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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...

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 surviving in 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:

