

ROSEMARY'S BABY

by

Scott Abbott

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY IRA LEVIN

(A two-night television miniseries event)

NIGHT ONE

LIONSGATE

CITY ENTERTAINMENT

KIPPSTER ENTERTAINMENT

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:

JOSHUA D. MAURER

ALIXANDRE WITLIN

DAVID STERN

FIRST DRAFT

OCTOBER 9, 2013

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Paris spreads out before us under the night sky in a vast blanket of street-lamps. The "City of Lights." A young woman's voice softly humming a lullaby fills our inner-ear.

The plaintive melody leads us over the rooftops of the city, past the crowded low-lying shops and apartments of the Left Bank's Latin Quarter, home of the Sorbonne, over the romantic neighborhood of Saint-Germain-de-Pres, over the golden dome of Les Invalides, across the brilliantly lit Pont Alexandre that spans the River Seine, racing over the Right Bank's Place de Concorde and the Tuileries, over the Louvre, past the towering Cathedral of Notre Dame, and then swinging around and accelerating faster and faster until we find ourselves in the exclusives Eighth District, where the streets begin to stretch out into the widening picturesque boulevards lined with expensive hotels, haute couture and imposing luxury apartment buildings of the Second Empire.

We settle down onto one particular building to find ourselves approaching a lit window high above the city and passing...

INT. PARISIAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

...Through its open pane as if invited by the late night air to enter and approach the back of the young woman who sits at a fine oak bureau where a photograph sits framed in silver.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

A young mother stands before a cottage in the countryside and holds a small girl close to her side, the image brimming with bucolic innocence.

THE YOUNG WOMAN, mid-twenties at most, and as pretty as she is heartbroken, soaks in the picture of lost childhood, and then continues writing a note with a fountain pen.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE, GRACEFUL PENMANSHIP ON MAUVE PAPER...

I can no longer be a part of this

But then her HAND suddenly stops writing as we go to...

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S FACE as her eyes trail from the note to the open window. She looks down to the photo, puts her fingers to her lips and then places the kiss on her mother's cheek.

She rises and begins to undress, carefully folding each item of clothing and laying them out on the bed. Finally, she takes off a small round GOLD AMULET with an intricate and old-world filigree.

Before we know it...

THE YOUNG WOMAN stands naked and facing the city lights outside. She approaches the open window and lets the warm night air wash over her skin, pass over her body and...

BLOW THE UNFINISHED NOTE OFF THE BUREAU ONTO THE FLOOR.

BACK TO THE YOUNG WOMAN who closes her eyes, takes one more soft step, leans forward into the open pane and slowly...

FALLS FORWARD.

EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The late night boulevard below sits quiet until the young woman's naked body slams down on the sidewalk.

The nearby lamp circles the dead woman's crushed flesh as a pool of blood pours from her skull and surrounds her open-eyed head in a red halo.

We dip deep into the blood and let its color envelop us as...

CREDITS ROLL.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME BLOOD RED...BUT THIS CRIMSON BELONGS TO WINE AS WE PULL BACK TO SEE THE GLASS SITTING IN FRONT OF...

EXT. BOULEVARD CHAMPS ELYSEES/CAFE - DAY

ROSEMARY WOODHOUSE, fresh-faced with the rose of American beauty. Thirty-four years old, she still retains an air of angelic purity and innocence somehow keeping the artifice, drudgery and broken dreams of the world from touching her heart.

Rosemary sits at a small iron bistro table on the boulevard sidewalk of an outdoor Parisian cafe and catches the attention of several men across the way who offer her ripe smiles.

But Rosemary barely takes notice as she turns her melancholic gaze down to the novel she's reading. She picks up the book and halfheartedly opens to the place she's marked...

WITH A LETTER.

ROSEMARY contemplates the letter, more interesting to her than the book. She unfolds the letter's, well-creased pages...and reads them yet again as...

A young man's urgent and hopeful voice fills her mind.

GUY (V.O.)

I've found a little place for us on the Left Bank in the Latin Quarter, so even though it's just faculty housing, it's still romantic as hell. It's a place where we can breathe and talk and relax and all good things seem possible. Just what the doctors ordered. And I'm betting it's just the kind of place babies are made.

Rosemary looks up from the letter and catches sight of a gorgeous baby carriage sitting at a table not too far off. Rosemary soaks in the sight and then looks back down to the letter.

GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know if you join me here Ro we'll make it happen this time. With you by my side when the semester begins I know I'll sell the book. It's getting dark here now and the lamps are beginning to come on. Ro...

(a beat)

I'm so sorry.

(a beat)

But they call Paris the "City of Lights."

(a beat)

They just lit two for us.

Rosemary smiles with the last line, though it's a sad smile and she cranes her neck to look at the tiny NEWBORN in the baby carriage.

Wistfully, Rosemary watches the baby gurgle and fidget under its blanket. Rosemary looks to a woman sitting just to the left of the carriage, a bit thick-set, ordinary dress, perhaps the child's mother.

ROSEMARY
Pardonnez-moi?

The woman looks up from her fruit plate as Rosemary consults a French dictionary and nods to the newborn.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Un garçon?...une fille?

The woman looks confused.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Is it a boy or a girl?

FRENCH WOMAN (O.S.)
He is a boy.

Rosemary turns to the right of the baby carriage and there sits the child's trim and elegantly dressed mother.

ROSEMARY
He is...perfect.

FRENCH WOMAN
Yes.
(a beat)
He is.

The elegant woman takes a last bite of pastry and a quick sip of foamy au lait, nods politely to Rosemary and then gathers up several shopping bags emblazoned with a store's name, LANVIN, and pushes the carriage down the sidewalk, high heels clicking.

As the woman disappears, Rosemary's eyes land on a sign across the boulevard...LANVIN.

INT. LANVIN - MORNING

Rosemary enters the store with its windows dressed in a riot of color depicting scenes from the French Revolution and the "L'Enfant Terribles." It is a high-end clothing store with rows of beautifully cut suits, silk shirts, and a CASE FULL OF GORGEOUS SCARVES. Rosemary's lips spread into a smile. She approaches the clerk behind the glass casing.

CLERK
Bon jour, Madame.

ROSEMARY
Bon jour.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I am in need of a scarf, cashmere,
no more than 15.5 microns.

CLERK
(pointing to several)
These are very good and range from
14 to 15.5 microns in diameter.

The clerk hands one to Rosemary who fingers the fabric.

ROSEMARY
It is truly lovely.

CLERK
You are not French.

ROSEMARY
No. Nebraska.

CLERK
You have a good eye Mademoiselle.

ROSEMARY
I'm in the business.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(handing back the scarf)
Would you wrap this for me?

CLERK
Tout a fait.

EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES - DAY

Rosemary walks down the boulevard and catches sight of herself in a storefront window with her Lanvin bag and is pleased with the image. She crosses the street and turns a corner down another wide boulevard...

EXT. AVENUE HOCHE - DAY

THE AVENUE HOCHE where she walks down the street lined with great buildings, and towards the PARK MONCEAU waits at the avenue's dead end, guarded by a twenty-foot high black wrought iron gate gilded on top with gold.

She arrives at the street's end and the park and then sees rising up high to the left of her...

A GRAND MONUMENTAL APARTMENT BUILDING.

BACK TO ROSEMARY who approaches the building that has taken Rosemary's heart hostage and she stands transfixed with the look of the place, the rising Haussmann facade organized around horizontal lines of great white stone blocks topped off with blue slate tiles.

The trees along the avenue rustle as Rosemary raises her eyes to take in the building's stature. The sun's light blinds her, but then her eyes adjust and she lets the full magnificence of the sight overpower her.

The front door opens and Rosemary looks down to see a middle-aged couple with an air of sophistication exit the building and walks past Rosemary down the sidewalk. The two seem almost as impenetrable as the building itself whose stone entrance bears its carved name...

LE TOURQUAY.

Rosemary's eyes carefully trace the letters.

ROSEMARY
Le Tourquay.

Suddenly Rosemary hears a soft sound from the sidewalk at her feet and there stands a SMALL BLACK SIAMESE KITTEN which has escaped the from the building's open front door and has made its way down the front stone steps and onto the pavement.

Rosemary looks back to the elegant couple who had passed her, but they are already down the boulevard and out of ear-shot. Rosemary tries to block the kitten's path to send it back into the building, but the small creature, now scared, scurries past Rosemary and heads down the pavement where it heads towards the park and its fence.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(towards the open door)
Excuse me? Pardonnez-moi?

There's no answer and now Rosemary has no choice but to hurry after the animal which is moving farther and farther away and dangerously close to escaping into the park.

Rosemary catches up to the kitten and grabs it just seconds before it slips through the wrought iron bars. She picks it up and coos to calm it when suddenly...

The kitten hisses and scratches Rosemary's arm. She winces with the pain but still holds onto the tiny animal as she carries it back towards the building's entrance, and makes her way up the stone steps and enters Le Tourquay.

INT. LE TOURQUAY - DAY

Cradling the shaking kitten, Rosemary enters the building's grand foyer which opens up before her like an invitation to another time and place.

A MARBLE FLOOR spreads out before her leading past an old-fashioned cage-door elevator, nude sculptures and beautiful vases, all leading to...

A SPIRALING STAIRCASE with wrought iron rails which are topped, like the park's fence just outside, with gold filigree.

The entrance hall is overseen by a plaster ceiling bordered with an intricate frieze whose centerpiece is a brilliant chandelier, suspended like a gathered host of stars.

Then her eyes land on something else, the one reminder that she's still well inside the twenty-first century...

A SECURITY CAMERA in a high corner covering the whole foyer.

ROSEMARY

Hello?

Rosemary waits another second as we now see, unbeknownst to her, blood dripping from her arm onto the white marble floor. Suddenly a young CONCIERGE hurries out from a door. He begins speaking French to Rosemary who just shakes her head.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

No, um, je ne parle pas Francais.
It was outside. It must belong to
someone in this building.

Rosemary holds up the kitten and realizes that she is bleeding, and has left a blood trail across the white marble floor, all being witnessed by the Security Camera.

The Concierge takes the kitten from her arms and exits. Rosemary looks around for something to clean up the blood.

Rosemary reluctantly takes the scarf out of her bag. Crouching down, anxious to preserve the old floor, she hesitates...

MANON (O.S.)

Arrete ca !

Rosemary looks up to a woman standing at the top of the winding stairs, MANON CASTAVET, forties, a face of ageless and seductive beauty and with an air of money that is so old and so plentiful it has long ceased to be vulgar.

ROSEMARY

Excuse me.

MANON

Stop.

Manon begins to descend.

ROSEMARY

I've dripped blood on your floor.

MANON

Leave it.

ROSEMARY

It will stain. This marble must be two hundred years old.

Manon reaches the bottom steps and crosses the floor.

MANON

One hundred and fifty.

ROSEMARY

In America, one hundred and fifty years would make it antique.

MANON

In France, one hundred and fifty years makes it a floor.

ROSEMARY

Still.

Rosemary goes to wipe it up with the scarf.

MANON

(firmly)

Leave it. The blood will come up.

The Concierge returns with a quick explanation as to "le chat du Dr. Shand" to which Manon replies with a directive to fetch something to clean up the blood.

MANON (CONT'D)

(back to Rosemary)

I will attend to your injury.

ROSEMARY

Oh, please, don't bother it's just a scratch.

MANON

But you must allow me to thank you
for your kindness in returning the
doctor's kitten. Please follow me,
Madame, it is nothing.

Manon beckons and heads to the service door from which the
Concierge had appeared. Rosemary steps around the drops of
blood and follows her.

INT. CONCIERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosemary sits across from Manon in the modern office, a
Persian carpet at her feet. Manon has a first-aid kit open
and cleans Rosemary's wound as she studies her.

MANON

You have not been in Paris long.

ROSEMARY

Is is that obvious? My husband Guy
and I plan to stay for a short year
while he teaches at the Sorbonne.

MANON

Oui. Your husband is a professor?

ROSEMARY

He teaches seminars in Balzac and
Beaudelaire. But really he's a
writer. He's written a book and has
a couple of strong contacts in the
publishing world.

MANON

And you, what do you do when your
husband is busy with his students
and writing? Do you have children?

The question takes Rosemary aback for a second, but Manon
just looks to Rosemary with a firm and fixed, yet not
unfriendly gaze.

ROSEMARY

I don't.

(a beat)

Not that Guy and I haven't tried.

MANON

But no luck.

ROSEMARY

Not yet. The firm medical opinion is that I need to de-stress. You see I'm a buyer for Saks in Manhattan.

MANON

So, you find yourself in our beautiful, serene city to find relaxation and maybe, just maybe, motherhood?

ROSEMARY

Yes.

Manon continues to bandage her arm.

MANON

How many medical opinions?

ROSEMARY

Lots. But not so many that I've given up all hope. Still, enough to wonder if this might be our last best chance.

MANON

Yours and Guy's last chance at having a baby?

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

Mine and Guy's last chance at everything.

MANON

I see.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry. I hear myself becoming a bore. I don't know why I told you all this.

MANON

My husband Roman tells me I have that affect on people.

(gently)

Please don't feel distressed.

The compassion in her tone affects Rosemary who looks away with tears in her eyes.

ROSEMARY

I'm acting like a fool in front of you.

Rosemary lifts her hand to wipe away a tear, but Manon gently stops her and then takes Rosemary's face in her own hand and turns Rosemary back towards her. Manon finishes with the bandage.

MANON

I am a woman with no children of my own, but I feel for you that you have come to Paris with your own hopes. Do you like Paris?

ROSEMARY

Oh, well, it's beautiful, of course, but, well,...
(embarrassed)
Not particularly.

Manon laughs at her frankness.

MANON

Then you do not know it.

ROSEMARY

I admit so far I've only spent time near the University.

Manon looks to Rosemary and makes a decision.

MANON

I have an idea. There is a newly available apartment in this building. It has not yet been advertized. You cannot truly know Paris through the closed-off society of a University. Why don't I show it to you?

ROSEMARY

Paris or the apartment?

MANON

Both.

A beat on Rosemary at the unexpected offer.

INT. PULL-DOOR ELEVATOR - DAY

Rosemary stands inside the elevator as Manon gives a directive to the uniformed operator who presses the floor just under the "P" for Penthouse button. The elevator jerks...and rises.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary stands in the middle of a enormous sun-lit living room, furnished with antiques, a massive fireplace, fine sofas and Parquet floors, floor to ceiling windows all overseen by original intricate moldings.

Rosemary walks through the place as if in a dream, up to the windows overlooking the Eighth District of Paris, the Parc Monceau and the Arc de Triomphe below with the boulevards radiating from it like a star under the sun.

Manon watches her from a respectful distance.

MANON

What is your husband's book about?

Rosemary turns back, but her eyes wash past Manon and can only soak in the magnificent surroundings.

ROSEMARY

It's about a couple who come to Paris to find love...it's fiction.

MANON

People think they come to Paris and think they find love, but what they find is almost invariably something else.

ROSEMARY

It's good, but Guy hasn't been able to find a publisher.

MANON

Perhaps his strong publishing contacts are not quite strong enough.

Rosemary heads down a hallway and looks into a bedroom to see a bureau against the far wall, the very one where we'd met the young woman who'd undressed and jumped to her death.

ROSEMARY

(sighs)

It's amazing, but we could never afford a place like this.

MANON

The previous tenant had to leave abruptly. The lease had been paid in advance. The most important thing for us is the right tenants.

Rosemary turns on the TV where the screen fills with a Catholic mass being held at a great cathedral. Rosemary tries to change the channel, but the screen stays same.

ROSEMARY

That's funny. The channel is locked.

MANON

Mademoiselle Gardenia was devoted to her faith. Are you very religious?

Rosemary turns off the television and moves out of the room and further down the hall, an armoire at its end.

ROSEMARY

I was raised Catholic but I don't practice anymore...

Rosemary stops dead in her tracks and stands. There before her, at the end of the hallway, sits...

INT. SUNLIT ROOM - DAY

A small heavenly room whose air is filled with rays of sunlight streaming in from the windows, bathing the place in an ethereal glorious golden yellow halo. Manon watches Rosemary enter the place as if she'd returned to the church.

MANON

What do you think?

ROSEMARY

I think it's...perfect.

MANON

(a beat)

For a nursery.

Rosemary smiles with the thought and turns to Manon.

ROSEMARY
(holding out her hand)
I'm Rosemary Woodhouse.

Manon takes her hand, and holds it for a second.

MANON
Manon Castavet.

Manon lets her hand go and heads back down the hall as Rosemary begins to follow her. But then something catches Rosemary's eye...A PIECE OF MAUVE NOTEPAPER on the floor. Rosemary picks it up and examines it.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER

I can no longer be a part of this

BACK TO ROSEMARY as suddenly a soft breeze blows through the room, rustling the curtains. She feels a cold shiver...but quickly dismisses her anxiety, folds the note and stuffs it into her purse.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SORBONNE UNIVERSITY - EVENING

The Sorbonne rises up before us, the great University's buildings towering over the Left Bank.

GUY WOODHOUSE stands before us, mid-thirties, wearing crisp jeans and a tweed jacket. He's handsome as hell and angry enough to match it.

GUY

You signed a lease? Without discussing it with me?

ROSEMARY

For a year and a day. Isn't that a funny amount of time?

GUY

There's nothing funny about it. You know I've signed an agreement with the school for housing.

ROSEMARY

Well, break it.

Rosemary walks down a cobblestone street winding through the Latin Quarter, past small apartments as Guy follows.

GUY

Break it? Just like that. My reputation at the school will be off to a fabulous start.

ROSEMARY

No one will care.

GUY

I care.

ROSEMARY

Do you care about me? I'm supposed to be here to unwind. "Time out for Rosemary." Isn't that what you said?

GUY

And it's too far from the Sorbonne. No. This is stupid Ro. I'm not doing it.

ROSEMARY

But you haven't seen it, Guy, it's beautiful.

GUY

This is the kind of crazy, irresponsible thing I do, not you. This isn't like you, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

How do you know what's "like me" when I don't even know myself sometimes? And anyway, I'm not being irresponsible, we're getting the lease for what we're paying now.

GUY

And why would "Manon" do this?

ROSEMARY

We just hit it off and she wants the right fit for the building. Besides, it's what I need, a fresh start.

GUY

It's crazy.

ROSEMARY

It's got a nursery. Well, a perfect room for a nursery.

At this Guy's face softens. Rosemary smiles at him as he takes her hand. She kisses him on the cheek.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It'll bring us luck.

GUY

We have to make our own luck, Ro.

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

Then let's make it.

They walk on hand in hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Now you know my surprise. You said you had one for me.

Guy pulls his other free hand out from behind him to reveal LILIES.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Flowers?

GUY

(faux gushes)

Oh Guy, you shouldn't have! So romantic and unexpected.

ROSEMARY

And inconvenient. We're going to Hutch's for dinner. I'll have to ask him for a vase.

GUY

Hutch has two of everything.

INT. HUTCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Guy opens a respectable Riesling in the middle of a small apartment overflowing with French history; paintings, books, sketches and curiosities rather than antiques.

GUY

Help me out here, Hutch. She went shopping for a scarf and came back with an apartment.

EDWARD HUTCHINS stands before an old mirror and admires the scarf wrapped around his neck. British, early-sixties, rumpled and genteel.

HUTCH

Rosemary, I am utterly seduced by this lavish display of affection and quite at a loss at guessing which one was pricier, the new apartment or this scarf.

Hutch moves over to where Rosemary puts the lilies in a ceramic pot.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Sorry I don't own a vase.

ROSEMARY

Doesn't matter.

Rosemary shoots a look to Guy who shrugs.

HUTCH

For myself, I don't buy cut flowers.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)
They're too much like premature
death. But I adore the scarf.

ROSEMARY
Happy Birthday. I'm so glad you
really like it, I hoped it would be
your taste.

HUTCH
(kisses Rosemary)
My dear, I have the simplest of
tastes. I am always satisfied with
the best. Thank you.

GUY
Did I mention the building was
right off the boulevards?

HUTCH
(to Rosemary)
You're crossing the river on me?

ROSEMARY
Only to sleep. You'll see me all
the time at the University.

HUTCH
Nonsense. They say once you go
Second Empire you never return.

ROSEMARY
Who says that?

Hutch takes a large glass of the white wine from Guy.

HUTCH
I do.

Guy heads out onto the back patio to set the wine on a table
outside all set for dinner

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(sotto to Rosemary)
How is everything my dear?

Rosemary finishes arranging the flowers.

ROSEMARY
Everything is wonderful. At least
it's going to be now that we've
found this dream place.

HUTCH
(nodding to Guy)
Our boy doesn't seem to be
revelling in the news.

Rosemary smiles uncomfortably.

ROSEMARY
He will. You know Guy.
You got him this post.

Guy returns as Hutch takes a healthy swig of wine.

HUTCH
So I take it this new grand
domicile of yours along the
rarified thoroughfares has a name.

ROSEMARY
Le Tourquay.

EXT. HUTCH'S BACK PATIO - NIGHT

The three sit over a meal under a summer night sky amidst
Hutch's overgrown garden of plants, flowers and herbs.

HUTCH
(serious now)
Le Tourquay...is a danger zone.

Rosemary and Guy hear this, look to each other...and laugh.

ROSEMARY
Really Hutch. It's our new home.

HUTCH
(pouring more wine)
Your new home is a danger zone.
Le Tourquay has had an unpleasant
reputation ever since it was built
in the 1860's and has housed a
considerable number of unpleasant
tenants, including the Trench
sisters who were notorious
cannibals.

GUY
Forerunners to Le Cordon Bleu.

ROSEMARY
(annoyed)
Stop it Guy.

A timer goes off inside as Hutch rises.

HUTCH
Dinner announces itself.

Hutch leaves to check on dinner.

GUY
These old bachelors can have a
healthy need for dark conversation,
don't you think?

ROSEMARY
Don't you dare say a bad word about
him.

GUY
Okay, okay.

Hutch returns with a covered dish. He sets it down and
uncovers it.

HUTCH
The sacrificial lamb.

GUY
Only its leg. The Trench Sisters
must have gotten the rest.

Hutch starts carving.

HUTCH
It's no joke old boy. Le Tourquay
has been a hotbed of occult
practices for decades. There have
been murders and suicides...

ROSEMARY
Any recently?

Hutch stops carving.

HUTCH
(a beat)
Not that I know of. But in years
past there have been quite a few
unexplained deaths there.

GUY
As there have been in every
building along the boulevards.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

This city's seen more blood run
down its cobblestone streets than
anywhere. Does the "Reign of
Terror" ring a bell?"

ROSEMARY

Guy. Hutch is a history professor.

GUY

Who is sharing a little too much
history.

(lifting an affectionate
wine glass)

No offense Hutch.

HUTCH

Le Tourquay is where Steven Marcato
set up shop.

GUY

Let me guess. He didn't do shoe
repairs.

HUTCH

He was a Satanist. Or at least a
pretty good facsimile.

Hutch leaves the table to go fetch a book from inside as Guy
and Rosemary exchange quizzical glances.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

(returning with the book)

Steven Marcato commissioned the
Diableries.

Hutch opens up the book, placing it before Rosemary and Guy.

CLOSE ON THE BOOK where black and white images of skeletons
drinking from cups and toasting the scene before them...

HUTCH (CONT'D)

These dioramas of Hell were
stereoscopically photographed...

...A BUXOM COUNTRY GIRL WHO OFFERS HERSELF UP TO SATAN.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

And then distributed among his
believers as real images of the
underworld. Quite ingenious, don't
you think?

BACK TO ROSEMARY AND GUY who picks up the book, pages through it, lifts another Diablerie to Rosemary who waves it away.

ROSEMARY

This is just creepy, Hutch.

Guy hands the book back to Hutch.

HUTCH

Oh, Rosemary, forgive me, I've upset you and spoiled our evening. You musn't take my historical wanderings too seriously.

ROSEMARY

(smiles)

It's your birthday, all is forgiven.

Hutch raises a glass of the Riesling.

HUTCH

Bless you. And, I really do hope you'll be very happy in your new home. To Guy and Rosemary Woodhouse. Let it be proclaimed across Paris that it is they who will bring a new chapter of love and joy, peace and grace to Le Tourquay.

They all raise their glasses.

ROSEMARY

Now, C'mon, Hutch, admit it. Ghost stories aside, the stones of that building are simply teeming with history and glamor. You wouldn't mind living in Le Tourquay yourself, would you?

HUTCH

Cross the river and live in that monstrosity?

(a beat)

I'd give my eye-teeth.

They laugh and clink glasses.

EXT. LATIN QUARTER - NIGHT

Guy and Rosemary walk home down a dark winding street.

ROSEMARY
Hutch's history is kind of creepy.

GUY
Hutch's history is pure crap.
(preoccupied beat)
What about getting our deposit
back?

ROSEMARY
You'll think of something...
(smiling beat)
Writers make superb liars.

EXT. LE TOURQUAY - MORNING

The taxi drives down the Avenue Hoche and pulls up to the
Tourquay, the Parc Monceau and its black gilded topped gate
just ahead of the cul de sac.

Rosemary gets out as Guy follows her. The driver unloads
their suitcases and Guy pays him and then joins Rosemary who
looks up at the building rising high above them.

GUY
(taking it in)
Do we live in it? Or start a
revolution?

ROSEMARY
(playful)
Maybe both.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse?

Guy and Rosemary look to see the Concierge from the other day
standing before them.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Le Tourquay.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PULL-DOOR ELEVATOR - MORNING

Guy stands with Rosemary across from the uniformed operator as the elevator rises, and rattles, rises and rattles. A worried Guy looks to Rosemary who offers a reassuring smile.

INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - MORNING

Rosemary leads Guy down the hallway as the couple from the other day exit their apartment and toss quick glances to Rosemary and Guy.

GUY

Bonjour.

But Dr. Shand and his wife turn and walk the other way.

GUY (CONT'D)

(sotto to Rosemary)

If that's our Fred and Ethel, we'd better stock up on sugar.

ROSEMARY

I'm not here to meet the neighbors.

Rosemary arrives at a door - **7E** - and opens it with a key.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I'm here to show you this. Cover your eyes.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rosemary leads Guy, with his hands over his eyes, down the front hallway and into the apartment, unseen to us until...

ROSEMARY

Welcome home Mr. Woodhouse.

Guy lowers his hand and finds himself in the middle of the living room, Rosemary's boxes half-unpacked, the fine antiques, Parquet floor...the view. Guy stands at the floor to ceiling windows and looks out over the Eighth District; to his right...

The Arc de Triomphe, its eight boulevards radiating out from it like stars. To his left...

GUY
 (almost reverential)
 You weren't kidding Ro.

THE PARC MONCEAU, its lush tree-lined paths, its green-grassed spaces punctuated with faux classical statues and sculptures.

ROSEMARY
 Didn't I tell you?

ROSEMARY goes up to the window and looks down where...

BELOW ON THE AVENUE HOCHE, a long black stretch limousine pulls to the building's front. She watches as the limo's back passenger door open and a man steps out and gazes upwards towards the building. Even at that height she somehow senses that he is looking up at her.

But then he's suddenly gone. Guy takes her by the hand.

GUY
 It's unbelievable. It's...

ROSEMARY
 (smiling)
 Perfect.

Guy looks to the massive marble fireplace.

GUY
 Look at that. That's not a
 fireplace. That's an altar of love.
 (grabbing Rosemary)
 Let's pray.

ROSEMARY
 Stop. I want to show you the rest.

GUY
 There's more?

ROSEMARY
 Of course.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary leads Guy into the large, modern kitchen.

ROSEMARY
 Can you imagine the meals I could
 make in here?

GUY
You're going to cook?

ROSEMARY
I'm going to learn.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Rosemary leads Guy down the hallway, showing him the bedroom with the bureau.

GUY
I know what we'll cook in here.

ROSEMARY
Can you be serious, for once?

Rosemary leads him again down the hallway where the armoire waits at its end. But it's the small sunlit window Rosemary wants to show Guy as she stops him at its doorway.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
And this...

CLOSE ON ROSEMARY, letting the bright yellow room wash over her.

GUY (O.S.)
That's funny.

ROSEMARY
What is?

GUY (O.S.)
This.

BACK TO THE HALLWAY where Guy's standing on his toes and looking over the top of the armoire.

GUY (CONT'D)
There's a closet behind this armoire.

ROSEMARY
You're right. I see it.

Rosemary looks to the floor and crouches down to the wood where FOUR LONG SCRATCHES mar the Parquet wood.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
It was dragged over there.
(fingering the lines)
And recently.

Guy bends down and cups his hands under the armoire.

GUY

Think you can handle your half?

Rosemary smirks, rises with the challenge and takes off her jacket to reveal a sleeveless top and two toned arms.

ROSEMARY

And most of yours.

Rosemary gets on the other side, crouching and cupping her hands under the armoire.

GUY

On two. One...two.

They lift up the furniture and carry it back to its original position down the hall, Guy and Rosemary locking eyes flirtatiously with the physical challenge where she's holding her own. They finally put it down as Guy exhales, but Rosemary is just fine as she opens the newly exposed closet, to reveal...

SHELVES LINED WITH FOLDED SHEETS AND TOWELS, AND ON THE FLOOR, A VACUUM CLEANER.

BACK TO ROSEMARY who studies the sight.

ROSEMARY

Strange. Why would you block the closet where you kept sheets and towels and your vacuum cleaner?

GUY

Maybe it got moved when she packed and she forgot about it.

ROSEMARY

Maybe.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy sits on the end of the bed and tries changing the TV's channel, but the screen still displays the inside of the Cathedral - Notre Dame. Guy clicks on the menu button and channel surfs to suddenly land on a porn channel.

GUY

(under his breath)

Free porn? Welcome to Le Tourquay.

Rosemary comes out of the bathroom wearing a sexy negligee as Guy goes to change the channel, his fingers guiltily fumbling with the controls.

ROSEMARY
Leave it on.

GUY
I was just...

ROSEMARY
Watching strangers having sex.

Rosemary walks over to the bed and seductively disrobes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Isn't this more interesting?

Guy relishes her naked body, grabs her, throws her on the bed and they begin to make love.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Guy, still naked, begins to kiss Rosemary good night.

GUY
I say we christen the marble
fireplace next.

Suddenly Guy stops and looks up.

GUY (CONT'D)
What's that?

ROSEMARY
What's what?

Guy sits up, his face filling with real concern.

GUY
That. Listen. - Hear it?

Rosemary hears nothing, truly concerned.

GUY (CONT'D)
(tense beat)
It's the sound of the Trench
sisters munching down on their
dinner.

Rosemary laughs as Guy lowers her back down on the bed.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Guy enters the kitchen, back in his professorial tweed, carrying a briefcase and searching around for something as Rosemary hangs a wall-calendar and circles dates in red ink.

GUY

Have you seen my Mont Blanc?

ROSEMARY

In your briefcase.

GUY

I've looked there.

ROSEMARY

The side pocket.

Guy fishes through the pocket and pulls out the fine fountain pen.

GUY

Right as usual, Ro. I hope I can grab a cab this time of morning.

Rosemary hands him a small lunch pail.

GUY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

ROSEMARY

Your lunch.

GUY

I thought I'd grab a crepe, maybe some pommes frites.

ROSEMARY

Our rent stays the same but our bills are going to go up. You want that fireplace christened? I checked and the flew's stuck.

(drops change in his hand)

So it's a packed lunch and the metro for you.

GUY

Shouldn't our new landlord take care of the fireplace?

ROSEMARY

With the low rent we're paying, I wouldn't dare ask.

Rosemary kisses Guy as he heads to the front door and opens it to reveal...

TWO LARGE BLACK DELIVERY BOXES sitting just out in the hall.

GUY
(back to Rosemary)
I think the welcome wagon has been
by.

Rosemary comes up behind him to see not only the boxes, but also an ENVELOPE attached to the one bearing her name.

GUY (CONT'D)
I'm guessing they're not baked
goods.

Rosemary opens the envelope.

ROSEMARY
(reads aloud)
The honor of your presence is
requested in the Penthouse this
Friday evening to celebrate your
arrival at Le Tourquay.

Guy brings the two boxes into the apartment and closes the door.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
As you see, dress is formal.

Guy opens the box bearing his name to pull out a TUXEDO, SHOES, CUFF-LINKS. He puts the jacket to his person.

GUY
It's my size.

Rosemary opens her box to pull out a dazzling HAUTE COUTURE dress that also matches her person.

ROSEMARY
Mine as well.

GUY
This is really great, in a really
creepy kind of way. I don't know
whether to holler with joy or run
like hell.

ROSEMARY
In these...

Rosemary lifts a GORGEOUS PAIR OF HIGH-HEELS to her eyes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
...I'm not running anywhere.

EXT. BOULEVARD - MORNING

Guy comes out of the building carrying his lunch and heads past cafes and shops for the metro station on the corner.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary, still holding the gorgeous shoes, watches above as her husband makes his way down the sidewalk towards the metro, but he hails a taxi instead.

ROSEMARY
Bad boy.

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - MORNING

Rosemary exits the elevator with her list of things to do, but stops off at the desk of the concierge.

ROSEMARY
Pardon moi? What is your name?

CONCIERGE
Paul.

ROSEMARY
Paul. Is there someone I can hire
who can get our fireplace working?

PAUL/CONCIERGE
I will look into it Madame.

ROSEMARY
Merci.

INT. METRO STATION - MORNING

Rosemary stands on the platform of the station where the walls are lined with sparkling tile and window displays advertising the haute couture and jewelry sold in the district. She turns from the pricey objects and looks across the tracks to see...

A MAN STARING STRAIGHT AT HER. In his late thirties, lean, incredibly handsome, he offers Rosemary a friendly smile.

ROSEMARY is taken aback for a second, but then smiles back as the train rushes down the tracks between them.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Rosemary gets on the train, takes a seat and looks back to where the handsome, smiling man had stood...but he's gone.

INT. SORBONNE - MORNING

Guy walks down the historic halls of the Sorbonne, breathing in its rarified atmosphere. Guy consults a piece of paper and finally locates his classroom.

INT. GUY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

Guy opens the door to find a small room where a circle of chairs has been gathered filled with ten students. At most.

GUY
(crestfallen)
Est-ce le seminaire Rabelais?

STUDENTS
Oui.

EXT. JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG - DAY

The lovely and lush overgrown garden on the Left Bank. Guy sits on a bench at a line of chess tables, pieces set out for the public, and plays against himself, eating fries from a paper cone, the unopened déjeuner-seau next to him. He looks up to see Hutch sit down across the table from him.

GUY
You said it would be a seminar.

HUTCH
I said a colloquium.

GUY
I'm teaching nine students.

HUTCH
At the Sorbonne. A year here and you can return to New York and have your pick of teaching positions.

GUY
It's a whole year.

HUTCH

It's a stepping stone. There are no short cuts to tenure. I told you that as a grad student at NYU.

GUY

The long way is taking too long.

HUTCH

Patience my boy. Remember your Dumas. "All human wisdom is summed up in three words - wait and hope."

And Guy looks down at the chess board and makes another move against himself.

INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - DAY

Rosemary returns to her apartment to find the door unlocked.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary cautiously lets herself in and looks around.

ROSEMARY

Guy? Are you home?

Rosemary turns a corner into the living room and suddenly...

A WILDLY STRANGE SOOT-COVERED MAN stands before her.

ROSEMARY STARTS WITH THE SUDDEN SIGHT OF HIM. But soon enough Manon comes up behind the man.

MANON

I'm sorry if Emile startled you.

ROSEMARY

Yes. He did.

EMILE

Je suis desole.

MANON

There is no better hand with a hammer or a fireplace flew than Emile. He has been the building's caretaker since he was a boy.

ROSEMARY

Thank you, Emile.

Emile bows and Rosemary notices his CAULIFLOWER EARS before the man makes a quick exit carrying his toolbox.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to Manon)

Thank you so much for the extraordinary invitation. But the clothes are too much. Guy and I can't possibly accept.

MANON

Of course you can. It's our pleasure.

ROSEMARY

How did you know our sizes?

MANON

(smiles)

I am delighted that you and Guy will be joining us on Friday.

Manon gives Rosemary a kiss on each cheek, the second one lingering slightly longer than the first.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary serves Guy instant dinners and a cheap bottle of red wine.

GUY

What happened to channelling fellow
ex-pat Julia Child?

ROSEMARY

I turned on the gas, the
electricity, found our local market
and worked out.

GUY

For God's sake, do we have to go?

ROSEMARY

It's being thrown in our honor.

GUY

Listen, we shouldn't be wasting our
time getting to know rich elitists
we have nothing in common with.

ROSEMARY

You don't know that.

GUY

We never should have left the Latin
Quarter. We should be spending
time at the school trying to make
contacts.

ROSEMARY

Well, we're here. And I expect you
to make the best of it and be
polite at the party.

GUY

You mean "soiree."

ROSEMARY

How was riding the metro this
morning?

GUY

You dropped us into this luxury
apartment across the river from my
work and I'm supposed to be riding
the train?

ROSEMARY

To budget.

GUY

Then we should have stayed on the Left Bank. Being surrounded by the rich can make their habits seem normal, you know? Cheap rent or not, we can't afford to live in this area.

ROSEMARY

(sipping her wine)

Maybe we could afford it if I hadn't been supporting both of us.

Guy's genuinely taken aback by her remark.

GUY

I'm so sorry I haven't lived up to your expectations of the perfect husband.

Rosemary sets down her fork, eyes filling with that last remark.

GUY (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Say it.

ROSEMARY

Say what?

GUY

Your novel's unpublished.

ROSEMARY

I didn't mean it that way.

Rosemary puts her hand on his.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All I meant was that if I'd had the chance to pursue design the way you've been able to write, if I hadn't spent so many hours and years staring at spreadsheets and kissing...corporate ass, I might not have had the career I wanted...and a family.

Guy takes her face in his hands and kisses her.

EXT. LE TOURQUAY - LATE DAY

The sun has begun its descent over the Eighth District.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

Rosemary stands in the low-cut dress she unwrapped from the box.

ROSEMARY
So what do you think?

GUY stands in the doorway, dressed in his tuxedo.

GUY
It's...really sexy.

ROSEMARY
Say it in French.

GUY
Tres, tres...sexy.

ROSEMARY
Doesn't help. Let's go.

INT. PULL-DOOR ELEVATOR - LATE DAY

Rosemary and Guy get on the elevator where the uniformed operator greets them with a nod.

ROSEMARY
Good evening. We're going...

But the operator presses the button for the Penthouse before she can finish. The elevator rises...smooth and quiet.

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - LATE DAY

Rosemary and Guy step off the elevator and find themselves, not in an outside hallway like their own, but a small wood-panelled chamber where, behind glass cases lining both walls, vases of from all cultures and foreign countries fill the shelves in stunning symmetrical rank and file.

At the chamber's end there is no sign of an entrance way. Guy turns back to the elevator operator.

GUY
Is there a doorbell? Sonnette?

But the operator just pulls the bar closed and descends.
Rosemary stand there as Guy examines the vases.

GUY (CONT'D)

Why settle for a welcome mat when a
room full of priceless porcelain
says come on in and put your feet
up like nothing else?

ROSEMARY

You promised to behave. So what do
we do now?

GUY

(still eyeing the vases)
Start studying caper movies.

ROSEMARY

Guy, please.

GUY

Alright. This one looks Ming
Dynasty. Has to be priceless.

MANON (O.S.)

(over a speaker)

Qing, actually. And it has a price
Mr. Woodhouse.

Rosemary looks up to a tiny speaker accompanied by an even
tinier security camera as the wood-panelling at the end of
the chamber opens to reveal Manon standing there in a
stunning evening gown.

MANON (CONT'D)

It belonged to King Louis the
Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette and
it cost them their lives.

(a beat)

Everything has its price.

Manon looks to the ancient vase.

MANON (CONT'D)

But you are right to admire this
vase. It is Roman's favorite.

(holding out her hand)

Manon Castavet.

GUY

(taking it)
Guy Woodhouse.

MANON
 (takes in Rosemary's
 dress)
 Enchante. Welcome. Come meet our
 friends.

Manon leads Rosemary and Guy out of the chamber and...

INT. CASTAVETS' PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATE DAY

...Into a magnificent and massive apartment filling the
 entire square footage of the building. Waiters carrying
 trays with champagne flutes negotiate an elegant gathering of
 guests.

MANON
 Follow me ma chere.

Manon takes Rosemary's arm and leads her into the place where
 the walls are filled with the old and the new, old masters
 and modern art, couch upon couch, fireplace after fireplace.

MANON (CONT'D)
 (sotto to Rosemary)
 Magnifique.

ROSEMARY
 (sotto back)
 Thank you.

MANON
 Now allow me to present you.

Manon leads Rosemary into the crowd with Guy close behind.
 The guests all emanate style, beauty, money, power, and most
 importantly, the ease with which is it displayed. Rosemary's
 eyes soak in the scene as though she had just opened a glossy
 magazine to the spread of one of those glorious parties that
 one is never invited to and yet, somehow here she is.

Manon leads Rosemary and Guy to a distinguished gentleman in
 his forties and an impossibly chic-looking woman.

MANON (CONT'D)
 Monsieur and Madame Fountain, allow
 me to introduce Rosemary and Guy
 Woodhouse. They have taken
 possession of the apartment just
 below ours.

MONSIEUR FOUNTAIN
 Enchante. Welcome to Le Tourquay.

MADAME FOUNTAIN

We live four floors down on the building's sunrise side.

GUY

How do you do.

ROSEMARY

Pleased to meet you.

MANON

Monsieur Fountain is a member of the Cabinet and Madame Fountain is an interior designer with the House of Beauchamps just up the boulevard. Needless to say she holds the more influential post.

MONSIEUR FOUNTAIN

(smiles)

Because in Paris politics govern, but fashion rules.

MANON

Diplomatically stated. Guy is a professor at the Sorbonne and Rosemary is a principal buyer for Saks Fifth Avenue in Manahattan.

MADAME FOUNTAIN

You will come and see me at Beauchamps, will you not Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

It would be a privilege Madame Fountain.

MADAME FOUNTAIN

Laura-Louise. I insist.

ROSEMARY

Laura-Louise.

Manon leads Rosemary and Guy further into the crowd.

MANON

Come.

They pass an antique BAPTISMAL FONT placed in the room's center, seemingly taken from some old church.

ROSEMARY

What a beautiful baptismal font. It makes for an usual centerpiece.

MANON

Myself, I don't care for Christian decor. Rosemary Woodhouse, Mr. Wees.

A dapper, prim, spectacled, yet youngish man rises up from a couch.

WEES

(British accent)

Rupert, please. Welcome to Le Touquay.

ROSEMARY

Do you live here as well?

WEES

We all live here.

GUY

Everyone here?

MANON

We are fortunate in our building to have many friends. Mr. Wees works here as well. He owns the booksellers at the building's front.

WEES

Yes. I ply my craft as a merchant of rare editions.

Manon leads Rosemary and Guy onto the next guest, a wildly fashionable woman, as the introductions cinematically become quicker...

MANON

Victoria Plasir, the chief editor of Belle magazine.

...And now of different ages, countries and cultures.

MANON (CONT'D)

Xavier Exharos. Exharos shipping.

...But all emanating ageless and remarkable good looks.

MANON (CONT'D)

Yoshiror Kawashiri. Akia Technogolies.

And finally...

MANON (CONT'D)
Dr. Shand and Madame Shand.

The Doctor and his wife, already familiar to Rosemary's and Guy's eyes look up at the new tenants...and smile brightly.

DR. SHAND
It is an honor to have you in our building Rosemary.

MADAME SHAND
Indeed. A great honor.

ROSEMARY
Is it?

GUY
Why?

ROMAN (O.S.)
Because you are the giver of life.

Rosemary turns around to see the owner of the voice...

ROMAN CASTAVET, mid-fifties, lean, graceful and clad in Prada, he is the man who had stepped out of the limousine. Rosemary looks into his piercing eyes which suddenly turn incredibly warm as he holds in his upward palm, a small white box with a black satin bow.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You captured life out on the boulevard.

Guy looks to Rosemary who stands astonished and confused as Roman approaches her with the box, as all watch.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You cradled life in your arms.

Rosemary's face suddenly lights up with a realization as Guy still looks to her with confusion.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You carried life into this building.

A smile spreads across Rosemary's lips.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Even though it cruelly wounded you as you cared for it.

Roman arrives at Rosemary and lifts the box up to her.

Rosemary undoes the black bow and as Guy watches in wonder she lifts off the box's lid to reveal the BLACK KITTEN.

Rosemary picks up the black kitten which coos in her arms.

ROSEMARY
(to Guy)
My first friend at the Tourquay.

ROMAN
And now one of many.

DR. SHAND
Thank you for saving him.

ROSEMARY
He is your kitten?

MADAME SHAND
No. He is yours.

DR. SHAND
But keep a close watch that he
doesn't escape again.

MADAME SHAND
His claws have been taken and he
wouldn't survive a day outside.

Rosemary holds the kitten close to her.

ROSEMARY
Merci. I will cherish him.

ROMAN
I am Roman Castavet.

Roman raises a champagne glass.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
To Rosemary and Guy Woodhouse.
Welcome to Le Tourquay.

All raise their glasses.

GUESTS
Welcome to Le Tourquay!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. TOURQUAY - NIGHT

A sky pocked with stars hovers over Le Tourquay.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT TERRACE - NIGHT

The party has now moved outside to the terrace where the guests have dispersed into smaller, more intimate groupings. Rosemary, carrying a champagne glass, approaches Manon who shuffles a deck of cards at a table.

ROSEMARY

The ladies' room?

MANON

The salle de bain is down the rear hallway, third Renoir on the right.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosemary walks down a hallway in the rear of the apartment, past paintings, Van Gogh, Picasso, Renoir, all real. She takes a last healthy swallow of champagne and starts looking for a bathroom as she opens one door, and then another to suddenly hear...softly getting louder...moans of ecstasy.

ROSEMARY opens this door wider to see...

THREE NAKED BODIES ON A BED, ENTWINED AND SIXTY-NINED...

BACK TO ROSEMARY who flushes with embarrassment and looks away hurriedly moving to shut the door when...

She stops, doesn't shut the door, but turns back and soaks in the landscape of skin.

EXT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT TERRACE - NIGHT

Carrying her empty champagne glass, ROSEMARY returns, listening to bits of soft conversation and laughter as she slowly makes her way over to where GUY is in conversation with ROMAN. MANON sits close by casually shuffling a large deck of cards.

ROMAN

Rosemary, Come join us. I have just discovered that your husband and I share a great regard for chess, the only civilized pursuit for a man of reason.

MANON

Ah, chess! The ruling passion! Do you play as well, Rosemary?

Rosemary, her cheeks flushed from the scene she'd just witnessed, sits down.

ROSEMARY

Not at all. But I admire the beauty of the game.

Guy notices Rosemary's red cheeks, softly touches one.

GUY

(sotto)
You okay?

ROSEMARY

Fine.

ROMAN

My lovely wife prefers cards. She does not see that chess is the only game that demands everything of its players: courage, psychology, intrepid skill, battle tactics- it's war without weapons...

MANON

(laughing gently)
But I do see a guest without a drink.
(motions to waiter)
Please bring a bottle.

Roman takes the champagne bottle from the waiter and begins to open it himself.

ROMAN

And so, Rosemary, how do you find Paris?

ROSEMARY

On a night like this, with the lights and the stars...

GUY

...And the champagne...

ROSEMARY

(smiling)

I feel that there is nowhere else
in the world so perfect.

ROMAN

Ah, you feel Paris? It is a
glorious feeling.

GUY

(laughing)

She feels champagne.

ROMAN

And why not that as well? Let me
tell you the true story of
champagne. In the seventeenth
century, there lived a simple
Benedictine Monk whose task it was
to keep a close eye on the
Monastery's wine bottles during the
summer months, lest they should
overheat, prematurely ferment and
explode.

Roman continues to slowly unwrap the foil and expose the
cork.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

One day he was lapse in his duties,
and discovered that the vintage in
his care was about to do just that.
Explode. All the wine lost.
Catastrophe. But then he became
curious, and very carefully he
opened just one bottle to test, to
see if in fact, it was truly
spoil. Uncorked, the wine bubbled
and foamed and he took one good
swig... and it was a revelation. He
exclaimed to his brothers...

The cork comes undone and the champagne gushes forth.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

"Come quickly, I am drinking the
stars!"

Roman fills Rosemary's glass, and she drinks.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Was he right?

ROSEMARY

Most definitely.

ROMAN

And the Monk?

Rosemary looks to the bottle's label.

ROSEMARY

Dom Perignon.

ROMAN

The very man.

Manon shuffles her cards.

MANON

(indulgently)

Not a bit of truth in that story.
It is mere propaganda told by the
Catholic church because its charm
suited their purposes.

ROMAN

Careful where you tread Manon.
Rosemary and Guy likely have their
beliefs.

GUY

Don't worry on my account. I'll
bow my head at a wedding or a
funeral, but that's about it.

MANON

And Rosemary has turned her back on
her childhood faith, isn't that
right?

ROSEMARY

(suddenly uneasy)

Yes. Well, I don't practice
anymore.

MANON

You see Roman. We can say openly
that champagne was invented by a
scientist and the Dom Perignon
story is just that, a story.

Roman pours champagne for Manon.

ROMAN

Nevertheless, I believe it. After all, "what can be imagined is instantly rendered real by the very act of it being imagined."

Roman pours champagne for Guy whose face suddenly rises with Roman's words.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

But here I am, pick-pocketing a man's words and presenting them to him as if they were my own.

(straight to Guy)

You are Guy Woodhouse, the author?

GUY

Yes. I don't know that I'm an author.

ROSEMARY

He's written a book. It's brilliant.

GUY

And unpublished.

ROMAN

As sadly many a brilliant book remains. But you also wrote an article on Beaudelaire for the Antioch Review last year.

GUY

You read that?

ROMAN

I never believed that anyone, let alone an American if you don't mind my saying, could pour France's eternal Poet Laureate back into my ears as if he were a new voice.

GUY

So you liked it?

Roman laughs despite himself and pours Guy more champagne.

ROMAN

Yes. I liked it. Very much. Though I would like to discuss one or two points on which I respectfully disagree.

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you and I retire to the chess board and draw up our lines of battle?

GUY

(to Rosemary)

Is it okay with you?

ROSEMARY

(hesitates momentarily)

It's getting kind of late, Guy.
Well, OK. Yes, of course.

ROMAN

(as he and Guy rise to leave)

Just the one game, I promise.

(to Guy)

An understanding wife- her price is above rubies.

ROSEMARY

(relaxes)

Ha! I'm certainly not above rubies.
Go and have your game.

Roman leads Guy inside as Rosemary watches the older man sit her husband down at a large chessboard with finely sculpted ivory pieces. The two men begin to talk.

INT. TERRACE GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

A high ripe moon hangs in the sky and throws its light into the windows of a greenhouse on the terrace as Manon and Rosemary walk through the rows of carefully tended herbs.

ROSEMARY

What is this one's name?

MANON

That is Caraway. The ancients believed it could attract a lover.
But you are not in need of that.

Rosemary looks through the greenhouse's windows facing the penthouse apartment to see Roman and Guy still talking, only several pieces having been moved out onto the board.

Guy instinctively looks up to catch Rosemary watching them. He gives her a smile and a small wave and then moves a piece. Roman nods to Rosemary as well before the two men resume talking.

MANON (CONT'D)

And this is mint, such a soothing
scent.

The black kitten walks down the planter's edge as Rosemary
pets it and looks back to the plants, pretending to be more
interested in the plants than the talk between Roman and Guy.

ROSEMARY

And what's this one?

Manon laughs.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I've said something funny?

MANON

This herb is your namesake.

Rosemary leans down to smell the herb.

ROSEMARY

Of course. How stupid of me.

Rosemary looks back to Roman and Guy, the board unchanged.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT/ENTRANCE CHAMBER - LATE NIGHT

Rosemary and Guy are the last to leave as they stand in the
open doorway leading to the vase-filled chamber, Rosemary
cradling the kitten.

ROSEMARY

I think we overstayed our welcome.

MANON

Not at all. At the end of every
soiree the men become little boys
and must have their tree-house time
alone to talk.

GUY

I enjoyed our discussion, Roman.

ROMAN

As did I.

GUY

And the game.

ROSEMARY

Who won?

ROMAN

It's just begun. Your husband is more formidable a player than I anticipated. Shall we continue it tomorrow evening?

GUY

I'd like that.

They shake hands as Manon kisses Rosemary on both cheeks.

ROSEMARY

Thank you for having us.

MANON

Good night.

Rosemary and Guy leave.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATE NIGHT

The elevator descends, no operator on board. Both tipsy from champagne, Guy kisses the nape of her neck.

ROSEMARY

You won't believe what I saw in a room down their back hall?

GUY

A lost wing of the Louvre.

ROSEMARY

Three people having sex, maybe four. It was hard to tell.

GUY

How long did you take counting?

ROSEMARY

Stop it.

INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Guy and Rosemary get off the elevator and make their way towards their door as the elevator closes behind them.

ROSEMARY

What did you and Roman talk about all that time?

GUY
Nothing in particular, just books
and politics and philosophy.

INT. APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Rosemary and Guy enter the dark apartment and head down the hallway and...

Into the living room. Guy moves to THE FIREPLACE.

GUY
Should I light a fire?

Rosemary and Guy look to each other and smile.

ROSEMARY
Let's pray.

Guy kneels down, arranges the kindling and strikes a match. He turns back to Rosemary. She smiles at him and drops her gown and stands in her lingerie. With the floor to ceiling window behind her, she seductively removes her bra and panties, standing before Guy, naked in the moonlight.

Rosemary stands in the very window from which we'd seen the young woman jump. Guy comes up behind her, caressing her breasts as Rosemary looks across the lights of Paris below.

Guy quickly undresses and enters her from behind as Rosemary gasps. He begins to rhythmically ride her from behind.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(moaning)
Guy...Guy...

She leans forward and grips the open window sill.

EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES - MORNING

Rosemary walks down the rainy boulevard soaking in her new glorious neighborhood when she spies the CLERK from Lanvin approaching the other way.

ROSEMARY
Bonjour.

CLERK
Bonjour, Madame.

The Clerk stops her, friendly faced.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You are not wearing your beautiful scarf?

ROSEMARY

No, it was a gift for a friend.
But it was a great success.

CLERK

I'm not surprised, you have excellent taste.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. So nice to see you.

CLERK

Au revoir Madame. I hope I will see you again.

The Clerk continues on his way.

EXT. BOULEVARD HAUSSMAN - DAY

The clerk makes his way down the sidewalk of the Boulevard Haussman where a...

CONSTRUCTION CRANE on top of one of the Second Empire buildings lining the boulevard where a work-crew has just begun some renovations on the roof.

The clerk walks further down the boulevard and then stops at the window-front of a clothing store to admire the display in the window.

ATOP THE BUILDING ACROSS THE BOULEVARD...

The construction crane moves a long wood plank across the high top of the building, the board hanging by a taut wire-cable carried through the air and slightly over the boulevard when suddenly...

THE CABLE SNAPS AND THE WIRE SWINGS THE WOOD PLANK...

SMACKING THE WOOD PLANK AGAINST THE BUILDING WITH...

THE SOUND OF A GUN-SHOT THAT MAKES...

THE CLERK in front of the store-front window turn around with the sound to see...

THE BOARD flying down across the boulevard like a boomerang...

STRAIGHT FOR HIM AND...

SLICING HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF - BLOOD SPRAYING EVERYWHERE IN A
WILD CRIMSON GUSH.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary hands Guy his lunch.

ROSEMARY
Tuna on a fresh baguette.

GUY
Thanks.

Guy looks at Rosemary for an extended moment.

GUY (CONT'D)
I love you, you know that?

ROSEMARY
We've been married for ten years so
I'm beginning to suspect it.

Rosemary kisses him.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Last night was wonderful.

GUY
It snuck into the top ten. Maybe
tonight we'll go for the gold.

ROSEMARY
You're playing chess with Roman,
remember?

GUY
(a beat)
I don't know if I'm the mood
We'll see.

EXT. BOULEVARD - MORNING

Guy walks down the boulevard towards the metro station as...

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Rosemary watches him head down the sidewalk as a taxi
approaches Guy, but he doesn't flag it, and heads down into
the station.

ROSEMARY
Good boy.

INT. METRO STATION - MORNING

Guy stands in front of the window displays of clothing and jewelry the boulevard has to offer. Like Rosemary, Guy looks to the finery behind the unbreakable glass, all the things he can't afford to buy. Then he turns his eyes to the platform across the tracks. There stands...

ROMAN, wearing a tailor made business suit, looking across with a knowing and open face. He nods to Guy who's thrown by the sudden sight of him. Guy's uncomfortable, but can't help but nod back and then look down the tracks in hope of an approaching train.

There is none. Guy looks back to the opposite platform.

ROMAN IS GONE.

INT. SORBONNE UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Guy walks down the University hallway past the portraits of past masters and sees Hutch approaching him wearing the cashmere birthday scarf.

HUTCH

Guy, Well met, old friend. How is the world treating you?

GUY

I'm good Hutch. Sorry about the other day. All that brooding is a relic of the past.

HUTCH

Glad to hear it, especially since I bring good tidings. I'm putting you up for a vacancy teaching the Romantics.

GUY

Which ones?

HUTCH

All of them, to two hundred students, with a raise.

GUY

Thanks, Hutch.

HUTCH

Don't thank me yet. You have my support, and I'll do all I can.

GUY
Who's my competition?

HUTCH
A professor Dornier.

GUY
Never heard of him.

HUTCH
(rolling his R's)
Brush up on your Rimbaud.

EXT. LEFT BANK/SEINE - DAY

Guy enters "Shakespeare and Co.", Sylvia Beach's legendary bookstore along the Left Bank facing the River Seine.

INT. SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY - DAY

Guy moves down a packed row of books on Literature and Poetry and finds a small section devoted to the French Romantics; Verlaine, Rimbaud...and then he spies one bearing the name...

DORNIER. Guy takes it off the shelf and opens the back sleeve to reveal...

AN IN-SLEEVE PHOTOGRAPH OF PROFESSOR FRANCOIS DORNIER...AND A LONG LIST OF PUBLISHED WORKS.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

Rosemary stokes the fire with a poker, then rubs her temples. She looks to the kitten who gazes back at her, golden-eyed.

ROSEMARY
Beaudelaire. Two aspirin an hour
ago and I still have this headache.
What do you suggest?
(cat still stares)
Maybe you're right.

Rosemary returns to a pad where she's sketched out the beginnings of several dress designs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary wears a robe and draws a bath. The doorbell rings.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosemary comes up to the door and looks through the peep-hole to see Manon standing outside, dressed in club-chic. Rosemary opens the door.

MANON

The robe is a bold fashion choice,
but not where we're going.

ROSEMARY

Thanks, but I'm in for the night.
I'm expecting Guy shortly

Rosemary heads back into the apartment to the couch as Manon follows her.

MANON

Nonsense. He's with Roman.

ROSEMARY

(remembering)
Right.

Rosemary sits on the couch, resting her head on its back.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I have a headache that could only
be cured with a guillotine.

Manon crouches before her.

MANON

You are coming with me.

ROSEMARY

Impossible.

MANON

Close your eyes.

ROSEMARY

(closing them)
I can't go anywhere.

Manon takes Rosemary's ear-lobes between her fingers and begins to gently massage them.

MANON

You are coming with me.

Manon keeps massaging her lobes.

ROSEMARY
Sorry. But...

But then slowly Rosemary opens her eyes, the pain subsiding.

EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

A higher and riper moon hangs over the Tourquay whose light streams through the greenhouse windows and bleeds into the massive apartment where Roman and Guy sit across from each other at the chessboard and talk.

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

A limousine negotiates its way off the boulevards and down ever smaller and winding streets.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Manon and Rosemary, now dressed for the night, ride in back.

ROSEMARY
Where are we going?

MANON
To Le Seine.

ROSEMARY
The river?

MANON
You will see.

Rosemary looks out the window as the city passes by, the buildings becoming darker and more abandoned looking. Finally the Limousine pulls up to a lonely river dock.

EXT. SEINE RIVER DOCK - NIGHT

The driver opens the car door and Manon and Rosemary step out into the darkness. The dock is empty except for an abandoned barge moored in the river. Manon tells the driver he can go. He gets into the limousine and drives off as Rosemary looks to Manon, both alone in the strange place.

ROSEMARY
Where are we?

MANON

(a beat)

Welcome to the Underworld.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. SEINE RIVER DOCK/ABANDONED BARGE - NIGHT

Manon leads Rosemary across the dock and down a gangway leading to the barge's dark deck. Onwards they walk down the side of the ship and its precarious railing where the black waters of the Seine lap the dock below.

Unnerved Rosemary lets Manon grip her hand and lead her on...

INT. BARGE PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

...Into a passageway where strobe lights can be seen flickering at its far end and the beginnings of pulsing music can be heard echoing down the metal walls. Finally...

INT. BARGE "PILOT HOUSE" - NIGHT

Manon leads Rosemary into the barge's converted pilot house where security guards stand watch over an entrance. Manon is instantly recognized by them both as she and Rosemary are allowed admittance into...

INT. "THE UNDERWORLD" - NIGHT

THE UNDERWORLD, an Industrial nightclub, a swirling scene pulsing with erotic abandon as couples dance, kiss and caress in corners, carnal pleasure amidst the shadows.

ROSEMARY

I don't know about this.

MANON

There is nothing to know. I will get us drinks.

Manon leaves Rosemary standing there as she's left to watch two women in a nearby corner, beautiful enough to be runway models, one trailing her lips down the woman's torso and below.

Rosemary looks away, hoping for some shadowed place to hide or disappear, but then she catches the sight of someone...

A MAN, BLONDE AND BLUE-EYED, as desirable as any man ROSEMARY has ever seen... It's the MAN FROM THE METRO. Surprised at the recognition, she lets the sight of him flood her eyes. He looks over and meets her eyes straight on, and gently smiles.

He regards her with an intensity and frank admiration that has an immediate physical effect on Rosemary. Unable to break from his gaze Rosemary feels her body grow warm, her face flushes slightly...Abruptly Rosemary looks away as Manon approaches with the drinks.

Rosemary looks back to the man, but he is gone.

MANON (CONT'D)
(amused and smiling)
Il est tres souhaitable, non? You
work fast, ma chere. Do you want to
pursue him?

ROSEMARY
Who?

Manon hands her a drink.

MANON
(laughs)
Who indeed? Roman and I are
faithful to the agreement that we
do what we like. I come here often
to practice that faith with
abandon.

Rosemary drinks, uncomfortable.

MANON (CONT'D)
I can find him for you if you like.
I know this vessel well, and its
pirate laws.

ROSEMARY
No, really. I'm not interested.
That's not Guy and me.

MANON
How can you say what is not you? We
are each of us many different
pieces. You feel a bit in over your
head. I think it is rare for you to
come face to face with your raw
desires, and even rarer for you to
yield to temptation... which is, of
course, temptation's only cure.

ROSEMARY
I need some air.

EXT. BARGE/THE UNDERWORLD DECK - NIGHT

Manon and Rosemary stand on a platform on the barge's other side where a kaleidoscope of colored lanterns surrounds them.

MANON

Parle moi. Talk to me. If you don't want that man, what do you want?

ROSEMARY

I didn't say I didn't want him.

MANON

To want is to take. If you don't take, then you don't truly want. What do you want from Paris?

Rosemary looks across the water where the city's lights and lamps guard the river's far side.

ROSEMARY

I think that I have come to Paris to find my fire.

MANON

That implies that you and Guy have lost it.

ROSEMARY

I didn't say me and Guy.

Manon just looks to her with a knowing face. Rosemary looks back to the city's lights.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

When Guy and I met in New York ten years ago he was going to be William Faulkner and I was going to be Coco Chanel. That was our fire.

Manon smiles at the daydream.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Then one day we both realized the same thing without even saying it.

(a beat)

Those people were already taken.

MANON

And you were still Rosemary and Guy Woodhouse.

ROSEMARY

Fabric buyer and unpublished author. And then making a baby became everything that would make us forget that fact.

MANON

And here you are in Paris.

ROSEMARY

Looking for my fire.

Manon takes her hand.

MANON

Then we will find it. Yes?

Rosemary grips her hand back.

ROSEMARY

Yes.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary lays in bed sleeping, but then wakes to see Guy sitting in the far, dark corner of the room, staring at her, holding an ordinary pen, clicking it once.

ROSEMARY

Guy? I didn't know you were back.

GUY

I didn't want to wake you.

ROSEMARY

How was your game with Roman?

GUY

It was fine.

ROSEMARY

What's wrong?

GUY

Nothing.

Rosemary sits up.

ROSEMARY

What is it, Guy?

GUY

Hutch is putting me up for a promotion at the University.

ROSEMARY

That's great.

GUY

I won't get it. Francois Dornier will.

ROSEMARY

Who's he?

GUY

A man who has what I don't. A shelf full of published books.

ROSEMARY

Come to bed.

GUY

I'm going to stay up. Go to sleep.

Rosemary lays back down, closes her eyes, but then opens them to see Guy still staring at her. She turns over.

INT. WOODHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary sits at the kitchen table, drinks coffee and reads the newspaper.

ROSEMARY

Oh my God.

Guy comes in carrying his briefcase.

GUY

What's wrong?

Rosemary holds up the paper carrying the story of the unfortunate clerk.

ROSEMARY

I knew him. Well, kind of. He sold me Hutch's scarf.

GUY

Oh, sorry. Pretty awful way to go.

ROSEMARY

How could something like that happen here?

GUY

Bad things happen everywhere.

Rosemary keeps reading and then looks up to see Guy staring at her.

ROSMARY

What is it?

GUY

I remember the first time I saw you.

ROSEMARY

At the White Horse Tavern in the West Village.

GUY

You were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

ROSEMARY

You said my face was the living reason ancient cities were built and burnt. With a line like that I should have known I was in trouble.

GUY

I'm going to take care of you for the rest of your life.

ROSEMARY

And I'm going to take care of you. That was the general marriage idea.

Guy takes another look at her, and kisses her.

GUY

I've got to get to the University. I need some extra time to go over my notes for today's lecture.

Guy leaves and the outer door shuts.

Rosemary pours herself another cup of coffee and returns to her list. As she sits down again she notices that Guy has left his briefcase- and therefore his lecture notes, on the table. She hurriedly picks it up, grabs her jacket and keys and heads out the door after him.

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - MORNING

Rosemary comes out of the elevator and hurries across the lobby past Paul and...

EXT. BOULEVARD - MORNING

...Out onto the boulevard. But there's no sign of Guy.

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - MORNING

Rosemary heads back into the lobby and approaches the Paul.

ROSEMARY

Paul. My husband just came this way.

PAUL

I have not seen Monsieur Woodhouse this morning.

ROSEMARY

Are you sure?

PAUL

Quite sure, Madame.

EXT. SORBONNE/METRO STATION - MORNING

Rosemary comes up from the Sorbonne metro station and makes her way across the campus carrying Guy's briefcase.

INT. SORBONNE HALLWAY - MORNING

Rosemary heads down the hallway past the portraits of past masters and stops a young teacher.

ROSEMARY

Professor Woodhouse?

TEACHER

End of the hall on the left.

Rosemary heads farther down the hall to the familiar door to Guy's tiny classroom, but looking through the window...

ANOTHER PROFESSOR is teaching the students.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hutch sits with his feet up on his desk, eyes closed, in the room choked with books, literary posters and a rack where the cashmere scarf hangs. Rosemary pops her head into the door.

ROSEMARY

The working life of Edward
Hutchins.

HUTCH

(eyes still closed)
I have given up drinking and taken
up meditation.

ROSEMARY

And how do you like it?

HUTCH

(opens his eyes)
I'll tell you over a glass of good
Chablis.

ROSEMARY

At eleven? Guy's not in his
classroom.

HUTCH

Surely you know. He called in
sick.

ROSEMARY

No. I didn't know.

HUTCH

Playing hookey. I'll have to scold
our boy.

ROSEMARY

Please don't. He must have a good
reason.

HUTCH

I'll keep it to myself, but
skipping lectures at September
start is not the way to win
promotions.

INT. SORBONNE METRO STATION - DAY

Underneath a metro window display of the Sorbonne's history, Rosemary sits on a bench with Guy's briefcase, troubled. Rosemary dials her cell phone, waits for the other line.

ROSEMARY
Guy. Where are you?

A train rushes onto the tracks and Rosemary boards.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Rosemary enters the packed car and looks for a seat. No luck. Then she feels a small tap on her arm and turns to see a man smiling at her and offering his seat.

The train speeds through the darkness of the underground and pulls into another stop, people jostling and jockeying for position as they disembark and board.

As the train pulls out again, Rosemary sees the station's metro sign....PLACARD. The sign troubles her as she addresses the passenger next to her.

ROSEMARY
Pardon, excuse me. Is this the
train to Boulevard Hausseman?

FRENCHMAN
Non.

He points the other way as if to say she's headed in the wrong direction.

ROSEMARY
Merci.

Rosemary rises and makes her way towards the door as the train pulls into another station and passengers disembark.

INT. STRANGE METRO STATION - DAY

Rosemary exits the train into a station where there are no window displays and clean tile, only a stream of passengers who make their way across a gritty platform. Rosemary eyes the opposite side of the tracks whose platform she needs to get to in order to head back.

EXT. PARIS/BELLEVILLE - DAY

Rosemary heads out of the unwanted metro station and finds herself in Paris' far-flung district of Belleville.

Open fish markets, chickens in windows, noisy crowded streets with honking cars and street cleaners. A swirl of life and noise in complete contrast to the Eighth District.

The place is a chaotic, pungent swirl of sights and smells; rugs hanging from windows, the smell of saffron and cumin in the air. Men smoke hookahs in store-fronts.

The place takes Rosemary aback, as opposite to the Eighth District as she could imagine. Rosemary crosses the street to the opposite metro entrance and finds...

IT'S CLOSED, GATED AND PADLOCKED.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

EXT. BELLEVILLE - DAY

Rosemary makes her way down a winding cobblestone street past the open markets, street-sellers. She dials her phone again and again gets a message center.

ROSEMARY
(into phone)
Guy. Where the hell are you? I'm
lost. I took the wrong train. I'm
walking on...

RUE DE CHAMBER reads a street sign.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Rue De Chamber.

Rosemary sees a taxi.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Taxi! Taxi!

But it drives by, not noticing her. Rosemary runs after it, takes a sharp turn around a corner and sees the cab up ahead at a light. Rosemary runs like hell and is almost to it when...

THE CAB TAKES OFF.

ROSEMARY stands there soaking in her surroundings as she finds herself standing in a far darker corner of the district. Prostitutes stand on street corners. Suddenly...

SOMEONE PULLS ON ROSEMARY'S DRESS. She looks down to see a grotesque gypsy woman of the streets, ravaged by drugs and a life of want, cradling a deformed baby. The woman pleads with her through dark teeth and lips for help, but Rosemary can only draw back and run away, further down the street.

TO ROSEMARY'S EYES the place turns into a swirling kaleidoscope of the dark corners of life long ago abandoned by the sun...

FROM DIM WINDOWS...IN DARK ALLEYS...

HYPODERMICS...HEROIN BALLOONS...

THE LOST AND HOMELESS...MEN CAT-CALLING TO HER...

PIMPS LEERING...

A PROSTITUTE GOING DOWN ON A MAN...

ROSEMARY stops dead in her tracks...

The man she sees is...

ROMAN.

ROSEMARY'S EYES meet his. She immediately turns away, but then looks back...

HE'S GONE.

EXT. BELLEVILLE - LATE DAY

Rosemary stands back at the locked metro gate, having somehow found her way back. Hutch's roadster suddenly pulls up.

HUTCH
For God's sake get in.

EXT. PARIS/PONT NOTRE DAME BRIDGE - LATE DAY

The Roadster across the bridge spanning the Seine.

INT. ROADSTER - LATE DAY

Hutch drives Rosemary past the Notre Dame Cathedral.

ROSEMARY
I haven't been able to reach Guy.

HUTCH
My truant.

ROSEMARY
I'm worried about him.

HUTCH
With good reason.

ROSEMARY
Don't be too hard on him.

HUTCH
(wanting to change the
subject)
Did you know there a suicide at the
Tourquay right before you moved in.

ROSEMARY

No more ghost stories, Hutch,
please.

HUTCH

I think here name was Gardenia.

Rosemary's eyes register the connection, but Hutch doesn't notice.

ROSEMARY

(lying)

I don't know anything about that.

Rosemary reaches into her purse, fumbles around and without Hutch seeing, pulls out the crumpled Mauve Note.

HUTCH

I guess there's good and bad in
every building.

Rosemary lowers her hand out of the passenger door and when Hutch turns down a side street, lets the note blow into the wind.

EXT. TOURQUAY - LATE DAY

Hutch pulls the roadster to the curb in front of the building where there stands Guy. Rosemary gets out of the car as Guy comes and hugs her.

GUY

I'm so sorry Ro.

ROSEMARY

I called you at least ten times.
Why wasn't your phone on?

GUY

Damn cell phone battery. It goes
haywire on me every other day now.
(looking to Hutch)
Thanks Hutch. I appreciate it.

HUTCH

Glad to see you're feeling better.

GUY

Yes. Thanks. I am.

HUTCH

Take care of her, old friend.

GUY

I will.

HUTCH

(a beat)

She was in Belleville. It could have been bad.

GUY

(darkening)

Thanks. I said I'll take care of her.

HUTCH

(pointed)

See you tomorrow at the University?

At this Guy stands, to our eyes, just a little cockier.

GUY

Don't worry about it, I'll be there.

HUTCH

Good.

Hutch puts the roadster in gear and drives off.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Guy squares off with Rosemary in the living room.

GUY

What the hell were you thinking?

ROSEMARY

I was thinking where the hell is my husband? You were supposed to be at the school. Where were you?

GUY

(a beat)

I was with a publisher.

ROSEMARY

Why didn't you tell me you were taking the day off from teaching to meet with a publisher?

GUY

Because at this point it's only a possibility.

ROSEMARY

So you hide it and lie about going into work? I'm your wife. Even if it's only a hope, you share it with me. And if you're disappointed you share that too.

Guy looks at her and nods.

GUY

I'm sorry.

Guy comes to her and takes her by the hands.

GUY (CONT'D)

Nothing can happen to you.

(a beat)

It would saw me in two.

ROSEMARY

Then keep your phone charged.

GUY

Right. I promise. Nothing can ever happen to you.

Guy hugs Rosemary and she hugs him back.

INT. METRO TRAIN - LATE DAY

Professor Dornier rides an above-ground train home after a day at the University, the sky behind him streaked with a sunset. He sorts through some papers and then looks up to see a SMALL GIRL next to her mother across the aisle making a face at him.

Dornier makes a funny face back at her as the girl laughs. She makes an even funnier face at him as the kind-hearted man indulges the in the ageless game between adult and child. Suddenly...

THE TRAIN GOES INTO A TUNNEL, THE CAR GOING BLACK.

Several moments pass as the man and girl and other passengers sit in the dark.

THE TRAIN RUSHES OUT OF THE TUNNEL and BACK INTO THE LIGHT as a voice over the train's speaker announces the approaching station.

CONDUCTOR

(over the speaker)

Saint Germain en Leve.

The girl looks out the train's window to see the approaching platform of "Saint Germain en Leve."

The train begins to slow and then finally stop as the girl looks back to Professor Dornier whose...

EYES WIDEN WITH SOME UNSPOKEN HORROR.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Guy dresses for the day as Rosemary puts on her make-up in the bathroom. His cell phone rings and he answers it.

GUY
(into phone)
This is Guy.

Guy listens for a moment, then stops tying his tie and slowly sits on the bed. Rosemary comes out, puzzled at Guy's slowly darkening face. She mouths "what is it?" He shakes his head with he'll tell her in a minute.

GUY (CONT'D)
Okay. I understand. Yes.

Guy disconnects and looks to Rosemary, his face stunned.

ROSEMARY
Are you going to tell me?

GUY
That was the head of the board.
(shocked beat)
It's Professor Dornier.

ROSEMARY
(sympathetic)
He got the post.

GUY
He's gone blind.

ROSEMARY
Blind?

GUY
The doctors don't know what it is.
Some kind of virus or something.

ROSEMARY
That's awful. That poor man.

GUY

I was talking to him the other day.
Buttering him up about Rimbaud.
Hoping he might be open to sharing
the class with me. Now it's all
mine. I've got get down there.

Guy hurries to finish dressing and picks up his briefcase.
He kisses Rosemary, rushes out of the bedroom and out the
front door.

INT. WOODHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary comes to the window to watch him exit the building
out onto the boulevard...

But Guy doesn't appear.

EXT. JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

Hutch sits on a park bench and stares at something in front
of him...

AN OLD MARBLE STATUE, one of many in that part of the garden,
a sculpted image of a French Knight Templar, but its...

EYES HAVE BEEN GRAFFITI SPRAY-PAINTED, THE PAINT HAVING
DRIPPED DOWN FROM THE SOCKETS AND DRIED LIKE TEARS.

BACK TO HUTCH who stares at the desecrated statue and then
rises and walks through the park past other graffiti-marked
statues and then past the chess tables...NO GUY.

INT. WOODHOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary finishes cooking and turns to see Guy holding a big
bouquet of red roses. Rosemary goes to speak but Guy puts a
finger to his lips.

GUY

I'm sorry for going MIA on you so
much lately. I've been so wrapped
up in selling the fictional love
story, I forgot to look after the
real one.

Guy kisses her hard, and he pulls back to see her smile as
her face floods with the resurrecting possibility.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary circles a calendar day in red keeping track of her ovulation. Her cell phone rings. She answers it.

HUTCH (O.S.)
(over phone)
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
Hutch. I've just heard the news
about Dornier. It's terrible.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hutch sits behind his desk, the scarf hanging on the rack.

HUTCH
Inexplicable is what it is.
(a beat)
I possess a second ticket to the
opera tonight. Would you come?

INTERCUT BETWEEN HUTCH AND ROSEMARY

ROSEMARY
The opera? Ah, Hutch, four hours of
people singing for no good reason
and then it all ends in death
anyway? Thanks for the invite but
it's really not my thing.

HUTCH
I want to see you alone. I want to
talk to you about the Tourquay.

ROSEMARY
Not your dark tales of doom again,
please Hutch.

The doorbell rings.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
You know I was kind of pissed off
at you for putting all that in my
head when we first moved in.

Rosemary looks through the peep-hole to again see MANON.

HUTCH (O.S.)
(over phone)
I really think we should talk.

ROSEMARY
Let me call you back.

HUTCH
Promise?

ROSEMARY
Promise.

Rosemary hangs up and opens the door to let in Manon.

MANON
I heard you had an adventure
yesterday.

ROSEMARY
I got lost. It was nothing.

MANON
Stranded in Belleville is not
nothing.

ROSEMARY
I'll be more careful.

MANON
And to guide you and keep you safe
I have brought you a present.

Manon holds up the GOLD AMULET, the very one the young woman
taken off just before she committed suicide.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

EXT. LE GRAND VEFOUR - DAY

Rosemary sits in one of the oldest and finest restaurants in Paris cornered in a crimson banquette and surrounded by Manon, Roman and Guy, before a flute of champagne. She wears the amulet and admires its intricate and old filigree.

ROSEMARY

This necklace must be over a
hundred years old.

MANON

One hundred and fifty, which in
America would make it an antique.

Rosemary looks at the amulets's underside. Inscribed with a scrolling...TOR

ROSEMARY

But in France, it's a necklace.
I have every intention of
treasuring it. It's truly lovely.

GUY

It has a weird smell.

ROMAN

It is Tannis Root, from our
greenhouse.

ROSEMARY

I've never heard of it. It's quite
sweet.

ROMAN

It's for good luck and will keep
you safe.

MANON

A golden circle around your neck
and a golden circle around your
person.

ROMAN

You see there is a reason you came
to the Tourquay.

MANON

Just as there was a reason you came
to Paris.

Waiters bring a sumptuous lunch as Rosemary strokes the amulet.

EXT. PARK MONCEAU - LATE AFTERNOON

Guy and Manon walk ahead as Rosemary and Roman walk behind them through the Parc Monceau as they pass the faux relics and nude statues, past benches and bowlers, past a small marble replica of the Parthenon.

ROMAN

I have travelled all over the world
only to come home to Paris to find
the whole world has been collected
in the Parc Monceau.

As they walk Rosemary sees Manon take Guy's arm. The sight seems to pinch at Rosemary at first but then Roman takes her arm and the libertine atmosphere seems to wash through and warm her.

As Roman leads Rosemary on, a elderly kind-face Priest in his robes approaches them and offers a warm smile. Rosemary smiles back and Roman nods to the passing Priest.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Bon soir Father.

A couple of ravens from a nearby bench take flight past the two couples who move on through the park past more statues.

Rosemary watches Manon intimately whisper to Guy. She's slightly taken aback as...

More ravens flap through the air, landing on a faux pyramid of Giza nearby, perching on its tip and then moving on as...

Rosemary watches Manon moves her hand across Guy's other shoulder and brushing across his back as...

More ravens fly from branches and statues as...

Rosemary watches Manon's hand brush down Guy's back as...

More ravens move through the air as...

Up ahead Manon and Guy disappear around a bend in the path...

Rosemary instinctively wanting to quicken her pace but...

Roman in no hurry to rush their walk, but then they finally turn the bend themselves, and it's then that...

ROSEMARY'S FACE fills with fear at the sight of...

Manon and Guy walking arm in arm past a...

FAUX GREEK COLONNADE OF EPHEBUS where perched along its top sit...

HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF RAVENS.

EXT. SORBONNE/LARGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Guy teaches a large seminar on the Romantics as he catches the eye of Hutch who looks in on him through the door's window. The two men exchange standoffish nods. Guy returns to teaching.

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT - DAY

Roman leads Guy to a table where a successful publishing type awaits. The publisher rises to shake Guy's hand and offers for him to sit.

Slowly, and softly, the sound of opera music begins to distantly play in our inner-ear as...

EXT. TOURQUAY - DAY

Manon and Rosemary return from a day of shopping, their arms brandishing a bevy of bags as they greet Mr. Wees standing outside his book-shop.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY

As Roman watches on, Guy looks over the papers the PUBLISHER presents to him.

The opera music swells louder as...

EXT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Manon leads Laura-Louise and a cadre of assistants into the apartment with patches of fabric and color templates.

Rosemary tries in vain to refuse the generosity, but it's clear she has no true intention of doing so or hope of swaying Manon's largesse.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY

As Roman still watches on, Guy and the PUBLISHER discuss and debate terms as the music swells even louder as...

INT. SALON - DAY

Rosemary, wearing the gold amulet, is manicured, pedicured and generally pampered as Manon lovingly watches on.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY

With Roman still watching, Guy takes a pen out of his pocket, not the Mont Blanc, but an ordinary one, and signs the paper.

The opera is building to a climactic crescendo as...

INT. HOUSE OF BEAUCHAMPS - DAY

Rosemary, looking and feeling fabulous, consults with Victoria Plaisir on a design she is working on. Victoria marvels over Rosemary's ideas and nods approvingly to Manon.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY

Roman lifts a glass, followed by Guy and the PUBLISHER as they clink and drink. Guy's eyes fill with the decision.

The operatic music climaxes and we....

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS - NIGHT

The first half of "Faust" is coming to a swelling finish.

IN A PERFECTLY SITUATED BOX

Rosemary sits in front and, Guy at her side, Manon and Roman behind her like lions watching over her. The music finishes and Rosemary applauds with joy. Guy looks to Rosemary's pleasure, and then back to Manon and Roman who trade knowing looks with him. Laura-Louise and Monsieur Fountain sit across the way, applauding as well.

INT. OPERA HOUSE GRAND FOYER - NIGHT

Rosemary descends the grand staircase followed by Guy, Manon and Roman behind her who converse familiarly in French.

ROSEMARY

Not fair. You know I don't speak much French.

Roman clasps Rosemary's hand.

ROMAN

I was just remarking that I thought you would enjoy this opera.

Manon leads Roman on as Rosemary takes Guy's arm. Rosemary and all turn to see Hutch standing there.

HUTCH

Rosemary. You said you would call me.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry Hutch. I've been so busy.

(a beat)

Edward Hutchins, may I present Manon and Roman Castavet, our landlords.

ROMAN

Friends and neighbors.

HUTCH

(regards them with new interest)

How do you do. You own a very interesting building. Beautiful and very... historical.

MANON

Thank you.

HUTCH

(directly at Castavets)

Though I was sorry to hear of that young woman's suicide a few weeks ago. A young woman, healthy, seemingly everything to live for.

ROMAN

Yes. Very sad. But who can know what private troubles strangers have?

HUTCH

As landlords I'd have thought you would have known her.

ROMAN

Hardly at all.

HUTCH

(to Guy)

There has been no change in Dornier. They sent him home from the hospital, completely unable to alleviate or even explain his blindness. He's devastated. Well, you can imagine.

ROSEMARY

Do they know what caused it?

GUY

A virus, right?

ROMAN

There is so much about viruses we don't understand.

HUTCH

(looks sharply at Roman)

Yes, well, there is so much about a great deal that we don't understand.

MANON

What an enigmatic statement.

HUTCH

(to Guy)

You should visit Dornier.

GUY

I didn't know him.

HUTCH

You knew him well enough to take his post.

GUY

Offered to me by the board.

(a beat)

I'll visit him, Hutch. I'm sorry. I know he was a colleague.

HUTCH
Thanks...old friend.
(nods to the group)
Take care of yourself Rosemary.

Hutch turns and disappears into the crowd as Rosemary watches him go, but not before he casts a worried look her way.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Guy and Rosemary ride with suitcases down the elevator as it stops on the third floor. Rupert Wees gets on board with another, slightly older man in tow.

ROSEMARY
How are you, Rupert?

WEES
Very well, thank you. May I
introduce my brother Peter. He
doesn't speak.

Rosemary nods to Peter who barely meets her eyes.

EXT. TOURQUAY - MORNING

Guy places their suitcases in the back of a Maserati Quattroporte and climbs in the back next to Rosemary, Manon up front with Roman at the wheel. Rosemary looks to where Mr. Wees turns his brother Peter over to a nurse before he gets into a Bentley.

Rosemary watches the nurse lead Peter towards the park.

ROSEMARY
We just met Rupert Wees' brother.

MANON
Peter.

ROSEMARY
Was he born mute?

MANON
(matter of fact)
He had his tongue cut out.

GUY
My God.

MANON
Somebody's God. It is a terrible
story. He was a photographer for
the BBC and was taken hostage by
the Taliban. There was torture,
and, well, as you see.

ROSEMARY

How awful. How does one survive something like that?

ROMAN

I'm not sure that I would want to live with the nightmares. But Peter does, after all, have his brother. Rupert is very devoted and looks after him, so in all of the darkness there is yet still some light.

ROSEMARY

Yes.

EXT. MASERATI - DAY

Roman drives the four through Paris and up towards the artists' quarter of Montmartre and the Sacre-Coeur, where its hills overlooking Paris await.

EXT. BUTTE MONTMARTRE - DAY

The Maserati negotiates its way up winding hills above Paris, the country turning ever-greener and more lush, the sun high and bright in the sky.

EXT. MONTMARTRE VINEYARD - DAY

The Maserati pulls up to a great old stone villa from the sixteenth century where many of the other cars and tenants from Le Tourquay are already there or just arriving.

A servant comes out to greet Roman and Manon along with a large white labrador. Rosemary gets out of the car and the dog bounds towards her.

ROSEMARY

How beautiful. What's your name?
(looking to its collar)
Pilot?

ROMAN

(gently correcting her)
Pilote. I own this place, but he is the master here.

Along with Guy, Rosemary takes a survey of the fields and rows of grapes which have somehow survived staving off the city which surrounds it.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

My father took over this place many years ago and I have spent my life protecting it. It is the last working vineyard in Paris.

GUY

It's wonderful.

ROSEMARY

It's beyond wonderful. It's...
(a beat)
Perfect.

INT. VILLA GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Rosemary and Guy dress in their palatial guest room.

GUY

I don't believe it. This place is magical. My suit appears ironed and laid out and ready to put on.

ROSEMARY

Now don't go all bourgeoisie on me and mock everything.

GUY

Who knew this kind of service still existed? Good thing I brought my best boxer shorts.

ROSEMARY

I think it's wonderful to have the housekeeper unpack our bags.

EXT. VILLA VINEYARD - EVENING

On the horizon the last vestige of a blood red sun hovers over the Paris skyline below as darkness is settling in.

A BONFIRE throws its flames into the night air as Rosemary and Guy stand and watch transfixed.

The other tenants are gathered around the fire as well.

LAURA-LOUISE

You are here on a special night
Rosemary.

MONSIEUR FOUNTAIN

Roman always has a little grape-idolatry ceremony here on the autumn equinox.

M. WEES

It is a superstition practiced by wine-makers for centuries.

VICTORIA

(laughing)

Paying homage to the "gods" so that the harvest will be abundant. It is all terribly pagan, but quite harmless and so we indulge him.

ROSEMARY

(petting Pilote who sits at her knee)

Then we shall too. Right Guy?

GUY

Right. I'm always up for a good pagan ritual.

Manon and Roman approach the fire, Roman with an already full glass of red wine and Manon with empty glasses and a full bottle.

Manon hands them each a glass and fills them.

ROMAN

Before we drink, we make an offering to the Autumnal Equinox.

MANON

A sacred holiday in Roman's family.

ROMAN

A sacred holiday to my father, and to all true vintners. A time when "the sun has had its say and darkness is given its day".

Rosemary watches with fascination as Roman lifts his glass, the red liquid catching the firelight.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

A blood ritual to the moon and to the earth it will now begin to rule.

Roman pours the red liquid into the ground in front of the fire, the crimson pool soaking deep into the soil as...

The last of the sun disappears.

Rosemary looks to see Roman staring straight at her, both their faces washed in the red light of the fire.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Let that time begin.

Rosemary smiles gamely.

ROSEMARY
Spoken like a true wine maker,
slave to the Harvest gods.

CUT TO:

THE BONFIRE HAS DESCENDED INTO A PILE OF EMBERS.

The rest of the tenants have trailed off back into the house as Rosemary and Guy are left alone with Manon and Roman.

MANON
We'll retire to bed.

ROSEMARY
Good night.

Roman and Manon turn to go, but Roman stops and turns back.

ROMAN
Will you join us?

ROSEMARY
I'm not tired just yet.

MANON
No.
(a beat)
Will you join us?

The invitation's true meaning awkwardly washes through Rosemary who looks to Guy, equally surprised.

ROMAN
(pointed)
As an offering to the gods of
weather and earth.

ROSEMARY
(smiling)
I've never heard it put that way
before.

ROMAN

(serious)

I cannot miss an opportunity to pay
them homage. I'm very
superstitious.

MANON

Will you join us?

ROSEMARY

I think we'll stay out here...

(a beat)

And watch the fire die.

ROMAN

(a beat)

As you wish.

Roman leads Manon away as a startled Rosemary and Guy just
stand there, too uncomfortable to speak.

INT. VILLA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy readies for bed in the bathroom as Rosemary sits on the
bed and looks through an old window with an intricate weave
of wire woven through the glass, protection from burglary.

ROSEMARY

I still can't believe it.

GUY

We could have said yes. Who knows
what kind of heat he's packing or
what they grow in that greenhouse.

ROSEMARY

Stop it.

Rosemary rises and goes over to the window.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't blame you if you've
had the odd fantasy about Manon.

Guy comes out of the bathroom.

GUY

And you've had none about Roman?

Suddenly a GUNSHOT sounds from outside.

EXT. VILLA - NIGHT

Rosemary and Guy hurry out of the villa to see several of the tenants already gathered at a spot where Rosemary and Guy arrive to see Roman crouching over...

PILOTE, shot dead, open-eyed and bloody-fanged.

ROMAN

He went wild and attacked Monsieur Wees.

ROSEMARY screams at the sight.

MANON

Rosemary! Calm yourself.

Rosemary stands stunned and silenced, then begins to softly cry.

MANON (CONT'D)

(gently folds Rosemary
into her arms)

C'est bien ma chere. C'est fini
maintenant ma petite.

Rosemary is still crying softly, head pressed against Manon's chest, and in the midst of her grief she notices...

A SMALL BURN MARK AT THE TOP OF MANON'S LEFT BREAST.

ROSEMARY

Oh, Pilote.

ROSEMARY looks to the dead animal and then her eyes see something strange. She reaches down to touch the dog.

GUY

Don't Ro.

ROMAN

He could still be contagious.

Rosemary looks up.

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

Where's his collar?

END OF ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

EXT. VILLA - DAWN

A taxi sits outside the villa, Rosemary in back with the window open, still in a bit of a state of shock. Guy stands outside the cab with Manon and Rosemary.

GUY

She didn't get a any sleep last night.

ROMAN

Take her back to Le Tourquay.

MANON

She can rest there.

INT. TAXI - DAWN

Guy gets in. The driver pulls away from the villa, Rosemary looking back to see Manon and Roman waving goodbye and, as the car turns a winding bend, disappearing from view.

EXT. TOURQUAY - MORNING

Guy leads Rosemary out of the cab, past the booksellers where Mr. Wees' tongueless brother watches them pass the front window, up the stone steps and into the Tourquay.

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - MORNING

Guy leads Rosemary past the concierge who inquires in French. Guy answers him in French, seemingly that everything is alright.

ROSEMARY

Really. I'm fine.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Guy puts Rosemary to bed and pulls up her blankets.

GUY

I'm going to check in at the University. Get some sleep.

Guy heads to the door and turns out the light. Rosemary is left alone to look up at the ceiling and then close her eyes.

But then she hears voices and the sound of footsteps from above.

Strange.

Manon and Roman are back at the villa.

Rosemary closes her eyes again and finally goes to sleep.

EXT. TOURQUAY - DAY

The sky is choked with clouds as the day darkens.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Next to the bed, Rosemary's cell phone suddenly rings. Rosemary awakens, picks it up, looks at the incoming number....and can't believe it. She hesitates, then answers.

ROSEMARY
(into phone)
Mother?

MRS. WOODHOUSE
(over phone)
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
Is everything alright?

MRS. WOODHOUSE
That's why I'm calling you. I woke up this morning with a very bad feeling about you Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
You know the agreement. We don't talk about that anymore.

MRS. WOODHOUSE
It's not about the church. It's about you, something bad happening to you.

Rosemary sits up exasperated.

ROSEMARY
You've been going to daily mass again. How many times a week?

MRS. WOODHOUSE
You're in danger, honey.

ROSEMARY

Father O'Connell always gets you worked up when he's got you to himself. Just go on Sundays with Papa and the family.

MRS. WOODHOUSE

When was the last time you went to confession Rosemary? Tell me.

ROSEMARY

I've got to go.

Rosemary hangs up and exhales.

EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

The sky is moonless and black.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Rosemary sleeps.

GUY (O.S.)

Ro.

Rosemary wakes with a start.

GUY (CONT'D)

You okay?

ROSEMARY

I was having a dream. I was back in Omaha.

GUY

That officially makes it a nightmare.

ROSEMARY

It was about my mother.

GUY

Now you're going to give me bad dreams. Get up and get dressed. I've got a surprise for you.

INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - EVENING

Guy leads Rosemary onto the pull-bar elevator, the operator closing the cage and immediately pressing the button...

FOR THE PENTHOUSE.

ROSEMARY

I thought you said we were going out.

GUY

I said "up." We're going up.

ROSEMARY

I heard footsteps up there. Are Manon and Roman back?

GUY

Nope.

INT. VASE CHAMBER - EVENING

Guy leads Rosemary through the chamber of foreign vases.

ROSEMARY

Will you tell me what's going on?

The security camera "watches" them as Guy takes out a barcode card and passes it across an invisible eye. The panel opens.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

Guy leads Rosemary into the familiar place from the party, but this time there is no crowd of people from the building.

A LONE MAITRE' D is immediately there to greet them.

MAITRE' D

Good evening.

GUY

Good evening.

MAITRE' D

Please follow me.

The Maitre D' leads Rosemary and Guy out onto the terrace decked out with a good hundred candles, and a table set for a fine dinner, the sky clearing and a low moon visible.

ROSEMARY

I assume Manon and Roman know about this.

GUY

They arranged it.

Rosemary takes a seat at the Maitre D's invitation.

ROSEMARY
It's really okay. I'm over poor
Pilote.

GUY
This isn't about the dog.

A waiters pours expensive wine into two glasses, while
another waiter serves them an exquisite gourmet meal.

GUY (CONT'D)
This is about us.

Guy nods a thanks to the waiters who leave them alone.

ROSEMARY
What about us?

GUY
Ever since we arrived in Paris I've
been about nothing but getting
ahead, getting a better class to
teach, finding a publisher for my
book.
(a beat)
Well, I found one.

ROSEMARY
Guy, that's fantastic.

GUY
It's a small house and a small
advance to go along with it.

ROSEMARY
But it's a book contract?

GUY
Yes.

Rosemary happily leans across the table to kiss him...

GUY (CONT'D)
Let's make a baby.

Rosemary draws back surprised.

ROSEMARY
But we agreed we wouldn't dwell on
that and just relax. Doctor's
orders as I remember.

GUY
 Now's the time Ro. I feel it.
 (a beat)
 Tonight's circled on the calendar.

ROSEMARY
 It is?
 (remembering)
It is.

A BEAT ON ROSEMARY as her lips spread into a smile.

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE - NIGHT

Rosemary stands on the terrace and drinks the last sip out of a wine glass and stares up at the moon, now high in the night. She looks back through the Penthouse windows to see Guy tipping the exiting Maitre D' and servers, motioning for them not to worry about the plates scattered about the table.

The last server disappears and Guy disappears as well...

INTO THE PENTHOUSE'S KITCHEN at the apartment's far end.

GUY reappears holding TWO GOBLETS OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE CHOCOLATE PUDDING. He comes onto the terrace brandishing the deserts.

ROSEMARY
 After that dinner, chocolate pudding?

GUY
 Ah, non madame. Mousse au chocolat.

ROSEMARY
 Say anything in a foreign language and it sounds better. Do you know that Giuseppe Verde translated is "Joe Green."

GUY
 That's a little off the subject, and you're a little drunk.

Rosemary pours herself some more wine.

ROSEMARY
 Guilty as charged Monsieur...what are the words for "wood" and "house" in French?

GUY
 "Bois" and "Maison."

ROSEMARY
 Monsieur Boismaison. I like that
 better than Woodhouse.

GUY
 You can't.

ROSEMARY
 I do. I've never liked Woodhouse.

GUY
 (slightly taken aback)
 I never knew that.

ROSEMARY
 Yep. Almost kept my own name.

GUY
 I never knew that either.

Guy holds out a goblet of the Mousse au chocolat.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Have a chocolate pudding.

Rosemary takes it and begins to eat it as Guy watches while
 he eats his own. After several bites Rosemary's face winces.

ROSEMARY
 I don't like it. It has a chalky
 under-taste.

Rosemary sets it aside.

GUY
 It's from "Fauchon", the best
 mousse au chocolat in Paris.

ROSEMARY
 It's like licking a blackboard.

GUY
 Manon and Roman went to a lot of
 trouble to arrange this catered
 four course dinner, especially for
 you.

ROSEMARY
 Alright already.

Rosemary takes back the goblet and begins to eat again.

GUY
Good girl. I'll open some port.

Guy leaves to fetch the bottle of port. Rosemary watches him go and then secretly dumps what's left of the mousse into her napkin. Guy returns with the port and glasses.

GUY (CONT'D)
Only a small one for you. You're
already halfway to la-la land.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Rosemary walks out of a bathroom and heads through the place towards the terrace, swaying as she heads out onto...

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE - LATE NIGHT

...The terrace where she passes Guy to look at lights of Paris, swirling and spinning into a great carousel of false stars. She takes another step forward, suddenly tripping and falling forwards towards the edge as...

GUY SUDDENLY CATCHES HER.

FROM ROSEMARY'S POV - Guy studies her and nods.

GUY
Time for Baby Night.

Guy picks Rosemary up in his arms.

INT. PULL-DOOR ELEVATOR - LATE NIGHT

Guy cradles Rosemary as he and the operator exchange uncomfortable looks.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Guy sets Rosemary on the bed and begins to undo her clothes.

ROSEMARY
Baby night.

Rosemary closes her eyes and begins to drift off to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROSEMARY'S SLEEPING MIND BEGINS TO SLOWLY DRIFT ACROSS...

THE LANDSCAPE OF PARIS and she soon finds herself...

INT. "THE UNDERWORLD" - LATE NIGHT

Inside the private club where the two women in the corner still make love, other bodies half-hidden in the shadows kiss, caress and seep themselves in carnal pleasures.

But then he's there, the same beautiful blond blue-eyed man whom she had seen before, the man she'd admitted to Manon that she'd wanted.

But whereas before Rosemary had shyly looked away, this time she meets the man's gaze, and why not?

This is only a dream.

The man simply stands there and waits for Rosemary...who approaches him.

In an instant, Rosemary kisses him hard, aggressive with her lips...

...Aggressive with her hands which, in a matter of moments...

...Take off his clothes...

...And then in another few moments...

Rosemary lowers herself past his chest and navel and then disappears from view as her lover's head arches back.

In another instant, Rosemary strips off her own clothes, pushes the man down onto a corner couch and...

...Climbs of top of him.

She doesn't so much guide him into her as...

Devour him.

All inhibitions she once had, or might ever have had, are released.

This is a living, breathing sexual fantasy come to life for her, safely cradled in a dream...

...A vibrant, pulsating, wildly wonderful dream as...

ROSEMARY'S BODY pounds away at the man, and she draws closer and closer to climaxing...

...HIS HANDS CLAWING HER BREASTS...

...And in an instant...

...ROSEMARY OPENS HER EYES to find herself...

...STRADDLING HER LOVER...

...NOT ON A COUCH IN THE CLUB...

BUT ON THE ALTAR OF A CHURCH.

SHATTERED STAINED GLASS WINDOWS SURROUND HER...

BROKEN SCATTERED PEWS...

And suddenly...

...HER LOVER'S CRYSTAL BLUE EYES FLASH FROM BLUE...

...TO BLACK ONYX...

...AND THEN BACK TO BLUE.

Suddenly...

ROSEMARY'S EYES WIDEN as she's about to climax...

ROSEMARY
This is no dream. This is really
happening!

END OF NIGHT ONE