

EXEC. PRODUCER: JACK LAIRD

PROD. #E-33579
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NIGHT GALLERY

THE DIARY
(formerly #33508)

Written by
Rod Serling

NIGHT GALLERYTHE DIARYCAST

HOLLY SCHAEFER
JEB HARLAN
CARRIE CRANE
DR. MILL
GEORGE
MAID
RECEPTIONIST
NURSE

SETSINTERIOR:

L.A. HIGH RISE LOBBY
APARTMENT CORRIDOR
APARTMENT LIVING ROOM
APARTMENT BEDROOM
TELEVISION STUDIO
PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE
OFFICE ANTEROOM
SANITARIUM CORRIDOR
SANITARIUM ROOM

EXTERIOR:

TRAFFIC INTERSECTION
APARTMENT WINDOW
SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL

NIGHT GALLERYTHE DIARY

FADE IN

1 INT. L.A. HIGH RISE LOBBY - NIGHT 1

A modern mausoleum-like cavern -- terrazo and glass, luxurious and antiseptic. Seeming to come from both nowhere and everywhere, we hear the voice of Holly Schaefer, accompanied by a mildly reverberating acoustical echo:

HOLLY'S VOICE

...and on this New Year's Eve we come to our last item: the Holly Schaefer Portfolio of Particularly Unpalatable People. Tonight's subject -- Miss Carrie Crane, movie star emeritus....

As she's speaking, camera, as if seeking out the source of the voice, has panned slowly around, discovering now, seated behind the registration desk, a middle-aged guard, George, who handles both security and the switchboard. On the desk, before him, its back to us, is a small portable TV set. Truck slowly in toward George during:

HOLLY'S VOICE

If you're over the age of fifty, the name may tug at the memory. I was never a fan of Miss Crane's thespic talent or lack thereof -- and I am currently less than a fan of her nocturnal antics....

Camera halts, holding George's face. He watches the TV screen with rapt attentiveness, his jaws methodically worrying a wad of gum.

2 TELEVISION SCREEN - GEORGE'S POINT OF VIEW 2

Against the neutral background typical of such shows, Holly Schaefer, mid-20's, impeccably coiffed, stylishly groomed, sits behind a Herman Miller desk, doing her thing.

HOLLY

Said antics of this somewhat faded and jaded relic of Mack Sennett having to do with being picked up last night for drunk and disorderly conduct on the Sunset Strip. This is a picture of the event....

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

Projected onto the wall behind Holly is a flash-bulb still of Carrie Crane, disheveled and drunk, on the arm of a cop.

HOLLY

This was her third adventure in as many weeks. Advice to Miss Crane: take a look at the calendar, darling.

3 CLOSEUP - CARRIE CRANE

3

In the flesh, her face partially obscured by shadows. As Holly's o.s. voice continues over, angle slowly widens to reveal that Carrie stands in the lobby near the desk, a small gift-wrapped package in her hand. George, absorbed in the telecast, is as yet unaware of her presence.

HOLLY'S VOICE

It's December of 1970. Prohibition has passed us by. Hollywood is the Fondas and the Hondas. It is no longer Fairbanks-Pickford -- and the lesser lights, like Miss Carrie Crane. So stop acting, Miss Crane, as if you were still a pushy ingenue on the way up. You're not and you aren't. You're an aging broad who makes a spectacle of herself -- like Sophie Tucker in a mini-skirt. Elsewhere on this New Year's Eve ---

During the preceding, in spite of herself, Carrie Crane has been drawn irresistably forward, as if hypnotically mesmerized by the TV screen. Now, her shadow falls across George, and he glances up, startled, then confused, then flustered, embarrassed and guilt-ridden. Quickly, he flicks off the television, having recognized her instantly.

GEORGE

Miss Crane --
(a clumsy smile)
I...I'd recognize you anywhere ---

CARRIE

Miss Schaefer's apartment, please.

GEORGE

(diffident yet worried)
She's having a party, Miss Crane.
I can't let anyone up there without her permission.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

CARRIE

Maybe...maybe one exception...for
old time's sake. I just want to
wish her a Happy New Year.

GEORGE

I...I'd like to accommodate you,
Miss Crane, but ---

4 CLOSE SHOT - CARRIE

CARRIE

Please? It's important to me.
I'll only stay a moment....

As she speaks, camera pushes in on the package she holds.

5 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The distant o.s. sound of horns, noisemakers and sirens. It's New Year's Eve, and from the door of an apartment at the end of the hall comes a tumultuous sound of revelry. The door opens. A girl and a guy come out -- plastered, happy, hugging each other -- both carrying a glass of bubbly. They careen toward camera, then both suddenly stop dead in their tracks, eyes widening in surprised reaction, as, in immediate f.g. of shot, the elevator door slides open and out steps Carrie Crane. Erect of carriage, head held high, package still clutched in one hand, she sails past them, oblivious to their craning necks, their curious stares, and moves purposefully toward the end of the hall.

6 INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

A scene of predictable pandemonium. New Year's Eve celebrated Tinsel-land-style. The Beautiful People are on hand in generous abundance -- noisy, raucous, drunken. A head turns, then another, another, until all eyes are directed toward a common focal point: Carrie Crane, who has entered from the hall, making her way through the celebrants, moving on a bee-line for the bar.

7 FAVORING THE BAR

Holly Schaefer stands behind the bar, holding hands across it with Jeb Harlan -- a tall, graying, but terribly attractive guy in his late 40's. Both look up as Carrie enters shot from behind camera. In this light, we see Carrie as she is now -- a middle-aged woman on the losing side of 50. But on the dissipated, lined, dipsoed face is just a haunting

CONTINUED

remnant of a past classic beauty. The room is now in dead silence -- though, in the distance, from the street below, we still hear the horns, the sirens. Holly, first taken aback by Carrie's entrance, regains her composure.

HOLLY

Well, look who's here! Fresh from a triumphant engagement at the West Hollywood drunk tank...!

Jeb, acutely aware of the silent, watchful, predatorily expectant eyes of the assemblage, murmurs sotto voce:

JEB

Holly...can't we adjourn this to another room?

HOLLY

And deny our guests a scene of such potentially heart-rending melodrama?

Climbing off the bar stool, Jeb gently takes Carrie's arm.

JEB

In here...all right, Miss Crane?

He escorts the unresisting Carrie past the silent guests, exiting with her into the bedroom. Drink in hand, Holly circles the bar, trailing after them. With an apologetic shrug, she informs the room-at-large:

HOLLY

A superb business manager, my Jeb ...but a lousy showman!

Jeb loiters by the door; Carrie stands waiting at the opposite side of the room, package in hand. Holly enters.

JEB

If you two girls will excuse me?

HOLLY

(hand on his arm)

In case there's any blood-letting, I'd just as soon have a witness.

(then, to Carrie)

And now, darling, if it's not too presumptuous of me, might I inquire as to how you got up here uninvited?

CARRIE

The guard downstairs was very kind.
He remembered me....

HOLLY

He'll have even better reason to
remember you after tonight -- every
Friday at the Unemployment Office!
(nods toward
package)

That package you're clutching?
Don't tell me -- let me guess:
a pearl-handled revolver, primed
and loaded.

CARRIE

Nothing so lethal, I regret to say.

HOLLY

A peace offering, then. Or a bribe?
A little something intended to
lever my foot from the back of your
neck?

CARRIE

How very much like you, Holly.
To look for motives in dark corners.
You give the worst -- so that's
what you expect. From everyone.

HOLLY

(laughs)
At last -- we get to the point.
(to Jeb)
Comes now the plaintive lament
about her lost man -- the one
I stole.

CARRIE

And what would you call it?

HOLLY

Incredible! To be on earth for as
long as you have -- and not to know
that a man isn't stolen -- he's
relinquished. Now in the case of
that tow-headed young bronco rider
who on occasion squired you --
you're quite right: he gravitated
to me -- which, my dear, is the way
of the world. The rich get richer --
and the old broads get older.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED -2

CARRIE

And after him --

(nods toward Jeb)

The heir apparent. Tell me, Mr. Harlan, is your ex-wife as philosophical as I'm supposed to be?

JEB

(very quietly)

No, as a matter of fact, she's not.

(to Holly)

If either of you requires a tourniquet, I'll be outside.

And before Holly can protest, he exits, closing the door. Holly, obviously piqued, glowers after him, then turns toward Carrie with a baleful look.

HOLLY

In a life already notorious for spectacular boo-boos, you just hit an all-time high. If you think tonight's telecast was something -- catch me tomorrow!

Turning, she seizes the door knob, is about to open it -- when she is checked by Carrie with:

CARRIE

Before you heave me out on my ear --aren't you the least bit curious to know what's in this package?

(as Holly turns)

It's a diary, Holly. I bought it in an obscure little shop. They sell funny things. Curios, potions, talismans -- all sorts of peculiar little items. I paid an enormous sum of money for it.

HOLLY

Words cannot adequately describe how profoundly moved I am.

(opens door)

Good night, grandmother.

Carrie lays the package on the table, crosses the room.

INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The assemblage once again falls silent as Carrie Crane moves through their ranks, exiting. Holly stands watching her departure from the bedroom doorway.

10 INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

Holly, still standing in the doorway, is about to move into the living room and rejoin her guests, when, impulsively, curiosity getting the better of her, she turns and crosses to the table, picks up the package. She unwraps it, revealing a nondescript leather-bound diary. She flips through its pages, tosses it on the bed, carries her glass over to the dresser, puts it down, stands there for a moment, looking at her reflection in the mirror -- primping a little -- then frowns as her eyes traverse the mirror over to the reflection of the diary. As if compellingly drawn to it, she turns, studies it thoughtfully for a beat, then walks over and again picks it up. She opens it to the first page.

11 CLOSEUP - HOLLY

11

reacting, her eyes growing wide, staring.

12 INSERT - DIARY - HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW

12

Printed at the top of the page: "January 1, 1971." And below this, in feminine handwriting, the following entry:

HOLLY'S VOICE

New Year's Day. A bummer all the way around. Can't shake that miserable disquiet over Crane's suicide. And how typically ham-bone to do it on New Year's Eve! Can't make it in life...so do it in death. But even so...an ugly little preface to what I hope is a better New Year.

13 ANGLING UP PAST DIARY TO HOLLY'S FACE

13

As she lets it fall from her hands as if it had seared her fingers. In a soft, whispered, bewildered voice:

HOLLY

It's my handwriting -- but I didn't write it!

From the living room, an o.s. scream, then excitedly babbling voices. Whirling, Holly dashes out of shot.

14 INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

14

The party guests are gathered at the window, peering down toward the street below. Holly comes hurrying into shot, elbowing her way to the front ranks of the group.

15 EXT. STREET BELOW - FROM HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT 15

Added to the sounds of distant noisemaking is the new fluttery sound of an ambulance siren: the piercing electronic bleep, bleep, bleep. Down below cars are piling up, a crowd gathering around a woman's motionless body grotesquely sprawled in the middle of the street.

16 EXT. HOLLY'S APT. WINDOW - UP-ANGLE - HOLLY - NIGHT 16

Ringed around by her guests, Holly's silhouetted figure stands there, transfixed, staring down into camera.

17 INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 17

Jeb Harlan is alone, sitting amidst the rubble of last night's party: overturned bottles, confetti, torn noisemakers, etc. He fishes a cigarette pack from his pocket, explores its interior, crumples it disgustedly, discards it. Rising, he prowls the living room, picking through the ash trays until, finally, he unearths a butt of respectable length. Lighting up, he inhales deeply, moves to the window, raises the venetian blinds to let the gray light of dawn filter in. As he ruefully rubs his face, feeling the beard stubble, we hear, from inside the bedroom:

HOLLY'S VOICE

Jeb?

Quickly, Jeb stubs out the cigarette, hastens toward the bedroom in concerned response to Holly's outcry.

18 INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - DAY 18

The shades are drawn, the room in semi-darkness. Holly lies upon the bed, fully clothed. The diary is on the floor, exactly where she'd dropped it. The door opens, framing a back-lighted Jeb on the threshold. Gently, he urges:

JEB

Go back to sleep. Only the milkmen are up and about.

Holly rises to a sitting position, shaking her head.

HOLLY

I can't. I couldn't. What about you? Did you sleep at all?

Jeb advances into the room, picking up the diary as he moves over to the bedside.

CONTINUED

JEB

In spurts. It wasn't easy.

Dropping the diary on the night stand, he begins absently patting his pockets. Holly, interpreting his actions, leans over, opens the top drawer of the night stand, takes out a pack of cigarettes, gives them to him. As she does so, her gaze falls upon the diary. She picks it up, Jeb meanwhile ripping open the pack, extracting a cigarette, lighting it. Trying to keep her voice calm, Holly demands:

HOLLY

Okay. It's morning now. Another day. So explain it to me.

JEB

Explain what?

HOLLY

What you couldn't explain last night.
(holds up diary)

I've never written in this diary. Never! Yet Carrie Crane had no sooner left than the first page was filled in. And a few moments later -- she steps in front of a cab.

JEB

Holly ---

Spreading his hands helplessly, he sits on the edge of the bed, attempting to draw her into his arms. She staves him off with the flat of her palm.

HOLLY

Unh-uh. I don't want to be held, I don't want to be humored -- I want answers! And don't look at me as though you can't decide whether to flag the next elevator or book me a reservation in a rubber room! A simple answer to an impossible question: how did an entry in my handwriting appear in this diary describing a suicide before it even happened?!

JEB

She planted it in your mind, darling...something she said...the way she acted. That's why you wrote it.

18 CONTINUED -2

18

HOLLY
(voice rising)
But I didn't write it, I tell
you! I never touched the bloody
thing!

She's close to hysteria. Jeb grips her shoulders firmly.

JEB
Holly...Holly, listen to me.
What other explanation is there??

19 CLOSEUP - HOLLY

19

As his words penetrate, register. He's right, of course. there can be no other explanation, must be none other. She pulls herself together, nods -- but the hysteria's still there, lurking just below the surface.

HOLLY
You're right. Of course you're
right.

20 PAST HOLLY TO JEB

20

Who smiles his obvious relief.

JEB
There's my girl. So we'll leave
it at that and forget it -- agreed?

Holly nods, rising. She moves toward the door, murmuring:

HOLLY
I'll get some coffee started. If
your head's half the size of mine,
we're both red blanket cases.

She exits. Jeb stares troubledly after her, then glances down toward the diary, lying where she's discarded it on the bed.

21 INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Holly, heading toward the kitchen, breaks stride to halt briefly and survey the litter-strewn chaos of the living room, muttering underbreath:

HOLLY
I never liked that broad. A vin-
dictive lush -- that's all she

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

HOLLY (Cont'd)
ever was. Know what she called
me? Here's a direct quote. She
called me a malignant cross-breed
between a hotel dick and a vulture!
(shrug of dis-
missal)
So she's dead. Next week "East
Lynne!"

She is just exiting into the kitchen when:

JEB'S VOICE

Holly ---

Holly halts in the doorway, turns, trepidation in her face.

22 PAST HOLLY TO JEB

22

Who stands in the bedroom doorway, the diary in his hand,
a puzzled frown corrugating his brow.

JEB

You said it was only the first
page filled in....

HOLLY

(small, strangled
voice)

It was.

JEB

January second, that's filled
in too.

In almost a single bound, Holly is across the room, frantic-
ally snatching the diary from Jeb's hand.

23 CLOSEUP - HOLLY

23

As she reads aloud the second entry:

HOLLY

January second. Didn't work last
night. Should have gone to the
desert or up to Arrowhead. But no
sun in one and no snow in the other.
So just stayed home. To top every-
thing off, the phone was out of
order!

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

HOLLY (Cont'd)

(lifts gaze:
softly)

I didn't write that either....

24 INT. HIGH RISE LOBBY - DAY

24

George, the guard, is seated behind the reception desk. The wall clock above him informs us that the hour is 3:00. The front door opens and Holly enters, laden down with packages. Despite her expertly applied makeup, we readily detect the ravages of her ordeal: the dark circles under her eyes, the tightly etched lines that frame her mouth, a keyed-up nervousness of manner. Rising, George indicates the packages.

GEORGE

Help you with those, Miss Schaefer?

HOLLY

You just sit where you are, Georgie Porgie. The last time you got into the act, I wasn't too crazy about the results.

GEORGE

(wets lips: nervous)

I...I want to apologize to you for... for letting Miss Crane in night before last. It was just that she...she said she had this present for you.

Holly has moved to the elevator doors, punched the button, waiting now for the cage to arrive. There is in her face no visible reaction to George's words -- it's as if she no longer even acknowledges his existence -- which only serves to increase his nervous anxiety, so he prattles on:

GEORGE

Terrible thing. Terrible. She was a real beauty in her day ---

25 CLOSEUP - HOLLY

25

As she turns now to stare at George, her voice brittle and iceberg cold:

HOLLY

That day has long fled the premises, Georgie. Remember that the next time you find your heart melting on behalf of some antique has-been.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

HOLLY (Cont'd)

I don't care if they wheel in a
gift wrapped Rolls Royce -- you
keep them out of my digs! Do you
read me, Georgie?

26 CLOSEUP - GEORGE

26

Who blinks at her, his voice soft with desperate deference.

GEORGE

Yes, ma'm.

O.s. sound of elevator door sliding open.

26A HOLLY - GEORGE'S POINT OF VIEW

26A

She steps into the elevator cage. The door slides shut.

27 INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

A Maid is vacuuming. The door opens and Polly enters, dumps
her packages on the table just inside the entrance. The Maid
glances up, sees her. Over the noise of the cleaner:

MAID

Oh, Miss Schaefer! I thought you
was at the television studio.

HOLLY

(shouting)

Say again.

The Maid flicks off the vacuum cleaner.

MAID

I figured you'd be at the studio
by now, getting ready to tape
your show.

HOLLY

(checks wristwatch)

Plenty of time yet. At least
another hour.

The Maid shrugs, switches the vacuum back on, resumes her
work. Holly, about to head into the bedroom, arrests her
action, eyes staring toward something.

28 HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - DIARY

28

sitting on a coffee table.

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14

29

BACK TO SCENE

29

With a quick stride, Holly moves to the diary, picks it up, turning to the maid.

HOLLY

I want this burned!

The maid again switches off the vacuum, staring at the diary.

MAID

Did you say burned?

HOLLY

Burned. Incinerated. Cremated!

The maid takes the diary from Holly, who crosses now to a telephone plugged into a jack. She removes the jack, lifts the phone and starts to carry it toward the bedroom.

HOLLY

And finish up later, will you?

MAID

How much later, Miss Schaefer?
I was hoping to get home a little
early tonight....

Holly halts, turns, impatiently surveys the room, shrugs.

HOLLY

So go home early. You can leave the
rest for tomorrow.

30

FEATURING HOLLY'S LEGS

30

As she turns to exit into the bedroom. One foot hits the vacuum cleaner cord. Holly stumbles, instinctively holds her hands out toward the wall to support herself. The telephone is flung from her arms and crashes on the marble floor. A couple of pieces spring from it.

31

ANOTHER ANGLE - HOLLY

31

Staring down at the telephone, her face contorted with fear. She hurriedly seizes it up, dashes with it to the table, frantically plugs it in, dials, listens, dials again. She pounds her fist agitatedly on the receiver bar, then looks up almost dementedly toward the maid, shrieking wildly:

HOLLY

I busted it! I busted the phone!

32 CLOSEUP - DIARY

32

Still clutched in the maid's hand. Past the diary, in b.g. of shot, we see Holly, out of focus. And over this:

MAID'S VOICE

Miss Schaefer? Are you all right?
Miss Schaefer?...Miss Schaefer?!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

33 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CLOCK CALENDAR - DAY

33

The date reads: "January 2, 1971". The hour is 5:20. Angle widens to reveal, seated behind the desk, Dr. Mill, a bright-eyed little man presently engrossed in a ballpoint pen. Over Mill's shoulder is a couch, unoccupied.

HOLLY'S VOICE

Well? You've listened to my bizarre little tale. What's your professional assessment, Doctor? Have I the necessary qualifications for a tour of duty on that couch over there?

Camera backs off to include, seated before the desk, Holly. Lying on the desk in front of her is the diary. She's trying hard to preserve the flip, brittle, couldn't-care-less facade for which she's famed, but it's fraying at the edges. Putting down the pen, Mill leans back in his chair, fingertips touching, bestowing on Holly his best professional smile.

MILL

You make it sound like punishment,
Miss Schaefer....

HOLLY

Look, coming here wasn't my idea...
It was Jeb's -- Mr. Harlan's. Soft,
gentle friendly persuasion. Go get
your head examined, lover.

MILL

(fingering the
diary)

You say there've been two notations
predicting future events -- and the
events all came to pass....

HOLLY

A suicide...my phone out of order...
me missing tonight's show....

CONTINUED

MILL

You cancelled your show, Miss Schaefer, in order that I might fit you in. It was entirely of your own doing. Had you waited until tomorrow, gone ahead and done your program, you would have foiled the prophecy...is this not true?

HOLLY

The other items -- I suppose you're going to tell me that they were of my own doing, too?

MILL

It was you who dropped the telephone. If nothing else, you must admit you've been a most cooperative accomplice....

Fumbling a pack of cigarettes forth from her purse, Holly, her fingers visibly trembling, hotly retorts:

HOLLY

Next, you'll have me convinced that I pushed Carrie Crane in front of that cab!

She breaks off, her voice catching. Mill has leaned across the desk, extending a flaming cigarette lighter. As Holly bends forward to accept the light, their eyes lock and hold.

HOLLY

That's what they'd like you to believe, isn't it? Suicides. It's their parting gift to you -- an act of punishment -- asking you to assume responsibility for their death.

MILL

It can be. Sometimes. But in this instance, I'm inclined to agree with you -- as an explanation, it's insufficient to our needs....

HOLLY

That's great. That's just dandy. Thirty-five bucks an hour so you can tell me something I already knew before I walked in here!

MILL

I didn't say I was without a theory. There have been cases like this, Miss Schaefer. They're not covered by psychiatry, however....

HOLLY

What, then?

MILL

They have to do with certain forms of clairvoyance...telepathy. There's an area called Hyperaesthesia.

HOLLY

That should make for a great lounge act in Las Vegas!

MILL

If instead of all this appearing in a diary, you'd actually seen it, had visions of it -- I think it would be called paranormal precognition. It's rare, but it's not unheard of. In your case, what seems to be happening is that altogether sub-consciously you feel a compulsion to write down these... these visions, but have no recollection whatsoever of having done so.

HOLLY

That's the weenie, huh? My sub-conscious is the culprit.
(stubs out cigarette,
rises disgustedly)
Thanks a lot, Doctor. Next time I have a problem, I'll take it to Popular Mechanics!

MILL

(indicates clock)

Your hour's not up yet.

HOLLY

No? Well, keep the change.

MILL

You spoke earlier of the accusations Miss Crane leveled at you. Don't you feel they're worth exploring?

CONTINUED

HOLLY

In walks Sigmund Freud! Did I hate my mother? Did I love my father? What's my position on Women's Lib?

(leans over desk)

I'll give you Holly Schaefer in one terse, cogent paragraph. I grew up in a tenement building. I scrounged for everything I got. Nobody gave me anything. I had to take!

MILL

And that includes ---

HOLLY

Everything. And no quilts, Doctor. No quilts at all!

MILL

(leans back,
benign)

I see.

HOLLY

(mimicking him
ferociously)

You see. You see nothing. You think you see. The old guilt neurosis. Lady is a predatory grabber. Lady doesn't want to face it. Lady hides it away in her sub-conscious.

(grabs the diary)

Lady sublimates her guilt by making kooky entries in a book of Black Magic and doesn't even know she's ---

Holly breaks off, staring wide-eyed at the diary.

In the process of holding it up, the diary flips open, revealing a new page. Zoom in tight. Under "January 3, 1971" we see a handwritten entry which Holly reads aloud:

HOLLY'S VOICE

A black day. Jeb is gone. A man I loved wiped out for no good reason. I can't live with his death. I can't live with the knowledge that somehow, in a manner both mysterious and unfathomable, I was responsible.

35 CONTINUED

35

HOLLY'S VOICE (Cont'd)

This whole thing must end. I can endure no more of it. The wrong people are dying. I may be able to justify my sins, but I can no longer forgive them. Dear God, after this, how do I live with myself?

36 INT. OFFICE ANTEROOM - DAY

36

The handsomely appointed anteroom to a suite of luxurious Beverly Hills offices. A clock informs us that the time is 6:05. Office hours being over, most of the staff has already departed. As we watch, a Secretary opens the door which connects with the corridor, permitting us to read the legend "Harlan & Wilcox - Business Management" and exits, the door closing behind her. At her desk, the Receptionist, always the last to leave, is tidying up the clutter. Now, going to a closet, she collects her coat. From the corridor, we hear the o.s. sound of racing footsteps rapidly approaching. The Receptionist turns, startled, as the door bursts open and a breathless, frantic Holly, wild-eyed and disheveled, explodes into the anteroom.

HOLLY

Where is he? Where's Mr. Harlan?!

RECEPTIONIST

(taken aback)

Why, he's left, Miss Schaefer. Over an hour ago. He should be landing in San Francisco along about now.

HOLLY

(dismayed)

San Francisco...???

RECEPTIONIST

A business trip. Something to do with one of your investments, I believe....

HOLLY

(echoing hollowly)

One of my --

(then, panic growing)

I've got to reach him! I've got to talk to him immediately!

RECEPTIONIST

(helplessly)

I don't see how. I don't even

CONTINUED

RECEPTIONIST (Cont'd)

know which hotel he's stopping at. He had to leave so suddenly, there wasn't time to confirm a reservation....

HOLLY

(agitation mounting)

But I've got to speak to him! Can't you understand?!

RECEPTIONIST

(anxious now, humoring)

I'm sure he'll be phoning in tomorrow morning, first thing ---

PAST RECEPTIONIST TO HOLLY

Who is struggling not to fly into a thousand pieces. She runs her fingers distractedly through her hair.

HOLLY

Yes...Yes, of course he will...All right, then -- when he does, tell him he's to stay put. You got that? He's not to move, not to leave that hotel room!

RECEPTIONIST

If you could just tell me what this is all about, Miss Schaefer ---

HOLLY

(screaming at her)

I'll tell you what it's all about! If he doesn't anchor himself to a piece of real estate, tomorrow he's going to wind up in the Obituaries! (reaches over, grabbing the terrified girl)

You tell him that! You tell him that's the way it is in the diary! You've got to tell him that ---

Camera moves in until Holly's face fills the screen, and the surrounding office is a black limbo -- only Holly's face and the words she continues to shriek over and over:

HOLLY

You've got to tell him...you've got to tell him...you've got to tell him....

38

EXT. HOTEL - SUPERIMPOSITION SHOT - DAY

38

In stylistic slow-motion, superimposed over Holly's screaming closeup, we see Jeb emerge from the hotel and waft slowly, dream-like, over to a waiting taxi cab. The taxi pulls away, camera panning with it. Over this, a hollow, echo-like replay of what Holly read from the diary:

HOLLY'S VOICE

A black day. Jeb is gone. A man
I loved wiped out for no good
reason....

39

TRAFFIC ACCIDENT - SUPERIMPOSITION SHOT (STOCK)

39

A screaming head-on collision, superimposed over Holly's closeup, her voice continuing over:

HOLLY'S VOICE

I can endure no more of it. The
wrong people are dying. I may be
able to justify my sins, but I can
no longer forgive them. Dear God,
after this, how do I live with
myself?

40

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - HOLLY - NIGHT

40

Her face has remained constant on the screen, and it is now the b.g. that changes to reveal the dark outlines of the bedroom -- and then, silence. Holly lies in bed, eyes wide staring dully, numbly, apathetically into space. After a pregnant pause, we hear softly, reassuringly:

MILL'S VOICE

You are not to blame yourself...
You were -- you were hysterical.
I couldn't control you. I thought
that perhaps...perhaps if he were
here ---

Angle widens to reveal Mill, seated at Holly's bedside. She continues to stare straight ahead. For his part, now afflicted with a gnawing guilt of his own, Mill finds it difficult to look at her. He forces himself to continue:

MILL

So...when he phoned me last night
anxious to know how our consulta-
tion had gone...I -- expressed my
concern to him.

(an uncomfortable
beat)

He was on his way to the San

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILL (Cont'd)

Francisco airport in a cab when it --
happened.

(compelling himself
to look at her)

He was killed instantly.

A long pause. Mill waits. For something. Anything.
Finally, in a soft, strangled little voice:

HOLLY

Everything I touch...everything...
turns into graveyards!

Abruptly, Holly flings herself out of bed, springs to her
feet, fully clothed, and stands, her back to Sall, staring
somerly toward the window, desperately fighting back the
threatening tears. Rising, Mill takes her shoulders, turns
Holly around to face him.

MILL

He phoned me. I'm the reason he
caught that cab...not you.

CLOSEUP - HOLLY

She shakes her head. She's not buying it.

HOLLY

Because of me, Doctor. Don't you
understand? Because of me.

(then)

I'm twenty-nine years old. And in
all those years I loved just once.
Jeb. Just Jeb. Nobody else. If
he'd asked me, pretty please, I
think I'd have died for him. But
instead --

(voice breaks)

Tell me, Doctor, what've I got to
show for those twenty-nine years?
A fancy high-rise apartment, a
catalog of victims --

(turns, moving
toward bedroom
door)

And a growing list of corpses!

INT. APT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holly enters from the bedroom. Mill appears behind her,
stands grimly in the doorway, watching Holly.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

HOLLY

That's a pretty pathetic inventory,
wouldn't you say?

MILL

Miss Schaefer ---

But Holly isn't listening. She has halted, her gaze resting
on the diary, lying on the coffee table.

HOLLY

Maybe I'll retire television's
foremost hatchet lady....

43 CLOSE SHOT - HOLLY

43

As she picks up the diary, musing aloud:

HOLLY

I'll put my talent -- what'd you
call it? -- precognition -- to a
productive use. The ponies, for
instance. Pimlico, Hialeah, Sara-
toga, Hollywood Park...read the
li'l old diary, check out the
winners, place my bets. Like having
an advance copy of tomorrow's news-
paper. How can I lose?

(opens the diary)

Ten races, ten winners. All I do
is ---

Her voice trails off. She stares at the diary.

44 HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - DIARY

44

"January 4, 1971." Otherwise, the page is blank!

MILL'S VOICE

What is it?

45 PAST MILL TO HOLLY

45

As he moves toward her. She looks up from the diary, pale.

HOLLY

There's nothing written! January
four is a blank page!

MILL

Throw that thing away, Miss Schaefer!
Get rid of it!

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

HOLLY

What good will that do? Do you think for a moment that I don't realize what this means? Just because a page is blank -- that doesn't signify that it bears no message.

(as Mill looks at her quizzically)

Last entry, January three -- "The wrong people are dying...Dear God, after this, how do I live with myself?"

(beat: wan smile)

You dig, shrink? Last entry -- Holly gives it to Holly. Next entry -- nothing. Can't you see now why it's blank??

Camera zooms in for an extreme closeup.

HOLLY

It's blank because I won't be alive to write in it! Not after tomorrow!

46 INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

46

At the end of a dark corridor, a white-clad Nurse sits at a small reception desk, reading. A desk light is the scene's only illumination. From one of the closed doors flanking the corridor we hear a shrill, harsh o.s. voice:

HOLLY'S VOICE

Nurse! Nurse -- I've got to see Dr. Mill! You've got to get him for me!...Nurse? Do you hear me?

O.s. hum of an arriving elevator, sound of cage door sliding open. From behind camera, Dr. Mill comes striding into shot. He halts at the reception desk, listening, with the nurse, to Holly's o.s. ranting:

HOLLY'S VOICE

Nurse! Are you there? Can't you hear me? Get me Dr. Mill!!

NURSE

I didn't want to disturb you, Doctor, but ---

HOLLY'S VOICE

Dr. Mill! I've got to see Dr. Mill!

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

NURSE

(nods toward voice)

That's been going on all evening.

MILL

I'll look in on her.

He turns, moving in the direction of Holly's voice.

47 FEATURING DOOR

47

With a small, grilled peep-hole that opens from the corridor's side. Entering shot, Mill unlatches the peep-hole's cover, opens it.

48 INT. SANITARIUM ROOM - PEEP-HOLE'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

48

Holly, laced helplessly into a straitjacket, sits on a bare mattress. At the foot of the bed is the diary.

MILL'S VOICE

Miss Schaefer?

Holly looks up, her gaze fastening on the peep-hole. For a moment, she manages to manufacture a synthetic replica of the old facade -- flip, brittle, and altogether unconvincing.

HOLLY

Schaefer? Never heard of her. Nobody here but us well-known historical figures. Me? I'm Napoleon's favorite mistress. Delilah's next door, planning the grand opening of a men's barber shop. Then there's a lady down at the end of the hall who recites a lot. Goes by the name of Sarah Bernhardt. Historical figures. Hysterical historical figures....

Her voice catches, breaks off, no longer able to maintain the pose. Her face crumples into a mask of fear-haunted anguish. She is, with all her counterfeit bravado, teetering on the brink of hysteria. Gently, Mill ventures:

MILL'S VOICE

The nurse said you'd been calling for me...?

Holly wriggles off the mattress with some difficulty, walks awkwardly across the little cubicle to the peep-hole.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

HOLLY

It's a quarter to twelve. In fifteen minutes...it'll be January the fifth.

49 PAST HOLLY TO THE PEEP-HOLE

Through which we can only see Mill's troubled eyes. Softly:

MILL

I know.

HOLLY

(intensely)

I asked the nurse to bring me a pen or pencil. She won't do it.

MILL

You know why, Miss Schaefer. Coming here was your idea...and you yourself laid down the ground rules: no sheets, no rope, no silverware, no plates, nothing sharp, no instrument of any kind with which you might do yourself bodily harm....

50 HOLLY - FROM MILL'S POINT OF VIEW

Impatiently, the fear gathering in her eyes, she exclaims:

HOLLY

Yes, yes, I know, I know! But I've been thinking...maybe I was wrong. I only assumed, reading the last entry in the diary, that I was destined to take my own life... I ignored the possibility of death through natural causes -- a heart attack, a massive cerebral hemorrhage, an unsuspected aneurism ---

MILL'S VOICE

Miss Schaefer, you're in perfect physical health ---

HOLLY

(voice rising)

How can you say for sure? You read about it every day -- people with no previous medical history suddenly dropping dead! So don't

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

HOLLY (Cont'd)

tell me it can't happen to me!
I'm telling you it can, it will --
unless...unless....

Her voice has risen gradually to screaming intensity. With desperate effort, she brings it under control, pulling herself together. Then, carefully measuring each word:

HOLLY

But listen...I can still beat the rap...I've got it all figured out. It's so simple, it's crazy. I don't know why I didn't think of it before. All these ridiculous, unnecessary precautions, when all along it was so -- so obvious... The page is blank, yes? Well? Don't you see yet? I just write something on it. Understand now? I don't have to die. All I have to do is write something on the page -- anything at all. Anything! January fifth...January fifth...

(voice beginning
to rise once more)

Doctor, can't you see? If I write on the page, that means nothing happened to me. How could I write something if I was already dead?

(screaming now)

Doctor! In ten minutes it will be midnight! For the love of God, fetch me a pen!!

51 CLOSEUP - PEEP-HOLE - HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW

51

Mill nods, reassuring gently:

MILL

I'll be right back.

52 HOLLY

52

O.s. sound of Mill's footsteps moving off. Holly, tense, anxiously gnawing her lip, shifts her fear-widened eyes. Camera follows her gaze, holding the wall clock. 11:52.

53 INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

53

Mill comes to the reception desk, looking older somehow, tired and drawn. The Nurse, who, from her expression, has

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

obviously and with natural mystification overheard the preceding scene, regards him expectantly. He gestures.

MILL

In the top right hand drawer you'll find a pen. Give it to me.

The Nurse obliges, but she's disturbed by his request.

NURSE

You're going to let her have it?

MILL

(studying her)

You're new on this ward, aren't you?

NURSE

(nods)

My first shift.

Mill nods -- that explains it. He takes the pen from her.

MILL

I thought so. Otherwise you'd know.

(turning away)

We give her a pen every evening.

NURSE

...Every evening, Doctor?

MILL

(pauses, explaining)

Miss Schaefer has been a patient at this sanitarium for going on five years now.

With that, he moves off, exiting shot. Camera holds the Nurse's reaction. Over this, we hear:

HOLLY'S VOICE

Hurry, Doctor! Hurry!!

14 MOVING SHOT - MILL

34

Trudging bleakly toward Holly's room.

MILL

Yes, Miss Schaefer -- I'm hurrying.

FADE OUT

THE END