

**SONG OF TREBLINKA**

Written by

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Based on actual events

**FIRST MOVEMENT: ARRIVAL**

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - POLAND - 1942 - DAY**

A TRAIN clatters past peasant farmers tilling the land. They stop working, their curious eyes follow the train. They shift their gaze skyward at thin curls of grey smoke -- the apparent destination of the passing train.

**INT. BOXCAR - DAY**

From inside the train, through a small grated window, bucolic countryside whips past.

We are watching through the eyes of ARTUR GOLD (35). He turns his head to reveal cramped, anxious passengers packed tightly inside a sweltering boxcar. Some dead, some alive, they stand in mute despair, clinging tightly to bundles and suitcases -- their most valued possessions. Babies cry, mothers calm them. A thirsty child licks sweat off his mother's neck. An old woman urinates on herself.

Artur and his brother HENRYK (30) clutch violin cases.

A sudden SCREECH of BRAKES, the train CLICKS to a halt. Bewildered eyes dart back and forth.

Artur peers out the window at the dense forest.

The wagon DOOR is abruptly THROWN open. A UKRAINIAN GUARD clad in a sinister black uniform trains his rifle at them.

UKRAINIAN GUARD  
Bring out the dead bodies!

Men pull out bodies, drop them on the ground along the track. Passengers collapse on the floor, finally able to sit.

The guard tosses in a burlap sack.

UKRAINIAN GUARD (CONT'D)  
Put your valuables in this sack.  
Money, jewelry, watches.

They hesitate. He strikes a man with his rifle.

UKRAINIAN GUARD (CONT'D)  
Do it now, vermin!

Terrified, they quickly follow orders.

ARTUR  
Please, can we have some water?

UKRAINIAN GUARD  
You must pay. How much do you have?

The guard pulls out a canteen. Artur searches his pockets.

ARTUR  
A few zlotys.

UKRAINIAN GUARD  
Give me your watch.

Artur hands it over. Guard thrusts the canteen at him. Artur takes a sip, hands it to Henryk. Guard snatches it back.

UKRAINIAN GUARD (CONT'D)  
He must pay.

Artur slides off his gold pinky ring, hands it over.

UKRAINIAN GUARD (CONT'D)  
No more water.

ARTUR  
Excuse me, but where are we going?

DOOR is SLAMMED shut. A distinguished man in glasses, DR. CHORAZYCKI (50) sits next to the brothers.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Those damned Ukrainians kill Jews with more fervor than the Nazis.

A HEAVY-SET WOMAN eats bread with butter. A PRETTY MOTHER and her LITTLE BOY gape hungrily at her.

LITTLE BOY  
I'm so hungry, mama.

Pretty mother reaches into her bag, pulls out a silk blouse.

PRETTY MOTHER  
Excuse me, ma'am, I have this lovely silk blouse. Would you have any interest in making a trade? A bite of your bread for this blouse?

HEAVY-SET WOMAN  
What on earth would I want with a silk blouse?

PRETTY MOTHER

It's a tailored blouse. You could sell it. Make some money perhaps?

HEAVY-SET WOMAN

I don't want it.

PRETTY MOTHER

Can my son please have a piece of your bread then?

HEAVY-SET WOMAN

I don't have enough.

She packs away her food.

LITTLE BOY

Will I be back in time for the first day of school?

PRETTY MOTHER

Yes, of course.

Artur reaches into his satchel, pulls out a bread loaf wrapped in newspaper. He hands it to Pretty Mother.

ARTUR

Here you go, miss.

She accepts the bread, unwraps the newspaper.

PRETTY MOTHER

Thank you. We're so hungry. We went to the umschlagplatz because the Germans promised bread and jam to anyone who volunteered to work in the east. We get there and they shove us into this boxcar.

Artur reads the discarded newspaper: JULY 23, 1942, GHETTO IN WARSAW EMPTIED. JEWS TRANSPORTED TO WORK SITES IN EAST.

Dr. Chorazycki shakes his head at the article.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Newspapers report abductions and imprisonments, but they only talk about Poles, nothing about what's being done to Jews. Work camps? Look around. There are babies, pregnant women, elderly.

An OLD WOMAN interjects, waving a letter in her hand.

OLD WOMAN

Don't be a fool. You see here, this is a letter from my brother Antoni. In it he tells me that he's working in a quarry in Ukraine. He says I can settle into the countryside and work the land with plenty of food and fresh air. See?

She shoves the letter in Dr. Chorazycki's face.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's his writing. I tell you we'll be fine. My brother would never lie to me.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

As my father would say, there are those who are hopeful and those who are blind.

A baby in a YOUNG MOTHER'S arms begins to wail.

OLD WOMAN

Can't you make that baby shut up? It's giving me a headache.

Young mother rocks her crying baby, softly hums a tune.

A WEEPY FATHER and his TEEN DAUGHTER hold each other.

TEEN DAUGHTER

Papa, please don't cry.

She wipes tears from her father's face.

WEEPY FATHER

I know something horrible is going to happen. I feel it.

Dr. Chorazycki offers Artur a cigarette. Artur declines.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Take it, might be your last. My name is Julian Chorazycki. I'm a laryngologist from Lodz. I see you brothers are musicians.

ARTUR

I'm Artur. This is Henryk. We play all over Poland, mostly in Warsaw.

HENRYK

Hopefully we'll go back home soon.

An ANGRY YOUNG MAN scoffs.

ANGRY YOUNG MAN

What home? My home, my entire village was burned down. Those Germans and Soviets have carved up our country like a flank of beef.

A distraught MAX BERLINER weeps alone in the corner. Dr. Chorazycki offers him a cigarette.

MAX BERLINER

(heavy accent)

Thank you.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Where are you from?

MAX BERLINER

I'm from Argentina.

CHORAZYCKI

Why in God's name are you here?

MAX BERLINER

My wife and I were visiting Warsaw with our daughter. It was her bat mitzvah gift. Then the invasion happened. Those goddamned Polish authorities wouldn't let us leave. One day I step out for cigarettes, when I return, they're gone. The landlady told me they'd been taken away only minutes before.

He breaks down sobbing.

MAX BERLINER (CONT'D)

Tell me, what crime have our children, our wives and mothers committed?

Artur gazes out the window, spots a sign: TREBLINKA 20 KM.

ARTUR

We're near Treblinka.

HENRYK

We've never played there have we?

ARTUR

No. It's a small hamlet on the Bug river. It's the middle of nowhere.

Baby wails again. From above a heavy BOOT STOMPS the roof.

UKRAINIAN SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Quiet in there!

OLD WOMAN  
Shut that baby up, you're going to  
get us killed!

Little boy points out the window.

LITTLE BOY  
Look, mama, we're in the forest!

Little boy tries to peek out the window, but can't reach. Artur hoists him up, Little boy reaches his arm out touches a leaf on a tree, he squeals in delight. His mother smiles.

PRETTY MOTHER  
He's excited because there weren't  
any trees in the ghetto.

#### **INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT**

The train continues its standstill. Passengers sleep. Young Mother SINGS a HEBREW LULLABY to her baby. Henryk shivers in the cold. Artur pulls a brown woolen blazer over Henryk.

ARTUR  
Put your coat on, you're shivering.

Suddenly, from the grated rooftop, white powder is sprinkled into the wagon. Terrified passengers shriek, claw at the walls and rub their burning eyes.

ARTUR (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Chlorine. It disinfects the wagon.  
The Germans disinfect everything.  
They're obsessed with it.

#### **INT. BOXCAR - SUNRISE**

Train lurches forward, WHISTLE BLOWS. It continues its journey, snaking thru forest toward the feathery, grey smoke.

Artur awakens, rubs his eyes, smearing blood all over his face. Baffled, he looks down, spots a trail of blood that leads to Weepy Father and Daughter who have slashed their wrists during the night.

**INT. BOXCAR - LATER - DAY**

The train slows down. Collective SIGHS fill the boxcar as passengers become hopeful that the agonizing journey is over.

Passengers grimace, cover their noses at a stench.

ARTUR

Dear god, that smell!

Young mother's baby wails. She pulls out a small brown bottle, pours a clear liquid on a handkerchief.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

What's that?

YOUNG MOTHER

Chloroform. Puts him to sleep.

Artur peeks out the window, his eyes widen at the horror below -- corpses lay scattered everywhere. The grey smoke is right above their heads now.

HENRYK

What do you see? What is it?

Fear overcomes them as harsh GERMAN VOICES shout commands OS.

TRAIN SCREECHES to a halt. Boxcar doors FLY OPEN then --

CHAOS.

They're greeted by a terrifying view -- dead bodies in bloody cesspools, masses of clothing, personal items, and suitcases lay abandoned. Gaunt workers mill about. German and Ukrainian guards bark orders and brandish rifles.

HENRYK (CONT'D)

Brother, we are lost.

GERMAN/UKRAINIAN GUARDS

Raus! Off the train! Schnell!

Under a hail of beatings, families are torn apart, sobbing children are ripped from mothers' arms. They're kicked, beaten, shoved to the ground, mauled by German Shepherds.

Guards on roofs take indiscriminate POT SHOTS into the crowd.

Artur stumbles out gripping his violin. They're inside a camp in the middle of a dense forest.

Henryk reaches into his satchel.

ARTUR  
What are you doing?

HENRYK  
I want a piece of bread. I'm so hungry.

ARTUR  
There's no time for that now!

Henryk drops his satchel, follows Artur. Blows from whips and truncheons rain down on them from all sides. Hundreds of passengers are dragged off boxcars.

Artur gazes back along the train tracks -- rotting corpses lie all along the track, 50 cars long.

Dr. Chorazycki falls in with workers. He grabs a wheelbarrow, begins to pick up fallen items -- he blends in unnoticed.

Lording over the chaos with a sadistic grin, whipping victims is COMMANDANT IRMFRIED EBERL (32).

IVAN MARCHENKO (31) corrals screaming women with a saber.

IVAN MARCHENKO  
(laughing)  
Just because we're going to kill  
you is no reason to cry!

Guards usher terrified passengers toward a smoldering, fiery ditch -- the source of the grey smoke we saw from the train.

Holding her chloroformed baby, Young Mother runs past. Her baby suddenly starts crying. A guard snatches the bundle, SLAMS it against the wall -- the baby falls silent. Guard hands her back the limp bundle and shoves her away.

SS GUARD  
Get over there whore!

A passenger hops off the wagon, dashes off into the forest, escaping unnoticed amidst the chaos.

Artur stops a haggard worker.

ARTUR  
Please tell me, where are we?

Fearful, the worker runs away in silence.

SS GUARD  
Leave belongings on the ground,  
make your way to the ditches!

Artur and Henryk follow the others toward a deep, smoldering pit, his eyes follow the thin grey smoke rising high above.

Eberl stops Artur and Henryk.

COMMANDANT EBERL

Can you work? We need builders!

Eberl spots the violins, slaps them to the ground, aims a kick at Artur toward the smoldering pit.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

We need workers not musicians!

A haggard WORKER trundles a wheelbarrow full of shoes. An SS kicks the wheelbarrow, it falls, spilling its contents.

SS GUARD

Pick it up!

Haggard worker collects the fallen shoes, re-fills the wheelbarrow. The same guard topples the wheelbarrow, spilling its contents again.

UKRAINIAN GUARD

(laughing)

Pick it up you swine!

Along with other victims, Artur and Henryk reach the ditch.

GERMAN GUARDS

Undress!

With rifles pointed at them, they quickly undress. Artur helps Henryk out of his brown woolen blazer.

Naked victims are marched to the ditch with hands raised. Along the way, guards stand with arms linked in a human chain so that no one escapes their whips.

Women are dragged by the hair, babies are yanked from mothers' arms, tossed into the fire. Crippled people are shoved in. A Hasidim's sidelocks are ripped off his face.

Prisoners are positioned on one side of the ditch, a firing squad faces them at the opposite end. Some fall to their knees and beg for mercy, others, resigned to their fate, stoically pray in Hebrew.

Guards lift their rifles, SHOOT the prisoners, their dead bodies tumble into the ditch.

The next group of condemned are brought to the ditch.

Henryk leans on Artur as they await their fate in front of the ditch. Guards lift their rifles to shoot.

Suddenly, Max Berliner lunges at an SS with a knife, killing him. A guard grabs a shovel, pummels Berliner to death.

Livid, Eberl storms up with pistol in hand.

COMMANDANT EBERL

On the ground!

They drop. Eberl slowly steps over victims -- he counts and SHOOTs, aiming at their heads.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

One...two...three...

(BLAST!)

He moves mechanically from person to person as he SHOOTs. He reaches the brothers. Eyes squeezed shut, Artur braces.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

One...two...three

BLAST!

Artur's eyes fly open -- Henryk is dead, shot in the head, his eyes open in a blank stare, blood streaming down his face. Weeping, Artur reaches for his brother.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

Throw these bodies into the ditch!

Survivors scramble to their feet. Working in pairs, they lift bodies, haul them to the pit and pitch them inside.

A barefoot worker runs up, takes Henryk's shoes, slips them on. Artur and another prisoner lift Henryk's body. In tears, Artur tosses his brother's body, still warm, into the ditch.

GUARD

Schnell! Hurry lazy bastards!

Inside the ditch Artur finds mounds of corpses, some of whom he recognizes from the train ride over.

A guard shoves Artur with his boot, he falls to the ground.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Hurry up!

Artur quickly hoists another body, tosses it into the smoldering ditch. He does this over and over again.

**EXT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Exhausted workers stands in line. From the kitchen window Artur receives a paltry meal of watery soup and moldy bread.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

Artur and Dr. Chorazycki sit on the floor, eat meager lunches alongside another worker with a rabbinical air, RABBI GALEWSKI (50). TOMASZ (45) ladles coffee into tin cups.

GALEWSKI

Drink as much coffee as you can. There is not a drop of water in the barracks. Commandant Frankenstein tortures us with thirst.

TOMASZ

I'm sorry I can't give much.

GALEWSKI

Let's be happy that they give us this. He that rejoices in his portion is a rich man.

CHORAZYCKI

Thank god, I'm dying of thirst.

ARTUR

You still believe in God, doctor?

Dr. Chorazycki shrugs with sad resignation.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

I believe that when you die, you must answer to God for your sins. After today I think he should answer to us for his. I'm sorry but that's how I feel.

GALEWSKI

Don't apologize, brother. Talmud teaches to hold no man responsible for what he says in grief.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

It also teaches that one who can protest an injustice but does not is an accomplice to the act. God is an accomplice.

ARTUR

I don't believe in God. I don't believe in the devil. I believe in human beings doing what's right.

A GUARD enters, knocks the food out of their hands.

GUARD

Back to work, Bolsheviks!

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Belongings of dead Jews lay scattered. Workers sort clothing, jewelry, toys, furniture, etc., into piles. Artur gazes down at the heartbreaking array of items at his work station.

Guards SNAP their WHIPS at workers.

Photos, birth certificates, diplomas and all paper documents are thrown into a fire inside a wooden barrel.

Tomasz works alongside Artur. He cuts Star of David patches off of garments.

Artur stands, Ivan Marchenko beats him with a truncheon, blood trickles down Artur's face.

IVAN MARCHENKO

You're not allowed to stand!

TOMASZ

Be especially careful of that one, we call him Ivan the Terrible. Always stay bent over. Inspect each garment as carefully as possible. Empty every pocket. Always carry a bundle larger than yourself. Follow these rules or he'll kill you.

Blood trickles down Artur's face. Tomasz throws him a towel.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

Clean your wound. If you can't work, you don't live. Remember, the Germans can't sort these things without us. Sorting is the only thing keeping us alive.

Artur wipes blood off his face. Tomasz tosses him a cap.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

This is the most essential item. Take it off in front of any SS.

(MORE)

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

Wear it at line-up. Most importantly, it will protect you during beatings.

**INT. SHOE HUT - DAY**

Artur enters carrying a sack of shoes. He is stricken by a staggering sight -- mounds, 4 storeys high of unpaired shoes. He empties the sack of shoes, hurries out.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Artur fills a burlap sack with jewelry, watches, coins. He walks over to two valises overflowing with valuables. One filled with gold, the other with silver. He dumps the contents of his sack and heads off.

**EXT. LINEUP YARD - DAY**

Eberl marches down the line slowly, carefully inspecting workers. He pulls out a sickly man barely standing.

COMMANDANT EBERL

Run in place!

Eberl SNAPS his WHIP, the worker is unable to lift his legs. Eberl shoots him in the neck.

**EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY**

Artur and Galewski load heavy bundles onto a truck.

ARTUR

Where is this truck headed?

GALEWSKI

Germany. These bundles are property of the Third Reich. And so are we.

Galewski indicates the strewn wares amidst rotting corpses.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

These people assumed they were being resettled to a new life so they brought their most treasured possessions. This place is filled with anything your heart desires. Instead, they ended up at a giant death factory. It's not a labor camp, it's a death camp.

Galewski points up at the sky.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

And the only way to escape is that way.

Artur's gaze follows Galewski's finger -- it lands on the thin, curling smoke rising from the smoldering death pits.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Workers prepare their bunks. Many sleep on the floor. Tiny, homemade candles flicker throughout the large room. Huddled in a corner, a group of Hasidim pray by candlelight.

Galewski sits on his bunk. Artur settles on the hard floor. He slips off his shoes, uses them as a pillow.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Artur, your forehead is bleeding.

Dr. Chorazycki dresses Artur's forehead.

TOMASZ

Take care. Cuts, bruises, illnesses mean instant death. You're lucky to have made it this far. We've been here a week so we're veterans.

GALEWSKI

Every Jew in Poland has been handed a death sentence. Last night another man was occupying the spot Artur is sleeping on now. He was caught with a piece of sausage, so they tied him to a post. He had to stand in the sun until he died. They'll kill you for any reason, real or not. Unless you can find an SS who favors you.

ARTUR

I say we plan an escape.

Tomasz looks around, apprehensive.

TOMASZ

Impossible. For every worker who even attempts to escape Frankenstein kills 50 of us. The only real chance for escape is a mass revolt. But be careful who you trust.

(MORE)

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

A stool pigeon will stab you in the back if it means more food or a better work detail.

GALEWSKI

Scripture tells us thy friend has a friend. So be discreet.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

But where would we go?

GALEWSKI

With our partisan brothers living in the forest. Or find a farmer who'll hide you.

TOMASZ

If you talk for too long, it looks like you're planning something so they kill you on the spot. With only 300 guards and 1000 of us, an uprising is what they fear most.

THUNDER RUMBLES. Rain droplets land on Artur, he looks up, there's a hole in the roof.

ARTUR

The night weeps along with us.

Galewski spots a Ukrainian guard STREBEL (40) peering in through a window beckoning him. Galewski climbs off his bunk.

GALEWSKI

There's Strebel, my contact.

Through the window we see Galewski hand Strebel money in exchange for a package. Galewski re-enters. From the package he prepares a meal, cooking over a small burner made from a tin can and a candle.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

If it weren't for food from transports, we'd starve for sure. The food we get in here is better than what we had in the ghetto.

TOMASZ

Be careful not to get caught. They'll lash you to death for stealing a piece of candy.

Galewski hands each man a morsel.

GALEWSKI

Be mindful that your food isn't stolen. When you're treated like a savage, you begin to act like one.

ARTUR

It's not enough to kill us. But they have to humiliate us. Look at these barracks. They're not made to house people, but to destroy them.

GALEWSKI

Brothers, let's invoke evening prayers. Every night we sing kaddish and end with El Male Rachamim for our fallen brothers.

Workers stand, Galewski intones the Hebrew blessing.

**EXT. PRISONER BARRACKS**

Two guards stand outside the door. They lean in, listening to GALEWSKI'S CHANTING as they share a bottle of vodka.

**INT. LIVING BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER**

Galewski finishes kaddish. Guards outside POUND on the DOOR.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

GALEWSKI

We have to be up for 6 AM roll call. Turn off the lights!

ARTUR

Suffering is easier to handle in the dark.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - MIDNIGHT**

A drunk Eberl, gripping a vodka bottle in one hand and a luger in the other straggles inside.

COMMANDANT EBERL

At attention!

He SHOOTS his PISTOL. Men snap to attention. He walks down the line inspecting them.

He collars a worker, drags him to the toilet pail, stuffs his head inside a urine-filled bucket, laughing. He SHOTS the worker in the head.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

Lights out!

Eberl aims his pistol at a light bulb, he SHOTS, misses, the BULLET RICOCHETS. He keeps SHOOTING until the BULB SMASHES into tiny pieces, plunging them into darkness.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - MIDNIGHT**

Artur is awakened by a SCRAPING sound. A man DRAGS a STOOL, places it under a beam, pitches a rope over the beam, slides his head thru the noose. Artur stands, Galewski blocks him.

GALEWSKI

Don't stop him. This is a nightly occurrence. Last night a father and son committed suicide together. The father hung himself first, then the son used the same strap to kill himself. Let him die with dignity.

The man KICKS the STOOL, chokes and gasps on the noose for a few moments, then falls silent.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAWN**

POUNING on the DOOR.

GUARD (O.S.)

Aufstehen, wake up!

Artur and the others leap from their bunks. More dead bodies dangle in the corner.

Workers primp themselves. Galewski shaves in a cracked mirror. He reaches under his bunk, pulls out a bottle of eau de cologne and washes his face.

GALEWSKI

Look as healthy as possible. Try to get your hands on shaving supplies.

ARTUR

What about bathing?

GALEWSKI

Not since I've been here. A hot shower sounds so nice.

Galewski pinches his cheeks, giving them a ruddy glow. DOORS fly OPEN. Workers march out under a rain of beatings.

**EXT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur devours his bread and coffee. He looks up at the sky, feels the sun's warmth on his face.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Let's go Artur, quickly.

Artur keeps his eyes closed, savoring the sun's rays.

ARTUR  
I don't understand how the sun can  
shine so brightly on this hell.

**EXT. ROLL CALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Workers stand at attention. Eberl inspects each one.

He stops in front of a WORKER, using the grip of his whip, Eberl lifts the man's face to inspect, his eyes are swollen.

WORKER  
No, please! I can work!

Eberl SHOTS him.

COMMANDANT EBERL  
The rest are released!

Workers head to the sorting square. Galewski points out a small, wooden shed to Artur.

GALEWSKI  
That's our latrine.

Standing watch is a worker dressed in rabbinical vestments.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
It's a good hiding place. Germans  
never use Jewish toilets.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Artur unzips a suitcase, sorts through it. He watches a train arrive with fresh victims. Yesterday's events are re-played as terrified victims are dragged out, beaten, and marched to the pyre. Ivan the Terrible draws his saber, slices into a pregnant woman's belly. She screeches.

He then drags a screaming woman into a storage closet, shuts the door behind him.

A drunk UKRAINIAN GUARD staggers up. He snatches a bottle of cognac, CRACKS it open and guzzles. He peers at Artur who searches the pockets of a coat. The guard begins to WHIP him.

DRUNK GUARD

Lazy swine! Tear the linings to  
make sure nothing is hidden inside!

He beats Artur viciously. Artur retrieves the coat, CUTS the lining, American dollars spill out.

DRUNK GUARD (CONT'D)

American dollars. This should  
complete my collection.

He looks around to see if any SS are watching. He snatches the money, stuffs it into his wallet, staggers off.

TOMASZ

Yesterday that guard asked me to  
find a nice dress for his wife. Can  
you believe it? He wants his wife  
walking around in the dress of a  
murdered Jewish woman.

Artur suddenly stops working, overcome, his eyes widen at something he's found in his pile -- his brother's brown woolen blazer. Artur brings the coat to his face, smells it.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

Artur, get back to work! You're  
forgetting yourself!

Artur defiantly ignores him, he examines the cherished coat from every angle. With tears in his eyes, he slips it on.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

You'll get killed!

Artur goes back to work with a smile.

### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Standing in front of mounds of potatoes, Artur peels potatoes, then drops them into buckets.

GUARD

Quickly! This pile needs to be  
finished by lunch time today.

Famished, Artur takes a bite. From behind a guard swiftly belts him with his rifle, snatches the potato from him.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - LATER - DAY**

Artur heads to his station, passes a tall mound of clothing.

MALE VOICE

Psst!

Artur stops walking. He squints into the pile, finds a frightened man hiding inside, OSKAR (30).

OSKAR

Please, brother, help me!

Artur looks around. They speak in whispers.

ARTUR

What is it?

OSKAR

I arrived today and I was headed to the pit with the others, but I hid in here. I found a pair of trousers and a jacket but I have no shoes. Can you find me a pair?

ARTUR

I can't!

OSKAR

If not they'll kill me. I can be a worker like the rest of you. Please, I beg you!

**INT. SHOE HUT - MOMENTS LATER**

Among the tall mounds of shoes, Artur quickly grabs a pair, stuffs them in a sack.

**EXT. OSKAR'S PILE - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur hands Oskar the pair of shoes from his sack.

ARTUR

Stay at this pile and sort. Work swiftly, stay bent over, don't look anyone in the eye.

Artur slips away, Oskar begins to sort.

**EXT. ARMORY HUT - DAY**

Eberl and an SS officer get their boots shined by a mute shoe shine boy BENYAMIN (10).

Benyamin vigorously shines Eberl's boots as he converses with the officer. Eberl looks down at Benyamin.

COMMANDANT EBERL  
We're done here.

Benyamin doesn't hear. Eberl kicks him away with his foot.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)  
I said we're done, worthless mute!

**EXT. HUT - NIGHT**

Artur and Galewski pass a hut with workers hunched over pieces of paper, tears stream down their faces as they write.

ARTUR  
What are they writing in there?

GALEWSKI  
Letters to loved ones back home, telling them to come East, that all is well and there's work. The Germans want to prevent uprisings in the ghettos so they force us here to write letters to quell the remaining populations.

Artur pauses, recalls the old woman from the train with a letter from her brother.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
There's no ruse they won't employ.

**EXT. MAIN CAMP SQUARE - NIGHT**

Drunk, carousing Ukrainian guards SHOOT their GUNS into the air. They stand at bonfires with local girls SINGING SONGS.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - MIDNIGHT**

Bone-weary workers sleep. At his spot on the floor, Artur uses his brother's woolen blazer as a pillow.

O.S. we hear a TRAIN SCREECH to a halt, wagon DOORS fly OPEN.

GUARDS (O.S.)  
Raus! Schnell! Strip, clothes off!

Workers stir awake and listen.

O.S. victims screaming, heavy BOOTS STOMPING, MACHINE GUNS blasting fill the night air.

ARTUR  
There's a new transport.

Desperate BANGING on the barracks DOOR. Workers run to the door, pull it open to reveal a terrified ZELOMIR (30). He runs in, hides under a bunk in a dark corner.

GALEWSKI  
Hide him, he's escaped from the transport! Close the door!

Screams and SHOOTING continue. Guards enter, grab workers.

GUARDS  
Workers! All workers out!

**EXT. MAIN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS**

A massacre. More dead bodies and luggage lay scattered.

GUARDS  
Clean this up!

Guards SNAP their WHIPS as workers pick up bodies.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Weary workers crawl into their bunks. Zelomir comes out of his hiding place. Galewski hands him a blanket.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
You're safe now. What's your name?

ZELOMIR  
Zelomir Bloch.

ARTUR  
Where was that transport from?

ZELOMIR  
Grodno. In Belarus.

GALEWSKI  
As far as that?

ZELOMIR

We traveled for days. We decided that if we felt we were going to be killed, we'd fight back. When we arrived and those murderers told us to strip, we knew what was in store. So we attacked them with knives and bottles we prepared during the journey.

ARTUR

Did you kill any Germans?

ZELOMIR

No. Two guards were injured.

OSKAR

That's too bad.

ZELOMIR

Did you find any survivors?

ARTUR

You're the only one.

ZELOMIR

They killed every Jew in Grodno. This isn't like the Spanish Inquisition when Jews were able to save themselves by accepting Catholicism! This is different.

ARTUR

Fact is if Jesus were alive today, he'd be in here with us.

**EXT. GALLOWS - DAWN**

Workers stand at attention. Three PRISONERS stand on scaffolds with nooses around their necks.

COMMANDANT EBERL

These workers were caught in a nearby village trying to escape. If you're caught, the punishment will be swift.

He nods to the henchman. One of the condemned men shouts out.

CONDEMNED PRISONER

Down with Hitler! Long live the Jewish people!

The SCAFFOLD DROPS underneath, his body drops, his neck SNAPS. Rain starts to fall.

COMMANDANT EBERL

It seems mother nature is not on your side today. You'll remain here until you've learned your lesson. Guards, choose 50 workers and execute them!

He retreats to the office as the rain falls harder.

**EXT. ROLL CALL YARD - DAY**

Rain pummels workers as they continue to stand. Some lay dead, some are barely able to hold themselves up.

**EXT. ROLL CALL YARD - DAY**

Hours later. The rain has stopped, workers are soaking wet. Eberl emerges from the office.

He steps down the line. He spots the wound on Artur's head.

COMMANDANT EBERL

What is that on your face?

He lifts his gun to Artur's neck. Suddenly, a Nazi jeep sweeps in through the main gate. Eberl releases Artur.

Eberl plods hastily to greet ODILO GLOBOCNIK (55) his SS boss. Eberl salutes Globocnik with a CLICK of his HEELS. An angry Globocnik alights the jeep.

COMMANDANT EBERL (CONT'D)

Heil Hitler, Obersturmfuhrer Globocnik.

GLOBOCNIK

Release these workers to their work details immediately.

**INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

Eberl sits at his desk, a portrait of Hitler hangs prominently on the wall behind him.

COMMANDANT EBERL

How are you, sir?

In a foul mood, Globocnik dispenses with pleasantries.

GLOBOCNIK

I have strict directives from Berlin to relieve you of your duties here. Orders are to be put into effect immediately.

Eberl is stunned.

COMMANDANT EBERL

But, Herr Officer, with all respect, may I ask why?

GLOBOCNIK

(angered)

Your incompetence! This camp is a filthy disgrace to not only the Reich but to the fuhrer himself!

Globocnik gazes out the window, surveys the mass of rotting bodies and fallen wares.

GLOBOCNIK (CONT'D)

When you were assigned to this camp you assured me that you would surpass all other camps in numbers. But all I see is filth, bloated corpses, prisoners escaping.

COMMANDANT EBERL

I promise things will change.

Globocnik is impassive.

GLOBOCNIK

Treblinka is in a state of collapse. Reports indicate that inefficient methods of processing are being used. Why have these articles not been packed and shipped to Germany? When I stepped out of the vehicle I was knee-deep in jewelry and money.

Globocnik reads from an official document.

GLOBOCNIK (CONT'D)

If you were not a fellow German, I'd have you arrested and brought before an SS court. Just outside the camp is a wagon full of decomposing corpses that need to be unloaded. You can't handle the number of transports coming in now.

(MORE)

GLOBOCNIK (CONT'D)  
 In the coming months thousands more  
 will be arriving. It's all here!

Globocnik hands him the report.

GLOBOCNIK (CONT'D)  
 I'm transferring you to operational  
 headquarters in the Chancellery.  
 We're replacing you with the  
 commandant from Sobibor.

**SECOND MOVEMENT: REUNION**

**EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY**

We are low to the ground behind the wheel of a car as it  
 rolls down a dirt road. We pan up to find a Nazi staff car  
 heading towards Treblinka. Light, grey smoke rises up above.

**EXT. DITCH - DAY**

Artur and Dr. Chorazycki carry the body of a little boy on a  
 stretcher. Artur drops the corpse.

A GUARD whips Artur senseless.

SS GUARD  
 Pick up that trinket, lazy swine!

They pick up the body, pitch it into the ditch.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

A battered Artur climbs into a pile of furs. Dr. Chorazycki  
 hands him a vodka bottle.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
 Hide in here for now. Sip on this  
 to ease the pain.

The Nazi staff car sweeps in through the front gate, comes to  
 a halt in front of the main office.

GALEWSKI  
 That must be the new commandant.

TOMASZ  
 I hope he's better than  
 Frankenstein.

ARTUR

Don't hope too much. There's a fine line between hoping and lying to yourself.

Wearing a crisp, white tunic, a towering FRANZ STANGL (35) climbs out of the staff car. In polished jackboots, riding crop in hand and a smile on his face, he is in stark contrast to the dreary camp. A Saint Bernard follows at his heels.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

He looks like white death in that tunic.

TOMASZ

What the hell is he smiling about?

Following Stangl is the strikingly handsome KURT FRANZ (28).

OSKAR

Look at that one. He's so pretty, he looks like a doll.

Stangl and Franz enter the camp office, shut the door.

GALEWSKI

God help us.

ARTUR

Sorry Rabbi, but I'm not so sure God is up there.

OSKAR

God who?

TOMASZ

He delivered us from Egypt. I can't help but wonder where he is now.

#### **INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Amidst the glow of tiny candles, Artur lays on Galewski's bunk. Dr. Chorazycki makes a long incision in his back, Artur grimaces in pain. Galewski hands him a bottle of vodka.

Dr. Chorazycki drains the blood from Artur's back. Galewski, Tomasz and Oskar watch the operation.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

No sign of infection. Good sign. Sleep on your stomach tonight.

Tomasz whispers to the others.

TOMASZ

If we do manage to escape, we all look like typical Jews. Some of us can't even speak good Polish. I'm from Gdansk and I have a thick accent. Where will I go, who will take me in?

ARTUR

Yesterday they killed 400, today it was 500. It goes on without end. We're going to die in any case. We must do it at all costs. That's why it must be a mass revolt.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

It seems impossible.

ARTUR

What's the alternative? The four of us should plan it.

TOMASZ

Us?

GALEWSKI

Artur's right. We'll be the planning committee. As time goes on, we'll let others in on it.

Strebel emerges, searches the room, spots Galewski. Galewski walks out. Through the window we see Galewski hand Strebel a watch in exchange for a small bundle. Galewski re-enters.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

That's how we escape, brothers.

ARTUR

How?

GALEWSKI

The only thing Ukrainians care about is money. They sell us food and things, then take the money and spend it at brothels. They have no allegiance. You see how poorly the Germans treat them. If we can buy sausage from them, we can buy weapons.

ARTUR

How do we get the money?

GALEWSKI

We're surrounded by money. Tomorrow we'll start collecting as much money and gold as we can while we sort. At the same time, I'll make plans with Strebel. And now, I have a little surprise for you. Does anyone know what today is?

The men shrug.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Brothers, it's Yom Kippur. I'll take it you didn't partake in the previous mitzvahs, but I think God will understand.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Oh, God, how I would love a delicious mikveh right now!

OSKAR

I take it we won't be finding potato kugels or noodle puddings in that little bundle, will we rabbi?

ARTUR

Or cheese blintzes?

They laugh. Galewski unwraps the package to find a loaf of bread, sausage, and eggs.

GALEWSKI

I have one last surprise for our little feast.

He pulls out a bottle of wine. The men gasp.

ARTUR

Bravo, rabbi!

GALEWSKI

That Strebel really came through.

Galewski lights a candle. He intones a Hebrew blessing.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Artur searches the pockets on a pair of slacks. He pulls out a wallet, finds a stack of bills. He quietly pockets them.

At the arrivals area, new victims are dragged off a train.

Artur comes across a photo album. Family portraits, boys at bar mitzvahs, Hanukkah celebrations, wedding pictures smile back at him.

A little GIRL off the train wanders into the sorting area clutching a dry bread loaf. She finds a doll in Artur's pile.

LITTLE GIRL  
May I have this doll?

ARTUR  
Yes.

LITTLE GIRL  
Thank you, sir.

Little girl curtsies, floats from worker to worker smiling, peering at bundles. Work comes to a halt as workers forget themselves, watching the happy child. She picks up colorful scarves, tosses them into the air, she laughs, twirls around.

OSKAR  
Get back to work, Artur. White  
Death is making his rounds today.

Oskar points to Stangl in his white tunic, he leads Franz in a survey of the camp, his dog close at his heels.

Stangl points at sprawled corpses. He covers his mouth with a handkerchief, steps over a corpse in a cesspool.

Stangl spots the Little Girl. He pats her kindly on the head, takes her by the hand, ushers her away.

**EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER - DAY**

Stangl and Franz watch screaming passengers as they're dragged off a train. Stangl shakes his head at the chaos.

**EXT. FIERY DITCHES - DAY**

With disapproval, Stangl observes as victims are SHOT and thrown into the smoldering ditch.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Stangl and Franz inspect workers. At Artur's station, an oil painting in an ornate frame catches Stangl's eye. He picks it up, examines it, sets it down. Stangl whispers into Franz's ear, then heads off.

Franz plucks the oil painting from Artur's pile, walks off.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Artur quietly crosses over to Galewski's bunk.

ARTUR

Rabbi, I have something for you.

He pulls out the wad of bills he found in his sorting pile.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

Will this plan of ours really work?

GALEWSKI

God only knows. But if we burn this place to the ground, it doesn't matter to me if I live or die.

The heavy wooden DOOR is UNLOCKED from outside. An SS enters.

SS GUARD

Bernard Galewski! You have orders to come with me immediately.

Galewski shoots an anxious glance at Artur, slips on his shoes, follows the guard out.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAWN**

O.S. a BUGLE BLOWS, jarring workers awake. They jump up, get dressed. The doors fly open, Franz enters.

FRANZ

Aufstehen! Roll call in 5 minutes!

**EXT. ROLL CALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Workers at attention. In shiny jackboots, a smile on his face, Stangl emerges from his office in a stark white tunic.

FRANZ

Achtung! Herr Commandant Stangl!

Artur gently kicks Oskar's leg, whispers in his ear.

ARTUR

Why is he always smiling?

OSKAR

He seems to enjoy his job.

ARTUR  
He must be Satan.

OSKAR  
Who needs Satan? We have Hitler.

Gripping a riding crop, his Saint Bernard at his heels, Stangl slowly makes his way down rows of workers. Finishing his silent appraisal, he stalks to the front.

STANGL  
I am Hauptsturmführer Franz Stangl. I have been appointed as the new commandant of Treblinka. Consider yourselves fortunate. You have the honor and privilege to serve our fuhrer as sonderkommando. Your stay here at the camp will cost you nothing. All the valuables taken from here will be used for the benefit of Jews.

ARTUR  
Lies.

STANGL  
As of today, changes will be implemented. Discipline in the ranks is essential, violations will be resolved expeditiously. Deputy Commandant Obersturmführer Franz will read the new code of regulations, effective immediately.

Franz reads from a sheet of paper.

FRANZ  
A master list of workers will be drawn up. You'll be counted three times daily at roll call. For every infraction, there's a pre-determined punishment as follows: failure to carry out commandant's orders: fifty lashes; stealing: death by hanging, stealing of food: death by gunfire, possession of money, jewelry or gold: death by gunfire. Lastly, for each worker who escapes: death by gunfire for 50 workers. You'll be under the supervision of Bernard Galewski who has been appointed camp elder. He will relay all information from the commandant to workers.

(MORE)

FRANZ (CONT'D)

The commandant does not, under any circumstances, deal with workers personally. All issues relating to work detail or living conditions will be relayed to officers through your camp elder.

He motions for Galewski to approach.

GALEWSKI

I would like to thank Commandant Stangl and Untersturmfuhrer Franz for the trust they have placed in me. I promise to obey all instructions faithfully, to ensure order among workers, and to adjudicate all disputes honestly and justly. Thank you.

Galewski returns to his spot, he shoots a quick furtive wink and smile at the workers.

FRANZ

Dismissed!

An SS blows a BUGLE, workers set off to work.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

Galewski sits at his bunk with Artur and the others.

GALEWSKI

The commandant apparently took a liking to me because I speak perfect German. We've run into some luck brothers. White Death decided to change tactics. He says keeping workers alive will ensure that the work goes well. So now, we have to make a master list of workers.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Should we give our real names? We're not encumbered with documents or records here, nobody knows who we are. We can choose any name.

OSKAR

I agree. I say we give fake names.

GALEWSKI

What do you say, Artur?

ARTUR  
I'm in favor of using real names.

OSKAR  
Why is that?

ARTUR  
If we perish in this camp, and if there is a roster with our real names, it may survive and someone might find out who we were.

GALEWSKI  
He makes a point. For posterity.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Chances are slim this list won't go in the fire with the rest of us.

GALEWSKI  
Come along, doctor, it's worth a try. I say we go with Artur's idea.

Oskar and Dr. Chorazycki nod.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
Full name, doctor.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Julian Chorazycki.

Galewski jots it down.

GALEWSKI  
Next.

OSKAR  
Oskar Yonas Boehm.

GALEWSKI  
Next. Artur, what's your last name?

ARTUR  
Gold. Artur Gold.

OSKAR  
Artur Gold? Not the musician!

Artur nods, the men laugh with delight.

OSKAR (CONT'D)  
We have a celebrated conductor in our midst! Marvelous!  
(MORE)

OSKAR (CONT'D)

I once had a memorable night with a lovely redhead from Lodz dancing to 'Autumn Roses'.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

My wife loved your music. We heard you on the radio all the time!

ARTUR

I'm afraid those days are gone, brothers. Playing the violin will do nothing to help me in here.

GALEWSKI

I saw you play at the Adria Club in Warsaw. It was marvelous.

ZELOMIR

I once saw you at the Oaza Club on Wierzbowa street.

OSKAR

The most fashionable bar in Warsaw.

TOMASZ

My wife and I had your records.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD (O.S.)

Stand if you are a barber!

Dr. Chorazycki stands, Oskar follows suit.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

(whispers)

Artur, stand.

**INT. BARBER HUT - DAY**

Wearing white smocks, 'barbers' stand behind empty suitcases. A group of FEMALE PRISONERS standby nervously.

GUARD

Commandant has ordered that all female prisoners must have their hair cut. You are to spend a maximum of 2 minutes with each one.

GUARD grabs a FEMALE PRISONER, in five quick strokes with a pair of shears, the guard snips all of the woman's hair.

GUARD (CONT'D)

By the end of the work day, your  
suitcase must be full.

He hands each barber a set of shears.

GUARD (CONT'D)

If any one of you does not return  
the shears, you will each be shot.

Panicked weeping is heard as terrified WOMEN enter.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Get to work!

Women stand in front of the 'barbers'. Artur slowly cuts the  
thick locks of a young girl. A guard WHIPS him.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You're too slow! Faster!

Artur clutches the girl's hair, in five SNIPS, he cuts it all  
off, it cascades into the suitcase. Artur looks down at her,  
taps her gently on the shoulder.

ARTUR

You may go now, miss.

She is shoved away. The next terrified WOMAN walks up. With  
tears in his eyes, Artur cuts her hair. The woman grabs his  
hand, kisses it, turns to look at him.

WOMAN

Please sir, I beg you, what do they  
do to us? Is this it?

After a moment, he nods. She weeps in despair.

ARTUR

The same fate awaits me, too. After  
all, I'm a Jew just like you.

She convulses in terror. The guard storms up, WHIPS her.

A defiant, ANGRY WOMAN runs in, glares at the weeping women.

ANGRY WOMAN

What's the matter with you? Why do  
you cry? You should be laughing!  
Let our enemies see that we're not  
going to our deaths in fear!

Everyone freezes in terror. A guard grabs her, drags her out.  
After a moment, we hear a GUN SHOT O.S.

GUARD

Why don't we sing a song to make  
the day go by faster? What shall we  
sing? Something nice. How about  
"Fester Schritt"?

He WHIPS a worker.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Let me hear you sing!

In tears, workers sing as they cut the hair of weeping women.

**EXT. LINE-UP YARD - NIGHT**

Workers stand in rows. Galewski counts heads. A worker is barely able to stand, Galewski straightens him.

GALEWSKI

(whisper)

Stand up or they'll kill you.

Galewski checks off his list, hands it to Franz.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

All here and accounted for  
Unstersturmfuhrer Franz!

FRANZ

I want them to run in place.

GALEWSKI

Yes, sir.

(faces workers)

Run!

Workers run in place. A man collapses. Franz turns to an SS.

FRANZ

Shoot him.

(at Galewski)

You may release your men now.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - GALEWSKI'S BUNK - NIGHT**

Artur and the others are deep in conversation as Dr. Chorazycki gives Tomasz a shave.

ARTUR

But what could they possibly be  
using the hair for?

GALEWSKI

Insulation for U-boats. Textiles, things like that. Hair repels moisture. These monsters think of everything.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

They process us like animal carcasses.

OSKAR

If they found a way to make soap, I'm sure they'd do that too.

ARTUR

Everything we have has value. Only we Jews are regarded as worthless.

Franz appears at the doorway.

FRANZ

Achtung! Herr commandant!

Workers jump to attention.

The perpetual smile on his face, Stangl steps inside. He steps past slowly, scrutinizing workers.

After the inspection, Stangl FLICKS off the LIGHT, exits.

ARTUR

My, if the White Death isn't a kinder, gentler Nazi.

**EXT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

A trainload of new victims. Their screams fill the air. Artur walks past, lugging a heavy burlap sack.

A tearful Hasidim, LIEBESKIND (40) taps Artur on the shoulder. He carries the body of a boy wrapped in a tallit.

LIEBESKIND

Sir, you are a worker here, yes?

Artur nods quickly, tries to walk away.

LIEBESKIND (CONT'D)

Please, I beg you. Can you help me?

ARTUR

If they catch us they'll kill us.

Artur turns to leave.

LIEBESKIND

Wait, please. My son here, Meshek,  
died this morning on the train.

Liebeskind removes the tallit, reveals the boy's face.

LIEBESKIND (CONT'D)

His body is still warm. All I ask  
is that I spend this last night  
with my son. Just tonight.

ARTUR

There's nothing I can do.

LIEBESKIND

(begging)

I'm a locksmith. I don't have much,  
but I can give you some money.

Liebeskind reaches into this pocket, Artur stops him.

LIEBESKIND (CONT'D)

I have no illusions about why I'm  
here. But if I could spend tonight  
watching over the body of my son,  
in shemira as the Talmud teaches, I  
would be eternally grateful.

Artur looks around.

**EXT. LATRINE - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur opens the latrine door, nudges Liebeskind inside.

ARTUR

Wait here until I get you tonight.

LIEBESKIND

Won't the guards find me?

LATRINE ATTENDANT

Germans never use Jewish toilets.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

Artur's work area. Artur sorts through a large pile.  
Suddenly, he freezes, his eyes widen in amazement at  
something he's found. He picks it up --

-- it's his violin.

Transfixed, Artur runs his fingers along the case. He UNLATCHES it, plucks the stick, lifts the violin to his chin.

He closes his eyes and begins to PLAY. His MUSIC fills the air. Wide-eyed workers stare at Artur in disbelief.

TOMASZ

Artur stop! They'll kill you!

Eyes closed, Artur ignores him, defiantly continues PLAYING -- he's in another world, no longer inside a death camp.

**EXT. SHOE SHINE STATION**

Benyamin shines Stangl's boots. Stangl's ears perk up at the sound of ARTUR'S VIOLIN. He pats Benyamin on the shoulder, hands him a chocolate bar.

STANGL

We're finished here.

Stangl follows ARTUR'S MUSIC.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE**

Stangl finds Artur engrossed in his MUSIC, he plays skillfully.

Franz storms up to Artur, unholsters his pistol.

FRANZ

Stop that immediately!

With Franz's gun pressed to his temple, eyes closed, a defiant Artur ignores the command, continues playing.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Stop that!

Stangl appears, TAPPING his riding CROP on polished boots.

STANGL

Officer Franz, lower your pistol.

FRANZ

Sir, this Jew is insubordinate.

STANGL

Take the violin to my office.

Franz snatches the violin from Artur's grip.

With an inscrutable stare, Stangl considers Artur for a long time. Without a word, he turns and leaves.

Franz throws the violin in the CASE. He pulls out a knife.

FRANZ

Something for your musical ear.

Franz slashes Artur's ear, Artur collapses gripping his ear.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Workers eat their meager evening meal at their bunks.

GALEWSKI

I came home from teaching a bat mitzvah. I stopped off at a bakery, the one on Bugaj street, and picked up a warm challah loaf.

OSKAR

Yes, they make the best blintzes.

GALEWSKI

My wife made a pot of rum tea and we sat by the fire. We sipped our tea, ate the challah and listened to the radio. We might have listened to one of your songs, Artur. It was a nice, quiet evening with my lovely wife. And you, doctor, how about your last Sunday?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

I worked a late shift at the Damiana Medical Center. Not too eventful. Sunday nights are usually slow. I had a late dinner, then went to sleep in my office. I kept a small cot for late shifts. I wake up Monday morning, I hear a roaring of tanks, people cheering and marching. It was pandemonium, terrifying sounds were coming from the mouths of my fellow Poles. I look out my office window and there it was. Nazis in Warsaw! At that moment the thought in my head was 'this is it, this is the end.'

He turns to Tomasz who smokes a pipe.

## TOMASZ

I'd spent a lazy weekend in my country home with my wife. We were celebrating a large commission for a mural I'd received from a university in the south. Our spirits were high. Of course I'd heard all about the German atrocities, Kristallnacht, the laws, but we didn't pay it any mind. So, we woke up at dawn, had a quick bite and set off on our road trip back home. Those were our last moments of normalcy. Getting into my car, kissing my wife, stopping for petrol. I remember my wife laughing at me because I just washed the car that weekend and a bird shit all over the windshield! Now that I think of it, that was the last time I heard her laugh. About noon, just before we stopped for lunch, we saw them. German tanks, armored vehicles. It was one of the few times I was truly terrified. And you, Mr. Gold, our celebrated conductor? What was your last Sunday like?

## ARTUR

Sundays I usually played the Adria Club, but we cancelled because our percussionist was sick. So it was a rare Sunday that I was able to get some rest. I enjoyed a quiet dinner at my favorite restaurant, a small place, no sign, but they served the best golabki. Afterwards I visited a woman I'd been seeing. Before dawn the next morning, I woke up in her bed. She was still asleep. As I lay there looking at her I was overcome with this feeling that something wasn't right. I wasn't happy with her. So I got up, put on my clothes, wrote her a short note, explaining that we couldn't see each other again. I left it next to her bed, under a glass of water. I quietly opened her door, began my walk home in the morning light. Nothing new for me, I've left women before. There was only one woman in my life who ever left me.

(MORE)

ARTUR (CONT'D)

Anyway, when I turned the corner of Alexi Street, I saw the tanks, the marching Nazis, the boots. And now I wonder if maybe that's what I'd been feeling in that woman's bed. Maybe it wasn't her after all, maybe I sensed what was to come.

An SS emerges from outside.

SS GUARD

Conductor, out!

Workers look at one another in confusion.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)

Quickly! Conductor! Come with me!

GALEWSKI

Artur, I think he means you.

**INT. STANGL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur waits at the door. The portrait of Hitler hangs above. A speckled Jewish accountant counts piles of cash on an adding machine. Stangl and Franz confer over blueprints.

STANGL

...lastly erect a wall here to obscure this area...

Franz takes notes. Stangl steps in front of a mirror. A TAILOR pins the hem of his slacks.

STANGL (CONT'D)

Let's continue our letter.

Franz takes Stangl's dictation. Stangl does not acknowledge Artur standing at the door.

STANGL (CONT'D)

(to Franz)

Furthermore, I plan to remedy the appalling circumstances that greeted me when I arrived. My intention is to streamline the process and make it as efficient as possible. It must run in the greatest possible calm in order to prevent upheaval. I will write soon with further details. Regards.

Tailor finishes pinning the slacks. Stangl examines them.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
No, half an inch longer. That's  
much too short.

TAILOR  
Yes, sir.

STANGL  
You're relieved.

Tailor exits.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
Franz, find me a new tailor. You're  
excused.

Stangl pours himself a cognac, finally shifts his focus to  
Artur. He regards Artur with an inscrutable stare, and then --

STANGL (CONT'D)  
You play Vivaldi very well.

Artur is stunned. Did he hear correctly?

STANGL (CONT'D)  
Your rendition of his Concerto in G  
this morning was impressive.

ARTUR  
Thank you, Herr Commandant.

STANGL  
It's a beautiful piece. One of my  
favorites actually. Nietzsche once  
wrote that life without music would  
be a mistake. I'm inclined to  
agree. Vivaldi is a favorite of  
mine. One of the few things the  
Italians have done right. Of course  
their literature is also great.  
Machiavelli. Dante's Inferno. But  
their music is something else.  
Paganini. His Caprice 24 is  
exquisite. Would you agree?

ARTUR  
Yes, sir.

STANGL  
They called Paganini 'devil's son'  
and 'witch's brat'.

ARTUR  
I believe I've heard that, sir.

STANGL

His audiences, even his admirers believed he made a pact with the devil. It's the only way they could justify his virtuosity, to be able to play with such technical brilliance. People refused to believe it wasn't supernatural.

Artur nods.

STANGL (CONT'D)

I'm also very fond of your own countryman, Frederyk Chopin. You must enjoy him.

ARTUR

I do, sir.

STANGL

In light of your performance today I'm assigning you to a new work detail. You're to play for my officers nightly at evening meal. A divertissement after a hard day's work. Am I clear?

ARTUR

Yes, sir.

STANGL

Inside that wardrobe you'll find the violin.

Artur opens the wardrobe, grabs his violin.

STANGL (CONT'D)

Begin tonight. You're dismissed.

ARTUR

Thank you, sir.

Stangl ignores him, returns to the blueprints.

#### **INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

A lively meal. Wearing his brother's blazer and muddy shoes, Artur plays Paganini's LA CAMPANELLA. The hall is full of rowdy SS eating, guzzling alcohol. They throw food and mock Artur as he plays. Stangl and his officers sit at one end of a long table hovering over blueprints.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - SAME TIME**

Liebeskind sits on the floor tucked in a corner softly singing "Kel Maleh Rjachamim" to his dead son. His rueful chanting fills the barracks as workers sleep.

**EXT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

Artur emerges from the dining hall. On his way back to barracks, he passes a large DIGGER BREAKING fresh ground.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - MORNING**

Workers plod to work stations amidst construction and renovation. Foundations poured, fences and watchtowers built, new huts and barracks erected.

Some workers carry metal canisters attached to hoses. They spray buildings with disinfectant.

Galewski hands Artur pieces of string.

GALEWSKI

Your work detail today is to hand these out to arrivals. Have them tie their shoes together.

The sound of clanking METAL TREADS interrupt them -- two behemoth Russian T34 tanks enter camp. Stangl supervises the arrival of the tanks with a smile.

ARTUR

What the hell are the tanks for?

Galewski hands off a large stroller to Oskar.

GALEWSKI

Oskar, here's your new work detail.

OSKAR

Am I camp wet nurse now?

GALEWSKI

Collect all the rubbish and burn it. The commandant is strict about keeping the yard clean.

**EXT. ARRIVAL PLATFORM - DAY**

Amidst the chaos of newly arrived victims on a transport, Artur hands out string and tells people to tie their shoes.

Someone suddenly catches Artur's eye -- he fixates on a tall man jumping off the train, SAMUEL WILLENBERG (35). Artur pushes through the crowd, wends his way to Samuel.

ARTUR  
Samuel!

SAMUEL  
Artur Gold?

Samuel regards Artur with mistrust -- they have history.

ARTUR  
Samuel, tell them you're a builder.

Samuel narrows his eyes at him.

ARTUR (CONT'D)  
Listen to me. The past doesn't matter. Tell them you're a builder!

SAMUEL  
But I'm a tailor, you know that. Why should I trust you?

ARTUR  
Your choice. You can either trust me or that Nazi with the rifle.

Artur plods off, Samuel gazes over at an SS.

#### **EXT. MAIN SQUARE - DAY**

Artur pushes a wheelbarrow full of shoes. In the distance, his glance catches Samuel laying bricks on a new building.

#### **INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Artur and Samuel are huddled on the floor in the dim light of tiny flickering candles.

ARTUR  
I made a bet with Jozef Stein. Remember him?

SAMUEL  
The jeweler.

ARTUR

When the British began bombing German cities in the fall of 1940, I wagered that this war would be over in six months. I couldn't have been more wrong. Last I heard he boarded a train. He thought he was going to the east for a job, perhaps Russia. He was hopeful, happy to finally be out of that godforsaken ghetto. Now I know what happened to him.

Artur shakes his head.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

We made a deal that the winner would buy the other a beer at Bar Mleczny. Remember that place? That was so long ago. When I still cared about trifles like bets and having a beer with friends.

SAMUEL

My entire family, 12,000 Jews from my hometown, all gone. I don't understand why I survived. What universal power granted me the fortune to be here talking to you? I can think of 100 people who deserve to be here more than me.

ARTUR

I thought my father dying when I was young was the worst thing that could happen. I'm happy he didn't live to see this.

Artur turns somber.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

Do you remember my brother?

SAMUEL

Henryk?

ARTUR

Henryk. That's the first time I've said his name since he died. You remember him don't you?

SAMUEL

Of course. I actually liked him more than I ever liked you.

Artur chuckles.

ARTUR

We arrived together. They were beating us and screaming at us. A few moments before his death, he tried to get a bite of bread, but I stopped him. All he wanted was a little food to eat.

Tears stream down Artur's face.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

I sent him to his death hungry.

Artur breaks down.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

I never said goodbye to him. Everyday I pray that he's forgiven me. When I threw his body into the pit, it was still warm.

SAMUEL

Wherever he is, I'm sure he holds no grudges.

ARTUR

All I have left of him is his coat.

Artur runs his fingers along the sleeve of his woolen blazer. He sniffs the collar.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

It still smells like him.

Artur wipes his tears on his blazer, composes himself.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

And your shop on Wilcza Street?

SAMUEL

I did well, for a tailor anyway. Until they threw us in the ghetto. Steady stream of customers. I couldn't complain. And you? You became quite a success. I heard your music often on the radio. You lived the life, Artur.

Artur shrugs it off. They share an uneasy silence, and then --

ARTUR

So. What about her?

Samuel chuckles.

SAMUEL

I'm surprised you waited so long to ask. What do you want to know? I hope you're no longer angry at me.

ARTUR

She wanted children, stability. But I was touring for weeks on end. That's no life for a family. I can't blame her for leaving. I was a lousy husband. I see now she chose the better man.

SAMUEL

Look, I want to show you something. It was the only thing I saved besides the clothes on my back.

Samuel reaches into his boot, pulls out a photograph.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

This was taken on a Sunday. Do you see her smile? That was the day we found out she was pregnant. I'd never seen her so happy. That was Sunday, August 31, 1939. The next day, the Germans entered Poland.

Artur gazes wistfully at the photo in his hand.

ARTUR

When we met I was studying music in England with my Uncle Jerzy. One day I was walking by the library and there she was, waiting on the steps for a friend. She was wearing a lilac skirt, her long hair was pulled back. Shortly after, we spent a week in a small, rented cottage in Cornwall. It had a small fireplace. She loved fireplaces. It was miserable, rainy weather the entire time. It was the most glorious week of my life. Two months later we were married.

**INT. OFFICER MESS HALL - NIGHT**

Clad in his usual rags and his brother's woolen blazer, Artur finishes a SONATA on his violin. Boisterous SS eat and drink.

His dog at his heels, Stangl is in discussion with other officers. He glances up at Artur.

STANGL

That was a lovely piece, maestro. I didn't recognize it. Who was it by?

ARTUR

It's a sonata I wrote, sir.

Stangl nods in approval.

STANGL

Have a seat, eat some food.

SS glower at Artur. He sits alone, a server sets a platter of food in front of him, after weeks of thin soup and moldy bread, it's a feast. Artur takes a bite, he savors it. An SS spits on Artur's plate. Artur wipes it off, continues to eat.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - SAME TIME**

Workers are huddled at Galewski's bunk deep in conversation.

TOMASZ

My lovely wife Sora laid out the best Shabbat table. Friends would drop in unannounced! So many people, we had nowhere to sit. She was such a gentle soul. She never turned anyone away.

GALEWSKI

That sounds lovely.

TOMASZ

And her potato kugels, my goodness. Perfectly crisped at the top.

ZELOMIR

My grandmother made the most mouth-watering paprika chamins!

OSKAR

Stop it, brother, you're torturing me worse than these Germans with their 'thousand year itch'.

They laugh.

ZELOMIR

(scoffs)

Thousand-year Reich. Not even the Roman Empire lasted that long!

GALEWSKI

Don't be bitter. Hold onto your hope. Talmud teaches that customs are more powerful than laws.

Galewski stands.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Speaking of customs, why don't we say our Shabbat prayers?

He lights two candles.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

As you know, the mitzvah of lighting the candle is supposed to happen eighteen minutes after sundown, but God will pardon us.

He waves his hand over the candles.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Let us welcome the sabbath.

Galewski covers his eyes, intones the Hebrew prayer.

An incensed Samuel glares at them, jumps up.

SAMUEL

What glorious and merciful God are you praying to? What do sunsets and lighting candles matter when hundreds of people died today?

GALEWSKI

Brother, don't despair.

SAMUEL

What God are you thanking? There's no God! If there were, would he allow innocent babies to die? Would he kill people who only want to do honest work? And you, witnesses to these crimes remain thankful?

TOMASZ

Calm down, remember where you are!

SAMUEL  
You calm yourself!

TOMASZ  
We're all hurting. Last week my  
whole family was killed, yet here I  
am. I'll never forgive myself. I've  
betrayed them by living.

**EXT. WORK AREA - DAY**

Bent over a pile, Artur finds a velvet sack with gold coins. He checks for guards, slips the sack into his pocket.

**EXT. SORTING SQUARE - DAY**

A row of workers at attention. An angry SS paces in front.

SS GUARD  
It has come to my attention that  
theft has been committed.

He goes down the line searching each worker. Artur begins to sweat, in his pocket he feels the sack of gold coins.

The sun beats down on him. He casually slips off his blazer, drops it on the ground. SS tramples up.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

ARTUR  
I'm sweating, sir. The sun is  
especially hot today.

SS searches Artur's pockets, he comes up empty. He proceeds to the next worker. Artur releases a sigh.

SS finds a gold watch on a worker. He lifts his PISTOL, SHOTS him on the spot.

SS GUARD  
The rest are dismissed.

Artur fetches his blazer, trudges back to work.

**INT. METAL SHOP HUT - DAY**

Standing next to a roaring fire, CAMP BLACKSMITH forges a large iron swastika.

**INT. PAINTER'S HUT - DAY**

Tomasz paints a sign that reads 'TO BIALYSTOCK'. Road signs indicating other cities lay scattered about. Artur enters.

ARTUR  
What's all this?

TOMASZ  
When the White Death found out I was a painter he gave me orders to paint road signs. Very odd. This one says 'to Wolkowsysk', this one 'to Obermajden'. I don't get it. These towns are miles away.

Galewski enters.

GALEWSKI  
Artur, I need to speak to you.

ARTUR  
I have something for you, rabbi.

From his pocket, Artur draws out the velvet sack of coins.

GALEWSKI  
I'm afraid this will be the last time you'll collect money for us.

ARTUR  
Why?

GALEWSKI  
I have a message for you from White Death. He's changed your work detail permanently.

**EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY**

Camp blacksmith stands on a ladder. He installs the wrought iron Swastika atop the main gate at the entrance of camp.

**THIRD MOVEMENT: SUBTERFUGE****EXT. POLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Peasant farmers work the land. A TRAIN clatters past.

**INT. BOX CAR - DAY**

ANITZA (25) and her MOTHER sit in a corner of the cramped boxcar. A Star of David with blue sapphires hangs around Anitza's neck, she fidgets with it nervously.

MOTHER

Anitza, honey, be careful with your pendant, it might break.

Anitza peeks through a narrow slit, dense forest speeds by. Her gaze shifts up toward thick, black smoke rising above.

The TRAIN slows to a CRAWL.

ANITZA

Looks like we're arriving, mama.

MOTHER

Finally.

Passengers suddenly fall silent. They sit in disbelief as they listen to something unusual coming from outside --

-- beautiful MUSIC -- Brahm's Violin Concerto.

Bewildered eyes dart back and forth, can they be hearing correctly? The train slows to a halt, the MUSIC gets louder.

ANITZA

Mama, listen to that lovely music!

Teary passengers release sighs of relief at the tranquil MUSIC filling the air, setting their worries at ease.

**INT. BOXCAR - DAY**

TRAIN SCREECHES to a halt. DOORS SWING open.

**EXT. TREBLINKA TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Treblinka is no longer recognizable.

It is now a proper, first-class train station.

Proper signboards: TICKET OFFICE, TELEPHONE, STATION MASTER, FIRST-CLASS WAITING ROOM, etc.

Timetables for departures to various cities are posted. A clock reading 6 o'clock hangs above. There are benches to sit on, potted flowers line windowsills.

Clad in tuxedos, Artur's five-man orchestra plays BRAHMS.

The camp is enclosed by high barbed wired fences. Visibility to other parts of the camp is impossible.

Workers with shaved heads wear colored armbands. Blue armband workers unload luggage and assist weak and elderly passengers off the train.

Ukrainian and SS guards standby with machine guns.

Workers with red armbands hand the arrivals pieces of string.

RED WORKERS

Take off your shoes and tie them  
with this string.

Passengers are mesmerized by Artur's MUSIC.

Anitza assists Mother off the train. She smiles as the orchestra begins to play BEETHOVEN.

Fidgeting with her Star of David, she looks at the station clock, it reads 6:00 o'clock. She taps a MAN.

ANITZA

Excuse me, do you have the time?

MAN

Two PM. The clock's wrong. How do they expect to run this rail if they don't post the correct time?

A voice from a LOUDSPEAKER pierces the air.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention Warsaw Jews! You have arrived at Treblinka transit station from which you will continue on to a destination of your choice. To prevent epidemics, clothing and baggage are to be handed over for disinfection. Gold, currency, and jewelry are to be deposited at the cash Office. They will be returned later. For physical cleanliness, passengers must shower before travelling on. Women will proceed to the undressing barracks to the left. Men will undress at the right.

Anitza and Mother wait in a long line for the cashier.

MOTHER

We should go to Bialystok, we can stay with the Bauers.

ANITZA

That's a good idea.

Drawn by the music, a BOY stands in front of Artur's orchestra, sways to the music. His MOTHER runs up, grabs him.

MOTHER

Son, you can't be here!

BOY

I like the music!

The mother looks at Artur pleadingly.

MOTHER

Please, sir, can you tell me if everything is going to be alright?

Artur lowers his eyes and nods. Relieved, Mother smiles, carries her son away.

#### **EXT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS**

A FATHER carrying his sick daughter approaches an SS.

FRANTIC FATHER

Excuse me, sir, can you help my daughter? She's fallen ill.

SS GUARD

We'll take her to the lazarett.

He points to a small white hut, a white flag with a red cross flies above. A sign reads LAZARETT.

He summons two workers with red crosses on their white armbands. They run up, lay the sick child on a stretcher, the father follows them toward the lazarett.

With a satisfied smile, Stangl observes the methodical, streamlined proceedings from his office door.

#### **EXT. CASHIER BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER**

People leave money, identity papers, and other valuables. Anitza hides her Star of David under her collar. At the window, she hands the cashier her purse.

ANITZA  
Hand over your purse, mama.

MOTHER  
But it has all my money.

ANITZA  
It's okay they're going to keep it  
safe until we finish.

Reluctantly, Mother obliges. Anitza takes her hand, they make their way toward a long barrack with other women.

**INT. UNDRESSING BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER**

One by one people file down an assembly line to undress -- first jacket, then shirt, pants, underwear, lastly shoes.

Anitza unzips her dress. A guard notices her, he summons a WORKER, whispers directions as he points to Anitza.

WORKER  
Miss, you're being summoned.

ANITZA  
Me? What about my mother?

WORKER  
She has to stay.

ANITZA  
Will I see her after the  
disinfection process?

WORKER  
Yes, please come with me.

MOTHER  
Anitza, please don't go.

ANITZA  
I'll see you afterwards, mama. Just  
do as you're told and listen to the  
beautiful music.

She leaves. Mother turns to a WORKER.

MOTHER  
Please, tell me, I beg you, is  
everything going to be alright? Are  
they telling us the truth?

WORKER  
Yes, now please hurry, ma'am.

**INT. BARBER BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS**

Barbers in white smocks cut women's hair. A frightened girl puts up a fight, she's held down by her mother.

BARBER  
Settle down, little one. You're here to get a nice haircut.

Mother is next. She recognizes one of the BARBERS.

MOTHER  
Iwo! Iwo Kowalksi.

IWO  
Irena! I can't believe it's you!

MOTHER  
Iwo, please, what's going to happen to us? What can you tell me?

SS pass by, Iwo stays silent. He cuts Mother's hair, lingering a few extra seconds, her long locks fall into the suitcase at his feet. He finishes, taps her shoulder softly.

IWO  
You may go now, my friend.

**EXT. PATHWAY ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Clutching soapbars and towels, Mother and a group of women enter a narrow path flanked by tall fences. The path is lined with flowers, it resembles a garden path.

All throughout, we hear the MUSIC from Artur's orchestra.

Prodded along by workers in black armbands, the women make their way down the path.

Mother's eyes follow thick black smoke rising above her head, her gaze lands on a guard standing inside a watch tower.

**EXT. ARRIVAL PLATFORM - SAME TIME**

Artur's orchestra continues playing. Box cars, now empty, are quickly cleaned out by workers.

Next set of box cars pull up. DOORS OPEN, thousands of passengers disembark, repeating the process all over again.

**EXT. LAZARETT - SAME TIME**

We watch the frantic Father from earlier enter the small hut, following the workers who carry his sick daughter on a stretcher. After a moment, we hear two GUNSHOTS.

**EXT. PATH - SAME TIME**

Mother and the other women reach the end of the path.

GUARD

Hurry, showers are this way!

They come out on a clearing -- they freeze -- GASP as their eyes land on something above their heads that we cannot see.

Tears of joy, sighs of relief. Women hug each other, some fall to their knees, raise their arms up at the sight in front of them and give thanks to God. Mother smiles.

MOTHER

Simcha, all is well, sisters!

**EXT. MAIN SQUARE - SUNSET**

End of the workday. A procession of peasants in horse-drawn wagons filled with black ash exits through the front gate.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention workers, report for evening roll call at once!

**EXT. LINE-UP YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Workers stand at attention in rows of five.

GUARDS

Fall in!

Artur's orchestra plays camp anthem "Fester Schritt". Prisoners sing along. Galewski counts workers.

Stangl watches with a satisfied grin, his dog at his heels.

WORKERS

(singing)

We look straight out at the world,

(MORE)

WORKERS (CONT'D)

The columns are marching off to their work. All we have left is Treblinka. It is our destiny.

GUARD

Louder!

WORKERS

(singing louder)

We heed commandant's voice, obeying his every nod and sign. We march along to do what duty demands...

Galewski BLOWS his WHISTLE.

GALEWSKI

Herr Commandant, workers are accounted for. Achtung workers! About face! Hats off! Eyes left!

With military precision, workers whip off their caps, SLAP them in unison against their thighs.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Workers are ready for inspection!

Stangl and Franz make their inspection. A worker collapses. Franz promptly SHOTS him.

Galewski BLOWS his WHISTLE.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Drill exercises!

Workers run drills at Galewski's commands. Guards WHIP stragglers. After drills, Galewski reads from a list.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Yacobski, twenty-five lashes for being late to roll call. Lipski, fifty lashes for eating bread from transport...

These workers step out of line-up. Yacobski is tied to a stool. A guard WHIPS him as Yacobski counts.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Artur Gold's orchestra will now honor us with a concert.

The orchestra plays "Aren't You Sad Mountain Man?" Exhausted workers, barely able to stand, glower at Artur.

**EXT. FARM FIELD - SAME TIME**

Peasants working the land pause, listen to the faint sound of MUSIC coming from camp.

Peasants driving the horse-drawn wagons that exited camp now dump black ash on the ground, turning it black.

**INT. GOLDJUDEN HUT - DAY**

Surrounded by gold and silver valuables, workers in yellow armbands sort and weigh jewels from that day's transports.

Samuel enters, dumps a sack of jewelry on the table.

SAMUEL

The last from today's transport.

As he exits, he discreetly pockets a gold bracelet.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

A lively party. A lavish feast is laid out on pristine, white table cloths. Drunk SS sway back and forth to ARTUR'S MUSIC.

Heavily made-up WOMEN in glimmering evening gowns enter. Among the women, wearing an ill-fitting red dress is a distraught Anitza. An SS pours the women champagne.

Anitza sips her champagne as SS sit on either side of her.

SS take girls in their arms and dance with them.

A drunk SS fills Artur's glass with champagne. Just outside a worker is tied to a stool and whipped by Ivan the Terrible.

The tortured worker turns his head, spots Artur looking at him from inside the warm dining hall. Artur averts his eyes, plays louder to drown out the worker's screams.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - SAME TIME**

Tiny candles flicker. Workers lay in their bunks playing cards and conversing. Hasidic Jews chant in the corner.

Huddled at Galewski's corner bunk, cloaked behind a hanging bedsheet are the Planning Committee. They lay out a red table cloth on a small table. Galewski lights a small candle.

At the door, Dr. Chorazycki exchanges a wad of bills for a package with Strebel. He opens the package.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

That Strebel is a rascal, but he always comes through. This bread cost \$100. The ham, 250 Reichsmark. The vodka cost me a gold broach.

GALEWSKI

Dig in, brothers. On Judgment Day we'll be called to account for every permissible thing we could have enjoyed but did not.

ZELOMIR

Would you like to see the beautiful gem I found today?

Zelomir pulls out a silver-plated harmonica.

GALEWSKI

Do you play, Zelo?

ZELOMIR

My grandfather taught me when I visited him in Prague every summer. He had a small house on a lake.

Oskar downs a shot of vodka.

OSKAR

Damn that's good. Too bad those Russians don't make their political alliances as good as their vodka.

A VOICE from the other side of the bedsheet chimes in.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

Brothers, can I join?

Samuel pokes his head in.

OSKAR

Did you bring any girls?

Samuel pulls out the gold bracelet he'd stolen earlier from the goldjuden hut. Galewski adds it to his stash.

ZELOMIR

Any special requests?

GALEWSKI

Can you play "The Last Sunday"?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Good choice!

Zelomir PLAYS his HARMONICA. The men devour their feast.  
Galewski lifts his glass, they toast.

Suddenly, a SHOE FLIES at them, KNOCKING out the candle.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Stop making all that racket!

Without a word, the men collect their things and retire.

OSKAR  
Must be one of Hitler's cousins.

**EXT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

A drunk Artur staggers out gripping his violin.

From behind a wall he hears ROARING and RUMBLING from a TANK  
accompanied by faint SCREAMS.

He looks up at the sky, thick black smoke rises past a watch  
tower. A guard eyes him, rifle trained. Artur keeps walking.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur enters to find a man's lifeless body dangling in the  
corner. He cuts the man down. Dr. Chorazycki runs up to help.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Poor soul. May he rest in peace.

Artur stares at the dead man's tattered clothes, his bare  
feet full of sores. He looks down at his own clothes -- a  
tuxedo, polished dress shoes.

A drunk Franz suddenly emerges from outside.

FRANZ  
Fall in!

Prisoners bound out of bed. Franz collars a worker CRACKS him  
hard across the face, his GLASSES CLATTER to the floor.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Put your glasses on, you blind Jew!

Franz lifts his pistol to his temple, BLAST! He continues  
down the line, BLAST! Another prisoner with glasses falls.

To Artur --

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Maestro, the commandant's favorite  
pet! Play for us!

Artur PLAYS his VIOLIN. BLAST! Another worker with glasses is shot. Terrified, Dr. Chorazycki slowly plucks his glasses from his face, slips them into his pocket.

Franz reaches the end of the row, finds one last worker, BLAST! He scans the room, finds no one else with glasses, exits. Workers scramble to their beds.

Galewski summons the Planning Committee to his bunk.

ARTUR  
If these monsters don't kill at  
least 10 Jews a day they have  
trouble sleeping at night.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Dear God, the Doll is a sadist.

OSKAR  
God? I think he's on holiday.

GALEWSKI  
Jaergonski, take your position.

JAERGONSKI stands watch at a window, flashes a thumbs up.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
Tomasz, did you finish it?

Tomasz unrolls a map.

TOMASZ  
I finished it today between  
portrait sittings.

Galewski examines the map.

GALEWSKI  
It's getting cold. It's imperative  
we leave before snowfall.

ARTUR  
Why?

GALEWSKI  
If we escape with snow on the  
ground we'll leave footprints.  
They'll catch us in minutes.

OSKAR

Don't you know anything about escaping a death camp, Artur?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

I have something to show you all that will make you very happy.

He digs under his bunk, pulls out a pistol. The men gasp.

DR. CHORAZYCKI (CONT'D)

Strebel came through. He says he can get more if we pay him.

GALEWSKI

We have enough money now to buy the entire artillery. And grenades?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

As long as we pay him he'll get it.

ARTUR

This Ukrainian trusts you so much?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

I treated him for venereal disease he got from a local brothel. I treat their hangovers, colds, scabies, syphilis. You'd be surprised how much they like you when you make the pain go away.

GALEWSKI

We won't be able to give every worker a weapon, but I'll give orders to set fire to buildings once the signal is heard.

ARTUR

What's the signal?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Two gun shots.

GALEWSKI

The plan is simple. Mondays many of the guards go to the Bug River. It's best to execute our escape when there are less to fight.

He points to the map as he speaks.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Here are the three zones of the camp. The living zone, reception, and the extermination zone.

Tomasz points to a spot on the map with no details.

TOMASZ

I was unable to give details of the extermination zone. As you know those walls hide that area from us.

GALEWSKI

Which is why we need you Zelomir.

ZELOMIR

Me?

GALEWSKI

I put in a request to change your work detail. We need you in the death area. As a carpenter it makes sense for you to have access. We need you to communicate with those workers about the revolt.

ZELOMIR

Whatever it takes.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Be sure to take your caps with you when you escape. With our heads shaved, we're easy to identify. Anyone will know you're an escaped prisoner and gladly turn you in for reward money.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Frigid winter day. Workers chop trees on the outskirts of camp. Ukrainian guards huddle over a fire and pay little attention to workers as they pass around a schnapps bottle.

Samuel lights a cigarette, gazes out at the empty forest -- escaping would be so easy. Samuel scans the area, spots a steep embankment that would make a good hiding place.

He steals one last glance at the guards, they are busy opening a bottle of vodka. Eyes glued to the guards, he begins to release his ax. Just before he makes a run for it, another worker makes a mad dash into the forest -- BLAST! The worker is riddled with bullets.

**INT. PULLMAN TRAIN - DINING CAR - DAY**

A first class train. Well-dressed passengers in furs and tailored suits dine on mutton as they're waited on by uniformed servers. Classical MUSIC is piped in from SPEAKERS.

**EXT. FARM FIELD**

The train speeds past farmers toward the thick billowing black smoke of Treblinka.

**EXT. TREBLINKA TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

The Pullman arrives. Doors are opened by SS. Elegant passengers detrain in total calm, smiling as they listen to ARTUR'S ORCHESTRA. Guards greet passengers courteously.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention Greek Jews. You are in a transit camp from which the transport will continue...

Artur and Oskar share a cigarette.

ARTUR

Who are these people?

OSKAR

Greek Jews. Greece is a Nazi ally. There's an agreement of some sort. They may come in fancier trains but they end up the same as the rest.

Workers with blue armbands unload pricey luggage, furniture, food, fine alcohol and load them onto wheelbarrows.

A distinguished GREEK DOCTOR approaches an SS, he points to a large, wooden trunk with his name stenciled on it.

DOCTOR

Excuse me, sir, I'm a surgeon and I have irreplaceable medical equipment. I was hoping it would be treated with extra care.

SS GUARD

Not to worry, doctor, I'll personally watch over your trunk until you return from the sanitation procedure.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

Champagne BOTTLE POPS. A lavish feast from the Greek train is laid out. SS gorge themselves on food and drink.

SS hover over a trunk, dig through medical tools. Stenciled on the lid of the trunk: DR. R. YEOSHUA ATHENS GREECE.

Costumed as Tristan and Isolde, two OPERA SINGERS finish performing the Wagner opera. They bow, SS applaud fervently.

Artur plays a SONATA. A drunk Franz staggers up, hurls his glass, cutting Artur's hand.

FRANZ

What's that garbage you're playing?

ARTUR

It's a sonata I wrote.

Stangl rises from his seat.

STANGL

Leave him alone.

FRANZ

He's playing degenerate Jew music.

STANGL

Artur, go to the infirmary.

Franz scowls at Artur slumped on the floor.

FRANZ

No point wasting time on a virus.

**INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Dr. Chorazycki tends to Artur's hand. Convalescing guards sleep as he and Artur speak in hushed tones.

ARTUR

I can't do this much longer. People put their trust in my music up until they take their last breath. I play Chopin for the condemned during the day and for their murderers at night.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

We're all tools of the killing process. But we must keep on for our plan to succeed.

(MORE)

DR. CHORAZYCKI (CONT'D)  
 If only one of us makes it out  
 it'll be worth it. Here, I have  
 something to give you.

The doctor reaches into a cabinet, pulls out a small capsule.

DR. CHORAZYCKI (CONT'D)  
 It's a cyanide capsule. I keep one  
 with me at all times.

ARTUR  
 But you're a favorite of the  
 guards. You're untouchable.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
 If you're a Jew, you're never safe.  
 This capsule is my insurance.  
 Knowing I can take a pill out of my  
 pocket and use it whenever I want  
 gives me confidence. It's easier to  
 survive when you feel you're in  
 charge of your life. I found them  
 in the pocket of a dead man. I  
 don't know if I'll have the courage  
 to take it at that critical moment.  
 To swallow poison of your own free  
 will takes extraordinary courage.  
 There's always hope you'll survive.

He slips the capsule and a vodka bottle into Artur's pocket.

DR. CHORAZYCKI (CONT'D)  
 Shalom, my friend, whenever you  
 pass my clinic, drop in. I'll treat  
 you to some good liquor and food.

An SS enters.

SS GUARD  
 Conductor, the commandant wants to  
 see you first thing tomorrow.

**EXT. MAIN CAMP - DAY**

Artur makes his way toward Stangl's office.

A young BOY tends a flock of geese. Artur lights a cigarette,  
 watches the boy feed his geese. Franz walks up, hands the boy  
 a slice of bread, the boy feeds the bread to the geese.

Outside the brothel, Anitza and the other women in flashy  
 dresses smoke cigarettes. An SS ambles up, takes Anitza by  
 the hand, leads her into the building.

**INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

Artur waits at the door. Stangl poses for Tomasz who paints his portrait. A servant boy MARKUS (13) collects a tunic.

MARKUS

Herr commandant, should I take your uniform to the laundress?

STANGL

Please do.

Stangl hands Markus a chocolate bar.

MARKUS

Thank you, sir.

STANGL

That's fine, Tomasz, let's continue tomorrow.

TOMASZ

Very good, sir.

Tomasz winks at Artur as he exits. Stangl settles on a couch.

STANGL

How's your hand?

ARTUR

Better, thank you.

Stangl lights a cigar.

STANGL

Tell me about yourself, maestro.  
Where do you come from?

ARTUR

I was born in Warsaw.

STANGL

And your family? Any siblings?

ARTUR

I had a younger brother who played violin as well. My mother was a classical pianist. My father played violin for the Warsaw Opera. I studied classical composition under him. When he died I continued studying with an uncle in England.

STANGL  
My apologies for your father.

ARTUR  
That's very kind of you, sir.

STANGL  
Mozart also studied under his father. I hear you're quite popular here in Poland. That you recorded for Columbia Records in London.

Artur nods. Stangl points to the portrait of Hitler.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
Our fuhrer adores music. Did you know that?

Artur shakes his head.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
He's a great patron of the arts. As a dispatch runner in the Great War he carried Wagner's music inside his knapsack. He's an avid art collector. He's fond of water colors, oil paintings. Of course he doesn't go for all that nonsense Dada or abstract rubbish. He loves classical pieces. At his home in Berghoff he has pieces by Vermeer, Titian, some Italian masters. He's making plans to open a museum in Linz. Quite a few of my Nazi brethren are enthusiasts for the arts. Which brings me to the reason why I've summoned you.

ARTUR  
Yes, sir?

STANGL  
In a few months, the head of the SS, Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler will be visiting our little camp. In honor of his visit, I'm commissioning you for an original composition.

Artur stands in stunned silence.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
You're classically trained, yes?

Artur nods.

STANGL (CONT'D)

You're a noteworthy musician of caliber. Your sonatas are impressive, I enjoy them immensely.

ARTUR

Your words are greatly appreciated.

STANGL

I want something dominating, powerful, something along the lines of Wagner's 5th. A piece that captures the vigor of the Third Reich. Do we have an understanding?

ARTUR

Yes, sir.

STANGL

Every talented artist needs a benefactor. Da Vinci had the Medici, Beethoven had Prince Kinsky, Mozart had Emperor Joseph.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - DAY**

SS eat their lunch as Artur conducts female workers singing GERMAN FOLK MUSIC. He spots Stangl's car exiting camp.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

Without Stangl, the hall has devolved into pure debauchery.

Artur's musicians play Bach. No longer in their usual tuxedos, they've been made up as clowns with oversized bow ties, clown pants, and painted faces.

FRANZ

Bravo maestro! Now, esteemed musicians, each of you introduce yourselves to our audience!

SS roar with laughter. A humiliated Artur stands.

ARTUR

My name is Artur Gold. I am the conductor for Aria Club in Warsaw.

SS cheer. He takes his seat. Violinist stands.

## VIOLINIST

I am Aleksy Niemic, first string violinist for the Warsaw Philharmonic.

The guards erupt in laughter. CELLIST stands.

## CELLIST

My name is Slawek Sokoloff. I'm lead cellist for the Warsaw National Opera.

**INT. EMPTY BOX CAR - NIGHT**

Clad in his clown get-up, Artur is on hands and knees scrubbing blood and urine off the floor. Drinking from a bottle of vodka, Franz CRACKS his WHIP on Artur's back.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

A bloodied, bruised Artur lays on his bunk. Samuel wipes his face with a towel.

## ARTUR

I'm just lucky he didn't kill me.

Samuel hands him a canteen.

## SAMUEL

Here, drink some water.

## ARTUR

Can I maybe have a glimpse of that picture?

Grinning, Samuel pulls Ingrid's picture out of his boot.

## ARTUR (CONT'D)

Tell me, what happened to her?

## SAMUEL

We were kicked out of our home for a German family to live in it. We moved into a damp basement on Wolska street. I had to give up my shop to SS administrators. Then one day, Ingrid was summoned to go. On our last day together we were walking to the train depot. Out of curiosity, Ingrid wanted to see her garden. So we walked to our house.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

There was a sign on our garden gate, "NO DOGS NO JEWS". We stood there on the street looking up at our house and imagined our lives if the war hadn't come. I pictured myself sitting on my bench in our garden, smoking my pipe, reading the paper. Our little red radio would be on the windowsill playing music. Ingrid would be planting a new bed of hyacinths. She loved those. I can feel it now, the warm spring sun on my face. The sweet, dewy air. The gentle sound of Ingrid digging in the dirt with her spade. The reality that I'd once taken for granted was now a fantasy. After a few moments we said goodbye to our home and walked away. I hugged her goodbye at the train station. That was the last time I touched her.

Artur hands the picture back to Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm lucky. I was blessed with a good imagination. If you occupy your mind with trivial thoughts, it takes you away from here. That's how you survive. Honesty will be your demise. Not these murderers.

ARTUR

Every morning I wake up and wonder when I'll be delivered from this hell. Will I be punished for my transgressions? Will there be a bigger hell after I die?

SAMUEL

If that's how you think, then you've already condemned yourself.

**EXT. MAIN SQUARE - DAY**

A makeshift boxing ring. Two bloodied workers in boxing gloves spar. Guards cheer at the 'boxers' and bet against each other. Workers watch in dreaded silence.

**INT. TOMASZ'S WORK HUT**

A harsh wind blows. Walls are lined with portraits of SS and their families. Tomasz pours Artur a cup of hot coffee.

TOMASZ

Part of the spoils. They bring me the best coffee, sausage, chocolate, you name it. Tell me, what did Stangl want with you?

ARTUR

He's commissioned me to write a piece for a special visitor. Heinrich Himmler.

TOMASZ

Himmler? Quite an honor! It means your life has been spared. For a few weeks anyway. But you may not have to do it after all.

ARTUR

What do you mean?

TOMASZ

You haven't heard about Chorazycki? Tomorrow he purchases the arms from Strebel! It'll take place after morning roll call in his clinic.

ARTUR

That's excellent news!

Tomasz frowns at the half-finished portrait of Stangl.

TOMASZ

Nothing would please me more than to burn all this to the ground. My dream has always been to have my work survive me, but now, not so much. These monsters all want paintings of their families. They show me photos of their wives, their mothers, their children. You'd be amazed how tenderly they speak of their loved ones. They describe the color of their hair, their eyes. It's hard to imagine these killers as husbands and fathers who care so diligently for their loved ones.

He points to a portrait of a little blond girl sitting on a chair with a cat on her lap.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

This one spoke so lovingly of his daughter. He told me details about the day she was born, he had tears in his eyes. Can you believe it?

He pulls out a portrait of a beaming newlywed couple, the bride in white, the groom in his SS uniform.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

You'd never guess they're such contemptible monsters.

He pulls out another portrait, a look of disgust on his face.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

This one is the most popular.

It's a portrait of Hitler.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

I paint several a month. They rave about this maniac. I'd like to paint him sitting on the toilet. They say he was raised Catholic, sang in the church choir, attended a monastery school. The good Catholic became a good Nazi. I'd rather paint the portraits of children being killed behind these walls. Give those Nazis portraits of Jews they kill, let them take those home and hang them on their walls.

He pulls out a hidden painting.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

I've been working on this one in secret. You see, it has piles of corpses in a pyre.

ARTUR

They'll hang you if they find that.

TOMASZ

Someone has to stand up for the victims, Artur. Ashes don't speak.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

A frigid night. Workers shiver in their bunks. Dr. Chorazycki shoots Artur a thumbs up.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Tomorrow Strebel makes the sale!

Artur smiles, pulls his brother's coat over his shoulder.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAWN**

Artur is awakened by the sound of WEEPING. He finds Oskar standing at a window in tears.

ARTUR  
Oskar, what's the matter?

OSKAR  
Today is not the day, brother.

Oskar points out the window -- the camp is under a blanket of fresh snow. The men stare out the window heartbroken.

ARTUR  
Nature has conspired against us.

TOMASZ  
God is not on our side.

SAMUEL  
Forget God, we're on our own.

GALEWSKI  
I hoped the sun would come to our aid. Shine just a few more days. Mother nature covers their sins.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
She's only obeying the laws of nature, Artur.

ARTUR  
I look up at the sky hoping to see a glimmer of God. But all I see is our beautiful Polish sky.

**EXT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

A bone-chilling day. Snow falls on frozen ground. Artur's orchestra plays as new victims disembark a train.

Shivering people are led through the streamlined process of turning in valuables and undressing. Children cling to their mothers to keep warm.

His hands nearly frozen, Artur drops his violin. A GUARD plods over, picks up Artur's violin, hands it to him.

GUARD  
Keep playing damnit!

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Workers sleep. Lit by a tiny candle, Artur sits on his bunk composing. He closes his eyes hears the music in his mind, he moves his hand as if playing a violin. He makes adjustments to his manuscript.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

Barracks are empty save for Artur. Reading from his manuscript, Artur practices on his violin.

He's interrupted by screaming outside his window. An SS whips a worker. Artur begins to play to drown out the screaming.

**EXT. ARRIVAL PLATFORM - DAY**

A new transport. Artur searches the crowd through falling snow. He finds TWO MEN holding musical instruments. Artur pushes through toward them. Franz stops him.

FRANZ  
What do you think you're doing?

ARTUR  
I need musicians for my orchestra.

FRANZ  
I've watched you all day running around acting like you own the place you arrogant Jew.

ARTUR  
Commandant gave me permission to find musicians. I need these men.

FRANZ  
I'll allow you one.

ARTUR  
What?

FRANZ  
Choose one.

ARTUR  
But I need both!

Franz backhands him.

FRANZ  
Choose one!

Anguished, Artur looks at the two men, their eyes plead.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Hurry, or I'll shoot them both!

Artur lifts his finger, points to one. BLAST! Franz shoots the one Artur chose.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
I'll let you have the other one.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Reading from his manuscript, Artur plays his violin. Workers lay on bunks, listen to Artur's music fill the large room.

Galewski STRIKES a MATCH, lights the third candle on a homemade menorah.

**FOURTH MOVEMENT: VISITOR**

**EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY**

Spring. We are low to the ground, behind the wheel of a car headed toward Treblinka. The wheels roll over layers of ash.

We pull back to reveal a retinue of Nazi vehicles.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

A tuxedoed Artur adjusts his bow tie. He steps back, considers his reflection in a cracked mirror.

**EXT. SHOE SHINE STATION - DAY**

Artur has his shoes shined by Benjamin. He feels the scornful stares of workers dressed in rags.

**EXT. CAMP ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

The procession of Nazi cars enters through the front gate.

LOUDSPEAKER  
Workers! Line up for roll call!

**EXT. LINE-UP YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Prisoners stand at attention. Artur's orchestra plays a MILITARY NUMBER.

Globocnik and HEINRICH HIMMLER (43) climb out of their cars, they're saluted by Stangl and Franz.

**EXT. LINEUP YARD - DAY**

Artur's orchestra plays a GERMAN MARCHING SONG. Himmler and Stangl make their way down the rows, inspecting workers.

**EXT. MAIN YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Stangl leads Himmler and Globocnik through various work areas, Himmler nods in approval.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

Stangl and Himmler inspect prisoners standing at attention.

**EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY**

Himmler observes the streamlined processing of newly arrived victims. Himmler takes it all in, nods, smiles in approval.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

The mess hall is decked out. Artur's orchestra is seated on a platform. Himmler and the others take their seats.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Stangl salutes the roomful of luminaries.

STANGL  
I would like to extend a warm  
welcome to Reichsfuhrer Himmler and  
Obersturmfuhrer Globocnik.  
(MORE)

STANGL (CONT'D)

I am greatly humbled and honored by your visit. As a token of our esteem, I have a gift for you.

He turns to Artur.

ARTUR

Honored guests, I welcome you on behalf of the workers. In honor of your visit, we would like to present this piece dedicated to you, Reichsfuhrer Himmler, the Third Reich, and the Fuhrer.

Artur lifts his baton, the MUSIC BEGINS.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - SAME TIME**

Galewski intones nightly kaddish prayer.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - LATER**

Artur leads his orchestra in a flourish of music. Stangl is mesmerized, Himmler listens with an opaque smile.

**EXT. MAIN CAMP**

We float across camp -- Artur's MUSIC fills the air.

**EXT. SURROUNDING AREAS OF CAMP**

MUSIC travels through farm fields and forests.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - LATER**

Artur's orchestra finishes the piece with a frenzied climax. Artur bows to Nazi officials. Himmler stands, applauds, the others follow his lead. Stangl beams.

**EXT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT - LATER**

Artur and his musicians smoke. An SS pokes his head out.

SS GUARD

The commandant has requested that you come inside to eat.

Artur and his musicians stamp out their cigarettes.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)  
 Only the conductor. The rest of you  
 are relieved to your barracks.

**INT. SS MESS HALL**

Artur sits at a table flanked by SS. A WORKER serves him.

WORKER  
 (under her breath)  
 Nazi sympathizer.

Artur's smile fades. SS walk by, pat Artur on the back.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAY**

Workers sit at their bunks, eat their lunches. An SS appears.

SS GUARD  
 Conductor.

A hush settles on the workers.

ARTUR  
 Yes.

Guard places a small box on Artur's bunk.

SS GUARD  
 This is from the commandant for  
 your services to the Third Reich.

Artur opens the box to find a gold fob watch. He finds an  
 engraving in Hebrew. He feels the eyes of workers on him.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)  
 Pack your things, you're being  
 relocated to new quarters.

Artur slips on his brother's coat, grabs his violin, makes  
 his way toward the door. Scornful glances follow him.

WORKER (O.S.)  
 (whisper)  
 Traitor.

**EXT. SS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY**

Artur follows the guard out of the prisoner area into the  
 section reserved for SS. It resembles a small town with  
 manicured gardens and flower beds.

He passes a bakery, a laundry, a locksmith, a shoe repair hut. We may notice Liebeskind working inside a locksmith hut.

On a field, SS do their exercises and play soccer. An SS tends a small vegetable garden.

He passes a pigsty with pigs. Next, horse stables. Adjacent to that are cages with a painted sign reading 'ZOO'. Inside are foxes, peacocks and does.

He reaches an area of personal huts that are spanking clean, ringed with flower beds.

GUARD

Those are your new quarters.

### **INT. ARTUR'S HUT**

Artur sits on his bed, opens his violin case, begins to play. Markus the cleaning boy enters, begins to sweep the floor.

ARTUR

Will you be cleaning my hut?

MARKUS

I clean all SS quarters. I take their uniforms to the laundress, have their boots shined. They're serious about cleanliness. The commandant changes his boots three times a day. I've never seen such a man!

ARTUR

How do they treat you?

MARKUS

Very well. Especially when I bring them valuables I find in the yard. I know all about their families so I find special trinkets for them to take home. You look inside their quarters and you'd never believe a Nazi lived there. Over their beds they hang pretty inscriptions about love of one's fellow man. Their furnishings have embroidery with sayings of love and brotherhood made by their wives. Many keep Bibles on their night stand and have wooden crosses hanging above their beds.

ARTUR

Someone should remind them that  
Jesus was a Jew.

MARKUS

They always tell me how much they  
miss their homes. Of course I can't  
tell them that I miss my family  
because they were killed here. You  
know Officer Franz?

ARTUR

The Doll? Yes, I know him too well.

MARKUS

He has a photo album in his  
quarters with photos from here in  
the camp. He calls it "Schöne  
Zeite". Good times. When I was  
cleaning his quarters he showed it  
to me. Photos of dead people. He  
says to me, death by gunshot is  
really a privilege. He tells me  
that Jews are fair game, anybody  
can snatch one off the street and  
keep them. He said the best advice  
to give a Jew in Europe: don't have  
any children, they have no future.

**EXT. ARRIVALS PLATFORM/TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Artur finishes a set as a new transport arrives. He spots  
UNCLE JERZY (85) holding a violin case climbing off the  
train. Awestruck, Artur quickly wends his way toward him.

ARTUR

Uncle Jerzy!

Jerzy turns around, his eyes light up at the sight of Artur.

JERZY

Artur, I can't believe it's you!

With tears, they embrace.

JERZY (CONT'D)

It's been a horrendous journey. But  
seeing you has made it all better.  
Tell me, why am I here? What  
happens here?

**EXT. SS LIVING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur races past workshops, searching for someone. Inside the barber shop he spots Stangl getting a shave.

**INT. BARBER SHOP**

Artur steps inside.

ARTUR

Sir, I'm sorry to interrupt your shave but I was hoping to speak with you about an urgent matter.

STANGL

Go ahead.

ARTUR

My uncle, the one I've spoken to you about, you may remember?

STANGL

The one who you studied under.

ARTUR

He's arrived on a train from Germany. He's to die in an hour.

STANGL

How old is he?

ARTUR

He's 85, sir.

STANGL

Maestro, you know it's impossible to intervene. He's too old to work.

ARTUR

I understand. I was hoping perhaps under special consideration I could take him to the infirmary?

BARBER wipes his face, Stangl considers himself in a mirror.

STANGL

Excellent. I've always said Jewish barbers were the best.

Stangl hands barber a bottle of vodka from his pocket.

BARBER

You're too kind, sir.

STANGL

As far as your uncle, Artur, go and do what you think is best. Tell the guards I've given my permission.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Artur watches a famished Jerzy finish a bowl of soup.

JERZY

This is the best food I've had in ages. I was sure we'd come to die. Imagine my surprise at seeing you. Do you get any chances to play?

ARTUR

I've put an orchestra together.

JERZY

That's wonderful, I brought my violin. I can join you sometime!

Artur lowers his eyes.

JERZY (CONT'D)

And what about your brother?

ARTUR

I haven't heard from him. It's this crazy war. It's madness.

Jerzy peers up from his bowl of soup.

JERZY

Remember, Artur, no matter what they do to you, you're an artist. There is more power in one note of music than in the whole of an army.

Artur takes Jerzy's hand in his, kisses it.

**INT. INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER**

Artur lays Jerzy down on a cot. Dr. Chorazycki stands by, a syringe in his hand.

ARTUR

You've made a long trip. You can rest now, Uncle.

JERZY

Sleep would be wonderful, my boy.

Artur hold's Jerzy's hand. Dr. Chorazycki injects the syringe into Jerzy's arm.

DR. CHORAZYCKI S  
There now. You won't feel a thing.

Jerzy closes his eyes, Artur kisses him on the forehead.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - NIGHT**

A wedding party. An SS and his gleaming bride. Two dancers finish an Italian Tarantella played by Artur's band.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Galewski leads the men in a Passover Seder, he chants a prayer over a humble feast of matzos and wine.

A GUARD pokes his head in.

GUARD  
Lights out, you've had your fun!

**EXT. RECEPTION AREA/TREBLINKA TRAIN STATION - DAY**

A trainload of gypsies arrives. Oskar rolls up with his stroller as Artur smokes a cigarette.

OSKAR  
Notice anything about this train?

Artur shakes his head.

OSKAR (CONT'D)  
They're killing gypsies now. These Germans are almost finished. Most of the Jews in Poland are gone.

Oskar points to workers smoking cigarettes, lazing about.

OSKAR (CONT'D)  
There's hardly any work left to do. Once they finish the work here, they'll destroy all the evidence, along with us.

**EXT. BUG RIVER - DAY**

A sunny day. SS men swim and lounge by the water.

Artur wades in the water. Franz wades over to him. He begins to pee in the water next to Artur. He quietly walks away.

Artur stretches out on the bank. An SS unwraps a loaf of bread wrapped in newspaper. He tosses the paper, walks off.

Artur grabs the discarded paper. He reads the headlines, it piques his interest. He folds it, hides it under his towel.

**INT. SHOWER STALL - DAY**

Artur basks in the warm water as he showers. The first time he's bathed since arriving at Treblinka.

**EXT. SS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY**

Artur sits on a bench, smokes a cigarette. He watches the boy tending his geese. An SS walks up, gives the boy a chocolate bar, pats him on the head. A GUARD approaches Artur.

GUARD

The commandant is summoning you.

**INT. STANGL LIVING QUARTERS - DAY**

Artur enters Stangl's hut for the first time. They are tastefully decorated. Oil paintings hang on walls, a forte piano sits in a corner, shelves are lined with books.

Stangl stands in front of a mirror, getting fitted in a new white tunic by Samuel. Samuel steps back to examine his work.

STANGL

Excellent, this will do. Have another one made by next week.

SAMUEL

Yes, Herr Commandant.

STANGL

I'll have extra food rations sent to you for your work.

SAMUEL

I appreciate it, sir.

He exits. Books on art, poetry, music line the shelves.

Hanging on the wall, Artur recognizes the oil painting Stangl had admired from his work pile the day of their first encounter in the sorting yard.

STANGL  
Maestro, play us a record.

Artur picks a record, puts it on. The booming tenor voice of Enrico Caruso singing "Una Furtiva Lagrima" fills the room.

Artur leafs through a book.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
What book is that?

ARTUR  
Goethe's Faust.

Stangl nods in approval.

STANGL  
The most conflicted man in Western literature. His descent into darkness, wagering his soul to the wicked Mephistopheles. The consummate tragic hero.

Stangl settles on an armchair, listens to Caruso. Artur savors the moment, he's miles away from death and torture.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
Let me show you the reason I summoned you. An officer of mine just returned from a meeting in Lublin. He came across something that may interest you.

Stangl replaces Caruso with a tango. Artur's jaw drops.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
(reading album cover)  
Gold and Petersburski Orchestra  
play tango. This is you, is it not?

Artur's voice shakes with joy.

ARTUR  
Yes, Herr commandant. It's been ages since I've heard it.

Stangl taps his foot to the music. Artur loses himself in the music, he takes a seat, he allows himself a smile until --

BLAST!

The room shakes from an EXPLOSION. Stangl dashes out.

**INT. ARTILLERY HUT**

Panicked guards run in and grab rifles.

**EXT. MAIN CAMP**

Guards run to undressing barracks - the site of the blast.

**INT. UNDRESSING BARRACKS**

The dead body of a Ukrainian guard lays on the ground. Terrified victims newly arrived are corralled away.

LOUDSPEAKER

All workers must enter barracks  
immediately!

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS**

Workers are ushered inside. DOORS are LOCKED.

SAMUEL

Sounded like a grenade went off.  
Was it one of our guys?

GALEWSKI

I don't see how. None of us have  
access to the artillery closet.

Dr. Chorazycki and Artur enter excitedly.

ZELOMIR

Doctor, what's the news?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

I just came from tending to one of  
the Ukrainians injured in the  
blast. I have exciting news! There  
was an uprising in the ghetto!

GALEWSKI

What?

DR. CHORAZYCKI

In Warsaw! It began in April.  
People are fighting back!  
Apparently there were Nazi  
casualties. Out of desperation, the  
Germans began burning the ghetto  
house by house, driving people to  
leap from their burning homes.

(MORE)

DR. CHORAZYCKI (CONT'D)

They tell me that women and children joined the fight. The explosion today was a grenade detonated by one of the captured rebels from the uprising. He snuck the grenade into the train with him. He had it hidden in his coat. He pulled the pin, hurled the grenade at the receiving guards, injuring two and killing one.

ARTUR

Jews are fighting back! These Germans are afraid!

DR. CHORAZYCKI

Word is that the rebellion was so strong the Nazis had to retreat. They were caught totally off-guard!

ARTUR

Our own Polish Jews killing Nazis!

SAMUEL

I was in the officer's area when the grenade exploded. You should have seen it! The most frightened were the Germans. I saw with my own eyes SS flee the scene. These monsters, always so terrifying and mighty looking, scurried from the yard like snivelling dogs!

ARTUR

We can have a go at them. If our brothers and sisters can resist in the ghetto, so can we.

GALEWSKI

We should wait.

ARTUR

But the time is right!

GALEWSKI

Now that word is out about Jews fighting, they'll be watching us.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

He's right. Since the rebellion in Warsaw they're sending fewer Jews here, they're fearful of similar rebellions in the camp.

ZELOMIR

But with less work to do they'll  
start killing us soon. Everyday the  
transports are fewer.

**INT. BEER GARDEN - NIGHT**

A lively party. A group of gypsy musicians PLAY TRADITIONAL MUSIC along with Artur. SS dance with women from the brothel.

**EXT. BEER GARDEN - LATER**

A drunken Artur staggers out. He vomits, slumps to the ground. He wipes his mouth, staggers towards his hut.

THREE SHADOWY FIGURES spring up from a dark corner, they grab Artur and shove him to the ground. They're fellow workers we do not recognize. They beat Artur mercilessly.

VOICE 1

Did you enjoy your meal, traitor?

ARTUR

No, please, stop!

VOICE 2

Go to hell Nazi sympathizer!

VOICE 3

Give our regards to the commandant!

The assailants stop, one spits at him, they steal away, leaving Artur sprawled on the ground, writhing in pain.

**INT. INFIRMARY - DAY**

Battered and bloody, Artur lays on an examination table. Dr. Chorazycki dresses his wounds.

DR. CHORAZYCKI

You have some minor fractures and bruising. You'll be fine. Don't worry, I have orders from the White Death himself to give you any medical attention you need. You've done well gaining their trust.

ARTUR

I've done nothing but play my music. Day in, day out I play for condemned people and murderers.

Dr. Chorazycki helps Artur off the table. He crouches down, ties Artur's shoes for him.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
I won't let you give up, Artur.

Suddenly -- an enraged Franz EXPLODES through the DOOR.

FRANZ  
Chorazycki! You're being summoned  
for questioning!

Franz grabs Dr. Chorazycki, begins to beat him. Dr. Chorazycki lunges at him with a surgical knife.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
So you've been stealing have you?

Frantic, Dr. Chorazycki pulls out a cyanide capsule, throws it in his mouth, bites down on it.

The cyanide begins to take effect, Dr. Chorazycki falls to the ground. Franz kicks him in the stomach. Gasping for air, Dr. Chorazycki lifts his head.

DR. CHORAZYCKI  
Men! Get back at them! Kill them!

His head lolls, his body slackens, he collapses.

FRANZ  
Get up you dirty dog!

Franz pries his mouth open to retrieve the cyanide capsule but it's too late. He kicks him viciously in the stomach.

**EXT. LINEUP YARD - DAY**

Anguished workers watch Franz hover over Dr. Chorazycki, his foot resting on the dead doctor.

FRANZ  
Goldjuden out!

Three goldjuden workers are dragged out of line by guards, they are SHOT on the spot.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
I was informed by Strebel that your  
beloved physician here was  
stealing. Anyone caught doing this  
will be shot immediately.

Franz kicks Dr. Chorazycki's lifeless body.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Take this shit out of my sight!

In tears, Artur watches as his friend's body is carted off.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

On his empty bunk lay the dead doctor's stethoscope, eye glasses and white armband. Sullen members of the Planning Committee bow their heads as Galewski prays.

GALEWSKI

Just as there are stars who's light reaches Earth long after they have fallen apart, there are people who's remembrance lights this world long after they have passed...

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT - NIGHT**

A despondent Artur reaches under his mattress, pulls out the cyanide capsule given to him by Dr. Chorazycki. With tears in his eyes, he slips on his brother's woolen blazer.

He begins to pry open the capsule until a KNOCK stops him. Artur slips the capsule into his coat, answers the door.

GUARD

Come with me.

**EXT. BROTHEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Anitza stands out front smoking cigarettes.

GUARD

Special orders from the commandant.

Anitza stamps out her cigarette, ushers Artur inside.

**INT. ANITZA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A feminine, cozy room with a CRACKLY FIRE, silk curtains, a thick rug. Artur stands in the corner, Anitza is on her bed.

ANITZA

You're the only Jew I've seen in here. They must really like you.

Artur's eyes drop. She fidgets with her Star of David.

ARTUR

What is that around your neck?

ANITZA

A birthday present from my father before he was killed by Gestapo thugs. He was a member of the ZOB. The Jewish Fighting Organization. When I wear it I feel him with me.

She kisses the pendant. Artur glances at his brother's coat.

ANITZA (CONT'D)

I take it off when there's an SS visiting. It's funny. In here they don't act like monsters. They're courteous, well-mannered gentlemen. They bring me champagne, chocolate, sometimes jewelry. All stolen. There's a law called the Race and Resettlement Act that says sleeping with a Jew is illegal. They don't concern themselves with that in here. Hypocrites.

ARTUR

What did you do before the war?

She strolls over to the window, gazes out.

ANITZA

I was about to begin my second year at the University of Krakow, in the humanities department. I wanted to become a professor of literature. My focus was Goethe. My girlfriends and I were coming back from vacation at the Narew River, all suntanned and worry-free. The next morning I wake up and it was as if my people had betrayed me. There were Nazi flags flying everywhere. On churches, hospitals, schools. Even at our university. Everyone had gone insane. The first person to go was my brother. They said he was going to work. He promised us a letter. That letter never came. My mother didn't fix his bed for weeks. She didn't want to lose the imprint of his head on the pillow.

(MORE)

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 She'd sit in a corner of the attic  
 for hours just smelling his pillow.

Anitza pokes at the fire.

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 Take off your coat. It's hot.

Artur slips off his blazer, a small OBJECT LANDS on the floor. Curious, Anitza picks it up -- the cyanide capsule.

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 Who's this for?

ARTUR  
 Death can be your best friend when  
 it delivers you from suffering.

Anitza sets it on the night stand.

ANITZA  
 Your music means too much to me. I  
 won't let you do it.

She's stern but not unkind. Artur stands to leave.

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 Don't go. Please stay a little  
 longer. If I have you in here, no  
 one else will come in.

She takes his hand, lays him on the bed, he wraps his arms around her, holds her close. Anitza opens her book.

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 I'll read to you. This is my  
 favorite poem by Goethe.

Artur closes his eyes, listens to her read.

ANITZA (CONT'D)  
 Let man be noble, generous and  
 good, for that alone distinguishes  
 him from all the living beings...

#### **INT. ANITZA'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Artur awakens, the fire has gone out. He looks down at Anitza -- her eyes are open, she lays lifeless, grey, stiff. Artur finds the empty cyanide capsule in her hand.

**EXT. BROTHEL - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

A sullen Artur trudges out. He passes the boy with his flock of geese. A drunken SS staggers up to the boy, SHOTS him in the head. Heartbroken, Artur stalks off.

Franz sees Artur leaving the brothel, he follows him.

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT**

Artur enters, Franz bursts in after him.

FRANZ

I saw where you were coming from,  
arrogant piece of shit. You think  
you own this camp don't you?

Franz throws his violin at him, drags him out.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Come with me. You have a new job  
detail, maestro.

**EXT. PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

They enter the flower-lined path to the extermination area.

FRANZ

Would you like to see your people  
get 'disinfected' maestro?

**EXT. PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Franz drags Artur down the path. They come out on a clearing -  
- Artur freezes just as Anitza's mother had -- his eyes land  
on something above him --

-- a ritual Jewish bath house.

Concrete steps lined with potted flowers lead to large,  
ornate doors. At the very top of the building --

-- an immense, yellow Star of David. Artur is stunned.

Doors open, terrified victims are squeezed inside by barking  
guards who jab at their naked bodies with bayonets.

Bath attendants in black armbands stand at the entrance.

BATH ATTENDANT

Hurry! Before the water gets cold!

Sign at entrance: TO SHOWERS. Airtight steel DOORS are SHUT.

Franz drags Artur around the corner -- two Russian T34 tanks are connected to the building by a thick tube.

Franz OPENS a side DOOR, shoves Artur inside.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

A long, narrow corridor. On either side are gas chambers. Franz grabs the back of Artur's head, forces him to watch through a grimy observation slit into one of the chambers.

Inside the chamber are features of a traditional Jewish bathhouse -- towels on racks, white tiled walls, orange terracotta tiles on the floor with Stars of David.

A sign posted on the wall -- CLEANLINESS IS MANDATORY. DO NOT FORGET TO WASH HANDS. On the ceiling are long metal pipes that end at shower heads.

A Jewish ceremonial curtain from a synagogue has words inscribed on it in Hebrew.

FRANZ

Read that!

ARTUR

(reading)

This is the gateway to God,  
righteous men will pass through it.

DOORS to the chamber OPEN. Workers lead terrified victims inside. Weeping mothers clutch wailing babies to their breasts. Hundreds of victims are squeezed in.

Guards SLAM the airtight DOOR, sealing the room. The screaming intensifies. People claw at the walls, climb on top of each other. Children are trampled.

A WORKER gives a signal.

WORKER

Turn on water!

Tanks turn on, ENGINES ROAR.

From the shower heads, carbon monoxide is funneled from the tanks and pumped into the chamber. Victims gasp and clutch at their throats as they choke to death.

Artur tears his eyes away. Franz pushes a gun into his back.

FRANZ

Watch!

After a few moments, chambers falls silent. The screaming stops, dead bodies collapse on top of each other.

WORKER

Turn off, all asleep!

ROARING of tank ENGINES cease.

Guards OPEN STEEL DOORS at the opposite end. Workers swiftly remove bloated bodies, load them onto carts, wheel them away. A guard spots a body twitching, he SHOOTs it.

Workers enter to clean the chamber. Franz drags Artur away.

**EXT. CREMATION PIT - CONTINUOUS**

Artur stumbles out. A fiery volcanic pit devours dead bodies of those just gassed. The pyre CRACKLES as workers toss in corpses. Thick, black smoke rises up.

"Dentists" pry open corpse mouths, pull out gold fillings with forceps, toss them into suitcases full of gold teeth.

Workers with soot-black faces pitch wood into the pit and douse the blaze with gasoline.

Ashes are shoveled into peasants' horse drawn wagons who then drive off toward camp exit.

Artur's eyes follow the thick black smoke rising into the air, guilt consumes him, stricken, he weeps.

Tormented, Artur's eye catches something -- standing in front of the blazing pyre, smiling into the inferno with sadistic satisfaction is Stangl. Flickering flames illuminate his face -- he looks like Satan.

FRANZ

You have your masterpiece, maestro.  
As you can see, he has his.

This crushes Artur. Franz drags him to the gas chamber, leaves him right under the Star of David.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Play!

Artur PLAYS his VIOLIN as a new batch of terrified victims are shoved into the gas chamber. Tears roll down his face.

**INT. BEER GARDEN - NIGHT**

A lavish party. Birthday cake. Colorful decorations. A sumptuous buffet. Men and women dance. SS plays an accordion.

SS GUARD

Speech from the birthday boy!

SS men lift their glasses, toast to Artur.

ARTUR

(trying to sound sincere)

Thank you for this wonderful birthday celebration. Especially to Commandant Stangl a sincere thanks!

**EXT. LINE-UP YARD - DAY**

Roll call. Artur finishes "Fester Schritt", workers sing along. Franz steps up with the master list in hand.

FRANZ

Attention workers. When I call your name, line up behind me.

Workers shoot nervous glances.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Bachner Lilly, Bernstein Siefried, Birnbaum Petr, Bodnik Leibish...

These workers are led away at gun point.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

...Kot Berl, Lewin Ora, Chaim...

Galewski lowers his eyes, shakes his head.

ARTUR

Where did they take those people?

GALEWSKI

To be exterminated. It's finally happening. They're killing workers.

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT - DAY**

Galvanized, Artur grabs the newspaper he stole at the Bug River. With resolve, he hides it inside his wool blazer.

**EXT. SHOE SHINE STATION - DAY**

Benyamin polishes Artur's shoes, who pulls out the newspaper, stuffs it inside the shoe shine kit. Artur points to Galewski, Benyamin nods in understanding.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER**

Benyamin slinks over to Galewski, hands him the newspaper.

GALEWSKI

Benyamin, who gave this to you?

Benyamin moves his arms as if playing violin.

TOMASZ

Artur.

Galewski reads it, his eyes widen, his expression brightens.

OSKAR

What is it?

GALEWSKI

They're advancing!

SAMUEL

Who?

GALEWSKI

The Russians! Germany lost Stalingrad! Completely slaughtered in Siberia! They sustained heavy losses on the Eastern front. The British are bombing German cities! Major losses in Africa! With the Germans fighting on two fronts they're losing the war!

SAMUEL

That means we'll be liberated! This war is sure to end in a few months!

TOMASZ

We can't wait that long. With the Nazis losing, they're going to liquidate this place, and us in it.

OSKAR

Shouldn't we wait it out until the allies or the Russians come?

SAMUEL

Russians? They're just as bad. They hate Jews.

LIEBESKIND

Many of the SS are on leave. We should do this now.

OSKAR

But how do we gain access to weapons in the armory?

Galewski turns to Liebeskind.

**EXT. ARMORY - DAY**

Oskar sidles up pushing his stroller. He jabs a small metal fragment into the LOCK, BREAKING IT. He slinks away unseen.

**INT. LIEBESKIND'S LOCKSMITH HUT - DAY**

Two Ukrainian GUARDS enter holding the armory door.

GUARD

The lock on this door is broken, we need it repaired.

LIEBESKIND

Yes, sir.

GUARD

Hurry it up.

**INT. LIEBESKIND'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

Liebeskind fashions a spare key for the door to the armory. He finishes, tests it on the lock -- it works. He quietly slips the new key into his pocket. Guards enter.

GUARD

Is the lock finished?

LIEBESKIND

Yes. You can test it if you'd like.

The guard shoves Liebeskind away. He pulls the key out of his pocket, slips it into the new keyhole -- it works.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT**

The barracks buzzes with excited whispers. Galewski leads the Planning Committee in one last meeting, which has swelled to include many new members.

Liebeskind enters, quietly hands Galewski the new key.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - SAME TIME**

A downtrodden Artur plays Wagner for carousing officers.

**FIFTH MOVEMENT: REVOLT****EXT. PRISONER BARRACKS - DAWN**

BUGLE BLOWS.

**INT. PRISONER BARRACKS**

Dressed and ready, workers wait in silence for doors to open.

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT - DAWN**

Artur plays his violin. Markus enters, begins to sweep.

MARKUS

Conductor, today is the day.

Artur stops playing.

ARTUR

Today?

MARKUS

Two gunshots at 1 o'clock.

**EXT. LINEUP YARD - DAWN**

Artur leads the prisoners in morning roll call with the usual "Fester Schritt". Their spirits high, prisoners sing especially loud and shoot one another furtive smiles. Franz makes his way down the line. MUSIC ends.

FRANZ

Released for duty!

**EXT. RECEPTION AREA/TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Artur's orchestra plays Beethoven as a trainload of passengers disembark. The usual process ensues.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention Warsaw Jews! You are in a transit camp from which you will continue to camps in the East...

**EXT. PATH TO EXTERMINATION AREA - DAY**

Zelomir makes his way down the path, trundles a cart of lumber. He approaches two workers with black armbands.

ZELOMIR

Tell the others. End of the world today. Signal at 1 o'clock.

Without looking up, workers nod.

**INT. SS GUARD HUT - DAY**

Markus mops, an SS sits at a table counting money.

MARKUS

Should I take your uniforms to the laundress, sir?

SS GUARD

No, laundry day is Sunday.

MARKUS

They're slightly stained, sir.

SS nods absently, continues counting his money.

**INT. METAL SHOP HUT - DAY**

Blacksmith sharpens a metal file into a dagger. We notice a pile of newly sharpened weapons hidden under a table.

Oskar enters, quickly grabs the weapons, hides them in his stroller, steals away unseen.

**EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY**

Camp BUTCHER approaches a GUARD.

BUTCHER

Sir, may I have permission to sharpen this bag of carving knives?

GUARD

Not now.

BUTCHER

We're receiving a horse today. I have to carve it and freeze it before it goes bad. I can save you a piece if you'd like.

The guard peeks in his sack.

GUARD

Hurry up.

**EXT. SS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY**

Franz and a group of guards exit camp in swimsuits.

**INT. LAUNDRESS - DAY**

Markus hands a stout laundress the two SS uniforms.

MARKUS

Judgement day. Signal at 1 o'clock. Galewski will pick these up.

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT - DAY**

Artur spots Samuel walking by. Artur pokes his head out, motions for Samuel to come in.

ARTUR

Is it true about today?

Samuel nods.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

Why wasn't I told?

SAMUEL

They say you're too close to the White Death and can't be trusted.

ARTUR

And you, Samuel? What do you say?

Samuel studies Artur's face.

SAMUEL

I came to Treblinka with 6,000 other Jews on my train. I'm the only one alive off that transport.

ARTUR

I went into the pit of hell, Samuel. Satan himself couldn't create a hell worse than those chambers. I'm as guilty as them. There's no humanity left in me.

SAMUEL

If you're guilty, I am too. I built those chambers with my own hands.

Artur slips off his brother's wool blazer.

ARTUR

Take this. It was my pillow in the summer. On winter nights it kept me warm. It protected me in beatings.

SAMUEL

Why are you giving this to me?

ARTUR

Because you'll make it. You look Aryan, you have a good accent. Nothing about you gives you away as a Jew. You'll be a witness.

SAMUEL

Who'll believe me? They'll say I'm mad, they'll put me in an asylum. Can anyone believe this horror unless they live it? I can't believe it myself.

Artur pulls out his manuscript. He puts it in Samuel's hand.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Your music.

ARTUR

It's our story. Told in six movements. Our arrival, our hunger, our despair. It's documentation, a living archive.

Artur lays down on his bed. Samuel puts on the blazer, slips the manuscript in the coat pocket. He makes for the door and opens it. He hesitates, his hand rests on the doorknob.

SAMUEL

Do you remember when I told you  
about Ingrid and I in our garden,  
listening to the radio?

Artur sits up, his curiosity piqued at the mention of Ingrid.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

There's one thing I didn't tell  
you. As you know, your songs would  
frequently play on that popular  
Warsaw station everyone listened  
to. Whenever you came on, I'd turn  
to look at Ingrid. Every time she'd  
hear one of your songs, she'd stop  
working. Then she'd sit quietly,  
close her eyes, listen to your  
music, as if she were savoring  
every note. Then I would catch her  
secretly wipe away a furtive tear  
from her cheek. She never caught on  
that I was watching her.

Samuel opens the door, quietly slips out.

**INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY**

Butcher empties his sack of sharpened knives. He hides them  
under a large beef flank.

**INT. LAUNDRY - DAY**

Laundress hands Galewski the sack with the SS uniforms. He  
stashes it in his wheelbarrow under building materials.

**EXT. ARSENAL HUT - DAY**

Galewski tries to enter the arsenal hut but an SS stops to  
light a cigarette. Tomasz and Oskar walk up to distract him.

SS GUARD

Why are you standing around?

OSKAR

My friend and I just made a bet.  
Maybe you can help us out. What  
kind of prostitute is more likely  
to give you syphilis? A blonde or a  
brunette? My friend says brunettes.

SS GUARD  
No, no! Blondes of course!

They laugh.

OSKAR  
How about a cigarette?

SS digs in his pocket. With his attention diverted, Galewski sidles into the arsenal hut unseen.

**INT. ARSENAL HUT**

Galewski pulls out an SS uniform from the laundry sack, puts it on. Samuel rushes in.

GALEWSKI  
Quickly, put this on.

Samuel slips the SS jacket over Artur's blazer.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
Quiet, the slightest rustle can be heard by the guard next door.

Galewski plucks the arsenal key from his pocket, unlocks the closet, starts removing grenades, pistols, rifles.

Oskar enters. Galewski and Samuel swiftly fill his stroller with weapons. Oskar casually strolls out, whistling.

**INT. TOMASZ'S STUDIO - DAY**

Oskar enters, hands Tomasz a pistol, steals away.

**EXT. LATRINE - DAY**

Oskar opens the door to the latrine, sets weapons down, shuts the door. To the worker clad in rabbi vestments --

OSKAR  
End of the world. Signal at 1.

**INT. BLACKSMITH HUT - DAY**

Blacksmith finishes sharpening an axe, he hides it under a table with other sharpened weapons.

**INT. POTATO HUT - DAY**

Oskar hands workers grenades. They hide them underneath potatoes inside buckets.

**INT. ARTUR'S HUT - DAY**

Artur prepares himself for his lunch time performance.

**INT. ARSENAL HUT - DAY**

Samuel fills Benjamin's shoe shine box with grenades.

KNOCK at the window. A WORKER with a wheelbarrow peers in. Galewski opens the window, hands the worker rifles and pistols. He hides them in his wheelbarrow.

Samuel stuffs grenades in a worker's burlap sack.

**EXT. SS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY**

Artur sits on the bench, smoking in his usual spot. He gazes at the geese without their little boy. Stangl ambles up.

STANGL

Maestro. Come, let's walk to lunch.  
I have some news for you.

They stroll past workers who glare at Artur.

STANGL (CONT'D)

Perhaps you've heard about recent losses Germany has sustained? I'm not concerned. There's a story I like to tell that proves the Third Reich is destined to endure. It took place in World War I. There was a sharp shooter from France. His name slips my mind. Deep in the Belgium forest this sharp shooter had hidden for days, killing every German in sight. This man was untouchable, he'd reached mythic proportions. German soldiers feared him. One day while he was resting, what does he see? A lonely, dazed German soldier, an infantryman for the 16th Bavarian Reserve. The Frenchman lifts his rifle, aims it at the German, point blank.

(MORE)

STANGL (CONT'D)

Then, as if someone had whispered into his ear, the German looks up, sees that he's in the cross hairs of this dreaded sharp shooter. What happens next? Would you believe the Frenchman lowers his rifle! He lets the German live! Who was this soldier? This lowly infantryman whose life for reasons unknown have been saved when so many others just like him were killed? Our fuhrer! He was later promoted to lance corporal and received two iron crosses. He once captured four French soldiers single-handedly. This story proves that our fuhrer was saved from certain death for a higher purpose. Be proud, Artur, that you've served him in such an exemplary capacity.

Artur nods.

STANGL (CONT'D)

So I've spoken to my superiors with regards to your services to the Reich. I've secured you sanctuary when Germany wins the war. It's a special entitlement given to very few people in your situation.

ARTUR

I don't know how to thank you, sir.

STANGL

Let's talk specifics after lunch.

**EXT. SHOE SHINE STATION - DAY**

Benyamin shines an SS' boots. SS flicks a cigarette, it lands in the shoe shine kit full of grenades. Benyamin frantically plucks the smoldering cigarette as the SS laughs at him.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - DAY**

Artur and his orchestra settle, SS men sit down to eat.

**INT. ARSENAL HUT - DAY**

Samuel fills a disinfectant cannister with gasoline. He hands the cannister to a WORKER.

SAMUEL

Hit every building you can reach.  
At the signal, throw the match.

WORKER

With joy, brother.

Samuel looks at the clock -- 12 o'clock -- one hour left.

**INT. SS HUT - DAY**

A servant boy quietly slides open a drawer. He draws out a pistol, stuffs it in his pocket.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - DAY**

Artur's orchestra begins the lunch performance. Stangl and his men eat with relaxed abandon.

**EXT. WORK AREA - DAY**

Masons repair a wall. A WORKER pushing a cart plods up.

WORKER

End of the world. Signal at 1.

The masons nod silently. The worker removes rifles from his cart, hides them under a pile of stones.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - DAY**

Artur finishes a JAZZ piece, checks his watch -- 12:15.

**INT. ARSENAL HUT - SAME TIME**

Without warning, an SS enters, spots Samuel and Galewski in the SS uniforms.

SS GUARD

What the hell is going on in here?

SS goes for his whistle, Samuel slits his throat. Galewski tosses a blanket over the body and drags it under a table.

**INT. SS MESS HALL - DAY**

Officers are served coffee. Artur begins another SONG.

**INT. ARSENAL HUT - DAY**

Samuel grabs a pistol, stuffs it in his pocket.

SAMUEL

I need to cut the phone lines.

GALEWSKI

Hurry.

Samuel finds Benyamin frantically trying to bar an SS from entering the arsenal hut, the SS pushes him away.

SS GUARD

Get away from me, you mute.

The guard enters.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)

I heard a noise in here.

His foot hits the dead body hidden under the blanket.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)

What's this?

He leans down to pull the blanket off. Samuel jumps out, SHOOTS the guard in the head. The GUNSHOT rings out all over camp -- workers freeze -- waiting for the second shot.

GALEWSKI

Give the signal! We must do it now!

SAMUEL

But I haven't cut the phone lines!

GALEWSKI

There's no time! Give the signal!

Samuel SHOOTS his PISTOL into the air.

**EXT. MAIN CAMP**

Workers stop working, quickly grab their weapons, dash to the exit. Guards SHOOT at workers charging the gates.

A full-blown revolt is on. GRENADES detonate, GUNSHOTS, MACHINE GUN FIRE, EXPLOSIONS thunder from all sides.

A worker drops his disinfectant cannister, lights a match lobs it at a wooden hut, it alights. He runs to another hut, throws a match -- the camp is engulfed in flames.

A worker drops a bucket of potatoes pulls out a knife, slits the throat of an SS.

Guards GUN down workers from watchtowers. Benjamin lobs a grenade from his shoe shine kit at a watchtower.

The worker in rabbi clothing opens the door to the latrine, grabs a rifle and begins firing.

**INT. SORTING BARRACKS**

Workers grab their weapons.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Cooks grab knives and run out.

**INT. POTATO HUT**

Workers drop their buckets, lob grenades at guards.

**EXT. PRISONER BARRACKS**

Samuel finds workers cowering with fear.

SAMUEL  
Come out! Come out and fight!

**EXT. BUG RIVER**

Franz and other SS hear the EXPLOSIONS, they run toward camp.

**INT. SS MESS HALL**

Stangl and his men run out with pistols drawn. Artur turns to his musicians.

ARTUR  
Run! Drop your instruments! Go!

CELLIST  
What about you?

ARTUR  
Get out!

Artur's men run off. Clutching his violin, Artur makes his way toward the main office.

**INT. MAIN OFFICE**

Artur bursts in, runs to the LOUDSPEAKER, SWITCHES it on.

**EXT. CAMP PHONE**

A furious Stangl on the phone --

STANGL

Set up roadblocks immediately!

Stangl is interrupted by music coming from the LOUDSPEAKER --

ARTUR'S VIOLIN.

Artur plays the piece he composed for Himmler. He now plays it for his fellow Jews. His MUSIC fills the air, infusing the workers with courage to fight.

Enraged, Stangl SLAMS the phone, storms toward his office.

**INT. GAS CHAMBER**

Weeping victims stand inside the gas chamber. The DOOR flies open, workers yell at them to get out and fight.

Naked prisoners fly out, grab rocks and any weapon they can get a hold of to fight guards, some fight with their fists.

**EXT. FARM FIELD**

Peasant farmers working the land hear the faint sound of ARTUR'S VIOLIN amidst the chaos coming from camp.

We pan across camp to see that most buildings are in flames.

**EXT. BARBED WIRE FENCE**

Hundreds charge the fence, cut through it with wire cutters. Some tear it down with bare hands. Some escape, many are GUNNED down.

The iron Swastika atop the front gate crumbles.

**EXT. FOREST**

Prisoners escape into the woods as they are fired on by guards with MACHINE GUNS. Dead bodies lay everywhere.

**EXT. MAIN SQUARE**

Samuel pockets a pistol and grabs an axe. He runs toward the forest. Along the way he spots Oskar's overturned stroller laying on the ground next to Oskar's dead body.

Samuel makes a dash toward the exit, passing dead bodies of workers and guards.

**INT. MAIN OFFICE**

Stangl explodes inside. Artur plays his violin.

STANGL

Stop that immediately!

Eyes closed, Artur ignores him, defiantly continues PLAYING.

Stangl lifts his pistol presses it to Artur's temple - BLAST!

**BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT****EXT. SAMUEL'S GARDEN - DAY**

A gorgeous sunny day. A small red RADIO plays JAZZ MUSIC on a window sill with flower curtains billowing in the breeze.

JAZZ SONG ends.

ANNOUNCER

Up next on Polish Radio we have a sweet shimmy called "Rose Marie", by Warsaw's own Artur Gold!

We move away from the RADIO, past Samuel in his lounge chair, smoking a pipe, reading the newspaper. He looks up from his paper, turns his head. We follow his gaze to a woman kneeling down, troweling in her garden, facing away from us. She pauses, gazes up at the little red radio on the windowsill and listens to Artur's music. She shifts her head slightly. A small tear rolls down her cheek, she wipes it away.

**BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT**

Artur's body crumbles to the floor next to his violin.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Still clad in the SS uniform, Samuel sprints through trees with BULLETS TEARING past. EXPLOSIONS RING out from behind.

He finds Galewski writhing in pain, his leg bleeding.

GALEWSKI  
Samuel, I've been shot.

Samuel tries to lift Galewski.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
I can't make it, free yourself!  
Finish me off. Please, I beg you.

SAMUEL  
But we're so close!

Guards bear down on them.

GALEWSKI  
Samuel, finish me off, in the name  
of He in whom you don't believe!

Samuel takes Galewski's face in his hand, turns it toward the  
burning death camp.

SAMUEL  
We did it! We burned that accursed  
hell! We burned it to the ground!

GALEWSKI  
We did it, brother.

Samuel kisses Galewski on the forehead.

SAMUEL  
Shalom. Go home, now.

German shouts ring out. Samuel pushes his pistol to  
Galewski's temple, pulls the TRIGGER. BLAST! Galewski's body  
goes limp. In tears, Samuel closes Galewski's eyelids.

A guard slinks up from behind -- a TWIG SNAPS, Samuel spins  
around -- the guard SHOOTs at him, grazing his arm. Samuel  
raises his ax, buries it in the guard's chest.

A jeep with a machine gun mounted to the top approaches,  
Samuel draws back, hides behind dense brush until it passes.

Samuel darts off, peels off the SS uniform, revealing Artur's  
woolen blazer underneath.

Samuel looks back one last time at the burning camp, then  
disappears into the woods.

**SIXTH MOVEMENT: FINIS****EXT. POLAND - FARM FIELD - DAY**

We are back with peasants working the land. A worker gazes up at the sky -- in the distance, a light grey plume of smoke rises above the trees -- it is no longer thick and black.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - FOREST - DAY**

We are low to the ground, following the wheel of a car rolling over the ashes of murdered Jews.

We pan up, the wheel belongs to a jeep with two RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

They roll past the farmers. One of the farmers glances up from his work, he spots the Russians. He drops his hoe and runs after the Russian jeep -- it's Samuel.

SAMUEL

Stop, please stop!

The jeep stops. Russians jump off, aim their guns at Samuel.

RUSSIAN 1

Stop! By order of the Russian Army!

Samuel freezes, throws his hands up.

SAMUEL

Don't shoot! I'm an escaped prisoner from a German death camp. I've been in hiding with a farmer.

RUSSIAN 1

Death camp?

SAMUEL

Just past these woods. Treblinka.

He points to the thin grey plumes of smoke in the sky.

RUSSIAN 1

We have no information of a camp.

SAMUEL

What?!

RUSSIAN 2

You're Jewish? You don't look like a Jew.

RUSSIAN 1

We just came from that area.  
There's nothing.

SAMUEL

What? I was in that hell for a  
year! They gassed thousands of  
people!

The Russians eye him with suspicion.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Please, just let me show you!

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Samuel rides in the back. The jeep crests a hill.

SAMUEL

Just over this hill you'll see--

Samuel's face drops to find --

**EXT. TREBLINKA SITE**

-- nothing but an empty clearing. All that stands is a lonely  
farmhouse. A stone chimney exhales thin, grey smoke.

RUSSIAN 2

See, there's nothing. Let's go.

Shocked, Samuel jumps off the jeep, runs toward the clearing.  
Purple lupines and fresh grass have been planted everywhere.

SAMUEL

But it was here, right here!

The soldiers follow him in the jeep as he runs. Samuel stops  
in the middle of the clearing.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

In this exact spot is where those  
godforsaken gas chambers stood!

He points to a spot a few meters away.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

And over there -- huge pits where  
thousands of bodies would burn. All  
night and day!

The Russians shake their heads at him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Don't you see, they're trying to  
hide what happened!

He points to a patch of grass.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

That's where the train would stop,  
there was a platform here.

He runs over to a spot, in tears he falls to the ground.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

And here. This very spot is where  
he would play his music!

The Russians laugh.

RUSSIAN 2

Someone played music here?

SAMUEL

My friend Artur Gold. He had an  
orchestra and they played music!

RUSSIAN 2

Come on let's go.

SAMUEL

No, please, wait!

RUSSIAN 2

There's nothing. You have no proof!

Samuel crumbles in anguish. Russians turn to leave just as a  
FARMER in overalls emerges from the house smoking a pipe.

FARMER

Can I help you with something?

RUSSIAN 2

Our friend here says there used to  
be a camp on this land.

FARMER

A camp?

SAMUEL

Right where your house stands,  
there was a bakery there!

FARMER

No, there's no camp here.

The Russians and the farmer laugh at Samuel.

Samuel approaches the farmer. He stops -- it's Strebel, the guard from Treblinka that traded with workers. A flash of recognition on Strebel's face as he locks eyes with Samuel. A LITTLE GIRL runs out of the house. Samuel softens.

SAMUEL

Sweet little girl, it's been a year since I've seen a living child.

Strebel pulls her away.

STREBEL

I've farmed this land for years.

SAMUEL

No, that house was built with the bricks from the gas chamber! I recognize those bricks! I built those chambers myself!

RUSSIAN 2

We apologize, but our friend seems to have problems with his memory.

STREBEL

Would there be anything else?

RUSSIAN 1

No. We'll be leaving now.

Strebel shoots Samuel a lingering glare.

RUSSIAN 1 (CONT'D)

Come along, that's enough nonsense.

Samuel looks up at the sun -- the silent witness to all his suffering. He weeps.

SAMUEL

I swear! It was in this very spot!

He pounds the ground with clenched fists.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Right here! This was a huge pyre where thousands of bodies burned! They ploughed the fields, planted grass! Don't you see?

RUSSIAN 2

But there's nothing to corroborate what you're telling us!

SAMUEL

I'm telling you the truth!

Samuel stands, points to the perimeter of the clearing.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

This entire area was a camp, a whole town! We all had jobs! There were shoemakers, carpenters, cooks, laundry maids. I was personal tailor to the commandant!

RUSSIAN 2

And there were musicians, right? Playing music in a death camp.

SAMUEL

Yes!

The Russians laugh. A glimmer of hope flashes in Samuel's eyes. He peels off Artur's brown woolen blazer.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Wait! I have proof right here!

With a pocketknife he cuts the inner lining of the blazer.

RUSSIAN 1

He's mad.

Samuel pulls out Artur's manuscript, hands it to Russian 1.

SAMUEL

He gave it to me the day of our revolt.

Russian 1 leafs through the pages.

RUSSIAN 1

Music?

SAMUEL

It's a concerto he wrote. When Himmler came to visit.

RUSSIAN 2

Heinrich Himmler?

SAMUEL

Yes!

The Russians exchange intrigued glances. Russian 2 STARTS the ENGINE.

## RUSSIAN 2

Get in.

Hopeful, Samuel makes his way to the jeep.

From behind, he hears someone singing. He stops, turns to face Strebel. He and his daughter sing a very familiar song -- the anthem of Treblinka -- "Fester Schritt".

STREBEL/DAUGHTER

(singing)

...the squads march to work. All  
that matters to us is Treblinka...

Samuel and Strebel lock eyes. As he sings, Strebel picks up his daughter, enters the farmhouse, SHUTS the DOOR.

Samuel climbs on.

We are low to the ground. The jeep's WHEELS SKID. Tires rip at the earth, shooting dirt from under the spinning wheel -- revealing Anitza's blue sapphire Star of David. It lays on the ground, peaking out from under the dirt and ash.

**EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY**

The Russian jeep winds down the dirt road, away from the thin wisps of grey smoke rising up to the sky. It passes Polish peasants stoically working the land.

FADE TO BLACK.

**ON SCREEN:**

Of the 300 prisoners that escaped during the revolt, less than 100 survived the massive Nazi manhunt.

In less than two years of operation, Treblinka was second only to Auschwitz in deaths, with estimated tolls falling between 700,000 to 925,000 victims. Exact numbers can not be determined due to the extreme secrecy of the camp.

It was demolished in the Summer of 1944.

In 1970 Franz Stangl was captured in Brazil and convicted. While imprisoned, he died of a heart attack a year later.