

THE CAT PEOPLE

Original Screen Play

by DeWitt Bodeen

The RKO trademark FADES OFF, leaving a black screen, in the center of which are two slits of pale light. These move closer until we see that they are a pair of cat's eyes. Over these mysteriously blinking lights the title is SUPERIMPOSED. DISSOLVE

A misty OUT-OF-FOCUS SHOT of a black panther pacing behind cage bars. Over this come the production credits. A pale fog rises over the shot of the black panther, and over it is SUPERIMPOSED the following quotation:

EVEN AS FOG CONTINUES TO LIE IN THE VALLEYS, SO DOES ANCIENT SIN CLING TO THE LOW PLACES, THE DEPRESSIONS IN THE WORLD CONSCIOUSNESS.

SIGMUND FREUD

EXT. ZOO PROMENADE - PARK - AFTERNOON

As the last word of the quotation FADES from the screen, the fog clears, the caged leopard comes into full focus, and we see that it is an actual leopard behind actual bars. Over the scene is the wheezy music of the Triumphal March from "Aida," as played on a hand, organ. This is playing in the distance, and we do not see the organ-grinder until later.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show a young artist sitting before the cage on a campstool with a drawing portfolio in her hand. She is presumably sketching the panther, although her drawing is not shown, and we do not see the features of the girl's face. The girl picks up the drawing and holds it off, weighing its values. It evidently does not meet with her approval, for she wads the drawing into a ball and turns to look for a place to throw the waste paper. We see her face. It is heart-shaped, demure, even a little naive. She is small, young, and very beautiful. In one hand the wad of waste paper is poised, ready to throw into a container.

INSERT WASTEPAPER BASKET as Irena sees it.

It is a rather fancy container in the shape of a tree trunk.

OLIVER

Yes.

(then continuing in the same tone)

"Sometimes whoever seeks abroad
may find Thee sitting careless on
a granary floor, Thy hair soft
lifted...
(ponders, as if trying to
remember) Thy hair soft
lifted..."

ALICE

(snapping her compact shut)

Reminds me. I have a date with the
hairdresser.

OLIVER

What a way to spend a Saturday
afternoon!

ALICE

The business girl's holiday

OLIVER

You should've minded your mother
and eaten more bread crusts. You'd
have curly hair now.

ALICE

Thank you for lunch. See you at
the office Monday.

She starts off down the promenade. She walks briskly in one direction, while Oliver turns the other way, ambling toward

the leopard cage. Along the promenade a file of Saturday afternoon idlers goes by. Oliver moves up to the cages and pauses at the guard rail before the leopard cage. Near him sits Irena, busily sketching. Oliver looks at her, but she does not look up at him. She gets up and moves a few steps, her eyes intent on the movements of the panther, which is walking about in its cage. Oliver politely steps aside so that she can get a better vantage point. She does not even notice him. She frowns at her drawing, wads the paper into a ball, and turns to throw it into the container. Oliver steps before her, smiling and extending his hand. She looks at him a moment, then smiles and drops the wad of paper into his hand.

IRENA
Thank you.

With an easy aim, Oliver tosses it neatly into the container and turns to her with a shrug, as if to say how easy it was. But Irena has picked up another drawing upon which she has worked and is now studying it. The music of the organ-grinder grows constantly louder as the scene progresses.

OLIVER
You won't believe this, and
you've probably heard it a dozen
times before...but I've never
known any artists.

IRENA
I'm not an artist, really... not a
real artist...just a sketch artist
for fashion drawings.

She has picked up the drawing and is holding it in her hand with its back toward Oliver, who extends his hand.

OLIVER
May I see it?

Irena smiles but shakes her head as she tears the drawing about two-thirds of the way through, dropping it face down upon the pavement.

IRENA
Oh, no. It's not good. If I let you
see it, you might not want to know
any artists...ever.

OLIVER (SMILING AT HER)
I'm afraid it would have to be
pretty bad to do that. Besides,
look... (pointing to a drawing she
had dropped, quoting in a mocking
tone)
"Let no one say, and say it to
your shame..."

Irena laughs and starts to pick up the paper, but a gust of wind blows it down the promenade. She turns to Oliver and shrugs her shoulders. She starts to fold up her campstool. Oliver comes forward to offer his assistance. At the same time the organ-grinder passes between them and the camera, playing "Aida" on his hand organ. Oliver asks Irena if he may help her, but the music is so loud she cannot hear him. He assists Irena in gathering up her things. He takes the campstool, and Irena carries her artist's portfolio. They start toward the avenue together.

CLOSE SHOT of the torn drawing as a little wind, carrying with it some autumn leaves, picks up the paper again and blows it over and over up the promenade. The torn half of the drawing falls over into place, so we see what Irena had been drawing. It is a smart fashion sketch of the type seen in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar, but the face of the model is the blunt mask of a black panther, and the hands protruding from the sleeves are tipped with feline talons. The CAMERA HOLDS on the drawing.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver as they walk down a side street. Irena is looking straight ahead of her, amused. Oliver is doing his best to get acquainted.

OLIVER
Irena Dubrovna -- is that a Russian
name?

IRENA
No...I am from Serbia.

OLIVER
I see. Would you mind spelling it?

IRENA
You want to know how to spell my name? Are you going to write me a letter?

OLIVER
I'd like to write you a letter.

IRENA
What about?

OLIVER
I would say in this letter... "Dear Miss...Dubrovna," I would say, "will you have tea with me?"

Irena shakes her head with a little smile. Oliver is undaunted.

OLIVER
Well, in that case, I'd just have to write you another letter, I'd say...

But again, with the same teasing smile, she shakes her head. She suddenly stops and TURNS to Oliver.

IRENA
Here is my house.

Oliver starts to give her the campstool he is carrying, She lays a soft, gloved hand on his coat sleeve and smiles charmingly.

IRENA
Perhaps, Mr. Reed, you would like to have tea in my apartment.

Oliver looks at her quizzically, realizing that she had meant to ask him all the time, that he needn't have tried so hard to wangle a date. He grins.

OLIVER
Oh, Miss Dubrovna, you make life so simple!

DISSOLVE

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE
AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT of Irena and Oliver as they enter the building from the street. It is the ornate, elaborate interior of a brownstone mansion converted into an apartment house. They walk the few steps of the short hallway to the stairs. Oliver looks at the enormous staircase.

OLIVER (POINTING)
I never cease to marvel at what lies behind a brownstone front.

They start up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT. Irena has inserted the key in the lock of her door. She turns it, but before she opens the door, she looks up at Oliver.

OLIVER
What's the matter?

IRENA
Nothing.

OLIVER
But you looked at me in such a

funny way.

IRENA

I've never had anyone here. You're the first friend I've met in America. I know lots of people in business...editors, secretaries, other sketch artists...you know. But you might be my first real friend. That's why I looked at you.

(pauses)

OLIVER

(seriously)

Thank you.

Irena swings the door wide open. Through the doorway a little bit of the room can be seen. Prominently displayed is an odd equestrian statuette.

It is the figure of a man in armor, carved out of gray stone. The man wears a regal chaplet on his head and is mounted on a magnificent horse. Around the base of the statue is a circle of flames, while the rider holds high above his head a sword upon which is impaled the figure of a writhing cat. Irena takes a step into the room and stands waiting for Oliver to follow her, then turns to look back at him. He has become aware of the perfume in the room.

OLIVER (cont'd)

Mm. Nice.

IRENA

That's Lalage.

OLIVER

Lalage?

IRENA

The perfume I use. I like it, perhaps too well. Maybe I use too much of it, living alone like this.

OLIVER

Oh, I like it all right. It's hard to describe...not like flowers...it's like something warm and living.

As he goes on into the room, she closes the door.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT of statuette. The figure is silhouetted against a window dim with twilight. As the CAMERA HOLDS on the statuette, a light appears in a bay window across the street, bringing the figures of horse, king, and cat into dramatic focus. Over the shot we hear Irena's voice humming "Berceuses du Chat" by Stravinsky.

The CAMERA PANS to show Irena and Oliver seated together on a couch near the window. Because of the dim light in the room they can barely be seen. Oliver is listening to her sing. She ends her song, and they sit quietly for a moment. Suddenly, as sometimes happens, there is a lull in the traffic outside. In this momentary stillness, this stillness in which a great city seems to catch its breath, Oliver hears the sound of distant roaring, muffled and yet full of savage reverberation.

OLIVER

(looking toward Irena)

What's that?

IRENA

It's the lions in the zoo. One can hear them here often. Many people in this building complain. The roaring keeps them awake.

OLIVER

And you don't mind it?

IRENA

No. To me it's the way the sound of the sea is to others, natural

and soothing. I like it.

She looks out the window, then turns back to Oliver.

IRENA (cont'd)
Some nights there is another sound.
The panther. It screams... like a
woman. I don't like that.

Oliver strikes a match to light his cigarette. He looks at Irena's face in the dancing match light. She smiles at him.

IRENA (cont'd)
I hadn't realized how dark it was
getting.

She rises and goes over to a lamp. She speaks in a sighing breath of ecstasy.

IRENA (cont'd)
I like the dark. It is friendly.

She turns on the lamp. Now, in the light, we see her apartment — a nicely proportioned living room with a little fireplace set under a neat Georgian mantel. Doors at either end of the room lead off into small bedrooms. Behind a fantastic three-part screen on which is painted the long, sleek figure of a black leopard against a background of jungle foliage, is concealed the two-burner stove, tiny sink, and old-fashioned icebox which make up the kitchenette. In the other corner, under the wide window, are a drawing board and a desk, littered with crayons, brushes, bottles of discolored water, and papers. On one side of the wall, in neat frames, hang three of Grandville's amusing studies of cats dressed as humans. Over the mantel hangs a beautiful reproduction of Goya's sinister portrait of Don Manuel Osorio do Zunlga and the cats. In front of Oliver, on the coffee table, are the remnants of their tea. Irena comes down to pick the tray up to take it into the kitchenette. Oliver starts to help her, but she stops him.

IRENA (cont'd)
No, no. Sit still, please.

She begins to dump the ash trays and collect the saucers and cups. Oliver smokes contentedly. Irena carries the tray behind the screen. Oliver snuffs out the cigarette and picks the statue up, holding it for a moment in his hand.

IRENA (cont'd)
(coming out from behind
screen; eagerly)
Are you admiring my statue?

OLIVER
(who does not like it at
all)
Not exactly. Who's it supposed to
be?

IRENA
King John.

OLIVER
King John? The Magna Carta and
stuff?

IRENA
Oh, no. King John of Serbia. He
was a fine king. He drove the
Mamelukes out of Serbia and freed
the people.

OLIVER
But why have this around?

IRENA
Perhaps you have in your room a
picture of George Washington or
Abraham Lincoln?

OLIVER
(still unconvinced)
Aren't there some better statues of
him -- some without that cat thing?

IRENA
Yes. There are beautiful statues
of King John. There is one in
Belgrade, where his face shines

with goodness. But this statue reminds me of my home, the little village where I was born. This is the statue that stands in the square.

OLIVER
But what does it mean? Why is he spearing that cat?

Irena turns, her back to the fireplace mantel. In her hand is the statue of King John. Above her, to one side, the three cats in the Goya portrait glare from the shadowed background.

IRENA
It's not really a cat. It's meant to represent the evil ways into which my village once had fallen. You see, the Mamelukes came to Serbia long, long ago, and they made the people slaves. But my village was too little, too far away in the mountains. They left it alone. For five hundred years my little village was cut off from the Mother Church. At first the people were good and worshipped God in a true Christian way. But, little by little, the people changed. When King John drove out the Mamelukes and came to our village he found dreadful things. The people bowed down to Satan and said their Masses to him. They had become witches and were evil. King John put some of them to the sword and burned some of them in fires.
(pauses, drops her voice a little)
But some --the wisest and the most wicked -- escaped into the mountains.
(looks at Oliver))
Now, do you understand?

Oliver comes over beside her near the mantel.

OLIVER
I still don't see what it has to do with you.

Irena looks down at the statue of King John. There is a haunting look of memory in her eyes.

IRENA
Those who escaped — the wicked ones -- their legend haunts the village where I was born. The past remains...

She breaks off suddenly, conscious that she has spoken too much and too frankly. A little ormolu clock on the mantel strikes the hour. It is six. It is obvious that Irena welcomes the interruption and she glances down at her own wrist watch. Oliver takes the hint. He starts toward the door.

OLIVER
(as he picks up his things)
Boys who come to tea can't expect to stay to dinner.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT & STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT

Irena has followed Oliver out and stands in the doorway

Oliver turns to look at her.

OLIVER
When am I going to see you again?
Tomorrow?

Irena nods with a smile, Oliver continues to the head of the stairs and turns back.

OLIVER (cont'd)
What time tomorrow?

Irena shrugs her shoulders.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Dinner?

Irena nods and smiles at him.

SHOT of stairway as Oliver comes down the stairs. He reaches a landing, turns, and looks up, Irena is looking down at him from the bannister. They both smile. He continues down the stairs. At the very bottom he looks up again. Irena is still standing watching him. He smiles up at her and exits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - MORNING

WIDE VIEW. The Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company has a handsome drafting office. Severe and modern, it is nevertheless a room that immediately suggests shipbuilding. A wide doorway opens in from the hall, in the f.g. are three draftsmen's tables, glass-topped and lighted from beneath. Behind them are several tables for other workers. There are a number of rows of filing cabinets, and at one side is a water cooler. The back wall of the office is unadorned, wide, and slightly curving. At the moment, a group of office workers are just starting to paste up the sectional plans of a ship, entitled "PROJECT NO. 457," on this wall. The ship's bow can be seen taking form in detailed constructional profile.

Two of the three draftsmen's tables in the f.g. are now occupied. Oliver sits working at one of them. The center one is unoccupied. At the other one, a tall, lean Englishman works. This is James Carver. At the back wall, Alice Moore is supervising two workers, who are doing the actual pasting. She holds in her hands a small sheet of paper with the detailed mathematical measurements of the project,

Beside her, Commodore Judson, head of the Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company, stands watching the beginning of the project with genuine delight. He is a bald, bearded gentleman and would look like an amiable tramp rather than the head of a successful shipbuilding company, if it were not for the seamanlike neatness of his clothes.

ALICE
(motioning to one of the
men at the wall)
A little more to the left, Harry.
Easy...just a hair...

She lifts her hand to indicate that it's in position.

COMMODORE
By George! This is going to be
our best yet. Wait till she rides
into Tokyo Bay.

ALICE
She's got what it takes all right,
Commodore.

Alice turns and goes to the desk between Oliver and Jim Carver. She picks up a sheet of paper from the desk and is just about to return to the wall, when she is stopped by the sound of a cat's mewing. She listens. The mew is repeated. Carver raises his head and also listens. Alice takes a look at the floor under and around her desk, Oliver is still bending over his work, Alice looks suspiciously and questioningly at Carver, Carver replies by throwing his hands out to show that he doesn't know, and then pointing to himself and shaking his head to announce that the mew is not coming from him. The mewing continues during this, which is one reason Carver and Alice do not speak. They are listening. Alice and Carver both turn and look at Oliver, He knows very well that they are looking at him, and his pose is one of elaborate innocence. There is a light cardboard box on his desk.

The CAMERA FOCUSES on it as the lid of the box rises, and the head of a very small Siamese kitten pokes out, Alice hurries to Oliver's desk, uttering a cross between a coo and a cry of pleased surprise.

ALICE (cont'd)
A-a-ah!

She picks up the kitten and cuddles it against her cheek.

ALICE (cont'd)
It's a darling! Where'd you got it?

OLIVER
Bought it.

The Commodore has joined them.

COMMODORE
You're not going to start keeping cats, are you?
(scratching kitten's head)

OLIVER
No, Commodore, I just got it for a friend.

CARVER
We arrive at the inescapable conclusion that our Oliver
(he is addressing the assembled multitude)
has a girl.

COMMODORE
A brilliant deduction.

He takes Carver's arm and draws him away/

ALICE
A girl friend?

OLIVER
(almost as if correcting her)
A girl.

ALICE
Anybody I know?

Oliver takes the kitten and puts it back into the box. It makes vain efforts to scramble out past his restraining hand,

OLIVER
Not yet, but I know you'll like her.

Alice watches him try to get the cover of the box over the protesting kitten.

ALICE (SPEAKING LIGHTLY)
If you like her, she's okay with me.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to CLOSE SHOT of kitten, and as the lid of the box hides it from view, we

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NOON

MED. SHOT. Oliver, with the boxed kitten under one arm, is ringing the bell to Irena's apartment. After a moment, she opens the door. She is wearing a paint-stained smock and has obviously been interrupted in her work. She smiles at Oliver, and he bends down to put the box on the floor.

OLIVER
Look, Irena. I brought you a present.

He takes the kitten out of the box and sets it on the floor. Irena stoops down beside it. Seeing her, the kitten draws back, arching itself. Oliver, puzzled, looks from the cat to Irena. She leans forward, smiling, trying to coax the kitten to come to her. The kitten snarls and spits viciously at her. Oliver scoops it up in his hands.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Why, you little devil!

IRENA
(as she rises to her feet)
It's all right. It's just that cats don't seem to like me.

OLIVER

But this is only a kitten. It's very friendly. When I had it in the office, Alice — the girl who works in our department — it played with her.

IRENA

(smiling uncomfortably)
Cats just don't like me.

Oliver has stuffed the kitten back into its box and put the lid over it. He is obviously disappointed. Irena puts her hand on Oliver's arm.

IRENA (cont'd)

(Brightly)
I know what we can do. You got it at a pet store, didn't you?

OLIVER

Yes.

IRENA

Good. We could exchange it for some other pet?

She looks up at him. He nods.

IRENA (cont'd)

I'll get my hat and coat.

She turns to go back into the apartment for her coat and hat.

DISSOLVE

INT. PET STORE - DAY

All is tranquil in Miss Plunkett's Pet Shoppe. Outside it is raining, a soft autumn rain. Miss Plunkett sits nodding. Most of the birds and animals are sleeping. Above Miss Plunkett, in a circular stand, a brilliant macaw swings. It looks very much like Miss Plunkett, and, like her, is peacefully nodding in sleep. A little bell tinkles, and there is the sound of the door opening and closing. Miss Plunkett sleeps right on. We see that Irena and Oliver have entered the shop. Immediately there is a transformation.

The birds begin to call back and forth to one another, their calls growing excited, shrill. The monkeys, awakened, clamber excitedly in their cages, whimpering and chattering madly. The puppies begin to bark, the cats to meow. In a moment the sound has grown to sheer cacophony. The macaw, too, has awakened, and is screeching its head off. Miss Plunkett snaps out of her stolen rest and looks about her, blinking curiously. Her lips form the words of amazement, "Landie, dearie me!" but there is so much noise now that nothing she says can be heard. She looks up to see what may have startled the animals into such noisy activity;

MED. SHOT of Irena and Oliver, as they stand, perplexed by all the commotion. Oliver is closing an umbrella. Miss Plunkett comes into the scene. She tries to yell to the animals to be quiet. The noise is too much for her. Oliver tries to explain to Miss Plunkett that he wants to exchange the kitten, which he holds in the box in his hands, for a canary, but he cannot make himself heard. She only shakes her head and tries to say something at which Oliver shakes his head. Irena touches Oliver's arm, indicating that it might be better to go outside. Oliver points outdoors to Miss Plunkett. She nods and follows them out onto the street.

EXT. PET STORE - DAY

MED. SHOT. The three emerge from the store, Miss Plunkett closing the door behind her. All three stand under the umbrella. In the loud, shrieking voice she has been using, Miss Plunkett starts to speak.

MISS PLUNKETT

I can't imagine...

She realizes she doesn't have to talk so loudly now, and, with an embarrassed laugh, begins again in her natural voice.

MISS PLUNKETT (cont'd)

Landie, dearie me! I can't imagine what got into them... all that caterwauling. The last time

they did that was when an alley
cat got in and ate up one of my
nice rice finches.

OLIVER
All I want is to exchange this
kitten for a bird.

MISS PLUNKETT
Why, of course. I have some lovely
canaries. One little lemon-colored
follow with top notes like Caruso.

She opens the door cautiously and peeks in, turning back to
them with a pleased expression

MISS PLUNKETT (cont'd)
As peaceful as my dream of
heaven! Shall we go back now and
select just which little birdie?

IRENA
(to Oliver)
You go, please, Oliver. Pick the
one you like. It's so hot and
stifling in there. I'd rather stay
here.

OLIVER
(handing Irena the
umbrella)
Of course. I'll only be a minute.

INT. PET STORE - DAY

Oliver and Miss Plunkett return inside the shop, Miss
Plunkett talking all the while.

MISS PLUNKETT
Animals are ever so psychic. There
are some people who just can't come
in here. My dear brother's wife,
for instance; she's a very nice
girl...I've nothing against
her...but you should just see what
happens when she puts her foot
inside this place.
The cats particularly. They seem to
know. You can fool everybody, but
landie, dearie me, you can't fool a
cat. In some ways they seem to know
who's not right — if you know what
I mean.
(she has the bird in her
hand and holds it up
with pleasure)
Here we are! Isn't he a ducky
little angel!

Oliver takes the bird and holds it up for Irena to see.
Irena, standing outside the window, looking in, nods her
head eagerly. Oliver turns back to Miss Plunkett

OLIVER
This is it.

EXT. PET STORE - DAY

MED. SHOT of Irena. The little bell tinkles over the door as
Oliver comes out with the bird in a small wooden cage. He
comes over to Irena. She exchanges the umbrella for the bird
cage.

OLIVER
(giving her the cage)
What do you think of it?

Irena holds the cage up before her eyes, tenderly to the
bird.

She coos.

IRENA
Ah, he is sweet!
(turns and smiles up at Oliver)
He will like me very much. You
will see. I like to be liked.

Oliver takes her by the arm and smiles at her.

OLIVER
That ought to be easy. Really easy.

They start away together up the street, under the umbrella,
smiling at one another, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT. In the b.g. the ship plans on the wall can be seen. They are complete now as far back as the flying bridge. Obviously some time has elapsed. Oliver and Alice are sitting back to back, both of them doing particularly exacting pieces of mathematical measuring. Oliver raises up to call out:

OLIVER
Slide rule.

Alice makes no motion. He turns to her more definitely, calling out again, louder this time:

OLIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Let me borrow your slide rule, will
you?

But Alice is in the midst of a difficult problem, and she goes on with it. Oliver turns around to her, places one arm around her, and whispers in her ear after the fashion of Charles Boyer.

OLIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Mademoiselle, you are so beautiful
- so charming. So gracious a lady
will surely pass me her slide rule,
no?

Alice succumbs. She looks up at him and gives him the slide rule. Then she gulps.

ALICE
(getting up)
I have to wash the taste of that
out of my mouth.

She goes over to the water cooler. Oliver follows her, Alice looks up to see Jim Carver approaching.

ALICE (cont'd)
Look who's coming.

Oliver winks at her, Jim reaches the two at the water cooler. Alice has a paper cup full of water in one hand. She takes out a coin with the other hand.

ALICE (cont'd)
Doc, I'll bet there's one thing you
can't do..

CARVER
What's that?

ALICE
(demonstrating with belt
on her dress)
I'll bet you a dollar you can't
hold a quarter on your forehead
like this, pull out your belt,
lower your head, and let the
quarter fall bingo into your
trousers.

CARVER
(taking the quarter;
with confidence)
A mere matter of precision.

He balances the quarter on his forehead, throwing his head back to do so. He holds out the front of his trousers. Oliver takes a box of paper clips from a near-by desk and empties them into Carver's trousers. They all laugh. Carver laughs with them. At this moment the Commodore comes down from the mezzanine. There is instant silence.

COMMODORE
Who wants to go out on my boat
Sunday?

Everyone ad libs enthusiastic acceptance except Oliver. Carver, forgetting the paper clips, joins in and moves a little more than he should; a deluge of clips falls around his ankles. The Commodore looks at him, then back to Oliver.

COMMODORE (cont'd)
Don't you want to go, Ollie?

OLIVER
The fact is, sir, I've got an engagement for Sunday.

ALICE
Your boat seems to have competition, Commodore.

CARVER
You should meet the competition.

ALICE
Have you met her, Doc?

CARVER
I saw her one day with Ollie.

ALICE
(looking at Oliver)
Ollie's always saying he'll take me to see her, but he never does.

OLIVER
As a matter of fact, Alice, I was going to take you around next Sunday, but since the Commodore...

COMMODORE (QUICKLY)
I withdraw my invitation to you two.

ALICE
We'll take a rain check, Commodore,
(looks at Oliver)

COMMODORE
(turning to go)
I'll expect the rest of you.

He starts toward the door. Carver moves to get out of his way. There is a veritable deluge of clips. The Commodore looks down at the clips and then gives Carver a long and searching glance.

COMMODORE (cont'd)
I always wondered what held you together, Carver.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Alice, Irena, and Oliver are walking into the room. It is obvious that Alice and Oliver have just arrived and been met at the door by Irena. She has her free arm linked through Alice's.

IRENA
I think, Alice, I shall like you very much. We shall be good friends, you and I.

Alice is a little embarrassed by Irena's warmth of manner. She looks about the apartment.

ALICE
Ollie tells me you like to draw cats. I tried to draw a cat once -- looked more like a mouse.

IRENA
Cats are harder to draw than the human hand...a good cat portrait is almost impossible. Look up there...
(pointing to the mantel picture)
Even Goya couldn't do it...not really well. That's why I like it...because it's hard.'

ALICE
(with a laugh)
Because it's hard? You're a glutton
for punishment.

IRENA
No, it's not just because it's
hard. In a way, I felt I had to
draw them. Didn't you draw
boats?

ALICE (NODDING)
Sure. I spent half my study periods
drawing boats. The Marblehead
tomboy — that was me.. My poor
mother wept every time I brought
home a report card.

IRENA
And I drew cats. The other children
in my village had cats, and they
could hug them and play with them.
But cats don't like me. They won't
let me cuddle or caress them. So
instead of playing with them, I
drew them. They're the one subject
still too hard for me. You
understand, don't you?

Without waiting for an answer, she rises and picks up a sheaf
of drawings from her desk. She spreads them out before
Alice.

IRENA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Look, Fashion drawings bore me.
The only way I can do them is this
way.

Alice picks up one of the drawings and looks at it,

IRENA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Of course, when I got the gown the
way I want it, I rub out the cat's
face and sketch in a regular face.

Alice nods and puts the drawing back with the others. Oliver,
looking at Alice, is afraid that she has not been
sufficiently impressed. He feels called upon to defend
Irena's work and to change the subject.

OLIVER
I think it's right clever. How
about my mixing a cocktail?

IRENA
I have them all mixed.

She hurries off behind the screen. Alice looks up at
Oliver. He is beaming with pride. She smiles at him,
holding up her finger, ring-jointed, in a little gesture of
silent approval. The canary begins to sing. Alice rises
and goes over to the canary's cage. Oliver joins her beside
the cage.

OLIVER
This is what the kitten turned
into.

ALICE
Much easier for a working girl to
keep.
(as the bird hits an
especially high note)
Listen to her, will you? Little old
Jenny Lind herself.

The bird suddenly stops singing. Alice and Oliver look at
one another.

IRENA'S VOICE
(coming over scene)
Was the bird singing?

They turn.

ALICE
Yes. It gave out with an aria.

Irena comes toward them. She holds a small tray upon which

is a martini whirler, three glasses, and a small plateful of hors d'oeuvres. She places the cocktail things upon a small table.

IRENA
It's never sung before. This is
the first time.

She comes up to the cage, trying to coax the bird into song with little cooing and whistling noises. The bird mopes on its perch as far away from her as the cage will allow.

IRENA (cont'd)
The naughty bird. For me he will
never sing.

ALICE
Probably a prima donna.

Turning toward the coffee table, Irena speaks suddenly, as if with a desire to change the subject.

IRENA
Shall we have our martinis?

Oliver bends down, gets the glasses, and hands them around. Just as they lift their glasses, the eerie scream of the panther sounds. Oliver and Alice look up.

IRENA (cont'd)
It's the panther --

OLIVER
(lifting his glass)
Here's luck to all of us...May we
always be in better voice than
that.

MED. CLOSEUP of Alice. She is twirling the glass in her fingers thoughtfully.

ALICE
To all of us.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

The panther is pacing behind the bars of its cage. It is a windy day, one of the last days of fall. A gust of wind blows a shower of dead leaves across the screen in front of the cage.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of the panther screen, glowing in bright firelight. Over this shot comes the melody of "Berceuses du Chat."

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include CLOSE SHOT of Irena near the phonograph as she turns down the music so that it is only background music. She is wearing an attractive hostess gown. She goes over to the sofa where Oliver is stretched out and sits beside him. Irena's fingers begin to stroke his brows regularly. She smiles down at him.

IRENA
Better now?

OLIVER
Much better. Those under-lit
tables we work at...we had to use
them all day today... they give a
man a rotten headache.

IRENA
What about Alice? Doesn't she mind
them?

OLIVER
I suppose so, but she never lets
anything bother her. She says the
best cure for anything is swimming.
(his voice begins to get
sleepy)
She only lives at that women's club
because there's a pool there.

Irena continues to caress his brow. His head sinks down into the pillows. He closes his eyes. An outside sound distracts Irena, and she looks up.

CLOSE SHOT of the window from Irena's viewpoint. It has begun to rain, and a blast of wind has spangled the window with raindrops.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena as she smiles contentedly and looks down at Oliver. He has fallen asleep and is breathing easily. He moves gently, and one hand extends over the edge of the sofa. Irena lets herself slide from the sofa to the floor. She nestles against the sofa, cuddles her cheek against the back of Oliver's outstretched hand, and rubs her face back and forth, almost like a cat that pets itself against its master's hand. Her eyes look toward the dancing flames in the fireplace.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHOT of the fire. The flames have burned down. There are only glowing coals on the hearth. The room is almost dark. The music has stopped.

The CAMERA MOVES from the fire to Irena, as she still sits on the floor with her cheek against Oliver's hand, Oliver stirs slightly and opens his eyes. Irena does not move. Oliver looks at her.

OLIVER
Irena

IRENA
Yes.

OLIVER
I've been asleep.

IRENA
I know.

OLIVER
It couldn't have been very
entertaining for you.

IRENA
I was watching you.

OLIVER
And that was fun?

Irena makes a little purring murmur of assent. There is a pause then Oliver speaks softly.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Do you love me, Irena?

Again the little murmur of ascent.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I thought so. And you know that I
love you, don't you?

Again the little, happy, thrilling murmur from the darkness. Oliver puts his hand on her shoulder.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I've never kissed you.
(pauses)
You know, that's funny,

Irena withdraws gently from him and moves back a bit into the shadows away from him.

IRENA
Why?

OLIVER
When people in America know each
other as well as we do — when
they're in love — or even think
they're in love, they've usually
kissed long ago.

Irena slips further away from him into the shadows. He leans toward her.

OLIVER (cont'd)

Well...?

He can see only the dim outline of her shoulders, the white blur of her face.

IRENA
(suddenly taut,
anguished, as if the
words were being pulled
from her throat)
I love you, Oliver.

OLIVER
(sitting up, alarmed by
her intensity)
For heaven's sake, Irena, what's
wrong?

Without answering, Irena suddenly lays her cheek against his knee and begins to sob. Perplexed, Oliver looks down at her and puts a hand on her head. She turns her head but does not look at him. Her voice has a wild, strained quality, echoing some strange agony.

IRENA
I've lived in dread of this moment,
Oliver. I've not wanted to love
you. I kept myself away from
people...I stayed alone...I never
wanted this to happen.

OLIVER
But you just told me you loved me.

IRENA
I do. I do.

Oliver puts his hands under her elbows and tries to draw her up to him.

OLIVER
Then there's only one thing to do.
Come up here and be kissed.

IRENA
(withdrawing from his
hands)
No. I can't, Oliver, I've fled
from the past, from things
you could never know or
understand...evil things...
evil...

She breaks out again, sobbing. He looks down at her, worried. Her sobs lessen, and Oliver begins to speak very quietly, very calmly.

OLIVER
Irena, you've told me something
of the past...of King John, and
the witches in the village, and
the cat people who are descended
from them. Fairy tales, Irena,
fairy tales you heard in
childhood...nothing more than
that. They've nothing to do with
you, really.
You're Irena...you're here in
America...you're so normal you're
even in love with me...Oliver
Reed...a good, plain Americano.

He tries to raise her again, to kiss her, but she eludes him and cuddles down by his feet, pressing her cheek against his knee. She has stopped crying.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Yes, you're so normal that you're
going to marry me, Irena, And
those fairy tales of yours, you
can tell them to our children...
for them...hundreds of kittens to
amuse them...

Irena utters a little murmur of happiness and delight.

Oliver bends over, and kisses her hair softly.. Over the sound of the rain and wind comes the coughing roar of lions in the park.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. & INT. SERBIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Belgrade, as seen through the plate glass window from outside. It is snowing, the first light snow of the winter. In the window on display are three calves' heads prepared in Serbian fashion. They have been skinned. The eyes, considered a great delicacy by gourmets, are wide open and glisten like bullets. The heads are crowned with chaplets of artificial flowers. In the b.g. we see the wedding party. Seated around a table are Oliver, Irena, Alice, the Commodore, Jim Carver, and some of the other people we have seen on the office sequences. Irena is dressed in a light suit and wears a bridal bouquet on her shoulder. She is laughing a natural, happy laugh to contrast with the later hysterical laugh. The proprietor of the restaurant has just brought proudly to the table from the kitchen a large iron kettle from which the steam of hot wine is rising.

The CAMERA TRUCKS THROUGH to the wedding party. A trio of musicians, dressed in Balkan costume, is playing a Balkan love song. Jim Carver, like everyone else in the party, has been drinking, and is in a gay mood. As the proprietor places the iron kettle on the table, Carver applauds.

CARVER
(calling out)
Ah! Comitaji!

The proprietor gives him a fierce look. Irena laughs merrily.

IRENA
Oh, Mr. Carver, you should
not call the good man that.

CARVER
But it's Serbian. I got it from my
barber this afternoon.

IRENA
You might insult him. "Comitaji"
means bandit...robber...

CARVER
Bless my soul!

Commodore Judson, seated next to Alice, is watching Irena. He turns to find Alice's eyes on his.

COMMODORE
Oliver's bride seems a very nice
girl...and very pretty too.
Carver tells me she's a bit odd.
He's a little worried about the
marriage.

ALICE
(defensively)
Nonsense. Irena's a grand girl.
She and Oliver are going to be very
happy together.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of a woman who is seated at a little table at the far side of the restaurant. She is in evening dress, but is dining alone. The woman looks like a cat. She has a round, tabby face and a pompadour which somehow suggests the roundness of a cat's head. The eyes, slanting, large, and very light in color, fringed with sweeping lashes, are completely feline. She turns these great, luminous eyes in the direction of the wedding party and stares at the festivities.

MED. SHOT of the wedding party. The Commodore rises, with his glass in one hand.

COMMODORE
To the bride.

Everybody toasts Irena. Oliver looks down at her, proud and happy.

CLOSEUP of the Cat Woman, as she looks straight at Irena.

MED. SHOT of the wedding party. As the Commodore is sitting down, he sees the Cat Woman. He turns to Jim Carver.

COMMODORE (cont'd)
Look at that woman. Isn't she
something.

CARVER
(glancing up)
Looks like a cat.

He turns back to his food.

MED. SHOT - the Cat Woman. Drawing-on her gloves, she rises
and crosses the room. As she reaches the wedding party and is
directly opposite Irena, she stops and stares at Irena.

MED. SHOT - the wedding party, holding her hand as she talks.

Irena is turned to Alice.

IRENA
Thank you so much, Alice, for this
lovely party. I did not know there
was a Serbian restaurant.

ALICE
Anything you want to know about
this city, ask me. I know all the
unimportant details.

Irena laughs, and turning around, looks up at the Cat Woman.
The smile fades from her face. She stares at the woman with
a kind of haunted fascination. The Cat Woman takes a step
closer, never removing her eyes from Irena. She smiles and
speaks. (Note: Irena's voice is to be dubbed in on the
sound track when the Cat Woman speaks.)

CAT WOMAN
Moja sestra.

Irena blanches and shrinks, back into her chair. She makes
the sign of the Cross. The Cat Woman smiles and repeats the
words. (Note: Scene without sign of Cross to be made for
England.)

CAT WOMAN (cont'd)
Moja sostra.

She turns and walks out back on a festive basis.

Alice tries to put the party

ALICE
How do you like that?

WO SHOT - Oliver and Irena. Irena is looking white and
shaken. Oliver takes her hand.

OLIVER
What did that woman say to you?

Irena looks up at him with frightened eyes,

OLIVER (cont'd)
What did she say, darling?

IRENA
(slowly, seriously)
If this were any night but-my
wedding night...If you were any
man but my husband...I would not
tell you.

OLIVER
Wait a minute. It can't be that
serious...just one single word --

IRENA
(very seriously)
She greeted me...she called me
"sister."
(seizing his hands,
looking up at him)
You saw her, Oliver. You saw what
she looked like.

OLIVER
(laughing)
Oh, the cat people ... she's one of
the cat people. She looks like a
cat, and so she must be one of the
cat people...one of King John's

pets.
(tweaks her chin
playfully)
Irena, you crazy kid!

Irena looks at him from her throat sobs of hysterical
laughter break

OLIVER (cont'd)
Look...you're laughing. You can
see how funny it is yourself.

And it is true. Irena is laughing with him, but hers is the
forced, flat laughter of near hysteria.

The CAMERA MOVES IN so that we see that it is hysteria,
whereas Oliver, seated beside her, feels sure it is normal
laughter joined with his.

DISSOLVE OUT.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

A cab draws up before Irena's apartment house. In it are
Oliver, Irena, the Commodore, and Carver. It is still
snowing lightly. Carver is the first out, extricating
himself from the jump seat. He helps Irena out, and Oliver
follows her.

CARVER
I know a joke about weddings. Why
would my wedding be a dollar and
cents wedding?

He looks at Irena. She does not say anything. He looks
around at the rest. No one says anything. Then the
Commodore pokes his head out of the cab.

COMMODORE
All right -- why?

CARVER
Because I haven't a dollar, and my
girl hasn't any sense.

No one laughs. It hasn't been a funny joke. Then Irena,
begins to laugh. She laughs hysterically. Oliver looks at
her worried. Carver is very pleased, because he thinks he
has been funny. The Commodore reaches out from the cab and
taps him on the shoulder.

COMMODORE
Come along, Carver.

Carver climbs into the cab, and it drives off.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver on the sidewalk. The soft snow
falls on their shoulders. For the first time they are alone
together, and Irena's problems have to be discussed.

OLIVER
What is it, darling?

Irena is struggling to put a hard request into reasonable
words. She forces herself to speak.

IRENA
I'm going to beg --

She breaks off, unable to speak. They stand there a moment.
Oliver is looking at her. He wants to help her; he wants to
know the way of her thoughts.

OLIVER
(encouragingly; softly)
Mrs. Reed.

Irena stops and puts her hands tenderly against his chest.

IRENA
It's nice to hear that...nice. I
want to be Mrs. Reed.

OLIVER
You are, Irena.

IRENA
But I want to be Mrs. Reed

really. I want to be everything
that name means to me —
 (with tears coming to
 her eyes)
-- and I can't -- I can't.

OLIVER
There's no sense in what you're
saying, darling. You're excited.
That woman in the restaurant upset
you.

IRENA
She brought back the old fears. If
I could have some time to --
 (seizing his hands)
Oliver, be kind -- be patient -
let me have time - time to get
over this feeling there's
something evil in me.

Oliver looks at her quietly for a moment.

OLIVER
Darling, you can have all the time
there is in the world, if you want
it, and all the patience and the
kindness there's in me. You didn't
have to ask for that.

Irena draws his hand to her lips and kisses it.

IRENA
Only a little time...only a
little time, Oliver. I don't want
more than that!

They turn toward the house, and as they begin to walk

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena is crossing the room toward the door. The room
is lighted only by the glow from the street lamps outside.
She is in a negligee. Outside, through the window, the snow
can be soon falling.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver, still wearing street clothes, stands at the door of
Irena's bedroom. He taps lightly on the door.

OLIVER
 (softly)
Good night, Irena,

He stands waiting.

INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena presses herself against the door. Her hand goes down
to the doorknob.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands waiting.

INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena sinks down to her knees beside the door and crouches
there, lonely and desirous. She moves slightly. Her hand
goes up toward the doorknob. There is no doubt that her
intention is to open the door. From the park comes the thin,
eerie scream of the panther. Irena listens, trembles, and
takes her hand from the knob.

IRENA
 (almost whispering)
Good night, Oliver..

OLIVER'S VOICE
 (from the other side of
 the door)
Good night, Irena.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PAR" - DAY

The keeper of the cat cages is sweeping out the blank panther's cage with a long-handled broom. He sings to himself in a nasal New England voice. Irena comes and stops at the guard rail.

KEEPER (SINGING)

There was not any person hurt,
Except the Reverend Parson Burt...
(sliding the broom handle far into
the cage)
He wasn't killed by cannon ball,
As judged by jurors one and all.

The panther steps haughtily over the broom handle, and comes up to the bars.

KEEPER (cont'd)

But being in a sickly state, He
frightened fell and met his fate.

The leopard, maneuvering for a better view of Irena, gets in the way of the broom. The old keeper stops his work and his song, turning to see what has attracted the leopard's attention. On seeing Irena, he tips his peaked cap and smiles,.

KEEPER (cont'd)

Ain't seen you here for some
time, ma'am.

IRENA

I've been married. I've been
married almost a month.

Withdrawing his broom, the old keeper uses it as a crutch to support himself. He jerks one thumb in the direction of the leopard.

KEEPER

That's what I tell this misbegotten
devil...nobody comes to see him
when they're happy. The monkey
house and the aviary draw the happy
customers.

Irena leans over the guard rail. The leopard's hackles rise and he tenses his front paws to unsheathe the talons.

IRENA

(admiringly)
But he's beautiful.

KEEPER

No. He ain't beautiful. He's an
evil creature, ma'am. You read
your Bible. In Revelations -- when
the Book is talking about the worst
beast of them all -- it says, "And
the beast which I saw was like unto
a leopard."

IRENA

(repeating softly)
Like unto a leopard...

KEEPER

Yes, ma'am, like a leopard... but
not a leopard. I guess that fits
this fellow.

IRENA

Yes, it fits him.

She pauses a moment, then leaves the guard rail to continue on her way down the promenade. The old keeper calls after her.

KEEPER

Best wishes for your marriage, ma'
am.

She turns and waves to him.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The panther screen is glowing in the bright sunlight streaming through the window. The sun throws a shadow onto the screen just over the panther. It is the enlarged shadow of the bird cage, with the canary hopping about inside the bars.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show Irena at her desk. She has just finished working on a sketch. Now she gets up, stretching and turning. Her eyes fall on the bird in its cage, and she crosses over to it, the CAMERA MOVING with her. The bird huddles on its perch, frightened, Irena tries to encourage it to sing. She whistles a few notes. Still no response. She opens the small door of the cage, and puts her hand inside to take hold of the canary. The bird flutters wildly. Before she can get hold of it, it falls to the cage floor and lies there. Irena picks it up tenderly and holds it in her hands. The bird is dead. Irena is serious and concerned as she puts the bird down on a table, opens a drawer, and takes out an empty bonbon box. Very carefully she places the dead bird in the box, and ties it up with a bit of ribbon. She puts on her hat and coat, gets a trowel that is on the window ledge by one of the window boxes, and leaves the room with the trowel and the box under her handbag.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. PARK WALK - DAY

Irena walks along the park path. The CAMERA is MOVING with her. Her eyes are searching for a likely spot of earth to bury the dead bird. Under a bush she spies a bit of soft earth. She stops, and takes a step toward it. A whistled tune attracts her attention, and she looks up.

A policeman has rounded a corner of the path, and is coming toward her amiably swinging his nightstick, as he whistles "Who?" Irena swiftly pushes the purse back on her arm and continues walking along the path, passing the policeman, who goes right on whistling.

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

Irena comes up the walk. The panther is pacing back and forth behind the bars. It stops pacing as she passes the cage. She, too, stops, and looks at the beast. Suddenly, as if under the compulsion of some thought or desire outside herself, she hurriedly takes the box, tears off the lid, and throws the dead body of the canary into the cage.

CLOSE SHOT of the panther, as daintily, with little paw pats, it begins to play with the dead bird, shuffling the tiny yellow body across the dusty floor of the cage,

CLOSE SHOT of Irena watching the animal. She shudders, almost as if recovering herself, and turning, walks quickly away.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena is standing looking out the window. Oliver is opening the little cabinet which they use for a bar. He half turns and calls over his shoulder to her.

OLIVER
Would you like some sherry?

Irena doesn't answer. Oliver fills two glasses with sherry and brings them over to her. He offers her one.

OLIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Here. If you're determined to mourn
that bird...we'll have a regular
wake...

IRENA (LOOKING AT HIM)
It's not just because the bird
died.

Oliver puts a glass into her hands and stands beside her. She takes a little sip of the wine and stares into the glass, thoughtfully.

IRENA (cont'd)
It's me. I envy every woman I see
on the street.

OLIVER

They can't match your little finger.

IRENA
I envy them. They are happy. They make their husbands happy. They lead normal, happy lives. They're free...

(a pause)
The bird...do you know what happened to the bird?

OLIVER
It died.

IRENA
It died of fright when I tried to take it in my hand.

OLIVER
All right. The bird was afraid of you -- that's nothing. I had a rabbit once that hated me; yet I grew up to be quite a nice fellow.

IRENA
(shaking her head)
Oliver, when I went past the panther's cage I had to open the box; I had to throw the bird to him,
(a pause; then more intensely)
Do you understand?...I had to. I had to do it! That's what frightens me.

Oliver looks at her for a moment then, speaks quietly, no longer mocking her.

OLIVER
I've been trying to kid you out of it. Maybe that's wrong. I've tried...

IRENA
(taking his hand)
No one could have been more gentle or more patient.

OLIVER
I've tried to make you realize all these stories that worry you are so much nonsense. Now I see it's not the stories... it's the fact that you believe them. We've got to have help, Irena.

Irena half turns. The statuette of King John is on the table before her. She lets one hand rest for a minute on the base of the figure. Oliver follows the direction of her gaze and he shakes his head.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Not that sort of help. There's something wrong, and we have to face it in an intelligent way. We don't need a King John with fire and sword. We need someone who can root out the reason for your belief and cure it. That's what we need — a psychiatrist.

Irena turns toward him, her face eager and hopeful,

IRENA
(eagerly)
Find one for me, Oliver. The best one...the very best one I

DISSOLVE

INT. DR. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Irena. She is in a dark room. Coming diagonally across is a square shaft of light which falls softly on Irena's face, framing the closed eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving everything else in undisturbed darkness. From

the darkness comes a male voice, a very persuasive, insistent voice.

JUDD
the cats...the cats...you were
saying the cats....the cats...

IRENA
(eyes still closed as
she speaks)
They torment me. I wake in the
night, I feel their warmth and
their strength in me...in me. I
walk in the day, and the tread of
their foot whispers in my brain.
I have no peace...for they are in
me...

She pauses, and a little grimace of pain goes over her features. From her closed eyes two tears course slowly down her cheeks. From the darkness the voice continues to urge her on.

JUDD
In me... in me...

There is no response. The man gets up, so that we see him in silhouette. He crosses the room and draws the curtains, letting in the brilliant sunlight. Irena lies with eyes closed, breathing with the shallow, regular breath of sleep, undisturbed by the harsh light.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Dr. Louis Judd. He stands for a moment watching her. Judd is a harshly ugly man of early middle age. There is an arrogance in his bearing which makes some women see him as the suave, continental man, perfectly sure of his success with any woman. His consulting room is clean, antiseptic, and sparsely furnished with a couch, a chair, and a gooseneck lamp on a stand. Irena is lying on the couch. Judd, standing beside her, makes a few notations on a pad. Then he lightly pats her cheek to wake her. She comes from sleep very quietly.

JUDD (cont'd)
You are very tired.

IRENA
(smiling uncertainly)
No...not very.

Dr. Judd pours her a drink from a carafe.

JUDD
Hypnosis always tires me. And some
of my patients, too, find it
exhausting.

IRENA
(taking the glass he gives
her)
It's only that I remember nothing.

JUDD
But it is my duty to remember,
(patting the notebook in his hand)
I have it all here. Most
interesting. You told me of your
village, and the people, and
their strange beliefs.

IRENA
(anxiously)
Is that all I told you?

JUDD
You told me tales of blood,
violence...mangled bodies in dark
forests...men torn to death by
woman half witch, half panther.

IRENA
I am so ashamed. It must seem so
childish.

JUDD
And the cat woman of your
village...you told me of them,
too...woman who in jealousy or
anger, or out of their own
corrupt passions, could change

into great cats, like panthers.
And if one of those woman were to
fall in love...and if her lover
were to kiss her...take her into
his embrace, she would be driven
by her own evil to kill him.

JUDD (cont'd)
(pausing, coming closer
to her)
That's what you believe and what
you fear, isn't it?

Irena nods her head but does not raise her eyes.

JUDD (cont'd)
Frankly, there is no need to be
ashamed. This is only what we call
a psychological block...a thing
which stands between you and what
you really desire.

Irena looks at him. He looks at his watch, crosses to the
desk and puts away his notebook with an air of finality.

JUDD (cont'd)
Those things are very simple to
psychiatrists. You told me of your
childhood. Perhaps we'll find this
trouble stems from some early
experience. You said you didn't
know your father...that he had died
in some mysterious accident in the
forest before your birth...and
because of that the children teased
you and called your mother a
witch...a cat woman. These
childhood tragedies are inclined to
corrode the soul, to leave a canker
in the mind, but we will try to
repair the damage.

Irena rises and gives Dr. Judd her hand. He places an arm
around her shoulders with familiar ease, as he leads her to
the door.

JUDD (cont'd)
You are not to worry.

IRENA
What shall I tell my husband?
Naturally, he is anxious to have
some word.

JUDD
(with heavy gallantry; as
he assists her with her
coat)
What does one tell a husband? One
tells him nothing.

By this time they have reached the door to the outer office
- the waiting room.

INT. DR. JUDD'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Judd and Irena enter and cross to the door which leads to
the hall. He opens the door for her.

JUDD
Friday, at eleven?

Irena nods and leaves. Dr. Judd turns to another of his
patients in the waiting room. She is a beautiful, neurotic
looking woman, swathed in furs and adorned with loops of
pearls. Judd bows from the waist to kiss her hand.

JUDD (cont'd)
My dear lady.

DISSOLVE

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE -
AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of Irena running lightly up the stairs, humming
a little snatch of song.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of Irena as she reaches the top of the stairs and goes down the hallway to her door, still humming the song. Joyously she swings open the door of the apartment*

CLOSEUP of Irena as she sees something inside,

REVERSE SHOT. Through the door can be seen Oliver and Alice seated together on the sofa. Oliver-is just bending over to light Alice's cigarette. They turn and look as Irena enters and closes the door.

Irena, Alice and Oliver.

IRENA
(as she crosses to
Alice)
Alice, it's so nice to see you!

ALICE
Hello, darling. How did you make
out with Louis?

IRENA
(puzzled)
Louis ?

ALICE
Dr. Judd.

Instantly Irena's mood changes. She looks at Alice, puzzled and a little hurt to think that Oliver has spoken of her visit to the psychiatrist. Oliver catches Irena's look.

OLIVER
(quickly)
Alice knows, darling.

ALICE
(not catching the
vibrations in the air)
Of course. Didn't I suggest Dr.
Judd? I met him on the
Commodore's boat. The way he
goes around kissing hands makes
me want to spit cotton, but I
guess he knows all there is to
know about psychiatry.

Oliver is looking very embarrassed. Irena is both startled and angry now. Alice looks at both of them and catches on.

ALICE (cont'd)
Uh-oh!

OLIVER
(to Irena)
I told Alice; I knew she'd know
some good doctor.

IRENA
I don't see why that was necessary.

Her manner is very cold. She gives them both a long look, and walks away to stand by the window, gazing out, with her back toward them. Alice looks guiltily at Oliver, shrugs her shoulders, and picks up her hat and coat from a near-by chair.

ALICE
Sorry. I seem to have put my big
foot in it.

She lets Oliver help her on with her coat, and, with her hat still in her hand, she goes over to the door. Pausing, she calls out to Irena.

ALICE (cont'd)
Sorry, Irena. I'm sure neither I
nor Oliver had any notion of
offending you. I'm dreadfully
sorry.

IRENA
(half-turning, coldly)
Good-bye, Alice.

With another-guilty look at Oliver, Alice closes the door behind her. The moment the door clicks shut, Irena turns to face Oliver. She is furious, hurt, offended. Oliver tries to

make nice with her.

OLIVER
Darling, really, there's no
reason....

IRENA
But, Oliver, how can you discuss
such things...such intimate things
about me? How much did you tell
her?

OLIVER
(good-naturedly)
You can tell Alice anything. She's
such a good egg, she can understand
anything.

IRENA
There are some things a woman
doesn't want other women to
understand.

She crosses the room, goes into the bedroom, and closes the
door firmly behind her. Oliver is honestly perplexed. He
looks after her ruefully.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irena is unable to sleep. A bright moon drives a shaft of
misty light through the window and across her bed. She turns
restlessly, gets up, and goes to the window for a moment to
look out. From the park comes the sound of the lions and one
eerie, piercing shriek that she knows is the leopard's cry.
She trembles, perhaps with cold, perhaps with some emotion
that she cannot understand. She comes to a decision, throws
a fur coat over her nightdress, puts on a pair of galoshes
over her bedroom slippers, and lets herself out of the room.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena hesitates as she tiptoes across the studio room of her
apartment. The moonlight is pouring in through the window,
throwing the familiar objects of the room into mysterious
half-shadows. She goes quietly over to the other door, opens
it quietly, and looks in.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver is sound asleep in his bed. He sleeps quietly.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena closes the door to Oliver's bedroom softly, and tiptoes
to the main door, snapping the night latch back, and quietly
letting herself out.

X

X

X

X

X

X

TWO SHOT. Oliver comes out of the shadows of the hallway and
joins Irena on the steps.

OLIVER
I woke up. You were gone, What's
wrong, darling?

IRENA
(a pause, as she looks at him)
I couldn't sleep. I went out.

They continue up the stairs together, the CAMERA HOLDING on
them. As they reach a landing, Oliver stops.

OLIVER
Where'd you go?

IRENA
Just walked.

There is a brief pause. Oliver reaches out and takes her hand.

OLIVER
I'm sorry about this afternoon. I
just didn't think.

IRENA
We should never quarrel, Oliver. I
need you so much. You must help me,
Oliver.
(pauses)
Never let me feel jealousy or
anger. Whatever it is that is in me
is held in...is kept
harmless...when I am happy.

OLIVER
I'd turn handsprings, darling...
I'd dance in the streets...to make
you happy.

He smiles down at her. Then, taking her little face in his hands, he pinches her cheeks together so that her mouth puckers to an enforced smile.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE PANTHER'S CAGE - PARK - DAY

Irena stands at the guard rail, watching the old keeper unlock the cage door and throw in the big, bloody chunks of meat. He is singing again his monotonous, nasal song, but even his singing cannot drown out the noisy feeding of the panther as it gnaws and tears at the meat. When he has thrown in the last chunk, he slams shut the cage door and moves on. It is a gusty, blowy day of hard, inconstant winds. Irena notices that he has left the key in the lock of the cage.

INSERT THE KEY in the panther cage lock.

BACK TO SCENE. Irena pushes aside the little gate, gets the key, stands with it for a moment in her hands, and then runs after the keeper. She holds it out toward him.

IRENA
You forgot your key.

KEEPER
(taking the key)
Ah, I'm always forgettin' it,
'Tain't no worry in it. Nobody'd
steal one of them creatures.

He moves on, muttering his monotonous song to himself. Irena returns to the little gate. Dr. Judd is now standing where she had formerly stood. He is smiling at her. She lets herself out of the gate and stands beside him. He leans on his cane with a great air of nonchalant ease.

JUDD
You resist temptation admirably.

IRENA
Temptation?

JUDD
The key.

IRENA
Why would I want it?

JUDD
For many reasons. There is, in some cases, a psychic need to loose evil upon the world. And we all of us carry within us a desire for death. You fear the panther; yet you are drawn to him again and again. Could you not turn to him as an instrument of death?
(a pause)
You didn't come back to see me Friday. I've had to come to you.

IRENA
(bewildered)
How did you know where to find me?

JUDD
(smiling)
You told me many things.

Irena looks away.

Irena and Dr. Judd as SHOT from within the panther's cage.
The black panther moves from time to time in the foreground,
sometimes blotting one and then the other character from
view. Irena and Judd are seen through the bars of the cage.

JUDD (cont'd)
Why didn't you come back?

IRENA
I don't feel that you can help me.
You are very wise. You know a great
deal. Yet when you speak of the
soul, you mean the mind...and it is
not my mind that is troubled.

JUDD
What a clever girl! All the
psychologists, all the theologians
have tried for centuries to find
that subtle shade of difference
between mind and soul...and you
have found it!

IRENA
(apologetically, turning
away)
It does seem presumptuous of me,
doesn't it? Good-bye, Doctor.

She starts off. The CAMERA STAYS with her, as we hear o.s.
Judd's voice.

JUDD'S VOICE
I can cut one thread of fear for
you.

Irena turns back to him questioningly, and he smiles at her,
as he joins her on the walk.

JUDD
Your mother. Do you remember her?

IRENA
Yes. My mother was a peasant. She
was lovely...quiet and strong...a
big woman.

The doctor takes one of her hands and holds it up before her.

JUDD
And this aristocratic little
hand...is this a peasant hand? The
little bones of this wrist...are
they peasant bones?
(drops her hand and looks
at her)
The mystery of your father is very
simple. Perhaps a young aristocrat
from Belgrade... maybe an artist on
a sketching trip. And your
mother..fresh and attractive, as
peasant girls are when they are
young.
(making a little gesture
with his cane)

It's quite clear — a hasty marriage...a brief pastoral — and
then he disappears.

JUDD (cont'd)
No wonder your mother never spoke
of him...that the village people
drew aside from her. As for the
children who teased you...who would
explain his absence to them?
Naturally, they could only go by
old wives' tales of cat women and
violence,
(pauses, looking closely
at Irena)

I'm right, am I not?

Irena pauses thoughtfully for a moment.

IRENA
(quietly)
But what of my mother's death?

JUDD
Her death? You didn't tell me.

IRENA
(still quietly)
I held her hand when she died. That
hand...even as I held it... turned
to the black paw of a panther. I
felt the coarse hair, the sharp
talons, the pads...I felt them... I
saw her lying, black... I saw that.

She pauses and looks at Judd, who is frowning at her; she
speaks, almost with a note of triumph,

IRENA (cont'd)
What little pastoral, Doctor... do
you have to explain that?

JUDD
(confidently)
You were a child?

IRENA
I was thirteen when my mother died.

JUDD
Why did she die?

IRENA
There was an epidemic in the
village.

JUDD
And you were sick, feverish,
delirious, when your mother died?

IRENA
No. I was called from school. I
can remember it so clearly. I came
through the fields. The meadow
larks were singing, and the sun was
shining. I carried the knapsack of
school books in my hand. I
remember I could not believe that
on such a day anyone could die. I
was not delirious.

JUDD
There is a delirium in great
grief. There are the illusions of
bereavement.

IRENA
The priest would not come into our
house when he saw what was on the
bed. Was his also an illusion of
grief?

Dr. Judd has no answer to make for a moment. He flicks a leaf
from the path with his cane, then smiles at her.

JUDD
There is always an explanation for
every phenomenon. We shall find the
reasonable explanation for this
one.

Irena gives him a scornful look of disbelief, and turns away
as we

DISSOLVE

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

TWO SHOT of Oliver and Alice. They are at a plotting table,
Oliver is holding a slide rule in his hand, and is calling
out numbers as she moves the batten. He looks at the number
on the hairline, and calls it off to Alice.

OLIVER
Toward the sheer line...sixty-two

degrees --

Alice moves the batten with which she is plotting the curve of a bulkhead to the measurement Oliver has given her. It takes a sharp, awkward bend. She looks up at Oliver and points at the batten.

ALICE
Hey!

Oliver looks at the batten, grins ruefully and apologizes!

OLIVER
I'm sorry. Must have given you the wrong figure. Let me try again.

ALICE
(coming round the table to him)
Wait. Let's have a cigarette first.

They go toward the water cooler, as he fishes through his pockets for a package of cigarettes. Alice takes a cigarette, taps it on her nail, and smiles at him.

ALICE (cont'd)
That's the third wrong figure you've given me this morning.

OLIVER
Getting careless in my old age.

ALICE
Something's on your mind. Anything wrong?

OLIVER
No.

They have reached the water cooler. She lights her cigarette, and accepts the cup of water he hands to her. He draws another cup for himself. She grins at him, as she waves away the first strong puff of smoke from her cigarette.

ALICE
(lightly)
Must be marriage.

OLIVER
In a way, it is. I'm worried about Irena.

ALICE
I thought she was going to Dr. Judd.

OLIVER
That's what I thought. But I bumped into Judd this morning, and she hasn't been there since the first visit.

ALICE
But you told me she seemed anxious to be cured.

OLIVER
Apparently not.

Alice crumples up the paper cup and drops it into the waste basket.

ALICE
I'm sorry, Oliver. It must make you very unhappy.

OLIVER
(thoughtfully, simply)
You know...it's a funny thing... I've never been unhappy before. Things have always gone swell for me. I had a grand time as a kid...lots of fun at school... at the office here with you, and the Commodore, and Doc. That's why I don't know what to do about all this. I've just never been unhappy.

Alice looks at him. Suddenly she begins to cry. Oliver looks

at her in astonishment, takes a quick glance to see that the other workers in the office have not noticed, and quickly leads her around behind the filing cabinets.

OLIVER (cont'd)
(drawing out the word)
Hey --
(pulling out his
handkerchief)
Wait a minute!

ALICE
(blowing her nose)
I can't help it. I just can't help
it.
(looking up at him)
I can't bear to see you unhappy. I
love you too darn much, and I don't
care if you do know it. I love you.

OLIVER
(a pause)
I didn't know it.

ALICE
Of course, you didn't. What do you
think I'd do...drag my bleeding
heart across the drafting tables?
It just had to come out now. It's
been too hard to love you...to see
you in love with Irena...and to
see you unhappy.

They stand looking at each other. Alice gives a final blow to her nose, hands the handkerchief back to Oliver, and manages a grin.

ALICE (cont'd)
Forgot it. There's Irena... you're
in love with her.

OLIVER
(puzzled)
I don't know. All this trouble has
made me think -- I don't know what
love really is. I don't even know
whether I'm in love with Irena.

Alice looks at him very thoughtfully.

ALICE
(simply, sincerely)
I know what love is. It's
understanding. It's you and
me...and let the rest of the world
go by. It's just the two of us,
living our lives
together...happily...proudly. No
self-torture...no doubt. It's
enduring and it's everlasting.
Nothing can change it. Nothing can
change us. That's what I think
love is.

Oliver looks over at the water bubbles rising in the cooler. He looks intently at them, almost as if counting them as they rise, bubbling to the surface. He speaks without looking at Alice, his eyes on the bubbles rising in the water cooler.

OLIVER
I don't feel that way about Irena.
It's a different feeling. I'm
drawn to her. There's a warmth from
her that pulls at me...I have to
watch her when she's in the room. I
have to touch her when she's near.
But I don't really know her. In
many ways we were strangers.

He turns and looks at Alice. She reaches out and takes his hand. They stand together like two people on a street corner shaking hands.

ALICE (SIMPLY)
You and I...we'll never be
strangers.

He smiles at her and she returns his smile.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena is in the window alcove, busily engaged in washing her paint brushes. She twirls them between her palms to get the water out of them. Oliver is in his easy chair. He holds a magazine in his hands, but he is not reading. Suddenly he puts the magazine down.

OLIVER

Irena.

Irena turns toward him, but continues to twirl the brush she has in her hands.

OLIVER (cont'd)
(rising and coming
toward her)

Irena, I'm worried. What's
happening to us?

Irena looks up at him as she stops twirling her brush. She speaks very simply, as if this explained and adjusted all difficulties.

IRENA

I love you, Oliver.

OLIVER

I know -- but people can love,
and people can still drift apart.
And that's what I feel is happening
to us. We don't talk together
openly — you are not frank with
me...

IRENA

(interrupting)
I have never lied to you.

OLIVER

I ran into Dr. Judd today.

Irena looks at him and then down at the brush in her hand.

OLIVER (cont'd)

You haven't been back to see him.

IRENA

He cannot help me.

OLIVER

You won't let him help you. You
won't let me help you. You won't
even help yourself. It's what I
said to Alice this afternoon —

At the mention of Alice, Irena has repeated the name softly, furiously, the while a look of concentrated fury has come to her face. The rest of Oliver's speech has been lost to her through her own anger.

OLIVER (cont'd)

You're content to go on as we
are.

IRENA

(softly, but savagely sibilant)
Alice!

Oliver looks at her. He sees her anger, realizes that she is just about to burst forth savagely. He makes a gesture of resignation.

OLIVER

(restraining himself)
I promised you we'd never quarrel.
Let's calm down a bit.
(starts toward the door)
I'll go down to the office — I've
got some work to do.

At the door he picks up his hat and coat and goes out, closing the door quietly behind him. No sooner has the door closed than Irena jumps to her feet, paces quickly toward it, then back again.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Oliver comes up in front of the office building that houses the Consolidated Ship and Barge Construction Company. A plaque on an entrance cornerstone bears the name of the company. There has been snow, followed by thaw, so that the streets are wet. Oliver stands on the wet street, watching the revolving door slowly move around with abrupt jerks. No one, however, is in any of the door compartments. Then as the door comes around, we see that in one of the compartments, on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor, is a thin charwoman, Mrs. Agnew, her blowsy hair falling down over her face. As she gets around in front of Oliver, she looks up, brushing the hair out of her eyes. A lighted cigarette, with a long ash dangles from one corner of her mouth. She picks up her bucket and scrubbing brush and starts to move out of Oliver's way.

MRS. AGNEW
You want to go up to the office,
Mr. Reed?

OLIVER
No, I think I'll go around the
corner to Sally Lunn's and get a
cup of coffee before I got to work.
(starting off down the
street)
I'll be back.

Mrs. Agnew nods. The long ash of her cigarette falls down the front of her dress. She brushes off the ashes with ladylike strokes, as if it were a usual occurrence,

INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Oliver comes into the tearoom. It is a typical quaint tearoom of the type seen in Manhattan side streets. A Negro waitress, Minnie, dressed in a stylized soubrette costume (something like the kind worn by the Brown Derby waitresses) turns around as Oliver enters.

MINNIE
(with a broad smile as he
sits down)
Maybe you'd like some nice chicken
gumbo, Mr. Reed.

OLIVER
No, thanks, Minnie. How about some
apple pie and a cup of coffee?

MINNIE
(disappointed)
Yes'r, Mr. Reed.
(as she turns to get his
order)
My goodness, don't nobody like
chicken gumbo?

DISSOLVE

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice is working alone late at night. She has just hung up the last T-square on the back wall. Now she turns out the light above her desk, leaving the room illuminated by a single light near the door. On her under-lit drafting table, taking full advantage of the warmth, his forepaws snuggled under his chin, is the most decorous sort of office cat. He looks like a bookkeeper. Alice is putting on her hat when the telephone rings. She picks up the phone.

ALICE
(Into phone)
Hello.
(no response)
Hello.
(still no response)

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irena has the telephone in her hand, and over the phone we hear Alice's voice.

ALICE'S VOICE
Hello -- Hello --

Irena quietly hangs up the phone.

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

There is a faint click from the other end of the wire, as of a receiver being put softly back onto the cradle. Alice, disgusted, slams her own receiver into place.

ALICE
(addressing the cat)
John Paul Jones, don't you hate
people who do that?

She grabs her coat and starts putting it on. She turns out the last remaining light and starts to leave the office. At the door she pauses and calls through to the cat.

ALICE (cont'd)
Good night, John Paul.
(closes door)

EXT. A ROOFTOP OPPOSITE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Along the rooftop of the building opposite Irena's apartment glide a couple of mangy alley cats. They lead into the scene. Seeing Irena's lighted window, they seat themselves on the parapet side and look down into the lighted square of the window. Through it Irena can be seen on her knees, her hands folded in prayer. Her lips are moving.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING
:fl*bm^::VohlMv;th6?ae^h^1M^V/!::,iV^ cat in line; a little further to one side than the other. From this vantage point we can see down into Irena's apartment. We now see the object of Irena's adoration and her plea: the statue of King John of Serbia. Suddenly, Irena rises swiftly to her feet, and with a quick, violent movement she sweeps the statue to the floor. The cats, frightened, scamper away over the rooftops.

The CAMERA MOVES toward the window, as we see Irena catch up her hat and coat and leave.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice comes out of the elevator. Mrs. Agnew is in the lobby and has risen to a sitting position on her knees. She has just finished lighting a fresh cigarette. Alice reaches in her pocketbook and takes out a couple of match books.

ALICE
Here, Mrs. Agnew, I've got a couple
of new match books for your
collection.

MRS. AGNEW
Thanks, Miss Moore.
(admiring a particular
one)
Chartreuse. My, ain't that
elegant!

Alice smiles and starts out.

MRS. AGNEW (cont'd)
Too bad you wasn't here a minute
ago. Mr. Reed looked in.

ALICE
(stopping)
Oh? Where'd he go?

MRS. AGNEW
Said he was going around the corner
to Sally Lunn's.

ALICE
(starting off)
I'll see if I can catch him, Good
night.

MRS. AGNEW
Good night, Miss Moore.

The ash of her cigarette falls down on her dress again. Almost automatically she brushes it off with her customary ladylike gesture.

INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Alice enters the tearoom and stands beside Oliver. She

signals to Minnie.

ALICE
Could you squeeze the coffee pot
for me, Minnie?

OLIVER
(turns and sees Alice)
Hello !

MINNIE
I sure could. Only this coffee's
been workin' so long, it's got
muscles.

Alice smiles at Oliver as she sits down beside him.

ALICE
What are you doing in this part of
town at this hour of night?

Oliver shrugs his shoulders. Alice nods.

ALICE (cont'd)
Hmmm. Stormy weather.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irena as SHOT in the reflection of a florist shop window.
She is walking with fast, soft steps.

INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have finished drinking their coffee. She is
looking very seriously at him.

ALICE
Ollie, you're going to have to
solve your problems your own way.
(picking up her cup)
I'm going to drink up and go
home. You'd better go home,
too, and make it up with Irena.

OLIVER
(leaning over and patting her hand)
You're very swell.

ALICE
(lightly)
That's what makes me dangerous. I'm
the new type of other woman.

They leave the counter, calling "good nights" to Minnie, who
turns and nods to them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As SHOT through the plate glass window of the florist shop,
with a grouping of tiger lilies in the f.g. Irena stands in
an alcove-entrance, watching Oliver and Alice as they go by.

TWO SHOT - Oliver and Alice. Alice stops, shivers, and draws
the collar of her coat higher. Oliver turns to her.

OLIVER
Cold?

ALICE
(shaking her head)
A cat just walked over my grave.

They smile at each other and move on.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena through the tiger lilies, as she looks
after them.

EXT. TRANSVERSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver pause at the entrance to the transverse,
which stretches away from them, its darkness punctuated with
pools of widely spaced street lights. Alice looks up the
street and turns to Oliver.

OLIVER
Don't you want me to walk you home?

ALICE
I'm a big girl now, and I'm not
afraid.

OLIVER
Well, good night.

ALICE
Good night.

They shake hands. Oliver turns and starts off across the street, Alice waves good night to him as he reaches the other side; then she draws a deep breath of the cold, crisp night air, and turning, starts toward the transverse walk.

EXT. PARK WALL - NIGHT

Irena steps out from the shadows around the park wall. She draws up her fur collar over the lower part of her face and turns toward the transverse walk. On the sound track the music for "Berceuses du Chat" begins in an eerie, minor key.

EXT. TRANSVERSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irena pauses at the entrance to the transverse. Ahead of her, walking briskly about one hundred feet in advance is Alice. There are no other pedestrians on the narrow transverse walk. The street and sidewalk are glistening wet and reflect the pools of light from the street lamps. The melting snow drips down the stone walls. Irena turns into the transverse and starts to walk after Alice.

EXT. TRANSVERSE. WALK - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice, as she walks along. On one side of her are the high, rock walls of the transverse; on the other is the street.

SHOT of Irena, as she, too, walks along.

MED. SHOT - street lamp on transverse. It throws a circular pool of light, Alice emerges from the darkness, crosses the area of light, and continues on into the darkness. The soft click of her heels fades into the distance. Even as the sound of her steps fades, the sound of Irena's steps comes into the scene. Irena comes from the darkness, crosses the area of light, and continues on after Alice into the darkness.

CLOSEUP of Alice's feet as they walk along, the heels clicking on the wet pavement.

CLOSEUP of Irena's feet as they walk along, her heels likewise clicking on the pavement.

MED. SHOT of a lighted area, as Alice again walks through a circle of light. She walks directly through and into the darkness beyond, her footsteps clicking on the pavement. As her footsteps fade, we would logically hear Irena's steps coming onto the scene. But we do not. There is nothing, only the sound of Alice's heels fading into the distance. The music of the "Berceuses du Chat" rises and fades.

SHOT of Alice as she walks along, the CAMERA TRUCKING with her. There is the sound of her feet on the pavement. She stops in a pool of street light, frowning, sensing the presence of something behind her. She glances over her shoulder, then looks around. The music is growing louder.

LONG SHOT of the glistening wet transverse walk, as Alice sees it -- a dark, deserted walk, fading off to a perspective line. It is lighted by regularly spaced street lamps.

SHOT of Alice, as she peers more closely into the darkness. She is troubled. The silence is ominous. She frowns apprehensively, turns, and starts to walk on a little faster. She turns her head slightly, but does not dare look behind her. She increases her pace and walks very rapidly through the next area of light and on into the darkness. The sound of her own steps is loud, and she begins to run. She reaches the next pool of light, stops stock still, panic-stricken, afraid to move. Outside the circle of light is only blackness and silence, Alice's frightened eyes peer into the darkness. She shrinks against the lamp post. Sheer terror crosses her face. Suddenly there is a roaring sound that fills the sound track, completely drowning the loud music. A pattern of light cuts across Alice's face. She throws up one arm, almost as if to defend herself. There is a hissing, screeching sound.

SHOT of a transverse bus, as with a hiss of air brakes it stops directly alongside Alice. She grasps the platform rail to steady herself. The doors open.

BUS DRIVER Climb on, sister.

Alice steps up. A snarl sounds in the darkness, looks behind her. Her eyes are carried upward.

The wet shrubbery at the top of wall stirs, settling, as if something had only that moment passed through it.

Alice is looking back over her shoulder, fascinated by what she has seen. She is standing just within the bus, but the driver cannot close the door.

BUS DRIVER
(exasperated)
Are you ridin' with me, or
ain'tcha?

Alice nods weakly, and steps In.

INT. TRANSVERSE BUS - NIGHT

Alice is fumbling in her purse for change. She has been greatly shaken by her fright. Her hands are trembling. The bus driver looks up at her.

BUS DRIVER
You look as if you'd seen a
ghost.

ALICE
(eagerly)
Did you see it?

The driver looks at her in amazement. Abashed, Alice drops a coin in the box and moves on. The driver shakes his head morosely, as if crazy women were the cause of all misfortune in this world, and pulls the gear that operates the door.

EXT. SHORE OF PARK LAKE - NIGHT

The waterfowl are nesting on the shallow, reed-fringed shores of the lake. Their heads are tucked in under their wings. Suddenly, one of the fowl, the leader, comes to life, and starts to cluck.

CLOSE SHOT - the tall reeds swaying, moving unnaturally, as if something were stealing quietly behind them.

All the birds have wakened now, and silently are swimming out to the safety of the deeper water in the middle of the lake.

EXT. ARCHED BRIDGE OVER BRIDLE PATH - PARK - NIGHT

A mounted policeman, in glistening raincoat and cape, sits quietly on his horse. A cone of lamplight illuminates him. Overhead, from the bridge, a dark shadow glides. There is the deadened sound or padded paws on the stonework of the bridge. The horse, sensing the presence and hearing the sound, rears suddenly and plunges. The policeman struggles to rein in the maddened animal.

The policeman gets the horse in hand, although it continues to snort and start nervously. He bends down from the saddle to pat the horse's lathered neck.

POLICEMAN
What got into you, Joe?

EXT. SHEEPFOLD - PARK - NIGHT

Inside the sheepfold there is panic. The sheep mill about in the darkness, leaping over each other in blind fright, bleating piteously.

EXT. SHEEP CARETAKER'S HUT - PARK - NIGHT

The caretaker comes out of his hut, with a lantern. He has been roused from his sleep, and goes toward the fold, muttering.

CARETAKER
The woolly fools!

EXT. SHEEPFOLD - PARK - NIGHT

The caretaker stumbles over something on the ground inside the sheepfold. He holds up his lantern.

CLOSE SHOT of a killed lamb lying torn on the muddy ground. The muddy soil around the dead animal is trampled.

The caretaker raises his lantern higher, and peers into the light.

The bodies of three more slain lambs lying on the earth, are revealed by the caretaker's lantern.

The caretaker hobbles over to the last body, pausing for just a second at the body of each lamb on the way. He reaches the last body, and kneels down beside it, examining the ground.

CLOSE SHOT of the prints of an animal In the soft mud around the body of the fourth lamb.

CAMERA MOVES a few feet beyond the body. Here, going off toward the sheep pasture gate, are more prints, but not the prints of the animal. Those are the dainty imprints of a woman's slippered-foot.

The caretaker, stunned and a little frightened by what he has seen, brings a whistle up to his lips, and blows it shrilly.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irena is standing under a street lamp. She seems dazed and bewildered. She is dabbing at her lips with her handkerchief. The caretaker's whistle is blowing in the distance. Irena frowns, puzzled, irresolute. Another whistle, closer, responds to the caretaker's whistle. A taxi drives up and stops beside her.

TAXI DRIVER
Taxi?

Irena looks up, nods and gets into the cab.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver is pacing the floor. The room lights are on full. He is smoking a cigarette nervously. There is the sound of the door being opened. Oliver turns around.

Irena has let herself in. She closes the door behind her and leans up against it. She is blinking in the glare of the light. She looks ghastly, white, and drawn, her shoes and stockings are wet, muddied, torn. She has lost her hat, and her hair is in wild disorder. In her hand she is crumpling and re-crumpling a soiled lace handkerchief.

TWO SHOT of Irena and Oliver. Irena's exhaustion is so great that she looks as if she were about to collapse. Oliver jumps quickly to her side, putting his arm around her waist to support her. She draws away from him,

OLIVER
Are you all right?

IRENA
Please...please...don't touch
me...don't come near me.

OLIVER
(weakly)
All right.

Oliver hesitates and looks at her with sympathy.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Look, Irena, I'm sorry. I've been
worried to death. I didn't know
where you were. I thought..

There is a pause. She turns away from him.

OLIVER (cont'd)
These things...what happened
tonight...happen in every family.
I was all on edge. You've got to
understand, and you've got to
forgive me.

Irena starts toward her room, mumbling brokenly.

IRENA
I forgive you.

She stumbles. Oliver tries to help her, but she eludes his

hand and slips into her room. Oliver stands at the closed door.

INT. IRENA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She has turned on the water taps and is filling the tub with water. She is pulling off her wet clothes as rapidly as she can.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands at the door to Irena's room.

OLIVER
Irena? Irena?

IRENA'S VOICE
(over the sound of running water)
What do you want?

Oliver Is worried.

INT. IRENA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT .

CLOSEUP of the base of an old-fashioned bathtub that has floor supports of ornamental balls with tiger claws extending down over the tops. Over the scene comes the broken sobbing of Irena.

CAMERA MOVES UP, and we see Irena In the tub. She sits very still in the still water, but her glistening shoulders shake as she tries to control the storm of her hysteria.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Irena sleeping. She moves slightly in her sleep. Her lips move as if she were trying to speak.

LAP DISSOLVE
OVER HER FACE

SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT. An army of gigantic, thin, angular cats marches up from the back of the screen until their weird shapes, and glowing eyes fill the entire screen from frame to frame. Then through their ranks comes stalking a knight in chain armor with ragged grave cerements for cloak and tabard. He is unearthly tall and, as he walks forward, it is as if a statue were moving. It is the same figure we have seen on horseback as King John of Serbia. The face under the crowned helmet is in darkness. When he comes up close, this darkness is divided and reveals the face of Dr. Judd. Suddenly, and with a savage movement, this knightly figure draws his sword. It comes flashing from the scabbard and instantly changes, to an enormous Yale key on a ring. The key grows constantly larger, blotting out everything else from the screen. Over this sequence is the music of "Berceuses du Chat" in the softer portions of the melody we hear constantly the repetition of Judd's suggestions:

JUDD'S VOICE
(over EFFECT SHOT)
Go loose evil upon the world -- a
psychic necessity -- a desire for
death-- to loose evil --a desire
for death -- to loose evil -- a
desire for death ---

We LAP DISSOLVE BACK to Irena's face in such a manner that it seems this enormous key were pressing down upon her in her sleep.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - DAY

A light rain is falling. Once more the keeper is singing to himself in his nasal voice as he pushes chunks of meat in for the beast. He looks up to see Irena standing at the guard rail and smiles at her.

KEEPER
Good afternoon, ma'am.

IRENA

The animals must love you. You feed them so promptly...the same time every day. One could set one's watch by you.

KEEPER

Thank you, ma'am. It ain't that the animals like me, though. I tell you, they'd just as leave have me for their dinner, even if they was to get everlastin' dyspepsia.

IRENA (LAUGHING)

I don't think they'd find you indigestible.

This strikes the keeper as being very amusing. He chuckles to himself and absent-mindedly moves on to the next cage. Irena looks at the door Of the panther's cage.

THE KEY to the panther's cage has been left in the lock again by the keeper.

BACK TO SCENE, Irena looks around her, making sure that no one is near enough to see her. Very quietly she opens the little gate, takes out the key and slips it in her purse. She steps back onto the promenade, closing the gate behind her. The keeper looks up; he is still chuckling. Irena smiles and looks toward the black panther.

CLOSEUP of the black panther's face as the beast stares at her.

DISSOLVE

INT. FLECKER MUSEUM - MODEL SHIP EXHIBIT - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of a grinning cat's face which adorns the bowhead, the end of the timber projecting at right angles from the bow of a model ship.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK for CLOSE SHOT of Irena looking at the ship model. It is the "Royal Harry," progenitor of the mighty British fleet. But what obviously holds Irena's interest is the cat's face. She is fascinated.

THREE SHOT - Alice and Oliver in the f.g. and Irena in the b.g. Alice and Oliver are engrossed in their examination of a frame model of the privateer, "Swallow". They move over to the next, model, which brings them beside Irena. Alice stops and looks at Oliver.

ALICE

I'm afraid this is dull for Irena.

Irena, aroused from her absorption in the quaint cat face on the "Royal Harry," comes to herself with a start. Oliver takes her elbow.

OLIVER

Look, darling, there are some beautiful moderns upstairs. Why don't you take a look at them?

IRENA

I like these little boats. I want to be with you.
(looking up at Oliver; pouting)
Don't send me away.

OLIVER

(gently and lightly)
We're not sending you away. We just don't want you to be bored.

Irena looks at him. Her mood changes, as she feels that perhaps they do want to be rid of her. She walks off.

OLIVER (cont'd)

(calling after her)
We'll meet you in the main lobby in an hour.

Alice's attention is attracted by a set of line drawings. She turns to them.

ALICE

Ollie, look! Line drawings of the "America!"

They begin to examine the drawings,

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - EGYPTIAN ROOM - NIGHT

Irena paces the museum corridors. She walks alone, the CAMERA TRACKING with her. A sullen look is on her face and her lips are heavy with sulkiness. She passes a showcase filled with terra cotta figurines of the cat-headed goddess, Bubastis. She only glances at them as she passes. Her stride lengthens with her growing anger. At the end of the aisle she stops still and looks up.

As SHOT from Irene's VIEWPOINT, looking up, we see a towering effigy of the goddess Bubastis, carved into a black basalt caryatid. The huge cat head is supported by a lovely, slim, women's neck, rising from rounded, feminine shoulders. The goddess gazes down at Irena from blind, enigmatic, cat's eyes.

Irena, as she looks up at this dread goddess of the noonday sun, seems to reach a resolve. Her expression grows grim, resolute. She turns, and walks quickly away.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - MUSEUM - NIGHT

Irena walks through the main lobby toward the exit door. She pauses for a moment beside a great bronze statue of a puma leaping on a frightened horse, and looks toward the ship exhibit room.

INT. MODEL SHIP EXHIBIT ROOM'- MUSEUM - NIGHT

As SHOT from the lobby, from Irena's VIEWPOINT, with the bronze statue of the puma and the horse in the f.g. We can see Alice and Oliver within the exhibit room, with their backs turned, closely inspecting a ship model.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - MUSEUM - NIGHT

SHOOTING through the intricacies of the puma-and-horse statue at Irena, who looks a moment at Alice and Oliver, then turns, and walks out of the building.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

A cab drives up in front of the hotel and Alice gets out. She waves good-bye to Oliver, and the cab drives off with him. She turns and enters the hotel. The streets are still wet. Just as Alice is passing through the door, another cab drives up. Irena gets out. She pays the driver, and the cab moves off. Irena stands for a moment irresolutely under the marquee.

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL, - LOBBY - NIGHT

Alice, striding cheerfully across the lobby, stops at the desk, where a young blonde desk attendant is stationed.

ALICE
Could I have the key to the
swimming pool? .

BLONDE
Of course, dearie.

The attendant gives Alice the key. A little black kitten suddenly jumps up onto the desk top. Alice picks it up and holds it against her cheek.

ALICE
What a darling kitten!

BLONDE
Yeah. It's one of four. Minou had
'em about a month ago.

Alice laughs and putting the kitten down on top of the desk, starts toward a stairs where there is a placard marked "TO THE SWIMMING POOL" the kitten jumps down from the desk top and starts after Alice. The blonde leans over the desk.

BLONDE (cont'd)
(calling out)
Oh, dearie! When you get through,
don't forgot to turn off the light,
will ya?

ALICE
I won't forget!

She starts down the stairs. The little kitten follows her.
The desk phone rings, and the blonde picks it up.

BLONDE (ON PHONE)
Hullo...Ah, gee -- I can't tonight.
I got Civilian Defense work...Yeah.
As I was saying to Brenda, them
Japs and Nazis is whittling down my
social life.

EXT. ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Irena is walking irresolutely back and forth underneath the lighted marquee. Suddenly, she seems to come to some decision and walks up the lighted steps toward the entrance

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The desk clerk is still talking over the phone as Irena comes quietly up to the counter. The blonde glances up and sees her.

BLONDE (ON PHONE)
Just a minute, dearie.
(looking up, to Irena)
Yes?

IRENA
Is Miss Moore in?

BLONDE
She just went downstairs to the
swimming pool.

IRENA
Would it be all right if I went
down to see her?

BLONDE
Of course, dearie. Right down them
steps there.

Irena nods and goes toward the steps. The blonde picks up the phone again and continues.

BLONDE (cont'd)
As I was sayin' to Brenda...

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. LOCKER ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Alice is standing in front of her locker, drying herself with a big towel. She has just come out of the pool. The door to the plunge is open behind her, but she has turned out the lights and it is dark within. There is only the single light gleaming in the locker room. Alice removes her wet bathing cap and shakes her hair out. She puts on a chenille wrapper over her bathing suit and goes toward the door. She starts to turn out the lights in the locker room, but remembers the kitten. She looks around and sees the kitten.

CLOSE SHOT of the little black kitten. It is standing on the threshold, looking up toward the stairs. Its tiny ears are raised, listening.

SHOT of Alice, as she looks from the kitten toward the stairs.

SHOT of the stairway, as Alice sees it. A shaft of light comes down the stairs. The rest of the stairway is in darkness. No one is on the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT of the black kitten. Its back begins to arch. Suddenly it turns, scampers through the locker room, leaps up

the wall, clammers over the top sill of the half-opened window, and drops into the areaway.

Alice shrugs her shoulders good-humoredly. She turns out the lights in the locker room and steps toward the entrance door. She pauses as she hears something ahead of her and looks up, trying to peer into the darkness.

SHOT of the hallway, as Alice sees it. It is in shadow. Over the scene is the sound of padded feet on pavement.

Alice starts toward the hall. A snarl sounds in the darkness ahead of her. She pauses, rooted in panic, as the slow, stealthy tread of feet starts again. She looks toward the stairs.

Alice, with terror in her eyes, looks into the darkness.

The locker room, SHOOTING toward the door, as Alice sees it. All is blackness.

Alice takes a step backward. She looks behind her, and pauses an instant. She turns, flings off the robe, throws it toward something in the blackness, and races through the locker room toward the pool. We hear the splash of her dive.

INT. PLUNGE ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice in the pool, as she swims rapidly out to the center. Behind her there is a frustrated snarl of rage, the sound of fanged teeth ripping, sharp claws snagging into cloth. Alice reaches the center of the pool and treads water. Around the edge of the tank she can hear her pursuer begin to run with bounding steps along the tiles. Then there is silence. Alice looks about her in the quiet darkness. Her eyes try to peer into the shadows. Her whole expression is one of taut, almost hysterical panic. She listens closely.

CLOSEUP of a little wave of water, as it slaps against the side of the tank.

Alice, as she hears the water, afraid that the thing may have slipped into the pool. She looks around her in terror. She begins to scream. Her cries race around the empty room, echo back at her from the dark end of the pool, and are thrown back at her from the high, beamed ceiling.

SERIES of THREE QUICK SHOTS, over which are the echoes of Alice's voice screaming for help.

First, the empty dark room.

Then, the black surface of the pool.

Then, the high, beamed ceiling.

SHOT of Alice, as she thrashes about in the water, screaming, the sound track filled with the sound of her voice and the mocking echoes.

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The blonde, still telephoning, hears the cries for help. She slams up the receiver and runs out from behind the desk.

BLONDE
Mrs. Hanson! Mrs. Hanson!

Mrs. Hanson,,a buxom Scandinavian, comes running into the scene.

MRS, HANSON
P3r barmhertighetens skull...
(breaks off, hearing the cries)
Kom med skynda.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde run toward the stairs and start down them.

INT. PLUNGE ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Alice's voice is gone. Her strength is ebbing. She paddles weakly around in the water. There is a sharp shriek and the room is flooded with light. Alice looks, in the direction of the metallic click.

SHOT of Irena, as she stands by the electric switch, dressed immaculately as Alice had last seen her, calm, poised.

IRENA
What Is the matter, Alice?

SHOT of Alice as she stares back at Irena.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde come running down the stairs crying in unison.

MRS. HANSON
Vad fattas, Miss Moore...

BLONDE
Gee whiz, dearie, you all right?

Alice, glancing toward Irena, has recovered her poise. She explains lamely.

ALICE
It's nothing. It was dark down here. Mrs. Reed, coming in unexpectedly, frightened me. I'm terribly sorry.

SHOT of Irena, as she smiles at the women, and then looks back toward Alice.

Mrs. Hanson and the blonde breathe sighs of relief, and start back toward the stairs.

MRS. HANSON
(to herself)
Jag är glad att allt & r
v&lbestSlt med er.

Alice has no desire to be left in the same room with Irena alone and she calls out to the women.

ALICE
Don't go. I'm coming right out.

She starts swimming toward the edge of the pool.

SHOT of Irena, as she smiles and starts toward the stairs.

Alice and Irena. Alice has taken hold of the edge of the pool. Irena bends down, smiling.

IRENA
I'm sorry I disturbed you, Alice. I missed you and Oliver. I thought you might know where he is.

ALICE
We looked for you at the museum, You'll probably find him at home.

IRENA (RISING)
If you don't mind, then, I'll run on.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Irena goes up the stairs. As Irena disappears up the stairs, Alice comes in from the pool.

ALICE
(to the blonde)
Would you get me my robe? I left it over there.

The blonde picks it up and examines it. She looks up with genuine amazement on her face.

BLONDE
Why, honey, it's torn to ribbons!

Alice looks at the robe, taking it in her hands.

INSERT THE TORN ROBE in Alice's hands. It is literally cut to shreds.

BACK TO SCENE. Alice looks down at the robe thoughtfully,

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL ALCOVE OFF LOBBY - ALICE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

This is a small, feminine room of the type to be seen in women's hotels, where the guests may receive gentlemen callers. Alice is seated on a sofa, smoking a cigarette. Dr.

Judd is beside her. His hat and coat lie on a near-by chair

ALICE

Thank you for coming at so late an hour, Dr. Judd. I phoned you because I am troubled. I think you can help me. (pauses and looks at him closely)
How much do you believe about the cat people?

JUDD

The cat people? The story Mrs. Reed told me?

Alice nods.

JUDD (cont'd)

I believe, my dear Miss Moore, exactly what I told Mrs. Reed. The story is a product of her own fears, her own overworked imagination.

ALICE

What would you say, Dr. if I were to tell you that believe Irena's story?

JUDD

Yes?

ALICE (SIMPLY)

Twice I have been followed by something that was not human, something that attempted to take my life. I believe that was the cat form of Irena.

JUDD

Why should she wish to harm you?

Alice looks at him a moment. She determines to tell him the truth.

ALICE

(very quietly)
Because I am in love with her husband.-

Judd is highly amused. He chuckles to himself as he settles back in the sofa.

JUDD

Oh, my dear Miss Moore, the story grows more and more charming. And simpler all the time, too. You are both victim of fear. Mrs. Reed fears the past and you fear the present. Mrs. Reed has a very strong imagination, and you have an equally strong conscience.

ALICE

I am not a victim of fear, Dr. Judd. The danger that threatened me was very real.

JUDD

(shaking his head)
You disappoint me, Miss Moore.

Alice looks at his smiling face. Quietly she reaches down beside her and brings forth the torn robe.

ALICE

Here is my robe.

Judd examines the robe. The smile fades from his face. He looks up at Alice's serious expression and shrugs his shoulders. He gives the robe back to her. Both rise.

JUDD

To understand this, I would first have to hear Mrs. Reed's version of the story myself. That should be a most interesting interview*

ALICE

I shouldn't advise you to see her

alone.

JUDD
Do you think I am afraid of so
charming a lady?

ALICE
I know you don't believe me, Doctor
but you must be careful.

JUDD
(laughing)
You want me to carry some means of
protection — a gun, perhaps, with a
silver bullet...is that what you
mean?

ALICE
(amused in spite of
herself))
If you're lucky enough to have
one.

JUDD
(smiling; lightly, not gravely
menacing)
Of course, this isn't silver...

He twists the top of his stick and pulls out a short, steel
rapier. He smiles at Alice. She nods to him in dismissal.
With a little shrug, he pushes the dagger back into the cane,
and with a bow starts to leave the room.

JUDD (cont'd)
Good night, Miss Moore.

Alice looks down thoughtfully at the torn robe she holds in
her hands.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

Alice stands for a moment before the telephone. In back of
her, Oliver can be seen working at the desk. She turns, half
looks at him a moment, and then, picking up the phone, starts
to dial.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irena is working at her drawing table. She has on her smock.
The telephone rings, and Irena picks it up. In the b.g, the
empty bird cage swings in the cold winter sunlight.

IRENA
Hello.
(a little, frown, as she
recognizes the voice))
Alice?

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

ALICE
(into phone)
I didn't sleep last night, Irena.

IRENA'S VOICE
(over phone)
Oh, darling...

Alice pauses for a moment, looking over at Oliver. Then she
turns back to the phone, and the blunt truth comes boldly
from her lips.

ALICE
You hate me, Irena, don't you?
You hate me so much that twice
you have tried to kill me,
haven't you?
(pausing, then
continuing)
That night on the Transverse...
again last night in the swimming
pool...that was you, wasn't it?

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The smile, the innocence have left Irena's face. A look of

dread horror takes their place. She leans against the table for support. Her tone is imploring.

IRENA
(into phone)
Don't say that, I don't remember
last night. I don't remember. It
isn't true. You mustn't say it!

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - DAY

Alice realizes by Irena's desperate tone that Irena in her human form is entirely ignorant of what she may do in some other guise.

ALICE
(into phone)
I am sorry, Irena.

She hangs up and turns around, looking at Oliver, draws a deep breath and starts back to her desk.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irena places the phone back on the desk. She leans forward, one troubled hand, brushing the hair back from her forehead. In the b.g. the empty bird cage fills the scene. The sun throws the shadows of the bars across her face. Irena comes to a decision, rises, and throwing on a fur coat over her smock, leaves the apartment.

DISSOLVE

INT. DR. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Judd at his desk.

IRENA'S VOICE
Help me...help me...

Judd looks in her direction calmly through the arch of his joined fingers.

JUDD
You say you have lapses of memory
for which you cannot account...they
are becoming more frequent...and
you are afraid...

TWO SHOT of Irena and Judd. She is looking at him imploringly.

IRENA
Help me...

JUDD
I cannot help you. You are not
truthful with me.

IRENA
But I am. I have told you
everything. I have not lied.

Judd comes around the desk to stand beside her, bends down and places his hand on her shoulder.

JUDD
Do you sincerely believe that if
your husband were to kiss you,
you would change into a cat and
rend him to bits?

IRENA
(looking down)
I don't know...I am only afraid...

JUDD
(bonding closer)
And if I were to kiss you?

IRENA
(moving away from him so
that his hand falls from
her shoulder)
I don't know, I only know that I
should not like to be kissed by
you.

Dr. Judd seats himself on the edge of his desk.

JUDD
(as he looks intently at her)
My dear Mrs. Reed, sometimes, in my profession, there comes a contest of will between the doctor and his patient. The patients are clever...oh, very clever...and they can fool the doctor...sometimes. You are very clever and, perhaps you enjoy this little game you are having with me. But, in the end, I will discover your secret.

IRENA
(desperately)
Dr. Judd, believe me...I beg you to believe, me. I have no secrets. I have told you everything. I have not lied to you. I need your help.

JUDD
I cannot help you when you refuse to confide in me. But I can warn you. These hallucinations approach insanity — this nonsense about Miss Moore- in the park and at the swimming pool — it is a deterioration of the mind — the escape into fantasy — and it is dangerous —

He leans forward and shakes his forefinger before her face.

JUDD (cont'd)
At this moment I could go before a board and have you put away for observation.
(his voice drops to a confidential tone)
You are that close to real insanity.

For a moment they face each other, and frightened.

Irena is shaken

JUDD (cont'd)
I cannot help you. You can only help yourself. You keep going back to the mad legends of your birthplace. Forget them. You surround yourself with cat objects — pictures — get rid of them. Lead a normal life.

He rises, puts his arm about her shoulder, and starts leading her toward the door. At the door Irena looks up at him.

IRENA
(Softly)
For the first time you have been kind to me.

JUDD
It is because you interest me.

As Irena walks out, he stands at the door watching her.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver and Irena are sitting at a little table drawn up before the fireplace. They have finished dinner. Only the empty dessert plates and the empty demitasse cups remain. The fire is burning bright, but low. Above the mantle is an empty space. The Goya has been removed. Later, as the CAMERA SHIFTS, we will notice that the Grandville drawings and the panther screen have also been taken away. Oliver is looking down at his empty coffee cup, lost in thought. Irena is watching him.

IRENA
Oliver?

Oliver does not look up.

IRENA (cont'd)
I've been to Dr. Judd.

Oliver looks up Irena looks first at him, then at the empty space where the Goya had hung. He follows her gaze and notices that it is no longer there. They look at each other.

IRENA (cont'd)
I am no longer afraid.

Oliver looks at her very thoughtfully; then he rises and starts around the table toward her. She rises expectantly, almost as if preparing herself for his kiss. She stands smiling. A step away from her he stops.

OLIVER
Listen, Irena -- I had hoped -
things have changed.

Irena still smiles at him, but there is more inquiry than invitation in her smile. Oliver finds the words he wants to say and says them with blunt simplicity.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I don't love you, Irena. I love
Alice. I've always loved her, but I
didn't know it. I had to learn
maybe through this marriage of ours
-- what love was. I didn't want to
tell you this. But now, you see, I
have to. It's too late.

CLOSEUP of Irena. Oliver's words.

She has tears in her eyes as she echoes

IRENA
Too late ---

Irena and Oliver.

OLIVER
It's no one's fault...neither
yours, nor mine. I'm sorry we've
caused each other unhappiness...

IRENA
(looking tip at him)
You gave me happiness.

She sinks down on the edge of the sofa. Oliver faces her. It is obvious that he is trying to be very practical and matter of-fact. He takes this attitude from a sense of kindness.

OLIVER
There seems only one decent thing
for me to do -- I'll give you a
divorce. Believe me, it is better
this way.

IRENA
Better? Better for whom?
(she pauses, averts her
face and then says
brokenly)
I am being left alone.

CLOSE SHOT of Oliver. Her words have affected him greatly. He tries to say something but is struck by the futility of anything he can say and does not speak. (Note to director: If necessary to get over this thought, you might let him start and swallow the word "Irena" as if he were going to say more.)

Irena. She looks at him. As she looks, her mood changes; anger comes to her face and it is almost as if with this flood of anger, her grasp on reality and sanity relaxed. Although her voice lowers, it gains in intensity. (Note to director: There are a great many "s" sounds in the following speech and, if possible, they should be emphasized so that we can almost hear the spitting of a cat in her voice. The words between should be held in low key. The facial expression is tense and presages the immobility of her face in the coming scene with Judd.)

IRENA (cont'd)
Speak. You can't speak --
there's nothing you can say.
There's only silence. But I

love silence — I love loneliness

-

Irena and Oliver. He kneels down beside her alarmed by her tone and very concerned. Irena turns away from him hiding her face in the back of the sofa. Her two hands rest on the back, stiffly, claw-like.

IRENA (cont'd)
(in the same low voice but
growing more incoherent
as she goes on)
I don't care. I am not a woman. I
can feel fierce pleasures a woman
never knows.

She grows completely incoherent, pouring forth torrentially the meaningless words.

IRENA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
In me --- they are in me ---
their warmth --- their strength—
their softness -- lonely — dark —
silent — silent.

Oliver bends close to her and shakes her shoulder.

OLIVER
Irena — you're talking, like an
insane woman.

Irena fights for self-control. We can see her fingers dig deep into the upholstery. Then her voice comes, throaty and vibrant with attempted control.

IRENA
Please --- please go.

Oliver looks at her, concerned, reluctant.

IRENA (cont'd)
I want you to go — go — please,
go.

Oliver gets up hesitantly and goes toward the door. He looks back, sees her tensely quiet on the sofa, picks up his hat and coat, looks again, his face showing worry and concern. Finally he leaves, closing the door softly behind him. Irena's two hands rip downward, the nails slashing the thin fabric of the sofa covering.

Oliver is dialing a number. There is a tense look of urgency on his face. He gets a response.

OLIVER
Dr. Louis Judd, please.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SALLY LUNN'S TEAROOM - DAY

We open the scene with a CLOSE SHOT of the kitchen door as it opens outward into the restaurant. It is held open for a moment as Minnie, the waitress, gets her tray through. On the back of the door, a placard reads:
PUSH THE CHICKEN GUMBO TODAY
Sally Lunn, Manager

Through this door Minnie comes, bearing a tray on which is a piece of apple pie, a dish of Bavarian cream, another of Roquefort cheese, and three cups of coffee.

CAMERA PANS with her as she proceeds across the restaurant with mincing steps. She is followed by a large, sinuous black cat. Minnie comes up to a booth in which Alice, Oliver and Dr. Judd are seated.

MINNIE
Bavarian cream?

Oliver indicates Alice's place.

MINNIE (cont'd)
Roquefort?

Oliver indicates Dr. Judd.

MINNIE (cont'd)

And you get the apple.

She serves the three cups of coffee and retires with the cat, tail aloft and proudly waving, pacing behind her. Judd resumes a conversation that has obviously been interrupted by the waitress.

JUDD
I have pointed out two alternatives, Mr. Reed. Either have her put away for observation and restraint or have your marriage annulled.

ALICE
It's tough for Oliver either way, Doctor.

JUDD
As a psychiatrist I should recommend that you have her put away.

He looks first into Oliver's face and then into Alice's.

JUDD (cont'd)
As your friend, however, I have much more reasonable advice to offer. I think you should have your marriage annulled. In this way you are free of responsibility. You two could marry.

ALICE
And if Irena is sent away?

JUDD
The law is very explicit. One cannot divorce an insane person.

OLIVER
If she's not well, I am going to take care of her.

ALICE
(looking at Oliver)
It's the only right thing.

JUDD
(shrugging)
As you will. I shall have the commitment papers drawn up and arrange an interview with Mrs. Reed tonight at her apartment. Let's say 6 o'clock?

Oliver and Alice nod agreement.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ormolu clock on the mantel indicates that it is now 7:30. It rings, the half hour. The apartment is as we first saw it; all the pictures are back; the screen is up. Alice has just taken a record off the phonograph. Now she puts on another one. It is the Berceuse. Oliver stops the machine and takes off the record with an apologetic smile.

OLIVER
Let's not play that.
(looking at his watch)
I don't think Irena's coming.
We've waited an hour and a half.
I don't think she intends to come. She's probably walking in the park.

SHOT of Judd as he rises and picks up his coat, hat, and gloves.

JUDD
Perhaps it is useless to wait.

He looks at his walking stick.

INSERT JUDD'S WALKING STICK resting on the sofa.

BACK TO SCENE. Judd smiles and quietly pushes the stick down under the cushions.

WO SHOT - Oliver and Alice.

ALICE
Let's get back to the office,
Ollie.
We've had a terribly broken~up day.
There's lots of work to be done.

OLIVER
Suits me.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have just started down the stairs.

Dr. Judd pauses to strike his forehead with his gloved fingertips.

JUDD
How stupid! I left my walking stick
in the apartment.

OLIVER
I'll get it for you.

JUDD
(stopping Oliver)
No, no. It is my fault. Give me the
key. I shall only be a moment.

Oliver gives Judd the key; Judd starts down the hall.

SHOT of Judd, as he opens the door to Irena's apartment and goes in.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Judd crosses the room in the half-light, having left the door to the apartment open. He picks up his walking stick from under the pillow, and starts back.

CLOSE SHOT of Judd at the door. He takes the key out of the lock.

INSERT JUDD'S HANDS, as he slips the latch off the lock.

BACK TO SCENE. Judd lets himself out, closing the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Judd rejoins Oliver and Alice. He returns the key to Oliver.

JUDD
(smiling)
Thank you so much. I should be
quite lost without my walking
stick.

He looks at Alice. They start down the stairs.

DISSOLVE

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver have turned on the light in the office. Oliver is sitting down at the desk, a thoughtful look on his face. Alice has taken off her coat, and is just removing her hat. As she pats her hair into shape, she gets a look at Oliver's face. She comes over to him and touches his arm.

ALICE
Don't worry, Ollie. It'll come out
all right. It must.

He turns and smiles at her, John Paul Jones, the office cat, walks across the drafting table in front of Alice, jumps down and crosses to the door. He scratches to be let out.

ALICE (cont'd)
(as she goes to open the
door for him)
All right, John Paul -- I don't
ask questions ---

She opens the door. John Paul passes through with dignity, and Alice returns to her drafting table, leaving the office

door slightly ajar.

OLIVER
Let's get to work.

He picks up a list of measurements and starts reading them out.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Three and a quarter.,.

ALICE
(picking up the batten,
reporting the
measurement)
Three and a quarter...

DISSOLVE

INT. DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Oliver has reached the end of the list, the last number.

He calls out

OLIVER
And one and three eighths!

ALICE
(repeating, as she bonds
the batten into shape)
And one and three eighths!
(looking up at Oliver)
There!

She smiles at Oliver, who returns her smile, the telephone rings. Alice reaches for it.

ALICE (cont'd)
I'll get it.
(lifts the receiver)
Hello.
(there is no response;
she repeats)
Hello...hello!

From the other end of the line there is a little click as the receiver is hung up. Alice looks at Oliver.

ALICE (cont'd)
They hung up.

She puts the receiver back on the cradle and pushes the phone aside. Suddenly she remembers another evening when the telephone had rung..,

ALICE (cont'd)
(thoughtfully)
That's funny.

OLIVER
What?

ALICE
It happened once before like
that. The telephone rang. I
answered. There was someone on
the other end of the line; I
could almost hear them listening.
And then there was a little
click, as they put up the
receiver. That was the night I
was followed on the transverse...
(looks at Oliver and
takes his sleeve)
Oliver...

OLIVER
What is it, Alice?

ALICE
Let's get out of here, I'm afraid.

He looks at her.

ALICE (cont'd)
That was Irena...I know it was
Irena who called.
She could call from downstairs.
She may be on her way up now.

Oliver looks at her grimly and reaches for his hat and coat.

OLIVER
Your things.

She quickly gets into her coat and hat and picks up her pocketbook. Oliver puts his hand on the light switch.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I'll have to turn out the lights
from here.

Alice looks ahead.

SHOT of the door into the hall, from Alice's viewpoint. The door is open, and one can see out into the dimly lit hallway.

TWO SHOT of Alice and Oliver. She takes his arm.

ALICE
The door's open. We can see to get
out into the hall.

OLIVER
I'll switch off the table lights as
we go.

Oliver turns out the light, and together they start toward the door, the CAMERA MOVING with them. Oliver turns out the under-lit table lights. Halfway across the room Alice stops, her fingers clenching in Oliver's sleeve. There is a soft, metallic click as of a door closing. They look in the direction of the sound.

SHOT of the door. It is closed.

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver.

ALICE
(turning to him)
It's shut now. Just a minute ago
it was open.

They go to the door, Oliver reaches out and turns the knob; then he turns to look at Alice.

OLIVER
It's locked.

Alice seizes his arm. In the darkness, to one side of them, there is a sound like a snarl. Instinctively Oliver and Alice step backward, away from the sound in the dark.

The CAMERA MOVES with them. They bump into a desk, grope their way around it.

From the darkness following them, there is a whisper of light, padded feet — a delicate tick, tick of claws scraping the floor. Alice bumps into the glassy coldness of the water cooler, gasps in fright, and pushes it away from her. There is a crash, the sound, of glass breaking, and then the throaty gurgle of water spilling out onto the floor.

It is silent then. Alice and Oliver are creeping back down between a row of filing cabinets. Now there comes again, pursuing them, the whispering tread of soft paws. Alice and Oliver are against the further wall now. Alice is pushed behind Oliver, her back against the wall. Panic-stricken, she begins to whimper with restrained hysteria. Her nerves are cracking up. Oliver tightens his hold on her wrist. A cold sweat breaks out on his forehead. He reaches in his pocket, and pulls out a book of matches. He lights one. It throws a faint glow around them. Shadows flicker across their faces. Behind them the match light dimly reveals the letters "Project No. 457." They peer into the darkness.

SHOT of the dark, shadowy room.

Alice is sobbing with fright, trying to restrain her fear, so that the sobs, when they come, are the more terrifying to hear. Oliver calls into the darkness.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Irena...Irena...
(the match light begins
to flicker)
Irena...

The match light dies. He lights another and pushes the book of matches into Alice's hands.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Keep lighting them.

Alice lights a match, the scene is brighter.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Leave us, Irena. Leave us.

SHOT of the darkness before Alice and Oliver.

Oliver's match light flickers out before Alice's match also goes out, Oliver looks up to one side.

CLOSEUP of a T-square hanging beside him on the wall.

As Oliver reaches up to get the T-square, Alice's match light dies. In the darkness, he snatches the T-square. Alice lights another match. Oliver has the T-square in his hand and in the eerie light, a shadow is thrown on the wall above and to one side of him. He leans forward tensely. He speaks with deep feeling, the name of God in tones of reverent supplication.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Irena...I beg you, leave us In
peace.
(pauses)
In the name of God --Irena.

There is a snarl. The match light flickers out. Again Alice lights a match. Oliver leans forward, still gripping the T square in his hands.

The darkness. There is only silence. Beyond, the door stands open, and one can see out into the hall again.

Oliver takes Alice's hand and starts back toward the hall. She holds a match in her free hand.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRAFTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver close the door to the office behind them and stand in the dimly-lighted hallway. They look down the hall.

SHOT of the elevator, from their point of view, as it stands waiting.

Alice takes a step toward the elevator, but Oliver stops her.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Let's go down the stairs.

They turn and go toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

As Alice and Oliver reach the bottom of the first flight of stairs, Alice stops, leans up against the railing, and covers her face with her hands. Oliver puts an arm around her.

OLIVER
Don't Alice. It's gone.
Everything's all right. Don't be
afraid.

ALICE
(lifting her face to
his, smiling)
I'm not afraid.

He smiles, and kisses her lips. They turn and continue down the stairs.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE-BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come out of the doorway marked "Stairway." They stop short. Oliver points off.

OLIVER
Look!

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. She looks beyond the elevators, and her fingers tighten on Oliver's arm. He follows the direction of her gaze.

SHOT of the revolving door, from their viewpoint. It is spinning emptily, as if someone had just passed through.

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. Alice looks about her and then

up at him.

ALICE
Irena's perfume -- strong —
sweet...

They go out the revolving door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver stand on the sidewalk. He tries to peer through the night. There is a heavy ground fog, white and still. The night is windless and quiet. Alice puts one hand to her forehead and sways a bit. She forces a grin at him.

ALICE
I've got to have a drink.

They start off.

DISSOLVE

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Judd is seated in a chair. The phonograph is playing the music for Irena's song. The phone starts to ring. Judd looks at it. The phone rings again, and he picks it up.

JUDD
Yes?

ALICE'S VOICE
(over phone)
Dr. Judd?

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - IN A BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of Alice and Oliver at pay telephone. Alice is speaking into the phone.

ALICE
Yes. We've been trying to get you
on the phone, Dr. Judd. I called
your hotel.
(pause)
Yes. I know. That's what I want
to talk about. Are you alone?
(pause)
You had better leave then.
She may be on her way back now,
(pause)
She is dangerous, Dr. Judd. I warn
you — Hello. Hello. Dr. Judd. Dr.
Judd are you there?
(pause)

Alice hangs up the receiver and turns to Oliver.

ALICE (cont'd)
I think Irena just came in. He
hung up on me.

OLIVER
(taking her arm as they
start out)
We'll get a taxi!

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHOOTING PAST Judd, who is putting down the phone, we see Irena standing, looking at him, the open door behind her. He stands up and comes toward her as she closes the door.

JUDD
I kept my appointment, late, aren't
you?

Irena continues to look at him with a calm, measuring stare. He comes closer to her, speaking as he moves. In the b.g. the record still plays Irena's music. She looks up at him, betraying no emotion. He is beside her. He kisses her hand. Still no emotion crosses her face. She only looks at him.

JUDD (cont'd)
I have never believed your story. I
am not afraid of you.

He puts his arms around her, looks into her eyes. She does not struggle, continues only to stare at him. He speaks softly to her.

JUDD (cont'd)
I take you in my arms. You are so
very little...so soft...there is
warm perfume in your hair... your
body. Do not be afraid of me,
Irena...

CLOSEUP of Irena's face, his kiss.

She lifts her mouth to receive

CLOSE TWO SHOT of Irena and Judd as he bends to kiss her.
They kiss. He draws back from her, smiling, his arms still
around her body.

CLOSEUP of Irena. This is as immobile, as expressionless a
shot of her face as we can achieve; there is a frightening
blankness and vacancy in this face. Then the whole head moves
forward slowly toward the camera, the expression never
changing, not even stirring to breathe.

CLOSEUP of Judd. The smile suddenly fades from his face. Its
place is taken by shock and terror.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

SHOT of Alice and Oliver in a taxi that is racing through the
streets.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Judd fumbles behind him for his cane, finds it, and draws the
dagger out. Beads of sweat stand out on his brow. He cannot
take his eyes off something in front of him.

CLOSE SHOT of the panther screen. Silhouetted on it are the
shadows of Judd and some beast-like figure as they fight.
There is the sound of furniture being overturned, snarls of
rage from the beast, and the heavy, terrible breathing of
Judd.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the panther screen. The fight is reflected
in its glossy surface. Something crashes into the screen, and
it goes over.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SHOT of a taxi racing through the foggy city streets*

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of the Goya portrait. On the glossy surface of the
painting, two shadows are engaged in a struggle. We hear the
sound of the struggle o.s.

SHOT of a charming table lamp. The table on which it is set
is turned over, and the lamp rolls to the floor. The lamp
shade rolls back, and the electric globe casts, moving
shadows over the scene.

SHOT of the empty bird cage swinging crazily. Something
knocks it to the floor.

EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi draws up in front of the apartment, and Alice and
Oliver got out quickly.

INT. IRENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHOT of the table lamp still rolling back and forth, with
large, moving, distorted shadows fighting. Something crosses
In front of the strong light, completely blotting the scene
from view.

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come hurriedly in. Oliver lets the door
close behind him, and they start up the stairs. A man's
high-pitched scream of mortal agony cuts down the
stairwell. It is followed by hideous noises, bestial
snarls and growls, the crash of overturned furniture. Alice
and Oliver look at each other; then they start running up
the stairs. As they reach the first landing, the sounds of
snarling and struggle grow louder. There comes one

piercing, human shriek of agony and then quick silence. Again Oliver and Alice pause and look at each other, then continue on up the stairs.

SHOT of the stairs a flight above Oliver and Alice. There is a shadow on the stairs, moving, black, and stealthily agile.

INT. STAIRWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO SHOT - Oliver and Alice. They are running up the second flight of stairs.

SHOT of the stairs above them. We can see the shadow now more clearly. It is Irena. She is coming down the stairs. Her fur coat is only half on. One arm is in the sleeve; the other side of the wrap is draped about her shoulders, pulled across her breast as if she were holding it to hide some hurt. She sees Alice and Oliver below her and moves stealthily back into the deeper shadows of the stairway.

Alice and Oliver are passing an angle of the stairway where Irena stands. Neither of them sees her.

CLOSEUP of Irena as she watches them go by. Her eyes are on Oliver.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come up the stairs. On the stairway, coming down from another floor, are two old ladies in faded dressing robes. Other tenants have congregated about the open door of the apartment.

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Irena is on the first floor. She is looking up.

IRENA
(calling softly)
Oliver!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TWO SHOT - Alice and Oliver. Oliver does not hear his name but sensing Irena's presence, he stops, hesitating.

FIRST OLD LADY'S VOICE
Mr. Reed! Oh, Mr. Reed!

Oliver turns in the direction of her voice.

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

SHOOTING DOWN the stairwell from the upper floor, we see Irena make a gesture of farewell to Oliver and turn away toward the street door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oliver and Alice join the two old ladies and go through, the doorway of Irena's apartment.

INT. IRENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Alice and Oliver step into the apartment, Alice gets one look at the room and turns away. Oliver takes her in his arms, trying to hide the room from her. Over the scene is the sound of the phonograph record still revolving with a monotonous, grinding sound.

REVERSE SHOT of the apartment as Alice and Oliver see it. The room bears the signs of a terrific struggle. Furniture is overturned, ornaments smashed, the draperies and pictures torn down. Judd's body is hidden by a chair. Only his legs, one pants leg torn, can be seen. O.S. is the sound of the record revolving.

The two old ladies push into the room. They seem quite pleased at all the excitement.

FIRST OLD LADY
(to Oliver)
You needn't worry, Mr. Reed, Sue
Ellen and I phoned the police
just as soon as we heard the
racket.

Oliver speaks almost automatically as he starts to look in the other rooms.

OLIVER
Thank you.

The second old lady stoops and starts to pick something up. The first old lady stops her.

FIRST OLD LADY
Sue-Ellen! You know better than that. You're not supposed to touch anything until the police get here.

SUE-ELLEN
But it's all blood.

She points down.

INSERT THE BROKEN SWORD CANE in Judd's hand.

BACK TO SCENE. Alice and Oliver have joined the two old ladies and are looking down at the broken sword.

ALICE
We've got to help her.

OLIVER
(thoughtfully)
She never lied to us.

ALICE
(taking his arm)
Come on.

They slip out of the room together.

EXT. IRENA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice and Oliver come down the steps, and they start to run through the foggy night.

EXT. ZOO PROMENADE - PARK - NIGHT

Irena starts down the promenade. A white ground fog lies heavily upon the earth. She pauses for a moment.

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK- NIGHT

Irena comes up to the cage of the black panther. The panther rises and looks at her.

INT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

REVERSE SHOT - as the panther in the f.g. looks out between the bars at Irena.

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

Irena opens the gate, reaches in her purse and finds the key. She goes up to the lock in the cage and fits the key in the lock, turning it. She pauses a moment and then swings open the cage door.

CLOSEUP of the panther, doorway.

It is crouched, in the open

REVERSE SHOT of Irena. She is standing facing the panther. Her head is up; her arms hang at her side, her hands spread out. Her eyes are wide open.

MED. SHOT of Irena and the panther. The beast snarls once and leaps forward. With one sweep of a heavy paw the animal hurls Irena to the ground. Free, he bounds off into the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT of Irena. There is a little smile on her lips. Her coat has fallen back from a naked shoulder. A piece of the broken blade of Judd's dagger protrudes from a bloodless wound in the shoulder. A thin trickle of blood flows from the corner of her mouth. She scrabbles with her fingers against the hard pavement. Then her fingers relax. She is dead.

EXT. PARK WALL - NIGHT

The panther leaps up on the wall and pauses, then leaps, down, bounding across the avenue.

EXT. STREET - PARK - NIGHT

SHOT of a taxicab speeding along through the fog, with headlights glaring. Suddenly there is a scream of brakes, an impact, a startling scream. The cab pulls to a stop, almost beside the avenue, and the driver gets out. A policeman joins him. They start running back.

CLOSE SHOT of the dead panther of the policeman's flashlight.

We see it in the beam

EXT. PANTHER CAGE - PARK - NIGHT

Oliver and Alice come to a little space before the cage. They see a black object lying on the pavement. Quietly and cautiously they cross over to it. Oliver bends down to examine it. Under Irena's fur coat is a black leopard's body, the leg and paw in the same attitude her arm and hand had taken, and the broken blade that had once protruded from Irena's gleaming shoulder is now rooted in the black fur of the panther.

Oliver looks up at Alice, then gets to his feet, takes her arm, and they start to the walk. Some few foot away, they turn back to look again at the body.

OLIVER
(softly)
Poor Irena.

They turn off and walk away, arm in arm. They are lost to view in the foggy luminosity under a street lamp.

THE END

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