

REPULSION

CREDITS:

Presented by

Produced by

Directed by

Original Screenplay by

Director of Photography

Art Director

Editor

Production Controller

Adaptation and additional dialogue

Music composed and conducted by

Orchestrated by

Associate Producers

First Assistant Director

Camera Operator

Sound Mixer

Continuity

Stills

Sound Editor

Make-up

Hairdresser

Sound Supervisor

Sound Recordist

Assistant Editor

Assistant Art Director

Props

Michael Klinger

Tony Tenser

Gene Gutowski

Roman Polanski

Roman Polanski

Gerard Brach

Gilbert Taylor

Seamus Flannery

Alastair McIntyre

Terry Glinwood

David Stone

Chico Hamilton

Gabor Szabo

Robert Sterne

Sam Waynberg

Ted Sturgis

Alan Hall

Leslie Hammond

Dee Vaughan

Laurie Turner

Tom Priestley

Tom Smith

Gladys Leakey

Stephen Dalby

Gerry Humphreys

Karen Howard

Frank Willson

Alf Pegley

CAST:

Carol
Michael
Colin
Helen
Landlord
Miss Balch
Madame Denise
John
Bridget
Reggie
Workman
Mrs Rendlesham
Manicurist

Catherine Deneuve
Ian Hendry
John Fraser
Yvonne Furneaux
Patrick Wymark
Renée Houston
Valerie Taylor
James Villiers
Helen Fraser
Hugh Fatcher
Mike Pratt
Monica Merlin
Imogen Graham

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The main credit titles unfold against the blackness of the pupil of an eye in extreme close-up. Then the camera tracks back to reveal CAROL'S two eyes. She stares attentively at something. CAROL is holding a hand — uncomfortably, but with great care.

Close-up of an elderly woman whose face is smeared with a thick whitish substance; in each of her eye sockets there is a piece of cotton wool.

The woman, MRS RENDLESHAM, is stretched out on a steel table, covered by a sheet up to the neck. We are in a semi-private room in a beauty parlour. It is daytime.

Annoyed by CAROL'S inattention, MRS RENDLESHAM lifts her head slightly.

MRS RENDLESHAM wiggling her hand impatiently: *Have you fallen asleep?*

Close-up: CAROL raises her head and mumbles.

CAROL: *What . . . oh, I'm sorry.*

Bridget, a young beautician, comes into view. She is quite visibly disturbed.

MRS RENDLESHAM to CAROL: *I think you must be in love or something.*

BRIDGET chatters away as she takes out one of the pieces of cotton wool from the client's eyes.

BRIDGET: *Why does the old bitch always pick on me? That's the second time this week. I nearly told her what she could do with her job. To CAROL. Hey, you asleep?*

Close-up of MRS RENDLESHAM, grotesque now with one eye covered, one uncovered.

MRS RENDLESHAM: *That's what I asked her.*

CAROL nods 'yes'.

BRIDGET: *She wants me to stay till seven again.*

CAROL rises and moves round with her manicuring equipment to work on the client's other hand.

BRIDGET, while speaking, has removed the second piece of

cotton wool from the client's eye and begun to remove the whitish substance covering the woman's face.

CAROL is about to apply some polish to one of the woman's nails. (*Still*).

MRS RENDLESHAM: *What polish are you putting on?*

CAROL raises her head.

CAROL: *The usual one, Madame.*

MRS RENDLESHAM: *I'm fed up with it. I feel like a change. Put some Revlon Fire and Ice on.*

CAROL: *Um . . . I'll go and get it.*

CAROL puts down her manicuring equipment, rises, leaves the room.

We see CAROL crossing a larger room in the beauty salon where clients are seated in a row underneath hair-dryers. She walks quickly to catch up with an authoritative-looking woman.

CAROL: *Madame Denise . . .*

MADAME DENISE continues walking.

MADAME DENISE: *Yes?*

CAROL: *Mrs Rendlesham wants Revlon Fire and Ice. . . . Timidly. I don't think there's any left.*

MADAME DENISE stops walking.

She goes behind a counter, opens a glass case, searches an instant, then takes out a bottle which she hands to CAROL.

MADAME DENISE: *Put this on. She'll never know the difference.*

Cut to the street scene at lunch-time. CAROL moves along amidst the crowd of office workers, hurrying from buildings into the streets.

CAROL walks by a pub and does not notice a young man who is standing inside. When he sees her, he starts with surprise, then moves to the window and taps on it, but does not manage to attract her attention.

Three road-labourers are digging a trench along the sidewalk. One of them is bare-chested. He notices CAROL and ceases digging. (*Still*).

Low-angle shot of CAROL approaching. The workman stares up at her.

WORKMAN: *Hello, darling. How about a bit of the other, then?*

Annoyed, CAROL lowers her head and passes him rapidly.

We move to a self-service snack-bar. CAROL is seated at a table near the window giving on the street. She does not touch the plate of fish and chips which is before her. Someone taps on the window.

CAROL lifts up her head and grants a slight smile, accompanied by a silent 'hello'. Outside in the street, COLIN, the young man from the pub, beams at her and beckons that he is going to enter.

COLIN has just seated himself opposite CAROL. He glances disgustedly at the dish in front of her.

COLIN: *You can't eat stuff like this. Come on, I'll take you to Wheeler's. Okay?*

CAROL's answers are spoken with a slight, almost imperceptible monotonous voice. (Still).

CAROL: *I have to get back.*

COLIN: *We can have a quick meal. Come on.*

CAROL: *I can't. I'll be late.*

COLIN: *Well, just . . . just one thing! No?*

CAROL: *I can't.*

Shot of the street in front of the beauty salon as COLIN and CAROL arrive. She stops and timidly holds out her hand.

CAROL: *Well, goodbye.*

COLIN: *Just a . . . just a minute. What about tonight?*

CAROL: *I'm sorry, but I'm busy tonight.*

COLIN holds onto her hand, preventing her from moving to the entrance.

COLIN: *You really make me feel wanted. Who's the lucky boy?*

CAROL: *I'm having dinner with my sister.*

COLIN: *Is she a good cook?*

CAROL: *I don't know. I've never thought about it.*

COLIN let go of CAROL's hand.

COLIN: *At least it can't be any worse than fish and chips.*

CAROL: *I think we're having rabbit.*

COLIN: *I thought they'd all been killed off.*

CAROL: *No, she has a friend.*

COLIN: *A rabbit?*

CAROL seriously: *No, I think the friend has rabbits.*

COLIN: *Poor old bunny. Pause. What about tomorrow then?*

CAROL: *Tomorrow?*

COLIN: *Yes. See you tomorrow. I'll meet you at the Hoop and Toy. You know — the pub along there. About seven?*

CAROL turns and advances towards the entrance. COLIN watches her moving away from him.

A car draws up and stops at the other side of the street. BRIDGET gets out, blows a kiss to the driver, runs across the street, and passes near COLIN, who is still looking at CAROL.

The scene changes to the entrance hall of CAROL's house. CAROL opens the lift door.

Inside the lift, CAROL presses the button of the highest storey. Seen from the top-storey landing, CAROL opens the lift door. A little old WOMAN is on the landing, accompanied by a half-blind paunchy dog, who is swathed in loose dirty bandages. CAROL emerges from the lift.

CAROL: *Hello.*

WOMAN: *Hello. To dog: Come along boy. Walkies!*

The old WOMAN enters the lift.

CAROL rings at the flat door. After a pause, a shadow appears on the other side of the peephole lens. HELEN opens the door and immediately returns to the kitchen. CAROL shuts the door. Seen from inside, CAROL enters her room, leaving the door open. We hear happy cries off-screen, as of children playing. She puts down her handbag, takes off her shoes, and gets out of her skirt. She is in her slip.

HELEN off: *Had a good day? Pause. Darling?*

CAROL remains staring out of the window a moment, then takes off her blouse.

CAROL: *Hello.*

Cut to the bathroom. CAROL, still in her slip, places one foot in the wash basin and washes it, propped up on the other foot. She stares sharply at a tooth-mug in which there is a tooth-brush and a cut-throat razor. Near the mug is a shaving brush. She removes these objects from the mug and lays them out on the shelf.

In the kitchen, HELEN, wearing an apron, is peeling potatoes. A cook book is open on the table.

CAROL enters. She is still in her slip. She opens the refrigerator, leans over and looks inside an instant, takes out a salad bowl

and shuts the fridge.

HELEN: *How was work?*

CAROL answers in the affirmative — with little grunts.

CAROL: *Oh . . . all right.*

CAROL stands propped against the fridge, holding the salad bowl. She takes out a lettuce leaf and nibbles at it.

HELEN: *It's close today.*

CAROL: *Are you still going away?*

HELEN: *Oh, darling, don't start that again.*

CAROL: *How long are you going for?*

HELEN cannot suppress a slight gesture of vexation.

HELEN: *I've told you!*

CAROL: *A fortnight?*

HELEN goes to the refrigerator.

HELEN: *Mind . . .*

CAROL gets out of the way.

CAROL: *How long?*

HELEN opens the refrigerator and leans over. She takes out a wide plate on which is huddled a skinned rabbit, dripping with blood. When CAROL sees it she stops nibbling the salad leaf, puts the leaf back in the salad bowl and puts the bowl down on the sideboard.

HELEN: *Ten or twelve days, maybe more.*

CAROL: *Not more than that?*

HELEN has put the rabbit plate down on the sideboard. She opens a cupboard and takes out flour, mustard and salt. Then she gathers up the potato peelings from the cutting board, leaving a few potatoes on the sideboard.

HELEN laughing: *I heard such a funny story on the news tonight . . .*

CAROL interrupting: *Does he have to leave his things in the bathroom?*

After a pause, HELEN continues in the same tone of voice.

HELEN: *The Minister of Health — what's his name — found eels coming out of his sink. It was on television. Even the announcer was laughing.*

CAROL: *Why does he put his toothbrush in my glass?*

HELEN bored: *Carol, please!*

HELEN goes out with the peelings.

Outside, HELEN opens the door of the broom cupboard, finds

the dustbin she has been looking for, and empties the peelings into it.

In the kitchen, CAROL is closing the refrigerator. She holds the ice-cube tray which she passes under the tap, emptying the ice-cubes into a bowl by the sink. She picks up one of the ice-cubes and presses it to her face to cool her cheeks.

Her glance falls on a corner of the wall which we cannot see. She stands still, with a strange expression.

Outside, HELEN finishes emptying the peelings into the dustbin.

CAROL off: *I must get this crack mended.*

HELEN: *What?*

HELEN leans over, intrigued. She can see CAROL in the kitchen staring at something out of sight.

HELEN is about to return to her sister when the doorbell rings.

HELEN is surprised. After glancing at her watch, she looks astonishedly at CAROL.

In the entrance hall of the flat, HELEN approaches the front door and looks through the peephole. Her eyebrows rise. CAROL quickly disappears into her room.

HELEN opens the door.

HELEN: *Hel-lo!*

A man with a slight limp enters. He has an authoritative air about him, but seems a good-natured, easy-going type. He holds an attaché-case and a newspaper.

MICHAEL: *Hello!*

HELEN: *I didn't expect you for hours!*

MICHAEL with mock passion: *I couldn't live without you another minute.*

HELEN fondly: *Idiot.*

It is apparent that MICHAEL feels quite at home. He starts unfolding the newspaper.

HELEN walks into the kitchen. MICHAEL stays in the hall.

HELEN: *Anyway, you said 8.30. I haven't even started yet.*

MICHAEL glances through his newspaper.

MICHAEL: *There's a marvellous story in this evening's paper.*

HELEN: *It takes at least one hour.*

MICHAEL answers distractedly, without lifting his eyes from his paper.

MICHAEL: *Uh?*

HELEN: *Your rabbit. I'm cooking it.*

HELEN shows him an open cook book and reads from it.

HELEN: *Look. . . . Bring to the boil, skim, and allow to simmer slowly for one and a half hours.*

MICHAEL has finally found what he was looking for. He folds the paper on a certain news item he wants to show to HELEN.

She leaves the kitchen and both of them enter the lounge.

MICHAEL: *Yes . . . well, we'll go out tonight. I'll take you out. Here, look, read that.*

Interior shot of the lounge. It is getting dark. MICHAEL flings his attaché case on an armchair and takes off his jacket. He holds out the paper, pointing to the item with his finger, waiting to see the reaction on HELEN's face. HELEN glances at it.

HELEN: *Oh I know that. I saw it on television.*

A bell begins to toll outside. MICHAEL walks over to the window of the lounge.

MICHAEL: *That bloody bell. Eels . . .*

The convent grounds are seen from the window. A group of nuns are seen walking into the convent in an orderly fashion. Resume on the lounge.

MICHAEL: *Pity it wasn't lobster, though.*

HELEN: *You never give me the chance to show you what a good cook I am.*

MICHAEL: *You can tell me over dinner.*

MICHAEL remains looking out of the window. HELEN is at his side. CAROL, who has slipped on a skirt and sweater, enters silently, but does not approach the couple.

MICHAEL: *You'd think they had something better to do than clang away like that all the time.*

HELEN: *Hmm! It's worse when they start doing it at midnight.*

MICHAEL: *Hmm, I wonder what they ring it for anyway. Perhaps they have wild parties.*

He turns round and abruptly grasps HELEN's arm.

MICHAEL: *Maybe they'll invite me some night. Pause. The bell stops ringing. Oh, well, it's fun to dream. Go and put your best bib'n tucker on. I feel like a spree.*

HELEN starts moving towards the door. CAROL glances reproachfully at MICHAEL, then turns to watch her sister leave the room. MICHAEL looks out of the window, takes out his

handkerchief, turns around as he blows his nose, and approaches CAROL. He jocularly grabs her chin between his thumb and index finger.

MICHAEL: *Ha, the beautiful younger sister! Comment ça va?*

CAROL timidly breaks away and walks out rapidly.

HELEN is in her bedroom. She has just put on a dress and is making-up in front of a mirror. CAROL enters softly and after a pause says reproachfully:

CAROL: *I thought you were eating in. Aren't you going to have dinner?*

HELEN continues to make-up and ignores the question.

HELEN irritated: *Yes, I'm going to have dinner.*

CAROL: *But not here.*

HELEN: *No, not here. Pass me that brush, will you? There's a love.*

CAROL passes a hairbrush to her sister.

HELEN continuing: *Just because I go out once there's no need to start sulking.*

She glances at her sister.

CAROL: *I'm not sulking.*

HELEN: *Well, you're not smiling.*

MICHAEL enters.

MICHAEL: *Come on, you're not going in for the Miss World competition!*

Interior shot of the lift. MICHAEL opens the door, lets HELEN pass, enters, and presses the ground-floor button.

HELEN: *Will we go and see the leaning Tower of Pisa?*

MICHAEL muses: *I don't think Cinderella likes me.*

HELEN turns to him.

HELEN: *Cinderella?*

MICHAEL: *The little sister.*

HELEN laughing: *Oh don't be silly! Pause. Are we going to see the Tower of Pisa?*

MICHAEL: *She's a bit strung up, isn't she?*

HELEN: *She's just sensitive, that's all.*

MICHAEL: *You can say that again. She should see a doctor.*

HELEN: *What do you mean?*

MICHAEL: *Nothing, nothing, nothing.*

HELEN: *No! You just tell me what you meant by that!*

MICHAEL: *Nothing. Let's forget it! You want to see the leaning*

Tower of Pisa, we'll see the bloody thing! Now let's relax, we're going out to dinner, aren't we?

The lift stops and they walk out.

HELEN: *Well, don't you always change the subject when you start talking like that. Off. Do you hear?*

We move to the kitchen of the flat. It is now evening. CAROL is seated on a stool, her face sunk down against an arm crooked along the edge of the sink. She remains motionless for some time.

She raises her head; her face is streaked by silent tears.

Her glance alights on a kettle which is on the gas range near the sink.

She notices the deformed reflection of her face. She moves her face closer to the kettle. She is fascinated by this deformed and monstrous image of herself. Noise of the lift ascending.

She stares, stock still for a bit, then finally rises, as if frightened.

She looks round, cocking her ear attentively as if she were hearing some very peculiar sound. The lift stops on CAROL'S floor.

She slowly leaves the kitchen.

VOICE off: *Come along, boy. Din-din. Time for . . .*

In the entrance to the flat, CAROL puts her eye to the peephole lens in the front door.

Shot of the landing as seen through the peephole lens. The old neighbour opens the door to her flat and enters. But as she is about to close her door, she notices that the lift door has not shut properly. She walks back to it and gives it several good pushes.

VOICE off: *. . . din-din. Come along, boy — lovely din-din.*

Now CAROL is in the middle of the lounge, but acts as if she were completely lost. Her glance wanders round the room.

The camera pans over what CAROL sees: a large mirror, a clock, a copy of the famous Mannekin-pis from Brussels, in particular a family photograph on which the child CAROL, aged about ten, can be picked out.

The convent bell starts to toll. A melancholy sound. A shot of the nuns, walking across the courtyard.

CAROL moves from the window, picks up some records lying on the floor, and places them on the table. (*Still*).

The camera pans across the room to the sideboard, and tracks in to a close-up of the family group photograph.

The scene changes to CAROL'S room at night. CAROL is asleep. The window is open.

CAROL awakes. A muffled sound of voices can be heard, coming from HELEN'S room.

The camera moves to take in from CAROL'S point of view: the lampshade, the ceiling, a wardrobe with suitcases on top, and a fire-place with an empty grate.

CAROL listens attentively to the sounds coming from the other room. She hears sounds of heavy breathing, then silence, then the moan of a woman satisfied in love-making.

CAROL puts her hand to her mouth in fear. She turns over in bed, pummels her pillow and lies still.

Cut to the kitchen, next morning. HELEN, in her dressing gown, is preparing breakfast.

Shot of the passage as CAROL'S door opens; CAROL emerges, moving very sleepily, barefooted and in her nightdress. She passes the kitchen where HELEN is preparing breakfast, then moves on towards the bathroom.

Seen from outside the bathroom, CAROL opens the door and immediately lets out a little shriek. She is faced with a powerful hairy back. MICHAEL, bare-chested, a towel draped round his loins, turns round.

CAROL breathlessly: *Oh! . . . I'm sorry.*

His face is covered with shaving lather. He holds his cut-throat razor. CAROL lowers her glance and blushes.

MICHAEL grunts and continues shaving.

CAROL closes the door.

Cut to CAROL'S bedroom. CAROL is seated on her bed. Suddenly she begins to wipe her nightdress at breast level with little nervous gestures, as if to get rid of some imaginary insect.

In the kitchen, HELEN is taking breakfast. She is still in her dressing gown. MICHAEL, fully dressed and ready to leave, enters with a decided air. He gulps down a cup of coffee.

MICHAEL: *Oh, look, I've got to run. I left something at the flat.*

HELEN is somewhat vexed.

HELEN: *What! Aren't you going to drop me off?*

MICHAEL takes out his wallet and gives her a banknote.

MICHAEL: *I've got no time. Hmm, that's bloody hot! Now, look, you'll have to take a cab. Here . . .*

HELEN: *Are you . . . am I going to see you tonight?*

MICHAEL: *Umm. I . . . I . . . I'll ring you. I'll ring you.*

He kisses HELEN and leaves.

After a pause, CAROL enters the kitchen. She is still in her nightdress.

HELEN: *Hello darling. How did you sleep?*

CAROL: *Oh, all right. Pause. Is he going to stay here every night?*

HELEN nervously lights a cigarette. She vainly tries to control herself, then rises, furious.

HELEN: *I really don't think it's any concern of yours.*

She marches out of the kitchen, followed by CAROL.
The telephone rings.

CAROL reproachfully: *He's married, though.*

HELEN from the passage: *Darling, it's my affair.*

We move to HELEN'S room. CAROL has remained by the door, leaning against the wall. HELEN starts putting on a stocking.

HELEN: *We all have to live our own lives in the end, you know.*

The telephone rings again.

HELEN nervously pulls up her stocking. She has kept the cigarette in her mouth. She takes it out.

HELEN: *Well, just don't stand around like that. Go and answer the phone. Can't you see I'm busy?*

CAROL disappears into the corridor.

In the living room, CAROL picks up the receiver and a furious nasal voice is heard.

CAROL: *Hello?*

LANDLORD off: *Miss Ledoux?*

CAROL: *Yes.*

LANDLORD off: *How much longer are you going to keep me waiting for the rent?*

CAROL: *Oh, you want my sister.*

LANDLORD off: *Well, I suppose she's out!*

CAROL: *No, she's here. Just a moment.*

HELEN enters the lounge. She is holding her other stocking.

HELEN is somewhat vexed.

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CAROL: *No, she's here. Just a moment.*

HELEN enters the lounge. She is holding her other stocking.

She glances questioningly at CAROL.

HELEN: *Who's that?*

CAROL covers the receiver with the palm of her hand.

CAROL: *The landlord.*

HELEN: *Oh, hell, he would ring up today.*

HELEN puts her cigarette down on the edge of the telephone table. She takes the receiver from CAROL, and hunching up her shoulders, sticks the receiver between cheek and shoulder. As she speaks, she puts on the other stocking; she remains standing up during this conversation.

HELEN: *Hello . . . yes . . . look, I'm terribly sorry . . .*

LANDLORD off: *I'll bet you are! Now, look, how much longer are you going to keep me waiting?*

HELEN: *I promise . . .*

LANDLORD off: *I've had your promises before.*

HELEN: *I . . . I promise you'll have the money tomorrow.*

LANDLORD off: *That's what you said a fortnight ago.*

HELEN picks up the cigarette and takes a puff while listening to the LANDLORD.

LANDLORD off: *Look, if you're not going to play fair by me . . .*

HELEN signals to CAROL to bring an ashtray. CAROL does so.

HELEN: *My sister'll bring it round to you . . . no, I'm going on holiday . . .*

LANDLORD off: *Now, look, Miss Ledoux. This time I've had just enough.*

HELEN: *She'll bring it round to you tomorrow, I promise.*

CAROL goes to her room and sits on the bed.

LANDLORD off: *She'd better, Miss Ledoux, that's all I can say.*

He slams the phone down.

HELEN hangs up, furious. She looks at her watch. She nervously crushes out her cigarette in the ashtray, and opens the curtains.

HELEN: *Ugh, just the sound of his voice makes my flesh creep! Money, money, money! That's all he ever thinks about! Off. . . . Good heavens, I'll be late again!*

Shot of the kitchen. CAROL is now dressed to go to work. Standing, she finishes the cup of cold coffee left by HELEN.

CAROL enters HELEN's room. She picks up the hairbrush which has been left on the chest of drawers, and brushes her hair. She notices the disordered bedclothes on her sister's bed. She

We move to a street scene. CAROL is walking along, completely wrapped up in herself—in the same state as at the beginning. She is oblivious to the people around her. She slows down, glances about, then stares at a bit of the pavement in front of her. She is looking at a crack which marks the pavement in a strange and complicated design. She avoids the crack and walks on.

Cut to the saloon bar of a pub, daytime. A distorted mouth is seen in close-up. Two fingers stuck in one corner of the mouth pull it to one side. The fingers are removed; the owner continues a conversation. He is JOHN, and together with REGGIE, these two young men (fairly snobbish, Chelsea 'deb's delight' types), who have just entered the pub, approach COLIN who is drinking beer at the bar, as they talk.

REGGIE excitedly: *You're joking.*

JOHN: *No, you should have seen them! They went for each other like those women wrestlers in Hamburg. One, a big girl, with bloody great charlies, tried to claw the other's face to bits. Got her fist right down her throat.* To the BARMAN: *Two pints of bitter, please.*

Shot of COLIN smoking, pensively.

BARMAN off: *Two pints, sir?*

REGGIE off: *Lesbians?*

JOHN: *No, they both fancied the same bloke. I should have his luck. Then they started with their teeth. Rolling about on the floor. . . . It was like a madhouse. I was the only mug who tried to prevent them. . . . I ought to have my head examined.*

REGGIE excitedly: *I wouldn't have minded seeing it!*

JOHN: *Feel free any time. I ended up with my coat torn, my shirt covered in blood. If you like that sort of thing, I'll introduce you to my cousin. She's a black belt.*

REGGIE: *Black belt?*

JOHN suddenly addresses himself to COLIN. (Still).

JOHN: *How did you get on?*

COLIN on his guard: *What?*

REGGIE wants to hear more about JOHN's cousin.

REGGIE to JOHN: *What's your cousin like?*

JOHN to COLIN: *How did you get on with Little Miss Muffet?*

REGGIE is fixated on the idea of the cute cousin.

REGGIE to JOHN: *She sounds fun.*

approaches, fascinated. The scene ends with a close-up of the crumpled sheets.

We move to the beauty salon, in the daytime. CAROL is walking through the salon with her manicuring equipment. Clients are seated under the hairdryers.

In the passage, CAROL encounters another manicurist.

CAROL: *Is Bridget about?*

MANICURIST: *She's downstairs.*

CAROL enters a dressing room, where BRIDGET is seated before a mirror dabbing her reddened eyes. Tears have caused her mascara to run.

CAROL kneels by BRIDGET.

CAROL: *Bridget, what's the matter?*

BRIDGET is not pretty, but she is a likeable girl with an attractive personality.

BRIDGET sobbing: *Nothing . . .*

CAROL: *Tell me . . .*

BRIDGET: *Nothing. Just bloody men. They promise you the world, and . . . Oh, I could cut my throat.*

This remark really unleashes BRIDGET's fit of weeping.

CAROL: *Oh, don't talk like that.*

CAROL affectionately lays her arm on BRIDGET's shoulder.

BRIDGET: *I thought this one was different.*

CAROL: *Did he . . .*

BRIDGET: *Oh, he was a pig . . . forget it.*

She examines herself in the looking glass.

BRIDGET: *Oh! Look at my eyes.*

INTERCOM: *Will Miss Bridget please come to the salon. Mrs Prendergast has arrived.*

BRIDGET rises.

BRIDGET: *I'll tell you the sordid details later. Why are they all so filthy?*

CAROL: *Don't be upset.*

INTERCOM: *Will Miss Bridget please come to the salon right away.*

The girls exchange smiles.

AS BRIDGET leaves, CAROL sits down where the girl has been sitting. CAROL remains there pensively.

COLIN to JOHN: *When?*

JOHN to COLIN: *Well, I thought you were taking her out to dinner?*

REGGIE to JOHN: *Your cousin, what is she like?*

COLIN to the BARMAN: *Is that the right time?*

BARMAN: *No, sir.*

JOHN: *Oh, come on, fill us in with the gripping details.*

COLIN answers as he moves towards the exit.

COLIN: *The gripping details are that she had dinner with her sister.*

JOHN: *So, maybe you should try the sister?*

COLIN gets up and leaves the pub.

We move to a street scene, daytime. COLIN is driving along, alone in his car. He abruptly slows down when, to his great surprise, he notices CAROL seated on a bench on the other side of the street.

COLIN stops the car, gets out and approaches her.

Seated on the bench, CAROL is still staring at the crack in the pavement, as if hypnotised.

In close-up, COLIN's feet appear on top of the crack.

COLIN crossly: *Are you playing hard to get? I've been waiting over an hour.*

CAROL lifts her head. She seems quite odd.

CAROL: *What for?*

COLIN: *Not for Christmas. We made a date, remember? We're having supper tonight.*

CAROL: *Oh . . . I forgot.*

CAROL gets up from the bench. Her handbag falls to the ground. COLIN and CAROL both bend down simultaneously to pick it up. They bump into each other slightly. COLIN picks up the handbag.

CAROL: *Oh!*

COLIN: *Well, next time you forget, maybe you'll let me know.*

CAROL: *It's not that.*

COLIN: *Are you all right? You look. . . . Well, I don't know, you look sort of funny.*

CAROL: *I don't feel, I mean, I don't know . . .*

COLIN: *Oh, well anyway, come on. Now I've found you. Let's . . . Let's go and eat something. I'm starving.*

COLIN gently takes her arm.

CAROL: *But . . . it's too late.*

COLIN: *Have . . . have you been fired or something?*

She shakes her head.

COLIN: *All right, come on. I'll take you home.*

We see some buskers, playing and dancing in the street.

Another street scene. It is now evening. COLIN's car pulls up to the kerb.

In the car, COLIN turns to CAROL. She remains staring straight ahead. After a pause, he grasps her and tries to kiss her. She turns away. He does not insist. He lights a cigarette, takes a few puffs, puts it in the ashtray, then again clasps CAROL. This time she lets herself be kissed—but with no reaction whatsoever. Her eyes remain open. COLIN breaks away, bothered, then extinguishes his cigarette—just to be able to do something to save face momentarily. It is apparent that he does not know what to say next.

COLIN: *Listen, darling . . . I . . . don't . . .*

As he begins his sentence, CAROL grabs the handle and opens the car door. Sound of a car, braking violently.

A motorist, surprised by the sudden opening of COLIN's car door, has been obliged to put on his brakes very abruptly.

CAROL gets out as COLIN looks on, plainly upset.

COLIN: *For heaven's sake! Carol! Carol!*

CAROL rapidly crosses the road and enters a building.

In the lift, CAROL nervously wipes her mouth.

The scene moves to the bathroom in the flat, evening. CAROL enters and puts her handbag down on the edge of the bath.

She begins cleaning her teeth—scrubbing at them furiously. She snatches her tooth mug—MICHAEL's toothbrush and razor are back in it again.

Without hesitating, she throws them into a waste basket underneath the sink. She fills the mug with water and rinses out her mouth.

HELEN is seated in an armchair in the lounge, watching television. She is amazed to see her sister pass by. CAROL moves silently, appearing to hold back tears.

CAROL enters her room.

In the darkened bedroom, CAROL throws herself on the bed without turning on the light. She sobs softly. After a pause,

the door opens. HELEN approaches the bed, then sits down next to her sister. Some of the light from the T.V. in the lounge filters into the room, and the T.V. sound is heard.

HELEN puts her hand on CAROL's shoulder. CAROL remains with her face buried in her hands.

CAROL shakes, sobbing silently, and does not answer. HELEN leans towards her sister, speaking very softly to her and caressing her hair.

HELEN: *Darling, what is it? . . . Don't you feel well? I know you don't want me to go away, but . . .*

CAROL does not reply. HELEN rises to answer the phone which has started ringing in the lounge.

In the lounge, HELEN picks up the receiver. (*Still*).

HELEN: *Hello . . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . .*

HELEN remains a moment holding the mute telephone, then with a worried look hangs up.

She turns the T.V. off, then walks to the window on the opposite side of the lounge that gives onto the grounds of the convent. HELEN peers into the night, pensively.

Shot of the convent with lighted windows.

We move to CAROL's bedroom, later the same night. CAROL listens attentively, stretched out motionless in bed. We hear sounds of love-making off-screen. A pause, then someone runs a tap off-screen. The convent's melancholy bell begins to toll. Tears stream down CAROL's face. Footsteps approach her room. The doorknob slowly turns. The door starts opening slowly. HELEN's silhouette emerges, profiled against the light from the adjacent lounge. She is in her dressing gown. She enters and approaches the bed.

HELEN quietly but angrily: *Why did you throw Michael's things away?*

CAROL does not answer and does not move.

HELEN: *Why did you do it?*

CAROL bitterly: *I don't like them there.*

HELEN: *It's got absolutely nothing to do with you. You silly little fool!*

HELEN goes out, slamming the door.

Cut to CAROL's room at dawn. CAROL is sleeping. A gloved

hand comes into view. It shakes CAROL's arm gently.

CAROL opens her eyes and smiles.

HELEN is by the bed, dressed and ready to leave. The open door reveals the lounge beyond where MICHAEL paces up and down by their suitcases.

HELEN: *I've put the money for the rent on the table.*

CAROL: *Oh, please don't go . . .*

In the background MICHAEL is seen in the lounge. He picks up the suitcases.

HELEN: *Now, please, don't forget to give the money, otherwise we shall both be out in the street.*

MICHAEL: *Now, are you coming or aren't you?*

HELEN bends over and kisses CAROL.

CAROL clasps and kisses her tenderly as HELEN caresses her sister's hair.

HELEN to MICHAEL: *Yes, yes, I'm coming.* To CAROL: *Don't look so sad. The time'll pass very quickly . . .*

MICHAEL appears in the doorway of CAROL's room. HELEN goes to him after kissing CAROL a last time. HELEN, about to close the door, waves goodbye to her sister. MICHAEL rises on the tips of his toes and thrusts his head into view, above HELEN.

MICHAEL: *Don't do anything I wouldn't do!* To HELEN. *Come on!*

HELEN smiles. The door shuts. The front door slams and we hear the lift go down.

CAROL rises and goes out of the room.

In the kitchen, CAROL goes to the window and looks out.

Shot of the street as seen from the kitchen window. As HELEN gets into MICHAEL's car, MICHAEL is seen closing the boot.

MICHAEL enters his car and sits at the wheel next to HELEN. The car departs.

The scene changes to the beauty salon, in the daytime. We see in close-up the face of a very fat woman on which a flow of pulverised liquid is being sprayed. The pressure hideously deforms the woman's features. There is a sound of compressed air, which then stops.

The woman's face regains its normal appearance. BRIDGET busies herself with the client, MISS BALCH; CAROL is visible in the background.

MISS BALCH: *Oh! You're killing me!*

BRIDGET: *Sorry, Miss Balch.*

MISS BALCH: *There's only . . .*

CAROL approaching: *Good morning.*

MISS BALCH: *The only . . .*

A shot of CAROL gazing at MISS BALCH.

MISS BALCH off: *. . . way to deal with men, is to treat them as though you . . .*

A shot of MISS BALCH's mouth, viewed upside down.

MISS BALCH: *. . . don't give a damn about them. . . . I've told you that before. Still, I am glad to see you have listened to me just this once.*

She raises herself a bit from the table on which she is stretched out. BRIDGET removes the sheet off her body.

MISS BALCH: *There's only one thing they want — and I'll never know why they make such a fuss about it. But they do. And the more you make them beg for it, the happier they are.*

BRIDGET off: *He rang me up this morning.*

MISS BALCH sinks back on the table.

MISS BALCH: *I said he would!*

BRIDGET: *He was practically on his knees.*

MISS BALCH: *Make sure he stays that way. A pause. I wonder, I don't suppose it'll do me any harm to have just a little snack.*

BRIDGET: *What d'you fancy?*

MISS BALCH: *They're all the same . . . just like children who want to be spanked and then given sweets. Pause. Perhaps a little Danish pastry and a cup of chocolate . . .*

BRIDGET: *Carol will order it for you.*

CAROL is immobile on her chair. BRIDGET nods at her.

BRIDGET: *Carol!*

CAROL remains unconcerned.

BRIDGET: *Stop dreaming! You feeling all right, love?*

BRIDGET approaches her.

CAROL stares into space, sweat streaking her brow. BRIDGET is standing by her.

BRIDGET: *Carol, what's the matter?*

Cut to the dressing room of the beauty parlour. MADAME DENISE is leaning over CAROL, questioning her. Two of the girls

from the beauty salon are in the background.

MADAME DENISE: *There's . . . um, nothing you'd like to tell me? I mean . . .*

CAROL shakes her head.

MADAME DENISE: *How do you feel now? She takes CAROL's hand. You're still biting your nails, hmm? I think you'd better go home. Would you like one of the girls to go with you?*

CAROL weakly: *No, please, I'll be all right.*

MADAME DENISE: *Take a taxi, anyway. Ask Millie to give you the money.*

CAROL: *Thank you.*

CAROL rises and starts going down the stairs.

We move to the hallway of the flat. CAROL unlocks the door and enters slowly. She removes her shoes and goes into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, CAROL puts her handbag down on the sideboard, peels her gloves off, goes to the sink and drinks some water from the tap.

She remains still a moment, then opens the refrigerator. She leans over, puts her arm inside and takes out the plate which holds the skinned rabbit. She examines it for a second, then shuts the refrigerator. The telephone rings.

CAROL stops and listens, with the plate in her hands. She goes out of the kitchen, still holding the rabbit plate.

In the lounge, CAROL goes to the phone, puts the rabbit plate down on the table and picks up the receiver. Her voice is frightened.

CAROL: *Hello!*

No one answers — all that is heard is the sound of someone breathing at the other end of the line.

CAROL stares fixedly at the rabbit, still lying on the table near the phone.

CAROL: *Hello . . . hello.*

She puts the receiver down, hesitates, picks up the envelope left by HELEN with the rent money, takes out half the notes, replaces them, and throws the envelope back on the table.

CAROL goes to the window. She looks out.

Shot of the convent grounds as seen from the window. The nuns are playing a ball game—just like children.

The scene changes to the bathroom of the flat. It is now evening. CAROL is rinsing her face with water. She remains leaning over, her glance alighting on the glass shelf above the sink. MICHAEL'S razor and shaving tackle are there—they have been placed next to CAROL'S toothmug. CAROL straightens up, takes the razor and begins opening it, slowly, deliberately. The half-open blade glitters. With a rapid, unthinking gesture, she raises it to her nose and sniffs it, then snaps it shut and carefully sets it down again on the ledge.

She picks up her hairbrush, throws back her neck to one side; her long blonde hair sweeps back and she begins to brush it. The brushing movements slow down, then stop. Her glance alights on an object lying on the tile floor near the bath. She stoops (still holding the hairbrush) and, picking up the object, unfolds it—it is MICHAEL'S vest.

In spite of herself, she brings the vest to her face, then suddenly casts it away in horror.

As she goes out, she cups her hand before her mouth in nausea. In the kitchen, CAROL is drinking a glass of water. She leaves off, and her glance stiffens as she stares at the wall opposite. She is standing at the same spot where, earlier, HELEN had heard her remark that 'We'll have to get this crack fixed'.

Now we see what CAROL sees: a small crack on the surface of the wall by an air-vent. But the spectator cannot be certain whether it really exists, or is the product of her imagination.

Cut to HELEN'S room as CAROL quietly enters.

The blinds are drawn. The blankets have been neatly piled on the mattress. The bedsheets are out of sight.

CAROL moves towards the bed, then notices the door of the mirrored wardrobe is ajar.

The dress, previously worn by HELEN on the evening when she dined out with MICHAEL, is on a coat-hanger in the wardrobe. CAROL switches on the bed lamp, opens the wardrobe door wide and grasps the dress. She holds it out in front of her, then with one arm pushes the wardrobe shut so as to be able to look at herself in the mirror.

But, as CAROL closes the mirrored wardrobe door, a frightening vision is reflected in the moving glass: a man in his shirt-sleeves with a horrible face, glaring at her. He is only visible

for a second, reflected in the mirror moved by CAROL. We do not have time enough to see him clearly.

CAROL feels compelled to turn round and face this vision. She does so, barely breathing, her pale face evidencing terror.

The room is empty.

We move to CAROL's bedroom. It is night.

CAROL is in bed, in her nightdress. She has thrown back the blanket because of the stifling heat. The sheet clings tightly to her body. We hear the ticking of the clock.

Strands of hair, sticky with perspiration, adhere to her forehead. She begins to trace something with her finger on the wall. She props herself up on one elbow and listens. She turns on the bed lamp; she is paralysed with fright. We hear a man's halting footsteps in the flat, first in the hallway, then in the sitting room.

CAROL sits up in bed, hands clenched in front of her mouth. She stares at the door. The steps approach CAROL's room. A light appears under the door-lintel.

Slowly the steps go away.

CAROL sinks back into bed. Her hand jerks about in little nervous movements. The light under the door disappears.

It is now daytime. In the bathroom, CAROL turns on the tap and puts in the bath plug. She spreads a lotion on her face and looks at herself in the mirror.

In her room, CAROL is getting dressed. MICHAEL's vest is lying on the floor. She puts on one shoe and searches for the other under the bed.

Resume on the bathroom as CAROL enters.

The bath water is overflowing the tub. She turns off the tap but does not pull out the stopper from the plug-hole. She goes out.

Now we see CAROL wandering through the streets. She has not gone to work. She does not carry her handbag. We hear the sounds of the world, but distantly.

We are in the flat again; it is night. CAROL moves along the passage in her nightdress. She enters the lounge.

The lounge is in semi-darkness.

The only source of illumination is a rectangle of light coming

from the bed lamp in CAROL's adjacent bedroom.

CAROL is motionless in the darkened part of the room. The table, with the rabbit still on it, is however in the zone struck by the light from the next room. Near the rabbit plate lies MICHAEL'S razor. The blade gleams.

CAROL runs her hand along the wall, groping for the light switch.

The light streams on.

CAROL stands absolutely petrified near the light switch, where a large crack in the wall is visible. Inside the crack an indistinct darkish matter palpitates. We hear the sound of the wall cracking.

CAROL steps back, looks round her. She runs to her room.

In her room, CAROL leans on the closed door, turns to lock it. She throws herself on to the bed, her face turned to the wall. We hear the sound of footsteps in the corridor. Someone tries her doorknob.

CAROL'S head turns. She stares in terror at the doorknob, her brow covered in perspiration. The doorknob turns slowly.

CAROL huddles against the wall, her mouth open to scream — but she is incapable of screaming.

The light from the bed lamp falls on the man who stands in the doorway. (It is he who was momentarily reflected in the mirror-wardrobe door.) He is a nightmare figure. Strands of black hair stick to his chalky brow. Shadowed under bushy brows, his piercing eyes gleam. His black thin mouth is like a wound dripping blood. He is in shirtsleeves, his clothing dishevelled. Chest and forearms are covered with thick hair. Limping slightly, he approaches CAROL'S bed. He leans over and stretches his arm out towards her. She attempts to escape. He seizes her wrist. He gets down beside her. He lifts her night-dress and his face bears down towards her. He kisses her.

Close-up of CAROL'S free hand. It claws at the bedsheet, then clenches so in pain that the knuckles whiten.

The telephone rings. It is now daytime.

We see the telephone on the floor in the lounge. CAROL'S hand approaches it and picks up the receiver. (*Still*). CAROL (who is in a collapsed state on the floor) puts the receiver to her ear.

COLIN off: *Hello, Carol, it's Colin. . . . Hello? Carol? Carol, it's*

me! Carol, please answer!

CAROL hangs up gently; she already seems to be thinking of something else.

She rises and leaves the lounge.

In the kitchen, CAROL is looking for something to eat. She finds a piece of sugar and nibbles on it.

The potatoes which HELEN had left are still on the sideboard. They are beginning to sprout.

MADAME DENISE off: *I'm . . .*

The scene changes to the beauty salon, in the morning. MADAME DENISE's face is seen in close-up. Her voice shakes with pent-up anger.

MADAME DENISE: *. . . running a business here, Carol, not a rest home. You can't just disappear for three days.*

CAROL stands with lowered head. In the background, clients are already to be seen under the dryers.

MADAME DENISE: *Are you sure, well, I mean, you're not in any trouble . . .*

A MANICURIST approaches and stands off a bit to one side.

CAROL confused: *No, I'm not. . . . I'm really . . .*

MADAME DENISE: *But surely you could have phoned? To the MANICURIST. Well, what is it?*

MANICURIST: *Mrs Shaw-Taylor wants to see you.*

MADAME DENISE: *Oh, well, all right, I'll be with you in a minute.*

To CAROL: *Carol, I can't help you if you won't tell me what is the matter.*

CAROL: *Well . . .*

MADAME DENISE to the MANICURIST: *Go on.*

CAROL: *Well . . . one . . . one of my aunts came to stay, very suddenly . . .*

MADAME DENISE: *Oh! I was back at work two days after I had my first baby. If you're going to vanish every time a relative appears, we might just as well put up the shutters.*

CAROL blushes.

Out of patience, MADAME DENISE takes CAROL by the arm and gives her a monitory push.

MADAME DENISE: *I'd better go and see what that old bitch wants. Now, you go back to your work. I'll talk to you later. Oh, Carol . . . Do something about your hair.*

CAROL slowly retreats.

CAROL: *Yes, madame.*

Cut to the beauty treatment room, where CAROL is seated with MRS RENDELSHAM. CAROL'S brow is beaded with sweat; she breathes with difficulty.

Close-up of MRS RENDLESHAM'S face, distorted with pain. She shrieks.

Close-up of CAROL'S hands as MRS RENDLESHAM'S hand is sharply withdrawn.

MRS RENDLESHAM looks at her hand: one of the fingers is bleeding. We hear a door open.

BRIDGET enters and stands by MRS RENDLESHAM. MRS RENDLESHAM moans.

A SECOND MANICURIST rushes in, followed closely by MADAME DENISE.

CAROL drops her manicure tray to the floor.

MADAME DENISE looks at MRS RENDLESHAM'S injured finger and glares accusingly at CAROL.

MADAME DENISE to CAROL: *Out!*

In the dressing room of the beauty salon, BRIDGET attempts to cheer up CAROL as she helps her to remove her smock.

BRIDGET: *I should have your luck, getting off early. . . . Come on, cheer up. . . . Don't look so mis . . . Pause. You know, you really don't look well . . . is it a man?*

CAROL: *A man?*

As she speaks, BRIDGET opens a wardrobe and hangs up CAROL'S smock. CAROL sinks down on a chair, exhausted.

BRIDGET: *Well, I thought that maybe that smooth boy, what's his name, was making you unhappy . . . you know, the one I've seen you with. Are you in love with him?*

CAROL: *I'm not in love with anyone.*

BRIDGET sits down next to CAROL.

BRIDGET: *Well, what were you up to for the last three days?*

CAROL: *Nothing. I stayed at home.*

BRIDGET: *Oh, well! It's enough to drive anyone up the wall. You ought to go out, go to a movie or something!*

CAROL is entranced by this banal suggestion. She reacts with abnormal enthusiasm.

CAROL: *I'd love to!*

BRIDGET: *That's it, then. Do it! We saw such a funny Chaplin film at the Classic the other night. What was it called? I thought I'd die laughing. He was so hungry he wanted to eat his shoe.*

CAROL: *No!*

BRIDGET laughing: *Yes. He pretended the laces were spaghetti!*

CAROL giggles.

As she giggles, CAROL leans her head on BRIDGET's shoulder for a second.

BRIDGET: *And there was this huge, great big fat man who wanted to eat him!*

CAROL laughing: *What, him?*

BRIDGET: *He wanted to eat Charlie Chaplin.*

The girls fumble at each other, pinching and caressing each other as they laugh.

BRIDGET: *He thought Charlie was a chicken.*

CAROL laughing: *A chicken?*

BRIDGET continues her account, as she rises to act out the scene. She is overcome with laughter. She does an imitation of Chaplin's typical walk.

BRIDGET laughing: *And the chicken walked just like Chaplin too! You know . . .*

CAROL gets up, shaken by uncontrollable laughter as she looks at BRIDGET. BRIDGET approaches the wardrobe, still walking like the Chaplin-chicken.

BRIDGET: *Roger laughed so much I was quite ashamed of him. You ought to see it though. It'd cheer you up.*

CAROL's face clouds over. BRIDGET, who has turned to take down her friend's handbag from the shelf, does not notice the change.

The handbag is open, and as BRIDGET is about to shut it, she stares in amazement, for amidst the litter of objects in CAROL's handbag is the blood-stained head of a skinned rabbit.

Cut to a street scene, daytime. CAROL is walking along like a robot. She passes in front of the pub which COLIN frequents. COLIN is visible in the background; he is in a call-box on the pavement outside the pub.

Inside the call-box, COLIN holds the receiver. Sounds of a telephone ringing.

CAROL, in close-up, walks along the street.

In the call-box, COLIN listens as his call rings.

No one answers. He hangs up, a worried look on his face. He leaves the call-box and enters the pub.

In the saloon bar of the pub, JOHN and REGGIE are at the bar.

COLIN is between them, leaning on his elbow.

JOHN: *Still keeping her legs crossed? She's getting you down, you know. The old, old story.* He mimics: *'Not until we're married, darling.'* Pause. *I wouldn't waste your money.*

REGGIE: *She seems a dead loss to me.*

COLIN looks askance at REGGIE.

JOHN: *Don't let her being foreign fool you. They're all the same these bloody virgins — they're just teasers, that's all.*

REGGIE: *She seems to have old Colin nicely steamed up.*

JOHN: *She gets a big thrill out of it.*

REGGIE glances at COLIN.

REGGIE to COLIN: *You tell her — she'll soon strip off.*

COLIN crossly: *When I want your advice, I'll ask for it.*

JOHN: *Ha, I do believe that old lad's in love! What about that, eh?*

REGGIE: *Another good man gone!*

JOHN swallows more beer, reflects, looks at COLIN and leans towards him.

JOHN: *I think your old friends are going to have to help you.* Pause. *Why don't you, er . . . take her over to Reggie's pad one evening?*

He addresses REGGIE over COLIN's shoulder.

REGGIE: *Yes, steady on, John!*

JOHN: *Reggie will lay something on, won't you Reg?*

REGGIE: *Or on something!*

As he continues, JOHN brushes some dust from COLIN's jacket.

JOHN: *I can see the scene now. Sweet music, soft lights, a big jug of iced gin with er . . . orange or lemon on top of it . . .*

REGGIE: *Oranges.*

JOHN: *We'll tell her it's a fruit cup — and three of the most eligible bachelors in London.*

REGGIE: *Here — I'm getting excited already!*

JOHN: *By the end of the evening she'll be begging for it.*

REGGIE: *You'll soon be able to stop twitching.*

JOHN: *She'll weep with gratitude.*

REGGIE laughing: *Maybe we will too.*

COLIN turns round sharply and seizes REGGIE by his shirt and necktie.

COLIN: *Do you want your face pushed in?*

REGGIE: *Here, take your hands off me!*

JOHN pulls COLIN by the shoulder.

JOHN: *Colin, for heaven's sake! Relax, take a joke, hit me or something!*

REGGIE mutters and straightens out his jacket. He taps COLIN on the shoulder.

REGGIE: *Now, look, boy, you've got it bad. Look . . . you see? He's been in the sun too long . . .*

COLIN strikes REGGIE, who turns round and begins punching him.

REGGIE: *Look, it was only a joke. There's no need to bloody start going on like Cassius Clay all over the place! A joke boy! Joke!*

Sure of his own strength, JOHN grabs COLIN by the head and holds him firmly. REGGIE takes advantage of this to let loose a few underhanded punches at COLIN.

BARMAN: *Now then, fellows, please!*

JOHN: *If you go on like this you'll be old before your time. . . . Look, relax, take it easy, enjoy life.*

COLIN attempts to free himself from JOHN's grasp. JOHN holds COLIN's head securely between his hands, and leaning over, suddenly kisses COLIN on the mouth. COLIN is furious with rage. JOHN finally loosens his hold. REGGIE has observed this little scene with delighted curiosity.

Shaking with anger, COLIN nervously wipes his mouth with the back of his sleeve, glaring with hatred at JOHN. COLIN turns round abruptly and walks out of the pub.

Once more we see CAROL in the street. It is daytime. She is walking slowly, completely wrapped up in herself, as if seeing nothing of the world about her. As she continues walking, the distant sounds become clearer.

We see there has been a bad car smash. Ambulance men and firemen are trying to free the victims. Policemen control the crowd of morbid onlookers. Indifferent to all this, CAROL passes by the crowd, all of whom are looking at the crash.

She walks away. At no point does she look at the accident. She is brushing her nose with her fingers.

The scene changes to the lounge of the flat, in the evening. There is a sound of flies buzzing. CAROL is barefoot, her hair uncombed, her clothing wrinkled. She is in an armchair, her legs bent underneath her. She is staring into space. The T.V. is on, but with the sound off.

From the lounge's topsy-turvy order and CAROL's air of debility, it is apparent that several days have passed. The rabbit is still on the table, near the telephone. The rabbit has been beheaded; the open cut-throat razor lies near it, gleaming with blood. Flies swarm about the room. CAROL rises softly and goes towards the kitchen.

In the kitchen, CAROL opens a cupboard and looks for something inside. She takes out a biscuit and begins to nibble on it. The potatoes on the sideboard have sprouted further — tendrils stretch out all over them. CAROL looks at the sproutings, then turns slowly, as if with a presentiment — and sees the crack which streaks the wall by the air-vent.

Resume on the lounge. CAROL nibbles at a biscuit. There is the sound of something splitting. It gets louder and louder.

CAROL turns her head. Several cracks form on the wall and arrive at the framed photograph in which CAROL, as a child, is standing amidst a family group. The photo begins to sway ever so slightly. In the hollow of the cracks, an indistinct matter palpitates, as if some living thing inside were trying to emerge. We hear muffled groans.

CAROL goes out of the lounge. The moans seem to come from the walls of the flat. They sound like a crowd trapped inside and desperately trying to get out.

In the passage, crevices streak the walls, the wallpaper splits in a few places, bits of plaster fall to the ground.

The passage is transformed. It no longer appears in its true length and width: it is now a long tunnel in which CAROL falls to her knees in terror. Over the crowd sound we hear the lift whose noise gradually drowns out other sounds. The lift gate slams and after a moment CAROL's front door bell rings.

CAROL remains in the same state. The passage is still of weird proportions.

CAROL raises her head. The passage has regained its normal dimensions. CAROL rises, turns round and stares at the door

with a hallucinated air. The door bell rings again.

CAROL moves towards the door.

COLIN off: *Carol . . . Carol!*

In the entrance hall of the flat, CAROL puts her eye to the peephole lens.

Shot of COLIN, deformed by the peephole lens. We hear the lift going down.

COLIN: *There's somebody there! I can see your shadow.*

In the entrance hall, CAROL jerks back.

COLIN off: *What's the matter? . . . I just want to talk to you, that's all! Carol! If you don't open the door I'll bloody well break it down.*

COLIN is thrusting at the other side of the door with his shoulder. Sound of COLIN trying to force the door.

CAROL cries out fearfully.

CAROL: *No!*

She puts her hand to her mouth.

COLIN off: *What?*

After a short pause, he again begins flinging himself against the door.

CAROL, terrified, moves away from the door, looks about, then picks up a heavy candlestick. We hear the lift coming up again. The door breaks open.

COLIN plunges into the room — and stumbles against the wall.

COLIN breathless and puzzled: *I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's all so sordid . . .*

CAROL has hidden the candlestick behind her back.

COLIN: *What . . . what's the matter? I'm sorry . . . I just . . . had to see you, that's all.*

CAROL does not reply. COLIN is confused — he is quite disturbed at having forced his way into someone's flat in this fashion. He is all the more embarrassed since CAROL's clothing is in disarray.

COLIN: *Honestly, it's been so miserable without you. I phoned and phoned . . . that ringing tone nearly drove me mad. . . . Is it something I've done? Carol, please tell me . . .*

COLIN becomes very emotional.

They are standing back to back.

COLIN: *I'm not really like this, you know? I wish I could find the*

*proper words to say. They just go round and round in my mind.
... I just ... want to be with you ... all the time ...*

At this point he turns his head towards the landing. The old neighbour is visible through the open front door. She is on the landing with her dog. She has been staring at — and certainly listening to — COLIN. She goes towards the flat. COLIN steps to the door. CAROL moves up behind him, raising the candlestick. COLIN shuts the door, and in doing so, automatically glances through the peephole. Behind him, CAROL raises the candlestick with both her hands and approaches noiselessly. Through the peephole lens the neighbour is seen entering her flat.

The view of the landing suddenly disappears. All that can be seen is the peephole, which itself disappears, moving in the direction of the top of the frame as the door is simultaneously stained with drops of blood.

We hear the thud of COLIN'S fall.

Leaning over, and armed with the candlestick which she brandishes with both hands, CAROL strikes COLIN down with redoubled force, as he sinks down beside the door.

CAROL straightens up, out of breath. She looks around her, puts down the candlestick.

She sees COLIN'S hand on the carpet, as it twitches. Then his ear with blood pouring down his cheek.

She quickly moves to the front door, thrusting herself against it, in an effort to close it.

She runs off to the kitchen and the front door swings ajar.

In the kitchen, CAROL opens a wall-cupboard and hurls to the ground the saucepans and everything else which she finds on one of the shelves. She pulls out the shelf itself. She opens a drawer, feverishly gropes inside and finds some nails buried in the muddled litter of household objects.

In the entrance hall, CAROL finishes awkwardly nailing the shelf between door and door-frame, using the candlestick as a hammer.

She picks up a paper and rubs the blood off the door.

Then she arduously drags COLIN'S body along the passage.

We move to the bathroom. By dint of great exertion, CAROL is able to tilt the corpse into the tub. (*Still*). It is still filled

with water which had been drawn for the bath which she did not take.

When the body enters the tub, an overflow of water spills onto the tile floor.

COLIN's face is seen floating in the water, blood issuing from the mouth.

The scene changes to the lounge, in the daytime. Several more days have passed.

An incredible disorder reigns in the lounge; thicker swarms of flies are buzzing around the rotting rabbit.

Biscuits, bits of sugar, are lying about the table and on the floor. CAROL is quite properly seated in an armchair, humming as she mends a blouse.

Cut to CAROL's bedroom at night.

We hear the ticking of the clock.

CAROL pulls back the bedclothes and gasps with horror. The nightmare figure of the man is lying in her bed. He pulls at her with his hands, pushes her on the bed and rolls her over. He cradles her head in his arms and kisses her. She struggles wildly, but the phantom tears off her nightdress and bites into the back of her neck.

It is day once more in CAROL's bedroom. The front door bell is ringing. CAROL is lying on the floor in the doorway.

She wakes up as the bell rings again.

She sees a card being slipped under the door. We hear dog barks and lift noises in the background.

CAROL crawls along the carpet towards the door and picks up the card. In close-up the card reads: 'My darling, wonderful here. A thousand things to tell. Did you pay the rent? Love, Helen. Don't make too much DOLCE VITA while we're away! Michael.' She turns the card over to show the leaning Tower of Pisa.

Cut to the corridor at night. CAROL staggers about, then moves to the lounge. It is apparent that the dimly-lit room has changed its aspect—its new appearance is frightening. She goes again down the corridor and opens the bathroom door. The light cord is swinging and we hear the sound of a dripping tap. She stoops to look down to the floor which is covered with

water. She takes a step back and as she does so, a hand appears from the wall, grabbing her by the throat. She runs down the corridor, which now resembles a tunnel, as more and more hands appear from the cracks in the wall, grabbing her waist and breasts. (*Still*).

The telephone rings. CAROL slowly pulls herself together — and the passage recovers its normal appearance. The phone rings again.

In the lounge, CAROL picks up the telephone receiver and puts it to her ear. There is a long pause.

CAROL faintly: *Hello?*

WOMAN off, after a pause: *You filthy bitch!*

CAROL: *I'm sorry . . . who's this?*

WOMAN off, sarcastic and angry; she imitates CAROL's voice: *Who's this, who's this?* Normal voice. *Who d'you think, you filthy little tart.* Pause. *Do you think I don't know he's with you? You may think you're clever, but you're not that clever . . . you filthy . . .*

CAROL has listened to these words without reacting. She suddenly becomes very angry and hangs up. The telephone starts to ring again. It goes on and on.

Now CAROL is really furious. Without picking up the receiver she starts pulling the telephone cord, furiously. She tries to pull the cord out, but is in too weakened a state to do this.

She looks around, picks up the razor from the table and cuts the cord with one stroke. The ringing stops.

She drops the wire and the razor on the floor. This immediately seems to calm her.

She moves to the window.

The camera high angles down at the street.

We see some buskers playing on the pavement.

The door bell rings.

Seen on the landing, the LANDLORD rings again and cocks his ear. After a second he hears a slight noise.

In the entrance hall of the flat, CAROL approaches the door and puts her eye to the peephole.

Seen through the peephole lens, the LANDLORD moves his ear towards the door, listens, then straightens up.

LANDLORD: *Come on, open up this door.*

He rings repeatedly.

Seen from the landing, the LANDLORD nervously rings again. He stops.

LANDLORD: *Come on, open up! I know you're in there. It's no use hiding . . . else I'll fetch the police. . . .*

He suddenly stares at the door. He leans over and with stupefaction examines the points of the nails which protrude slightly. Absolutely scandalised, he takes a bunch of keys out of his attaché case. He puts a key into the lock and vainly jiggles the bolt. The door does not open. He finally pushes at the door with his shoulder.

The door gives a bit. The LANDLORD pushes further. The door opens and there is a final crunch as the nails are ripped out. He kicks away the shelf holding the door.

He comes through and sees CAROL, barefooted and in her night-dress, in the lounge. He is surprised by the disordered appearance of the flat, but his principal reaction is overwhelming anger.

LANDLORD: *Well! Where's Miss Ledoux?*

CAROL: *I'm Miss Ledoux.*

LANDLORD: *You don't look like her.*

CAROL: *I expect you want my sister.*

LANDLORD: *Expect? I certainly do. Where is she?*

CAROL: *She's not . . . but I can explain . . .*

LANDLORD: *Explain? Well, I doubt that, my dear, I can see with my own eyes.*

He turns towards the door with an accusing air.

LANDLORD: *Now, then . . . what's the idea of barricading the door against me?*

He advances. CAROL moves back.

LANDLORD: *You're not only late with the rent, but you're damaging the property.*

He takes off his hat and puts it on the table.

CAROL: *I've got the rent here.*

CAROL takes up the envelope from the table and hands it to him.

LANDLORD: *Let's have some light on the scene.*

He starts towards the window. CAROL makes a movement to stop him.

CAROL: *No!*

LANDLORD: *I'm not a bloody owl, you know!*

CAROL switches on a table-lamp. The LANDLORD lays down his attaché case and sits down. He puts on his spectacles, grumbles, then begins to verify the sum in the envelope.

LANDLORD to himself: *I thought I'd seen everything . . . this is like a flaming nuthouse.*

He finishes counting, puts the money in his attaché case, and casts a disapproving glance around the flat, as he shuts the case. CAROL lets herself fall down on the sofa. Her position is involuntarily provocative. Her light transparent nightdress is rumpled and bunches down about her thighs.

The LANDLORD stares at her.

LANDLORD: *I don't know . . . He licks his lips nervously. D'you always run around like that . . . it's a bit . . .*

He rises, his face suddenly more benign.

He approaches her, and is really struck by CAROL's haggard appearance for the first time.

LANDLORD: *What's the matter? You ill? The heat getting you down . . . I don't like it myself.*

He clumsily taps her on the cheek.

LANDLORD: *I'll . . . I'll get you a . . . glass of water. You're as white as a sheet.*

He notices the rabbit. He takes up the dish, examines it sceptically, sniffs it, and is finally convinced.

LANDLORD: *Ugh! Oh . . . no wonder you look ill if you have this sort of thing hanging around . . . it's the dustbin for you, my lad . . .*

He goes out of the lounge and can be heard clumping about in the kitchen.

CAROL rubs her nose.

There is a crash of crockery from the kitchen.

LANDLORD off: *Good Lord!*

CAROL quickly gets up and picks the razor from the floor. She hides it behind her on the sofa, and sits down again.

LANDLORD coming into the lounge: *Beats me, how you young people live in such a mess. It's like a pigsty.*

He returns, gives CAROL a glass of water, and notices her dressing gown on the back of an armchair. He takes it, and approaches CAROL who is still on the sofa. He awkwardly drapes

the dressing gown round her shoulders. He sits down, sighing heavily, takes out a handkerchief and mops his brow. CAROL takes a drink (*Still*) and puts down the glass.

LANDLORD: *Well, I know . . . a nice cup of tea would be better, perhaps! Of course your sister's gone away, hasn't she . . .*

He waits momentarily.

LANDLORD off: *Yes, a nice cup of tea and an aspirin, and you'll be as right as rain. . . . You're a bit lonely, I expect, with her gone. . . . I should have guessed it. All alone by the telephone . . . there's no need for you to be alone, you know!*

His voice gets slightly choked. The LANDLORD now really begins to lose his head — he no longer has a very clear idea of what he is saying or doing. He leans over CAROL, touching her cheek.

LANDLORD: *Poor little girl, all by herself . . . all shaking like a little frightened animal . . .*

He gets up, looks at the family photograph. He points a finger at it.

LANDLORD: *They're your family? She nods. Very nice. . . . You don't have to be frightened of me, you know? Where was it taken? London?*

CAROL: *Brussels.*

LANDLORD: *Ah! Brussels! I could be a very good friend to you, you know? You look after me, and you can forget the rent. . . . Just a little kiss between friends, eh. Come on.*

The convent bell tolls off.

He flings himself back at CAROL, tries to get at her mouth. CAROL struggles.

The LANDLORD sprawls himself on CAROL. He tries to get her to stretch out on the sofa. His impetuous gropings result in his falling to the floor. He drags CAROL after him.

He can only get up with difficulty, since he is entangled with CAROL, who also attempts to rise. On his feet again, he again tries to kiss her. He succeeds this time. CAROL's hand, holding the open razor, moves towards the nape of the LANDLORD's thick neck. She cuts into it with a quick stroke. The LANDLORD groans with pain.

The LANDLORD does not realise at once that he has been wounded. He looks at CAROL with a dazed expression. He puts his hand to his nape and takes it away covered with blood.

He screws up his face.

Panicky, he tries to look at his nape in the mirror.

CAROL jumps forward with a rapidity all the more surprising in the light of her previous prostration — and deals him a violent blow. The blood spurts out and soils the wall. The LANDLORD tries to charge at her, but CAROL continues slashing, with redoubled, helter-skelter strokes.

The LANDLORD falls to his knees, trying to ward off the blows. He seeks shelter behind the settee. CAROL flings herself on the settee, and perched on her knees on it, leans over and frenetically finishes the LANDLORD off.

At last she rises, covered with blood. She throws down the razor, and tips the settee over the body of the LANDLORD.

The scene changes to the lounge, at night. The lounge lights are out, but the room is slightly illuminated from the bedlamp in CAROL'S room.

CAROL has turned the sofa over the LANDLORD'S corpse — it is apparent that she thinks the body is successfully hidden in this way. It is not — and the LANDLORD'S feet, protruding from underneath the sofa, are clearly visible now reflected in the mirror.

CAROL is asleep in an armchair. Her hands quiver. She awakens, rises softly, and goes to her room.

She stares at the ceiling. We hear the sound of the ticking clock. The ceiling cracks and begins to crumble.

CAROL is humming as she moves to the kitchen. Once more we see in close-up the mouldy, sprouting potatoes on the sideboard.

Close-up of an electric iron, CAROL'S hand grasps it. She applies it to MICHAEL'S vest which is stretched out on an ironing board.

CAROL busily labours, humming sweetly as she works. After several strokes of the iron, it is apparent that the vest is every bit as wrinkled as it was at first.

The camera reveals that the iron has not been plugged in.

We move to HELEN'S room. CAROL is finishing making-up before a mirror. She applies some lipstick. The result is deplorable. She no longer has a clue as to what her own face

looks like.

CAROL'S room; we hear the ringing of the convent bell. CAROL is stretched out in bed with her back to the wall. She is looking at the door. She barely breathes — no other sound can be heard in the flat.

CAROL remains immobile quite some time. Then she changes her position: the nightmare man is there, lying beside her. He seizes CAROL and pins her down, brutally pressing on the nape of her neck. She buries her head in her pillow. The man's powerful hands rip her nightdress, laying bare her shoulders. They struggle. As CAROL'S head moves, we see the imprint of her lipstick on the pillow.

We see CAROL'S hand switch on the light by the bed. The lamp falls to the ground; the screen becomes white.

We now see CAROL standing by the window in the lounge. She is writing something with her finger on the windowpane.

Outside, the passage has been transformed into a shadowy, long narrow tunnel. Hands emerge from the wall and stretch towards CAROL as she passes through. She is both repelled and attracted by the hands and no longer refuses their monstrous, clumsy caresses. She kneels down.

Resume on CAROL'S room. CAROL'S face is immobile. She is staring at the ceiling. (*Still*). The inexorable ceiling descends towards her soundlessly.

She can no longer muster the force to slip out of bed; she claws at her face as the ceiling continues to descend.

The ceiling is a mere few inches away.

The room seems like a coffin. The dark descends, thicker and thicker, enveloping everything until the entire image is effaced by darkness.

Exterior shot of the street at night. The rain is pelting down. MICHAEL'S car is seen double parking in front of the house.

HELEN and MICHAEL alight.

MICHAEL opens the boot and removes HELEN'S suitcase which has been lying underneath his. He leaves his own suitcase in the boot.

They enter the building.

In the entrance hall on the ground floor, MICHAEL passes the suitcase to HELEN, who is in the lift.

MICHAEL: *You go on up. I'll park the car.*

The lift shuts and rises. MICHAEL steps outside.

In the street, the boot of the car has remained opened. MICHAEL removes some wine bottles and bangs it shut.

On the upstairs landing, HELEN comes out of the lift with her suitcase, already holding the front door key. She is preparing to fit it in the lock when, with uneasy surprise, she notices that the door is ajar.

She steps forward and stands motionless on the threshold.

Interior shot of the entrance hall. HELEN switches on the light.

HELEN: *Carol?*

She hastens to the kitchen and thrusts her head inside.

HELEN: *Carol! Are you in?*

The camera pans with her as she goes into the lounge.

She switches on the light, glances around and is stupefied by the incredible disorder.

She immediately runs to open CAROL's door.

HELEN: *Carol?*

On the landing, MICHAEL is coming out of the lift and has not yet shut the door, when he is startled by HELEN's anguished scream. He scurries into the flat, squeezing through the half-open door.

He sees HELEN, flat against the wall, uttering inarticulate sounds. He moves to her.

MICHAEL: *For goodness sake, what's the matter?*

He puts down the wine bottles and drops his hat on the floor.

MICHAEL: *What a terrible smell! What the hell's going on? Well, get a grip of yourself, will you? Now what's the matter?*

He slaps HELEN twice around the face, hoping to calm her — but also to relieve his own tension. HELEN's hysterical moans stop at once.

She slowly points to the bathroom.

MICHAEL goes to the bathroom. We hear the sound of a dripping tap. He moves forward and sees the body in the bath. He is as stunned by surprise as by the horror of this incomprehensible atrocity.

He moves back into the corridor, where HELEN is standing with terror in her eyes.

MICHAEL races into the lounge and picks up the telephone. He

sees that the wire has been cut.

He moves back into the corridor, dragging HELEN with him.

He shuts the bathroom door, and pushes HELEN into her room, turning on the light.

MICHAEL: *Go in there! Just sit . . . sit there.*

He leaves the flat.

On the landing outside, MICHAEL rings the neighbour's bell.

He rings repeatedly. A dog barks.

The door opens slightly, to a point where it is blocked by a security chain.

MICHAEL feverishly appeals to the old woman through the narrow opening — but she registers nothing but incomprehension.

MICHAEL: *Have you got a phone?*

WOMAN: *Who are you?*

MICHAEL: *I need a phone! I need a phone!*

WOMAN: *Want a telephone?*

MICHAEL: *Yes! A telephone!*

MICHAEL runs down the stairs, four steps at a time, and disappears on the floor below.

The dog is still barking furiously.

In her bedroom, HELEN is seated on the edge of the bed, immobile, still in a daze.

She suddenly stiffens. We hear approaching footsteps. A thin arm slowly moves forth from under the bed. The fingers move feebly.

HELEN draws herself up, staring at the hand.

She moves towards the door.

A MAN and a WOMAN, wearing dressing-gowns, appear in the doorway.

MAN: *Everything will be all right. He's gone . . .*

HELEN stands horrified in the corner of the room.

MAN off: *. . . to the porter's room to make a telephone call.*

Close-up of the MAN and the WOMAN.

WOMAN: *She doesn't speak English, does she?*

MAN: *Yes, I think she does.*

Suddenly they also notice the protruding arm from under the bed.

Another MAN in a bathrobe comes into the room. He goes

towards the bed and leans over.

VOICE off: *What's the matter? What's happened?*

WOMAN: *I don't know. . . . We just came in.*

Other onlookers come in, as the bath-robed MAN goes to move the bed.

Two men lift the bed; CAROL appears — in a lamentable state of utter debility, eyes closed and near death.

In the corridor, the MAN opens the bathroom door.

An OLD MAN with a stick comes through the front door. He moves into the lounge.

Back in the bedroom, HELEN is being restrained by all the neighbours.

WOMAN: *Now, you'd better not go near her . . .*

MAN off: *I won't forget tonight in a hurry.*

WOMAN: *Now go and lie down.*

All the neighbours look down on CAROL, who shows no sign of life.

GEORGE: *I'll get her some brandy.*

BATH-ROBED MAN: *Has anyone called for an ambulance?*

MAN IN DRESSING-GOWN: *Yes, he's gone to telephone now.*

BATH-ROBED MAN: *Who?*

MAN IN DRESSING-GOWN: *The man we saw on the stairs.*

BATH-ROBED MAN: *Ah!*

LOUISE off: *Can anyone . . .*

LOUISE comes into view.

LOUISE: *. . . do artificial respiration?*

ALEX off: *You . . .*

ALEX comes into view.

ALEX: *. . . shouldn't touch. You shouldn't move her!*

GEORGE: *I'll get her some brandy!*

LOUISE off: *Somebody must help her!*

JOE appears in the background.

JOE whispering: *Don't let anyone go near the bathroom.*

BLOND WOMAN neighbour turns to JOE.

BLOND WOMAN: *Why?*

LOUISE: *Someone help her!*

In the lounge, the OLD MAN with the stick is turning out the light. As he moves into the corridor, we see the WOMAN with the dog at the front door. The dog whimpers.

In HELEN'S room, the neighbours are still gathered around CAROL.

MICHAEL comes in and kneels beside her. (*Still*).

VOICE off: *I wouldn't touch! Don't touch her!*

But he gently picks CAROL off the floor and holds her in his arms.

MICHAEL: *Please.*

CROWD murmuring ad libs: *He shouldn't touch her!*

MICHAEL pushes everyone aside and advances out of the room into the passage. HELEN follows him. He walks past the OLD MAN with the stick and they exit through the front door.

The camera follows them but lingers on the lounge. There it pans across the wall to the mantelpiece and the clock, which ticks loudly, pointing to half-past twelve. It tilts down to show the T.V. set, the work-basket, CAROL'S dressing-gown lying on the floor, the abandoned postcard, some crumbled biscuit and then into darkness.

Finally the camera pans to the framed family photograph. It moves closer, isolating CAROL, then framing her face. Still closer, it shows her beautiful and proud, implacably vague child's eye, where madness had already gained the day.