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Rosemary 's Baby

By Roman Polanski

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- Are you a doctor?

- Yes. Yes.

He's an actor.

Oh, an actor.

We're very popular with actors.

Have I, uh, seen you in anything?

Well, let's see.

I did Hamlet a while back. Didn't I, Liz?

And then we did The Sandpiper, and then...

He's joking. He was in Luther

and Nobody Loves An Albatross...

and a lot of television plays and commercials.

That's where the money is, isn't it...

commercials?

And the artistic thrills too.

Seven, Diego.

Originally the smallest apartment was a nine.

They've been broken up

into four, fives, and sixes.

7-E is a four.

Originally the back part of a ten.

It has the original dining room

for its living room...

another bedroom for the bedroom...

and two servants' rooms thrown together...

for a dining room or a second bedroom.

- Do you have children?

- Uh...

Uh, we plan to.

We must oil that gate, Diego.

This way, please.

The previous tenant,

Mrs. Gardenia, passed away...

just a few days ago,

so nothing has been moved yet.

Her son asked me to say

that some of the furniture...

can be picked up practically for the asking.

Did she die in the apartment?

- Not that it makes any difference.

- Oh, no, no, no. In a hospital.

She'd been in a coma for weeks.

- After you, please.

- Thank you.
She was very old and passed away
without ever waking.
I'd be grateful to go that way myself
when the time comes.
Oh, no, no, no.
Not in the apartment, no.
She was chipper right to the end.
One of the first women lawyers in New York City.
She did a little gardening on the side too.
She was quite a woman.
Oh, closet.
Oh, plenty of closets.
A nice view of the park.
Oh, very nice view.
Now, this room, for instance...
it would make a lovely nursery.
Yes, yellow-and-white wallpaper
would brighten it tremendously.
What are all these things here?
- Herbs, mostly.
- A nice, large bathroom...
Mint, basil...
No marijuana?
Come on.
The, uh, master bedroom.
Oh, yes.
Here we are, back at the hallway again.
- Oh, yes.
- There.
Oh! Oh, Guy!
Yeah.
- Fireplace works, of course.
- That's right.
Oh!
Oh, it's a wonderful apartment!
I love it!
See what she's trying to do?
She's trying to get you to lower the rent.
Yes, well, we'd raise it if we were allowed.
Apartments with this kind of charm...
Why, that's odd!
There's a closet behind that secretary.
I'm su... I'm sure there is.

Yeah... Oh, I think you're right.
She moved it.
It used to be there.
Give me a hand, will you?
I see now why she went into a coma!
She couldn't have lifted it by herself.
She was 89.
Should we open it?
Maybe her son should.
I'm authorized to show the apartment.
Well!
Whoever she locked in got out.
Or perhaps she didn't need five closets.
But why would she cover up
her vacuum cleaner and her towels?
Hmm. I don't suppose
we'll ever know.
Maybe she was becoming senile after all.
Is there anything else?
Yes, please.
What about the laundry facilities?
It's bigger than the other one.
Yeah. It's more expensive too,
you know?
It's better located.
Yeah, well, God knows I could walk
to all the theaters from here.
Oh, Guy, let's take it. Please?
That living room could be...
Oh, please let's take it.
Okay, darlin'.
We get out of the other lease, okay.
I was tempted to write
the management that you were...
drug addicts and litterbugs.
Instead, I decided to lie and tell them
you were wonderful tenants.
- Ah, you're great, Hutch.
- Wish I could talk you out of it, though.
- He's pulling your leg, Ro, honey.
- Indeed I'm not.
Now, that looks great.
That is...
Are you aware that the Bramford

had rather an unpleasant reputation...

around the turn of the century?

It's where the Trench sisters conducted...

their little dietary experiments...

and Keith Kennedy held his parties.

Adrian Marcato lived there too.

So did Pearl Ames.

- Who were the Trench sisters?

- Who was Adrian Marcato?

The Trench sisters

were two proper Victorian ladies.

They cooked and ate several

young children, including a niece.

- Oh, lovely.

- Adrian Marcato practiced witchcraft.

He made quite a splash

in the '90s by announcing...

that he'd conjured up the living devil.

Apparently people believed him,

so they attacked...

and nearly killed him

in the lobby of the Bramford.

- You're joking.

- Later the Keith Kennedy business began...

and by the '20s, the house was half empty.

I knew about Keith Kennedy.

I didn't know that Marcato lived there.

- And those sisters.

- World War I I filled the house up again.

- Terrific.

- What, the house?

- The lamb.

- They called it "Black Bramford."

But Hutch, awful things happen

in every apartment house.

But this house has a high incidence

of unpleasant happenings.

In '59, a dead infant was found...

wrapped in newspaper in the basement.

Mmm.

You really rouse my appetite.

Have some more wine.

Roman?

Bring me in some root beer when you come.

Hey, these are shelves.

Hey, let's make love.

- - Shh!

I think I hear the Trench sisters chewing.

Oh!

Straight up to the left.

Here at Daytona, Florida,

it's the 250 cc 100-Mile Classic...

with Yamaha leading the pack

on the final lap and winning it...

as Yamaha takes seven of the top ten places.

It's the third straight year for Yamaha...

a clean sweep.

Yamaha is race-bred from champions.

And as you can see,

we have a model for every kind of riding.

You know, you really should

discover the swingin' world of Yamaha.

Why don't you get on, have a ride?

Go on.

Okay. Come on. Let's go.

Look.

It's great.

I'm sorry.

I thought you were Victoria Vetri, the actress.

I'm sorry.

It's all right.

A lot of people think I'm Victoria.

- I don't see any resemblance.

- Do you know her?

No.

My name is Terry Gionoffrio.

Nice to meet you.

I'm Rosemary Woodhouse.

Uh, we're new tenants here.

I'm staying with the Castevets,

the seventh floor.

I'm their guest, sort of, since June.

Our apartment used to be the back part of yours.

Oh, for goodness' sakes.

You took the old lady's apartment, Mrs....

Yeah, um, Miss... Gar-Gardenia.

Gardenia. Yeah.

She was a good friend of the Castevets.

She used to grow herbs
and things for her to cook with.

- I saw those plants.

- Well, now she grows her own things.

- - Excuse me a moment.

I have to put the softener in.

- What does your husband do?

- He's an actor.

- No kidding? What's his name?

- Guy Woodhouse.

He was in Luther

and Nobody Loves An Albatross...

and he does a lot of television and radio.

Gee, I watch TV all day long.

I'll bet I've seen him.

- Wow!

- Ooh!

- I hate this basement.

- Yeah, me too.

Gives me the creeps.

Listen, why don't we come down here
together regular and do our laundry?

Okay, that'd be great.

I have a good-luck charm.

It might work for both of us.

- Oh, that's beautiful.

- Yeah, isn't it?

- Mm-hmm!

- Mrs. Castevet gave it to me. It's good luck.

Or anyway, it's supposed to be.

It's got some stuff inside.

I'm not mad about the smell either.

I hope it works.

It's a beautiful charm, though.

I've never seen anything like it.

European.

The Castevets are the most wonderful
people in the world, bar none.

They picked me up off the sidewalk, literally.

You were sick?

I was starving and on dope
and doing a lot of other things.

They're childless, though.

I'm like the daughter they never had.

At first I thought they wanted me
for some kind of a sex thing...
but they've turned out to be
like real grandparents.
It's nice to know there are people like that...
when you hear so much about apathy...
and people who are afraid of getting involved.
I'd be dead now if it wasn't for them.
That's an absolute fact.
Dead or in jail.
You don't have any family
that could've helped you?
A brother in the navy.
Why, it's impossible
to be a hundred percent sure.
If you want my opinion,
we shouldn't tell her at all.
- That's my opinion!
- That must be the partition.
It's the back part of the original ten
with a dining room.
And there's...
there's a closet over here...
and then there's a closet over here.
- What floor?
- Seven.
Stay back, will ya, lady?
Get back, now, will you, please?
Get back. There's nothin' to see.
- Oh, my God!
- Get back, will you, please?
Jesus!
- Get back!
- We know her.
- What's her name?
- Terry.
Terry what?
Ro?
What was her name again?
Terry what?
Uh, I don't remember.
An Italian name.
She was staying with some people
named Castevet. 7-A.

Yeah, we got that already.

Short and sweet. She stuck it
to the windowsill with a Band-Aid.

- Theresa Gionoffrio.

- Move on!

Move on!

- You knew her?

- Only slightly.

- Come on, Ro. Let's go.

- Oh! Here they come.

You folks the Castevets on the seventh floor?

We are.

You have a young woman named
Theresa Gionoffrio living with you?

We do. What's wrong?

Has there been an accident?

You'd better brace yourself for some bad news.

She's dead.

Jumped out of the window.

That's not possible.

That's a mistake.

Artie, want to let these folks
take a look, please?

I knew this would happen.

She got deeply depressed
every three weeks or so.

I told my wife about it,
but she pooh-poohed me.

Well, I... It doesn't mean
she killed herself.

She was a very happy girl
with no reason for self-destruction.

She... must've been cleanin'
the windows or something.

- She wasn't cleaning windows at midnight.

- Why not? Maybe she was.

Is that her handwriting?

- Yeah.

- Definitely. Absolutely.

Thank you. I'll see this gets back to you
when we're done with it.

I don't believe it.

I just don't believe it.

- She was so happy.

- Who's the next of kin?

Ah, she was all alone.

She didn't have anybody. Only us.

- Didn't she have a brother?

- Did she?

She said she did... in the navy.

- It's news to me.

- Do you know

where he's stationed?

No, I don't.

She mentioned him to me in the laundry room.

- I'm Rosemary Woodhouse.

- Uh, we're in 7-E.

I feel just the way you do,

Mrs. Castevet.

She seemed so happy and full of...

She said wonderful things about you
and your husband, how grateful she was.

Thank you.

Know anything else about this brother
except he's in the navy?

- No, I don't.

- It should be easy to find him.

- I'm so stunned and so sorry.

- Yeah, it's such a pity.

Well, thank you.

Sometimes I wonder how come
you're the leader of anything!

Please don't tell me
what Laura-Louise said...

because I'm not interested!

If you'd listened to me,
we wouldn't have had to do this!

- We'd have been all set to go now instead
of havin' to start all over from scratch!

- Shh!

I told you not to tell her in advance!

I told you
she wouldn't be open-minded!

I told Sister Veronica about the windows...
and she withdrew the school
from the competition. Otherwise...

Hello. How are you?

- Fine. May I come in a minute?

- Yes, of course. Please do.

I just come over to thank you for saying those nice things the other night.

- Oh, no, please...

- Poor Terry.

We thought maybe we failed her some way... though her note made it crystal clear we hadn't.

You'll never know how helpful it was in such a shock moment.

So I do thank you. Roman does too.

Roman's my hubby.

You're welcome.

I'm glad I could help.

Yeah. Well, she was cremated yesterday.

Now we gotta forget and go on.

It won't be easy. We don't have children of our own. You have any?

- No, we don't.

- No? Well, there you...

Oh! That's a nice...

Look how you put the table!

Isn't that interesting?

- I saw it in a magazine.

- Oh, my.

Nice paint job. Oh.

Oh. Oh, that's nice. What is that?

That's the TV room?

Well, only temporarily.

It's going to be a nursery.

- Oh, you pregnant?

- No, not yet.

- I hope to be as soon as we're settled.

- Wonderful.

Well, you're young and healthy.

You ought to have lots of children.

We plan to have three.

Dying to see what you did to this apartment.

The woman who had it before was a dear friend of mine.

- I know. Terry told me.

- Oh, did she?

- You two had some long talks together in the laundry room, huh?

- Only one.
Oh, my goodness!
Ah, it looks so much brighter.
What do you pay for a chair like that?
Uh... Oh, I'm not sure, really.
I think about \$200.
What does your hubby do?
He's an actor.
I knew it!
I said it to Roman yesterday.
He's so good-lookin'.
What movies was he in?
No movies.
He was in two plays...
called Luther and Nobody Loves An Albatross...
and a lot of television and radio.
Listen, Rosemary,
I got a two-inch-thick sirloin steak...
sittin' defrostin' this minute.
Why don't you and Guy come over and have
supper with us tonight? What do you say?
- Oh, no, we couldn't.
- Why not?
- No. Really, that's very kind of you, but...
- It would be a real help to us.
First night we'll be alone since...
Are you sure it wouldn't be
too much trouble for you?
Honey, if it was trouble, I wouldn't ask you.
All right. You go ahead and count on us.
I'll have to check with Guy, though.
Listen, you tell him
I won't take no for an answer.
Oh, here's your mail.
Nah, ads.
Thank you.
Yoo-hoo!
Donald Baumgart got that part.
It's a bad play anyway.
Even if it folds out of town,
it's the kind of part that gets noticed.
Mrs. Castevet was here...
to thank me for what I said about Terry.
She is the nosiest person I've ever seen.

You know she actually asked
the prices of things?

- No kidding.

- Mm.

She invited us to have dinner with them tonight.

I told her I'd have to check with you
but that it'd probably be okay.

Oh, Jesus.

We don't have to do that, do we, honey?

I think they're lonely.

We get friendly with an old couple like that,
we'll never get rid of them.

They're right across the wall.

I told her she could count on us.

- You don't have to sulk about it.

- I'm not sulking.

I see exactly what you mean.

- Hell, we'll go.

- No, no. What for?

- We'll go!

- No, we don't have to if you don't want to.

That sounds so phony, but I really mean it.

Really, I do.

Be my good deed for today.

Okay, but only if you want to.

And we'll make it clear

it's just for this one night...

and not the beginning of anything, right?

Ah, perfect timing!

Come on in.

Roman's fixing some vodka blushes.

My, I'm glad you could come, Guy.

I'm fixin' to tell everybody
that I knew you when.

Look, dinner isn't ready just yet,
but sit down there anywhere, love.

Take a seat on the couch.

You're gonna find yourself very...

I seem to have overfilled the glasses.

No, no, no. Don't get up.

Generally I pour these out precisely
as a bartender. Don't I, Minnie?

- Just watch the carpet.

- But this evening I made a little too much...

Ah, there we are.

No, no, no. Sit down, please.

- Now, Mrs. Woodhouse.

- Thank you.

Mr. Woodhouse,

uh, vodka blush?

- Yes, thanks.

- Have you ever tasted one?

- No, no, I haven't.

- It looks delicious.

Minnie.

They're very popular in Australia.

Now, to our guests.

Welcome to our home.

- Hear, hear.

- Cheers.

- -

The carpet!

- Oh, dear.

- Brand-new carpet.

This man's so clumsy!

- Do you come from Australia?

- Oh, no, no.

I'm from right here in New York City.

I've been there, though.

I've been everywhere, literally.

You name a place, and I've been there.

- Go ahead. Name a place.

- Fairbanks, Alaska.

I've been there.

Been all over Alaska.

Yes, Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage...

Nome, Sitka, Seward.

- I spent four months there in '38.

- Where are you folks from?

- Well...

- Well, I...

I'm from Omaha.

Guy's from Baltimore.

Omaha's a good city.

Baltimore is too.

- Do you travel for business?

- Well, business and pleasure both.

I'm 79, and I've been going

one place or another since I was ten.
You name a place, I've been there.
Ah! Steak's ready.
Don't rush your drinks, now.
Roman, take your pill.
No pope ever visits a city
where the newspapers are on strike.
I heard he's gonna postpone
and wait till it's over.
Well, that's showbiz.
That's exactly what it is.
All the costumes, the rituals...
all religions.
Oh, oh, I think we're offendin' Rosemary.
- No. No.
- You're not religious, my dear, are you?
Well, I-I was brought up a Catholic.
Now I don't know.
- Yeah. You looked uncomfortable.
- Well, he is the pope.
Well, now, you don't need
to have respect for him...
because he pretends that he's holy.
Now, that's a good point.
When I think what they spend
on robes and jewels!
A good picture of the hypocrisy
behind organized religion...
was given, I thought, in Luther.
Did you ever get to play that leading part, Guy?
Me? No.
Well, weren't you Albert Finney's understudy?
- No.
- Well, that's strange.
I remember being struck by a gesture you made...
and checking in the program to see who you were.
- Thank you.
- Um, what gesture was that?
Well, I'm not sure now.
It was a reaction, uh...
I did a thing with my arms
when Luther was having a fit.
- It was a kind of involuntary reaching.
- That's it. That's it.

- It had a wonderful authenticity to it.

- Come on, now.

No, no. I mean it.

My father was a theatrical producer...

and my early years were spent in the company...

of Mrs. Fiske,

Forbes-Robertson, Modjeska.

- Guy?

- Oh, yes, please.

You have a most interesting inner quality, Guy.

It appears in your television work too.

It should take you a long way indeed...

provided, of course,

that you get those initial breaks.

Are you preparing for a show now?

Um, well, I'm up for a couple parts.

- Well, I can't believe
that you won't get them.

- Well, I can.

I'd like to have a spice garden someday.

I guess I'm a country girl at heart.

- You come from a big family?

- Mm-hmm. Three brothers and two sisters.

- Your sisters married?

- Mm-hmm.

- They have children?

- One has two. The other has four.

Well, there's a chance

you'll have lots of children too.

Oh, we're fertile, all right.

I've got 16 nieces and nephews.

My goodness!

Would you like me to wash,

and you can wipe for a while?

Oh, no. This is fine, dear.

Now, Roman, will you stop bending

Guy's ears with your Modjeska stories?

He's only listening 'cause he's polite.

No, no, no, no.

It's very interesting, Mrs. Castevet.

- You see?

- Minnie. I'm Minnie, he's Roman. Okay?

- Okay?

- Okay.

Okay.

Terrific. Just terrific.

- Good-bye, darlin'. Good-bye.

- Thank you for having us.

- Yeah, it was lovely. Bless you.

- Minnie!

Minnie! Ya great kid, ya!

Whoo!

About that steak, huh?

Oh, my God! And the cake!

How did you eat two pieces?

- It was weird!

- Out of politeness.

That's how I ate two pieces...

out of politeness.

- Only three dinner plates that match...

- Shh!

And all that beautiful, beautiful silver.

- We'll be nice. Maybe they'll will it to us.

- Oh!

Yeah.

- Guess what they have in their bathroom.

- A bidet.

- Jokes for the John.

- No.

A book on a hook, right next to the toilet.

Roman's stories are pretty
damned interesting, though.

Never even heard

of Forbes-Robertson before.

I'm gonna go over there again
tomorrow night and hear some more.

- You are?

- Yeah. He asked me.

Here, do this damn thing for me, will you?

I thought we were gonna do something
with Joan and Dick Jellico.

- Was that definite?

- Well, it wasn't definite.

We'll see them next week.

You don't have to come along
if you don't want to, you know.

You can stay here.

I think I will stay here.

He knew Henry Irving too.
I mean, really interesting, huh?
Why did they take their pictures down?
- What do you mean?
- Their pictures... they took them down.
There are hooks in the wall and clean spaces...
and the one picture that is there doesn't fit.
I didn't notice that.
Hi, dear.
We're not botherin' ya, are we?
This is my dear friend
Laura-Louise McBurney. Lives up on 12.
Laura-Louise,
this is Guy's wife, Rosemary.
Hello, Rosemary.
Welcome to the Bram.
Laura-Louise just met Guy.
She wanted to meet you too.
- Could we come in?
- Uh, of... of course. Please do.
Well, there you are.
Go ahead.
Look at the...
Oh! Gosh!
Isn't that beautiful?
- It came this morning.
- Are you all right, dear? You look worn.
Oh, no. I'm fine.
It's the first day of my period.
And you're up and around?
On my first day...
I experienced such pain,
I couldn't move, eat, or anything.
Dan used to give me gin
through a straw to kill the pain.
Girls today take things
much more in their stride.
They're much healthier than we were...
Thanks to vitamins, better medical care...
What are those things over there?
Seat covers?
Um, cushions for the window seats.
Oh, yeah.
Oh, before I forget...

this is for you, from Roman and me.

For me?

It's just a little present, is all.

For movin' in.

- There's no reason...

- It's real old. It's over 300 years.

It's lovely.

Yeah. The green inside

is called tannis root.

That's for good luck.

It's lovely, but I can't accept it.

- You already have. Put it on.

- Yeah.

You'll get used to the smell before you know it.

Yeah, go on.

Ah, yeah.

Were his stories as interesting as last night?

Yes.

Did you have a good time?

All right. I got a present.

- It was Terry's.

- No kidding.

Kind of pretty, though.

- Aren't you gonna wear it?

- Mm-mm. It smells.

There's stuff in it called tannis root

from her greenhouse.

Not too bad, though.

- Tannis, anyone?

- Well, if you took it...

you ought to wear it.

Hello?

Yes. This is he.

Oh. God, no.

Oh, the poor guy.

And, uh, they don't have

any idea what's causing it?

- No, not yet.

- My God, that's awful. That's just awful.

We'd like to know if you'd be interested...

Yes, I would.

I mean, yes, I am.

I hate to get it that way, but...

Well, you'd have to speak

to my agent about that end of it.

Allan Stone.

I'm sure there won't be any problem,
Mr. Weiss, not as far as we're concerned.

Thank you, Mr. Weiss.

Guy?

What is it?

Donald Baumgart... he's gone blind.

He woke up yesterday, and he can't see.

- Oh, no.

- Oh, I've got the part.

Well, it's a hell of a way to get it.

Listen, uh, I have to get out and walk around.

Yeah, I understand.

Go ahead.

Baumgart. Donald Baumgart.

It's a fascinating part.

He'll really be noticed this time.

He also has an offer for a lead
in a television series: Miami Beach.

He's suddenly very hot.

Mm, now I understand why you're so overjoyed.

Well, it's a difficult period in his life.

A challenge.

I see.

You know how actors are.

They're all a bit self-centered.

I'll bet even Laurence Olivier
is vain and self-centered.

It's a difficult part.

He's got to work with crutches...

and naturally he's preoccupied...

and he... well, preoccupied.

I say, you had another suicide
up there at Happy House.

- Oh, didn't I tell you?

- No, you didn't.

It was that girl I told you about:

The drug addict...

who was rehabilitated

by this old couple, the Castevets.

I'm sure I told you that.

They didn't rehabilitate her
very successfully, it seems.

I've been a creep.
It's from worrying if Baumgart
would regain his sight, rat that I am.
Well, it's natural.
You're bound to feel two ways about it.
Even if I'm Mr. Yamaha
for the rest of my days...
I'm gonna stop giving you
the short end of the stick.
- You haven't been.
- Yes, I have.
I've been tearing my hair out over my career.
Let's have a baby, all right?
Let's have three babies,
one at a time, all right?
A baby. You know...
"Mama, Dada, poo-poo." You know?
- You mean it?
- Sure, I mean it. Sure, I mean it.
I even figured out
the right time to start. Look.
You really mean it? Really?
No, I'm kidding.
Sure, I mean it.
Oh, Ro, honey, for God sakes,
don't cry, all right?
Oh, no. I won't.
Here goes nothin'.
Mm, mm, mm!
The paint! The paint!
Good grief.
Nobody, but nobody, has a fire tonight.
Isn't it gorgeous?
I hope we have the coldest winter ever.
Aw, shit!
- Hi, Guy. How are ya?
- Oh, hello.
No. Don't let her in.
Not tonight.
Oh, you sure you don't want to come in?
No.
Good.
Who says there's nothing to ESP?
Madame et Monsieur

shall have ze dessert after all!
Mousse au chocolat...
or as Minnie calls it...
"chocolate mouse."
I was afraid she'd stay all evening.
Oh, she just wanted us to try it.
Seein' it's one of her speci-al-ities.
It was sweet of her, really.
We shouldn't make fun of her.
Yeah you're right.
You're right. Mm-hmm.
Mmm. It's good.
Has an under-taste.
A chalky under-taste.
I don't get it.
That's silly, honey.
There is no under-taste.
There is.
Come on. The old bat slaved all day.
Now eat it.
- I don't like it.
- It's delicious.
Here. You can have mine.
All right. Don't eat it.
There's always something wrong.
Oh, if it's gonna turn into a big thing...
If you really can't stand it, just don't eat it.
Mmm. It's delicious.
No under-taste at all.
Would you turn the record over, please?
There, Daddy.
Do I get a gold star?
You get two of them.
- I'm sorry if I was stuffy.
- You were.
... is making a full circle of the park...
- It's the pope at Yankee Stadium!
- Walking to his specially built
canopy at second base.
- Christ, what a mob!
Listen to that crowd roar.
Everywhere the pope has been today
he has received this type of reception.
As one nun put it this afternoon...

"Perhaps we are being undignified,
but this is a special day."
And a special day it has been.
That's a great spot for my Yamaha commercial.
We'd like to give you a brief summary
of today's historic happenings.
Pope Paul VI arrived

at 9:

What is it?

Dizzy.

Hey.

No wonder.

You had all that booze in you.

Probably didn't eat anything
all day before dinner, huh?

Hey.

Nice.

Sleep is what you need.

A good night's sleep.

We have to make a baby.

Oh, well...

we'll-we'll do it.

Tomorrow.

There's plenty of time, hmm?

Just a nap.

Why are you taking them off?

To make you more comfortable.

I am more comfortable.

Sleep, Ro.

Isn't Hutch coming with us?

Catholics only.

I wish we weren't bound by these prejudices...

but unfortunately...

Easy, easy.

You've got her too high.

Typhoon! Typhoon!

It killed 55 people in London...

You'd better go down below, miss.

- She's awake. She sees.

- She don't see.

As long as she ate the "mouse," she can't
see nor hear. She's like dead. Now sing.

I'm sorry to hear you aren't feeling well.

It's only the mouse bite.
You'd better have your legs tied down...
in case of convulsions.
Yes, I suppose so.
There's always a chance it was rabid.
If the music bothers you, let me know...
and I'll have it stopped.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Please don't change the program on my account.
Try to sleep.
We'll be waiting up on deck.
This is no dream!
This is really happening!
They tell me you have been bitten by a mouse.
Yes. That's why
I couldn't come to see you.
Oh, that's all right.
We wouldn't want you to jeopardize your health.
Am I forgiven, Father?
Oh, absolutely.
Hey, it's after 9:00.
Five minutes.
I have to be at Allan's at 10:00.
- Eat out.
- The hell I will!
What time is it?
It's, uh, ten after 9:00.
What time did I go to sleep?
You didn't go to sleep.
You passed out.
Uh, from now on you get...
cocktails or wine, not cocktails and wine, huh?
The dreams I had!
Don't yell.
I already filed 'em down.
I didn't want to miss baby night.
- You... While I was out?
- And a couple of my nails
were ragged...
and it was kind of fun
in a necrophile sort of way.
- - I dreamed someone was raping me.
I don't know.
Someone inhuman.

Thanks a lot!

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

I didn't want to miss the night.

We could've done it this morning or tonight.

Last night wasn't the only split second.

Well, I was a little bit loaded myself, you know.

- Oh, hello there. Did you like it?

- Oh, yes.

I think I put a little too much crme de cacao in it.

No, no. It was delicious.

You'll have to give me the recipe.

Yeah, I'd love to.

Listen, you goin' shoppin'?

Do me a little teeny favor, will ya?

Get me six eggs, a small Instant Sanka.

- I'm gonna pay you later, huh?

- All right. Bye-bye.

Don't you think we ought to talk about it?

About what?

The way you haven't been looking at me.

What are you talking about?

I've been looking at you.

- You haven't.

- Why, sure I have.

Now, what is it?

What's the matter?

Nothing. Never mind.

No, no. Don't say that.

What is it?

Nothing.

Look, honey, I know I've been preoccupied... with the part and all, but it is important.

That doesn't mean I don't love you.

It was due on Friday.

- It was?

- Mm-hmm.

- It'll probably come tonight or tomorrow.

- Wanna bet?

- Yeah.

- A quarter.

- Okay.

- You're gonna lose.
Shut up, will ya?
You're getting me all jumpy.
It's only been two days.
When will I know?
I'll call you just as soon as I get the results.
I like to do a general examination
just to know something more.
It was Elise Dunstan
who recommended you to me, Doctor.

- Oh, yes. How is she?
- She's fine.
And the boys are great.
Did you deliver all of them?
No, just the last.
Universal hemoglobin.
Yes, Doctor.

- We went to see The Fantasticks.
- Oh, did you?
- Mm.
- Did you enjoy it?
- Yeah.
- Good.
- Hello?
- Mrs. Woodhouse?
- Dr. Hill?
- Congratulations.
- Really?
- Really.

Are you there?
Uh, yes.
Um, what happens now?
Very little.
You come see me next month...
and you get those Natalin pills...
one a day.

- I'll mail you forms for the hospital.
- Uh, when will it be?
Uh, it works out to be June 28.
- That sounds so far away.
- It is.
- Yeah.
- Oh, one more thing, Mrs. Woodhouse.
- We'd like another blood sample.

- Oh, yes, of course.
- What for?
- Uh, the nurse didn't take enough.
- So would you drop by and see her?
- But I-I am pregnant, aren't I?
Oh, yes. It's just
for blood sugar and so forth.
Nothing to be concerned about.
You're pregnant. Don't worry.
All right.
Well, I'll come in on Monday.
- All right. Now, don't forget the pills.
- No, I won't.
- Good-bye, Mrs. Woodhouse.
- Good-bye, Dr. Hill.
Blood sugar?
What's that?
Oh! That's great!
That's just great!
- Father.
- Ah, Mother.
- - Guy... Guy, listen.
Let's, uh, make this a new beginning, okay?
A new openness and talking to each other...
because we haven't been open.
It's true. I've been
so goddamned self-centered.
That's what the whole trouble is.
And you know I love you,
don't you, Ro? I do.
- I swear to God I'm gonna be as open...
- It's my fault as much as yours.
No, bull! It's mine.
Now, you bear with me...
and I'm gonna try and do better, you hear?
Oh, Guy!
What?
Fine way for parents to be carrying on.
Hey, you know what I'd love to do?
- What?
- Tell Minnie and Roman.
Oh, I know, I know. It's, uh...
it's, uh, supposed to be a deep, dark secret...
but I've already told them that we were trying.

They were so pleased.

Tell them.

- Back in two minutes?

- Mm-hmm.

You're pregnant.

Another blood sample.

- Ta-da

- Now, that's what I call good news!

Ah, honey, congratulations!

- Thank you.

- Our best wishes, Rosemary.

- Thank you very much.

- We are more pleased than we can say.

We didn't have any champagne on hand,
but this will do just as nicely.

- When are you due, dear?

- June 28.

Oh, it's gonna be so exciting.

Listen, dear, you got a good doctor?

Oh, yes, a very good one.

One of the top obstetricians
is a dear friend of ours.

Abe Sapirstein.

Delivers all the society babies.

Abe Sapirstein? One of the finest
obstetricians in the country.

Wasn't he on Open End a couple of years ago?

That's right.

- Ro?

- Uh...

- Well, what about Dr. Hill?

- Don't worry about Hill.

I'll tell him something.

You know me.

Listen, I won't let you go to no Dr. Hill
nobody ever heard of.

The best is what you're gonna have, young lady.

- Where's your telephone, huh?

- It's in the bedroom.

He's a brilliant man.

Very sensitive.

- Ro, sit down, sit down!

- No, I'm fine.

Abe? Minnie. Fine.

Listen, Abe, a dear friend of ours
just found out today she's pregnant.
Yeah, isn't it?
I'm in her apartment right now.
We told her you'd be glad to take care of her.
You wouldn't charge her none
of your fancy society prices, neither.
Uh-huh. Just wait a minute.
Rosemary, tomorrow morning at 11:00?
- All right.

- Yeah, 11:

Uh-huh. Yeah, well, you too.
No. No, no, no. Not at all.
All right. Well, let's hope so.
Good-bye.
- Well, there you are.
- Hey, thanks a million, Minnie.
Yes, I don't know how to thank you, both of you.
Just have a fine, healthy baby, that's all.
My, I can't wait
to tell Laura-Louise.
Oh, uh...
please don't tell anyone else, not right away.
No, she's right.
There's plenty of time.
Now, to a fine, healthy baby.
- Hear, hear!
- Hear!
Andy?
Or Susan?
Susan!
Please don't read books.
No pregnancy was ever exactly
like the ones described in the books.
And don't listen to your friends either.
No two pregnancies are ever alike.
- Dr. Hill prescribed vitamin pills.
- No pills.
Minnie Castevet has a herbarium.
I'm gonna have her make a daily drink
for you that'll be fresher, safer...
and more vitamin-rich
than any pills on the market.

Any questions you have, call me night or day.

Call me, not your Aunt Fanny.

That's what I'm here for.

- Here.

- What's in it?

Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

That's fine, but what if we want a girl?

Do you?

- It'd be nice if the first one were a boy.

- Well, there you are.

- No, really, what is in it?

- A raw egg, gelatin, herbs...

Tannis root?

Some of that, along with some other things.

Don't be so violent, Harry.

If you want to be stupid, be nonviolent stupid.

I'm in love with no one,
especially not your fat wife.

I'm a hopeless cripple...

What's that?

I've been to Vidal Sassoon.

Don't tell me you paid for that.

Guy, I have a pain.

- Where?

- In here.

- Just now?

- Since Monday. A sharp pain.

- Did you see Sapirstein?

- I'm seeing him on Wednesday.

This is ridiculous!

Why didn't you see Sapirstein?

- I mean, why didn't you say anything?

- I see him Wednesday, regular.

An entirely natural expansion of the pelvis.

You can fight it with ordinary aspirin.

I was afraid it might be an ectopic pregnancy.

"Ectopic"? I thought you weren't

gonna read books, Rosemary.

- It was staring at me in the drugstore.

- And all it did was worry you.

Will you go home and throw it away, please?

- I will. I promise.

- The pains will be gone in two days.

Ectopic pregnancy!

I look awful.
What are you talking about?
You look great.
It's that haircut that looks awful.
If you want the truth, honey,
that's the worst mistake you ever made.
My God!
It's Vidal Sassoon. It's very "in."
What's wrong with you?
- Do I look that bad?
- Terrible!
You're not on one of those Zen diets, are you?
- No.
- Then what is it?
Have you seen a doctor?
Hutch, I might as well tell you.
I'm pregnant.
Oh, rubbish!
Pregnant women gain weight, they don't lose it.
I don't sleep well.
I have stiff joints or something,
so I get a pain.
Nothing serious.
Well, congratulations.
You must be very happy.
Oh, I am. We both are.
- Who's your obstetrician?
- Abraham Sapirstein.
Oh! He delivered
two of my daughter's babies.
- He's one of the best in the city.
- When did you see him last?
- Um, yesterday.
- And?
And he says it's fairly common.
How much weight have you lost?
About, uh, three pounds.
Oh, nonsense.
You've lost far more than that.
It's perfectly normal to lose a little at first.
Later on I'll be gaining.
Well...
we must assume Dr. Sapirstein
knows whereof he speaks.

He should.

He charges enough.

We're getting bargain rates.

Our neighbors are close friends of his.

- - I'll go.

No, no. Stay where you are.

Hurts less when I move around.

Oh, I was just talking about you.

Favorably, I hope.

Do you need anything from outside?

- No. Thank you for asking.

- Is Guy home already?

- No, he won't be home till 6:00.

- Oh.

A friend of ours is here.

Would you...

Would you like to meet him?

- Well, if I won't be intruding.

- No, no. Please come in.

Hutch, this is Roman Castevet.

- Edward Hutchins.

- How do you do?

- How are you, sir?

- I was just telling Hutch...

it was you and Minnie

who sent me to Dr. Sapirstein.

So Rosemary has told you the good news?

- Yes, she has.

- We must see she gets plenty of rest.

I was a bit alarmed by her appearance.

Well, she has lost some weight,

but that's quite normal for the early months.

Later on, she'll gain...

probably far too much.

- So I gather.

- Please sit down.

Mrs. Castevet makes a vitamin drink for me every day from fresh herbs she grows.

Yes, all according to Dr. Sapirstein's directions, of course.

He's inclined to be suspicious of commercially prepared vitamin pills.

Is he indeed?

Why, surely they're manufactured...

under every imaginable safeguard.
That's quite true, but commercial pills...
can sit for months on a druggist's shelf...
and lose a great deal of their original potency.
- I hadn't thought of that.
- I like the idea of having
everything fresh and natural.
I'll bet expectant mothers
chewed bits of tannis root...
when nobody'd even heard of vitamin pills.
- Tannis root?
- It's one of the herbs she puts in the drink.
Or is it an herb?
Can a root be an herb?
You sure you don't mean anise or orris root?
- No, tannis.
- Hmm.
Look.
It's good luck too.
It doesn't look like root matter.
More like mold or fungus of some kind.
- Is it ever called by any other name?
- Not to my knowledge, no.
Hmm.
"Tannis"...I must look it up
in the encyclopedia.
What a pretty holder or charm or whatever it is.
The Castevets gave it to me.
You and your wife seem to be taking
better care of Rosemary than her own parents.
We're very fond of her, and of Guy too.
Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll have to go.
- My wife is waiting for me.
- It's a pleasure to have met you.
Don't bother, Rosemary.
We'll meet again, I'm sure.
I've just noticed he has pierced ears.
Pierced ears and piercing eyes.
What's she like?
Nosy. Funny.
Guy's gotten very close to them.
I suppose they've become
sort of parent figures for him.
And you?

I... I don't know.
Sometimes I think
they're too friendly and helpful.
Hey, what a surprise.
How are you, Hutch? Good to see you.
You're the surprise.
What happened?
They stopped for a rewrite, those dumb bastards.
Uh, stay where you are.
Nobody move.
- Would you like some coffee?
- Love some!
Loot.
It seems congratulations are in order.
- Yeah, it's wonderful, isn't it?
- When's the baby due?
June 28.
Did you know that Dr. Sapirstein
delivered two of Hutch's grandchildren?
- Really?
- Mm.
I met your neighbor...
Roman Castevet.
Oh, did you?
Funny old duck, isn't he?
Guy, did you ever notice he has pierced ears?
- You're kidding.
- No, I'm not. I saw.
It's a shame we haven't seen
more of you lately, Hutch...
but with me so busy and Ro the way she is,
we really haven't seen anyone.
- Perhaps we can have dinner together soon.
- You're not going, are you?
- Thanks for the coffee, my dear.
- Thank you for coming, my dear.
- This isn't mine. It must be yours.
- Right you are.
Have you thought about names, or is it too soon?
Andrew or Douglas if it's a boy.
Melinda or Sarah if it's a girl.
"Sarah"?
What happened to "Susan"?
Say, is there another of these around?

Oh.

- I don't see it, Hutch.

- No, it's not here.

Hmm. Oh, probably left
at the City Center.

I'll stop back there.

Let's really have that dinner, shall we?

- Definitely.

- Next week.

- Good-bye.

- Good-bye.

- Bye.

- Bye.

It was a nice surprise.

Guess what he said.

- What?

- I look terrible.

Oh, good old Hutch.

He's spreading cheer wherever he goes.

I'm gonna get a paper, honey.

- He's a professional crepe-hanger.

- He's not a professional crepe-hanger.

Then he's one
of the top-ranking amateurs.

- -

Hello? Oh, uh, no.

She's not feeling too well.

I think she's asleep.

Oh, I wouldn't...

Well, she could be, yeah.

She wasn't feeling well.

All right.

Can you hold on a minute?

It's Hutch.

He wants to speak to you.

Oh.

I told him you were resting,
but he said it couldn't wait.

- Hutch?

- Tell me, dear, do you go out at all?

Well, I-I haven't been going out.

Why?

Can you meet me tomorrow morning

at 11:

If you want me to.

- What is it? Can't you tell me now?

- I'd rather not.

We can have an early lunch, if you'd like.

- That would be nice.

- Good. 11:

Okay.

Oh, did you find your glove?

No, they didn't have it.

Good night, Rosemary.

- Sleep well.

- You too. Good night.

- What was that?

- He wants to talk to me.

- What about?

- I don't know. He wouldn't say.

I think those boys' adventure stories are going to his head.

Where are you meeting him?

Uh, Time and Life Building

tomorrow at 11:

This is ridiculous.

You're pregnant... I've got the yens.

I'm gonna get an ice-cream cone. Want one?

- Yeah, I'd love one.

- Vanilla?

- Uh, okay.

- Okay.

- Hi!

- Hi. Minnie, I'm going out now...

- so I won't have my drink at 11:00.

- That's fine, dear.

Take it later.

Buzz me when you get back, huh?

Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

Pain, begone.

I will have no more of thee.

- Yes?

- Is this Edward Hutchins's apartment?

- Yes. Who is this, please?

- My name is Rosemary Woodhouse.

I had an appointment
with Mr. Hutchins. Is he there?
- Hello?
- He was taken ill this morning.
- "Taken ill"?
- Yes.
He's in a deep coma
at St. Vincent's Hospital.
That's awful.
I just spoke to him
last night about 10:30.
I spoke to him at 11:00.
- Who is this?
- You don't know me, Rosemary.
I'm Grace Cardiff, Hutch's friend.
And do they...
do they know what's causing it?
No, they don't know yet.
At the moment, he's totally unresponsive.
- Oh, my God.
- I'm going to the hospital now.
- Is there anything I can do?
- Not really.
All right. Um, thank you.
Now, this is what I call
the long arm of coincidence!
Oh, God!
I said to myself,
"As long as Rosemary's goin' out...
I might as well go out and do
a little bit of Christmas shoppin'."
And now here you are and here I am.
Isn't that somethin'?
Aw, darlin', what's the matter?
You feel all right?
Aw. Aw, you poor thing.
You know what I think?
I think we better be goin' home now.
- What do ya say?
- No, no. You have your shopping to do.
Aw, shoot. There's two more weeks.
It'll stop any day now.
It's like a wire inside me
getting tighter and tighter.

Usually, older women...

with less flexible joints
have this sort of trouble.

- I'm not going out anymore.

- You don't have to.

One minute to go!

Rosemary, I want you
to meet Dr. Shand.

He used to be a famous dentist.

He made the chain for your charm.

Oh. How do you do?

Yeah. Come on, sweetie.

Put this hat on your head.

Doctor, it looks great.

Come over here.

- Minnie, Minnie!

- Thank you.

- Happy New Year.

- Happy New Year.

- - Happy New Year.

- - To 1966!

The Year One!

What the hell are you doing?

Planning the menu.

We're having a party a week from Saturday.

It's for our old fr...

I mean, our young friends.

Minnie and Roman are not invited.

Neither is Laura-Louise.

Nor is Dr. Sapirstein.

It's gonna be a very special party.

You have to be under 60 to get in.

Well!

For a minute there,

I didn't think I was going to make it.

Oh, you'll make it, all right.

You can be a bartender.

Oh, swell.

Do you really think it's such a good idea?

I think it's the best idea I've had in months.

Don't you think you ought to check

with Dr. Sapirstein first?

What for? I'm just giving a party.

I'm not gonna swim the English Channel.

What about the pain?
Oh, haven't you heard?
It'll go away in a day or two.
That looks interesting. What's it for?
We're having some people over on Saturday.
- Oh, you feel up to entertaining?
- Yes, I do.
These are old friends
I haven't seen in a long time.
They don't even know yet that I'm pregnant.
I'll give you a hand if you like.
I can help you dish things out.
No. Thank you, Minnie,
but I can manage.
It's gonna be a buffet,
and we're getting a bartender, so...
Oh. I'll help you take the coats.
Oh, no, really.
You do too much for me as it is.
Well, let me know if you change your mind.
Drink your drink, hon.
I'd rather not.
Not right this minute.
I'll drink it in a little while.
- Well, it don't do to let it stand.
- No, I won't wait too long.
You go on back, and I'll bring
the glass back to you later.
- Oh, I'll wait. I'll save you the walk.
- You'll do no such thing.
It makes me very nervous
when people watch me cook. Now scoot.
Don't let it stand too long.
It's gonna lose its vitamins.
- You dirty, stinkin' secret-keeper!
- Congratulations!
- Congratulations!
- Thank you.
- Hey, Rosie?
- Yeah?
- Bob and Lee got stuck...
at another party, dear,
but they'll be over right away.
- Oh, fine.

- - Rosie, you're so lucky.

- It's a fantastic house!

- I know.

You look like a piece of chalk!

You make him feed you, love.

- Adrian Marcato lived here.

- Yeah, and the Trench sisters too.

- Trent sisters?

- Trench. They ate little children.

He doesn't just mean they ate them.

He means they ate them.

I make the first ones strong to get them happy.

- Then I go light and conserve, eh?

- Rosie, do you feel okay?

You look a little tired.

Yeah, well, thanks for the understatement.

How do you like C.C. Hill?

Isn't he a dream boy?

Mm-hmm.

- But I... I'm not going to him.

- You're not?

I've got another doctor

named Sapirstein, an older man.

- Oh, congratulations, Papa.

- Thanks. Weren't nothing to it.

Ro, I'm gonna take that dip inside, all right?

Oh, yeah, please.

See my flowers?

Yeah. Elise, would you

give me a hand with the...

Oh, yeah. Sure.

Hey, whatever happened

to the other guy? Is he still blind?

Donald Baumgart?

You know who he is.

- He's the boy that Ze Piper lives with.

- Oh, is he the one?

- Yeah, he's writing a play.

- Is he still blind?

- Yeah.

- Excuse me.

And he's going through hell

trying to make the adjustment.

- He dictates and Ze writes.

- Congratulations!
- - Can you imagine the courage of this guy?
He's just blind a few months, you know.
Are you all right?
Yeah, I'm fine.
I just had a cramp for a minute.
It's all right. It's good for her.
Let her cry it out.
It's all right, darling. It's all right.
Sit down. Sit down.
Sit down.
- Hey, let me in, will ya?
- Sorry. Girls only.
- I want to talk to Rosemary.
- You can't. She's busy.
- I have to wash these...
- Use the bathroom.
It hurts so much.
I'm so afraid the baby's gonna die.
When did the pain start?
In, uh, November.
- November?
- What?
You have been in pain since November...
and he's not doing anything to help you?
He says it's gonna stop.
- Why don't you go to see another doctor?
- No, he's very good.
He was on Open End.
Well, he sounds like a sadistic nut.
Rosemary, pain like that is a warning...
that something isn't right.
Go see Dr. Hill.
- Go see anybody besides that... that...
- That nut!
- You can't go on suffering like this.
- I won't have an abortion.
Nobody's telling you to have an abortion.
Just go to see another doctor, that's all.
The thing to do now is move.
- Guy?
- Yeah?
I'm going to Dr. Hill
Monday morning.

Dr. Sapirstein
is either lying, or he's...
I don't know... out of his mind.
Pain like this is a warning something's wrong.
- Rosemary...
- And I'm not drinking Minnie's drink anymore.
I want vitamins in pills like everyone else.
I haven't drunk it for the last three days.
I've thrown it away.
- You've what?
- I've made my own drink.
Is that what those bitches
were giving you in there?
Is-Is that their hint for today?
- They're my friends. Don't call them bitches.
- They're a bunch of not-very-bright bitches...
who ought to mind their own goddamn business!
All they said was, get a second opinion.
Rosemary, you got the best doctor in New York.
Do you know who Dr. Hill is?
He's a Charley Nobody. That's who he is!
I'm tired of hearing
how great Dr. Sapirstein is.
Well, we'll have to pay Sapirstein,
we'll have to pay Hill...
It's out of the question.
Uh-uh. Uh-uh.
No, I'm not changing. I just want to go
to Dr. Hill and get a second opinion.
I won't let you do it, Ro.
I mean, because it's, uh...
it's not fair to Sapirstein.
"Not fair to"...
What are you talking about?
What about what's fair to me?
Look, if you want a second opinion...
You tell Sapirstein...
and-and-and let him decide
who gives it.
No! I want Dr. Hill!
If you won't pay, I'll...
At least have that much courtesy
to the top man in the field.
Ro?

Rosemary? What is it?
It stopped.
What?
The pain stopped.
Just like that.
- "Stopped"?
- Stopped.
What was in that drink you made?
Um, eggs...
milk, sug... sugar.
What else?
Rosemary, for chrissakes,
what else was in that drink?
It's alive!
Guy, it's moving.
It's alive. It's all right.
- Feel. Feel.
- Oh, yeah. I felt it.
- Don't be scared. It won't bite you.
- Oh, it's wonderful. It's really...
I feel it kicking.
It's alive! It's moving!
I'll, uh, clean up some of this mess.
Watch the walls, now, fellas.
Sort of in the center there.
- Thanks, boys. Have one on the baby.
- Thank you very much.
- What's that for?
- It's my hospital suitcase.
Honey, you got three weeks.
Yes?
Hello, Mrs. Cardiff.
No.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God!
Yes, of course I will.
Hutch is dead.
I feel awful.
All this time, I didn't even think of him.
Doctor, good-bye.
Doris, we'll see you later.
- Good-bye.
- I beg your pardon.
I'm Mrs. Woodhouse.

I knew your father.

- Oh, so you're Rosemary.

- I'm terribly sorry.

Thank you.

This is my sister, Edna.

- How do you do?

- And my husband.

- How do you do?

- I'm sorry to be late.

- Excuse me.

- Yes?

- I'm Grace Cardiff.

- Oh, I was hoping to meet you.

Thank you for calling me.

I was going to mail this,

but then I thought you would be here.

- What is it?

- A book.

Hutch regained consciousness at the end...

and he thought it was the next morning.

- You know, when you had the appointment?

- Oh, yes.

I wasn't there,

but he told the doctor to make sure...

- that you got the book on his desk.

- Thank you.

Oh, and I'm to tell you:

The name is an anagram.

- The name of the book?

- Apparently.

He was delirious, so it's hard to be sure.

I heard you come in.

It certainly wasn't very long.

- I was late. I couldn't get a taxi.

- Ah, what a shame.

Oh, you got mail already?

Somebody gave it to me.

Here. I'll hold it.

Book?

Oh, I know that house.

The Gilmores used to live there.

- Oh?

- Yeah.

Oh, I've been there lots of times.

"Grace"...that's one
of my favorite names.

- It is?
- Yeah. You need anything?
- Nothing, thank you.
- Take a nap, why don't you?
- I'm going to.
- Yeah. Good-bye.

"Born in Glasgow in 1846...

he was soon after brought to New York.

He resided for several years in the United St...

He was attacked

by a mob outside the Bram..."

Outside. Not in the lobby.

There are no witches.

Not really.

"The name is an anagram."

Now, that really makes sense.

Poor Hutch.

Ro?

What's with the chain?

What's the matter?

- Are you all right?
- I'm fine.
- Oh.
- Oh, thank you.
- How was the funeral?
- Okay.

I got the shirt that was in The New Yorker.

I got that shirt that was in The New Yorker.

That's nice.

Do you know who Roman really is?

- What do you mean, honey?
- He's Adrian Marcato's son.
- What?
- Come here.

I'm gonna show you something.

"Roman Castevet" is "Steven Marcato" rearranged.

It's from Hutch.

Look.

And look here.

There he is when he was 13.

See the eyes?

- A coincidence.

- In the same house?
And look. Look here.
"Soon after that, in August 1886...
his son Steven was born."
1886. Got it?
That makes him 79 now.
No coincidence.
No, I guess not.
He's Steven Marcato, all right.
Poor old geezer.
With a crazy father like that...
no wonder he switched his name around.
You... You don't think
he's the same?
What do you mean? A witch?
Ro, are you kidding?
Oh, Ro, honey.
His father was a martyr to it.
- Do you know how he died?
- Honey, it's 1966.
This was published in 1933.
There were covens in Europe...
that's what they're called...
the, uh... the congregation...
covens in Europe, in America, and in
Australia, and they have one right here.
That whole bunch... the parties with
the singing and the flute and the chanting...
- those are esbats or sabbaths
or whatever they're called.
- Honey, don't get excited.
Read what they do, Guy!
They use blood in their rituals...
and the blood that has
the most power is baby's blood.
And they don't just use the blood.
They use the flesh too.
Rosemary, for God sakes!
They're not setting foot
in this apartment ever again.
And they're not coming
within 50 feet of the baby.
They're old people.
They have a bunch of old friends.

Dr. Shand happens

to play the recorder.

I'm not taking any chances
with the baby's safety.

- We're gonna sublet and move out.

- We are not.

- Oh, yes, we are.

- We'll talk about it later.

And I don't think you ought
to read any more of that.

- Just this last chapter.

- Not today, honey.

Look, your hands are shaking.

Now, come on. Give it to me.

- You'll read it tomorrow.

- Guy...

I mean it, now.

Give it to me.

Fantastic.

Absolutely fantastic.

- What'd you say the name was? Machado?

- Marcato.

Fantastic. I think he told me once
his father was a coffee importer.

He told Guy he was a producer.

I understand how disturbed you must be
to have him for a close neighbor.

I don't want anything more
to do with him. Or Minnie.

- I can't take the slightest chance
where the baby's safety is concerned.

- Absolutely.

Any mother would feel the same way.

Is there any chance at all that maybe...

Minnie put something harmful
in those drinks or those little cakes?

No, Rosemary.

I'd have seen evidence of it long ago.

- I won't take anything else from her.

- You won't have to.

I can give you some pills
that'll be adequate these last few weeks.

In a way, this may be...

the answer to Minnie and Roman's problem too.

- What do you mean?

- Roman's very ill.

In fact, confidentially...

he has no more than a month or two left.

- I had no idea.

- He wanted to pay a last visit
to a few of his favorite cities.

They didn't want to offend you
by leaving before the baby's birth.

I'm sorry to hear that Roman isn't well.

He'd be extremely embarrassed
if he knew what you found out.

Suppose we do this:

I'll tell them to leave on Sunday.

I'll say I spoke to you, and you understand.

- Are you sure they'll leave on Sunday?

- I'll see to it.

No matter where we are...

our thoughts are gonna be with you
every minute, darlin'...

till you're all happy and thin again...

and your sweet little boy or girl's
layin' safe in your arms.

Thank you.

Thank you for everything.

Yeah, you make Guy send us
lots of pictures, hear?

Yes, I will.

I'm not going to wish you good luck,
because you won't need it.

You're going to have a happy, happy life.

Have a good trip, and come back safely.

Mm, perhaps.

But I may stay on...

in Dubrovnik or Pescara or maybe Majorca.

We shall see. We shall see.

- Come back.

- Bye, Minnie.

- Yeah, good-bye.

- Good-bye, Roman.

- Bye. Good-bye.

- Take care, now.

Kennedy Airport, Pan Am Building, please.

Oh, boy.

- Guy?

- Hmm?

Where's my book?

Oh, I, uh, put it in the garbage.

- What?

- I didn't want you

upsetting yourself anymore.

Guy, Hutch gave me that book.

He left it to me.

- I wasn't thinking about that.

- That's a terrible thing to do.

I'm sorry.

I wasn't thinking about Hutch.

Hey, watch out, lady!

"In some cults it was believed...

that a personal possession

of the victim was necessary...

and spells could not be cast...

without one of the victim's belongings."

- Yeah?

- Is this Donald Baumgart?

- That's right.

- This is Rosemary Woodhouse.

- Oh.

- Guy Woodhouse's wife?

- Oh, yes.

- I wanted to know...

My God, you must be

a happy little lady these days, huh?

Living in the Bram.

Rows of uniformed lackeys.

I wanted to know how you are,

if there's been any improvement.

Well, bless your heart.

Guy Woodhouse's wife, huh?

Well, I'm splendid.

I've only broke six glasses today.

Guy and I are both very unhappy...

that he got his break

because of your misfortune.

Well, what the hell, huh?

That's the way it goes, right?

I'm sorry I didn't come along

that day he came to visit you.

Vi... Visit? No.

Oh, you mean the day we met for drinks, huh?

- Yes, that's what I meant.

- Right, right.

By the way, he has something of yours, you know.

What do you mean?

- Don't you... Don't you know?

- No.

Didn't you miss anything that day?

You... You don't mean

my tie, do you?

- Yes.

- Oh. Well...

Well, he's got mine, and I've got his.

- He can have it back.

- I'm sor...

It doesn't matter to me now what, uh...

color tie I'm wearing.

I didn't understand.

I thought he'd only borrowed it.

No, no, no, no.

It was... It was a trade.

Or do you think he stole it?

I have to hang up now.

I just wanted to know

if there'd been any improvement.

No. No, there isn't.

It was nice of you to call. Bye.

You aren't in labor, are you?

No, but I have to see the doctor.

It's very important.

Well, he has to leave at 5:00,

and there is Mrs. Byron.

- I'm sure he'll see you. Just sit down.

- Thank you.

How is it out there?

- Oh, awful. Ninety-four.

- Uh!

- See you next week.

Make an appointment.

- Yes, I will.

- You're due any day now, aren't you?

- Tuesday.

- You're smart to get it over with

before August.

- Yeah.

Mrs. Byron.

He'll see you right after.

- Thank you.

- Let's see.

- July the 10th?

- Um, what time?

- 4:

- Fine.

- All righty.

- See you then.

- Thank you.

- Bye-bye.

- Bye. Good luck.

Thank you.

Mmm. That smells nice.

What is it?

Oh, my...

It's called Detchema.

Mm.

Well, it's a big improvement...

on your regular, if you don't mind my saying.

That wasn't a perfume. That was
a good-luck charm. I threw it away.

Good. Maybe the doctor
will follow your example.

- Dr. Sapirstein?

- He has the aftershave.

But it isn't, is it?

I don't think he has a good-luck charm.

Anyway, he has the same smell
once in a while, whatever it is...
and when he does... oh, boy!

Haven't you ever noticed?

No.

Maybe you thought it was
your own you were smelling.

What is it, a chemical thing?

Will you excuse me a moment, please?

My husband is waiting outside.

I have to go and tell him something.

I'll be back in a minute.

- Dr. Hill's office.
- Dr. Hill, please.
This is his answering service.
Would you like to leave a message?
Ye... Uh, yes.
My name is Rosemary Woodhouse.
Woodhouse.
And, um, would you ask him
to call me back right away, please?
Uh, my number is...
475-2598.
It's an emergency.
I'm in a phone booth.
All right.
Quickly please, Dr. Hill.
Call me.
Oh... Oh, really?
Did... did he really say that?
Oh, he didn't say that!
What else was it that he said?
Oh, that... that's wonderful.
That's won...
That's mar... marvelous.
- - Yes, Dr. Hill?
Did I get the name right?
Is it Rosemary Woodhouse?
- Yes.
- Are you Dr. Hill's patient?
No. Uh, yes.
I mean, well, I've seen him once.
Um, please, please tell him
he has to speak to me.
It's important.
Tell him to call me, hmm?
- All right.
- Thank you.
All of them. All of them.
All in it together.
All of them...
All of Them Witches.
Don't you worry, little Andy or Jenny.
I'll kill them before I let them touch you.
- - Yes? Doctor...
- Mrs. Woodhouse?

- Yes.

Oh, thank you, thank you for calling me.

- I thought you were in California.

- No.

No, I've been to another doctor...

and he isn't good, Dr. Hill.

He's been lying to me and giving me...

unusual kinds of drinks and capsules.

The baby's due on Tuesday.

Remember you told me June 28?

- Well, I want you to deliver it.

- Mrs. Woodhouse...

No, please, let me...

let me talk to you.

Let me come and explain what's been going on.

I can't stay too long here.

They'll be coming looking for me.

Dr. Hill?

Dr. Hill, there's a plot.

I know that sounds crazy.

You're probably thinking...

"My God, this poor girl
has really flipped."

But I haven't flipped, Dr. Hill.

I swear by all the saints I haven't.

There are plots against people, aren't there?

Yes, I suppose there are.

Well, there's one against me and my baby.

Come to my office tomorrow

after 5:

Now. Right now.

Mrs. Woodhouse, I'm not

at my office now. I'm home.

- I've been up since yesterday morning...

- I beg you!

I beg you.

I can't stay here.

- My office at 8:00.

- Yes. Thank you.

- All right.

- Oh, wait. Dr. Hill?

- Yes?

- My husband may call you and ask if...

I'm not gonna speak to anyone.
I'm gonna take a nap.
Thank you.
Keep the change.
Driver, please, could you wait and watch...
until I'm inside the door?
He lied to you.
He said we were going to Hollywood.
The worst thing of all...
he's involved with them as well.
He sleeps in pajamas now.
He never used to before.
He's probably hiding a mark.
You know, they give you marks when you join.
All sorts of rituals.
They hold sabbaths there.
You could hear them singing through the wall.
Guy... my husband, Guy...
said it was Dr. Shand...
one of these people, playing a recorder.
Now, how did he know it was Dr. Shand
unless he was there with them?
Uh, they're very clever people.
They planned everything
right from the beginning.
They probably made some sort of deal with Guy.
They gave him success, and he promised them...
our baby to use in their rituals.
I know this sounds crazy, but I've...
I've got books here.
Look.
There was another actor like him,
Donald Baumgart...
and they put a spell on him.
They cast a spell on him and made him blind...
so that Guy could get his part.
Look. Here.
I had this friend, Edward Hutchins.
Maybe you heard of him.
A writer.
He wrote stories for boys.
Anyway, he was my good friend
since I first came to New York.
- May I keep this?

- Yes, please.
And, uh, anyway...
once Mr. Hutchins came to visit me.
Came to visit me. It was the time
I was having this pain, Doctor.
I was suffering so... You can't imagine
how much I was suffering.
And they wouldn't help me.
Nobody would.
They were giving me a drink
with tannis root in it...
also witches' stuff, tannis root.
Hutch came, and he immediately
saw something was wrong.
He knew about witches, you see?
Suddenly, Guy rushed in with his makeup
still on, which he never did.
They probably called him to come home...
and steal one of Hutch's belongings,
which he did.
Took his glove.
And they put a spell on him too.
Put him in a coma.
Three months later, he died.
Now, maybe all this is coincidence,
but one thing is for sure:
They have a coven, and they want my baby.
It certainly seems that way.
I was afraid you wouldn't believe me.
I don't believe in witchcraft...
but there're plenty of maniacs
and crazy people in this city.
The doctor's name is Shand, you say?
No, Dr. Shand
is one of these people.
The doctor's name is Sapirstein.
Abraham Sapirstein?
Yeah.
- Do you know him?
- I've met him once or twice.
To look at him, you'd never think he...
No, you wouldn't.
Not in a million years.
Would you like to go into Mount Sinai right now?

This evening?

Yeah, I would love to.

Would that be possible?

It's difficult. We'll try.

I want you to lie down and get some rest.

Thanks.

Anything they've got.

Even a broom closet would be fine.

I hope we can do better than that.

I'll see what I can do,

and then I'll check you over.

Should I undress now?

No, it'll take me about

a half an hour on the telephone.

You just lie down. Rest.

- Okay?

- Okay.

God bless Dr. Hill.

Everything's gonna be okay now, Andy or Jenny.

We're gonna be in a nice, clean hospital...

with no visitors.

Oh.

Monsters.

Unspeakable!

I was sleeping.

Come with us quietly, Rosemary.

Don't argue or make a scene...

because if you say anything more

about witches or witchcraft...

we're gonna be forced

to take you to a mental hospital.

You don't want that, do you?

So put your shoes on.

We just want to take you home.

No one's gonna hurt you.

Or the baby.

Put your shoes on.

She's fine now.

- We're going to go home and rest.

- That's all it takes.

- Thank you for your trouble, Doctor.

- I'm glad I could be of help, sir.

It's a shame you had to come in here.

Good evening, Mrs. Woodhouse.

Mrs. Woodhouse!

Ro! Ro!

Ro! Oh, Ro, baby.

Ro! Ro!

- Come on. Open up, Ro.

- Go to hell!

- Come on, honey.

No one's gonna hurt you.

- You promised them the baby! Get out!

I didn't promise them anything.

What are you talking about? Promised who?

- Rosemary...

- You too! Get away!

- Hello?

- Elise?

- Mrs. Dunstan is out.

- Who's this?

- The babysitter.

- Do you know where she went?

- They went to the movies.

- This is Rosemary.

Please ask her to call Rosemary

the second she gets home.

It's terribly urgent.

- Don't forget, hmm?

- Don't worry. I'll tell her.

Thank you.

We don't want

to hurt you, Ro. Uh...

We're your friends, Rosemary.

There's nothing to be afraid of, Rosemary.

Honest and truly there isn't.

This is nothing but a mild sedative

to calm you down.

You know I wouldn't let anyone...

Ro! Ro!

- Ro! Ro!

- Help me!

- Oh, Ro, baby. Stop.

- Somebody help me!

Ro!

Wait a minute!

Wait a minute, now.

- We happen to be in labor here.

- Here?
- Here.
- You're gonna be all right, baby.
You're gonna be perfectly all right.
I swear to God.
- It was supposed to be Doctors Hospital!
- Don't go on like this, Ro, please.
- Doctors Hospital, with nurses...
- It'll be perfectly all right.
- And everything clean and sterile!
- I give you my word of honor!
Hello? No, she isn't here, Elise.
I'll have her call you back.
Oh, Andy... Andy or Jenny...
I'm sorry, my little darling.
Forgive me!
Hi.
Is it all right?
Yes.
It's fine.
What is it?
A boy.
Really? A boy?
And it's all right?
Yes.
Where is it?
Oh, my goodness!
Oh, dear, what a start you gave me!
My goodness!
The baby... where is it?
Oh, uh, you-you wait here
one minute.
Where's my baby?
I'll go find Dr. Abe.
Ju... Just wait.
Where's the baby?
Where is it?
Honey...
There were complications, Rosemary,
but nothing that will affect future births.
It's...
Dead.
It was in the wrong position.
In a hospital, I might've been able

to do something, but you wouldn't listen.
Honey, we can have others
as soon as you're better. I promise.
Absolutely. You can
start on another in a very few months.
- As soon as you're better.
- You lie.
I don't believe you.
You're both lying.
- Honey. Honey...
- You're lying! It didn't die!
You took it! You're lying!
You witches, you're lying!
You're lying! You're lying!
You're lying!
Abe says it's called... prepartum.
I don't know.
It's some kind of a hysteria.
Boy, you were really - kapow!...
out of your mind.
Uh... Yeah, I know where
you got the idea...
that Minnie and Roman were witches...
But how come you thought
Abe and I joined the party?
Um...
Let's face it, darling.
You had the...
prepartum crazies.
And now you're gonna rest,
and you're gonna get over them.
I know this is the worst thing
that ever happened to you...
but from now on, everything's gonna be roses.
Paramount's within an inch
of where we want 'em...
and suddenly Universal's interested too.
And we're gonna blow this town, and we're
gonna be in the beautiful hills of Beverly...
with a pool and a spice garden...
the whole schmear.
And the kids too, Ro.
Scout's honor.
You heard what Abe said.

Well, I got to run now and get famous.
Let me see your shoulder.
- Let me see your shoulder.
- Are you kidding?
Your left shoulder.
All right. Anything you say.
I generally prefer doing this to music.
Left shoulder.
Right shoulder.
And that's as far as I go without a blue light.
The high-pressure area
that we see here...
has been causing this extreme heat and humidity...
And unfortunately will be staying
with us city dwellers...
through the rest of the week.
It will be hot and overcast
Upstate New York as well...
with the possibility of thunder showers
tonight and tomorrow...
- - With gradual clearing by tomorrow night.
All you people leaving the city
this upcoming weekend should find it hot...
- -
Do you hear a baby crying?
Why, no, I don't, dear.
Now, you come and get into your bed now.
It's time for you to take your pill.
- Did you turn the air conditioner off?
- Mm-hmm.
You mustn't do that, dear.
Why, people are actually dying, it's so hot.
What do you do with the milk?
Why, uh, throw it away.
Oh. Your pill, Rosemary.
Hello, girls. Whew!
Ninety-five out.
Some new people moved on in up on eight.
Do they have a baby?
How'd you know that?
I heard it crying.
Oh, wait a minute.
- Oh! No. Don't do that.
- Why not?

Uh... a little messy, that's all.

Easy, easy.

"You've got her too high."

Not if he's still waiting for a plane, he isn't!

- - Shh. Quiet, please.

Ah, hell, now, Hayato,

you're just making fun of me.

You're pullin' my leg, like we say over here.

Rosemary, go back to bed.

You know you're not supposed

to be up and around.

- Is the mother?

- Uh, Rosemary...

- Shut up!

- Rosemary...

Shut up. You're in Dubrovnik.

I don't hear you.

What have you done to it?

What have you done to its eyes?

He has his father's eyes.

What are you talking about?

Guy's eyes are normal!

What have you done to him, you maniacs?

Satan is his father, not Guy.

He came up from hell

and begat a son of mortal woman.

- Hail, Satan!

- Hail, Satan!

Satan is his father, and his name is Adrian.

He shall overthrow the mighty

and lay waste their temples.

He shall redeem the despised...

and wreak vengeance...

in the name of the burned and the tortured!

- Hail, Adrian!

- Hail, Adrian!

- No! No!

- Hail, Satan! Hail, Satan!

- Hail, Satan!

- He chose you out of all the world.

Out of all the women

in the whole world, he chose you.

He arranged things 'cause he wanted you

to be the mother of his only livin' son.

- His power is stronger than stronger.
- Hail, Satan!
- His might shall last longer than longer.
- Hail, Satan!
No!
It can't be!
- No!
- Go look at his hands.
And his feet.
Oh, God!
- God is dead!
- Hail, Satan!
Satan lives!
The year is One!
- Hail, Satan!
- The year is One and God is done!
- Oh, God!
- The year is One!
- Hail, Adrian!
Why don't you help us out, Rosemary?
Be a real mother to Adrian.
You don't have to join if you don't want to.
Just be a mother to your baby.
Minnie and Laura-Louise are too old.
It's not right.
Think about it, Rosemary.
Oh, God!
Oh, shut up with your "Oh, Gods,"
or we'll kill ya, milk or no milk!
You shut up.
Rosemary's his mother...
so you show some respect.
Come, my friend.
Come see him.
Come see the child.
- What would you like to drink?
- I should like a Coca-Cola.
They, uh, promised me you wouldn't be hurt...
and you haven't been, really.
I mean, supposing
you had the baby and you lost it?
Wouldn't that be the same?
And we're getting so much in return, Ro.
Oh, Guy, let me introduce you

to Argyron Stavropoulos.
How proud you must be!
Is this the mother?
- Why in the name...
- Here, drink this. You'll feel a little better.
What's in it? Tannis root?
Nothin's in it. Just plain, ordinary
Lipton's tea. You drink it.
Get away from here! Roman!
You're rocking him too fast.
Sit down! Get her out of here.
Put her where she belongs.
You're rocking him too fast.
That's why he's crying.
- Mind your own business!
- Let Rosemary rock him.
Go on. Sit down with the others.
Let Rosemary rock him.
- Why, she's liable to...
- Sit down with the others, Laura-Louise.
Rock him.
You're trying to get me to be his mother.
Aren't you his mother?