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N I G H T G A L L E R Y

by

ROD SERLING

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NIGHT GALLERY

CAST

JOSEPH STROBE
GRETCHEN
BLEUM

ISRAELI AGENT 1
ISRAELI AGENT 2
SAILOR
BUS DRIVER
RECEPTIONIST
MUSEUM GUARD
CURATOR
WATCHMAN
DELIVERY MAN 1
DELIVERY MAN 2
BARTENDER
WOMAN
TICKET AGENT
GUITAR PLAYER
FLAMENCO DANCER
CLAIRE MENLO
DR. HEATHERTON
SI RESNICK
GEORGE PACKER
LOUIS

ARTIST
MAID
NURSE 1
NURSE 2
DRIVER
POLICEMAN
2 POLICEMEN
WILLIAM HENDRICKS
OSMOND PORTIFOY
JEREMY EVANS
MR. CARSON
DOCTOR

GRAVEDIGGER
BLONDE FLOOZY
GIBBONS
SHROUDED FIGURE

VOICES
ATMOSPHERE

NIGHT GALLERY

SETS

EXTERIORS:

BUENOS AIRES
STREETS
ALLEYS
STREET CORNER
HOTEL
ART MUSEUM
FRONT
REAR
PARKING LOT
MOUNTAIN LAKE
BAR FRONT
BUS STATION MEN'S ROOM

FIFTH AVENUE FAVORING
NEW HIGH-RISE APT. BLDG.
APARTMENT BUILDING
FRONT VIEW
REAR ENTRANCE
ALLEY WITH BRICK WALL
STREET & SIDEWALK
PARK WITH BENCH AND
LAMP POST
MODERN OFFICE BLDG.

LIMBO SET
CHATEAU SEEN THRU CEMETERY
GATE
FRONT ENTRANCE
FAMILY CEMETERY THRU
WINDOW
TOMBSTONE
1ST NEW GRAVE
2ND NEW GRAVE

INTERIORS:

LIMBO SET - CAVERNOUS
HOTEL ROOM
STROBE'S
GRETCHEN'S
ISRAELI AGENTS'
HALL
BUS
ART MUSEUM
FOYER
ADJOINING CORRIDOR
GALLERY
ROWBOAT ON MOUNTAIN LAKE
BAR
BUS STATION
MEN'S ROOM
BLACK SEDAN
APARTMENT BLDG.
LOBBY
ELEVATORS (DOORS)
CORRIDOR
STAIRWAY AND LANDINGS
PENTHOUSE
ENTRANCE
FOYER
SUNKEN LIVING ROOM
WINDOW WITH VIEW CENTRAL PARK
PACKER'S OFFICE
HOSPITAL
ROOM
SURGERY DOOR
SURGERY
CORRIDOR
CHATEAU
HALL
CORRIDOR
STAIRCASE
BALCONY
HENDRICKS' ROOM
STUDY
KITCHEN WING
KITCHEN
BUTLER'S PANTRY
PORTIFOY'S BEDROOM

#26562 - NIGHT GALLERY

PAGE TO BE INSERTED BEFORE

PAGE 1 OF SCRIPT

WHENEVER THE NAME OF WILHELM ARNDT APPEARS IT SHOULD
BE CORRECTED TO READ HELMUT ARNDT.

WHENEVER THE NAME OF SI RESNICK APPEARS IT SHOULD BE
CORRECTED TO READ SIDNEY RESNICK.

NIGHT GALLERY

FADE IN

1 INT. LIMBO SET

a dark, cavernous room suggestive of space -- almost infinite. Gradually lights go on to REVEAL THREE PAINTINGS; side by side. One is a FISHERMAN IN A ROWBOAT; one is a RICH AND REGAL BLIND WOMAN; the third is a PASTORAL SCENE OF A FAMILY CRYPT. SERLING WALKS IN to stand near the paintings.

SERLING

Good evening...and welcome to a private showing of three paintings displayed here for the first time. Each is a collector's item in its own way -- not because of any special artistic quality -- but because each represents a frozen moment of a nightmare...suspended in time and space, captured on a canvas -- the element of horror.

(SERLING moves over to the first painting -- that of the FISHERMAN)

This painting has to do with one Joseph Strobe -- a Nazi war criminal hiding in Buenos Aires...a monster who wanted to be a fisherman. This is his story.

(a beat)

Ladies and gentlemen...this is the Night Gallery.

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

2 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING OF THE FISHERMAN

DISSOLVE TO

3 EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET - NIGHT

A SWEEPING PAN SHOT across the Teatro Colon, past the flood-lit dome and statuary of the Plaza del Congreso. In the b.g. is the SOUND of a SPORADIC WIND that drifts down from the distant Andes, punctuated by little gusts of SOUND, like GUITAR MUSIC, WOMEN'S LAUGHTER, TRAFFIC NOISES. The CAMERA CONTINUES its movement until we're SHOOTING DOWN into a less active and less affluent area of cheaper hotels and darker streets.

4 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A PAN UP to a window on the fourth floor, then a DISSOLVE THROUGH into its darkened interior.

5 INT. STROBE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - STROBE

on the bed -- wrinkled pants, naked torso -- a big, heavy sweating man gone to flesh. He twists and turns, occasionally flailing out with clenched fists, battling an unseen nightmare, then he partially awakes and lies there somewhere between sleep and consciousness; between the present...and a collection of moments from the past. PAN OVER FROM the bed TO the bent and dirty venetian blinds. They are moved by a sweep of wind, sending out a CLATTERING NOISE faintly reminiscent of marching feet. But gradually it is the MARCHING FEET SOUND that takes over -- a steady drum-beat staccato of hobnailed boots by the thousands. PULL BACK FROM the venetian blinds, PAST Strobe, OVER TO an open door to a bathroom. There, into a discolored yellowed basin is the STEADY DRIP, DRIP, DRIP of WATER from the faucet. Gradually this sound takes on the character of VOICES SCREAMING OUT "SIEG HEIL". The CAMERA once again ARCS AROUND OVER TO Strobe on the bed. SUPERED OVER his slit eyes are the PICTURES OF HIS MEMORY -- a gigantic Nazi rally in Nuremberg -- a sea of screaming faces, hands outstretched in the Nazi salute. Strobe smiles at the recollection, but gradually a voice of reality, louder than the cheering, chanting, screaming guttural noise, is that of a WOMAN'S VOICE speaking from the hallway outside of Strobe's room. It is her voice that intrudes and then takes over until both the sight and sound of Strobe's recollections are wiped clear. He sits up in bed as the woman's voice, giggling, can be heard close by outside. Strobe gets out of bed.

6 MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

over to a dresser. He yanks a drawer open, pulls out a bottle, takes out the cork with his teeth, spits it out, then takes a long slug, waits for a moment, takes another, then slams the bottle down on the dresser. Once again, the WOMAN'S VOICE takes up its giggling obligato outside. Strobe briefly looks at himself in the mirror, hating what he sees, then whirls around, moves across the room, whips open the door, takes a step out INTO the hall.

7 INT. HALL - NIGHT - SHOT - OVER STROBE'S SHOULDER - GRETCHEN

leaning against her own door, a drunken SAILOR hovering over her. Both are bagged. They look toward Strobe, half in surprise and half in resentment -- the sailor particularly hung-up by the sudden presence.

STROBE

What is this -- the bus station?

SAILOR

Go back to sleep, fat man...or I'll have to put you there.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as Strobe, with reflexes incredibly fast for a big man, lashes out with one hand, grabbing the sailor's shirt front. With the other he quickly clubs him across the side of the face -- first with the flat of his hand, then the back of it. The sailor is catapulted back against the wall. Strobe is on him in a moment, kneeling him, and this time hitting him with a closed fist. The sailor lets out one short cry of unutterable pain then doubles up in agony. Strobe gives him a boot on the side that sends him sprawling face down. And then like some kind of wounded animal, whining, the sailor half walks, half crawls down the corridor.

9 ANGLE - STORE

as he turns back toward Gretchen.

STROBE

Next time less noise, please.

GRETCHEN

You're so persuasive, Herr Strobe.

STROBE

My proximity to a noisy tramp makes that imperative.

GRETCHEN

(wincing a little)

But if someone were to cut off your fists -- how would you ever make a point?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

Strobe moves toward her, reaching out -- the touch first a caress, then the fist grabbing at a point between neck and shoulder, making her GASP.

STROBE

You must take a little pain, my dear.
It's what the world is made of. Get
used to it.

GRETCHEN

I'm quite used to it. It's the nature
of my business. It's what gets
deducted from my body.

(a pause, then
pointedly)

But we all of us suffer a few de-
ductions along the way, don't we?

(a beat)

As in your case there were better
days once for you.

10 ANGLE ON GRETCHEN

as she moves away from him, opens her door, turns to him.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

GRETCHEN

(a pause, then
grimly, her mouth twisted)
Nicht wahr, Herr Strobe? Instead
of a few thousand a day in the gas
chamber, now it must be just an
occasional drunk in a sailor suit.

STROBE

(ice cold)
Or a lady of commerce who speaks
my language.

GRETCHEN

(this gets dredged
up from very deep
within)
That's an accident of birth, Herr
Strobe -- the language. That's all
we have in common.

STROBE

So?

GRETCHEN

Good night, Herr Strobe. Go back to
your room and have one of your frequent
nightmares. When I hear all that
fear coming through the wall -- it's
a lullaby.

(a beat)

Dream some more, Herr Strobe. That
gives me pleasure!

She turns, moves INTO her room, slamming the door behind her.

11 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

He remains there stockstill for a long moment, his face frozen,
then he turns and very slowly retraces his steps over to his door.

12 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

as Strobe REENTERS, looks briefly toward the open door of the
bathroom and the steady drip, drip, drip of the faucet, then
over to the venetian blinds, clattering in the wind, then he
moves over to the dresser to look at himself in

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

the mirror, and while he's looking the SOUNDS -- both in and out of the room -- begin to change until they are once again the SCREAMING, RANTING NOISE OF A MOB, HOBNAILED BOOTS ON CONCRETE, the CRY of "SIEG HEIL" DELIVERED THROUGH A HUNDRED THOUSAND VOICES. These sounds build into a crescendo that is explosive and then suddenly are cut off, leaving only the SOUNDS OF WATER AND WIND -- as Strobe, seeing himself in the mirror, once again allows reality to reenter the room. He is once again nothing more than a frightened, aging man in a dirty little hotel room.

12-A SHOT - A NEWSREEL

on a chair, the headline reading, "TOP NAZI ADOLPH EICHMANN KIDNAPPED BY ISRAELI AGENTS". Underneath, in slightly smaller print, "ENROUTE TO TEL AVIV FOR TRIAL". The CAMERA PANS UP for a:

13 SHOT - STROBE'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

as he stares at himself.

ABRUPT CUT TO

14 BIG BLOWN-UP SHOT - STROBE

in black deaths-head uniform, frozen. The CAMERA PULLS BACK for a CLOSEUP of a photograph held in someone's hand of Strobe in his uniform, circled with a white pencil out of a group of Nazi officialdom.

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TWO ISRAELI AGENTS are examining Strobe's photograph along with a group of other blown-up glossies. Strobe's photograph is turned over and writing is examined on the reverse side.

AGENT 1

Gruppenfuehrer Wilhelm Arndt, alias Joseph Strobe. Last known residence -- Caracas, Venezuela. Known to have left the country in April of 1961. Assumed present whereabouts -- Buenos Aires or environs.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

The photograph is thrown down on top of a pile. Agent 1 looks up and over his shoulder at his companion.

AGENT 1
Anything on him here?

AGENT 2
(looking at a pad of paper)
Usual thing. Seen here...seen there. Supposed to have been working in a steel mill. Checked them all out --
(He shakes his head)
Nothing connected.
(a pause)
Checked out beer gardens, German social groups, everything --
(again he shakes his head)
Nobody remotely resembling him.

16 CLOSE SHOT - AGENT 1

He reaches for the photograph, turns it around to stare at it.

AGENT 1
(softly)
On this one, I yield to my instincts. He's here. He may have had plastic surgery, wear a beard or a Homberg hat and sell securities -- but Gruppenfuehrer Arndt is here.
(A pause)
And we'll find him.

AGENT 2
The plane leaves on Friday. Will we find him by then?

AGENT 1
There are other planes...and other Fridays.
(He nods his head, his voice grim)
And there'll be enough rope left after Herr Eichmann to accommodate this butcher.

ABRUPT CUT TO

17 EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN
ON STROBE

as he leaves his hotel building and starts to walk down the sidewalk.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he walks TOWARD CAMERA then stops abruptly, staring wide-eyed at something in front of him. WHIP PAN OVER TO the street corner and a black sedan with two men inside.

19 ANGLE - STROBE

as he whirls around and starts to walk at a fast clip in the opposite direction, obviously restraining -- with difficulty -- the impulse to break into a dead run.

20 SERIES OF SHOTS - STROBE

thru

23 walking. At intervals he looks over his shoulder. The black sedan cruises behind him.

24 ANOTHER STREET CORNER - A BUS

as it pulls up concurrent with Strobe's reaching the corner. Instinctively he leaps aboard.

25 INT. BUS - SHOT - STROBE

as he walks down the near empty bus toward the rear.

26 CLOSER ANGLE OF HIM

as he sits down, slowly turns his head to look out the rear window.

27 SHOT - THE STREET BEHIND HIM - THROUGH THE WINDOW - STROBE'S
POINT OF VIEW

There is a taxi, another bus, and passing both of them is the black sedan. At this moment the bus crosses an intersection. The sedan is stopped by a red light.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he rises, moves to the rear door, waits an instant, pulls impatiently on the cord.

29 SHOT - THE BUS DRIVER

who, irritated, turns around to stare down the length of the bus.

DRIVER

Can you wait a minute, amigo? Some passengers prefer the bus to stop before getting out.

30 ANGLE - STROBE

as the bus pulls to a stop. The door opens. He leaps out like a paratrooper.

31 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

as Strobe races down the sidewalk. He stops, whirls around, stares down the street.

32 SHOT - THE LIGHT

changing a block away -- a line of vehicles crossing the intersection. Amongst them, the black sedan.

33 SHOT - STROBE

who races up the steps of a building. Without thought, without plan, he pushes a swinging door INTO the interior.

34 SHOT - THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR

as it goes by -- TWO TOURISTS in flamboyant sportshirts, LAUGHING and WHISTLING at a COUPLE OF GIRLS.

35 INT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

The foyer is a large cavernous room -- a marble mausoleum. The MUTED VOICES of a very FEW VISITORS ECHO through the vast area. DISTANT FOOTSTEPS SOUND HOLLOWLY on stairs and through unseen corridors.

36 SHOT - THE RECEPTIONIST'S BOOTH

A tall, bony, severe-looking WOMAN looks up at Strobe, not liking what she sees.

RECEPTIONIST

You have only ten minutes, sir.
The museum closes at ten.

STROBE

(tersely)

Thank you.

Then with a quick look over his shoulder he moves toward the first room branching off to the right of the foyer.

37 MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

past mobiles, statuary, various paintings. Again he looks back toward the door opening, the swinging doors visible in the foyer. He hurriedly moves behind a divider-wall in the middle of the room on which are several paintings and in this way he is invisible to the opening.

38 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

standing by a particular painting, unaware of anything but his burgeoning, panicky fear. He takes out a handkerchief, wipes his face, and in the process becomes aware of a man standing alongside of him.

39 SHOT - THE MAN (BLEUM)

next to Strobe. He's tiny, crook-backed, with one paralyzed arm bent in front of him, the fingers claw-like; the face, in profile, shows the ravages of some unspeakable pain of another time. One thin scar extends from the temple, across the eye, and down the cheek, and when the eyes turn in their traversing of the picture WE SEE in them some re-awakened anguish. When he speaks, his voice is soft-thin, reedy and weak, like the man himself.

BLEUM

A nightmare. He has captured a
nightmare.

40 SHOT - STROBE

who stares at the man then for the first time; compulsively looks toward the picture.

41 SHOT - OVER STROBE'S SHOULDER - THE CANVAS

On it is a concentration camp inmate, crucified on a make-shift wooden cross in a yard at Auschwitz. The victim's head is thrust upward, the eyes and mouth wide open as if in a silent prolonged scream; the agony is frozen there, timeless and unending.

42 SHOT - STROBE

He studies this with neutrality, unmoved, then turns back briefly to look toward the man alongside.

BLEUM

(softly)

I saw such a thing. I was there.
My friend, Jacob Sternbach. They
crucified him that way. It took
him two days to die.

He blinks his eyes suddenly as if conscious of speaking and apologetically he turns toward Strobe, the scar pouching his face, making his smile appear more like a grimace.

BLEUM

Forgive me...I was...I was...
affected by the picture. It brings
back certain...certain memories.
I hope I haven't disturbed you.

Strobe, staring at the man, shakes his head and turns very slowly and starts to walk away.

43 SHOT - BLEUM

as he studies Strobe's retreating form.

BLEUM

Excuse me --

Strobe stops dead still, keeps his back to him.

STROBE

Yes?

BLEUM

I've...that is...we've not met
before, have we?

STROBE

I think not. I've only just
arrived here.

44 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM
reacting to Strobe's voice.

BLEUM
You're German, aren't you?

45 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE
wary, his fear starting all over again. He blurts out.

STROBE
Hungarian.

46 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM
BLEUM
You look...you look familiar.

His head turns as once again he looks at the canvas, staring at it, trying to probe in his mind for the mystifying connective link between the painting and the heavy-set bald man. He looks back toward Strobe.

BLEUM
(very softly)
You were never in a camp, were you?
Auschwitz or Oranienburg? I was
at both places.

47 SHOT - STROBE
as he turns toward the man.

STROBE
(tersely)
I told you...I am not German.

48 SHOT - BLEUM
He shrinks into himself, blinking his eyes.

BLEUM
(in a whisper)
Excuse me...please excuse me.

49 SHOT - STROBE
who turns again and continues a sauntering walk down the row of paintings hung on the middle partition wall.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

After a moment he stops, closes his eyes, reaches for his handkerchief again, wipes his face and forehead. One hand goes under his coat to massage and put down a pain that hits him in fluttering spasms. He bites his lower lip, waits for a moment, then recovers, looks at his watch, turns to look down the length of the room and in the process stops. His eyes open wider. He's staring at something across the room. A SLOW PAN OVER to another painting on a distant wall.

50 SHOT - THE PAINTING

It's that of a man in a fishing boat on a mountain lake. The sky is a soft azure blue, the rock walls purple and spiraling upward, the lake reflecting them. The face of the fisherman is indistinct and in a quarter profile, turned away from the brush as he might turn from a camera lens.

51 SHOT - STROBE

as he walks slowly, as if being beckoned, and trance-like, toward the painting. He stops a few feet away, studying it, somehow taken by it, moved by it. He continues to stare at it, totally immersed. A voice suddenly cuts in on him.

VOICE

Interesting, isn't it?

52 CLOSER ANGLE - STROBE

whose eyes go wide. He jerks his head toward the sound of the voice.

53 SHOT - MUSEUM GUARD

who is standing alongside of Strobe, looking at the painting.

GUARD

You can almost see the boat bob in the water.

STROBE

(clearing his throat)

Yes. Yes, that's so.

IT'S A FISHING BOAT

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

GUARD

And if you look at the water for a period of time...it seems almost to be rippling. You can almost see the waves move. Quite an illusion, isn't it?

54 SHOT - STROBE

who nods, rapt, and compulsively reaches out as if to touch the painting.

55 TWO SHOT - STROBE AND THE GUARD

who, narrow-eyed, puts his hand on Strobe's arm, shakes his head, waggles a finger.

GUARD

Please.

Strobe's hand drops stiffly to his side.

STROBE

It's real. It's...it's incredibly real.

56 SHOT - THE GUARD

who turns and starts to walk down the corridor.

GUARD

Unusually so.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he continues to stand there, hypnotized by the painting. There is the SOUND of a DISTANT GONG, then the receptionist's voice.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, the museum will close in three minutes. Three minutes till closing time. Kindly head for the main lobby and use the main exit doors, if you will, please.

Strobe starts to take a step away from the painting, wary again - hunted, with a knowledge of being hunted. Two LIGHTS at the far end of the room go OFF, casting a different light and SHADOW PATTERN against the wall.

58 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as again, with compulsion, he looks back toward the painting of the fisherman. His eyes go wide. WHIP PAN TO the painting. The fisherman in the boat has apparently turned so that his face is now in profile and what WE ARE LOOKING at is Strobe's profile.

ABRUPT CUT TO

59 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he gasps.

60 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

It is back to normal -- the face of the fisherman again turned away so that WE ARE SEEING only the rough outline of a big head, thick neck and broad muscled shoulders.

61 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he retraces his steps back over the painting. He's a hand's length away, staring at it, his eyes moving up and down, back and forth, drinking it in, desperately wanting to touch it, to reach out at it. Again the GONG and the receptionist's voice.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, the museum will now close. Kindly leave the building, if you will. The museum is now closed.

62 SHOT - STROBE

as he moves away from the painting and starts down the aisle toward the entrance. He moves only a few steps when the CAMERA WHIP PANS OVER to BLEUM who stands there, staring at him.

63 ANGLE - STROBE

who averts his face and continues on past him.

64 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

as Strobe comes OUT. He stands at the top of the concrete steps, looks furtively left and right then hurries down the steps down to the sidewalk and in a half loping -- half fast walking gait -- DISAPPEARS into the crowd moving down the sidewalk.

65 EXT. BUILDING - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

The streets are empty. No people, no traffic.

66 ANGLE - DOWN THE STEPS OF THE BUILDING

TOWARD the lone figure of Strobe who stands there, almost transfixed, staring up toward the museum doors.

67 SHOT - THE MUSEUM DOORS

as they open, a "CLOSED" sign is turned around so that it now reads, "OPEN."

68 SHOT - STROBE

With suppressed excitement he starts up the steps toward the doors.

69 INT. MUSEUM - DAY - SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - STROBE

who moves down the aisle toward the fisherman's picture. He stands there and stares at it.

70 ANGLE - STROBE - THE PICTURE'S POINT OF VIEW

His mouth is half-open. He's breathing heavily.

71 SHOT - THE PICTURE - STROBE'S POINT OF VIEW

as once again the figure in the row boat has taken on his profile.

72 INT. STROBE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Strobe lies on the bed in the oven-like darkness smoking a cigarette, the orange tip moving in an arc from mouth to side then back to mouth. He starts to butt the cigarette out, pushing the ashtray off the bed table.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

(from the other
side of the wall)

Herr Strobe? Nightmares again?

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

STROBE

Go to hell, my dear.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

My girlfriend tells me you've become an art lover. She said she saw you in the museum this morning.

STROBE

(in a different voice)

I...I go there on occasion.

There is a silence, then:

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

What has happened to Herr Strobe?
For a moment you sounded civilized.
And this sudden culture, Art
museums, no less.

(X)

Again, a silence.

73 INT. GRETCHEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gretchen lies on her bed, talking toward the wall.

GRETCHEN

What disturbs you tonight?

STROBE'S VOICE

(from the other side
of the wall -- almost
supplicating)

Talk to me for a moment ---

Gretchen frowns and looks surprised.

GRETCHEN

Talk to you. That's what I'm doing.

STROBE'S VOICE

Something...something happened.
Last night...and again today.

GRETCHEN

What?

74 INT. STROBE'S ROOM - NIGHT

STROBE

An incredible thing. You'll think I'm...I'm demented or something. But I was looking at a picture. A picture of a fisherman on a mountain lake. If I...if I stared at it long enough, it seemed as if ---

He stops, closes his eyes.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

(from the other
side of the wall)

As if what?

STROBE

As if I were in the picture. As if it were me in the boat. Just...just fishing. Peaceful and serene. Just fishing. No pain. No running away. No looking over my shoulder.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

What do you look for? What do you expect to see?

STROBE

Ghosts. Ghosts from the Promised Land.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

(very soft)

So? Israeli ghosts.

(a beat)

They have a list, it appears.

STROBE

They have a list.

75 INT. GRETCHEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

GRETCHEN

And after Eichmann - it is you, Herr Strobe, who are prominent at the top.

STROBE'S VOICE

(from the other
side of the wall)

Very likely.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

GRETCHEN

Would they just...would they just take you? Pull you into a car?

STROBE'S VOICE

(from the other side of the wall)

Quickly, silently, and very efficiently. They would then fly me at thirty thousand feet...and then strangle me with a rope twenty-four inches off the ground.

GRETCHEN

Poor Herr Strobe.

STROBE'S VOICE

(from the other side of the wall)

What do I ask of anyone?
So much, is it? To stop running...
to stop trying to find shadows to
hide in. Because I've been running
for twenty years and I'm out of
breath now. I'm out of strength.
I've grown old and sick looking for
those shadows. Where is this com-
passionate and forgiving God they
talk of? Let Him show Himself to
me. Let Him give me a chance to
survive. Only that. Survival.
(a pause. His
voice grows softer)
Like in that boat. Like on that lake.

76 INT. STROBE'S ROOM - NIGHT

STROBE

If I'd concentrated then...if I'd exerted all my will...I would have moved into that picture. I know it.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

(from the other side of the wall)

The mystic.

(a pause)

You surprise me, Herr Strobe. Who would have thought all you hunger for is a row boat. You black-uniformed gods who put barbed wire around the earth. And all you really want... is a row boat.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

GRETCHEN'S VOICE (Cont'd)

(a pause)

But you know something, Herr Strobe?
~~Your tastes are really quite luxurious.~~
You yearn for the most expensive...the
most unobtainable things. Peace and
immortality.

(then with bitterness)

Who can afford them?

STROBE

What does it cost?

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

Peace and immortality? Forget it,
Herr Strobe. It costs a soul and
a conscience. You have neither.

STROBE

(fighting down
his anger)

Gretchen?

(a beat)

Go to hell.

GRETCHEN'S VOICE

After you, Herr Strobe.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he lies back down on the bed, staring up in the darkness
toward the ceiling as the shabby, tawdry cheapness of the
room enfolds him. He briefly looks across the bed over toward
the mirror to look at the aged, falling, fleshy face with the
brooding and haunting eyes. He continues to stare at himself
as we:

DISSOLVE TO

78 INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - THE FISHERMAN PAINTING

A SLOW PULL BACK until WE SEE Strobe standing there, staring
at the painting.

79 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he reacts to the picture, his eyes drinking it in, his face
rapt and taut. Bleum's voice suddenly intrudes.

BLEUM'S VOICE

Good afternoon.

Strobe starts, whirls around.

80 TWO SHOT - STROBE AND BLEUM

who points to the picture.

BLEUM
Rather taken with it, aren't you?

STROBE
(very warily)
It has a...a quality.

BLEUM
(with a sad
little smile)
And the concentration camp picture?
That has no quality? *Herr Arndt*

~~STROBE
(battling down his
instincts to keep
his voice even)
One can relate to some pictures...
and not to others.~~

81 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM

The one-eyed ruin of a face is close to Strobe's, again studying him.

~~BLEUM
Mountain lakes you can relate to...
but not Nazi camps.
(he turns away as
if studying the picture)
Tell me, Herr Arndt -- what can
you relate to?~~

82 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

He freezes.

STROBE
(tightly)
I'm afraid you've made a mistake.
My name happens to be Strobe.
Joseph Strobe. [You called me
something else.]

83 TWO SHOT - STROBE AND BLEUM

who turns to him.

BLEUM

Forgive me. (I guess I did. You reminded me of someone. A certain Wilhelm Arndt.

(a pause)

A German.

STROBE

Oh?

BLEUM

(doggedly)

A big man, heavily muscled -- broad shoulders like yours. Very cold blue eyes... like yours.

Strobe starts to purposefully walk past him. Bleum detains him with his crippled, claw-like right hand.

BLEUM

Herr Arndt was also not an admirer of Jews. He would stand by the front gate at Auschwitz with a riding crop in his hand. He would indicate which of the incoming people would die...and which would temporarily stay alive.

84 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

He stares directly into Bleum's face.

85 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM

returning the stare. At this moment they understand one another.

86 TWO SHOT - STROBE AND BLEUM

STROBE

How were you so fortunate, Mr. Bleum?

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

BLEUM

(again the
sad smile)

~~After the war I became an expert~~
~~of survival.~~ A concentration camp
can be a university of higher learn-
ing when it comes to teaching a man
to stay alive.

(a pause)

It's been very nice chatting with
you... ~~Herr Strobe.~~ May I recommend
the third floor? There are several
Picassos and a delightful Vermeer.
Very colorful. Nothing grim.
Nothing that would offend your
~~your sensitive nature.~~ Good day
to you, Herr Strobe.

He turns and shuffles OFF, Strobe staring after him until he
has DISAPPEARED in the foyer.

87 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he looks down at his hands then clenches his fists to stop
his fingers shaking. He then very slowly turns and once again
stares at the fisherman painting, immersed in it, dedicated
to it.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE - THE PAINTING'S POINT OF VIEW

The CAMERA TAKES A SLOW ZOOM INTO his face -- his eyes shining,
his face white -- almost mask-like. The ZOOM CONTINUES UNTIL
his FACE OBLITERATES THE CAMERA, then we take a:

QUICK FLASH CUT TO

89 SHOT - STROBE'S FACE - AS SEEN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION

this time the ZOOM IN REVERSE. as WE PULL BACK we suddenly
realize that Strobe is in the row boat and the scene is
actually on the mountain lake. Strobe sits in the boat, wearing
the clothes of the picture's subject, his head back, eyes closed,
feeling the warmth of the sun.

90 SERIES OF SHOTS - FROM THE BOAT - STROBE'S POINT OF VIEW

thru
100

the high majestic mountain wall surrounding him; the blue water;
the breeze that sweeps gently across the scene -- but dominating
everything...the mood, the color, the sense of quiet peace --

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED
thru
100

is Strobe's face as WE SEE repose on it like a benediction. Now the CAMERA STARTS AGAIN THE SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARD him until once again his FACE COVERS THE SCREEN. Suddenly the light pattern changes and at the same time the cast of the face is altered, taking on the shadowed, pouched, tense lines of the hunted man. From somewhere far off is the barely distinct SOUND of a WOMAN'S VOICE -- ECHOY and DISTORTED.

WOMAN'S VOICE

The museum will close in five minutes. Five minutes till closing time, ladies and gentlemen. Five minutes ---

The CAMERA PULLS BACK now until once again WE ARE LOOKING at Strobe standing in front of the painting, his eyes wide open, face perspiring. He blinks, recovers himself, then looks around like a man awakening from a dream.

101 ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING UP AT HIM

as he looks at his watch then puts his hand to his forehead, then turns slowly and starts to walk toward the foyer.

102 OMITTED

103 ANOTHER MOVING SHOT - STROBE

as he walks across the foyer and OUT the swinging doors.

104 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

as Strobe comes OUT, still mystified by the experience; torn by the telescoping of time. He turns to look back toward the swinging doors -- a look of unutterable hunger in his face, because a part of him wants to go back inside and back into the picture. It is his rational part that makes him turn again and take reluctant steps down the concrete stairs of the building.

105 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON HIM

as he starts down the sidewalk.

106 CLOSE MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

as he walks. After a moment he becomes conscious of FOOTSTEPS sounding on the empty pavement behind him. He stops, turns, looks.

107 LONG SHOT - DOWN THE EMPTY SIDEWALK - HIS POINT OF VIEW

There is nothing visible.

108 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he stands there motionlessly, listening, then he forces himself to turn and continue his walk. Again the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS start up behind him. Again he stops, this time with abruptness, whirling around.

109 SHOT - DOWN THE EMPTY SIDEWALK - HIS POINT OF VIEW

There is still nothing visible.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he starts to walk in the reverse direction - searching, hunting, looking into doorways of stores, then whirling around to stare across the street toward the lamp posts, flattening himself against buildings and turning to capture some errant shadow in the opposite direction --but as always -- the scene is empty. The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

111 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

the sweat pouring down his face. His hand massages his chest as the waves of pain begin to engulf him again. At this point he begins to hear another SOUND encroach on the silence. It's a distant GUITAR and the SOUND of LAUGHING VOICES.

112 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN AT HIM

as he leaves the side of the building and walks down an alley toward a neon lit bar front from which the MUSIC and VOICES emit.

113 INT. BAR - NIGHT

This is a tiny room filled with the usual smoke and NOISE. A GUITARIST and a FLAMENCO DANCER perform at one end of the room.

114 SHOT - STROBE

as he ENTERS, moves over to the bar. WE SEE him order a drink in pantomime. He drinks it down hurriedly then reaches into his pocket, takes out a crumpled handful of bills and coins, puts them down on the counter, points to his glass. The BARTENDER fills it and leaves the bottle and Strobe begins to drink -- purposefully, compulsively, while the SOUNDS, the VOICES, the MUSIC, swirl around him and he begins to get very drunk.

115 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he keeps time to the music with one fist pounding on the bar, then he turns slowly on the stool to survey the room. A PAN ACROSS the laughing, jostling, drinking PEOPLE and the OUT-OF-FOCUS flamenco dancer.

116 SERIES OF SHOTS - STROBE

thru
124

as he closes his eyes, screws up his face, shakes his head back and forth, letting the liquor take hold of him completely. He opens his eyes, looks at the bartender, smiles at him.

STROBE

Hey, amigo -- the fiddler must get paid, huh? Did you know that?

125 CLOSE SHOT - THE BARTENDER

who looks at him warily, expecting trouble -- the kind you'd get from a big foreign drunk.

BARTENDER

Whatever you say, senior.

STROBE

I'm telling you. Music is expensive this season. You don't know how expensive.

(He sits there, shaking his big head back and forth, then suddenly rises, smashing his fist on the bar, then shouts out)

Now we pay the fiddler! We pay him for our mistake.

(he looks around blearily, his voice piercing and high)

You banana-eaters, you -- you know what the mistake was?

126 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE VARIOUS PEOPLE

thru
136

in the room who turn to him, a few with goodnatured grins, others clinically interested, still others irritated by the interruption and making SHUSHING SOUNDS, pointing to the flamenco dancer and the guitarist who are being interrupted. Again Strobe's voice pierces the din.

STROBE

(shouting)

I'll tell you what it was. We let the sheep turn into lions! You hear me? I say this now to the Jews...this message from Joseph Strobe. To all the sheep. To guitar players and flamenco dancers and Hungarians and Gypsies. That was the mistake. That was the crime and the guilt. That we didn't kill you all. That we left some of you alive!

He tilts sideways, grabbing for a chair for support and in doing so, brushes against a WOMAN who lets out a small frightened CRY and moves away from him. Strobe let loose

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED
thru

136 of the chair, surveys the room again, then kicks the chair over and walks drunkenly, stumbling, to the front door. He reaches it, lets himself rest against it. The silent faces continue to stare at him. He stands there for a silent moment and then gradually the VOICES begin to pick up in MURMURED WHISPERS.

137 SHOT - THE GUITARIST

who starts to play again -- first softly, then louder, and finally the flamenco dancer begins to dance, clicking the castanets in her hands, and very gradually the faces in the room turn toward the music and the dancing.

138 SHOT - STROBE

who is left alone. He opens the door, moves OUT, leaving the sounds behind him.

139 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

as Strobe comes OUT from the bar. He stands there in the FLICKERING NEON LIGHT for a long moment, wipes his face, then looks off in one direction of the alley.

140 LONG SHOT - STROBE'S POINT OF VIEW - BLEUM

who stands there in the shadows down and across from him. Bleum looks at him with neutrality on the ruined face. No accusation, no anger -- just a patient watchfulness.

BLEUM

Wie geht ses Ihnen, Herr Strobe?

141 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

who stares back toward this bent, broken apparition. His mouth twists.

STROBE

Gut, danke, und Ihnen?

142 SHOT - BLEUM

who takes his crippled, maimed walk over toward Strobe and stands a few feet from him in the darkness of the alley.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

BLEUM
I've been waiting for you.

STROBE
(a crooked smile)
Oh? I'm touched.
(a pause)
Shall we drink together, Herr
Bleum? Or talk of old days? Or
what shall we do together? What
would please you, Herr Bleum? Tell
me, and see if I can't accommodate
you.

BLEUM
(his soft, reedy
little voice taking
on its first note
of accusation)
I recognized you. I knew who you
were. One doesn't forget a man
like you very easily ---

143 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he takes a step toward Bleum.

STROBE
No? Tell me, Herr Bleum...have I
changed much?

144 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM

He shakes his head back and forth.

BLEUM
No. No, Gruppenfuehrer...you've
changed very little.

145 TWO SHOT - BLEUM AND STROBE

STROBE
(in a tone that comes
back to him from
twenty years ago -- as
if he were standing
once again at the
gate of Auschwitz)
Excellent. Excellent, Herr Bleum.
Your memory is intact: The....

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

STROBE (Cont'd)

(makes a gesture
toward Bleum)

...the body is somewhat the worse
for wear.

BLEUM

(with quiet matter
of factness)

The body has had much done to it.
There are welts on my back,
Gruppenfuehrer, that go a quarter
of an inch deep.

(he points with his
claw-like hand toward
the scarred remnant
of one of his eyes)

This was done to me ~~with a lit~~
~~cigarette~~ during an otherwise
dull afternoon. It took close to
the twenty years, Gruppenfuehrer,
to be able to smell a cigarette
without breaking into a sweat.

(a pause -- pointing
to his eye again)

Your kind of sport, Gruppenfuehrer.
Something you'd understand.

146 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

He knows now that he's run out of moments.

STROBE

(very quietly)

Tell me, Herr Bleum...are you
content to reminisce about those
times...or have you found it
necessary to...to ---

BLEUM

(quietly -- filling
it in)

Tell others?

(again the ruined
mouth takes on a
smile)

What do you think?

147 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

He reaches out and pulls Bleum to him. It is not a gesture
of anger but more, at this moment, a matter-of-fact necessity.

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

STROBE

I think ~~that as of this moment,~~
Herr Bleum...~~you are dead~~

Strobe very quietly, and as a matter of course, reaches up with both his hands and fixes them around the scrawny, pipe-like neck.

148 CLOSE ANGLE - THE TWO FACES

STROBE

~~that~~ if there were something special
you had to say to the God of Israel --
this would be the moment, Herr Bleum.

BLEUM

(his voice strained
from the pressure of
Strobe's fingers)

I have made my peace.

(a pause)

Something you shall never be able
to do, Gruppenfuehrer...You've put
too many Christs on crosses in
your time for any God to give you
an audience.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE - BLEUM'S CLOSE POINT OF VIEW

STROBE

And still the dialectics, huh?
Still the martyr.

His fingers start to tighten.

150 CLOSE SHOT - BLEUM - STROBE'S POINT OF VIEW

This is his last breath of life.

BLEUM

No such...delusions. I am simply
...the six millionth...plus one....

His voice goes into a raspy rattle as Strobe's fingers tighten. The CAMERA MOVES OVER to a point on the wall where WE SEE the TWO SHADOWS. The bigger, heavier shadow does its job and very slowly, unprotesting, unyielding, the thin, crooked little shadow sinks out of sight onto the darkness of the ground. PAN BACK OVER to Strobe who stands there, looking down at the

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

dead body, staring at it noncommittally, wondering about it. He suddenly is engulfed in LIGHT as the door of the bar opens and the light from inside reaches him. He moves hurriedly, in a dead run, down the alley away from the bar, leaving behind the SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS and the CRIES of discovery.

151 SERIES OF SHOTS - STROBE

thru

156

during his final exodus, running down streets, taking buses, desperately seeking the company of crowds which are fast diminishing during this late hour. The FINAL SHOT of the sequence is:

157 INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

as Strobe, frantic, rushes through the empty room to the ticket counter.

STROBE

The next bus? When is the next bus?

TICKET AGENT

The next bus to where? Where do you want to go?

STROBE

(a paranoiac look
around him)

I don't care. Anyplace out of the city -- anyplace at all.

158 SHOT - STROBE

He hands him what's left of his money.

STROBE

As far as this will take me. I don't care which.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED

The ticket agent takes the money, counts out most of it, hands back one bill to Strobe.

TICKET AGENT

That'll take you to Mar del Plata.
You've got kind of a long wait.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

STROBE

(very thoughtfully)
After twenty years...not so long.

He turns, moves back into the empty room, sees a man come IN the front door. We recognize him as the Israeli agent. He looks very briefly at Strobe then moves across the room to sit on one of the empty benches, his back to Strobe. Strobe, in turn, moves over to a cigarette machine, starts to feed it coins, looks in its mirror to see the agent turning to stare at him. Strobe averts his face, pulls one of the levers, retrieves the cigarettes that fall down into the funnel, then looks up again. The reflection of the agent has now risen. He is standing there, staring at him.

AGENT 1

Excuse me.

Strobe's head jerks up, his eyes dart left and right.

AGENT 1

I believe we have a mutual
acquaintance. Do you know a...a
man named Bleum?

160 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

His eyes widen. He suddenly races across the room INTO the Men's Room, SLAMMING the DOOR shut and LOCKING it just as the agent's BODY can be HEARD SLAMMING against the other side.

161 EXTREMELY TIGHT PROFILE SHOT - STROBE

his face almost against the door.

CONTINUED

161 CONTINUED

STROBE

Listen...listen to me. I don't care what that Bleum told you. The man is mad. Completely mad. I'm not the one you want. There are others. There are others. Still alive. Big ones. There's Borman. Martin Borman. He's alive. Believe me -- he's alive. And Heinrich Mueller. He was head of the Gestapo. He's back in Silesia. I could even find out his address for you. Dr. Josef Mengele. He's in Paraguay. I have connections. I can find these men for you. Listen to me... listen -- is there a price? Is there any price?

He listens for a moment and can hear only the BREATHING on the other side of the door.

162 ANGLE - STROBE

as he looks wildly around, sees a small window above the sink, climbs on top of the sink, struggles with the window, unable to open it, then he SMASHES it with his fist and forces his body up and through it -- the broken glass shattering both clothing and flesh.

163 ANOTHER SERIES OF SHOTS - STROBE

thru

166 running through alleys, dark and empty streets. This sequence ends in a:

FINAL CUT TO

167 EXT. REAR OF ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

as Strobe comes OUT of the shadows across a parking lot, stumbling, half falling, until he reaches the far end of the loading platform.

168 SHOT - THE LOADING PLATFORM

A truck is pulled back, its rear doors open. DELIVERY MEN are taking two large canvasses out of the museum and loading them on the truck under the light of a large platform bulb.

169 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

in the shadows as he stares.

170 SHOT - THE DOORS

that the delivery men are using, leading into the building and now open.

171 ANOTHER ANGLE - STROBE

as he waits for the delivery men to get into the truck, then he bolts out of the shadows, across the platform and through the open doors, DISAPPEARING inside the building.

172 SHOT - FRONT OF MUSEUM

as Israeli agents APPROACH.

173 INT. CORRIDOR - ART MUSEUM - NIGHT - SHOT - THROUGH THE DARKNESS STROBE

Strobe ducks INTO a passageway off to one side, past watchman.

174 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WATCHMAN

as he shines his light around, finds nothing, retraces his steps.

175 SHOT - STROBE

who comes OUT of the darkness of the adjoining corridor, moves stealthily a few feet down the main corridor, tries a couple of doors, none of which open. He finally comes to a larger door which gives under his pressure and swings open.

176 INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

The same gallery that Strobe has been visiting. There are several mobiles hanging which Strobe immediately relates to and through them recognizes where he is.

177 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON HIM

as he threads his way softly, carefully, through the darkness past the partition-wall in the middle and the various paintings and statuary.

178 SHOT - STROBE'S POINT OF VIEW - THE STATUARY

on one side of the room -- globs of torsoed SHADOWS that seem to be staring at him in the darkness -- eyeless and blind, but in the semi-light of the room -- in some incredible way, looking at him. PAN PAST several of them until we reach one dark "statue" which suddenly moves. A LIGHT shines.

ABRUPT CUT TO

179 CLOSE SHOT - STROBE'S FACE

The piercing glow of a FLASHLIGHT is on it. He instinctively swipes down with a big hand, knocking the flashlight to the floor, then he grapples for it with the other person. Strobe gets it first, bringing the flashlight down hard on the man's head, then races in the opposite direction, stumbling, falling.

180 CLOSE SHOT - THE MAN ON THE FLOOR

The flashlight is shining into his face and we recognize the Israeli agent. He picks up the flashlight and starts off in Strobe's direction.

181 SERIES OF SHOTS

thru

186

The cat and mouse SHADOWPLAY of two men in the darkness -- Strobe ducking behind paintings and partitions and statuary -- the man following him by the SOUND of his FOOTSTEPS.

187 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - STROBE

as he stops by one of the partitions in almost the identical spot where he's been staring at "The Fisherman." He hears the FOOTSTEPS of the man across the room, stalking him. Strobe closes his eyes.

STROBE

(his voice is a
whispered entreaty
to anyone in particular)

If there's a God...let Him show
Himself now. Get me into the
picture. I must get into the
picture ---

A SLOW PAN AWAY from him TO the dark frame on the wall of a picture whose subject cannot be seen -- only the dark frame that surrounds it. PAN BACK to Strobe.

STROBE

Please...please...I must get
into the picture. God, Christ,
anyone...get me into the picture ---

188 SHOT - THE ISRAELI AGENT

who pauses, looking toward Strobe's huddled figure.

189 SHOT - STROBE'S FIGURE

190 SHOT - THE ISRAELI AGENT

as once again he starts his cat-footed stalk TOWARD THE CAMERA, then stops abruptly. In the darkness WE SEE his eyes flash as they go open in bewilderment and consternation. WHIP PAN from him TO the spot where Strobe was. It is empty. No one is there.

191 SHOT - THE ISRAELI AGENT

His head jerks up as he hears the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS from outside in the foyer.

192 SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - TOWARD THE OPENING TO THE FOYER

WE SEE the watchman's LIGHT swinging back and forth as he walks.

WATCHMAN'S VOICE

Who's in there?

(a pause)

Who's in there?

193 SHOT - THE ISRAELI AGENT

who hurriedly moves behind the central partition and DISAPPEARS into the shadows at the opposite end of the room.

194 SHOT - THE WATCHMAN

who ENTERS the room, swings his flashlight around. PAN SHOT around the room following the ARC of the FLASHLIGHT. There is no one in the room.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WATCHMAN

who moves back over toward the foyer, FLICKS ON a LIGHT.

196 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOM

as it is flooded with light. The room remains empty.

197 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

as the Israeli agent comes OUT of the alley on the other side of the building and heads toward a black sedan parked a half a block down the street.

198 MED. SHOT - AGENT 1

as he hurriedly climbs into the car.

AGENT 1

(his voice terse)

Get going.

CONTINUED

198 CONTINUED

Agent 2, at the wheel, turns to him, mystified.

AGENT 2
Where is he? What happened?

AGENT 1
(staring straight
ahead out the
windshield)
He disappeared ---

199 CLOSE SHOT - AGENT 2

AGENT 2
What in the name of....

200 SHOT - THE TWO AGENTS

as Agent 1 whirls around to Agent 2.

AGENT 1
(half shouting)
I know! Ludicrous and insane...
unbelievable -- but the man dis-
appeared. In front of my eyes, he
disappeared. Now get going.

Agent 2 throws the car into gear and they start to pull away.

201 INT. CAR - CLOSE TWO SHOT - THE TWO MEN
as they drive.

AGENT 2
You all right?

202 CLOSE SHOT - AGENT 1
who holds out two shaking hands in front of him.

AGENT 1
(his voice soft)
Just drive somewhere where we can
get a drink.

The CAMERA MOVES IN for an:

203 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - AGENT 1

as he turns in his seat and stares toward the rear window of the car.

204 LONG SHOT - OVER HIS SHOULDER - THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW -
THE DISAPPEARING ART MUSEUM

AGENT 1
(very reflectively
and softly)
Gruppenfuehrer Arndt...I hope
you wound up in hell.
(a pause)
I know you're not on this earth!

ABRUPT CUT TO

205 INT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

The LIGHTS of the gallery are just GOING ON. The watchman ENTERS the room with the Curator. The Curator looks dishevelled, sleepy, as if just awakened. He turns toward the watchman, then looks around the room.

CURATOR
(his voice raspy, sharp
and impatient)
Everything seems intact. If there
was someone here - they're not here
now.

He stops, staring across at the watchman.

206 SHOT - THE WATCHMAN

who stands there, transfixed, as if listening.

CURATOR
What's the matter? What do
you hear now?

WATCHMAN
Don't you hear it?

207 SHOT - THE CURATOR

listening intently. From far off there is an INDISTINCT CRY, tiny and shrill - more animal than anything else - then it stops.

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

CURATOR

Dog or something? Must have been
run over.

The watchman nods but is unconvinced.

WATCHMAN

I've been hearing it for the last
hour.

(shakes his head)

It's...it's eerie.

208 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CURATOR

who retraces his steps back toward the opening to the
foyer, stops for a moment, lets his eyes rest on one
of the paintings.

CURATOR

What happened to "The Fisherman"?
Was that one of the loan-outs?

WATCHMAN

Yes, sir. It was taken away
tonight. The Director had me
put the "Concentration Camp" thing
there in its place.

209 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CURATOR

who takes a step closer to the painting that he's
surveying, stops, almost winces.

CREATOR

Hateful-looking thing. I frankly
never liked it. But you know
something...it's an odd thing.
Some of its detail seems to grow
on you after you study it for
awhile. I never...I never really
noticed the face of the victim
before --

A SLOW PAN AWAY FROM the Curator TO the painting on
the wall. The CAMERA FREEZES on it. WE ARE LOOKING
at Joseph Strobe in the Zebra-striped rags of a per-
petually dying man strung up on a cross -- blue eyes
wide open in a naked head -- mouth, an open gash from
which pours a cry of endless agony.

210 SHOT - THE ROOM

as the Curator impulsively turns away, walks toward the
opening, followed by the watchman who flicks OFF the LIGHT..

211 SHOT - THE TWO MEN

SILHOUETTED in the darkness of the opening as they both stop, listening once again to the the THIN, WAILING CRY of agony that comes from inside the darkened room. They both look at each other and then quickly look away and move OUT of the room, not wanting to hear anymore. The CAMERA MOVES BACK OVER TO the painting and STAYS ON IT UNTIL ONCE AGAIN IT IS IN LIMBO -- the OTHER TWO PAINTINGS ALONGSIDE. SERLING STEPS IN FRONT OF THE NEXT PAINTING -- that of the BLIND WOMAN.

SERLING

Object d'Art number two. Miss Claudia Menlo -- a blind Queen who reigns in a carpeted penthouse on Fifth Avenue; an imperious, bird-like little dowager who will soon find a darkness blacker than blindness. This is her story.

The CAMERA MOVES IN ON a:

212 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

DISSOLVE TO

213 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY - SHOT - FAVORING ONE PARTICULAR BRAND NEW HIGH-RISE APARTMENT

214 INT. LOBBY

Plush, with untouched marble -- and totally unattended. DR. HEATHERTON ENTERS, carrying his black satchel, looks around, moves over toward the building's directory on one wall.

215 SHOT - THE DIRECTORY

Every floor is listed but only one name is on the directory -- "PENTHOUSE...MISS CLAUDIA MENLO."

216 ANGLE DOWN - HEATHERTON

as he looks at this. There is the SOUND of ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING.. PAN OVER TO AN ARTIST getting OUT of the elevator, carrying a draped portrait. The artist pauses, looking toward Heatherton.

ARTIST

You're looking for Miss Menlo?

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED

HEATHERTON

That's right.

ARTIST

Penthouse. You can't miss her.
She's the only one in the building.

He starts to move past Heatherton who looks down at the painting. The artist pauses, puts it down, undrapes it.

ARTIST

You know her?

HEATHERTON

(nods)

I've been her doctor for a number of years.

(then with a smile)

It's a very good likeness.

ARTIST

(Very thoughtfully)

Not really, Doctor. There was one thing I couldn't capture.

HEATHERTON

Oh?

ARTIST

(grimly -- throwing
it out like a challenge)
Her...her cruelty.

HEATHERTON

(nods, his voice soft)

She's been blind since birth.

ARTIST

Cause and Effect, huh? Well I'll tell you something, Doctor. I was commissioned to do this a month ago. One final application of lacquer and I am finished! But I've had four weeks of Miss Claudia Menlo.

(he looks around
the lobby)

Quite a subject. I used to wonder what kind of woman built an apartment house on Fifth Avenue...and then installed herself as the only tenant.

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED - 2

ARTIST (cont'd)

(a pause)

I'll tell you what kind of woman it is.
A tiny, fragile little monster.

(a beat)

That kind of woman.

He re-drapes the painting, picks it up and starts OUT
as Heatherton moves toward the elevator doors.

217 INT. MENLO PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

as the door opens and a MAID ushers Heatherton IN.

HEATHERTON

I'm Dr. Heatherton.

MAID

She's expecting you, sir.

218 MOVING SHOT - HEATHERTON

as he walks through the foyer then down steps to a sunken
living room. A high-backed chair faces the window. MISS
MENLO'S VOICE comes from it, though she can't be seen.

MISS MENLO

How deliciously prompt you are,
Doctor. Only an hour late.

219 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

as he comes up behind her.

HEATHERTON

I saw your painting, Miss Menlo.
Downstairs in the lobby. I think
the artist did you justice.

220 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

who now turns toward the sound of his voice and WE ARE
LOOKING at a rich, blind recluse coming apart at the
seams from boredom. On her features, as if engraved,
is a cold, calculating, impatient fury.

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

If he has, Dr. Heatherton, he'll be the first in the fifty-four year history of my sojourn on this earth. No one else has done me justice -- beginning with God.

HEATHERTON

((Put off by this,
a little unsure)
I'm...I'm sorry to be late. I've been in surgery most of the day.

221 CLOSER ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as her sightless eyes turn toward him.

MISS MENLO

I'm impressed, Doctor. I always am with you. You are constantly and eternally the gentle healer.

222 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

The smile remains strained.

HEATHERTON

Now what have we to talk about?

223 TWO SHOT - FAVORING MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

What we have already talked about on the telephone.

HEATHERTON

(with a deep, patient
breath)

Miss Menlo, I have already told you. The surgical procedure you questioned me about has been tried only on animals.

MISS MENLO

But successfully --

HEATHERTON

A chimpanzee and a dog -- both subjects had optic nerves re-grafted from donors whose visual organs were unimpaired. In both cases

223 CONTINUED

HEATHERTON (Cont'd)
the subjects were able to see.
One for a few moments -- the other
for a period of hours.
(a pause)
The donors, of course, were rendered
permanently sightless.
(an apologetic smile)
So you see, Miss Menlo, this is
nothing more than a breakthrough.
A beginning.

224 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

Her thin, bloodless, ~~unadorned lips~~ twist slightly upward.

MISS MENLO
If it can work on animals, it can
also work on human beings. One
doesn't have to be a high priced
Fifth Avenue surgeon to make this
altogether reasonable assumption.

HEATHERTON
(his voice a shade colder)
High priced or otherwise, Miss
Menlo, no surgeon would ever make
such an assumption, nor would he
put it to a test.

225 TWO SHOT - MISS MENLO AND HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON
You must understand something,
Miss Menlo. First of all, the
best you could expect -- assuming
the transplanting of the central
optic nerve were successful --
would still be roughly ten to
twelve hours of sight and no more.
As I've tried to explain to you,
we're in the early beginnings of
transplantations. We're achieving
success with hearts, kidneys, livers.
But even here we run the constant
risk of the body giving battle to
the transplant and ultimately
rejecting it. This would especially
apply in the case of the optic nerves!
This is an area we know almost nothing
about. The transplanted optic nerve
would function only until the body
defeated it.
(a pause)
Then you'd be blind again.

226 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

She simply stares at him.

227 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

An then, of course, there's the
other insurmountable obstacle --

228 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

The thin, colorless lips curve upward again.

MISS MENLO

And what is that "insurmountable
obstacle," Doctor?

229 TWO SHOT - FAVORING HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

(His voice steady)

Simply the fact, Miss Menlo, that
you need a donor. Soemone who
would be willing to part with his
sight for the rest of his life --
to give you twelve hours of it.

(He shakes his head)

I don't believe there is any such
person around.

Miss Menlo leans back in the chair.

MISS MENLO

That, Dr. Heatherton, is nonsense.
Everyone has a price.

HEATHERTON

For their eyes? I seriously doubt
it.

230 ANOTHER ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as she rises from the chair and moves back over to the
portrait, stands directly in front of it, almost as if
studying it intently. Beyond her WE SEE Heatherton
staring at her.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

You seriously doubt it, huh? Well you're quite wrong.. My lawyer has found such a person for me. He'd represented him in a criminal case some time ago. The man is quite desperate for money and he's agreed to become a donor and part with his eyes...for a sum of cash.

231 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

(His voice strained)

How much cash?

232 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Nine hundred dollars. That's what the individual required. That's what I'm paying.

(A thin little smile)

He needs the money rather desperately. And I need his eyes. Something for something, Doctor -- isn't that usually the basis of a transaction?

233 ANOTHER ANGLE - HEATHERTON

He rises to his feet.

HEATHERTON

I'm uninitiated in these kind of transactions, Miss Menlo, and I know your lawyer too well to believe that he'd be a part of it. George Packer is an honorable man.

MISS MENLO

The majority of the time. Most honorable. But a number of years ago he made the mistake of dabbling in some unsavory stock market transactions. If it were brought to light, your honorable Mr. Packer would go to prison. He was only too happy to supply me with the name of a donor, Doctor.

(A pause)

CONTINUED

233 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO (con'td)

So all that remains, my good Doctor,
is for you to join the team!

HEATHERTON

Miss Menlo -- listen to this very carefully. There are four men who could conceivably perform the operation you're talking about. I'm one of the four. But I can speak for the others, as well. I would no more remove the eyesight of another human being so that you might enjoy a few hours of sight, than I would deliberately kill a child. Is that clear to you?

234 ANGLE - MISS MENLO

She smiles, rises, walks her quick bird-like little steps over to a dresser, feels around it, opens a drawer, takes out an envelope, turns back toward him.

MISS MENLO

I want you to read something,
Dr. Heatherton.

(She sticks out
the envelope. He
takes it)

Inside this envelope is a file
on one Dr. Frank Heatherton. The
impeccable Dr. Heatherton. The
respected Dr. Heatherton.

(A pause)

Go ahead -- read it.

235 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

reacting.

236 TWO SHOT - FAVORING MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

I told you that all men have a price.
The reason for this, Doctor, is
that all men have something to
hide.

(A pause. She points
at the envelope)

And you, Doctor, have more than
most.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

With reluctance, Heatherton looks down at the envelope, opens it, takes out letters, a picture, some other items, studies them briefly, then looks up at her, his face white.

MISS MENLO

All there, I believe. Do you recall the young woman?

Heatherton just lowers his head and doesn't respond.

MISS MENLO

A Miss Grace Rierden -- age, twenty-two. Died on a kitchen table because the abortionist had the hygienic habits of a pig and the surgical deftness of a paper hanger. And she made the trip to that butcher at the behest of you. That rigidly moral, antiseptically pure physician who might, on occasion -- as he did on this occasion -- reveal a slightly gamier side to his character.

(a pause)

The release of this information would not enhance either your professional standing or your marriage, would it, Doctor?

237 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

He suddenly looks aged and very tired as he looks up.

HEATHERTON

It would quite obviously destroy me as a physician. And it would wreck a twenty-five year old marriage.

(a pause)

If that's what you've set out to do, Miss Menlo -- you have all the proper ammunition.

238 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

As must be obvious, Doctor, over your many protracted loyal years of hand-holding with this dull,

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO (contd)
imperious little woman -- I have no
interest in helping or hurting any-
one. I could care less about your
extra-curricular pécadillos or my
lawyer's off-Wall Street productions.
Or anything else that doesn't in-
volve me! My abiding concern,
Doctor, and my singular preoccupation
is...myself! Specifically...

(she reaches up with
her frail, claw-like
hands to touch the
flesh under her eyes)
These useless...superfluous...

(Her fingers seem
to dig into her face)
...objects thrust into my infant
skull as an afterthought.

(She very slowly
turns toward him)
Ten hours or twelve -- fewer or
more -- it makes no difference. I
want to see something. Grass,
concrete, trees, buildings, airplanes --
color.

(Her face twists into
a mask of sheer hunger)
Just once. Just once I want to
crawl out of this darkness. And
I don't care how, Doctor. I really
don't care how.

239 CLOSE SHOT -- HEATHERTON

He holds up the envelope.

HEATHERTON
How long have you known...about me?

240 TWO SHOT - MISS MENLO AND HEATHERTON

MISS MENLO
(with a thin, humorless
little smile)
For many, many months. I keep
files on people, Doctor -- for just
such an eventuality as this.
(A long silence)
You're quiet, Doctor.

CONTINUED

240 CONTINUED

HEATHERTON

I was just thinking.

He walks slowly over to the window, stares out.

241 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

The idle rich. A little something to ease the boredom. Like scrounging around in the dirt like a dog looking for a bone and finally unearthing whatever it is that a man has to keep a secret to guarantee his survival.

(Turns toward her)

All right, Miss Menlo. Why, I don't know -- but I put a premium on my survival. I'll perform the operation. The donor. Who is he?

242 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

smiling.

MISS MENLO

I'll have my lawyer contact you and give you his name. He's an inconsequential little hoodlum. You can arrange with Parker as to where it will all take place. Because I want it to take place as quickly as possible. Is that clear to you, Doctor?

243 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

What's clear to me, Miss Menlo, is that you're to be satisfied. For a whim...a fancy...a few sweeps of some clock hands, while you indulge yourself -- a man will deliver up his eyes. Thanks to me.

(a pause)

I hope the poor devil realizes how much he's sold for so little!

244 ANGLE UP OF HIM

as he moves away from her across the room and OUT the door,
leaving her standing there just staring into the constant void
that surrounds her.

245 SHOT - THE MAID

as she comes INTO the now darkening room.

MAID

Was there anything else, Miss Menlo?

246 SHOT - MISS MENLO

who now stands by the window. She puts her palms on the glass.

MISS MENLO

Come over here.

247 SHOT - THE MAID

as she walks the length of the living room over to the window
and stands next to Miss Menlo.

248 TWO SHOT - THE MAID AND MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Outside...can you see Central Park?

MAID

Yes, ma'm. It's getting dark but
I can still see it.

MISS MENLO

Describe it for me.

MAID

(puzzled)

Ma'm?

MISS MENLO

(her voice tight)

I asked you to describe it for me.

CONTINUED

248 CONTINUED

MAID

(Looking out the
window -- a hesitant,
halting voice)

Well the...the trees are almost
bare.

MISS MENLO

Go on.

MAID

(Looking again)

That's about all. The lights are
on.

MISS MENLO

The trees are almost bare...and the
lights are on.

(She turns her sight-
less eyes in the
direction of the maid)

You have eyes, my dear...but you
don't see. You have a mouth...
but you might as well be a mute.
What a miserable waste of the senses!

She grabs the maid's arm in an incredibly hard, vise-like grip.
The maid gasps at the sudden pain of it.

MISS MENLO

When I see again, my dear...I shall
drink up Central Park. I shall let
it pour through my eyes until it
floods my brain. I shall maintain
a reservoir of things that I have
seen during that brief time...to
remember for the rest of my life.

She turns slowly.

249 SHOT - THE ROOM - HER POINT OF VIEW - A ROW OF PAINTINGS AND
STATUARY

250 MOVING SHOT WITH HER

as she walks the length of the room, reaching out to touch
pictures and fondle marble busts, etc.

MISS MENLO

I have spent fifty years, my dear,
feeling of the world. Smelling it.
Listening to it drive up and down
Fifth Avenue, or catch the scent
of its spring as it comes through
the window.

CONTINUED

250 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO (contd)

(A pause as she turns
toward the maid who re-
mains at the window)

Do you know what St. Patrick's
Cathedral is? The sound of bells.
You know what autumn is? Wind.
Leaves hitting the window pane. Or
winter -- crunching footsteps on
snow.

(A pause as she retraces
her steps back toward the
window, then pauses in
front of her portrait,
reaches out, touches it)

Well now I'll know what the world is.
(She then touches her
face, gently --
exploringly)

And myself. I'll know who I am
now. I'll be introduced to myself.
Eyes and nose and mouth...

(She looks around the
room)

...and light and shadow...and color
and design...and form and lines.

(She stops, turns, takes
a few small steps over
to her chair and sits
down -- her regal little
figure straight, unbending)

Now tell the cook I should like
eggs this evening. Shirred. And
two strips of very crisp bacon.
And one piece of melba toast. A
little marmelade on the side. A
demitasse. And I'd like it in one
hour.

251 SHOT - THE MAID

MAID

Yes, ma'm.

She starts to walk past Miss Menlo whose VOICE stops her.

MISS MENLO

And after dinner, my dear -- I
should like you to read to me.

MAID

Yes, ma'm. I'd be glad to.

252 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Would you?

MAID

(her back to Miss Menlo)

Yes, ma'm. I don't mind at all.

MISS MENLO

Your back is to me, isn't it?

MAID

(slowly turning
toward her)I don't mind reading to you, Miss
Menlo.

MISS MENLO

I never learned Braille, you see.
I never had to. What's the point?
I can afford to have things read
to me. I can order poetry, my
dear, as easily as I can an
original Picasso hung on the wall...
or a chauffeur-driven limousine...
or my supper at a given hour.

(A pause as she turns
away, the little face
taut now and intense)

And how, after these fifty-odd
years... I shall look at all those
things that I've been ordering!

A SLOW PULL BACK FROM her TOWARD the window until WE ARE
SHOOTING her silhouetted in the window from OUTSIDE. A
PAN DOWN the building and a:

DISSOLVE TO

253 EXT. PARK - NIGHT - LONG SHOT - LOOKING DOWN AT SI RESNICK

A scrawny, pigeon-chested little man with a hollow-cheeked,
cadaverish-looking face; darting nervous eyes as seen through
thick, steel-rimmed, cheap-looking spectacles; hands that
twitch, tug, pull, flit around, go in and out of pockets. He
paces up and down the path, then stops, looks up as LOUIS, a
man in a topcoat, COMES INTO THE SCENE. He stands a few feet
away from Resnick then finally sits down on a park bench.

LOUIS

(With a vast smile)

Why, it's Simon Resnick! Simple
Simon Resnick. And what does
Simple Simon Resnick have for me
tonight?

CONTINUED

253 CONTINUED

Resnick moves over to the bench, wetting his lips nervously.

RESNICK

He'll have something for you...
tomorrow afternoon.

LOUIS

Tomorrow afternoon.

(clucks)

Now let's see -- this is the
thirtieth of October. Thirty days
hath September...April, June and
November -- so that makes it the
thirty-first.

Resnick nods eagerly.

LOUIS

You know, it's a funny thing, Si.
That poem -- and your line, I've
heard before.

Resnick reaches forward to touch Louis' topcoat.

RESNICK

Baby -- I took the wrong point
spread on the knicks when they
suddenly blew cold. Three Sundays
in a row I got N.F.L. ball clubs
whose quarterbacks get hit on the
blind side and I'm out the whole
bundle.

(puts on a
grotesque, gargoyle
smile, dances a
little jig)

This announcement to God. You
have taken Simon Resnick and put
the whammy on him!

He stops, dusts off Louis' lapel, takes his arm, starts to
walk down the path with him ---

RESNICK

Louis, my boy. In a lifetime spent
wagering on sporting events -- I
have never had a freeze like the one I've
just gone through. You can believe
that, baby. A freeze. A deep freeze.

He adjusts his spectacles, pauses near a lamp post, looks
up at Louis -- the same gargoyle grin formed of nervousness
and desperation.

RESNICK

You know what, Louis? They can call
my life on account of rain! It's

253 CONTINUED -2

RESNICK (contd)
me and misfortune till death do us
part. Am I gettin' through to you,
baby? Make a signal, will you?
This is no welsh -- this is a child
of sadness talkin' to you ---

His voice is cut off by a chopping backhand that Louis whips
at him, smashing against his cheek, knocking his glasses
askew and hanging from his ear. The force of the blow propels
Resnick backward against the bench where he collapses and sits
there, gaping -- half in shock, half in pain. Louis takes a
slow walk over to him.

LOUIS
Simon? You get the signal, did you?

254 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

RESNICK
(His voice a whisper)
You're comin' through.

255 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING TOWARD LOUIS

as he stands there, hovering over Resnick.

LOUIS
That's only the first part. Comes
now the second. You owe nine hundred
bucks. You've owed it for too long.
I was told to collect it tonight
or take it out in bones and skin.
Now if you wanna go rob a bank for
it, Si -- I'll stand on the corner
and wait for you. Or if you wanna
visit a rich relative in any one
of the boroughs -- I'll give you
carfare for the trip. But the
bill is nine hundred. And that
gets paid tonight.

256 SHOT - RESNICK

blinking myopically, reaches with a shaky hand to place his
glasses back on his nose.

RESNICK
Lou -- I'm gonna get the nine hun-
dred bucks tomorrow. I'm gonna be
some kind of a guinea pig for a
doctor. I'm gonna have an operation
done on me. I'm gettin' the whole
nine hundred bucks for it.

257 CLOSE SHOT - LOUIS

He shakes his head -- half in disgust and half in a perverse admiration.

LOUIS

You don't stop, do you, Si?

258 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

His smile is half gargoyle -- half panic -- half modest pleasure.

RESNICK

On my mother's grave, Lou...on my father's grave...the truth and nothin' but the truth. What I just told you -- it's like I said.

259 CLOSE SHOT - LOUIS

as he taps a forefinger against Resnick's head.

LOUIS

Child of sadness -- this, I give you -- you got some imagination.

260 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

who grins his gargoyle grin, smiles.

RESNICK

It's to laugh, huh?

261 TWO SHOT - RESNICK AND LOUIS

as Resnick begins to laugh. Louis joins him until suddenly he very quickly grabs Resnick, pulling him to him. The laugh dies in Resnick's throat.

LOUIS

What kinda operation?

RESNICK

I'm not allowed to say.

He grabs Louis' hand as it starts to come down at him again -- his voice stifled.

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

RESNICK

I swear to God -- that's it. It's an operation, but I'm not allowed to say anything about it. It's illegal or somethin'. But I swear to you, Lou -- that's the goods. I'm havin' a meetin' about it tomorrow afternoon. With a lawyer and a doctor. And then tomorrow night I'm supposed to go into some private hospital.

LOUIS

And I get my dough when?

RESNICK

As soon as they give it to me. They said tomorrow afternoon right after the meetin'. Anytime after three. You come to my room -- I'll have it for you.

Louis smiles, releases Resnick.

LOUIS

All right, Si -- tomorrow afternoon I'll be in your room. And if the nine hundred isn't there with you -- I'll give you fifteen seconds to say a prayer!

He turns away from Resnick, pulls out a pack of cigarettes, lights one, exhales, looks at Resnick with an interest -- his voice a different tone.

LOUIS

You wanna know somethin' about yourself?

RESNICK

(a thin smile)

Surprise me.

LOUIS

You always look like somebody who just read his own name in the obituary. That's the way you always look, Si. You oughta rent yourself out for advertisin' purposes. You know the dames' pictures in the subway, with the beer? You could do the same thing for funeral homes.