

ROSEMARY'S BABY

by

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Based on the novel by Ira Levin

(A two night television miniseries event)

NIGHT TWO

LIONSGATE

CITY ENTERTAINMENT

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ACT ONE

EXT. PARIS - DAWN

Paris spreads out before us under a dawn sky in a dimming landscape of lamps ready to be eclipsed by the sun.

An older man's voice loudly proclaiming in Latin fills our inner-ear.

OLDER MAN (V.O.)  
In nomine Patris, at Filii et  
Spiritus Sancti.

The sacred calling leads us again across the rooftops of the city, past the crowded low-lying shops and apartments of the Left Bank's Latin Quarter.

OLDER MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Gratia Domini nostri Jesu Christi  
at communicatio Sancti Spritus sit  
cum omnibus vobis.

We travel across the River Seine over the Pont Notre Dame, but instead of passing the great Cathedral, this time we enter the towering Cathedral through the open front doors.

OLDER MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Gratia vobis a pax a Deo Patre  
nostrol et Domino Jesu Chriso.

INT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - DAWN

We travel up the center aisle of the great sacred place, past the scattered parishioners who have come for the dawn mass where an elderly priest, the same one from the Parc Monceau Rosemary and Roman had greeted, delivers the service on the altar.

PRIEST  
Dominus vobiscum.

EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - MORNING

The Priest, now wearing a black robe and carrying a simple cane and a newspaper, exits the church for a morning walk as he strolls through the church grounds and heads back along the Seine.

As he walks along the Isle de la Cite he passes the stone wall bordering the Seine marred by spray-paint graffiti.

PRIEST  
(under his breath)  
Vandales.

The priest continues on his way towards the Cathedral's rear to where...

A SMALL PARK sits situated in back. The Priest approaches a small bench and suddenly stumbles and drops his cane. He stiffly bends down to pick it up, but then...

THE CANE is handed to him by passing stranger whose face remains unseen.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Merci.

The stranger nods, but says nothing, and continues on his way as the Priest takes a seat on the bench. The Priest opens the newspaper to see a story about a local murder. As he reads...

HIS EYES WIDEN...

Not with the story, but with the heart attack that strikes him as he clutches his chest, looks to the sky, and doubles over. People rush over to try to help as...

The stranger turns to look at the commotion, revealing the face of the LOVER Rosemary sexually devoured in her dream.

He pauses and then walks on.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosemary lays asleep but suddenly wakes at the sound of sirens outside along the Boulevards. She sits up groggily and then looks down to see...

SCRATCH MARKS ON HER ARMS.

Guy comes out of the bathroom, dressed and wearing an uncomfortable smile.

GUY  
I know what you're thinking. I got  
a little carried away last night.

Rosemary runs her fingers over the scratches just as she'd done with the armoire marks on the floor.

GUY (CONT'D)  
You didn't seem to mind,  
considering how loaded you were.

ROSEMARY  
How could you?

GUY  
It was fun in a necrophilia sort of  
way.

ROSEMARY  
It's not funny. It's anything but  
funny.

GUY  
Sorry, Ro. Really. But I didn't  
want to miss baby night.

ROSEMARY  
Still, you could have waited. It  
didn't have to be last night. It  
was supposed to be our night.

GUY  
Well it was, mostly. And sorry  
about the scratches. The  
manicurist is at the top of my  
list. I've got to go.

ROSEMARY  
Dammit, Guy.

Guy kisses Rosemary on the cheek and makes a quick exit.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Rosemary rides past the Eiffel Tower in a taxi heading south.

EXT. PARIS/SOUTHERN PART OF THE CITY - DAY

Hutch stands on Place Denfert-Rochereau as Rosemary  
disembarks from the taxi and approaches him.

ROSEMARY  
I'm glad you called.

HUTCH  
Well, you saw what happened when I  
left it up to you. Left to your own  
devices you developed a taste for  
the Opera.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)

(a beat)

So, I decided that old friends such  
as we needn't stand on ceremony.  
And anyway, I've missed you.

ROSEMARY

Me too, Hutch.

HUTCH

(smiles gently)

Come.

Hutch takes Rosemary's arm. They walk.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry about the Opera. I really  
didn't expect to like it and only  
went because my friend Manon had  
tickets for a charity function.  
Were you very upset with me?

HUTCH

Upset? I was gutted! Then when I  
headed home, wrapped in that  
exquisite cashmere scarf I became  
somewhat mollified. Unless, of  
course, you give cashmere to ALL  
your chums.

ROSEMARY

(laughing)

Only you, you old misery! It's just  
that Guy and I have made some new  
friends. And in Paris one should  
know Parisians, right?

HUTCH

(more serious)

Yes. That's why I wanted to see  
you today. Does Guy know you're  
here?

ROSEMARY

I'm not really speaking to him too  
much these days and vice-versa.

HUTCH

I didn't know marital discord was  
allowed in the Eighth District.

ROSEMARY

(lightly)

Now don't be mean. I've apologized  
so be gracious.

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
No, It's just Guy's been spending  
so much time away at the school.

HUTCH  
Well, that's a piece of Spanish  
news to me. He has half his  
classes covered by graduate  
students I'm sorry to say.

ROSEMARY  
He does have a book deal on his  
novel.

HUTCH  
(soaking it in)  
Interesting. Good for him.

ROSEMARY  
He's probably busy with the  
rewrite.

HUTCH  
(privately dubious)  
That's probably it. Here we are.

Hutch leads Rosemary to an entrance-way down a long flight of  
stone stairs leading into darkness.

ROSEMARY  
What's this place?

HUTCH  
Just a tourist trap.

Hutch leads Rosemary further into the dark as we pull back to  
see a sign reading: LES CATACOMBES.

INT. CATACOMBES - DAY

But the day's light soon fades behind Rosemary's back and  
disappears altogether, giving way to the dim bulbs of the  
passageways and dark tunnels of the Catacombes as...

AN UNDERGROUND STONE ARCHWAY overhead greets her eyes, etched  
with carved French words.

ROSEMARY  
Arrete. C'est ici l'empire de mort.

HUTCH  
Stop. This is death's empire.

ROSEMARY  
Really, Hutch.

HUTCH  
This is what your new home is built  
upon.

Hutch leads Rosemary onwards and now up ahead becomes visible  
a small pyramid of skulls and bones neatly stacked.

ROSEMARY  
Now truly, this is in bad taste.

HUTCH  
This is the polite part of the  
ride.

Hutch leads Rosemary around a corner and there is a massively  
long and wide tunnel with both walls stacked from "floor" to  
"ceiling" with thousands of skulls, agape and open-  
mouthed...seemingly screaming.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
This is the handiwork of your  
building's former tenant, Steven  
Marcato.

ROSEMARY  
The postcards from hell con man.

HUTCH  
One and the same. His father was an  
Satanist too, of such criminal  
proportions that he ended up  
murdered in the lobby of the  
Tourquay.

ROSEMARY  
Okay. You've been dying to take me  
on a haunted house tour since I  
told you about the Tourquay. Do  
your worst. I can take it.

Hutch leads her onwards down the hall of a thousand skulls,  
passing other tourists and guided groups along the way.

HUTCH  
In 1863 Napoleon the Third had a  
vision of eight Boulevards  
radiating from the Arc de Triumph,  
the great monument his Emperor  
Grandfather had built to himself.

ROSEMARY

You need a sound-track.

HUTCH

There was only one thing that stood  
in the way, twenty-thousand  
structures. Houses and homes.

(a beat)

But also churches, convents and  
monasteries, and with them...

(a beat)

Their graveyards.

Rosemary's face fills with this last word as she soaks in the  
skulls lining the long passageway which now opens into...

A MASSIVE ROOM THE SIZE OF A CHURCH SPREADING OUT BEFORE  
THEM.

SKULLS AND BONES not only fill the walls, but also...

COVER THE CEILING LIKE A HELLISH SISTINE CHAPEL, and also  
like a church...

GREAT PILLARS OF SKULLS AND BONES line the place as if  
denoting aisles all the way up to an...

ALTAR OF SKULLS WHERE THERE HANGS...

A GREAT STONE CROSS...UPSIDE DOWN.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

No God-fearing Frenchman would  
desecrate a graveyard, so Napoleon  
the Third found one who would.

ROSEMARY is speechless with the sight.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

These poor souls were ripped from  
their sacred resting places and  
dumped here by Marcato and his  
followers. He was paid millions of  
francs and built Le Tourquay on the  
very ground he had desecrated.

ROSEMARY

Alright. So this Steven Marcato  
was a madman. You don't believe in  
the Devil.

HUTCH

Yes I do.

ROSEMARY  
How can you?

HUTCH  
Do you believe in God?

ROSEMARY  
(a beat)  
Yes.

HUTCH  
Then you believe in the Devil. You  
just don't know you do.

ROSEMARY  
Don't tell me what I believe.

HUTCH  
You can't have God without the  
Devil. The Devil was born from  
God. Lucifer, God's favorite angel,  
fell from grace to find a new faith  
in Hell. Somewhere along the way  
God became the only reality and the  
Devil became a bedtime story.

ROSEMARY  
Why are you doing this?

Several of the other tourists look over to them.

HUTCH  
Because you're in danger Rosemary.

ROSEMARY  
You know Guy's right. Maybe you  
are turning into a crazy old man.

HUTCH  
I won't let that beautiful girl I  
first met ten years ago put in  
harm's way.

ROSEMARY  
I'm leaving.

Rosemary turns to go but then suddenly she gets a terrible  
pain in her belly.

HUTCH  
Rosemary!

ROSEMARY'S POV as the place begins to spin, the "screaming skulls" of the desecrated dead seeming to speak to her in ancient chanting tongues.

A couple of tourists rush over to where Hutch crouches next to Rosemary doubled over in pain, clutching her stomach.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Help me get her out of here.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

The two tourists help sit Rosemary on a bench as Hutch sits next to her.

HUTCH  
(to tourists)  
Thank you.

The tourists head back to the Catacombes' entrance as Rosemary recovers from the pain and looks to Hutch.

ROSEMARY  
That place makes me sick. Your  
talk makes me sick.

HUTCH  
There is evil in your building.

ROSEMARY  
Steven Marcato is dead.

HUTCH  
But is his legacy?

ROSEMARY  
Listen to yourself. You've lived  
alone for too long.

HUTCH  
Dornier went blind overnight and no  
one can explain it.

ROSEMARY  
Guy said it was a virus.

HUTCH  
None of the doctors have said that,  
only Guy. Why?

Rosemary draws back from Hutch as a look of real horror washes across her face.

ROSEMARY

What are you saying? That Guy is somehow responsible for Dornier?

HUTCH

No.

(a beat)

I don't know.

Rosemary sits in disbelief, and then suddenly rises and turns to face Hutch.

ROSEMARY

Goddamn You!

Shaking, she picks up her purse and slightly stumbles.

HUTCH

Rosemary...!

ROSEMARY

Don't ever call me again.

Rosemary leaves as Hutch helplessly watches her go.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Rosemary rides in the back of another cab, wiping a tear away from her cheek as the car heads into the Eighth District and down one of the great wide Boulevards towards the Arc de Triomphe up ahead. And it's there Rosemary's eye catches sight of something...

GUY...AND ROMAN standing under the arch.

ROSEMARY watches the two talking almost furtively. The cab circles the Arc and Rosemary keeps watching

GUY AND ROMAN as Roman gives Guy an envelope and the two...

SHAKE HANDS.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

Rosemary sits in a window seat looking out over the darkening sky hovering over the Eighth District, the Arc District and the Boulevards radiating out from it like a perfect star.

BEAUDELAIRE, no longer a kitten, but growing into a full cat, climbs up into her lap. She begins to pet him.

ROSEMARY

What do you say, Beaudelaire? Are we living on top of desecrated ground?

(sighs)

Is there even such a thing?

The cat turns over and puts its paws in the air.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

The only answer you're interested in is having your tummy rubbed. Am I right?

Rosemary rubs the cat's stomach and it purrs. The front door opens and Guy enters as the cat jumps down to greet him.

GUY

Hey Ro.

ROSEMARY

You're late.

GUY

Sorry. I was stuck at the University.

ROSEMARY

At the University?

GUY

(kisses her)

Yeah.

ROSEMARY

(pointed)

Teaching?

Guy soaks in Rosemary's direct question and studies her face.

GUY

(a beat)

No. I went to hand in my notice.

ROSEMARY

What?

Guy beams and holds up the very envelope she'd seen Roman give him under the Arc de Triumph.

GUY

Simon and Schuster's New York office bought the American rights to the book.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)  
(a beat)  
One million dollars.

ROSEMARY  
Are you serious?

GUY  
I spent an hour on the phone with  
my new New York editor. He said it  
was the right love story in the  
right city at the right time.

ROSEMARY  
Just like us.

GUY  
Roman wanted to deliver the news to  
me himself.

Rosemary hugs Guy hard and he hugs her back.

ROSEMARY  
I can't believe it.

GUY  
Believe it. This is all I've ever  
wanted.

Guy looks her in the face.

GUY (CONT'D)  
To be able to take care of you.  
And now I'm going to. We're never  
going to have to worry about  
anything again. We can finally  
have the lives we've dreamt of. A  
Hollywood deal, maybe even moving  
someday to the Hills of Beverly.  
It's all coming true.

ROSEMARY  
(a beat)  
Thank God.

EXT. TOURQUAY - NIGHT

The autumn moons hangs lower in the darkening sky over Le  
Tourquay as the wind blows leaves across the Boulevard.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy sits on the bed in his pajamas poring over his manuscript while Rosemary stands in the bathroom.

GUY  
Simon and Schuster wants another  
pass.

No answer from Rosemary.

GUY (CONT'D)  
This new editor's a real task  
master.

Again no answer from Rosemary.

GUY (CONT'D)  
I thought I was done. Another case  
of "We love it. Let's change it."

Still no answer from Rosemary.

GUY (CONT'D)  
(not looking up)  
Any words of commiseration?

ROSEMARY (O.S.)  
It's blue.

GUY  
"Blue?" It's worse than sad. It's  
a pain in the ass.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)  
It's blue.

Guy looks up to see Rosemary standing there holding up a...

PREGNANCY TEST - "POSITIVE BLUE"

BACK TO SCENE as Guy sits there in strange disbelief.

GUY  
(a beat)  
You're pregnant?

ROSEMARY  
That's how it works. Blue for  
Baby.

GUY  
 (brightening up)  
 I'm going to go tell Roman and  
 Manon.

Guy jumps up to run out.

ROSEMARY  
 Hey?

Guy looks back to where she stands holding the test.

GUY  
 Of course.

Guy comes back to her and kisses her on the cheek.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 Be right back.

Guy leaves as Rosemary watches him go.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary stands at the window, running her hand across her stomach and the new life now growing inside her. The front door opens briskly as Roman and Manon are to Rosemary in an instant, Guy happily trailing behind.

MANON

Cherie Rosemary!

ROMAN

Congratulations dear Rosemary on the best of all possible news.

Roman uncorks a bottle of Champagne.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. It really is wonderful.

ROMAN

Have some champagne.

ROSEMARY

I couldn't. The baby.

Roman pours champagne into glasses which Manon holds.

ROMAN

Nonsense. Throughout history mothers have drunk wine and sometimes it was far preferable to the available unclean water or unpasteurized milk. A small toast with friends will not endanger your little one.

Rosemary takes the glass as Roman lifts his.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Like the first day she walks through our door, she brings life to Le Tourquay.

(a beat)

To Rosemary.

All raise their glasses.

MANON, ROMAN AND GUY

To Rosemary.

MANON

Now you're going to have the best  
obstetrician on the Boulevards.

ROSEMARY

Who is that?

ROMAN

He's delivered the babies born to  
over half the members of cabinet.  
Flawless reputation.

MANON

Dr. Abraham Sapirstein.

EXT. DR. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICES - MORNING

Rosemary stands at the entrance, beautiful mahogany doors and  
a brass nameplate bearing the words...

DR. SAPIRSTEIN - OBSTETRICIAN.

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECEPTIONIST AREA - MORNING

Rosemary enters and approaches a receptionist behind an oak  
desk.

ROSEMARY

I'm Rosemary Woodhouse.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Sapirstein's ten o'clock, yes.

ROSEMARY

I'm afraid I'm a little early.

RECEPTIONIST

He asked me to look for you. I'll  
tell him you're here. Please have a  
seat.

The receptionist leaves the waiting area as Rosemary sits on  
a couch, exchanging nods with another expectant mother,  
clearly at the end of her term.

ROSEMARY

Is this your first?

PREGNANT WOMAN

(French accent)

My fourth.

ROSEMARY  
This is my first.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
Yes. I can tell.

ROSEMARY  
How?

PREGNANT WOMAN  
Because you're smiling.

Rosemary's smile vanishes.

PREGNANT WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the beginning.

The pregnant woman shifts her uncomfortable weight around and lowers her eyes back to her magazine. The Receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST  
Dr. Sapirstein will see you.

Rosemary rises as the Pregnant Woman looks annoyed that she's being taken first. Rosemary meets her glare and then follows the Receptionist.

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosemary sits across from Sapirstein who now wears a coat almost as white as his hair and beard.

SAPIRSTEIN  
You are to come in to see me once a week without fail.

ROSEMARY  
That seems a lot. Our insurance surely won't cover that and we can't afford...

Sapirstein silences her with his hand.

SAPIRSTEIN  
Do not worry about money. The Castavets are old and dear friends. I owe them a great deal and welcome the chance to repay them in this small way.

ROSEMARY  
They really are wonderful people.

SAPIRSTEIN

The very best. Now, Manon is going to make you a fresh drink everyday made from her greenhouse herbs.

ROSEMARY

What will you prescribe?

SAPIRSTEIN

Nothing right now. Manon's drink is healthier and has more vital nourishment than anything you could find in a pill.

Sapirstein rises as does Rosemary.

SAPIRSTEIN (CONT'D)

Please do us both a favor and stay away from books about birth, don't listen to your friends or friends of friends who will fill you with horror stories. And above all...

(a beat)

Stay away from the internet.

ROSEMARY

I'm not really a social media person. I've only used the computer for work when I had to.

SAPIRSTEIN

Good. Don't search random pregnancy web sites. For a pregnant woman, the web is just that, a web that will catch one thing only...

(a beat)

Fear. Every woman's pregnancy is different. Every woman.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

SAPISTEIN

My pleasure, Mrs. Woodhouse.

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECEPTIONIST AREA - DAY

The Receptionist hands Rosemary an appointment card.

RECEPTIONIST

Till next week, Madame.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

Rosemary turns to go and passes the pregnant woman.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Au Revoir. I hope you feel better.

The pregnant woman nods as Rosemary leaves the office.

INT. PENTHOUSE GREENHOUSE - DAY

Rosemary watches Manon finish picking a handful of herbs and adds them to a collection already sitting in an industrial blender.

ROSEMARY

So aren't you going to tell me what's going in it?

MANON

Old family recipe from medieval midwives centuries past.

ROSEMARY

You're teasing me.

MANON

Yes. I am. But you're not to worry about what I'm putting in it.

Manon blends the mixture, taking mere seconds to turn into a greenish-white blend.

MANON (CONT'D)

Know only that the best of what the earth has to offer will be nourishing your blood.

Manon pours the mixture into a glass, hands it to Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

And my baby.

MANON

Don't be surprised if the baby puts up a bit of a fuss. Even in the womb some babies protest their vegetables!

ROSEMARY

The fetus is too young to make a fuss.

MANON

Drink.

Rosemary drinks the mixture, but has a hard time swallowing.

ROSEMARY

Pungent.

(lifting her amulet)

Is there Tannis Root in it?

Manon tips the glass back to Rosemary's lips.

MANON

Drink.

And Rosemary drinks.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

Rosemary takes a newly carved pumpkin, sets a lit candle inside the hallowed shell and sets it in her window. The doorbell rings. Rosemary approaches the door and opens it to reveal a small crowd of costumed children.

COSTUMED CHILDREN

Frandises ou betises!

ROSEMARY

Ooh la la. What do we have here?

(getting the bowl of  
candy)

A Pirate. A Pharoah.

Rosemary drops whole handfuls candy in each bag with the joyous abandon of expectant motherhood.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to the smallest boy)

Are you a bunny?

SMALLEST BOY

Lievre de Mars!

Rosemary looks to an older child who whispers in Rosemary's ear.

ROSEMARY

Oh. The March Hare! Pardon moi.

Rosemary drops a huge handful into the small boy's bag.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Guy sits once again at a table in the chic restaurant where he'd struck his publishing deal. Roman once again looks on as Guy reads from his manuscript.

GUY  
They had come to Paris to find  
love...

INT. SUNLIT ROOM - MORNING

Rosemary stands in the room where her dress-making materials and dummy are scattered about.

GUY (V.O.)  
...Or at the very least, find the  
love they had misplaced.

Rosemary looks back to Laura-Louise who directs several assistants as they remove the dress-making materials and dummy.

EXT. PARIS BOULEVARD - MORNING

Manon and Rosemary walk the Boulevard arm in arm.

GUY (V.O.)  
At first they believed it to be  
lost along the tree-lined  
Boulevards...

EXT. PARC MONCEAU - DAY

Manon and Rosemary walk through the Eighth District Park, passing the tongueless Peter who sits at an easel painting.

GUY (V.O.)  
...Or asleep in the grass of the  
manicured parks.

Rosemary catches his eye and she looks away.

INT. HOUSE OF BEAUCHAMPS - DUSK

Rosemary leans over a large work-table, cutting a fabric pattern and directing seamstress assistants.

GUY (V.O.)  
Or perhaps their love was simply  
floating through the air like the  
gathered glow of the city lights at  
sunset.

INT. CAFE - EVENING

Rosemary and Manon sit with Victoria Plaisir and pore over a  
spread of Rosemary's designs.

GUY (V.O.)  
But in the end, it was to be found  
in none of those places.

EXT. FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

Rosemary, her pregnancy beginning to show, walks up a red-  
carpet along with Manon, followed by Victoria, Laura-Louise  
and Madame Fountain.

GUY (V.O.)  
The love they had misplaced was in  
none of the light, balance and form  
that was the city of Paris itself.

Roman, Guy and Monsieur Fountain look on from the side.

INT. FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

Rosemary sits along the runway flanked by her friends as the  
show proceeds with models displaying the new maternity line.

GUY (V.O.)  
It was found underneath the city's  
lines and symmetry in a circle of  
friends.

CUT TO:

THE FASHION SHOW AT ITS END AS...

ROSEMARY takes a victory walk down the runway as Manon, Guy  
and the rest clap vigorously in the appreciative crowd.

GUY (V.O.)  
It was a circle of friends who had  
resurrected what they had first  
seen in each other ten years and  
ten-thousand concessions ago.

Rosemary and Guy lock eyes, he blowing her a kiss, she lovingly cupping her hands under her ripening belly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosemary sleeps, her face to the wall, as Guy leans down and kisses her hair. She stirs.

GUY  
Get some more sleep. Big night  
last night.

But Rosemary rolls over and looks up to him.

CLOSE ON GUY whose face slightly recoils, her face unseen to us.

ROSEMARY  
What is it?

GUY  
Nothing. Just get some more sleep.

Guy kisses her hair again and heads out. We watch from the back of Rosemary as she rises and heads into her bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Rosemary walks over to the sink, turns on the water and looks to the mirror.

HER FACE IS A PALE KABUKI-LIKE DEATH-MASK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The ghostly Rosemary sits in front of an unconcerned Sapirstein.

SAPIRSTEIN  
Every pregnancy is different.

ROSEMARY  
Look at me. I'm as pale as chalk.

SAPIRSTEIN  
Your body is using all its  
resources to perform the miracle of  
creating a human being. Your color  
will return.

ROSEMARY  
But in the cab over here I began to  
have a pain.  
(clutching her middle)  
And it's growing.

SAPIRSTEIN  
Just as the fetus is. It's merely  
the stretching of the pelvis. It  
will disappear in two or three days  
time.

Sapirstein rises and guides Rosemary out of his office.

SAPIRSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Now go home. Get plenty of rest  
and drink Manon's drink. And  
remember, stay off the internet. I  
hate self-diagnosis, and nothing is  
worse than the online fear-  
mongering directed at expectant  
mothers. Relax. All will be well.

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECEPTIONIST AREA - MORNING

Rosemary passes the Receptionist who looks compassionately at Rosemary, but then "brightens up" once she sees Sapirstein present. Rosemary heads to the door and passes a new pregnant woman who stares at Rosemary, then looks away.

EXT. PARIS BOULEVARD - DAY

Rosemary walks the streets as people passing by shoot her curious glances. She catches sight of herself in a window, a bleached shadow of her former self. She tries rearranging her hair in a vain effort to improve the unnerving reflection.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - LATE DAY

Guy returns home, wearing much nicer clothes than we remember, a fashionable custom tailored suit.

GUY

Ro. I'm home and I bear fabulous tidings.

Guy enters the living room to see Rosemary standing there, white as a sheet, cheeks sunken, black circles underscoring her hollow eyes, and...

HER HAIR CUT VERY SHORT IN A CHIC BOB.

BACK TO GUY who stands in disbelief.

GUY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

What the hell have you done to your hair?

ROSEMARY

(fingers her cropped hair  
self-consciously)

It's a french pixie.

GUY

(approaching her)

Well it belongs in the Black Forest  
with all the other bad fairy tales.  
What made you do it?

ROSEMARY

Guy. I have a pain.

GUY

I feel your pain.

ROSEMARY

Guy. I have a pain in my belly.  
It's getting worse and worse.

GUY  
Have you called Sapirstein?  
Nothing can happen to this baby.

ROSEMARY  
He was able to see me this morning.

GUY  
And?

ROSEMARY  
He told me not to worry. Every  
pregnancy is different and my  
pelvis is stretching.

GUY  
Then okay.

ROSEMARY  
Guy. Look at me.

Guy looks at her for a second, but then can't really.

GUY  
You know I came home with great  
news and now we're in the middle of  
this. I can't believe it.

ROSEMARY  
I look horrible.

GUY  
You shouldn't have butchered your  
hair that way. I just struck a  
million dollar development deal  
with that executive from Paramount  
who had me read his favorite  
chapter out loud, remember?

Rosemary clutches her stomach and nods.

GUY (CONT'D)  
We're supposed to have dinner with  
him tonight to celebrate.

Rosemary looks at herself in the mirror.

GUY (CONT'D)  
But you probably don't want to go  
now. Do you?

ROSEMARY  
No. You go.

GUY  
Are you sure?

ROSEMARY  
I'm sure.

GUY  
Okay. I need to change.

Guy kisses Rosemary on her hair and heads back, leaving Rosemary to look at her reflection in the window where outside, Paris has begun to darken.

EXT. PARIS - EVENING

Rosemary wanders the Eighth District at night, passing bare trees, closing shops and busy restaurants. She looks through a restaurant window to see a waiter passing close by with a tray of steaks.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Rosemary sits at a table, with a bottle of sparkling water and watches a waiter approach and set down her dinner.

WAITER  
Steak tartare.

Rosemary looks up at the man.

ROSEMARY  
Merci.

WAITER  
Is Madame well?

ROSEMARY  
Yes. Why?

WAITER  
You are bleeding, from the nose.

Rosemary instantly dabs her nose with the white napkin, the cloth now bearing a bright red patch.

ROSEMARY  
I'm sorry. About your napkin.

WAITER  
It is nothing. May I get you tissue?

ROSEMARY  
Please. Yes.

The concerned waiter leaves as customers look over to where Rosemary dabs her bleeding nose again, but then she casts off their curious looks and begins to hungrily eat the raw meat.

She catches sight of herself again in the window, a ghost.

A BEAT ON THE WORRIED ROSEMARY as she clutches her belly.

EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Rosemary walks with purpose towards the great towering Cathedral, its familiar gargoyles looking down upon her approach. She draws closer and closer up the stone steps leading to the open doors, where ahead can be seen at the end of the Cathedral's center aisle...

THE ALTAR, CANDLES...AND THE CRUCIFIED SON OF GOD.

BACK TO ROSEMARY who's just about to enter when suddenly...

ROMAN (O.S.)  
Rosemary.

Rosemary turns to see Roman behind her.

ROSEMARY  
(surprised)  
Roman.

Rosemary self-consciously fixes her hair and turns her pale face away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
I didn't expect to see you here.  
I'm afraid I don't look my best,

ROMAN  
Come into the light and let me have  
a better look.

ROSEMARY  
I'd rather not.

ROMAN  
(kind)  
Come.

Rosemary walks down the steps away from the church and steps into the light of the moon.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You look fine. And I think your haircut is very becoming. A pixie, is it not?

ROSEMARY

(brightening)

Yes. Do you like it?

ROMAN

Very much.

Roman looks to the Cathedral.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

So, are you here as a tourist or a supplicant?

ROSEMARY

(a bit embarrassed)

Don't tell Guy, but I'm here to light a candle to Saint Gerard, the patron saint of expectant mothers. Old superstitions die hard.

ROMAN

And why would you need to do that?

ROSEMARY

I'm worried about the baby.

ROMAN

As all expectant mothers are.

ROSEMARY

But look at me.

ROMAN

You are pale.

ROSEMARY

Guy won't even admit it.

ROMAN

Dr. Sapirstein told me that it is a natural phase, like morning sickness.

ROSEMARY

You call Sapirstein about me?

ROMAN

Every week.

Roman takes her arm.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I hope you don't think me  
intrusive, but I care a great deal  
about you and insist of making sure  
you are well looked after.

Roman begins to lead her away from the church and along the  
Seine, the city's lights reflecting off the water.

ROSEMARY

You should write that down for Guy  
to read some time.

ROMAN

Guy is a young man anxious to be  
remembered when he is an old man.  
I am old enough to know that in the  
end it is a fruitless pursuit.

ROSEMARY

You're not old.

ROMAN

You flatter me.

ROSEMARY

I don't.

The two lock eyes for a moment, an unspoken attraction.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(anxious to change the  
subject)

You must think I'm foolish for  
coming here to light a candle,  
after telling Manon I wasn't a  
practicing Catholic anymore.

ROMAN

Not at all. I agree with you that  
old superstitions die hard. Once  
in a great while I am moved to  
consider appearing before an altar  
and lighting a candle myself.

(a beat)

I used to be a priest.

ROSEMARY

You? A priest?

ROMAN

Of the Jesuit Order. Is it so hard to believe?

ROSEMARY

Well, quite frankly, yes.

ROMAN

Especially considering that Manon and I invited you into our bed?

ROSEMARY

(suddenly uncomfortable)

Yes.

Rosemary reflexively wants to remove her arm, but Roman gently, but firmly, keeps her arm around his as they now both walk along the river.

ROMAN

I believe in asking for what you want but not being offended if it is not tendered.

ROSEMARY

Then you're not offended?

ROMAN

Not at all. The mere asking was enjoyable. You see...

(a beat)

In life I believe it is a terrible sin to waste what has been placed on this earth for us to enjoy. Ultimately it was why I left the priesthood. Not satisfied with demanding that it be seen as the only path to salvation, the church also insists on dictating which pleasures and joys in life we can partake of.

(a beat)

It made for a rather joyless existence, I can tell you. Not at all how we are meant to live in this world.

Roman stops her and looks Rosemary straight in the face.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

And that is why you should consider not spending your evening lighting candles to a dead saint.

ROSEMARY  
 (clutching her belly)  
 It's going to be okay, isn't it?

ROMAN  
 Of course it is. Your baby is  
 something that you have created  
 yourself and will nurture and care  
 for yourself, all its long life.

Rosemary beams with Roman's declaration.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
 Your baby is not Heaven-sent to be  
 capriciously snatched away at any  
 moment. The Church would have you  
 believe that. Remember, the  
 Ancient East was populated with  
 prophets, charlatans and magicians.  
 Jesus was also an enchanter. He  
 was said to have spent those lost  
 years in Egypt, the birthplace of  
 magic.

ROSEMARY  
 I've heard that.

ROMAN  
 You and your baby will be fine.  
 (pointed beat)  
 No help from Heaven needed. No  
 Patron Saints need apply.

Rosemary laughs with the last sentence and can't help but  
 kiss Roman on the cheek.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
 (pleased)  
 What was that for?

ROSEMARY  
 For being who I need right now.

ROMAN  
 I am glad to be of service. Shall  
 we go indulge in a drink?

ROSEMARY  
 I would love an aperitif.

ROMAN  
 You are conquering French.

ROSEMARY

Oui je suis.

Rosemary and Roman walk down the riverbank arm in arm.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Guy and Rosemary sit on the bed and play scrabble.

GUY

It's a full development deal with a  
back end bonus and everything.  
They're not just letting me write  
the script, they're insisting.

Rosemary arranges a STRING OF WOOD PIECES INTO A WORD...

**M I L K**

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

(half-hearted)

That's great.

BACK TO SCENE as Guy takes Rosemary's chin in his hands.

GUY

I'm sorry you weren't there.

ROSEMARY

No you're not.

Guy recoils and fools around with his pieces.

GUY

You shouldn't have cut your hair.  
You look like a prepubescent boy...  
(a beat)  
Which makes me look like a  
candidate for the priesthood.

ROSEMARY

How dare you say something like  
that.

GUY

Then why don't you call your mother  
and lodge a complaint?

ROSEMARY

Maybe I will.

GUY

Good. I'm going out.

Guy grabs a jacket from the closet and heads out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rosemary stands in the kitchen and looks down to the sidewalk in front of the Tourquay. No sign of Guy coming out.

Rosemary waits another impatient moment and then instinctively looks up to the ceiling. She grabs her coat and heads to the front door, opens it to see...

MANON standing there with the herbal drink. Manon enters the place without so much as a welcome and closes the door.

MANON

I've brought your drink. You did not come for it today.

ROSEMARY

I haven't been feeling well. Look at me.

MANON

You look lovely, and that you don't feel well is all the more reason to drink it.

Rosemary looks to the greenish-white mixture.

ROSEMARY

I don't really feel like it.

MANON

Nonsense. You are a mother to a child whether you "feel like it" or not.

(giving her the drink)

Now drink.

Rosemary takes the drink and reluctantly gulps it down.

ROSEMARY

There. Satisfied?

MANON

Yes. And you should be.

ROSEMARY

Is Guy up there with Roman?

MANON

No. Roman is away on business.

Manon turns to go.

ROSEMARY  
May I come see for myself?

MANON  
How contrary you are being.

Manon comes back to her and softly caresses her cheek.

MANON (CONT'D)  
You really don't feel well, do you?

Rosemary shakes her head.

MANON (CONT'D)  
Go lie down and get some rest. I  
will call Sapirstein and insist he  
make a house call.

ROSEMARY  
(relieved)  
Thank you.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Rosemary's in bed as Sapirstein finishes his exam and heads  
to Guy standing in the doorway.

SAPIRSTEIN  
(sotto)  
Her body is going through some  
great changes. Giving birth is  
literally a human metamorphoses.

Rosemary half opens her eyes, listening.

GUY  
(sotto back)  
But she is looking pretty pale. I  
didn't want to echo her worries  
right off the bat and alarm her.

SAPIRSTEIN  
There is no need for alarm. I have  
seen women start their terms as  
rosy as red plums, turn pale and  
then return to being plums. I have  
also seen the opposite.

GUY  
(truly concerned)  
So she's going to be alright?

SAPIRSTEIN

Mr. Woodhouse. Your wife is  
alright.

Sapirstein passes Guy to go into the hallway as Guy comes to Rosemary, eyes closed again, and kisses her head.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosemary cooks blood sausage, looking at herself in the reflection of the kitchen window, looking sicker than ever and not even having the energy to care anymore. Impatient, she plops the uncooked meat on a plate and devours the flesh.

The doorbell rings. Rosemary heads to it, looks through the peep-hole to see

MANON OUT IN THE HALLWAY, HOLDING THE DRINK.

ROSEMARY unhappily closes her eyes with the now unwanted solicitous attention. She heads back towards the kitchen.

MANON (O.S.)

Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

I don't feel well. I have a  
headache...that can only be cured  
with a guillotine.

Rosemary half-laughs and half-cries with the familiar line.

MANON (O.S.)

Your drink will cure that.

Rosemary clutches her belly.

ROSEMARY

How long will it take to go away?  
Two or three days?

MANON

Open the door so I can at least  
hand it to you.

Rosemary catches sight of herself the hallway mirror, the portrait of death.

ROSEMARY

Leave it outside. I'll get it  
later.

There's no answer. Rosemary puts her eye to the peep-hole to see...

NO ONE. Suddenly...

MANON'S EYE is to the peep-hole as well and...

ROSEMARY jumps back with the sudden sight.

MANON

Alright, ma chere. I'll leave it here.

Rosemary just stands there for a few seconds, and then...

SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR to see...

NO ONE. Manon truly is gone. Rosemary picks up the drink, hurriedly locks the door again, goes into the kitchen and...

DUMPS THE DRINK DOWN THE SINK.

CUT TO:

A ROW OF DECAPITATED PIGS' HEADS FACING US FROM BEHIND A FREEZER WINDOW...

Their fangs exposed, mouths almost smiling, wide-eyed with their sudden death.

EXT. MARCHE RICHARD LENOIR MARKET - DAY

ROSEMARY moves past the frozen pigs' heads and through the outdoor market along the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, bundled up against the cooling days as the trees stand bare.

She passes raw severed animal loins hanging from hooks, blood sausages in their skin casings and bloody flanks. She grabs a package of the blood sausage and dumps it in her basket already full of an array of rare and bloody red meats.

She looks up to see ROMAN standing there, smiling wide.

ROMAN

Rosemary. How nice to see you.

ROSEMARY

(taken aback)

Roman. We meet again.

ROMAN

Indeed we do.

But this time instead of smiling, Rosemary moves on.

ROSEMARY

First at Notre Dame two days ago,  
and now today, how many miles away?

Roman follows her into the vegetables and cheeses.

ROMAN

For all its districts and avenues,  
Paris is a very intimate place.

Rosemary picks up a pear and pretends to study its ripeness.

ROSEMARY

My mother would say you are  
following me.

ROMAN

Your mother sounds like a wise  
woman...because I am.

(a beat)

Manon said you sounded odd this  
morning, refusing to drink the  
herbal mix. Are you alright?

Rosemary catches sight of her ghostly self.

ROSEMARY

Do I look alright?  
(challenging)  
Because I don't feel alright. The  
pain gets worse and worse each day.

ROMAN

Dr. Sapirstein told me today, the  
pain should go away in...

ROSEMARY

Two or three days.

Rosemary throws down the pear.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

That was six weeks ago!

Rosemary hurries away as Roman watches her go.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy comes to bed dressed in his pajamas. He gets under the blankets, rolls over and turns out the lights as the ghostly Rosemary looks up at the ceiling.

ROSEMARY

We're going to throw a party.

GUY

Roman and Manon throw the parties  
in Le Tourquay.

ROSEMARY

Is that a building code?

Guy turns back towards her.

GUY

It's an understanding between  
neighbors. Besides we can't  
compete with them and it will just  
embarrass them to watch you try.

ROSEMARY

Then we'll save them the  
embarrassment.

(a beat)

Roman and Manon are not invited.

GUY

What?

ROSEMARY

And neither are any of the other  
neighbors.

GUY

Who's left?

ROSEMARY

Hutch. And anyone he can help me  
muster up. I want to meet some new  
people. I need new blood.

GUY

You're going to offend Roman and  
Manon.

ROSEMARY

And what will they do? Stop  
shoving herbs down my throat and  
following me around Paris?

GUY  
Who's following you?

ROSEMARY  
Roman. At Notre Dame, at the  
market...and in Belleville.

GUY  
Roman wouldn't go near that place.

ROSEMARY  
He was there. I saw him getting...

Rosemary can't finish.

GUY  
Getting what?

This time it's Rosemary who rolls away from Guy.

ROSEMARY  
We're throwing a party. You can  
come or not.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

The place is decked out with candles and platters of food as Rosemary happily makes last minute preparations. Guy sits in a nearby chair and drinks.

GUY  
I still say this is a bad idea.

ROSEMARY  
You're not going to be the bad  
fairy at the Christening. I won't  
allow it.

The doorbell rings and Rosemary practically runs to it and opens it to reveal Hutch, a baguette in one upheld hand, a bottle in the other bottle and a great grin on his face.

HUTCH  
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine..."  
(his face falls)  
"And thou."

Hutch's arms fall as well as he comes to Rosemary.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
My God. What's happened to you?

Rosemary self-consciously runs her hand across her face.

ROSEMARY  
Don't be an old misery. Not  
tonight.

HUTCH  
(restraining himself)  
Very well.

Hutch kisses Rosemary on the cheek.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Bless you for calling me. I was an  
old fool at the Catacombs.

ROSEMARY  
Don't talk about it. It's  
forgotten.

Hutch looks to Rosemary's ripening belly.

HUTCH  
You're pregnant?

ROSEMARY  
Isn't it wonderful?

Hutch stands amazed at her pale face.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
This is where you say "yes, my  
dear. It's the best of news."

HUTCH  
Yes, my dear. It's wonderful.

Hutch moves into the apartment as Rosemary goes to shut the  
door but then sees Manon standing there.

MANON  
A soiree?

ROSEMARY  
(assertive)  
Yes. We're having some people over  
from the Sorbonne.

MANON  
But Guy no longer teaches there.

ROSEMARY  
You quit posts, not friends.

MANON  
Bien dit. Enjoy your party.

Manon walks away as Rosemary closes the door.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is punctuated here and there with guests as Rosemary negotiates her way through them with a platter of hors d'oeuvre, stopping by several faculty members and their spouses sitting on the couch.

ROSEMARY  
Have some more please.

FIRST GUEST  
Thank you. Are you okay  
sweetheart?

ROSEMARY  
I'm fine. I just don't get out in  
the sun these days.

Rosemary sees Hutch across the room and leaves to approach him.

SECOND GUEST  
(American, to each other)  
She's as pale as a ghost.

THIRD GUEST  
(American)  
Poor thing. She looks ill.

Rosemary arrives at Hutch who's been watching her the whole time. She approaches him.

ROSEMARY  
(sotto)  
Guy was the one I was worried  
about. And there you sit with a  
face like thunder.

HUTCH  
I'll cheer up if you make me one  
promise.

Hutch obligatorily takes an hors d'oeuvre.

ROSEMARY  
What is it?

HUTCH  
Meet me in the front of your  
building tomorrow morning after  
Guy's gone.

ROSEMARY

Alright.

HUTCH

(a beat)

And don't tell him.

Rosemary looks to where Guy is in the corner talking on his cell-phone, completely removed from the people and party.

ROSEMARY

(deciding)

Okay.

EXT. TOURQUAY - MORNING

Hutch pulls up to the Tourquay in his roadster to see Rosemary already waiting for him. Rosemary gets in the car as Paul the Concierge watches from inside the foyer.

EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES - MORNING

Hutch drives Rosemary south through the Eighth District.

ROSEMARY

His name is Dr. Sapirstein. He's supposed to be the best on the Boulevards.

HUTCH

I've heard of him. Good reputation though a little unorthodox.

ROSEMARY

He keeps telling me the pain will go away in two or three days. That was eight weeks ago.

HUTCH

Eight weeks? My God.

Rosemary feels a sudden sharp pain, clasps her belly and can't help but let out a helpless laugh.

ROSEMARY

(echoing Manon)

Somebody's God. Where are we going?

HUTCH

To get you to another doctor. His name's Bernard.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
He delivered my nephews back in  
Manhattan. Now he's Ex-Pat like  
me.

ROSEMARY  
(a beat)  
Alright. I'll see him.

HUTCH  
Good girl.

Hutch sees the amulet around Rosemary's neck.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
What the devil is that?

ROSEMARY  
An amulet. Manon gave it to me.

As Hutch drives, he lifts it to his eyes.

HUTCH  
1860's goldwork. Second Empire.

He puts it to his nose and winces with the scent.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Smells like my malodorous old  
auntie's potpourri.

Hutch lets it hang back down.

ROSEMARY  
It's Tannis root.

HUTCH  
Annis root?

ROSEMARY  
No. Tannis root.

HUTCH  
Never heard of it. What's it for?

Rosemary looks to Hutch with her ghostly white face.

ROSEMARY  
Good luck.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The very concerned Bernard sits behind his desk across from  
Rosemary and Hutch.

BERNARD  
(incredulous)  
You've had these pains for seven weeks?

ROSEMARY  
Going on eight.

HUTCH  
She looks like a vampire's sucking her blood from the inside.

Rosemary cradles her belly and baby.

ROSEMARY  
Hutch. Please.

BERNARD  
Only imaging and blood tests will tell us the story.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Rosemary lays on an exam table, her ripening belly exposed and covered with gel as a technician runs an imaging scope over her stomach.

BERNARD  
Let's see what we have here.

Hutch holds Rosemary's hand and watches Bernard behind the ultrasound screen.

BERNARD'S FACE fills with surprise and concern, all too apparent to Hutch and Rosemary.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernard sits behind his desk, holding the ultra-sound images and a handful of blood-work results.

BERNARD  
Mrs. Woodhouse's numbers...are not good.

Rosemary looks to Hutch with watering eyes.

HUTCH  
Steady old girl.

BERNARD

She is not only anemic, her blood sugar is practically diabetic and she is already showing signs of preeclampsia.

ROSEMARY

What about the baby?

BERNARD

It is you I am concerned for at the moment.

ROSEMARY

(firm)

What about the baby?

BERNARD

It is already showing signs of possible abnormalities, but it is still too early to tell at this stage. The conceivably affected areas are oddly fuzzy so no diagnosis concerning the baby would be valid.

HUTCH

But the diagnosis on Rosemary?

BERNARD

That is certain.

(a beat)

The baby is killing her.

Rosemary clutches her belly and baby.

ROSEMARY

(pointed)

What are you telling me to do?

BERNARD

(gleaning her meaning)

I am not telling you to do anything. I am only saying...

(a beat)

That if the pregnancy continues in this manner, Mrs. Woodhouse, you will die. If you were my patient, I would check you into the hospital this afternoon.

EXT. TOURQUAY - LATE DAY

Hutch drives Rosemary up to the front of the building in his roadster. She sits devastated as Hutch takes her hand.

HUTCH  
You're going to get through this  
Rosemary.

She nods as if in a waking nightmare.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
We'll get another opinion and carry  
on from there. Nothing in God's  
world can't be dealt with one way  
or another. Remember that.

Rosemary kisses him on the cheek.

ROSEMARY  
I'll get my things and be right  
down.

HUTCH  
I'm coming with you.

ROSEMARY  
No. I have to do this on my own.

Rosemary gets out of the car and heads towards the Tourquay.

HUTCH  
I'll be waiting.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - LATE DAY

Rosemary enters to find Guy at the window, holding a drink, an open liquor bottle nearby. He turns to see her.

GUY  
Where the hell have you been? I've  
been worried out of my mind.

ROSEMARY  
You have a strange way of showing  
it.

GUY  
What's that supposed to mean?

Rosemary heads down the hall and into the bedroom as Guy follows her.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Rosemary takes clothes from drawers and puts them on the bed.

GUY

What do you think you're doing?

ROSEMARY

I'm anemic and practically  
diabetic. I'm a physical wreck.

GUY

What are you talking about?

ROSEMARY

I've seen another doctor.

GUY

How could you do that?

Rosemary keeps taking out the clothes.

ROSEMARY

I'm an inch away from preeclampsia.

GUY

How could you see another doctor?

Rosemary starts stuffing the clothes into a bag. Guy stops her.

GUY (CONT'D)

How could you do that to Roman and  
Manon?

Rosemary throws his hands off her.

ROSEMARY

How could I do that to Roman and  
Manon?

Rosemary stand in disbelief, sees the amulet hanging from  
around her neck, grabs it and tosses it across the room.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I'm sick!

GUY

We'll get you to Sapirstein.

ROSEMARY

And he'll tell me it's nothing.  
You'll tell me it's nothing.

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
 Roman and Manon will tell me it's  
 nothing!  
 (heartbroken beat)  
 The baby.

GUY  
 (truly concerned)  
 Is the baby okay?

Rosemary just looks at Guy with wildly bewildered eyes.

ROSEMARY  
 Is the baby okay?  
 (a beat)  
 No the baby's not okay!

Rosemary clutches her belly with a sudden, piercing pain.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
 The baby...!

The pain grows worse as Guy comes to her.

GUY  
 Ro!

ROSEMARY  
 The baby is...

Rosemary collapses into Guy's arms from the pain and faints.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

The evening sky and its rising sliver of a moon hangs over Le Tourquay.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Rosemary lays on the bed, unconscious and shivering with a fever. Guy dabs a washcloth across her sweating forehead.

GUY

Ro. What have I done?

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - EVENING

Hutch stands at the Concierge's desk and faces off with Paul.

PAUL

I will tell you for a final time  
that you may not enter this  
building and if you attempt to do  
so I will call la police.

HUTCH

Perhaps I will call la police.

PAUL

Then do so. And when they arrive I  
am confident the building's owners  
will want to press charges against  
you for disturbing the peace.

Hutch looks around the great empty place.

HUTCH

Rosemary!

His voice echoes across the marble floor and up the stairs.

PAUL

Je suis avec la police....

Paul picks up the phone and dials.

HUTCH

Damn.

Hutch turns and leaves the building.

EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

Hutch gets back in his roadster and dials his cell phone.

HUTCH  
(into cell phone)  
I've left ten messages in the last  
hour. Where in the blazes are you?

The sounds and sight of a distant flashing police siren suddenly appear in Hutch's rear-view mirror.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
(into cell phone)  
For the love of God call me.

Hutch puts his roadster into gear and takes off down the Boulevard, disappearing into traffic as the police arrive at the Tourquay.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy comes out into the living room, looks out at the Paris night and lifts the liquor bottle straight to his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

NOTRE DAME TOWERING OVER THE SEINE AS DAWN BREAKS AND...

Casts its orange light past the cathedral and up into the Boulevards and across the windows of...

EXT. TOURQUAY - DAWN

...The Tourquay, and across...

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAWN

...Rosemary's face as she slowly wakes and rises.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Rosemary enters the living room to see Guy sitting on the couch, empty bottle at his side, still in his clothes, still staring out at Paris. Rosemary hasn't made a sound but Guy instinctively knows she's there.

GUY  
I've done things Ro.

ROSEMARY  
What kind of things?

GUY  
Your condition. I've let you live  
like ths.

Rosemary comes around to his front, Guy still doesn't look at her.

ROSEMARY  
You have?

GUY  
It was the book. All I could think  
about was the Goddamned book.

ROSEMARY  
And Hollywood.

Guy looks at her and can't help but nod.

GUY  
(a beat)  
Enough.

Guy bolts up and heads for the front door.

ROSEMARY  
Where are you going now?  
(pointed)  
"Out"?

GUY  
(meets her eyes directly)  
I'm going up to Roman and Manon.

Rosemary's stunned with the sudden frankness as he leaves.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

GUY stands before us.

GUY  
I want out.

ROMAN AND MANON EXCHANGE LOOKS. Roman walks over to a liquor cabinet and picks up a bottle.

ROMAN  
Calm yourself and have a brandy.

GUY  
I don't need to calm myself. I  
just want out.

MANON  
Remember we have an agreement.

Roman pours the Brandy.

ROMAN  
Do you truly want out of your  
lease?

GUY  
I want out. It was a wonderful  
offer and one I appreciate. But  
Rosemary is really sick and I can't  
continue to put her at risk. I  
have to get her out of here and  
home.

Roman and Manon again exchange looks as Roman hands Guy the  
brandy.

GUY (CONT'D)  
No, thank you.

ROMAN  
Take it.

GUY  
(firm)  
I said "no, thank you."

MANON  
Do you truly understand what you  
are saying? Once you leave, then  
you have left. We can't have you  
back as a tenant.

GUY  
Yes, I realize that things  
might...change. But we're done with  
this place.  
(a beat)  
Rosemary is my wife. I love her.

Roman nods and offers an empathetic smile.

ROMAN  
I respect your love for her. Some  
things aren't meant to be. Goodbye.

Roman downs the brandy as Guy leaves.

INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - MORNING

Carting suitcases, Guy leads Rosemary out of the building past Paul.

PAUL  
Shall I hail you a taxi?

GUY  
(abrupt)  
We'll get one ourselves.

INT. TAXI - MORNING

Rosemary and Guy ride in back as the driver makes his way though the thick morning traffic around the Arc de Triomphe.

GUY  
(to driver)  
Isn't there a faster way?

DRIVER  
If you want to go to de Gaulle,  
this is the way.

Rosemary clutches her belly again with the returning intense pain. Guy squeezes her hand.

GUY  
Okay. Just hurry.

Suddenly Guy's CELL PHONE RINGS. Guy looks at it, but doesn't answer.

ROSEMARY  
Who is it?

GUY  
(a beat, off the phone-  
screen)  
My agent.

ROSEMARY  
Why don't you answer it?

Still Guy hesitates.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
It could be important.

Guy taps the screen...answering it.

GUY  
(into phone)  
This is Guy.

Guy listens for a beat as his face begins to fall.

ROSEMARY  
What is it?

Guy holds up a silencing hand as Rosemary quiets.

GUY  
I understand. Yeah. Sure.  
What can you do?  
(a beat)  
Some things aren't meant to be.

Guy hangs up and stares ahead as though he'd been punched in the gut.

ROSEMARY  
Guy. What is it?

GUY  
Paramount's pulled out of the deal.  
There's a competing project at Fox.

ROSEMARY  
You still have the book. And we're going home.

GUY  
It's all off, the money for the script, bonuses, even the advance they told me had already been cut.

ROSEMARY  
(quickly)  
We don't need it. We have each other.

Guy still sits stunned.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
(emphatically)  
We have us back. That's what matters.

GUY  
(a beat)  
Turn back.

DRIVER  
Comment?

GUY  
Y retourner! En ce moment!

The driver and Guy throw several rapid-fire french phrases at each other as Rosemary sits bewildered. The driver throws his hands in the air again and pulls a wild whiplash U-turn.

ROSEMARY  
Where are we going?

GUY  
Back.  
(a beat)  
I left my passport.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary stands in the living room, suitcases nearby.

ROSEMARY  
Hurry Guy. We're going to miss our plane.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Guy fishes through a bureau drawer.

GUY  
We've already missed it.

Guy finds what he's looking for, sure enough...

HIS PASSPORT.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Guy enters carrying the passport.

GUY  
I'll have to book us another flight.

Guy sits down and dials his cell-phone.

GUY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Air France, s'il vous plait.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. Guy and Rosemary look to the front door.

ROSEMARY  
Hurry Guy.

GUY  
I'm on hold.

The doorbell rings again.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Answer it.

ROSEMARY  
NO. I don't want to.

Rosemary clutches her belly with another piercing pain.

GUY  
Rosemary, just answer the door.  
(into phone)  
Oui. Oui, Reservations, s'il vous  
plait.

Again the doorbell rings and Rosemary reluctantly approaches it, takes the doorknob and turns it to reveal...

Manon and Rosemary there with smiles and a small wrapped box.

ROMAN  
Thank goodness we are in time to  
wish you farewell.

MANON  
We are heartbroken to see you leave  
ma chere.

Manon kisses Rosemary's pale cheek as the pain strikes again.

ROSEMARY  
Thank you.

Roman holds out the box.

MANON  
The embroidered christening gown,  
finally completed. I want you to  
have it for the baby in New York.

ROSEMARY  
That really isn't necessary.

Again the pain strikes, seemingly impaling her.

ROMAN  
Of course it is necessary.

MANON

As necessary as it is for you to return to your home so your own doctors can attend to this terrible pain.

ROMAN

I'm ashamed of myself for letting my friendship with Dr. Sapirstein eclipse my judgement.

MANON

Go home, Rosemary and consult with your own doctors, for your sake.

ROMAN

And the baby's.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

Roman and Manon still stand in the hallway.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Won't you come in?

ROMAN

Merci.

Roman and Manon enter as Guy gets off the phone.

GUY

We're booked. Flight's in two hours so we're going to have to hurry.

MANON

Goodbye, Rosemary Woodhouse.

Rosemary clutches her belly with the pain that now takes her whole body hostage, growing worse with each second.

ROSEMARY

Goodbye, Manon.

ROMAN

Au Revoir, my dear.

Rosemary's almost doubled over, but also almost out the door.

ROSEMARY

(nods)

Roman.

Rosemary lets Manon and Roman hug her and then eagerly picks up her suitcase.

GUY  
I'll get that Ro.

Guy leads Rosemary to the door, turning back to Manon and Roman.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for everything.

ROSEMARY  
You've been so generous.

MANON  
To be used is a friend's privilege.

Rosemary nods with the familiar phrase and then moves to cross the door's threshold when suddenly...

ROSEMARY STOPS.

She just stands there, inches away from leaving the apartment.

GUY  
What is it?

But still Rosemary stays nothing.

GUY (CONT'D)  
What is it.

Rosemary just turns back with a wildly bewildered look on her face.

GUY (CONT'D)  
(frantic)  
Ro, what is it?

ROSEMARY  
The pain.

A smile starts to spread across her lips widening with joy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
It's gone.

GUY  
Gone? Just like that.

ROMAN  
Just like that.

ROSEMARY

(happy tears)

Oh, Guy!, It's gone. No more pain.

Rosemary hugs Guy who hugs her back and then...

Looks to Roman and Manon.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. TAXI - DAY

Rosemary and Guy ride in back across the Pont Notre Dame bridge leading into the Left Bank's Saint-Germain-Des-Pres neighborhood. Rosemary's full rosy cheeks proclaim her weight gain and returned health.

ROSEMARY

I really am okay with going back to Sapirstein. He was right. Every pregnancy is different. And I don't trust that Bernard.

GUY

You're being too hard on the guy.

ROSEMARY

He scared the hell out of me. He was dead wrong about the baby killing me, and his ultra-sound was "fuzzy." That was his word for it.

GUY

Even so, you're going to keep the follow-up you scheduled and we're going to let him take another look.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Bernard sits in front of his ultra-sound screen as his face soaks in the unbelievable sight, then looks to Rosemary on the table, bare-bellied, with Guy holding her hand.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernard sits at his desk with the imaging and blood-work as he looks to Rosemary and Guy.

BERNARD

It's...astonishing...miraculous. I have no other word to describe it.

Rosemary and Guy exchange smiles.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 Your bloodwork numbers Mrs.  
 Woodhouse are as good as I could  
 hope, and the imaging shows nothing  
 other than a perfectly healthy  
 little prince.

ROSEMARY  
 You're saying it's a boy?

BERNARD  
 I'm saying it's time to start  
 picking out names.

Rosemary kisses Guy with joy.

ROSEMARY  
 Andy. I like Andy...or Mason.

GUY  
 Andy or Mason it is.

EXT. TOURQUAY - DAY

The sun is high and bright in the sky, the trees lining the  
 Boulevard once again sport leaves, flower-boxes once again  
 coming alive with ripening blossoms.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary's late into her term now as all her friends from the  
 building, Victoria, Laura-Louise and of course Manon, throw  
 her a baby shower as Rosemary unwraps the cutest and, most  
 expensive, of toddler clothes.

ROSEMARY  
 How beautiful. Oh Guy, look.

Rosemary heads to the terrace where Guy sits with Roman  
 speaking fast and fluent French.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
 They're Catimini.

GUY  
 You know I'm God struck me blind  
 when it comes to fashion.

The sentence gives Rosemary pause, but she smiles anyway.

ROSEMARY  
 You could at least look at them.

GUY  
They're baby clothes, Ro.

ROSEMARY  
They're only the best. What your  
son deserves, n'est pas?

ROMAN  
Conquering French.

Guy really doesn't want to look at the jumper. Roman rises  
and comes to her.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
See how tripping this phrase comes  
to your tongue.  
(a beat)  
Une mere est une mere encore, la  
plus sainte chose vivante.

ROSEMARY  
Une mere est une mere...

ROMAN  
Encore.

ROSEMARY  
...Encore.

Guy watches the Roman step into his shoes.

ROMAN  
La plus sainte chose vivante.

ROSEMARY  
La plus sainte chose vivante.  
(a beat)  
What does it mean?

ROMAN  
A mother is a mother still, the  
holiest thing alive.

Right in front of Guy, Roman openly caresses her cheek, and  
she lets him.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary folds and arranges the clothes and other assorted  
gifts on the bed next to Guy. She gives a sudden start.

ROSEMARY  
Oh.

GUY  
What is it?

Rosemary clutches her stomach.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Is the pain back?

Rosemary looks to Guy and smiles.

ROSEMARY  
It kicked. It really kicked.  
There it is again.

Rosemary takes Guy's hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Feel it.

Guy pulls back his hand.

GUY  
No thanks.

ROSEMARY  
Say hello to your son.

GUY  
You know me. I'm squeamish about  
that kind of thing.

ROSEMARY  
Since when?

GUY  
Since now.

Rosemary gives another little start with another kick.

ROSEMARY  
You're really in there, aren't you  
Andy or Ryan.

Rosemary looks down at her round belly.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
You're alright? Right? Of course  
you are. Nothing's going to happen  
to you. Not this late in the game.

Rosemary thinks for a second and then washes her eyes over  
the floor, in search of something, then finally finding it.

Rosemary bends down gingerly and picks up...

THE AMULET, which she had tossed away.

She puts it back on.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Nothing is going to happen to you.

INT. WOODHOUSE KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Roman finishes cooking dinner for Rosemary and serves her.

ROMAN

The cruciferous vegetables are plus importante.

ROSEMARY

What about Manon's drink?

ROMAN

Broccoli, cauliflower and fish oil.  
The omegas three's for the brain.

Roman forks a piece of salmon and feeds Rosemary.

INT. SUNLIT ROOM - EVENING

Roman paints the nursery, punctuating the pastel yellow walls with clouds shaped liked circus animals.

ROMAN

I have finished the elephant.

Roman heads out of the room, hair and shirt paint-speckled.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Roman enters the bedroom, no Rosemary in sight.

ROMAN

What is next for le cirque du nuages?

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

(taken by surprise)

I don't know.

Roman sees the bathroom door ajar, and ROSEMARY IN THE TUB clearly and visibly reflected in the medicine cabinet mirror.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You choose.

Roman turns to go, but then stops, heads towards the...

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

...Bathroom door which he slowly opens before entering.  
Rosemary sinks down under the water as she sees him, but...

HER PREGNANT BELLY REMAINS OVER THE WATER LINE.

ROSEMARY looks to ROMAN who looks, almost longingly, at  
Rosemary's stomach ripe with the growing child.

ROMAN

(a beat)

Je suis entre une girafe et d'un  
pingouin.

Rosemary takes in Roman's admiring her stomach.

ROSEMARY

You are between a giraffe and a  
penguin?

Roman comes to the bathtub and crouches down, not taking his  
eyes of her stomach.

ROMAN

You are conquering French.

A beat on Rosemary as she not only lets him admire her ripe  
stomach.

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

You can touch it, if you like.

Roman reaches out to touch her belly.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Wait.

Rosemary rises up slightly from the water, bringing her belly  
closer to his hand, revealing her breasts. But...

ROSEMARY'S BELLY is all Roman's interested in as his hand  
reaches out and caresses the belly cradling the baby.  
Suddenly...

GUY (O.S.)

Ro, I'm home.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

Guy makes his way through the place, down the hall, and into the bedroom, and then bathroom to see...

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

...Rosemary in the bathroom, alone.

ROSEMARY  
You mind knocking?

GUY  
The door was open.

ROSEMARY  
Well close it. Behind you.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Guy closes the bathroom door and turns to see Roman there.

ROMAN  
Good evening Guy.

GUY  
Hello Roman. Still here?

ROMAN  
Just leaving.

Roman heads down the hallway to leave as Guy watches him go.

EXT. LEFT BANK OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Rosemary sits at sidewalk table across from Hutch, both of them shaded by a table-umbrella.

HUTCH  
I'm speechless.

ROSEMARY  
The day you're speechless is the day the sun doesn't come up.

HUTCH  
No, truly. You look remarkable, wonderful in fact.

ROSEMARY  
Thank you.

HUTCH  
I was worried sick.

ROSEMARY  
You've been angry with me. That's why you're not wearing my scarf.

HUTCH  
Don't be silly. I left it at the office and keep forgetting to bring it home. It's been hanging there for three weeks.

ROSEMARY  
Good, I'm glad we're OK. You were a rock when I got myself so worked up for nothing. That's why I called you. To thank you and also to show you all that worry was for nothing.

HUTCH  
So your lucky amulet did the trick?

Rosemary holds up the gold orb.

ROSEMARY  
(a beat)  
It's protected me every step of the way.

HUTCH  
May I see it?

ROSEMARY  
I don't like to take it off.

HUTCH  
Surely thirty seconds won't bring any harm?

Rosemary reluctantly takes it off and hands it to Hutch.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
It's quite striking. The ornate work and the way it's shaped to catch the light.

Hutch rises and walks out from under the umbrella into the light, turning away from Rosemary for a few seconds. He then turns back and hands the amulet back to her.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
You say it contains an herb?

ROSEMARY

Tannis root.

HUTCH

Yes. I did some research but could find nothing on "Tanis Root."

ROMAN (O.S)

It is an ancient herb.

Rosemary and Hutch turn to see Roman standing against the sun, his form darkly outlined. He steps into the light.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

From Mesopotamia.

HUTCH

The cradle of civilization.

ROMAN

So they say. Hello again, Mr. Hutchins. The herb was thought to be lost for centuries, but my father came across it on his travels and gave the plant a new life.

HUTCH

Won't you join us, Mr. Castevet? As Rosemary can tell you I love hearing arcane details and little known histories. And it's Hutch, please.

ROMAN

Thank you, Hutch. But I am on my way to an appointment and only stopped to say hello.

(to Rosemary)

Manon would like you to call when you get the chance, nothing important.

ROSEMARY

Are you sure you can't stay?

ROMAN

No. But it has been a pleasure seeing you my dear, you look so fresh and lovely. Hutch? Perhaps another time. Au Revoir.

Roman leaves the table and walks away towards the Seine.

ROSEMARY

Oh, that's too bad. I'm really looking forward to you two getting to know each other. I think you would find that you have a lot in common. I know, once the baby is born I'll give a dinner.

HUTCH

Yes, I wish he'd been able to stay awhile. He seems like an interesting fellow. I'd like to have learned more about his father's travels.

ROSEMARY

I never noticed Roman has pierced ears.

HUTCH

Pierced ears and piercing eyes.

ROSEMARY

(a beat)

Another pastry?

HUTCH

(eyebrows raised)

Eating for two, includes dessert, eh? How about I get another glass of wine and watch you?

HUTCH'S HAND SECRETLY DROPS A FINGER-PINCH OF TANIS ROOT INTO THE NAPKIN IN HIS LAP AND THEN FOLDS IT CLOSED.

EXT. SORBONNE - DAY

Hutch hurries across the campus and enters a building bearing the words carved in stone...ECOLE DE SCIENCES.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Hutch lays the napkin out before a CHEMIST.

CHEMIST

Annis root?

HUTCH

Tannis. How soon can you give me a chemical breakdown?

The CHEMIST leans down and takes a sniff, winces his nose.

CHEMIST  
This evening.

INT. SORBONNE HALLWAY - DAY

Hutch passes by the portraits of old masters and suddenly sees Guy approaching him.

GUY  
Hutch old buddy.

HUTCH  
Retuning to the scene of the crime.

GUY  
I deserve that, and more.  
(holding out his hand)  
Forgive me. But I couldn't just  
"wait and hope." You know me.

HUTCH  
Yes. I know you.

GUY  
Let's not leave it badly.

HUTCH  
(not taking his hand)  
We'll see.

Hutch moves on down the hallway as Guy watches him go.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch arrives in his office and sits down. But then his eyes catch sight of something, the hat-rack where NO SCARF HANGS.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Rosemary stands in the bathroom and readies for bed as Guy pores over his screenplay. Rosemary's cell phone rings. Rosemary enters as Guy takes it and looks at the screen.

GUY  
It's Hutch. I'll get rid of it.

ROSEMARY  
(taking the phone)  
I'll take it, thank you.

GUY  
I tried to patch things up with  
him. He snubbed me.

ROSEMARY  
(into phone)  
Hello Hutch.

HUTCH  
(over phone, serious)  
Rosemary. Can you meet me tomorrow  
morning? It's important.

ROSEMARY  
Sure. Okay. Where?

HUTCH  
Cafe Sud, right around the corner  
from you.

INT. HUTCH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Hutch finishes dressing. He sifts through his closet and its  
collection of long scarves and picks one.

EXT. LATIN QUARTER - MORNING

Hutch drives his roadster through the winding cobblestone  
streets as his long scarf trails behind him in the air.

EXT. LEFT BANK/PONT NEUF BRIDGE - MORNING

Hutch drives along the Left Bank along the Seine and then  
turns right onto the Pont Neuf Bridge spanning the river  
where the Notre Dame Cathedral and its gargoyles wait ahead.

THE SCARF AROUND HUTCH'S NECK trails long and waving in the  
air behind him, as if it had a strange life of its own.

HUTCH keeps driving, the SCARF still trailing and then...

THE SCARF drops down over the back side of the car, its...

CLOTH "FINDING" THE SPOKED BACK WHEEL and suddenly...

ENTANGLING ITSELF INTO THE SPOKED WHEELS.

THE SCARF AROUND HUTCH'S NECK IMMEDIATELY TIGHTS...

AND BEGINS TO CHOKE HIM.

Hutch grabs at the tightening scarf "noose" with one hand, steering the wheel with the other to avoid swerving into oncoming traffic, but...

THE SPOKED WHEEL SPINS AND TIGHTENS THE SCARF...

CHOKING HUTCH TO DEATH. He now has no choice but to grab at the scarf "noose" with both hand...

HIS FOOT OFF THE ACCELERATOR, but still the car heads...

INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC SWERVING WILDLY AROUND HIM AS...

THE ROADSTER SWERVES SIDEWAYS AND...

SLAMS INTO THE BRIDGE'S STONE RAILING SENDING...

HUTCH FLYING OUT OF THE CAR AND OVER THE BRIDGE RAILING AS...

HIS NECK INSTANTLY SNAPS...

HIS LIFELESS BODY LEFT TO HANG THERE SWAYING OVER THE WATER.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - DAY

A praying stone angel kneels prostrate high atop a marble column overlooking the scene below...

A FUNERAL IN PROGRESS where a PRIEST and mourners surround a coffin and open grave amidst the sprawling Parisian cemetery.

PRIEST

Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine

CUT TO:

CEMETERY - LATER

Rosemary approaches a woman in black dress and veil, ANN HUTCHINS (40's).

ROSEMARY

Ann, I'm heartbroken. Your uncle was so kind to Guy and me. I'm so sorry for your loss.

ANN

Thank you, Rosemary. And thank you for coming.

ROSEMARY

I'm only sorry Guy couldn't come. Frankly, I think the shock of the news was too much for him. I've never seen him so shaken.

ANN

(looks to two nearby boys)  
I know. My sons are taking it really hard, especially with the way it happened.

ROSEMARY

I feel so guilty. He was coming to meet me.

ANN

Yes. I know.

Ann opens her purse and takes out a BOOK.

ANN (CONT'D)

They found this in his car. There was a post-it with the address of a cafe and your name in his handwriting. I can only assume he meant for you to have it, though I almost threw it away.

ROSEMARY

Why?

Ann hands Rosemary the book, it's title:

**ALL OF THEM WITCHES**

INT. TAXI - DAY

Rosemary sits in the cab's back and pages through the book. She comes across a handwritten note..

INSERT OF THE NOTE reading: *Rosemary - It's an anagram*

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

"Rosemary. It's an anagram."

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALL OF THEM WITCHES is dropped down onto the bedspread alongside...

THE SCRABBLE GAME.

ROSEMARY opens the game box and dumps out the wood letters and sets up a small wood "shelf" where she places and shuffles fifteen small square wood pieces, making...

**ALL OF THEM WITCHES**

ROSEMARY shuffles the pieces around to make...

**COMES WITH THE FALL**

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Comes with the fall?

HER HANDS REARRANGE AGAIN to make...

**HOW IS HELL FACT MET**

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

How is hell fact met.

And again rearranging them to make...

**WHO SHALL MEET IT...WE THAT CHOSE ILL...ELF SHOT LAME WITCH**  
and finally...**TELL ME WHICH FATSO** as...

ROSEMARY wipes the letters away in frustration, picks up the book and begins paging through it...

A COLORFUL HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE CENTURIES...

PENTAGRAMS...

CARICATURES OF PAST POPES AS DEMONS...

TORTURE DURING THE SPANISH INQUISITION...

And then...

SATANISM IN FRANCE...

THE LEVELLING OF CHURCHES, MONASTERIES AND CHAPELS IN THE  
1860'S TO MAKE WAY FOR THE BOULEVARDS.

ROSEMARY turns a page, stops and studies one page in wonder.  
There before her is an...

OLD BLACK AND WHITE DAGUERREOTYPE PHOTOGRAPH...

A GROUP OF WORKERS standing in front of a decimated church  
holding shovels and spikes. At their center, shirt off and  
wearing a small round amulet around his neck is...

A MAN, a mark on his shoulder just like Manon's "burn" on her  
left breast, the spitting image of a young mustached...

ROMAN CASTAVET.

But the name under this man's image...

**STEVEN MARCATO**

ROSEMARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Steven Marcato.

ROSEMARY picks out new Scrabble squares and spells out...

**STEVEN MARCATO**

ROSEMARY shuffles them like mad and pulls her hand away to  
reveal what she had suspected...

**ROMAN CASTAVET**

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Rosemary stands facing Guy who holds the book open.

GUY  
I'll admit it's a coincidence.

ROSEMARY  
It's Roman.

GUY  
(handing the book back)  
It's a Roman look alike. You know  
how many people look like other  
people?

Guy heads down the hallway as Rosemary follows him.

GUY (CONT'D)  
There's probably four of me walking  
around this world right now. I've  
got to change.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Guy goes to the mirror and starts undoing his shirt.

GUY  
I'm meeting the studio execs  
tonight. They're in love with my  
first draft. No "we love it, let's  
change it" this time.

ROSEMARY  
What about the anagram? "Roman  
Castavet" rearranged is "Steven  
Marcato."

Guy keeps undressing, but doesn't take off his t-shirt.

GUY  
It's weird.

ROSEMARY  
It's witchcraft.

Guy stops undressing, turning back to Rosemary with the book.

GUY  
You're serious. You think the man  
in that 1863 daguerreotype is Roman  
Castavet? Ro, that's crazy.

ROSEMARY  
He's a witch.

GUY  
Who evidently gets to live through  
the centuries like a vampire.  
(goes back to dressing)  
You're mixing your monsters, honey.

ROSEMARY  
Remember Hutch told us that Marcato  
made a deal with the devil to  
lengthen his life.

GUY  
Rosemary, I know Hutch was a good  
friend, and I'm sorry that he's  
dead, but he was an addle-brained  
drunk.

ROSEMARY  
Look how he died.

GUY  
In a freak accident.

ROSEMARY  
Look at the other workers around  
Marcato. There's one with a  
cauliflower ear, just like Emile  
the handyman.

She holds up the book and sure enough...

A YOUNG MAN looking much like Emile stands there next to  
Roman, Cauliflower ears.

BACK TO SCENE as Guy won't look at it, keeps dressing.

GUY  
You know how many people have  
cauliflower ears from boxing or  
football alone.

ROSEMARY  
Look at it.

Guy suddenly takes the book from Rosemary and tosses it.

GUY  
You're talking crazy!

ROSEMARY  
Something's very wrong Guy.

GUY

I'll tell you what's wrong. You're  
two weeks away from giving birth  
and your hormones are going wild.

ROSEMARY

It's not my hormones.

GUY

I was thinking about inviting you  
along to meet the exec tonight.  
But not now, not with this. I'm  
out of here. Get some sleep.

Guy leaves as Rosemary picks up the book again.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary sits at her laptop as images of the great  
desecration of the heart of Catholic Paris splashes across  
the screen and her face and her eyes.

CHURCHES RAZED TO THE GROUND IN PILES OF RUBBLE...

GRAVESTONES PULLED FROM THE GROUND AND BROKEN APART FOR GRIST  
IN MORTAR...

COFFINS DUG UP AND TORN APART...

BODIES RIPPED FROM THEIR SACRED RESTING PLACES...

MOSTLY SKELETONS...

SOME STILL DECOMPOSING.

ROSEMARY DIGESTS THE IMAGES LIKE A FEAST OF GORE and then  
finally...

THE IMAGE OF A DESECRATED CATHEDRAL fill the computer screen  
and...

ROSEMARY'S EYES which study the old photograph, especially...

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE behind the Cathedral, its distance and  
proximity.

ROSEMARY, as if in a dream, gets up and looks out her window  
to where...

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE stands in the same position and distance  
from her building as...

THE DESECRATED CHURCH does in the old photograph on the computer screen.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary takes out a FLASHLIGHT from a drawer.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Rosemary gets on the elevator to be greeted by the operator.

ROSEMARY  
The basement, s'il vous plait?

OPERATOR  
Comment?

ROSEMARY  
(pointing down)  
The basement.

Rosemary looks to the elevator buttons, presses the very bottom one labelled with a C.

OPERATOR  
Le Cave?

ROSEMARY  
Le Cave.

The elevator descends.

INT. TOURQUAY BASEMENT - NIGHT

The elevator opens into a pitch black corridor.

OPERATOR  
Madame. Non.

Rosemary presses a button to make the elevator rise and gets out just as it does.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Madame...

The elevator disappears leaving Rosemary standing in the dark. The flashlight's beam comes on illuminating a long corridor of pipes, gas levers and Emile's handyman tools.

ROSEMARY heads down the corridor, throwing the flashlight's beam everywhere for some sign of what she hopes to find.

There's nothing, just the pipes, gas-levers, tools...

ROSEMARY STUMBLES, she grabs the wall to stop her fall, dropping the flashlight as she uses her other hand to steady her belly. The flashlight falls, spins and throws shadows everywhere. Rosemary bends, picks up the flashlight and throws the beam to the spot where she'd stumbled.

METAL-WORKING sits there on the floor, intricate, old and dimly golden.

ROSEMARY studies the strange pattern of metal imbedded in the old floor, and in the design's middle there sits three letters...

TOR

ROSEMARY takes off the amulet and holds it up to the flashlight's beam, a miniature version of the floor's metal working, the pattern as well as the three letters.

She crouches down and runs her hand over the metal-working pattern to find, just under the three letters...

A KEYHOLE.

ROSEMARY puts the golden orb, letters first, into the keyhole and turn the amulet...

INSTANTLY UNLOCKING THE METAL WORKINGS AS A...

GRIP HANDLE SNAPS UP.

ROSEMARY takes the grip-handle and pulls open a...

TRAP DOOR where stairs lead down into an even greater darkness.

INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRS - NIGHT

Rosemary heads down the stairs, guided by the flashlight's beam cutting through the darkness only a few feet ahead.

She arrives at the last stair and finds herself facing...

AN OLD STONE WALL, medieval masonry, easily centuries old.

It's a dead end, but no...

ROSEMARY turns heads around the old stairs and throws the light behind them to where....

INT. DESECRATED CHURCH - NIGHT

A DESECRATED MEDIEVAL CHURCH spreads out before her;  
shattered stain glass windows, scattered broken pews...

AND AN ALTAR.

It's not just any altar, but it's the altar from Rosemary's  
dream, the altar on which she suddenly found herself sexually  
devouring her lover.

Sure enough, amidst the decades old gathered dirt and dust on  
the floor are...

SCATTERED FOOTPRINTS, relatively recent compared to the  
decades upon decades of dust collected elsewhere.

ROSEMARY, as if in a waking nightmare, crosses the floor and  
approaches the...

ALTAR WHICH HAS...

NO DUST AT ALL.

BACK TO ROSEMARY WHO STANDS HORRIFIED as we...

FLASH CUT TO:

A NAKED ROSEMARY ON HER LOVER ATOP THE ALTAR.

ROSEMARY  
This is no dream! This is really  
happening!

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

With Hutch's book next to her, Rosemary gets on her lap-top and starts punching in key words...

COVEN...

WITCHES...

RITUALS...

AUTUMNAL SOLSTICE...

Satanic images flood Rosemary's eyes as a dark parade of hellish information passes before her. Then finally...

She punches in two unexpected words...

PETER WEES.

What comes up before her makes her EYES GO WIDE.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Guy enters the dark apartment and turns on a lamp to see Rosemary sitting in the chair, face hard.

ROSEMARY  
Take off your shirt.

GUY  
And hello to you. I'm heading to bed.

Rosemary rises and puts herself in his path.

ROSEMARY  
Take off your shirt. Now.

GUY  
I will not.

ROSEMARY  
All of them witches.

GUY  
What's that? Some incantation.

ROSEMARY

Roman and Manon are witches, along with Laura-Louise and the rest of them. You've made a deal with them, haven't you?

GUY

A deal?

ROSEMARY

That's why your book sold and you're writing a script for a million dollars.

GUY

Thanks for the vote of confidence. I knew you never really believed in me.

ROSEMARY

That's why everyone in Le Tourquay has been so welcoming. Warm, friendly France. You've promised them something.

GUY

What have I "promised" them?

Rosemary clutches her belly.

ROSEMARY

The baby.  
(pointing to the book)  
It's all in Hutch's book.

GUY

Not that crazy old man again.

ROSEMARY

Witches need babies for their sacrifices. They drink the blood from goblets. You know where they cut the child's throat?

GUY

On a stone altar under a midnight moon as the wolves howl...

ROSEMARY

STOP IT. In a baptismal font, stolen from a desecrated church, just like the one Roman has up in his place.

GUY

He also has three Van Goghs. That doesn't make him Gauguin.

ROSEMARY

He also has dozens of vases at his entrance.

GUY

And?

ROSEMARY

Covens keep the ashes of their martyrs in vases at the doorways.

GUY

You're saying those vases contain ashes? Of dead people?

ROSEMARY

The autumnal equinox is the their most sacred holiday. Do you know how they celebrate it?

GUY

They build a bonfire and pour blood into the ground.

ROSEMARY

That's right.

GUY

Roman poured red wine into the soil.

ROSEMARY

Then they have to do one of two things. Have an orgy or make an animal sacrifice.

GUY

What are you saying? That because we wouldn't swing with them...

ROSEMARY

They killed Pilote. It had to be an animal that they had raised. They took his collar, put a spell on it and turned him rabid so Roman would have to shoot him. That's what they do, take the possession of something or someone and cast a spell. They must have taken something of Hutch's.

GUY

Like what?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. Something.

GUY

Listen to yourself. It's crazy.

ROSEMARY

Tell that to Peter.

GUY

Who's Peter?

ROSEMARY

Monsieur Wees' brother. He found out they were a coven and they cut his tongue out.

GUY

The Taliban did that.

ROSEMARY

Peter Wees was a photographer from the BBC who was taken hostage by the Taliban...

Rosemary opens her lap-top up to Guy's face.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And released a year later in one piece, tongue and all.

Rosemary's finger presses play as a YOUTUBE news-clip of Peter Wees in an airport with his brother.

PETER

(on the screen)

Coming home never felt so good.

ROSEMARY

Witches cut out his tongue. They brand themselves with the mark of Satan. Manon has a burn mark just above her left breast, just like Marcato in the picture.

(a beat)

Just like you do.

GUY

You're saying I'm a witch? Really Ro. This is too much.

ROSEMARY  
Take off your shirt.

GUY  
Alright. Your hormones must be  
moving around inside you like a  
bunch of Mexican hat-dancers.

ROSEMARY  
Just take it off.

Guy takes off his collared shirt.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Now the t-shirt.

Guy begins to take off his t-shirt.

GUY  
Shouldn't I have a sound-track or  
at least a pole to work with?

Guy finishes taking off his shirt, and there on his breast...

IS NOTHING.

GUY (CONT'D)  
See, no brand. No burn mark.  
(a beat)  
Although this mole looks a little  
bit like a goat's head.

Rosemary stands stunned.

ROSEMARY  
I don't understand.

GUY  
Believe me, neither do I.

ROSEMARY  
(re-groups)  
Come with me.

Rosemary takes his hand and leads Guy out of the apartment.

INT. BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

Once again, the elevator door opens. Guy and the operator  
exchange looks as Rosemary leads him out into the dark  
corridor. She shines the flashlight up ahead.

ROSEMARY

In a minute you can explain to me  
how I ended up down in this place  
last September.

GUY

You were down here last September.

ROSEMARY

Baby night, remember?

GUY

I remember that you didn't  
remember.

ROSEMARY

I remember now. It was all real.  
See...

Rosemary shines the flashlights beam on the spot where...

NO METAL WORKINGS SIT. It's gone, and in its place is a  
slate-square just like the rest of the old floor.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Guy helps the bewildered Rosemary to bed.

ROSEMARY

It was there. It was a desecrated  
church. There was an altar.

GUY

You were dreaming Ro.

Guy lays next to her and holds her.

GUY (CONT'D)

It's okay.

Guy holds her and kisses her, the most tender he's been with  
her in weeks.

GUY (CONT'D)

I've left you alone with this  
pregnancy. I know that. Your  
hormones and hopes and fears are  
all swirling inside you.

ROSEMARY

I saw it Guy. I swear.

GUY

Just go to sleep. You're going to have the baby in a week.

ROSEMARY

You don't know that.

GUY

Sapirstein called me. He's going to schedule an induced labor if the baby doesn't come on its own.

ROSEMARY

Why didn't he call me?

GUY

He said he tried, but you didn't pick up.

Rosemary lifts her cell phone to her eyes, sure enough...

SAPIRSTEIN comes up, having called early that evening.

ROSEMARY

(sobbing)

One of the most important calls of my life. And I missed it hunting witches. I'm so sorry Guy.

Guy holds her.

GUY

Nothing to be sorry about. Just go to sleep Ro. Go to sleep.

Rosemary closes her eyes and drifts off.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

The doorbell rings. Rosemary opens the door to reveal Manon and Roman standing there with luggage.

MANON

We've come to say goodbye.

ROSEMARY

Where are you going?

ROMAN

To the last working vineyard in Paris.

Guy comes up from behind Rosemary.

ROSEMARY  
You're not staying for the baby?

MANON  
If only that was possible.

ROMAN  
You see my dear Rosemary. I am in  
very ill health and not long for  
this earth.

MANON  
We didn't want to say anything and  
worry you. But Roman has a  
condition that is quickly  
escalating.

ROMAN  
If I am to die, then it will be on  
the soil my father tilled and  
planted.

Rosemary hugs Roman.

ROSEMARY  
I'm so sorry.

ROMAN  
Sorry for what?

Rosemary wipes tears out of her eyes.

ROSEMARY  
Nothing. I'm just sorry you're  
going to leave us.

ROMAN  
Don't be sorry. I have seen the  
world and the world has seen me.

Guy comes up from behind Rosemary.

ROSEMARY  
Guy, it's Roman.

GUY  
I know Ro. We didn't want to worry  
you.

MANON  
Or put the baby in any kind of  
jeopardy.

ROSEMARY

That's thoughtful, but I wish you  
had told me.

ROMAN

I have had my life. I am the past.  
Rosemary's baby is the future.

(a beat)

Rosemary's baby is all.

EXT. TOURQUAY - DAY

Rosemary hugs Roman as Manon and Guy watch.

ROSEMARY

Au Revoir, Roman.

ROMAN

No. This is farewell.

Roman kisses Rosemary on the cheek.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Remember. You need no help from  
Heaven. What you need is already  
inside you.

Rosemary nods with the familiar words as Roman gets in the  
taxi followed by Manon. The taxi then drives down the street  
as Rosemary and Guy wave goodbye until it disappears.

ROSEMARY

That poor, darling man. And here I  
was branding him a witch. It would  
kill me if they ever found out.

GUY

There's no reason they have to.

Guy kisses her and leads Rosemary back into the building.

INT. WOODHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Guy takes a shower as...

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary busies herself putting away laundry...

NAPKINS IN THE KITCHEN...

TOWELS IN THE LINEN CLOSET...

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

GUY'S SOCKS AND BOXER SHORTS in his top drawer. But as she does, she suddenly feels something funny in a bundled pair of socks. She takes the socks out of the drawer and grips the wool. Sure enough something's inside...

AN AMULET, just like the one that hangs around her neck.

ROSEMARY'S FACE floods with thought as she looks to Guy in the shower.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

In an instant, Rosemary is back on the computer and going to her witchcraft sites preserved on her favorites list. Her eyes wildly read a section on witchcraft concerning...

THE SUMMER EQUINOX.

ROSEMARY'S EYES look to the top of her computer screen...

THE DATE...

**JUNE 20.**

INT. WOODHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Guy finishes rinsing his hair and opens his eyes to see...

ROSEMARY standing there, having opened the shower curtain.

GUY  
Shit, you scared me.

ROSEMARY  
Sorry.

GUY  
You know nine-tenths of accidents  
in the home happen in the bathroom.

Guy turns off the water as Rosemary takes a towel from the rack.

ROSEMARY  
Let me dry you off.

GUY

I've been drying myself off for a long time now, thanks.

ROSEMARY

Let me.

GUY

What's gotten into you?

Guy steps out of the shower, takes the towel and begins to dry himself.

ROSEMARY

Just say I want to make up for everything.

Rosemary begins to lower herself down to his mid-section.

GUY

I don't have time for this Ro.

ROSEMARY

We haven't had sex for months now. Most men would consider this a drink in the desert.

Guy quickly moves away from her.

GUY

I'm not most men. I'm a writer under one hell of a deadline.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

The naked Guy begins taking out socks and boxer shorts. Rosemary stands there and watches Guy at his drawer.

GUY

Can I have some privacy?

ROSEMARY

Sure.

Rosemary leaves as Guy puts on his boxers.

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary sits there as Guy, now dressed, comes to her and kisses her forehead.

GUY

We'll have plenty of time for that  
stuff once the baby and movie are  
born.

Guy heads out the door as Rosemary watches him go.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

In an instant, Rosemary opens Guy's sock drawer and takes out  
the bundled socks in question, pulls them apart...

NO AMULET.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

INT. WOODHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary's back on the internet and plugs in one simple sentence...HOW DO WITCHES CASTS A SPELL ON SOMEONE?

THE SCREEN FILLS WITH A HOST OF SITES, INCLUDING...

**WITCHCRAFT - CASTING A SPELL USING THE POSSESSION OF INTENDED VICTIM**

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary is on the phone, waiting for the other ringing line to answer. It finally does.

DORNIER (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Allo.

ROSEMARY  
(into phone)  
Professor Dornier? Francois  
Dornier?

DORNIER  
Yes?

ROSEMARY  
You don't know me. I'm Rosemary  
Woodhouse. Guy Woodhouse is my  
husband.

DORNIER  
Oh yes. I didn't know him well but  
he was kind enough to compliment a  
book of mine.

ROSEMARY  
I just wanted to tell you that I  
think what happened to you was  
terrible.

DORNIER  
How kind of you.

ROSEMARY  
Has there been any improvement?

DORNIER  
I'm afraid not, no.

ROSEMARY

I'm so sorry to hear that.

DORNIER

Yes. My wife has taken it much harder than me.

ROSEMARY

I know I would if something like that happened to Guy.

(a beat)

By the way, does Guy have something of yours?

DORNIER

No, I don't think so. Unless you mean my pen? And I have his Mont Blanc, but that was a trade.

ROSEMARY

Guy traded pens with you?

DORNIER

I agree, it was hardly a fair trade. I admired his Mont Blanc and he was willing to swap for my regular fountain.

ROSEMARY

Are you certain?

DORNIER

Of course. He insisted. He called it a gesture to the greatest authority on Rimbaud. But he can have it back if he likes...

(a beat)

I have no more use for it.

ROSEMARY

I have to go. I'm so sorry.

SMASH CUT TO:

ROSEMARY PACKING AN OVERNIGHT BAG IN ONE BIG DAMN HURRY.

INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - DAY

Rosemary gets in the elevator and goes to press the lobby floor, but then stops herself and presses P for penthouse.

INT. VASE CHAMBER - DAY

Rosemary enters the vase chamber and looks to the precious relics behind the glass. Suddenly, Rosemary takes her bag and shatters the glass. She takes the Qing vase, opens it up, puts in her hand and pulls out...

A FISTFUL OF ASHES.

EXT. PARIS BOULEVARDS - DAY

Rosemary, bulky with her pregnancy weight carries her bag and walks down the sidewalks of the Boulevards as the city seems to close in on her, the sky darkening and swelling with rain clouds.

Where she's going or how she'll get there, she couldn't tell you, but one thing's for sure...

THE AMULET is yanked off her neck by her own hand and...

TOSSED TO A GUTTER WHERE IT FALLS THROUGH THE GRATE.

ROSEMARY keeps walking and passes the park where she sees Monsieur Wees' brother Peter at his easel.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Rosemary approaches the unfortunate man who looks surprised and a little uneasy to see her.

ROSEMARY

Excuse me? Remember me from the  
elevator at the Tourquay? I'm  
Rosemary Woodhouse.

Peter starts hurriedly packing up his paints and easel.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I have to ask you something.

Peter picks up his art supplies and moves away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Please, please wait. Who really  
tortured you?

Peter stops, alarmed.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It wasn't the Taliban, was it? Did  
you discover or see something?

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Something to do with your brother  
and the others? And you working for  
the press, the BBC, they could  
never let you go free. I'm right,  
aren't I?

(Peter hastily turns to  
leave)

But, please, what I don't  
understand is why they didn't just  
get rid of you unless...Oh God. It  
was a favor to Rupert. Because of  
your brother you were spared but  
they had to make sure so they **cut  
out your tongue.**

Peter sobs in despair and leaves Rosemary standing alone.

INT. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Rosemary sits in Sapirstein's office as the Receptionist  
returns.

RECEPTIONIST

He'll see you as soon as he can.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

The Receptionist sits down and notices Rosemary's worried  
face and sweating brow.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you alright? Can I get you  
some water?

ROSEMARY

No thank you. I just want to see  
the Doctor.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. I must say I'm glad you  
decided to rid yourself of that  
perfume.

ROSEMARY

Perfume? Oh, yes.  
(putting her hand to her  
neck)  
It was a gift from a friend.

RECEPTIONIST

(a beat)

Now if I could only convince Dr.  
Sapirstein to stop wearing that  
brand of cologne.

Rosemary's face falls in horror.

ROSEMARY

He wears the same scent? I never  
noticed.

RECEPTIONIST

Because your nose was full of your  
own.

(looking down at papers)

The smell is overpowering

The receptionist looks up and ROSEMARY IS GONE.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Rosemary walks the streets of Paris which really seem to  
close in on her as she suspiciously studies each face that  
passes for any sign of the circle of friends.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Rosemary finds an outdoor table and waves the waiter away as  
she dials her cell phone, the other line finally answering.

VOICE

(over phone)

La pratique medicale du Dr.  
Bernard.

ROSEMARY

(into phone)

Yes. May I speak to the Doctor  
please? It's very urgent.

VOICE

This is the Doctor's answering  
service. May I take a message?

ROSEMARY

No. I must speak to him. Please.  
It's very urgent.

VOICE

It is the Doctor's day off.

ROSEMARY  
May I have his home number?

VOICE  
I cannot give out that information.

ROSEMARY  
I'm a patient of his and I'm in great danger. My baby is in great danger. Do you understand?

VOICE  
(a beat)  
Let me call the Doctor. I will call you back.

ROSEMARY  
Thank you.

The line goes dead as the waiter impatiently returns.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Un cafe s'il vous plait.

The waiter leaves as Rosemary sits and waits...and waits.

Finally her phone rings and she answers it.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Dr. Bernard?

BERNARD  
(a beat)  
Mrs. Woodhouse?

ROSEMARY  
(desperate)  
Thank you for calling me. I'm in terrible danger. My baby is in terrible danger.

BERNARD  
What's happened?

ROSEMARY  
(panicked)  
Nothing yet. But it's going to. You were right to think something was wrong. Something is very, very wrong. But not with the baby, with my husband and our friends.

BERNARD

Slow down Mrs. Woodhouse. How are you and your baby in danger?

ROSEMARY

I'll tell you when I see you. You will see me, won't you Doctor?

BERNARD

(a beat)

Yes. Of course. Meet me at my office in a half hour.

ROSEMARY

Thank you Doctor. Thank you.

Rosemary awkwardly gets up and heads down the Boulevard as the waiter comes to the table with the coffee, seeing Rosemary leaving.

WAITER

Madame!

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

Bernard turns on the light and leads Rosemary into his office.

ROSEMARY

Thank you for seeing me.

BERNARD

I was so sorry to hear about Mr. Hutchins and his untimely death.

ROSEMARY

That's what I want to talk to you about.

BERNARD

Just have a seat and start at the beginning.

Rosemary takes a seat as Bernard sits behind his desk.

ROSEMARY

(takes a breath)

The people in my building are witches.

BERNARD

Witches?

ROSEMARY

I know it sounds crazy. I sound  
crazy, but it's true.

(a beat)

And they're after my baby.

BERNARD

Why your baby?

ROSEMARY

For a blood sacrifice.

BERNARD

A blood sacrifice?

ROSEMARY

Yes. You see they were so friendly  
to us at first, let us have an  
expensive apartment for no money.  
Then they began charming my husband  
Guy more and more. They killed a  
dog at the autumnal equinox because  
we wouldn't sleep with them, that  
was after they poured blood into  
the soil.

BERNARD

This was a ritual of witches?

ROSEMARY

A satanic ritual. They're a coven.  
And the brother of one of the  
members can't talk because he had  
his tongue cut out, but not by the  
Taliban, which is what they tell  
everyone, but by the coven.

BERNARD

The coven of witches who want your  
baby?

ROSEMARY

To drink its blood. They have this  
baptismal font which they took from  
a desecrated church a hundred and  
fifty years ago.

BERNARD

That's a century and a half.

ROSEMARY

The deal they made with the devil enabled them to lengthen their lives, just like the deal Guy, my husband Guy made with them that got his book published and a deal to write a script, when he's never written a script in his life. I know it sounds crazy...

(a beat)

But they're after my baby. Hutch, Edward, was onto them. So they stole a possession of his and cast a spell on him so he would crash.

BERNARD

A magic spell?

ROSEMARY

A dark spell, just like they put on poor Professor Dornier who was going to get a post Guy wanted so he stole Dornier's pen.

BERNARD

Your husband put a spell on this professor.

ROSEMARY

No, the coven did. I'm sure of it. You see on the solstice, the coven needs to either have an orgy or kill a familiar animal. But on the equinox, they can't have sex at all, and today's the equinox, and Guy wouldn't let me touch him. Don't you see?

BERNARD

I see.

ROSEMARY

And Dr. Sapirstein's one of them. He wears the same amulet with the Tannis root I was given.

BERNARD'S RECEPTIONIST

Abe Sapirstein, a witch? I never would have thought it in a million years.

ROSEMARY

Neither would I, until now.

Bernard nods slowly and gets up.

BERNARD  
Come with me.

ROSEMARY  
You're not taking me back to them?

BERNARD  
No, I won't take you back.

Bernard leads Rosemary into the...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE DAY

...Examination room where he guides her to the table.

ROSEMARY  
But you don't believe me?

BERNARD  
(a beat)  
I don't believe in witches, but I  
believe there are people in this  
world crazy enough to believe in  
witches.

Rosemary clutches her belly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
And I believe in your conviction.  
You're obviously an intelligent  
woman...  
(Rosemary begins to cry  
softly)  
...who, for whatever reason, is  
terrified out of your mind. That is  
all that matters, that, and your  
baby. You are due to give birth any  
day now. How would you feel about  
my checking you into a hospital?

Rosemary covers her mouth from the joy of it.

ROSEMARY  
Yes. Please. Oh, thank you.

BERNARD  
Now lie down and I will call for an  
ambulance to come get you.

Rosemary lies down as Bernard turns out the light and shuts  
the door. She stares up at the ceiling, clutching her belly.

ROSEMARY  
We're going to be alright Andy  
or...  
(a beat, deciding)  
Andy. We're going to be alright  
Andy.  
(a beat)  
God bless Doctor Bernard.

Rosemary closes her eyes as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - EVENING

It's dark outside as Rosemary still lies on the bed, half-asleep as...

THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY COME ON.

Rosemary blinks with the sudden brightness to see Bernard standing in the doorway.

ROSEMARY  
Dr. Bernard. Have they come for  
me?

BERNARD  
Yes. They have.

GUY AND DR. SAPIRSTEIN ENTER

ROSEMARY  
No...!

ROSEMARY tries getting up to run, God knows where, but...

GUY AND SAPIRSTEIN grab her arms in a heartbeat.

GUY  
Don't Ro. Don't. You'll only hurt  
the baby.

DR. SAPIRSTEIN  
Come Rosemary.

Guy and Sapirstein firmly guide Rosemary out of the office past the empathetic Dr. Bernard.

## INT. TAXI - EVENING

Guy removes Rosemary's phone from her purse as she rides in back flanked by him and Sapirstein, past the Notre Dame Cathedral, no sanctuary available there, and back up towards the Boulevards.

## EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

Guy and Sapirstein shepherd Rosemary out of the taxi and past Monsieur Wees' bookstore, and she catches the eyes of the tongueless Peter in the window.

## INT. TOURQUAY FOYER - EVENING

Rosemary is now led past Paul and towards the open, waiting elevator where there stands the familiar operator. But suddenly...

ROSEMARY'S PURSE slips off her arms, its contents spilling all over and across the marble floor.

BACK TO SCENE as Guy and Sapirstein hurry to pick up the items, aided by Paul and then the elevator operator.

ROSEMARY sees her chance as she makes a dash for the elevator, the men in close pursuit, but...

Rosemary's on the elevator in a moment and SLAMS the pull-bars shut on Guy's hand as he screams out in pain.

## INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

Rosemary presses her floor as the elevator, jerks once, then twice, and then finally rises.

## INT. TOURQUAY HALLWAY - EVENING

The elevator arrives and Rosemary doesn't even wait for it to completely stop as she pulls back the bars and jumps off, running down the hallway and finally making it to **7E**.

## INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING

In another instant, Rosemary is inside the apartment, slamming the door shut and then jamming a chair underneath the doorknob.

She draws back from the door and stares at the knob, waiting for the inevitable, that any minute the door will start to shake with Guy trying to open it and eventually trying to break it down...

But nothing.

The door stands perfectly still and unmolested as...

INT. KITCHEN

Rosemary head back into the kitchen and picks up the wall-phone and begins to dial and...

GUY (O.S.)

Rosemary.

Rosemary whirls around to see Guy, Sapirstein, Monsieur Fountain, Laura-Louise, Victoria Plaisir...

ALL OF THEM CIRCLING AND SURROUNDING HER.

Impossible! Guy grabs her.

ROSEMARY

You're witches!

Guy takes the phone from her as Sapirstein readies a hypo.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All of you witches!

Sapirstein sticks the hypo in Rosemary's arm as...

HER EYES ROLL BACK.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Forgive me Andy...

AND ALL GOES BLACK.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosemary groggily awakens to see Guy sitting by her bed, taking her hand, sadly smiling, blinking away tears. Rosemary feels her flattened stomach.

ROSEMARY

The baby?

GUY

We lost the baby Ro.

Sapirstein stands on the bed's other side.

SAPIRSTEIN

Why Rosemary? Why?

Rosemary just looks to the ceiling, has no answer.

SAPIRSTEIN (CONT'D)

I could have saved the child in a hospital, but with your behavior, your delusions...

(a beat)

There was no time.

GUY

Dr. Sapirstein had to deliver it here. The boy was still-born.

SAPIRSTEIN

In several months you and Guy can try again. There will be other children.

Rosemary looks back to them both and suddenly...

ROSEMARY

You're lying! You're all liars and witches!

Guy looks helplessly to Sapirstein.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It's alive and you stole it for a sacrifice. You stole it to drink its blood!

Sapirstein takes out another hypo...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
You're witches!

...And injects her.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
You're monsters!

And again Rosemary's mind FADES TO BLACK as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Guy closes the bedroom curtains as Rosemary sits up in bed, listlessly eating a clear broth. Guy sitting in a chair next to her, takes a toast-triangle and starts nibbling on it.

GUY  
You were crazy. You were really  
out of your mind, nutso, you know?

Rosemary keeps eating, says nothing.

GUY (CONT'D)  
It happens sometimes in the last  
couple weeks. That's what  
Sapirstein says. Not Postpartum,  
but Prepartum something or other.

Rosemary looks to him, keeps eating, still says nothing.

GUY (CONT'D)  
And you had it sweetheart, but  
good.  
(off her continuing  
silence)  
I know where you got the idea that  
Roman was a witch because he was a  
dead ringer for this Steven  
Marcato, and Manon's his wife so  
she must be in on it. But where'd  
you get the idea that I was dancing  
with the Devil too?

ROSEMARY  
(a beat)  
How did Hutch die?

GUY  
Those scarves were always a freak  
accident waiting to happen.

ROSEMARY

Why did you trade pens with  
Dornier?

GUY

You're still talking crazy. I'm  
sorry you lost the baby, but like  
Sapirstein said, there's always  
time to have another. Hell, we'll  
have five or six.

Rosemary eats the soup again, saying nothing.

GUY (CONT'D)

The movie's been green-lit and I  
already have my next two deals  
lined up. We're finally headed for  
the Hills of Beverly.

Rosemary puts down the spoon and stares at him.

GUY (CONT'D)

We're going to be rich, just like  
we planned. I'm finally getting to  
take care of you like you took care  
of me all those years. Give you  
the life that you deserve...

And Rosemary suddenly...

TAKES GUY'S HAND.

ROSEMARY

I guess I really did go insane.  
I'm so sorry I doubted you.

Guy kisses Rosemary hard.

GUY

Don't apologize. We'll start over.

ROSEMARY

(nodding through tears)  
We'll start over.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary lays in bed and pumps her breast-milk into a bowl as  
Madame Fountain sits by her poring over a crossword.  
Rosemary keeps pumping as she looks out the window to where  
the tongueless Peter makes his way to the park with his easel  
and paints.

Rosemary finishes pumping the milk.

ROSEMARY  
I'm done.

MADAME FOUNTAIN  
Very good.

Madame Fountain takes the bowl away as Rosemary watches Peter enter the Park Monceau with his easel and paints. But then...

THE DISTANT SOUND OF A BABY ECHOES through the walls.

Madame Fountain returns.

ROSEMARY  
Did you hear that?

MADAME FOUNTAIN  
Hear what my dear?

ROSEMARY  
That baby. It's crying.

MADAME FOUNTAIN  
(a beat)  
A new couple has moved into the building with a baby.

Madame Fountain hands Rosemary a pill.

MADAME FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)  
Don't excite yourself. Just concentrate on your recovery.

Rosemary takes the pill and swallows it.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Guy lays next to Rosemary in bed as she again hears the distant cry of the baby echoing through the walls.

ROSEMARY  
I need to pump again.

Rosemary sits up and turns on the light as Guy rolls over.

GUY  
Again? Didn't you pump an hour ago.

ROSEMARY

Two hours ago.  
(thinking beat)  
The last time that baby cried.

GUY

Weird.

A BEAT ON ROSEMARY. It's more than weird.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosemary finishes pumping her milk, the sound of the baby crying again echoing through the walls. Madame Fountain takes away the bowl. Rosemary flips open her computer and starts typing away feverishly as Madame Fountain's gone...

LACTATION CYCLE pops up on the screen.

ROSEMARY'S EYES fill with snippets of sentences...

BREAST-MILK NEXUS...

BIOLOGICAL MOTHER...

BACK TO ROSEMARY as the baby cries again and Madame Fountain returns.

ROSEMARY

I need to pump again.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary once again finishes pumping milk, the baby's crying still echoing. She goes to hand Madame Fountain the bowl, then takes an unclean soup spoon to drop it in.

MADAME FOUNTAIN

Non.

ROSEMARY

("surprised")  
What's wrong? The milk is just  
going to be thrown away.

MADAME FOUNTAIN

But there is no need to make a  
mess.

Madame Fountain takes the spoon and hurries from the room. Rosemary sits there and waits as Madame Fountain returns.

Rosemary looks out the window to see the tongueless Peter coming back from the Park Monceau with his easel and paints and suddenly...

THE BABY STOPS CRYING.

Rosemary's face fills with the sudden silence as Madame Fountain hands her another sedative.

MADAME FOUNTAIN (CONT'D)  
Here, Rosemary, take this.

ROSEMARY  
Thank you.

Rosemary "takes" the sedative and drinks water with her one hand, while the other hand secretly...

CUPS THE PILL.

EXT. TOURQUAY - EVENING

The late June moon hangs low and full in the darkening sky.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Guy's dressed to go out for the evening as he kisses Rosemary.

GUY  
Just think. Another couple of months we'll be flying to Hollywood and hanging out on the set.

Guy leaves as Rosemary watches him go, listening for the front door to open and close...but it doesn't.

This time it's Victoria Plaisir who comes into the room with a cup of coffee.

VICTORIA  
What shall we watch tonight?

ROSEMARY  
Anything you like, but will you hand me the remote?

Victoria heads over to the TV as Rosemary dumps...

A FISTFUL OF HOARDED PILLS INTO THE COFFEE.

END OF ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

EXT. TOURQUAY - NIGHT

The moon now sits high in the black sky.

INT. WOODHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria sits groggily in front of the TV as Rosemary once again finishes pumping the breast-milk, the baby once again crying somewhere in the building.

ROSEMARY

I'm done.

The unsteady Victoria rises and takes the bowl and heads out of the bedroom into the hallway as Rosemary waits and...

CRASH! The sound of the bowl shattering and Victoria hitting the floor hard sound out.

Rosemary rises and heads...

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

...Into the hallway, passing Victoria's body, the shattered bowl and "spilt milk."

INT. WOODHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rosemary enters the kitchen, fishes through a drawer and...

TAKES OUT A LONG CARVING KNIFE.

INT. WOODHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosemary comes out of the kitchen and passes the front door to head back down the hallway where the sounds of the baby's cries grow stronger and stronger, and past Victoria's body Rosemary heads with the carving knife all the way up to...

THE LINEN CLOSET.

ROSEMARY opens the doors to the linen closet and the baby's cries get even louder as if the child were seemingly stowed inside it. Rosemary hurriedly tosses all the sheets and towels from the shelves onto the floor and then pulls out the shelves themselves, tossing them aside as well.

Rosemary puts her ear to the closet's back wall, the baby louder than ever. Now Rosemary pushes up against the closet's back wall until...it gives way and...

OPENS.

INT. SECRET WINDING STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Rosemary ascends the dark secret winding staircase with its old stone walls and badly tarnished brass bannister. Up and up Rosemary climbs, brandishing the carving knife, climbing higher and higher towards the baby's cries and finally...

Rosemary arrives at the winding staircase's top where another wood panel awaits. Like the closet before, Rosemary pushes hard on this panel until it finally gives way opening into...

EXT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

...The back of Roman's and Manon's apartment. Rosemary heads down the hallway, past the paintings and antiques she knows all too well, and ever closer to a the baby's cries and...

A COLLECTION OF VOICES which grow louder and clearer as...

IN HER NIGHTGOWN AND BRANDISHING THE CARVING KNIFE...

ROSEMARY enters the gathering of the circle of friends which suddenly goes silent with her presence. All are there...

The Fountains, the Shands, Monsieur Wees, and Sapirstein.

MANON rises up from the gathering and meets Rosemary's eye.

MANON

Go back to bed Rosemary.

ROMAN rises as well.

ROMAN

Yes Rosemary. You need your rest.

Rosemary looks to the room's corner where there stands...

A BLACK BASINET, AN UPSIDE-DOWN CRUCIFIX HANGING OVER IT...

LAURA-LOUISE rocking it, too hard to Rosemary's eyes.

Just past Laura-Louise sits...

GUY who can't meet her eyes, looking down at the floor.

MANON  
(approaching Rosemary)  
Rosemary! I said go back to bed...

Suddenly ROSEMARY SLAPS MANON'S FACE HARD, Manon winces with the blow as the room silences with the shock.

ROSEMARY  
That's for Pilote.

Manon's face darkens with rage and again Rosemary slaps her.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
And that's for me.

Rosemary heads past the shaken woman, still brandishing the knife and walking up to the...

BAPTISMAL FONT WHERE...

A PITCHER, GOBLET GLASSES A PARING KNIFE SIT NEXT TO IT.

BACK TO ROSEMARY looks round at the gallery of faces.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Filthy witches. You've stolen my  
baby to sacrifice to the Devil.  
(a beat)  
But I'm here to steal him back.

ROMAN  
You are wrong Rosemary.

ROSEMARY  
Shut up! I can't hear you. You're  
busy dying in the last working  
vineyard in Paris.

Rosemary walks to Guy who finally looks up to meet her eye.

GUY  
They promised me you wouldn't be  
hurt, Ro, and you really haven't  
been.

Rosemary's face shakes as she soaks in the reality of it.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Look how much we've gotten in  
return. If you lost the baby it  
would have been the same but you  
just wouldn't have known so...

Suddenly Rosemary spits in his face. She turns back to all and holds out the knife.

ROSEMARY  
Monsters!

Rosemary wildly waves the knife and approaches Laura-Louise who draws back from fright.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Get away! Monsters!

Rosemary approaches the bassinet where the baby cries...

Gripping the carving knife...

Roman, Manon and everyone watching her draw closer and closer to the bassinet and the baby's cries.

Rosemary looks down to...suddenly see...

A BABY...

...BLONDE...

...BLUE-EYED...

PERFECT.

BACK TO ROSEMARY who soaks in the sight, almost too much beauty for her to take.

GUY (O.S.)  
It's perfect Rosemary. It's  
exactly what you wanted.  
(a beat)  
What you always wanted.

THE BABY looks back up to Rosemary and seemingly smiles as...

ITS BLUE EYES BLINK AND...

TURN TO BLACK...

THEN BACK TO BLUE.

ROSEMARY covers her mouth in horror.

ROSEMARY  
It's eyes! What have you done to  
its eyes!

ROMAN (O.S.)  
He has his father's eyes.

Rosemary whirls around and looks to Roman.

ROSEMARY  
Guy's eyes are blue! Guy is his  
father!

ROMAN  
Satan is his father.

ROSEMARY  
Oh my God!

ROMAN  
God is dead!

ALL  
God is dead!

ROMAN  
Let it now be known that Satan has  
given a son to the earth and His  
Era has now begun.

Rosemary listens to the proclamation in horror.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
My father Adrian Marcato lived for  
this moment and was murdered for  
this moment! As were all the great  
martyrs before and after him.  
(raising a glass)  
"The sun has had its say and now  
darkness is given its day."  
Satan's Messiah has arrived!

Rosemary looks down to the baby crying in the bassinet.

Suddenly...

SHE LIFTS THE KNIFE AS IF TO STRIKE IT and...

THE ROOM GOES DEAD STILL.

MANON moves to lunge for Rosemary, only inches away from  
killing the child, Satan's son, the Messiah of evil...

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Stop, Manon! Soyez toujours. Be  
still.

Manon stops as Roman slowly approaches Rosemary who  
brandishes the knife straight over the baby.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Rosemary will not hurt the child.

ROSEMARY  
I made him! I can kill him!

ROMAN  
You can also care for him.

ROSEMARY  
(horrified)  
Never.

Rosemary GRIPS THE KNIFE TIGHTER.

ROMAN  
Then who will care for him? Manon  
and Laura-Louise are all wrong.  
They lack tenderness.

The words make Manon wince.

ROSEMARY  
You're trying to get me to be its  
mother?

ROMAN  
After all, you are its mother.  
(a beat)  
A mother is a mother still, the  
holiest thing alive.

Rosemary looks down at the beautiful baby, vulnerable and  
defenseless. So small.

ROSEMARY  
(perfect French)  
Une mere est une mere encore, la  
plus sainte chose vivante.

ROMAN  
Be a mother to your son, Rosemary.

Rosemary grips the knife and lifts it and...

THE KNIFE COMES DOWN AND STABS...

THE FLOOR, having dropped from Rosemary's now...

EMPTY HAND which reaches down with her other to pick up the  
child in her arms as...

ROMAN watches appreciatively and lifts his glass again.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
To Rosemary, the mother of Adrian.

But suddenly...

ROSEMARY  
No.

Rosemary looks to Roman with a new, fierce gaze. The gaze of a mother who nods cradles her crying baby close to her breast.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
His name is Andy.

Roman nods, acknowledging his piercing eyes are no longer a match for her mother's eyes. He raises his glass again.

ROMAN  
All hail Rosemary!

ALL EXCEPT MANON  
All hail Rosemary!

Rosemary looks to Manon.

ROSEMARY  
Et vous ma chere amie?

MANON  
All hail Rosemary.

ALL  
All hail Rosemary!

Rosemary rocks the baby in her arms and as she hums a lullaby, the same plaintive tune with which we began our story as the baby stops crying, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARIS BOULEVARD CAFE - MORNING

In haute couture, Rosemary sits beside a beautiful baby carriage, having just finished a cafe au lait and a pastry. An American tourist couple passing by stop and admire the child.

AMERICAN WIFE  
He is...perfect.

Rosemary looks up at the woman.

ROSEMARY  
(nods politely)  
Yes.  
(a beat)  
He is.

Rosemary rises and pushes the carriage down the Boulevard,  
high heels clicking as she disappears into the Parisian crowd  
as we....

FADE OUT:

FINIS