet on the front door, then very slowly he turns to look up toward the stairway and again freezes. ZOOMAR INTO THE PAINTING. Now it is a picture of the front door of the house and the dark, shrouded figure standing there, arm upraised. At the same time there is the SHARP, RESOUNING, THUNDEROUS BANGING on the door that echoes through the giant room.

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON JEREMY

This is all he can take. The POUNDING continues as he starts up the stairs, stumbling, grabbing for support, stumbling again. He reaches the top of the stairs, breathless -- irrational with his fear. He stands there huddled over the bannister post, then slowly turns to look at the full length portrait of Hendricks. He takes a step toward it then reaches out to grab at it, pulling and yanking on the heavy frame.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

JEREMY

(shouting)
You don't belong in here! You
belong in the ground! You're
dead! You should be in your grave!
You're dead!

Suddenly the picture gives way and Jeremy, still clutching
tightly to it, is propelled backwards, carried by his own
momentum.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRS

as man and portrait tumble downward in a bone-crunching,
neck-breaking descent.

TOP HAT SHOT - JEREMY

on the floor at the foot of the stairs...the painting, face
up, alongside. There is the SOUND of the front DOOR OPENING.

SHOT - FEET

as they walk toward the body. A hand COMES DOWN INTO THE
FRAME to lift up one of Jeremy's lifeless eyelids, then the
CAMERA follows the feet over to the entrance table, then PANS
UP to the hand as it lifts up the receiver of the telephone
and dials the number. There is a moment's pause and then,
distinctly, WE HEAR Portifoy's voice.

PORTIFOY'S VOICE

Yes, doctor. This is Portifoy,
sir -- at the Hendricks' house.
There's been an accident, I'm
afraid.

(a beat)

Yes, sir. Mr. Jeremy seems to have
fallen down the stairs.

(a pause)

I believe he's dead. His neck
appears to have been broken.

The PAN NOW CONTINUES UP to Portifoy's face. He smiles.

PORTIFOY

(into the phone)

Thank you, sir. I'll have a light
on over the front door.

He puts the phone down, moves back over to the body, picks up
the portrait, carries it up the stairs to hang it in its usual
place, then he walks back down the stairs to the small painting,
starts to remove this AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO
EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SHOT THROUGH THE GRILLED FENCE - A
SECOND FRESHLY DUG GRAVE AND TOMBSTONE

A SLOW PAN over to the front door where another wreath is in
evidence, then a PAN OVER TO the study windows where inside.
WE SEE Portifoy lounging in a chair in a smoking jacket.
Another man (Gibbons) is in the room, his back TO THE CAMERA.

INT. HALLWAY

A SLOW PAN around the room, taking in the pictures just as
they've always been, including the small family cemetery
painting in its original form.

SHOT - TOWARD THE CLOSED STUDY DOORS

where WE HEAR the SOUND of Portifoy's LAUGHTER.

INT. STUDY

Portifoy puts a brandy glass he's been sipping at down on the
table in front of him, looks up toward the young man he's
talking to.

PORTIFOY

...so I think a long vacation would
be in order for you, Gibbons. You've
performed your task most admirably --
you really have.

GIBBONS

Fifteen paintings at five hundred
dollars apiece. Cheap at the price,
I'd say.

PORTIFOY

(rising)

Indeed.

He moves over to the desk, opens a drawer, takes out an
envelope, hands it to Gibbons.

GIBBONS

Thank you. Should I count it?

PORTIFOY

(laughing)

If you like. It's all there --
plus an extra five hundred. You
are not Rembrandt, Mr. Gibbons,
but you have an uncanny knack for
imitating someone else's style.
GIBBONS
You can afford it, I take it.

PORTIFOY
(simply)
The savings of a lifetime.
(at Gibbon's reaction;
smiling)
A temporary inconvenience. Perhaps
I neglected to tell you -- Old Mr.
Hendricks was a most thoughtful man.
In his will he stipulated that if
there were no surviving family within
six months of his demise, his old
family retainer would inherit the
estate.
(then with a modest
downcast look)

Yours truly.

(he walks toward
the study door,
opens it)
Now run along, Gibbons, and enjoy
the fruits of your labor.

Gibbons moves to the door, pauses.

GIBBONS
What if the nephew hadn't broken
his neck? What would you have
done then -- put something in his
brandy?

PORTIFOY
(smiling)
Don't be crude, Gibbons. If he
hadn't had that unfortunate
accident he would have slowly gone
out of his mind. And once com-
mitted, I would have been just
where I am now. The same end...
just different means.

INT. HALLWAY

as the two men walk toward the front door. Portifoy opens
it for Gibbons, looks at the wreath hanging there, pulls it
off, hands it to Gibbons.

PORTIFOY
Throw this in a ditch someplace,
will you? The trappings of death
always depress me. From now on,
this will be a place of cheer.

(a beat)
Send me a postcard from Majorca or
wherever your travels take you. Good
night, Gibbons.
CONTINUED

GIBBONS

Goodnight, Portifoy.

Portifoy touches his arm, stopping him.

PORTIFOY

Mister Portifoy.

GIBBONS

(with a grin)

Mr. Portifoy.

He moves OUT into the night. Portifoy closes the door after him, stands there for a moment, starts to walk back toward the study, taking out a cigar and lighting it as he walks, pauses a moment, exhales luxuriously, is about to re-enter the study then -- as a second thought, looks toward the top of the stairs and the portrait of Hendricks, holds up the cigar as if in a toast.

PORTIFOY

Rest easy, Mr. Hendricks. Rest easy.

He's about to turn back into the study when he stops abruptly -- his eyes seeing something else. They widen -- first in disbelief then in shock. WHIP PAN OVER TO the small cemetery painting. There are now two graves in the lower righthand corner.

SHOT - PORTIFOY

As if in a trance he moves toward the foot of the stairs, stops again, lets out a gasp. ZOOMAR INTO the painting as the second grave now appears to have opened, the casket visible.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PORTIFOY

as he backs into the study, the cigar dropping from his hand. There is the SOUND of SOMETHING HEAVY and WOODEN CREAKING.

SHOT - THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF THE STUDY - PORTIFOY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE PICTURE

Now the casket of the new grave has been perched upward.

CLOSE SHOT - PORTIFOY'S FACE

as he closes his eyes tightly.
485 SHOT - THE PAINTING

The casket is open. There is the face of Jeremy -- eyes wide open and staring.

486 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

OVER the HOWLING WIND can be HEARD Portifoy's SCREAM and then his VOICE.

PORTIFOY'S VOICE
Get back, Jeremy! Get back where you belong! Get back into the ground!

487 INT. HALLWAY - SHOT - THE PAINTING

which now shows the front of the house and Jeremy's shrouded figure, a hand upraised in the process of knocking. WHIP PAN DOWN TO Portifoy standing at the open study door, as the SOUND of HAMMERING on the door resounds through the cavernous hall, drowned out by Portifoy's scream. Just as the door opens, WE

BLACK SCREEN

THE END