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NIGHT GALLERY

"COLLECTORS' ITEMS"

Teleplay by

Rod Serling

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#35215

NIGHT GALLERY

"COLLECTORS' ITEMS"

CAST

AUGIE KOLODNEY
DR. GLENDON
MOLLY MITCHELL
BLOCKMAN
DOCTOR
BUTLER
TONY (SILENT)

SETS

INTERIOR:

RESTAURANT
APARTMENT
DOCTOR'S OFFICE
CHATEAU (Front hall,
Study, Upstairs
corridor, Hobby
Room)

EXTERIOR:

CITY STREET
RESTAURANT

NIGHT GALLERY

"COLLECTOR'S ITEMS"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 1

Camera angles past a parked black limousine toward a small Italian restaurant, its dimly illuminated sign reading "Schirrappa's." We see the huddled figures of Two Men sitting in the front seat of the limo.

2 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2

The bar is empty, as are all the tables - except for one man sitting in a booth in the far corner. This is Augie Kolodney. He's a big, heavy-torsoed, middle-aged man with wary eyes, much to hide, much to be fearful of. Hovering near him is a waiter, Blockman - gaunt, nervous - a fluttering skeleton who keeps tiptoeing over to the booth to pour more wine.

3 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVORING AUGIE 3

In the middle of the wine pouring, he looks up into Blockman's face, studying him with an ice cold stare. The waiter's hands shake as he puts the bottle down and starts away from the table.

AUGIE

You!

He beckons the waiter back. Blockman returns to the table. Augie takes a sip of the wine, then another forkful of his food, looks up at the waiter while he chews.

AUGIE

You got a name?

BLOCKMAN

(his voice raspy
with nerves)

Sir?

AUGIE

A name. You got a name?

BLOCKMAN

(blinking)

Blockman, sir. My name is Blockman.

AUGIE

(nods, satisfied)

Blockman. Now lemme ask you

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

AUGIE (cont'd)
another question, Mr. Blockman --
(points to his
wine glass)
You keep filling this like it was
water...Why?

BLOCKMAN
(again blinking)
Why?

AUGIE
Why.

BLOCKMAN
It's...it's the house wine, sir.

AUGIE
That's an answer, Mr. Blockman...
Not a good answer, but an answer.
(puts down knife
and fork, looks
around the room)
You always this busy?

BLOCKMAN
...Sir?

4 PAST AUGIE TO BLOCKMAN

4

Augie almost shouts this in an exaggerated parody of the way
one would speak to the deaf:

AUGIE
Are you always this busy, Mister
Blockman???

BLOCKMAN
(wincing)
Yes, sir...I mean...no, sir -- it's
a little slow tonight.

AUGIE
(another sip of wine)
It's a little slow tonight...
(looks around the
room again, then
over to the empty
bar)
One empty bar, eighteen empty tables,
two empty lavatories -- and that's
what you call 'a little slow?'
(picks his teeth,
points to the bar)

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

AUGIE (cont'd)
Where's Schirrappa?

BLOCKMAN
Home, sick.

5 CLOSEUP - AUGIE

5

Something doesn't register right. His eyes narrow.

AUGIE
Mr. Blockman, I want you to do me
a favor. I want you to walk to the
front door and check out a black
car at the curb. Come back and
tell me who's in it and what's the
license number.

6 FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

6

Augie sits drumming his fingers on the tabletop as Blockman turns, moves across the restaurant to the entrance door, exits. Augie waits. Absently, he helps himself to a bread stick, breaks off a piece, stuffs it into his mouth, chews, his eyes never leaving the door. Presently, Blockman re-enters. As he crosses to Augie's booth, angle tightens.

BLOCKMAN
Two men in the front seat.

AUGIE
Doing what?

BLOCKMAN
Doing what?

AUGIE
(eyes narrowed)
Sleeping, talking, playing cards --
what?

BLOCKMAN
Just...just sitting there, sir.

AUGIE
The license number ---

BLOCKMAN
I couldn't see it, sir. Too dark.
The last three numbers, I think,
were 004.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

AUGIE

(nods, satisfied)

That's close enough.

(studies Blockman's
face)

You got kids, Mr. Blockman?

BLOCKMAN

Yes, sir. I got a boy who's twelve
and I got a girl who's ---

AUGIE

(interrupting)

Don't run it down for me, Mr.

Blockman -- I'm not taking a census.

I just asked if you had any.

BLOCKMAN

(in a spasm of misery,
his voice hoarse and
ragged)

Two, sir.

AUGIE

Chips off the old Blockman!

7 FAVORING AUGIE

7

who reaches into his pocket, takes out a wad of bills. He
peels off two fives and hands them to the waiter.

AUGIE

Give 'em these. With my compliments.
Tell 'em it's compensation for
getting stuck with a number-one
dummy for a father.

BLOCKMAN

(looks at the bills)

Thanks very much, Mr. Kolodney.

He turns and starts to walk away. Angle tightens on Augie
as he freezes, then very slowly rises and stands there.

8 PAST AUGIE TO BLOCKMAN

8

who moves toward the bar and in the process sees the mirrored
reflection of Augie behind him, standing by the booth. The
waiter turns very slowly, his face white and perspiring.

BLOCKMAN

You...you want some dessert?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

AUGIE

No, Mr. Blockman. I don't want any dessert. I don't want any more wine. I don't want any more fettucini. I just want to find out something from you.

Blockman tries to smile, and the look that finally gathers in his face is one of sick, despairing fear.

BLOCKMAN

Yes, sir?

AUGIE

How'd you know my name?

BLOCKMAN

Your name, sir? Why...why I...I recognized you.

9 REVERSE ANGLE

9

as Augie suddenly strides to Blockman, lashes out, grabs him, yanks him to him. Through his teeth:

AUGIE

Now, Mr. Blockman -- don't get cute with me. You've never been here before and I've never seen you before...and a half hour ago a couple came to the door and I heard you tell 'em that the kitchen was closed.

(loosens his grip on Blockman, but still keeps him in tow)

Now, you know what that adds up to in my book, Mr. Blockman? Somebody told you to keep me here -- keep filling my plate and my glass -- and keep the joint empty. Now what I wanna know is -- who told you to do it -- and why? I'll give you ten seconds to come up with the information...and then I'm gonna cut you up into a hundred and sixty pounds of ravioli!

10 CLOSEUP - BLOCKMAN

10

his face perspiring, his eyes almost crazed with fear.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

BLOCKMAN

Honest...honest, Mr. Kolodney...I
don't know who you are. I don't
know nothin' about anything. I --

11 THE SCENE

11

as Augie suddenly dives headlong to the floor. Whip pan to
the door leading to the kitchen. In the two circular holes
we see the faces of Two Hoodlums as they push open the door
and stand there, guns in hands, blazing away.

12 FROM THE HOODLUMS' POINT OF VIEW

12

to the crawling, scrambling figure of Augie Kolodney as bullets
plow into the floor and walls around him, one finally hitting
him in the arm near the shoulder. Blockman simply stands
rooted, screaming.

13 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

13

Augie slams his way through the entrance door, whirling across
the sidewalk to the gutter, his own gun now answering. Then
he starts on a dead run toward the black limousine...which
pulls away and roars off before he can reach it.

14 HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT - AUGIE

14

as he turns left and right, then plows his way into an alley
as ricocheting bullets whistle past him.

15 INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

15

A luxuriously, if not tastefully decorated sunken living room
and foyer. Door chimes ring. A girl comes out of the bedroom.
This is Molly Mitchell - tall, redheaded, gorgeous. She moves
across the living room, up to the foyer. Going to the door,
she puts her ear to it.

MOLLY

Yes?

AUGIE'S VOICE

Augie.

16 CLOSEUP - MOLLY

16

a look of fast fear and surprise.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

MOLLY

What...what do you want, Augie?

AUGIE'S VOICE

I wanna see how fast this door will buckle if I kick at it long enough.

Molly hurriedly unhooks the night latch, then opens the door. Camera pulls back, angle widening, as Augie bulls his way in, slamming the door behind him, then locking it. He turns to look at Molly. She tries to smile at him.

AUGIE

I'm not in the wrong place, am I?
It's Molly Mitchell, isn't it?

MOLLY

What's the gag, Augie ---

17 REVERSE ANGLE - MOVING SHOT

17

Augie takes Molly's arm and leads her down the steps into the living room, depositing her roughly in a chair.

AUGIE

I'll give you the build-up -- you gimme the punch line. I asked you to have dinner with me tonight. You told me you had a cold...

MOLLY

(her face white)
That's true, Augie ---

AUGIE

(his voice strangely quiet)
I don't think so. Know what I think, Molly? I think I got fingered tonight. I think I had a contract on me and I think you knew it.

He sways unsteadily, the color draining from his face, and clutches his wounded shoulder, Molly reacts.

MOLLY

You're hurt...!

AUGIE

(points to his arm)
That's gonna cure a helluva lot faster'n my feelings!

18 AUGIE - PAST MOLLY

18

as he heaves himself to his feet. Molly shrinks away, eyes widening.

MOLLY

What...what are you gonna do, Augie?

Hurling her a coldly contemptuous glance, Augie crosses to the telephone, picks it up, dials a number. Then, as he waits:

AUGIE

Tell you what you're gonna do: go into that bedroom, pack a very small bag and get outta my sight!
(then, into phone)
Put Tony on.

Her lip quivering, Molly turns, crosses to the bedroom door, pausing on the threshold. She turns toward Augie.

MOLLY

Augie...it wasn't my idea ---

AUGIE

(caustic grin)
That's for sure. You don't have ideas that go past a shopping list!

19 ANOTHER ANGLE

19

Stung, Molly exits into the bedroom. We can see her through the open door, putting a suitcase on the bed. Augie cranes his head, glancing in her direction. He watches her for a moment, and then, into the phone:

AUGIE

Tony? Augie. One question -- one answer -- and make it quick and believable. Were you in on this thing tonight?

(we hear an unintelligible voice at the other end; Augie nods)

All right, then. I'm gonna need a few items. A doctor, about three sets of muscles -- and your presence here, not later than fifteen minutes from now! I'm at Molly's place.

(a beat)

And Tony -- no surprises.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

He slowly puts down the receiver. Behind him, Molly appears in the bedroom doorway, suitcase in hand. Augie turns.

MOLLY

Anything else?

AUGIE

Goodbye, good luck, and remember, I die hard.

20 MOLLY

20

who slowly shakes her head, her lip trembling.

MOLLY

Hard? You poor slob -- you die every day!

Camera goes with her as she turns, moves across the room, up into the foyer.

21 AUGIE

21

standing there, staring after her. O.s. sound of door opening, closing.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

22

Camera slowly pans the room, revealing first, Tony - one of Augie's underlings - then the Doctor who's treating Augie's arm, just finishing up the bandaging. Straightening up, the doctor lays the scissors aside.

DOCTOR

You're lucky, Mr. Kolodney.

AUGIE

(looks up at him)

In what? Never in love - rarely in craps and poker -- and infrequently at the track. Now pick it up, Doctor -- what am I lucky in?

DOCTOR

(points to bandage)

A .45 calibre slug, a quarter of an inch from an artery.

(moves to sink,
washes his hands)

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

DOCTOR (cont'd)

A quarter of an inch, Mr. Kolodney -- but that's the difference between a bandage and a funeral. That's lucky.

(turns off water;
turns to Augie,
towelng his hands)

Also -- you've got yourself a doctor who doesn't report gunshot wounds. That's lucky. You want to pay me now, Mr. Kolodney, or shall I send a bill?

AUGIE

(nods to Tony)

Pay him off, Tony.

Tony peels off some bills, hands them to the Doctor. The Doctor looks at them briefly, shoves them into his pocket, then turns toward Augie.

DOCTOR

Now I give you the midnight special, Mr. Kolodney. Medical advice that doesn't cost.

(peers at Augie)

You've got a pulse on you like a locomotive. You've got a heartbeat that sounds like a dull needle on a broken record. Your color is chopped liver gray and your blood pressure -- and I'm winging this, but I'm close -- is all set to blow you in to the next county.

23 FAVORING AUGIE

23

who rises, rolling down his sleeves.

AUGIE

That's the advice -- now gimme the prescription.

DOCTOR

Also free. Retire. Buy a dairy farm in Bucks County. Stop drinking like a fish, eating like a hippo and running through life like you were missing a train. That's the prescription.

Tony helps Augie put on his coat. Augie turns to the Doctor.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

AUGIE

Wanna know something, Doc? If I were to retire this minute -- if I were to find some monastery in the Himalayas, five thousand miles from anybody who spoke English -- they'd still get me.

DOCTOR

Who would?

AUGIE

Any one of a dozen hoods who are jealous of me. A division of torpedoes who'd knock me off for car fare. I got more enemies than you got patients.

He starts toward the door. The Doctor checks him with:

DOCTOR

You want out?

24 PAST AUGIE TO DOCTOR

24

as Augie grabs the Doctor, his voice tremulous:

AUGIE

I want out so bad...I want out so bad that one of these days, I'm gonna take a razor -- and it'll need a bucket brigade to clean up the mess!!

The Doctor very gently removes Augie's hands, then turns away, moves over to his desk, takes a pen, writes something out on a slip of paper, folds it up, carries it back to Augie, tucks it into his coat pocket.

DOCTOR

There's a name and address on that slip of paper, Mr. Kolodney. It's somebody who might be able to help you.

AUGIE

Help me what?

DOCTOR

Survive. If you're as hungry for it as you say.

CONTINUED

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24 CONTINUED 24

AUGIE
Expensive?

DOCTOR
(grim little smile)
Everything you've got, Mr. Kolodney.
But you'll stay breathing.

25 AUGIE 25

as, patting his breast pocket, he nods.

AUGIE
That's good enough for me.
And, turning, he moves out the door, followed by Tony.

26 CLOSEUP - DOCTOR 26

Something sinister invades his expression as he stares after the departing Augie...a sense of malicious mirth, as though the Devil himself were savoring some fiendish private joke.

FADE OUT

(ACT BREAK)

FADE IN:

27 EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (STOCK) 27

A private drive leads to a large chateau-like dwelling. An enclosed limo wends its way up the road, pulling finally to a stop in front of the chateau.

28 INT. CHATEAU FRONT HALL - DAY 28

A liveried Butler, responding to a set of musically tinkling door chimes, strides with almost military erectness to the front door, opens it, revealing Augie Kolodney on the threshold. The Butler greets him, smiling and affable.

BUTLER
Mr. Kolodney?

AUGIE
(eyeing him)
That's right.

BUTLER
Come in, sir. Dr. Glendon is expecting you.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER SHOT

29

Entering, Augie looks around at the paintings, hanging tapestries and luxurious appointments. Down a circular staircase walks Dr. Glendon - tall, business suit, altogether cultured.

GLENDON

Mr. Kolodney?

AUGIE

(looks up at him)

You're Glendon?

Glendon stops near the foot of the stairs, studying him.

GLENDON

I'm delighted to see you.

(stepping down, points
across foyer to a
door)

Come in, please -- where we can
talk...

30 INT. GLENDON'S STUDY - DAY

30

Books, vases, statuary - a cluttered room, but cluttered with culture and exceptional art. Glendon sits behind a desk, motions Augie to sit in a comfortable chair nearby. Augie lowers himself into the chair - stiffly, nervously and, as always, suspicious. He looks around at the various statuary and objet d'arte. Glendon reaches for a pad and pencil, observing:

GLENDON

Are you interested in art, Mr. Kolodney? There are some interesting things here. That vase on the table, for example. Japanese. It's called Kutani. Seventeenth-Century -- Kaga Province. And the bulb-bowl alongside. That's Chinese. Sung. The three-color enamel on the shelf is an incense bowl. That's from the dynasty of Ming. The things over there are Persian. That jug is Thirteenth-Century. It's from Sultanbad.

(sees the total dis-
interest in Augie's
face; smiles)

I imagine you'd rather get on with it, wouldn't you, Mr. Kolodney?

AUGIE

(tersely)

I'd rather get on with it when I know what it is. Up front, I'll give you this: I don't like the secrecy, Doctor. I don't like the business of telling me to come here alone...or advising me not to mention to anyone where I'm going -- that doesn't please. That sets up lousy vibes.

GLENDON

(smiling)

Really? In truth, Mr. Kolodney, the secrecy is for your benefit. I take it that anonymity might be a comfort to you nowadays.

(draws pad closer
to him - his voice
all business)

Be that as it may. Let's get some of the facts and chronology down, shall we? The name is --

(writing)

-- Augie Kolodney. Age -- ?

He looks up.

AUGIE

Over thirty.

GLENDON

Occupation?

AUGIE

Investor.

GLENDON

Reason for retirement?

AUGIE

Ill health.

(then, pointing to
Glendon's pad)

What the hell am I applying for -- a bench spot at a Senior Citizen's spa? What are the questions for?

GLENDON

(altogether genial)

The questions, Mr. Kolodney, are to establish who you are. They are

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

GLENDON (cont'd)
also an aid to me in a general
comprehension of whether or not
you need my services -- and are
willing to accept them.

AUGIE
I'll run that around the block --
until I find out what your services
are.

GLENDON
Excellent. But let's start on a
note of mutual trust, shall we? I
asked you your occupation.

32 INTERCUT - CLOSEUPS - AUGIE AND GLENDON

thru
3832
thru
38

AUGIE
I told you ---

GLENDON
You told me a semi-truth, and a
semi-truth, Mr. Kolodney, is also
a semi-lie. You dabble in invest-
ments, but you're not an Investor.

AUGIE
All right -- you write up a tag.

GLENDON
I think we could place you generi-
cally in the category of -- racke-
teer?

Augie stiffens. Glendon smiles pleasantly, murmuring:

GLENDON
No judgment implied, Mr. Kolodney.
I'm looking now for an identifica-
tion. Anyone who dabbles in
gambling, the numbers, drugs and
protection -- I think we could give
him the overall title of racketeer.
Now, as to the reasons for retire-
ment -- ill health.

(amused smile)
Again, just a degree or so off tar-
get. Ill health, in this case, is
a euphemism for fear for survival.
You're a ready aspirant for an
assassination, are you not?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED
thru
38

AUGIE

All right. Suppose I am? What're
you gonna do about it?

32
thru
38

39 PAST AUGIE TO GLENDON

39

who lays his pencil down, leans back in his chair.

GLENDON

Here's what I guarantee to you, Mr.
Kolodney. A long life -- longer
than you could have ever hoped for.
Free of care, devoid of worry,
absolutely without fear or tension
of any kind -- and uninterrupted
physical comfort for the rest of
your days.

(leans forward
across the desk)

All that is a firm and unqualified
guarantee.

40 REVERSE ANGLE

40

as Augie rises abruptly.

AUGIE

That's half of a transaction. That's
what I get.

(a step toward the
desk, voice intense)

Now what do I give??

GLENDON

Everything you own. Cash, securities,
stocks, bonds, insurance policies,
business interests ---

AUGIE

(cuts in with a low
whistle)

You come high, Doctor. I'm just a
...I'm just an average type, hard
working hood.

41 THE SCENE

41

as Glendon rises behind the desk.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

GLENDON

That, Mr. Kolodney, is either deliberate misrepresentation...or a sad under-estimation of your own worth and position.

(circles the desk,
reaching for a decanter of wine)

You're not an average hood, Mr. Kolodney. You happen to be unique unto yourself. You're special. You're one of a kind. You're the biggest, toughest, richest and most powerful of your gentry. You're also the most vulnerable.

(pours a goblet
of wine)

Which doesn't exactly leave you with a plethora of possibilities.

Handing the goblet of wine to Augie, Glendon moves across the room to a large wooden chest which he opens to reveal a file cabinet. Augie takes a sip of the wine, musing:

AUGIE

I'd like to think about it.

GLENDON

(opening the file
cabinet)

For how long?

AUGIE

It's not the kind of decision you make between breakfast and dinner!

GLENDON

(thumbing through
manila folders in
the cabinet)

Isn't it? I should think otherwise, in your case.

AUGIE

You'd be taking away everything I own!

42 TIGHTER ANGLE - FAVORING GLENDON

42

who removes a file, turning to Augie.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

GLENDON

I'd be taking very little - compared to your life. Which is what others would take away.

(opens the file,
leafs through it,
removes a sheet)

Mr. Pinelli --

(looks up)

-- an entrepreneur of a rival faction. It seems he engineered an attempt on your life just a few nights ago in a Long Island restaurant.

AUGIE

And he came up with zero.

Glendon, moving behind his desk, reads again from the file:

GLENDON

And on Christmas Eve of last year. A bomb placed in your car which detonated precisely thirty-five seconds after you had left the rear seat. The year before that, there were three assassination attempts. From various gentlemen harboring a collection of grievances against you.

43 REVERSE ANGLE

43

as Augie takes another sip of the wine.

AUGIE

Don't read me history, Doc. I know how many times I've been fingered. I know how many times my name has been pulled out of a hat. That's an occupational hazard.

(beat; a different
tone)

It's just that...well...you reach a point when --

(closes his eyes)

-- when it becomes too much. You can't live with it anymore. You begin to...to cave in.

Compulsively, he takes a large slug of wine. Watching him, Glendon's eyes narrow ever so slightly.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

GLENDON

Are you enjoying the wine, Mr. Kolodney? It's quite rare.

(points to decanter)

It's a St. Emilion of a rather ancient vintage -- a link of a sort between Claret and Burgundy -- the only one of its kind. The goblet in your hand happens to be an Etruscan silver -- also unique. There are no others.

Augie finishes the drink in a gulp, puts the goblet back down on the desk, wipes his mouth.

AUGIE

I wanna think about this some...a week, at least.

44 PAST AUGIE TO GLENDON

44

who settles back in his chair, fingertips together.

GLENDON

Forgive me for saying this, Mr. Kolodney -- but the odds for your survival shrink with each passing day. You say Friday. And I say -- will you be a live client on Friday ...or just a dead former prospect?

(beat; takes another sheet from folder)

Let me support my somewhat negative thesis: you have in your employ a young strong arm named Tony --

AUGIE

(interrupting)

The best. The one-in-a-million that can't be bought.

GLENDON

(upraised eyebrow)

Couldn't be...not 'can't.' As a matter of fact, after you left him this morning, he had a meeting with Mr. Pinelli in a bar on Eighth Avenue.

(a look at Augie)

Suggest something...?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

AUGIE

(stricken; voice
choked).

He's selling me out -- !

GLENDON

Your staunchly loyal right-hand man
-- yes, he's selling you out. You
see, Mr. Kolodney, it isn't just I
who play the odds. A man who lives
on borrowed time loses his value as
that time runs out.

45 CLOSEUP - AUGIE

45

who takes a step toward the desk, his voice cracking:

AUGIE

How do you know this? How do you
know any of that stuff...??

GLENDON'S VOICE

I make it my business to find out.
I have to know everything about a
client from the odds on his longev-
ity down to his collar size. I
mean everything, Mr. Kolodney.
However -- if you choose to wait a
week...

Augie wipes his forehead which is suddenly wet.

AUGIE

I'm...I'm not feeling very well --

46 WIDER ANGLE - THE SCENE

46

as Glendon moves out from behind his desk, crosses to the
door and opens it - sympathetic, gravely concerned.

GLENDON

I'm sorry to hear that. Very likely
nerves. Perhaps you'd like to rest
a bit?

AUGIE

(nodding)

Yeah. Yeah, as a matter of fact,
I would....

47 INT. CHATEAU FRONT HALL - DAY

47

Augie emerges from the study, followed by Glendon. Camera clings to them as they proceed up the circular staircase. Halfway up, Augie stops, holds onto the bannister, sways left and right. Glendon moves to him solicitiously, feels of Augie's pulse.

AUGIE
You a medical doctor?

GLENDON
I was so trained. But as a very young man I went into research.

Augie starts to move, again sways dizzily.

AUGIE
I feel...I feel so funny ---

GLENDON
(soothingly)
It'll pass, Mr. Kolodney. It's a normal reaction.

48 CLOSEUP - AUGIE

48

who looks at Glendon through swimming, out-of-focus eyes.

AUGIE
Normal reaction to what?

49 GLENDON - AUGIE'S POINT OF VIEW

49

The good Doctor looks damned peculiar. But then, so does everything else.

GLENDON
To the introduction to the medication.

50 BACK TO SCENE - AUGIE AND GLENDON

50

Glendon holds tight to Augie's arm as they continue up the stairs. Augie looks uncomprehendingly at his host.

GLENDON
It was in your wine, Mr. Kolodney. Nothing terribly potent. Just a tranquilizer to relax you...

By this time, they've reached the top of the stairs. Augie, blinking his eyes, tries to dredge up the strength to go with his fury.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

AUGIE

You drugged me. You...

He swings wildly, ineffectually, and in the process, slumps against Glendon. Angle tightens on them.

GLENDON

Mr. Kolodney -- anger should be the last thing on earth you covet now. You've been the blessed recipient of a drug I've been using for the past seventy-three years. It affects the glands. It revitalizes them. My dear Mr. Kolodney, it is the closest thing to the Fountain of Youth ever found by Man. It can add inestimable years to the normal life span...

51 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

51

Augie tries to speak, but for the moment, his voice has gone. What comes out is a spasmodic animal sob, and by then, he's so weak that Glendon easily leads him up the remainder of the stairs.

52 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

52

Glendon, half-supporting his charge, escorts Augie down the hallway. They stop by a closed door. Augie falls against the wall and clutches at a rich-looking tapestry hanging there. Glendon gently removes Augie's hand from it.

GLENDON

Forgive me, Mr. Kolodney, but I wouldn't want you tearing that. That happens to be a Vauvais. Very rare. One of a kind.

(a hand on the
doorknob)

In point of fact, Mr. Kolodney, I only collect rare things. 'One-of-a-kind' things...

Augie, with much effort, recovers his voice. He reaches out, clutching at Glendon.

AUGIE

I don't give a damn about your hobbies ---

53 CLOSEUP - GLENDON

53

who says, very gently:

GLENDON

Oh, it's not a hobby, Mr. Kolodney. It's more than that. It happens to be a lifelong dream -- realized and lived. The most incredible collection in the world. Sui generus. Precious...unequaled...incomparable. And you, Mr. Kolodney, have the honor of joining my collection. This way, please.

54 INT. HOBBY ROOM - DAY

54

The door swings open, and we're shooting into a long, rectangular room that looks like a prison block - cubicle cells on either side. Camera moves with Glendon and Augie as, entering, they move down the corridor, pausing now and then at one of the cubicles. Inside each cell there is comfortable (and appropriate) furniture - bed, dresser, et al - and an inmate ...and a plaque identifying the occupant. The first one reads, "Hitler, Adolph," and in this cell is a bent-over little man sitting, vapid-eyed, on a bed. We stay there long enough for Glendon's narrative, then move on.

GLENDON

My prize, Mr. Kolodney. Picked up in Argentina in 1947 at an incredible expense...Roald Amundsen, known to you, I'm sure, as the discoverer of the South Pole, and long assumed dead somewhere in the vast Arctic wastes...Ambrose Bierce, an author or worldly renown who mysteriously vanished in 1914 -- but not, as you can see, from the face of the earth ...Judge Joseph Force Crater, missing since 1930, a circumstance I assume you're familiar with... This ---

AUGIE

(gasps, reacting)
Amelia Earhart!?

He turns disbelievingly to his host who nods confirmation.

GLENDON

To indulge my 'hobby,' as you called it, I have spared no expense...
(turns, gesturing)
And over here ---

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

Camera shifts to include an empty cell and a sign which reads, "Kolodney; August."

GLENDON'S VOICE

My newest acquisition, Mr. Kolodney.
The prototypical king of his genre.

55 SHOOTING FROM INSIDE EMPTY CELL TO AUGIE AND GLENDON

55

who gently escorts Augie into the cell, then closes and locks the cell door. Augie stands there, now too far gone to remonstrate.

GLENDON

I think you'll find all the comforts available to you -- as per our agreement. And there'll be no jeopardy -- no tensions -- no more need to be afraid. And further than that, Mr. Kolodney --

(steps closer)

-- you shall live a very long time.

A very long time.

(beat; pleasantly)

I'll look in on you later.

56 CLOSEUP - AUGIE

56

staring out through the bars, watching helplessly as Glendon retraces his footsteps to the door, exits.

57 INT. CHATEAU FRONT HALL - ANGLING UP THE STAIRS - DAY

57

Glendon appears at the top of the stairs.

58 ANGLING DOWN PAST GLENDON TO THE BUTLER

58

standing at the foot of the stairs.

BUTLER

The gentleman's car, Doctor ---

59 CLOSEUP - GLENDON

59

GLENDON

Put it in the Automobile Museum, Joseph. Put it next to Hitler's Deussenberg. I think that would

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

GLENDON (cont'd)

be quite fitting.

(touches a vase on
a table nearby,
stroking it)

A very good day, Joseph. An ex-
ceptionally good day. Today we
really acquired another...Collectors'
Item.

He starts down the steps into the camera, and we -

FADE OUT

THE END