

262 SHOT - RESNICK

He moves back to the bench and sits down, his hands folded on his lap, his frightened little face in repose of a sort.

LOUIS

See you tomorrow afternoon, Si. It's been nice havin' this chat!

He turns and STARTS UP the path, leaving Resnick sitting there, studying his hands. He reaches up, takes off his glasses, straightens out the bend in the frame, and then rises, hunches up his bony shoulders against a wind that rises and sweeps through the surrounding trees. He takes a forlorn, shuffling little walk down the path, stops, turns, moves back toward the bench, stops again, leans against the lamp post.

263 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

by the lamp post as tears start to roll down his face.

RESNICK

(aloud)

All I really want -- I swear to God -- all I really want is one lousy Daily Double. And then about three weeks in Miami Beach...and a box of fifty cent cigars. God...God, is that too much to ask?

A PULL BACK on the forlorn little figure leaning against the lamp post, shabby and skinny and miserable...and still wanting to survive.

DISSOLVE TO

264 EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DISSOLVE TO

265 INT. PACKER'S OFFICE - DAY

A big, sumptuous room furnished in Danish Modern -- expensive modern art color-splashed against the walls. And behind the desk -- PACKER -- tall, gray-haired and distinguished -- almost a caricature of the type. He looks up as a side door to his office opens.

266 SHOT - THE DOOR

opening, as Heatherton COMES IN. Beyond him, in an adjoining office, WE SEE Resnick, tying the lumpy knot of a misshapen tie.

CONTINUED

266 CONTINUED

PACKER
(with a nod
toward the
door)
What do you think, Doctor? Will he
pass?

267 SHOT - HEATHERTON

He looks briefly over his shoulder toward Resnick and comes
INTO the room.

HEATHERTON
I think so. I'll have to take a
few more extensive tests in the
hospital tonight...
(a pause)
...but I think he'll do.
(another pause --
a twisted grin)
After all -- we're not asking much
of him. Just his damned eyes --
that's all.

268 SHOT - PACKER

who studies Heatherton, lights a cigarette.

PACKER
I've got something for him to sign.
He points to a paper on his desk.

269 TWO SHOT - PACKER AND HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON
(in a dead kind
of voice)
He'll be happy to sign -- anything.
That's the name of the game, Mr.
Packer. Desperation.

PACKER
(nods, his
voice quiet)
On all our parts. She's got you
too, huh?

CONTINUED

269 CONTINUED

HEATHERTON

That's her style. She knows precisely the right kind of wheels to put into motion -- this fragile, bird-like little thing. A threat to destroy, passed down through channels. Do it to him -- or I'll do it to you -- until it reaches the very bottom echelon.

He looks toward the door as Resnick stands there at the entrance.

HEATHERTON

And there emerges one poor, hapless soul who can find no one lower or more vulnerable than he is. And this is the one who gets destroyed.

270 SHOT - PACKER

who deliberately forces his head down to look at the paper on his desk.

PACKER

Mr. Resnick? A little something for you to sign here.

271 SHOT - RESNICK

as he walks across the room to the desk, grins his gargoyle smile, looks at the paper, studies it, makes a flamboyant shrugging gesture.

RESNICK

It's to laugh! I swear -- it's to laugh! I gotta be a Philadelphia lawyer to read this thing....

He studies it for a moment. The smile fades, the features sag. He looks up toward Heatherton. No subterfuge now -- just a naked, dead realization of his fate.

RESNICK

...or just a poor, hapless slob who can't find anybody lower to pass it on down to.

He looks toward Packer who hands him a pen.

CONTINUED

271 CONTINUED

PACKER

On the bottom line, Mr. Resnick.
Over the word 'donor.'

Resnick takes the pen, holds it over the paper, stops, looks up.

RESNICK

Just for kicks... really...
just for kicks. What am I givin'
and what are you gettin'?

272 SHOT - HEATHERTON AND PACKER

who exchange a look.

HEATHERTON

You're donating your eyes, Mr.
Resnick. Specifically -- the cen-
tral optic nerve. I can give it to
you medically, if you like. I can
tell you about the nerve fibres or
axons of the ganglion cells ---

RESNICK

(waving the pen
back and forth)

I believe it, I believe it.

A pause. He stands there hunched over -- then in a hollow
voice:

RESNICK

I got no choice.

(he shakes
his head)

No choice. Here you take the eyes.
Outside they take the body.

Then he slowly scribbles his name, remains hunched over.

RESNICK

My son, the donor. Simon the sight-
giver.

He flings the pen down on the desk, straightens up, his bravado
now a thing of inexpressible pathos. He points to his eyes.

RESNICK

So what's left to see? I seen every-
thing there is. I seen the second
Louis-Schmeling fight and I won a
bundle. I seen the Kentucky Derby
three times.

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

RESNICK (Cont'd)

I seen Bobby Thompson hit the home run that killed the Dodgers. I seen everything there is man -- everything! Everything.

Then slowly his head goes down to his chest -- his voice soft.

RESNICK

But the thing of it is...the thing of it is...what's it gonna be like when it's midnight all the time and nobody paid the electric bill? What do I do then? White cane, tin cup and pencils?

He takes a deep breath, shakes his head.

RESNICK

So what's to do? Grieve a little maybe. I got plenty time. Plenty time.

(points to his eyes again)

I'll still be able to cry out of 'em, won't I?

273 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

torn by this.

HEATHERTON

To your heart's content, Mr. Resnick.

RESNICK

To my heart's content.

(a lopsided grin)

Oh, Doctor, baby -- you turn a phrase. I swear -- you turn a phrase.

Packer hands him an envelope.

PACKER

Here's your money, Mr. Resnick -- with an extra five hundred thrown in by the Doctor and myself. Also the address of the hospital. You're to be there at seven this evening.

274 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING AT RESNICK

as he takes the envelope, holds it out in his palm.

CONTINUED

274 CONTINUED

RESNICK

Got a nice heft to it.

(takes another
deep breath)

I hope I don't meet a bookie on the way. I'm a sucker for any game of chance. A fact...honest.... Anything.

He walks slowly toward the door, pauses, his back to them.

RESNICK

For example, gentlemen. For example. I'll give you five to one...five to one...

(a pause -- his
fingers clench
the envelope)

...that twenty-four hours after you make me blind...I'll wanna cut my throat.

(turns to them)

And I'll give you even money that I do it.

A long silence. He smiles, cocks his head, shrugs.

RESNICK

So what's to do? Nothin'. That's the story of simple Simon's life. Put it on the tombstone, men. 'Here lies Resnick. He wanted Miami Beach and a fifty cent cigar.' That's all he wanted. So learn the lesson. This is what you get for cheap tastes. You get your eyes cut out.

He turns and EXITS. The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the two men who stand there silently, unable to speak for a moment, then Heatherton walks slowly around the desk to the window and stares down at the city street.

HEATHERTON

It occurs to me...it just occurs to me about Mr. Resnick's eyes.

PACKER

His eyes?

HEATHERTON

I never even noticed. If they were black or blue or brown.

CONTINUED

274 CONTINUED - 2

HEATHERTON (Cont'd)

But I wonder if they've filled that frantic, itchy, scared little brain of his with enough beauty to compensate for the blindness that's going to follow.

(he turns toward
Packer)

I wonder if they've given him sufficient memories of things good to behold -- to dwell on in the coming darkness.

(a pause, then
very tightly)

I hope so. I pray to God they have.

DISSOLVE TO

275 INT. MISS MENLO'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE -
LOOKING DOWN AT MISS MENLO

in bed -- a large vapid-eyed piece of alabaster blending with the whiteness of the room. A NURSE ENTERS, moves over to the bed, checks her pulse, studies the grim little profile.

MISS MENLO

What is it this time? A pill? A syringe? Or just more of the tribal rite tiptoeing in and out that goes on around here?

276 ANGLE - THE NURSE

leaning over the bed.

NURSE

I'm to prepare you for surgery, Miss Menlo. You'll be going up in about fifteen minutes.

277 ANGLE - MISS MENLO

who turns, her sightless eyes fixing on the Nurse's face.

MISS MENLO

That's very good to hear. Very good.

278 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

studying her.

279 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO
Are you young? You sound young.

280 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

NURSE
I'm twenty-four, Miss Menlo.

281 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

the thin lips twisted in a smile, looking more like a gash or a wound.

MISS MENLO
Twenty-four. And your eyes, my dear.
Large eyes are they? And their color?

282 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

strangely uncomfortable.

NURSE
Hazel, I'm told.

MISS MENLO
Hazel.

283 ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM

MISS MENLO
I have no concept of color, you know.
I don't know what 'hazel' is. But in
two weeks...that's how long it will
take, I'm told. Two weeks.

The empty blue eyes flutter for a moment, then close. The Nurse inches closer to her.

NURSE
Sleepy, Miss Menlo?

The little head.

MISS MENLO
Yes. Yes, I'm very sleepy.

NURSE
That was the shot I gave you just a few minutes ago. You'll receive additional anesthesia in surgery.

284 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

The eyes open again.

MISS MENLO

I'm not at all concerned. They can put scalpels into my eyes without benefit of even aspirin -- and I shall be quite satisfied.

She takes a deep breath, her whole frame convulsing.

MISS MENLO

There are some things that one hungers for, easily paid for with pain.

Her eyes close again. The breathing becomes more regular and deeper.

285 SHOT - THE NURSE

as she moves away from the bed, crosses the room over toward the door, opens it.

286 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - LONG ANGLE SHOT - DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE FAR END

where WE SEE a hospital cart coming around the corner being wheeled by a NURSE TOWARD the CAMERA. The CAMERA PULLS BACK for a:

287 SHOT - ELEVATOR DOORS

Then the cart comes into the FRAME, stops by the elevator doors. The Nurse pushes a button then turns as Miss Menlo's Nurse COMES OUT of the room, pauses, looks down at Resnick on the cart.

NURSE 1

(in a whisper)

Is this the donor?

Nurse 2 nods.

288 SHOT - RESNICK

He opens his eyes -- a crooked grin.

RESNICK

(in an exaggerated whisper)

That's right, baby -- this is the donor.

289 SHOT - THE CEILING - RESNICK'S POINT OF VIEW

as the cart enters the elevator and the CAMERA IS NOW ON the fluorescent lights of the elevator ceiling. INTO THE FRAME COMES Resnick's bony hands held out in front of him, turning back and forth like painfully thin meat on a rotisserie.

290 ANGLE DOWN - RESNICK

as he studies his hands then suddenly clenches them into a fist. There is the SOUND of the ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDING SHUT.

NURSE 2

Relax, Mr. Resnick. There's no pain in any of this.

291 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

He turns his head to look toward her.

RESNICK

No pain, huh? Then I tell you what you do, baby. You go scout up a psychiatrist. Tell him you got a patient here with delusions.

(a pause, his mouth twists)

I got pain in me from my arches to where I part my hair. I got pain, baby. God in Heaven, I got pain.

292 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

His eyes are shut tight. A languid somnolence takes over. His stiff, taut little body relaxes and he ceases the battle.

293 ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR DOORS

as they open.

294 MOVING SHOT WITH THE CART

as it goes down another corridor toward swinging doors marked "Surgery." The cart is pushed through the swinging doors leaving them undulating back and forth until they come to a complete frozen stop. After a moment another cart hits them head on and WE SEE Miss Menlo being wheeled into the same room. A DOLLY IN TOWARD the swinging doors.

295 SHOT - THROUGH A SMALL CIRCULAR WINDOW

where WE SEE Heatherton in surgical cap and gown, face mask, et al, as he moves toward the two hospital carts that are now side by side.

296 INT. SURGERY - NIGHT - TWO SHOT - MISS MENLO AND RESNICK

Resnick's eyes go half open. He turns his head slowly to look toward the little white profile alongside. He lifts one hand, struggling to raise it as if it were cemented, then he extends the thumb, jerks it toward Miss Menlo.

RESNICK

(his voice heavy
with drugs and
sleep)

This the broad?

(a silence)

Do me a favor, Doctor. Tell her...
tell her to look at the right things.

297 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

who stands over him, the eyes over the mask anguished. He nods.

298 SHOT - RESNICK

RESNICK

Broadway with the lights on. The East River, maybe, or a summer night. The purple smoke in the lobby at Madison Square. Lots to see, tell her. Lots to see.

The hand drops to his side, the eyes close.

299 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

Tears roll down his cheeks.

RESNICK

Man, what'll I do? Here comes old man Resnick with the white cane... tap, tap, tap, tap...lookin' for Boy Scouts to take me across the street.

(shakes his head
back and forth)

It's to laugh. I swear...it's to laugh!

299 CONTINUED

He sighs and then falls asleep as the Doctor hovers over him, reaches down, lifts up an eyelid, looks at the unconscious orb, then straightens up.

HEATHERTON

All right. We'll begin right now.

ABRUPT CUT TO

300 INT. MISS MENLO'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON - SHOT - AN ANTIQUE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL

as it RINGS FIVE TIMES, PAN DOWN AND ACROSS the ornately furnished room to Miss Menlo who sits in her straight-backed chair facing the window -- a regal little mummy swathed in bandage, staring out at the fast encroaching darkness of the winter night.

301 CLOSE SHOT - HER HANDS

as they touch the upholstered arms of the chair, her fingers writhing, touching, caressing, in a spasm of nerves. There is the SOUND of DOOR CHIMES.

302 ANOTHER ANGLE - MISS MENLO

who turns, profile to the CAMERA.

MISS MENLO

(calling out)

Come in, Dr. Heatherton. The door is not locked.

303 SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM

TOWARD the foyer as the front door opens and Heatherton ENTERS. He has to peer through the gloom of the room, takes off his hat as he walks TOWARD THE CAMERA and toward Miss Menlo who now puts her hands on her lap, fingers clutching fingers, the bandaged head held high.

HEATHERTON

I thought I'd best be here when....

He stops.

CONTINUED

303 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

On the contrary. There's no need for you to be here. I told you that two weeks ago. The morning after the operation. As a matter of fact, I have arranged that no one be here -- servants or anyone. I much prefer to be alone, Doctor...
(the little mouth
twists in a smile)
...for the anointed hour.

304 ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM - FAVORING HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

The anointed hour can be any moment now, Miss Menlo, as I told you -- from five o'clock on. But may I make a few suggestions? Remove the bandages very gradually. I'd keep my eyes closed if I were you, throughout the process. I'd also keep the room dark. The introduction of light should come in stages...degrees. In a way it will be like becoming accustomed to artificial limbs. And it may take time for the eyes to focus and accept light. Perhaps hours ---

He stops abruptly, staring.

305 SHOT - ONE WALL

lined up like soldiery with paintings and statuary.

306 SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

What's the matter, Doctor? Looking at my gallery, are you?

307 SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

You have it all planned, don't you, Miss Menlo?

308 SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Indeed. All the paintings, all the statues -- they're right there where I can see them. And so is the rest of the evening...and the night. Museums, art galleries, a chauffeur-driven limousine with a guide. There isn't one moment during the next eleven or twelve hours that isn't planned. My eyes will take pictures, Doctor -- pictures of everything -- to be filed for future reference.

(A pause)

A rather long future reference. Whatever is the length of my life. Now, if there was nothing else, Doctor ---

309 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

He studies the bandaged face for a moment.

HEATHERTON

I hope you enjoy the eleven hours, Miss Menlo. I hope you see everything that's important to see.

(A pause, then
a little grimly)

I hope my efforts have made it possible.

The bandaged head goes up again and turns in his direction.

MISS MENLO

For both our sakes -- I hope they have.

HEATHERTON

I'll say good evening, Miss Menlo.

MISS MENLO

Say goodbye, Doctor. We'll not be seeing one another again.

310 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

How sad, Miss Menlo...and how revealing. I'm to be discarded.

CONTINUED

310 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

The used light bulbs of Miss Menlo's life. When they cease lighting her way -- out they go.

He turns and starts to walk the length of the room toward the door.

311 LONG SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Doctor?

He turns at the door.

MISS MENLO

Flick on the light switch, if you will. The one in the hall.

312 SHOT - HEATHERTON

as he presses a light switch. The hall LIGHT GOES ON.

313 CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

as he looks up at the light.

314 LONG SHOT - MISS MENLO

in the shadows.

MISS MENLO

Perhaps if you're around town this evening, Doctor -- you might introduce yourself to me. It occurs to me that I've never seen your face.

315 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

His mouth twisted.

HEATHERTON

You can't miss me, Miss Menlo. I'll be the tall man with the sick eyes. The one with the ache in his gut... the infection in his conscience so miserably incurable.

(A pause)

You can't miss me, Miss Menlo.

He turns, opens the door and walks OUT.

316 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she slowly rises, moves across the room, feeling out in front of her until she reaches a light switch, flicks it on. The overhead chandelier BLOSSOMS forth with LIGHT. She turns, very carefully threads her way over to a gigantic antique lamp. She pulls its chain and this, too, goes on. She moves back to her chair to a stand-up lamp which she also turns on.

317 MOVING SHOT WITH HER

over to the mantel.

318 CLOSER ANGLE OF HER

as she touches the clock, feeling of the hands.

319 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she looks up toward the chandelier.

320 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

as they touch the back of her head, fumble with the metal clip of the bandage, then rip off the clip.

321 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she starts to unroll the bandage.

322 SHOT - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE BANDAGE

toward the chandelier. (WE ARE SEEING everything that she sees and after a moment of darkness are able to distinguish her hands in front of her face as they unroll the bandage.)

323 ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN AT MISS MENLO

as she continues to unroll the layers of bandage.

324 SHOT - THROUGH THE BANDAGE - HER POINT OF VIEW

Now for the first time WE SEE the light of the chandelier as seen through bandage layer, then her fingers, then more bandage unwrapped -- the LIGHT GROWING BRIGHTER with each layer unwrapping.

325 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER HANDS AND FACE

as she succumbs to a spasm of excitement. She unrolls and also rips, tears, pulls at the bandage.

326 SHOT - THE CHANDELIER - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW

as seen through the last single layer of bandage. When this layer is removed the CHANDELIER TURNS INTO A GIANT FLAMING SUN that blinds her with its intensity and then abruptly GOES BLACK.

327 ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING DOWN AT HER

WE ARE LOOKING at her dark little figure in a dark room as she lets out a little gasp.

328 SERIES OF SHOTS - MISS MENLO

thru

331

as groping, stumbling, hands outstretched, she goes from light switch to lamp to the hall light switch, back to another lamp, flicking the switches on and off -- but still the darkness remains.

332 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she stand there, fingers in her mouth, torn between a fury, a frustration...and an unutterable disappointment that is tearing and bleeding. Finally words come. They are sobbed out.

MISS MENLO

Heatherton! You quack. You charlatan.

You filthy, rotten medicine man.

Heatherton! Heatherton, you monster!

333 ANGLE OF HER

as she stumbles across the room, stumbles again on the one step that goes up from the living room to the foyer.

334 TOP HAT SHOT - ACROSS THE FLOOR - MISS MENLO

as she scrabbles with fingernails against the wall, and like some wounded little bird finally manages to stand upright.

335 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she pitches forward, banging against the door, and with the same scrabbling of fingers reaches down and finally finds the door knob, flings the door open.

336 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

This is in the same kind of darkness as her apartment.

337 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she stumbles across the corridor toward the elevator door. Reaching it, her searching, frantic fingers find the button. She pounds on it with angry little fists.

338 SHOT - THE FLOOR INDICATOR

which does not move.

339 ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as she continues to pound in frustrated fury.

340 SHOT - MISS MENLO - ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

AS SEEN FROM the top rung of a stairway which leads down from the other end of the corridor. She turns and starts to move toward it, hands outstretched, flailing away at the empty air.

341 ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING UP FROM ONE OF THE LANDINGS OF THE STAIRWAY

as Miss Menlo APPEARS at the top and then, clutching at the bannister starts a slow, hesitant -- but still frantic descent down the stairs.

342 SERIES OF SHOTS - MISS MENLO

thru

345

as she goes down the stairs, sporadically lifting up her voice in thin little beseeching wails for help.

CONTINUED

345 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

Who's here? Someone help me.
Who can see me? Someone...anyone...
please help me. I need help. I
need someone to help me.

346 SHOT - MISS MENLO - FROM ABOVE

as she continues down the stairs, her voice like a thin,
fragile siren, growing weaker as she continues down the
flights of stairs.

347 INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

This is in the same kind of darkness.

348 SHOT - A DOOR

that leads to the stairway as it opens and Miss Menlo PITCHES
FORWARD, stumbling again, falling to her knees.

349 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she rises, moves around the lobby, hands out in front,
gyrating like a cartoon of a female Frankenstein monster,
her voice continuing in spasmodic sobs, cries, supplications.

MISS MENLO

Who's here? Who's here? I need
help. I need someone to help me.
Please...I need help.

Her hesitant, unsure steps take her to the door leading to
the rear of the building.

350 EXT. ALLEY - REAR OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

as Miss Menlo comes OUT the back door and stand there in
the face of a sweeping, cutting, icy wind that blows
against her thin dress, making her GASP with the pain and
the shock of it. Her thin, skeletal little arms wrap them-
selves around her against the attacking cold. She GASPS
and CRIES again.

351 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she takes a step into the darkened alley, flailing with
her hands again as if trying to reach out and grab unseen
pedestrians.

CONTINUED

351 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

Who's here? Isn't anyone here?
Doesn't anyone hear me? Please...
please. Someone....

352 HIGH ANGLE OF HER

as she hits a garbage can then falls forward with a heavy thud.

353 CLOSE TOP HAT SHOT - MISS MENLO

as muddy, freezing, she rises to her hands and knees, looking for all the world like some wounded stillborn animal. The wind again comes up, sweeping into her like needles and knives. She shudders, GASPS again, forces herself to her feet.

354 HIGH ANGLE OF HER

as she moves down the alley.

355 CLOSE SHOT - A BRICK WALL

as she hits this full force, knocking the breath out of her. She retreats a few feet, clutching at her body, then turns slowly -- blind eyes trying to search out some glimmering of light...some "thing"...some item that will tell her where she is and what is happening.

356 SERIES OF SHOTS - HER POINT OF VIEW

thru

360

the darkened New York City skyline up above the alley wall; the black sky; the empty, gloom-filled silence; the uninhabited night desert that stretches out all around her.

361 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

Her features are begrimed with dirt and frozen tears as she turns, stumbles again across the alley, inching against the side of the building, feeling ahead of her, finally touching the rear door. She pushes, then moves INTO the building.

362 INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT BUILDING - ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as she half crawls across the room, hands flailing in front of her. She reaches the elevator door, moves past it to the stairway door. She touches it, pushes it open.

363 INT. STAIRWAY - ANGLE DOWN AT HER

as WE SEE her start up the steps, half a walk, half a crawl, now her voice restricted to simply a running thin little sob of pain, of frustration and fear as she goes up the steps.

364 INT. MISS MENLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM

toward the front door as WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS then the SCRATCHING OF FINGERNAILS, then the door opens. Miss Menlo stands there, her dress torn, face muddied -- tear-strained, scratched, bleeding. She moves INTO the apartment.

365 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she moves past the hall, gingerly stepping down the one step that leads to the living room.

366 CLOSE SHOT - HER FOOT

as it becomes entangled in the telephone cord.

367 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she pitches forward, tripping -- the cord yanked from its wall socket. But her little body propelling forward, hits the window, SMASHING the GLASS, and it is with difficulty that she clutches the window sill to keep herself from falling completely forward. Her body turns and rolls to the left, upsetting a table and a lamp and then she CRASHES to the floor in a welter of cord, broken pottery and the upturned table. She moves toward the chair again, reaching ahead of her until she finds the upholstered arm and then -- as if discovering a haven -- some comfortable niche that she's familiar with, she puts herself into the chair and just sits there, silently for a long, long moment. The wind comes through the broken window, attacking her again, but she remains in the chair -- the tears now rolling down her face, the sightless eyes moving left and right, right and left, trying to carve and probe and dissect the darkness.

CONTINUED

367 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

Oh, God...oh, God...it's not fair.
It's not fair at all. Why can't
I see?

(then louder)

Why can't I see?

The CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY from her from the vantage point of the window. WE HEAR her CRIES and SOBS and recriminations throughout the ENTIRE PAN UNTIL WE ARE SHOOTING AT HER FROM OUTSIDE, then a SLOW PAN DOWN the side of the building TO the sidewalk below, then ANOTHER PAN ACROSS the sidewalk. WE HEAR now a HUM of DISTANT TRAFFIC and a CONGLOMERATION OF VOICES way off in the distance. The PAN CONTINUES until WE'RE at a STREET INTERSECTION, where WE PICK UP a long line of cars and a harried, harassed POLICEMAN in the center who moves over to one of the cars that has just entered the intersection.

368 CLOSER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN AND THE DRIVER

who rolls down his window. WE SEE all this in the shadowed darkness that has characterized all that has gone before.

DRIVER

What's going on, Officer. What's happening?

POLICEMAN

Blackout. No power. No nothin'.
Where you headin', Mister?

DRIVER

Home. Westport, Connecticut.

POLICEMAN

Lotsa luck. Go over there to
Columbus Circle, try to get out
on Seventy-ninth Street. But
get out of the city if you can.

DRIVER

How long is it going to last?

POLICEMAN

Ask the Mayor. Keep goin', Mister,
keep goin'.

369 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN

as he moves past the car which lurches forward, and he heads toward another car. WE HEAR his VOICE, OFF CAMERA.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

It's a blackout, lady. No power...
no current...no nothin'. Whole
town's dark. Nothin's workin'.
Nothin's movin'. So keep goin'
and get outa here if you can. Let's
go -- let's move it. C'mon -- let's
go.

Now the CAMERA RETREATS and FOLLOWS THE SAME PATTERN as in the earlier shot, DOWN the sidewalk TOWARD Miss Menlo's apartment building, then UP its front wall TO the broken window UNTIL WE'RE once again SHOOTING TOWARD Miss Menlo who remains perched in the chair -- freezing, anguished, in pain, bewildered, shattered, traumatized and totally, tragically uncomprehending. She turns in her chair, stretches out one thin, torn little arm.

370 CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

as they reach for the portrait. They touch the canvas and remain fixed there. A PAN ACROSS the length of her arm BACK TO her face, glistening with perspiration, a rivulet of blood, a long, dirty line of dried tears.

MISS MENLO

Why...why now I'll never know what
I look like. I'll never know.
It'll be just the way it's always
been. It'll be...it'll still be
dark. It'll be dark all the time.
Oh, God...that's not fair. That's
simply not fair.

the CAMERA STARTS TO PAN AWAY from her as she continues to say this over and over again.

MISS MENLO'S VOICE

It's not fair...it's really not
fair...it's not fair at all.

The DOLLY CONTINUES UNTIL WE'RE SHOOTING FROM the level of the mantel where WE SEE the CLOCK. It rings out its thin little CHIMES as WE GO INTO a SLOW, OUT-OF-FOCUS DISSOLVE then FADE ON again with the mantel suddenly caught in a GLARE of LIGHT. A WHIP PAN OVER TO the broken window.

371 LONG SHOT - THROUGH THE WINDOW - CENTRAL PARK BEYOND

and a SUN which has just begun a dawn RISING.

372 SHOT - MISS MENLO

She is asleep, her head slumped, her face hidden. A soft breeze comes in through the window and ruffles her dress and her hair. Very slowly, as if awakened by the warmth, her head goes up. Her eyes are now tightly closed, then her head moves left and right like a sun bather searching for the warmth of the sun's rays.

373 CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

on the sides of the chair as they grip and convulse.

374 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she slowly rises to her feet. Her hands are now outstretched in front of her as if trying to reach the sun. She moves directly over to the window and stands there, her hands still in front of her.

MISS MENLO

It's the sun. The sun is up. I feel it. I feel the sun.

(she hears the CHIMES of the mantel clock, chokes off one little sob)

All gone. All finished. Eleven hours. Eleven hours...and this is all that's left of it.

(she reaches up and touches her face)

The cold...and the pain...and the... the nothing.

(then louder)

The nothing.

(then very softly, almost in a whisper)

Not fair. Not fair at all.

375 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she leans against the window jamb, the light playing on her face, then very slowly her eyes open.

376 SHOT - THE OUTSIDE - MISS MENLO'S POINT OF VIEW

What WE ARE LOOKING at is a SHOT OF THE SUN, distorted -- OUT-OF-FOCUS -- a flaming orb that stretches across her field of vision.

377 EXTREMELY TIGHT SHOT - HER FACE

her eyes wide open and staring.

MISS MENLO

(with a gasp)

Why it's...it's the sun. It's the sun. And the sun is...the sun is yellow. The sun is a golden yellow. That's color. That's what I'm seeing now -- color. I'm seeing the sun.

378 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she moves away and stretches out her hands in front of her, pressing her weight against the broken glass.

379 ANGLE - FROM BELOW THE WINDOW

as WE SEE her suddenly topple forward, her little waist acting as a fulcrum, jack-knifing her through the window, and then her body falls past us.

ABRUPT CUT TO

380 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

at the little figure as it sails through the air to land on the sidewalk below. The SHOT REMAINS, looking down at the crumpled, tiny, indistinct figure as PEOPLE begin to converge around it. Automobiles stop, HORNS HONK. Finally a police car comes INTO THE FRAME and TWO POLICEMEN get out, pushing their way through the crowd. Several faces look skyward toward her window then back to the now engulfed little figure. The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is once again SHOOTING THROUGH the broken window INTO the interior of the apartment where WE SEE Miss Menlo's portrait caught in the rays of the sun -- the imperious, emotionless face with the dead, blind eyes. The CAMERA STARTS a DOLLY THROUGH the window TOWARD the portrait UNTIL the FACE COVERS THE ENTIRE SCREEN. Now the CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE ARE once again:

381 INT. LIMBO SET - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES OVER TO THE THIRD PAINTING -- that of the FAMILY CRYPT. SERLING steps INTO the LIGHT.

CONTINUED

381 CONTINUED

SERLING

A little Gothic item in blacks and grays -- a piece of the past known as The Family Crypt. This one we call simply -- The Cemetery. Offered to you now -- six feet of earth and all that it contains ---

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

382 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

DISSOLVE TO

383 EXT. HENDRICK'S CHATEAU - DAY

It is a vast, aged castle-like structure with looming spires and turrets, a front entrance flanked by ancient gargoyles; the landscape bleak and gray. The place and its mood is one of impassive permanence but carries with it no sense of grace or charm. The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is SHOOTING THROUGH an iron gate which surrounds the family cemetery. This, like the rest of it, is overgrown, full of ancient tombstones and ornate mausoleums and crypts -- weathered and worn by the passage of time -- but like the rest of the place, foreboding and almost omniscient.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

384 INT. CHATEAU - DAY - EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - PICTURE ON THE WALL

It is the same scene of the family graveyard WE HAVE already SEEN outside, painted in gray and black oil by an obviously talented amateur. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a sweep of pictures that dot the wall leading above the staircase to the balcony upstairs. A SLOW TRUCK PAST THE PICTURES -- all of them obviously painted by the same hand -- until we reach one near the top of the stairs. This is a giant, full length professional portrait of the manor owner -- William Hendricks, as he once was -- a big, broad-shouldered, white-haired man with patrician bearing. The TRUCK CONTINUES to a closed door at the top of the stairs which opens, REVEALING a MAN in a wheelchair -- behind him, a BUTLER. The man is HENDRICKS, as he is now -- a wasted, dying parody of what he once was -- almost entirely paralyzed by a stroke, the face twisted into a permanent grimace. The butler behind him is PORTIFOY -- a taciturn, grim-looking man, cold as ice, proficient and passionless. He moves around protectively to pat the blankets on the old man's lap.

CONTINUED

384 CONTINUED

PORTIFOY

Anything more you need, Mr. Hendricks?

The old man looks up from lusterless, pain-racked eyes, moves his head just a fraction of an inch -- all that he can. Portifoy picks up a tray from closeby.

PORTIFOY

Then I'll move you over to the window, sir, for a few minutes.

385 SHOT - HENDRICKS

as his head lifts slowly, his mouth opens. He lets out a small animal sound and one claw-like hand rises painfully until a finger is outstretched, pointing across the room.

386 SHOT - AN EASEL

Portifoy comes INTO THE SCENE, picks up the easel, carries it over to the old man. The hand picks up a brush, dabs it into a paint well like a child discovering colors. The brush moves against the canvas as the old man exerts tremendous will and effort. He manages to scratch out one irregular line then the brush falls to the floor, the hand drops back into his lap, his head goes down, his eyes close. Very slowly he shakes his head. Portifoy, showing no emotion, bends down, picks up the brush, puts it back, waits for a moment then slowly wheels the old man over to the window.

387 SHOT - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS[?] - THE FAMILY CEMETERY

The old man looks at it numbly, without emotion. Portifoy cat-foots his way OUT of the room, closing the door.

388 ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRWAY

as Portifoy starts down, tray in hand.

389 INT. STUDY

A big, paneled room with a fire roaring in the hearth, then a PAN OVER TO JEREMY, Hendricks' nephew, who stands by a desk across the room -- most of its drawers open, papers disheveled and thrown around. Jeremy is a tall, good-looking man in his thirties. He carries with him the air of a bon vivant -- but of a type that has the taste but not the means. There's a

CONTINUED

389 CONTINUED

suggestion of an ingrown shabbiness in the man. He studies one set of papers in his hand, smiles, satisfied, throws them back into the desk, collects the rest of the papers, also puts them into the desk, then closes the drawer. He moves across the room, opens the door just as Portifoy comes down the stairs, carrying the tray of nibbled-at food. Jeremy moves OUT of the study over toward Portifoy.

390 ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as Jeremy looks at the tray in Portifoy's hands.

JEREMY

Appetite not so good today.

PORTIFOY

It never is at lunchtime, sir.

JEREMY

(pointing to the
plate)

Then why do you load it up that way? That's wasteful, Portifoy.

PORTIFOY

Your uncle doesn't complain, Mr. Jeremy...

(a beat)

...and he also pays for it.

He starts to move past Jeremy who puts out his hand, detaining him. Portifoy looks down at the hand with just a quick fleeting look of disdain which he immediately covers for. But Jeremy, wise in the ways of other men, perceives it, smiles grimly.

JEREMY

Tell me something, Portifoy. During all those thirty years, waiting hand and foot on that dying blob of flesh up there -- you didn't know there was a nephew in the woodwork, did you?

PORTIFOY

Nor did your uncle, sir.

JEREMY

Well now you know. So dwell on it, Portifoy.

CONTINUED

390 CONTINUED

Portifoy starts to move past him as Jeremy, in turn, starts up the stairs. He stops in front of the small picture of the family cemetery and points to it.

JEREMY

When did he paint that one anyway?

PORTIFOY

Just before his last stroke.

JEREMY

(With a thin little
shudder)

How festive! Which calls to question not only my uncle's minimal talents -- but his somewhat morbid preoccupation with all things dead and dying.

He moves down the steps to stand closer to the picture.

391 SHOT - OVER HIS SHOULDER - THE PICTURE

One particular crypt is in the foreground, the ancient tombstones behind it.

JEREMY

Tell me, Portifoy -- what did my uncle do for kicks before his several illnesses?

392 ANGLE - JEREMY

as he turns to look across the railing toward Portifoy who stands there.

JEREMY

I mean...with all that money, did he have any other interests besides this painting nonsense?

393 SHOT - PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY

His painting has been his only pleasure. And this place...it's all he's cared about.

