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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 makeshift 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

54
55

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 he became an expert~~
~~at survival, a concentration camp~~
can be a university of higher learning 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 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 -- ECHOEY 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, senor.

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 perpetually 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

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 care-
fully. 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 peccadillos 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 sightless 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 remains 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.

262 SHOT - RESNICK

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

LOUIS

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

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

263 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

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

RESNICK

(aloud)

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

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

DISSOLVE TO

264 EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DISSOLVE TO

265 INT. PACKER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

266 SHOT - THE DOOR

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

CONTINUED

266 CONTINUED

PACKER
(with a nod
toward the
door)

What do you think, Doctor? Will he
pass?

267 SHOT - HEATHERTON

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

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

268 SHOT - PACKER

who studies Heatherton, lights a cigarette.

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

269 TWO SHOT - PACKER AND HEATHERTON

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

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

CONTINUED

269 CONTINUED

HEATHERTON

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

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

HEATHERTON

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

270 SHOT - PACKER

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

PACKER

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

271 SHOT - RESNICK

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

RESNICK

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

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

RESNICK

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

He looks toward Packer who hands him a pen.

CONTINUED

271 CONTINUED

PACKER

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

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

RESNICK

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

272 SHOT - HEATHERTON AND PACKER

who exchange a look.

HEATHERTON

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

RESNICK

(waving the pen
back and forth)

I believe it, I believe it.

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

RESNICK

I got no choice.

(he shakes
his head)

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

Then he slowly scribbles his name, remains hunched over.

RESNICK

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

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

RESNICK

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

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

RESNICK (Cont'd)

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

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

RESNICK

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

He takes a deep breath, shakes his head.

RESNICK

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

(points to his eyes again)

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

273 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

torn by this.

HEATHERTON

To your heart's content, Mr. Resnick.

RESNICK

To my heart's content.

(a lopsided grin)

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

Packer hands him an envelope.

PACKER

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

274 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING AT RESNICK

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

CONTINUED

274 CONTINUED

RESNICK

Got a nice heft to it.

(takes another
deep breath)

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

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

RESNICK

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

(a pause -- his
fingers clench
the envelope)

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

(turns to them)

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

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

RESNICK

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

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

HEATHERTON

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

PACKER

His eyes?

HEATHERTON

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

CONTINUED

274 CONTINUED - 2

HEATHERTON (Cont'd)

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

(he turns toward
Packer)

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

(a pause, then
very tightly)

I hope so. I pray to God they have.

DISSOLVE TO

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

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

MISS MENLO

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

276 ANGLE - THE NURSE

leaning over the bed.

NURSE

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

277 ANGLE - MISS MENLO

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

MISS MENLO

That's very good to hear. Very good.

278 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

studying her.

279 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO
Are you young? You sound young.

280 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

NURSE
I'm twenty-four, Miss Menlo.

281 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

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

282 CLOSE SHOT - THE NURSE

strangely uncomfortable.

NURSE
Hazel, I'm told.

MISS MENLO
Hazel.

283 ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM

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

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

NURSE
Sleepy, Miss Menlo?

The little head.

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

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

284 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

The eyes open again.

MISS MENLO

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

She takes a deep breath, her whole frame convulsing.

MISS MENLO

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

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

285 SHOT - THE NURSE

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

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

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

287 SHOT - ELEVATOR DOORS

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

NURSE 1

(in a whisper)

Is this the donor?

Nurse 2 nods.

288 SHOT - RESNICK

He opens his eyes -- a crooked grin.

RESNICK

(in an exaggerated whisper)

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

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

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

290 ANGLE DOWN - RESNICK

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

NURSE 2

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

291 CLOSE SHOT - RESNICK

He turns his head to look toward her.

RESNICK

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

(a pause, his mouth twists)

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

292 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

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

293 ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR DOORS

as they open.

294 MOVING SHOT WITH THE CART

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

295 SHOT - THROUGH A SMALL CIRCULAR WINDOW

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

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

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

RESNICK

(his voice heavy
with drugs and
sleep)

This the broad?

(a silence)

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

297 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

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

298 SHOT - RESNICK

RESNICK

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

The hand drops to his side, the eyes close.

299 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

Tears roll down his cheeks.

RESNICK

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

(shakes his head
back and forth)

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

299 CONTINUED

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

HEATHERTON

All right. We'll begin right now.

ABRUPT CUT TO

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

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

301 CLOSE SHOT - HER HANDS

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

302 ANOTHER ANGLE - MISS MENLO

who turns, profile to the CAMERA.

MISS MENLO

(calling out)

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

303 SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM

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

HEATHERTON

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

He stops.

CONTINUED

303 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

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

304 ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM - FAVORING HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

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

He stops abruptly, staring.

305 SHOT - ONE WALL

lined up like soldiery with paintings and statuary.

306 SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

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

307 SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

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

308 SHOT - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

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

(A pause)

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

309 ANGLE - HEATHERTON

He studies the bandaged face for a moment.

HEATHERTON

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

(A pause, then
a little grimly)

I hope my efforts have made it possible.

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

MISS MENLO

For both our sakes -- I hope they have.

HEATHERTON

I'll say good evening, Miss Menlo.

MISS MENLO

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

310 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

HEATHERTON

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

CONTINUED

310 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

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

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

311 LONG SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - MISS MENLO

MISS MENLO

Doctor?

He turns at the door.

MISS MENLO

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

312 SHOT - HEATHERTON

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

313 CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE

as he looks up at the light.

314 LONG SHOT - MISS MENLO

in the shadows.

MISS MENLO

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

315 CLOSE SHOT - HEATHERTON

His mouth twisted.

HEATHERTON

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

(A pause)

You can't miss me, Miss Menlo.

He turns, opens the door and walks OUT.

316 SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

317 MOVING SHOT WITH HER

over to the mantel.

318 CLOSER ANGLE OF HER

as she touches the clock, feeling of the hands.

319 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

as she looks up toward the chandelier.

320 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

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

321 SHOT - MISS MENLO

as she starts to unroll the bandage.

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

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

323 ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN AT MISS MENLO

as she continues to unroll the layers of bandage.

324 SHOT - THROUGH THE BANDAGE - HER POINT OF VIEW

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

325 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - HER HANDS AND FACE

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

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

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

327 ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING DOWN AT HER

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

328 SERIES OF SHOTS - MISS MENLO

thru

331

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

332 CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

MISS MENLO

Heatherton! You quack. You charlatan.

You filthy, rotten medicine man.

Heatherton! Heatherton, you monster!

333 ANGLE OF HER

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

334 TOP HAT SHOT - ACROSS THE FLOOR - MISS MENLO

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

335 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

336 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

337 SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

338 SHOT - THE FLOOR INDICATOR

which does not move.

339 ANGLE - MISS MENLO

as she continues to pound in frustrated fury.

340 SHOT - MISS MENLO - ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

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

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

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

342 SERIES OF SHOTS - MISS MENLO

thru

345

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

CONTINUED

345 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

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

346 SHOT - MISS MENLO - FROM ABOVE

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

347 INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

This is in the same kind of darkness.

348 SHOT - A DOOR

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

349 SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

MISS MENLO

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

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

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

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

351 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

CONTINUED

351 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

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

352 HIGH ANGLE OF HER

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

353 CLOSE TOP HAT SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

354 HIGH ANGLE OF HER

as she moves down the alley.

355 CLOSE SHOT - A BRICK WALL

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

356 SERIES OF SHOTS - HER POINT OF VIEW

thru

360

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

361 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

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

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

363 INT. STAIRWAY - ANGLE DOWN AT HER

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

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

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

365 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

366 CLOSE SHOT - HER FOOT

as it becomes entangled in the telephone cord.

367 SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

CONTINUED

367 CONTINUED

MISS MENLO

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

(then louder)

Why can't I see?

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

368 CLOSER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN AND THE DRIVER

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

DRIVER

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

POLICEMAN

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

DRIVER

Home. Westport, Connecticut.

POLICEMAN

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

DRIVER

How long is it going to last?

POLICEMAN

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

369 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POLICEMAN

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

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

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

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

370 CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

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

MISS MENLO

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

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

MISS MENLO'S VOICE

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

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

371 LONG SHOT - THROUGH THE WINDOW - CENTRAL PARK BEYOND

and a SUN which has just begun a dawn RISING.

372 SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

373 CLOSE SHOT - HER FINGERS

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

374 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

MISS MENLO

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

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

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

(she reaches up and touches her face)

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

(then louder)

The nothing.

(then very softly, almost in a whisper)

Not fair. Not fair at all.

375 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - MISS MENLO

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

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

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

377 EXTREMELY TIGHT SHOT - HER FACE

her eyes wide open and staring.

MISS MENLO

(with a gasp)

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

378 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HER

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

379 ANGLE - FROM BELOW THE WINDOW

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

ABRUPT CUT TO

380 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

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

381 INT. LIMBO SET - NIGHT

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

CONTINUED

381 CONTINUED

SERLING

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

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

382 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

DISSOLVE TO

383 EXT. HENDRICK'S CHATEAU - DAY

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

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

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

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

CONTINUED

384 CONTINUED

PORTIFOY

Anything more you need, Mr. Hendricks?

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

PORTIFOY

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

385 SHOT - HENDRICKS

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

386 SHOT - AN EASEL

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

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

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

388 ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRWAY

as Portifoy starts down, tray in hand.

389 INT. STUDY

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

CONTINUED

389 CONTINUED

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

390 ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

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

JEREMY

Appetite not so good today.

PORTIFOY

It never is at lunchtime, sir.

JEREMY

(pointing to the
plate)

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

PORTIFOY

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

(a beat)

...and he also pays for it.

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

JEREMY

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

PORTIFOY

Nor did your uncle, sir.

JEREMY

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

CONTINUED

390 CONTINUED

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

JEREMY

When did he paint that one anyway?

PORTIFOY

Just before his last stroke.

JEREMY

(With a thin little
shudder)

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

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

391 SHOT - OVER HIS SHOULDER - THE PICTURE

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

JEREMY

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

392 ANGLE - JEREMY

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

JEREMY

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

393 SHOT - PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY

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

394 REVERSE ANGLE ← LOOKING TOWARD JEREMY - PORTIFOY'S POINT OF VIEW

JEREMY

So my dear late mother used to tell me. She, herself, died at a relatively early age, Portifoy, from overwork and a surplus of pride. She couldn't bring herself to crawl over to that rich recluse of a brother. There was her dignity to consider. That was her long suit, Portifoy. Dignity. And as a result I've spent the bulk of my life acquiring a taste for the good life...but never achieving the means.

PORTIFOY

(Ice cold)

How sad, sir.

JEREMY

(An upraised eyebrow)

But a passing sadness, old chap.

(He nods toward
the picture)

If this crud was ~~my~~ my uncle's only indulgence -- I anticipate a much more carefree existence as of the day that he stops staring at this particular view...and becomes a part of it!

395 SHOT - PORTIFOY

A look crosses his face, undefinable.

396 SHOT - JEREMY

JEREMY

Go on, Portifoy. Say what you're thinking. I'm a scoundrel, aren't I?

397 SHOT - PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY

You're a swine, sir.

398 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN - FAVORING JEREMY

who smiles as if complimented.

JEREMY

What refreshing candor.

(Then the smile
fades)

Get it out of your system, Portifoy.
Because when I take over here and
you bare those ancient fangs --
I'll pull them out, one by one!

He then GOES up the stairs, leaving Portifoy staring after him for a moment, then turning and DISAPPEARING into the kitchen area.

399 ANGLE - UP THE STAIRS - JEREMY

who walks up to the top, slowly looks down, studies the portrait of his uncle.

JEREMY

(under his breath)

Portifoy, old sport -- how in the
world shall I carve into the high
part of the hog -- if the old
gentleman persists in clutching to
life so steadfastly?

He turns, moves across the corridor to the door of his uncle's room, turns the doorknob, moves INTO the room.

400 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

as Jeremy ENTERS. His uncle is asleep by the window, head down. Jeremy closes the door carefully, walks over to him, looks down at him, reaches down to touch his shoulder. The old man wakes with a start, painfully lifts his head up.

JEREMY

I've come for a little chat, uncle.

Hendricks opens his mouth, makes a sound -- a distorted grunt suggestive of a desperate attempt to speak. Jeremy, smiling, moves closer to the old man.

JEREMY

Relax, uncle. Let me handle the
conversation.

(A pause)

I've had a very interesting morning.
I went through the things in your
desk.

CONTINUED

400 CONTINUED

The Old Man's eyes blink -- the face, even through the sick mask, takes on a grim look of ferocity. Again Jeremy is quite aware of this. He smiles.

JEREMY

Guess what I came across, uncle?

The Old Man glares at him, this time with a tinge of fear.

JEREMY

Correspondence. Letters between you and your lawyer. Having to do with...having to do with your will, uncle.

The Old Man reacts.

JEREMY

Terrribly impressed with your literary style, uncle. Cogent, right to the point, say what you have to say. Really impressive. And as to the contents -- more than impressed, uncle dear. ~~To discover that~~ you've made my mother the beneficiary. Now that touched me. That deeply touched me. And that part...let me see...what did it say? That should she not be alive, it would go to her sole survivor. Uncle, can you believe me when I tell you that I wept when I read that? I actually wept. What a heart you have. What a...what a massive compassion.

(He looks around the room a little uncomfortably)

Stuffy in here, isn't it, uncle? Don't you think it's stuffy?

The Old Man doesn't respond. Jeremy moves over to the window, unlocks the latch and raises it an inch. The WIND sends a shrill little WHISTLE into the room. Jeremy turns back to his uncle.

JEREMY

And then it ocured to me...that since I am my mother's sole survivor --

CONTINUED

400 CONTINUED - 2

JEREMY (Cont'd)
that would make me the beneficiary
of your will.

401 SHOT - HENDRICKS

The one partially paralyzed side seems to heave with tremors. The right hand, clutching at the wheelchair, turns into a weak fist. Jeremy notes this again and smiles.

JEREMY
Let's be frank with one another,
shall we, uncle? You don't much
care for me.

Hendricks nods slowly. Jeremy makes a little reproving face as if playing with a child, then straddles a chair.

401 CONTINUED

JEREMY

But I'm not sensitive, Uncle. Not at all. For example -- it's my understanding, from the copies of the notes you dictated to Portifoy, that you've been trying to reach your lawyer. He's been out of the country.

The old man stares at him.

JEREMY

The implication is quite clear. You wanted to change the will. Cut me off.

The old man's head raises. He stares long and deep into Jeremy's face. Their eyes meet and lock.

JEREMY

(Now his voice holds
no subterfuge)

I can't let that happen, Uncle. I'm sure you can understand why. And that leaves really only one thing on the agenda.

(He moves closer
to his uncle, stares
down at him)

Do you know what that is, Uncle?

402 ANOTHER ANGLE - HENDRICKS

With his last atom of strength he starts to rise from the wheelchair, takes one shuffling pained step toward the window and a cord that hangs from the wall near it. Jeremy moves in front of him, grabs his arm as it reaches for the cord.

JEREMY

I wouldn't call Portifoy, Uncle. Really I wouldn't. Why disturb the old man? Thirty years he's been waiting on you. Let's give him an afternoon off, shall we?

He bodily half pushes, half carries his uncle back to the wheelchair, slams him down into it, then turns, whips up the window. The HOWLING WIND shrieks into the room. He moves his uncle over to the window so that the wind slams into him.

JEREMY

I've been told by your physician, Uncle, to keep you away from drafts. It seems that you're quite susceptible to colds...perhaps even pneumonia. Well, let's put this medical advice to a test, shall we? Let's see how susceptible you are

403 CLOSE SHOT - HENDRICKS

struggling to get out of the wheelchair, but his strength is now totally dissipated. He opens his mouth, wanting to scream, but no sound comes.

404 SHOT - JEREMY

who stands aside, laughing, then he turns, walks across the room.

JEREMY

Refreshing, isn't it, Uncle? The wind...the cold...isn't it refreshing? And think of this, if you will. Your last view of life. That family cemetery down there. Drink it all in. Study it carefully. Like a new tenant investigating his next abode.

(a pause)

Now I'll leave you, undisturbed. Neither Portifoy nor I shall come back in here for say...an hour? Two hours? Whatever it takes, Uncle. Whatever it takes to...simplify things!

Again he laughs, turns, goes OUT of the door, closing it behind him. The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the old man, still struggling to get out, but perceptibly weakened as the WIND HOWLS into the room, ruffling his clothing -- his hair.

405 OMITTED

405-A EXT. HOUSE - DAY - SHOT - UP TOWARD THE OPEN WINDOW

where WE SEE Hendricks sitting there in the wheelchair, his face a white portrait of agony...and hopeless fury. The CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE BACK UNTIL THIS SHOT IS FRAMED OVER A TOMBSTONE from the family graveyard.

DISSOLVE TO

406 INT. HALL - NIGHT

The hall lights are out. The FIRE, seen through the open doors of the study, casts a FLICKERING orange glow through the whole place.

407 ANGLE - UP THE STAIRS - JEREMY

who leans against the top railing outside of Hendricks' room, legs crossed, a nonchalance as if waiting for a bus. The closed door of his uncle's room opens. The LAWYER (CARSON) comes OUT, lights a cigarette, looks at Jeremy.

CONTINUED

407 CONTINUED

CARSON

No change. The doctor says he may remain in a coma for some time.

The two men look at one another.

JEREMY

(unsmiling)

Pity.

CARSON

(studies him
for a moment)

I'm told you've gone through the will.

JEREMY

A precaution, Mr. Carson. When it appeared he had pneumonia, it seemed the practical thing to do.

(a pause)

Who told you I went through the will?

CARSON

A little bird.

JEREMY

A little bird in a butler's suit who should mind that he not get his beak smashed.

(he takes out a
cigarette of
his own)

However, Mr. Carson, since my mother was the major beneficiary -- and I her survivor -- that would give everything to me.

CARSON

(shaking his head,
offended by what
he sees and hears)

The man is not dead yet! Do you suppose you could stifle those great expectations of yours until the body's cold?

The door opens. The DOCTOR comes OUT. He looks briefly toward the bed where WE SEE the still and silent figure of Hendricks.

CONTINUED

407 CONTINUED - 2

DOCTOR

Mr. Hendricks has passed on.
(he closes the door,
looks briefly from
one to the other then
fixes his final look
on Jeremy)
He never regained consciousness.

Jeremy tries not to look relieved. He turns toward Carson.

JEREMY

May I now claim my inheritance,
Mr. Carson?

Carson and the doctor look at one another.

CARSON

(icily)
Would it be too much trouble to
first go through the motions of
a funeral and a reasonable period
of mourning?

JEREMY

(a thin smile)
Is that a legal requirement, Counselor?

CARSON

Let's say it's what might be expected
of a civilized man as an act of re-
spect and appreciation ---

JEREMY

I'm not a civilized man, Mr. Carson.
I'm a black sheep nephew with an
itch.

(then to the doctor)

May I impose upon you, Doctor, to
arrange the burial service and all
the rest of it. And put it on the
bill.

DOCTOR

He'll be buried in the family crypt.
He'd mentioned that to me many times.

JEREMY

Fine. Now if there's nothing else --
(he steps away from
the bannister, makes
a gesture toward the
stairs)

CONTINUED

407 CONTINUED - 3

JEREMY (Cont'd)
I'll be here if you two gentlemen
should need me for anything.

The two men exchange another look and start down the stairs. Jeremy takes a step over to the closed door, opens it. Over his shoulder WE SEE the body on the bed. He turns.

JEREMY
(calling down
the stairs)
Doctor -- shouldn't he be covered
or something? Or his hands folded?
Isn't part of the ritual that he
should look at peace?

408 ANGLE DOWN - CARSON AND THE DOCTOR

CARSON
He should be resurrected... for as
long as it takes to cut you off
and boot you out -- that would
give him peace!

Then he and the doctor continue down the stairs over to the front door. Portifoy comes OUT from the kitchen wing.

CARSON
No need, Portifoy. We'll show
ourselves out.

The two men continue to the front door, open it and EXIT. Portifoy stands there a little hesitantly then looks up the stairs.

JEREMY
Care to pay your last respects,
Portifoy?

Portifoy moves to the foot of the stairs.

PORTIFOY
He's...he's gone?

JEREMY
Irrevocably...and permanently.

Portifoy's head goes down. He's about to turn away.

JEREMY
Item of interest, Portifoy.

CONTINUED

408 CONTINUED

Portifoy stops and turns back.

JEREMY

There is a small stipend indicated
in the will for you. I believe it's
about eighty dollars a month for as
long as you live.

PORTIFOY

(very softly)

Eighty...dollars...a month.

(a beat)

I see.

Jeremy starts a slow walk down the stairs.

PORTIFOY

I...I'd like to stay, sir. With
your permission.

JEREMY

Excellent. And the first thing on
the agenda...

(he looks up and down
the wall covered with
the paintings)

...is to remove the bulk of this
pen and ink grotesquerie and ---

409 EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY'S FACE

His eyes widen.

410 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he moves up the steps to the small picture of the family
cemetery and stares at it, then continues to stare at it.

411 ANGLE - OVER HIS SHOULDER - PORTIFOY

his face blank, unrevealing.

PORTIFOY

Something, sir?

412 SHOT - JEREMY

who turns very slowly, almost reluctantly, from the painting.

CONTINUED

412 CONTINUED

JEREMY

Odd.

PORTIFOY

Odd, sir?

Jeremy turns again to the painting.

JEREMY

Look at this.

413 ANGLE - PORTIFOY

as he moves up the stairs, looks at the picture.

PORTIFOY

Look at what, sir?

JEREMY

(losing his temper)

The picture, stupid. The painting.
Look at it.

414 CLOSE SHOT - PORTIFOY

who looks again at the picture.

415 CLOSE SHOT - THE PICTURE

It's the family graveyard that we have already seen, but in one corner there has appeared a new grave.

JEREMY

(his voice shaking
slightly)

This painting...it's been...it's
been altered.

PORTIFOY

I don't under ---

JEREMY

(shouting at him)

It's been altered! Can't you see
it? Haven't you any eyes? Look
at this!

416 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as Jeremy takes a step down, grabs Portifoy, pulls him up a couple of steps then points to the picture.

JEREMY

Look in the lower right hand corner.
The grave. The...the freshly dug
grave.

Portifoy looks at him as if wondering about his sanity.

PORTIFOY

I see nothing wrong with it, sir.

JEREMY

(pulling his eyes
away from the
painting)
Forget it, Just forget it.
(a beat, then in
a different
terse tone)
That will be all for now. I'd like
my dinner at the usual time.

He turns and moves on up the stairs, deliberately averting his eyes from the painting, pauses by Hendricks' door, briefly looks in then closes the door and starts down the hall toward his own room.

DISSOLVE TO

417 EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY

A cold, gray, leaden twilight. A GRAVEDIGGER is just flinging the last shovelful of earth over a freshly covered grave. With the back of the shovel he starts to pat firm and even the mound of earth then straightens the newly carved tombstone, wipes off some of the excess dirt from it. The CAMERA ARCS UP so that it is SHOOTING OVER the stone TOWARD the house.

418 SHOT - THE FRONT DOOR

a wreath hanging from the middle of it.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

419 INT. HALL - NIGHT - SHOT - ACROSS THE HALL

TOWARD the closed study door where WE HEAR the SOUND of a WOMAN'S SHRILL LAUGHTER, a BOTTLE BREAKING, then MORE LAUGHTER, joined in by Jeremy -- then silence.

CONTINUED

419 CONTINUED

Portifoy COMES OUT from the kitchen area, looks toward the closed study door that opens. A high-stepping BLONDE FLOOZY COMES OUT, FOLLOWED by Jeremy, flushed from drinking, his shirt open, several buttons missing. He whacks the girl on the fanny, walks with her to the front door where they kiss and nuzzle a bit, then the girl GOES OUTSIDE. Jeremy closes the door after her, turns to look toward an obviously disapproving Portifoy. He waggles a finger drunkenly.

JEREMY

Why it's Osmond Portifoy, as I live
and breathe. Osmond Portifoy.

He laughs, walks back toward the study door.

PORTIFOY

(stiffly)

If there's nothing else, sir. I
thought I'd lock up and retire.

420 ANGLE - JEREMY

as SEEN THROUGH the open study door. He's pouring himself a stiff drink from a half-filled bottle, then turns.

JEREMY

That's your life, isn't it, Portifoy?
Locking up and retiring. To my dying
day I'll carry a picture of you walk-
ing through life straight-backed,
stiff-legged --

(he moves toward
Portifoy, stand-
ing at the open
door)

-- carrying a tray, some folded towels
over the arm, and that reprovng look
of yours. You know the look? How shall
I describe it? The bank examiner find-
ing an incorrect balance.

He laughs. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON a:

421 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY'S FACE

as his laughter is suddenly chopped off as again he stares --
this time over Portifoy's shoulder. WHIP PAN OVER TO the
painting over the stairs. This time, in sharp relief, WE SEE
that the grave in the lower right hand corner has been excava-
ted. A mound of earth is heaped to one side. The casket has
been tilted upward and is perceivable.

422 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THE HALLWAY

as Jeremy takes a drunken, stumbling run to the stairs, then up the steps to stand by the painting.

JEREMY

(his voice broken)

It's changed again! Portifoy -- it's changed again!

(he whirls around)

Look at it! Dammit -- look at it!

He rips the picture off the wall, stares at it in his hands.

JEREMY

There's a mound of earth there... and a casket...they weren't there before.

(then shouting)

Portifoy -- they weren't there before!

Carrying the picture, he runs down the steps to the front door, flings it open.

423 EXT. HOUSE - SHOT - THROUGH THE IRON GATE TOWARD THE HOUSE

as Jeremy runs in the direction of the cemetery -- tripping, stumbling. He reaches the gate, grasps at it, peering through the bars.

424 ANGLE - HENDRICKS' GRAVE

It is intact, untouched, the stone in place.

425 SHOT - THROUGH THE BARS - JEREMY'S FACE

distorted.

JEREMY

What's happening? What in the name of God is happening.

426 ANOTHER ANGLE OF HIM

as he turns, runs back toward the house.

427 INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy BOLTS THROUGH the front door, the painting in his hand. He RUNS INTO the study.

428 INT. STUDY

He races toward the fireplace, stands there for a moment.

429 ANGLE UP - AS SEEN FROM THE FLAMES - JEREMY

as he flings the painting into the fire.

430 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAINTING

as it burns in the fireplace.

431 ANGLE - JEREMY

as he stands there, shaken, drenched with perspiration. He turns and walks very slowly and somewhat unsteadily OUT of the room.

432 INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy COMES OUT of the study, flicks OFF a LIGHT over the hall, leaving the cavernous area in semi-darkness. He starts up the steps, pausing for a moment, takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one, then compulsively -- as if somehow bidden to do so -- he holds the still lit match up.

433 SHOT - THE WALL

In the flickering light of the match WE SEE that the painting has returned. ZOOM INTO THE PAINTING. Predominant now in the picture is the open grave -- this time with the casket perched up and open and the face of Hendricks, arms crossed in front of him, staring out.

434 SHOT - JEREMY

as he screams.

ABRUPT CUT TO

435 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - SHOT - A TEA KETTLE

as it sends out a SHRILL little notice of the boiling water that fuses with Jeremy's SCREAMING from the previous scene.

436 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

as Portifoy carries a tray with a teapot and cup over to the closed study door, taps at it with his foot, then juggles the tray to open the door with his free hand.

437 INT. STUDY - DAY

Jeremy stands by the window in a bathrobe. He turns to look toward Portifoy -- his face gray, drawn, his eyes shadowed.

PORTIFOY

I brought you some hot tea, sir.

Jeremy turns from the window.

JEREMY

I don't want any hot tea, Portifoy.

PORTIFOY

(with a little
shrug)

Suit yourself, sir.

He makes a move as if to leave.

JEREMY

Portifoy!

Portifoy turns to him.

JEREMY

Did you look at the painting like
I told you?

PORTIFOY

(simply)

Yes, sir. It's hanging there as
usual.

JEREMY

(moving across the
room, ferociously
mimicking him)

It's hanging there as usual, it's
hanging there as usual!

He reaches the open study door, looks out toward the stairs and the hanging pictures.

438 SHOT - THE CEMETERY PAINTING

It's just as it always was in the very beginning.

439 CLOSE ANGLE - JEREMY

JEREMY

I burned it. I threw it there in
the fireplace. I watched it bubble
and crinkle up. I watched it dis-
appear.

CONTINUED

439 CONTINUED

He turns very slowly back toward Portifoy, his face strained and pale.

JEREMY

And there it is, hanging on the wall.

PORTIFOY

(quite neutral)

Imagination, sir.

JEREMY

(again the fierce
mimicry)

Imagination, sir.

(then glaring at
Portifoy)

That's a family retainer's euphemism, isn't it? Interchangeable with batty!

Portifoy picks up the tea tray.

PORTIFOY

Whatever you say, sir.

Jeremy moves over to him swiftly and suddenly lashes out, hitting the tray, knocking it out of Portifoy's hand, and in the process part of the hot tea hits Portifoy's hands and wrists. He lets out a cry of pain, steps back.

PORTIFOY

You...you burned me.

He looks down at his scalded hands then up into Jeremy's leering face.

PORTIFOY

You did it deliberately.

Jeremy laughs, moves over to a decanter of brandy, pours himself a large tumbler-full of brandy, gulps at it like beer, then faces Portifoy.

JEREMY

It's your imagination, Portifoy -- that's what it is. Tray...teapot...scalded wrists...that's your imagination. Isn't that the catch-all explanation to cover all the phenomena around here? Pictures that get burnt and then return? Paintings that change and then return to normal? This isn't a haunt, Portifoy, old chap -- it's a prolonged hallucination!

CONTINUED

439 CONTINUED - 2

JEREMY (Cont'd)
(he moves to the
study door)
Now get out of here, If I want you
-- you'll be called.

440 SHOT - PORTIFOY

He bends over, picks up the tray, the fragment of a broken cup,
then the teapot, places them on a table.

PORTIFOY
If you want me, Mr. Jeremy...call
long distance.

441 SHOT - JEREMY

at the door, his eyebrow raised.

JEREMY
What are you talking about?

442 SHOT - PORTIFOY

as he moves slowly across the room, pausing near Jeremy.

PORTIFOY
I don't intend to stay here any
longer.

443 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

JEREMY
No?

PORTIFOY
(shakes his head)
No.

444 MOVING SHOT - PORTIFOY

as he moves past Jeremy INTO the hall and starts toward the
kitchen wing, stops for a moment, looks up at the full length
portrait of Hendricks.

445 SHOT - THE PORTRAIT

as SEEN THROUGH the bannister railing -- the tall, grim visage
of Hendricks, alive and well.

446 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN TOWARD PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY

In life, he needed me. But in death...

(he turns very
slowly to look
at Jeremy stand-
ing at the study
door)

...he's obviously strong enough to
take care of himself.

447 CLOSE SHOT - JEREMY

This shocks him.

JEREMY

And that's supposed to mean what?

448 INT. THE HALL - FULL SHOT

and the two men. Portifoy shrugs, says nothing.

JEREMY

(louder)

That's supposed to mean what? In
death, he's stronger.

(he moves closer
to Portifoy)

Let me tell you something, old man --
death is final. Death is it. The
grave is the last stop.

PORTIFOY

I think not, Mr. Jeremy. I think
there are things stronger than
death...and more lasting than the
grave.

He turns, starts toward the kitchen wing.

JEREMY

(shouting)

Portifoy!

Portifoy pauses, but keeps his back to him.

PORTIFOY

I think hate, Mr. Jeremy, is stronger
than death.

(he looks up toward
the painting on
the wall)

And I think you realize that!

CONTINUED

448 CONTINUED

PORTIFOY (Cont'd)

(then he half
turns toward
Jeremy)

I'll leave now. I'll spend the night
in the inn in the village. I'll send
for my things later.

JEREMY

(half a laugh,
half a roar
of rage)

And what about me? What am I sup-
posed to do for help? Who'll tend
to my wants now?

449 CLOSER ANGLE - PORTIFOY

PORTIFOY

Use your imagination, Mr. Jeremy.
You're rather good at that!

He turns and DISAPPEARS INTO the kitchen wing, leaving Jeremy
standing there alone.

450 SHOT - JEREMY

He carries his brandy glass to the foot of the steps, starts a
slow walk up the stairs, pauses by the full length portrait,
staring at the face in the painting.

JEREMY

Tell me something, Uncle. Why can't
you stay where you belong?

He looks down at his brandy glass and then suddenly, as an
afterthought, he flings it at the portrait -- the caramel
liquid running over the face.

JEREMY

That's as close to a toast as you'll
ever get from me...living or dead.

Then he turns and moves up the rest of the stairs, DISAPPEARING
around the bend, heading toward his own room.

DISSOLVE TO

451 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ACROSS THE ROOM - JEREMY

in bed, lying there, sleepless, the creaks and groans of the old
house overly loud -- distorted by the background silence.

CONTINUED

451 CONTINUED

He suddenly starts, sits up, then gets out of bed, throwing on a bathrobe. He moves over to a cord hanging by the window, yanks at it then calls out:

JEREMY
(calling out)
Portifoy?
(a beat)
Portifoy!

He moves across the room, opens the door, GOES OUT into the corridor.

452 ANGLE UP - JEREMY

from the foot of the stairs as he flicks ON the corridor LIGHT which sends SHADOWS across the hallway. He APPEARS at the top of the stairs.

JEREMY
(calling out
again)
Portifoy!

453 CLOSER ANGLE OF HIM

His face seems to freeze. Very slowly his eyes turn to look down toward the one particular painting. He slowly moves down the stairs toward it.

454 REVERSE ANGLE - LOOKING TOWARD HIM

as he moves down the stairs. He reaches the picture, gasps, eyes wide. WHIP PAN OVER TO the picture. Now it is a painting of the iron gate, open, leading from the family crypt to the house. Beyond it WE SEE the open grave and a shrouded figure walking on the path leading to the house.

455 ANGLE - JEREMY

He backs against the bannister.

JEREMY
(shouting)
Portifoy! Portifoy!

He stumbles, clutches the bannister for support as he heads down the steps, races across the hall toward the kitchen wing.

456
thru SERIES OF SHOTS - JEREMY
459

as he goes through the butler's pantry, the kitchen, and finally slams open the door to Portifoy's bedroom in the servants' wing. The room is empty. He moves back into the kitchen, flicks ON a LIGHT over the sink, sees a telephone, grabs at it, dials a number.

JEREMY

(into the phone --
his voice almost
a gibberish)

Operator...operator, can you give
me the inn in the village?

(his words tumble
on top of each
other)

Yes, I know -- but I don't have the
number. Please...please...I'd be
grateful.

(he waits for
a moment)

Hello? Is this the inn? I want to
talk to Osmond Portifoy. He checked
in there this afternoon.

(a beat)

What do you mean, you can't ring his
room? You've got to ring his room.
This is urgent!

(a beat)

Listen, you -- I don't care what the
house rules are. So it's three in
the morning. I tell you, this is
urgent! I tell you ---

He shakes his head, slams the phone down, stares at it for a moment then slowly moves through the butler's pantry INTO the corridor leading to the hallway.

460 INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy COMES OUT. Immediately his eyes rivet on the painting. ZOOM INTO IT. Again it's changed. Now the shrouded figure is almost to the front door which is visible in the picture.

461 SHOT - JEREMY

as he lets out a gasp, runs toward the stairs, stops, stares at the picture, looks around wildly as if seeking sanctuary, then he races across the hall INTO the study.

462 INT. STUDY

as Jeremy slams the door shut, bolts it, leans against it, digs his knuckles into his eyes as if trying to rub away the image, then his head bolts up as the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD crunching outside. He whirls around to look toward the window.

463 SHOT - THE CURTAINS

slowly undulating in the draft.

464 INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy comes OUT of the study. He looks from the study doors to the front door, backing away from both of them, inadvertently heading toward the stairs.

465 ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRS

as Jeremy once again turns, looks toward the picture.

466 CLOSE SHOT - THE PICTURE

This time we see the figure at the steps leading to the front door, and while we're looking at it WE HEAR the unmistakable SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS walking up the front steps.

467 ANOTHER ANGLE - JEREMY

This time the panic is complete. He moves away from the stairs over to a telephone on a small entrance table. He picks up the receiver, dials a number, his eyes darting from the stairs to the front door to the study.

JEREMY

(into the phone)

Operator? Operator, this is
Jeremy Evans. I'm at the Hendricks'
house. There's an intruder here.
I've got to have the police here
immediately. I tell you, I can
hear him outside now. He's at the
front door! You've got to call
the police! Tell them to get here
right away!

(a beat)

Yes, right away!

~~He slams the phone down, whips around to look toward the front door. He backs away again, his eyes fixed on the~~

CONTINUED

467 CONTINUED

door as he moves toward the study. He reaches the open study door, GOES inside.

468 INT. STUDY

Jeremy hesitates for a moment as if trying to figure out if this room is a fortress or a trap. He hears a SOUND at the window, whirls around.

469 SHOT - THE WINDOW

The curtains still move in the draft and there is nothing but darkness beyond.

470 SHOT - JEREMY

JEREMY

(shouting)

Who is it? Who's out there?

(he takes a few
steps toward the
window)

Who's out there?

He moves back to the study door, opens it, walks OUT.

471 INT. HALLWAY

as Jeremy walks across it toward the stairway. Again his eyes rivet on the front door, then very slowly he turns to look up toward the stairway and again freezes. ZOOMAR INTO THE PAINTING. Now it is a picture of the front door of the house and the dark, shrouded figure standing there, arm up-raised. At the same time there is the SHARP, RESOUNDING, THUNDEROUS BANGING on the door that echoes through the giant room.

472 HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON JEREMY

This is all he can take. The POUNDING continues as he starts up the stairs, stumbling, grabbing for support, stumbling again. He reaches the top of the stairs, breathless -- irrational with his fear. He stands there huddled over the bannister post, then slowly turns to look at the full length portrait of Hendricks. He takes a step toward it then reaches out to grab at it, pulling and yanking on the heavy frame.

CONTINUED

472 CONTINUED

JEREMY

(shouting)

You don't belong in here! You
belong in the ground! You're
dead! You should be in your grave!
You're dead!

Suddenly the picture gives way and Jeremy, still clutching tightly to it, is propelled backwards, carried by his own momentum.

473 ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRS

as man and portrait tumble downward in a bone-crunching, neck-breaking descent.

474 TOP HAT SHOT - JEREMY

on the floor at the foot of the stairs...the painting, face up, alongside. There is the SOUND of the front DOOR OPENING.

475 SHOT - FEET

as they walk toward the body. A hand COMES DOWN INTO THE FRAME to lift up one of Jeremy's lifeless eyelids, then the CAMERA FOLLOWS the feet over to the entrance table, then PANS UP to the hand as it lifts up the receiver of the telephone and dials the number. There is a moment's pause and then, distinctly, WE HEAR Portifoy's voice.

PORTIFOY'S VOICE

Yes, doctor. This is Portifoy,
sir -- at the Hendricks' house.
There's been an accident, I'm
afraid.

(a beat)

Yes, sir. Mr. Jeremy seems to have
fallen down the stairs.

(a pause)

I believe he's dead. His neck
appears to have been broken.

The PAN NOW CONTINUES UP to Portifoy's face. He smiles.

PORTIFOY

(into the phone)

Thank you, sir. I'll have a light
on over the front door.

He puts the phone down, moves back over to the body, picks up the portrait, carries it up the stairs to hang it in its usual place, then he walks back down the stairs to the small painting, starts to remove this AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO

476 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SHOT THROUGH THE GRILLED FENCE - A SECOND FRESHLY DUG GRAVE AND TOMBSTONE

A SLOW PAN over to the front door where another wreath is in evidence, then a PAN OVER TO the study windows where inside WE SEE Portifoy lounging in a chair in a smoking jacket. Another man (Gibbons) is in the room, his back TO THE CAMERA.

477 INT. HALLWAY

A SLOW PAN around the room, taking in the pictures just as they've always been, including the small family cemetery painting in its original form.

478 SHOT - TOWARD THE CLOSED STUDY DOORS

where WE HEAR the SOUND of Portifoy's LAUGHTER.

479 INT. STUDY

Portifoy puts a brandy glass he's been sipping at down on the table in front of him, looks up toward the young man he's talking to.

PORTIFOY

...so I think a long vacation would be in order for you, Gibbons. You've performed your task most admirably -- you really have.

GIBBONS

Fifteen paintings at five hundred dollars apiece. Cheap at the price, I'd say.

PORTIFOY

(rising)

Indeed.

He moves over to the desk, opens a drawer, takes out an envelope, hands it to Gibbons.

GIBBONS

Thank you. Should I count it?

PORTIFOY

(laughing)

If you like. It's all there -- plus an extra five hundred. You are not Rembrandt, Mr. Gibbons, but you have an uncanny knack for imitating someone else's style.

479 CONTINUED

GIBBONS

You can afford it, I take it.

PORTIFOY

(simply)

The savings of a lifetime.

(at Gibbon's reaction;
smiling)

A temporary inconvenience. Perhaps I neglected to tell you -- Old Mr. Hendricks was a most thoughtful man. In his will he stipulated that if there were no surviving family within six months of his demise, his old family retainer would inherit the estate.

(then with a modest
downcast look)

Yours truly.

(he walks toward
the study door,
opens it)

Now run along, Gibbons, and enjoy
the fruits of your labor.

Gibbons moves to the door, pauses.

GIBBONS

What if the nephew hadn't broken
his neck? What would you have
done then -- put something in his
brandy?

PORTIFOY

(smiling)

Don't be crude, Gibbons. If he
hadn't had that unfortunate
accident he would have slowly gone
out of his mind. And once com-
mitted, I would have been just
where I am now. The same end...
just different means.

480 INT. HALLWAY

as the two men walk toward the front door. Portifoy opens
it for Gibbons, looks at the wreath hanging there, pulls it
off, hands it to Gibbons.

PORTIFOY

Throw this in a ditch someplace,
will you? The trappings of death
always depress me. From now on,
~~this will be a place of cheer.~~

(a beat)

Send me a postcard from Majorca or
wherever your travels take you. Good
night, Gibbons.

480 CONTINUED

GIBBONS
Goodnight, Portifoy.

Portifoy touches his arm, stopping him.

PORTIFOY
Mister Portifoy.

GIBBONS
(with a grin)
Mr. Portifoy.

He moves OUT into the night. Portifoy closes the door after him, stands there for a moment, starts to walk back toward the study, taking out a cigar and lighting it as he walks, pauses a moment, exhales luxuriously, is about to re-enter the study then -- as a second thought, looks toward the top of the stairs and the portrait of Hendricks, holds up the cigar as if in a toast.

PORTIFOY
Rest easy, Mr. Hendricks. Rest
easy.

He's about to turn back into the study when he stops abruptly -- his eyes seeing something else. They widen -- first in disbelief then in shock. WHIP PAN OVER TO the small cemetery painting. There are now two graves in the lower righthand corner.

481 SHOT - PORTIFOY

As if in a trance he moves toward the foot of the stairs, stops again, lets out a gasp. ZOOMAR INTO the painting as the second grave now appears to have opened, the casket visible.

482 ANOTHER ANGLE - PORTIFOY

as he backs into the study, the cigar dropping from his hand. There is the SOUND of SOMETHING HEAVY and WOODEN CREAKING.

483 SHOT - THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF THE STUDY - PORTIFOY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE PICTURE

Now the casket of the new grave has been perched upward.

484 CLOSE SHOT - PORTIFOY'S FACE

as he closes his eyes tightly.

485 SHOT - THE PAINTING

The casket is open. There is the face of Jeremy -- eyes wide open and staring.

486 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

OVER the HOWLING WIND can be HEARD Portifoy's SCREAM and then his VOICE.

PORTIFOY'S VOICE

Get back, Jeremy! Get back where you belong! Get back into the ground!

487 INT. HALLWAY - SHOT - THE PAINTING

which now shows the front of the house and Jeremy's shrouded figure, a hand upraised in the process of knocking. WHIP PAN DOWN TO Portifoy standing at the open study door, as the SOUND of HAMMERING on the door resounds through the cavernous hall, drowned out by Portifoy's scream. Just as the door opens, WE

BLACK SCREEN

THE END