

HALSMAN

(produced as "Jump" in 2007)

Written by

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TITLE CARD: *"Every face I see seems to hide - and sometimes fleetingly to reveal - the mystery of another human being. Capturing this revelation became the goal and passion of my life."* - Philippe Halsman

EXT. RUE DELAMBRE - PARIS - MORNING

SUPER: *June 19th, 1940. Paris, France.*

A dashing YOUNG ACTOR (24), makes his way up the colorful, bustling street, his eyes scanning the door numbers of the crowded shops.

He stops before number 22, surveying the storefront, losing confidence: A handful of portraits provide window dressing for a dilapidated studio.

Swiping away his second thoughts, he enters.

INT. PHILIPPE HALSMAN'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Alone, the Young Actor soaks in the sun-filled room, his eyes floating over the photography portraits that line the walls. He is spellbound by each striking face until YVONNE HALSMAN (32), as pleasant in manner as she is in appearance, interrupts...

YVONNE

Good morning. May I help you?

YOUNG ACTOR

Yes, I have an appointment.

INT. PORTRAIT STUDIO - MORNING

The Young Actor sits on a padded stool as PHILIPPE HALSMAN (34) adjusts a lamp and fiddles with the camera.

PHILIPPE

Something wrong?

YOUNG ACTOR

No, I uh...You come highly recommended. I suppose I expected something a bit more... Well, prominent.

The room, cozy and cluttered, seems more like a flat than a proper studio.

PHILIPPE  
Are you uncomfortable?

YOUNG ACTOR  
Oh no, not at all.

Philippe triggers the camera, catching him off-guard.

PHILIPPE  
Oops. Damn this thing. Well, don't  
hesitate to say so, if you are.  
(pause)  
Tell me something, you're a middle-  
child, aren't you?

YOUNG ACTOR  
I'm sorry?

PHILIPPE  
Older and younger siblings. You're  
smack in the middle.

YOUNG ACTOR  
Do you know our family?

PHILIPPE  
The youngest child, or the only  
child, generally suffers from  
inferiority. The oldest child, on  
the other hand, either likes to  
tyrannize or to protect. You strike  
me as being very balanced.

YOUNG ACTOR  
That's quite a talent you have. I  
suppose you'd be the oldest child,  
then.

Philippe grins for an answer. As he speaks, he moves in on  
the Young Actor and manipulates his posture and position.

PHILIPPE  
Every photographer of the day will  
have you pushed into position,  
twisting your head into a certain  
angle, and ask you to make an  
expression, such as a smile, or one  
of grave seriousness. On the other  
hand I, well -- tell me, do you  
feel natural? Do you feel like  
you're truly yourself?

He's managed to twist the Young Actor into a ridiculously  
uncomfortable pose.

YOUNG ACTOR  
I suppose not.

PHILIPPE  
So please, if you will, sit  
naturally.

The Young Actor relaxes and shifts in his stool. But after a few attempts to place his hands correctly, or adjust his legs and feet, he manages to look no more at ease.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
You see, we're often no better at  
manipulating ourselves.

Philippe snaps off another shot.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
Confound this thing! Still growing  
accustomed to this new model.  
Sorry. So, you're an actor if I'm  
not mistaken?

YOUNG ACTOR  
Yes.

PHILIPPE  
(fiddling with the camera)  
Tell me something, can you describe  
the difference, how you feel when  
you're on stage and such, compared  
to, say, reading the newspaper over  
coffee? Generally, how your body  
feels, your muscles?

YOUNG ACTOR  
It depends on the character I'm  
portraying, I suppose. I don't--

Yvonne calls from the next room in a panic.

YVONNE (O.S.)  
Philippe, come quickly! Philippe!

The men snap to attention. After a quick double-take in the Young Actor's direction, Philippe snaps off another shot before hurrying out of the room.

EXT. PHILIPPE HALSMAN'S STUDIO - RUE DELAMBRE - CONTINUOUS

What was a few moments ago a bustling, busy morning, has turned considerably dark.

The atmosphere is now tense, with passers-by stopped in their tracks, some in a panic, some weeping, most horrified.

Philippe and the Young Actor hurry out, and as they do so, the loudspeakers bring us the terrible news...

CITY OFFICIAL (O.S.)

...further notice. Repeat. The French Command has fallen at the Oise-Aisne canal and the German infantry is advancing towards the lower Seine and Paris. Go to your homes and stay until further notice. Repeat. Our front lines have fallen...

EXT. GARE MONTPARNASSE - DAY

The Young Actor helps the Halsman family - Philippe and Yvonne, their daughter IRENE (4), his sister LIUBA (28) and her husband ANDRE, and his mother ITA (51) - as they push their way through the confused mob, fighting to stay together. While most of the mob struggles to maintain order, helping women and children to board the train first, others are interested only in their own welfare.

A STEELWORKER shoves past the Halsmans and climbs aboard.

YOUNG ACTOR

Women and children first, now!

STEELWORKER

Tell that to the troops!

He disappears inside the carriage as the three men shake their heads in frustration and usher the women aboard.

PHILIPPE

Come on, mother. Here, take this.

He helps Ita up into the carriage while André and the young Actor help Liuba and Yvonne. They hand the suitcases up while Philippe passes Irene to his wife through the train's open window.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

(to the Young Actor)

Go on home, we've got it from here.

We can't thank you enough.

YOUNG ACTOR

Oh no, I'll see you off.

YVONNE

When's the next train?

PHILIPPE

Immediately, I imagine. As soon as there's room for us, we're right behind you.

YVONNE

If it's any calmer in Lyons, we'll wait for you.

PHILIPPE

Nonsense - that's too risky. Go straight through! No matter what. See you in Marseilles!

The train gathers steam, pulling away from the platform as Philippe, André and the young Actor stay behind. The women look back anxiously, waving goodbye.

EXT. DOCKS - MARSEILLES - DUSK

The U.S.S. Lincoln.

Four CUSTOMS OFFICIALS and several POLICEMEN inspect passports as a steady stream of families board the ship.

The Halsman family waits at the foot of the gangplank in suspense, scanning the crowd for any sign of Philippe.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

All aboard! The ship will leave in five minutes! Have your passports ready!

André spots Philippe approaching in the crowd. A wave of relief washes over the family and they start their way through the checkpoint.

Ita is the first to pass through, followed by Yvonne and Irene, the Customs Officials scrutinizing each of their FRENCH PASSPORTS before sending them up the gangplank.

Philippe catches André and Liuba who are beaming with joy and hope. But Philippe is furious.

PHILIPPE

No Visa.

LIUBA

What happened?!

Philippe slaps his LATVIAN PASSPORT in disgust.

PHILIPPE  
The quota for Latvia's been filled.

ANDRE  
How is that poss--

PHILIPPE  
Eighteen spots! Eighteen spots per  
year!

Liuba thinks fast, grabbing him by the arm and glancing at the checkpoint.

LIUBA  
It's chaos here, we'll slip you  
through.

Before Philippe can resist, she pulls him to the foot of the gangplank.

But no luck.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
Passport.

Philippe hands it over with confidence - maybe there's still a chance.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (cont'd)  
Where's your Visa?

LIUBA  
Have a heart! Please! Let us worry  
about that in America.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
You're wasting everyone's time. No  
one gets on this ship without a  
Visa.

Two of the policemen step up, preparing to manhandle the three of them if it comes to that. Philippe pushes Liuba and André forward while stepping back.

PHILIPPE  
I'll find a way! Contact the  
Embassy, I'll leave word through  
them.  
(with a positive burst)  
I'll find a way! Go on, now! Bon  
voyage!

Forced along by the urgent crowd, Liuba and André pass through, Liuba managing a final look back.

Philippe's optimism was only a ruse - with disgust and despair he turns from the ship, throwing up his arms in defeat.

EXT. SHIP DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ita makes a break for it, trying to leave the ship, but the family stops her. The women scan their eyes over the crowd below.

Philippe is nowhere to be seen.

Ita all but collapses in grief.

INT. YELLOW CAB - MORNING

SUPER: *October, 3, 1940. Princeton, NJ.*

Yvonne, Irene, Ita and Liuba share the ride, studying the neighborhood. Irene, oblivious to the atmosphere of tension among the adults, stares at the passing houses, fascinated.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A still morning in the cozy, tree-lined neighborhood. From an open second-story window emanates the sweeping harmonies of a violin.

The cab pulls up to the drive and its occupants climb out, Liuba and Yvonne pooling their money together to pay the driver.

They approach the front door, holding hands tight as Liuba knocks. Liuba and Yvonne flash a smile to reassure Ita.

The door opens, letting the warm music waft over the two visitors. The Professor's wife and assistant, ELSA (53), greets them warmly.

ELSA

Good morning. I'm so glad you've made it. Please, come in.

YVONNE

Thank you.

LIUBA  
Thank you very much.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The violin music grows louder as the women enter the home, Elsa helping them off with their coats.

ELSA  
I trust your trip went smoothly.  
The trains here are something to be  
seen, no?

YVONNE  
Very impressive.

ELSA  
Please, have a seat in here. Would  
you care for anything to drink?

YVONNE  
Oh, no.

LIUBA  
No, thank you.

Elsa leads them into the living room.

ELSA  
I'll tell him you're here.

ITA  
We wouldn't want to disturb him.  
He's already been so considerate.

ELSA  
He knows you're coming. Besides,  
it's best to catch him now while  
his mind's not in the cosmos.

Elsa ascends the staircase, leaving the women to soak in their surroundings.

A war-zone of chaos and order, an apparent battle of mind over matter. An easy chair swims in a sea of old newspapers, one of which catches Liuba's eye: "*PHILIPPE HALSMAN CONVICTED*". And another: "*JUSTICE SERVED FOR HALSMAN*". Stung by the headline, she catches her mother's eyes which are fixed on the newspapers in grief.

The violin music comes to an abrupt halt.

Elsa comes down the stairs.

ELSA (cont'd)

The professor will see you now. Are you sure I can't bring you anything?

LIUBA

No, not at all, thank you.

ELSA

Nonsense, you must have something. Tea? Coffee? Biscuits? You've come so far.

(adamant)

Really. I insist.

Liuba manages a smile. Both she and Yvonne relax their guard a bit.

LIUBA

In that case, I'll have some tea, please. That would be wonderful.

YVONNE

(looking to Ita)

Three, please. Thank you.

ELSA

Head on up, I'll bring it to you. First door on the left. And please, our home is your home. We're no good with formalities here.

She disappears towards the kitchen. Yvonne and Ita exchange a warm look, then make their way up the staircase.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - PROFESSOR'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the study timidly, only to find it unoccupied. Unsure of themselves, they back out but...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Greetings! So glad you made it.

From the walk-in closet emerges Professor ALBERT EINSTEIN. At 61 years of age, he is spry and energetic. He carries a stack of old newspapers to the desk.

EINSTEIN

Please, have a seat.

Yvonne, Ita and Liuba look to the chair in the center of the room, upon which rests his violin and bow. After a brief but awkward silence, Einstein notices.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
Oh, goodness. One moment.

He dumps off the papers upon his scattered desk and scoops up his instrument, brushing past them into the hall while...

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
Have a seat. One moment.

Yvonne, Ita and Liuba edge into the room, amused but cautious. Einstein returns, two wooden chairs in hand.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
One for you. One for you.  
(to Ita)  
And this one for you...

He returns to his own chair behind the desk while...

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
The grand aim of all science is to  
cover the greatest number of  
empirical facts by logical  
deduction from the smallest.

Seeing that he has lost them, he explains with a grin...

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
Three ladies. Three chairs.

He motions for them to sit, and does so himself.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
So there's been a snag, I hear. Is  
he on the way yet?

LIUBA  
I'm afraid not. He still has a  
Latvian passport. And the quota for  
Latvia's been filled.

YVONNE  
There were only eighteen spots.

EINSTEIN  
Eighteen?

LIUBA  
Even if he manages to get on the  
list, there's a two year waiting  
period.

EINSTEIN  
Bureaucrats. Always a hitch. Of course, I was one myself once,

LIUBA  
We were hoping that you could think of something.

He nods - but something is clearly bothering him.

EINSTEIN  
Yes. Perhaps. But...  
(with kind but penetrating eyes)  
Forgive me for being so blunt, but...

He taps the newspapers. Just like those downstairs - "*HALSMAN GUILTY*", "*PRISON FOR THE JEWISH RAT*".

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
Before I can help him... The only understanding I've been able to make of his case has come through these unfortunate reports. And the fact is, I've never been able to make heads or tails of what actually happened. I simply must know. You see, I've never been a gambler - with the universe or its inhabitants.

LIUBA  
In many respects, you know as much as we do.

EINSTEIN  
But you were there through the worst of it.

LIUBA  
True.

He leans back in his chair, folding his arms with a smile.

EINSTEIN  
(prompting her)  
And?

All three women look nervous. Out of his view, Liuba gives Ita's hand a squeeze, noticing that her mother's eyes are still on....

...the compromising headlines.

LIUBA

Well, of course I wasn't there when it happened. I mean...I can't swear to anything for certain. But I know my brother and, well...

(shaking her head)

He would never...never have...

EINSTEIN

It's the particulars that absorb me.

Liuba nods and gathers her thoughts.

LIUBA

Well, where do I begin? We'd all been travelling together for a couple of weeks. Father was restless, anxious, more obsessive than was his custom, and as usual he was driving himself - and us - like workhorses. Too hard...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

SUPER: *Twelve Years Earlier. September 8, 1928. Tyrol, Austria.*

The Halsman family - mother Ita (39), sister Liuba (19), Philippe (22) and their father MORDUCH (45) - hike along the road, Morduch in the lead by a good distance.

Sturdy and stubborn, Morduch sweats profusely. Philippe helps the women as they struggle to keep up.

Morduch slows to a stop, dazed, and falls to his knees.

Philippe's the first to arrive as the family rushes to his aid. Philippe comforts him, encouraging him to breathe deeply as he points out the nearby GOLDEN STAR INN and helps him to his feet while...

LIUBA (V.O.)

Though Father was fatigued by his own forced marches, pride would not allow him to ease up - until he himself collapsed from exhaustion. It had become a marathon, not a family vacation.

INT. GOLDEN STAR INN - MORNING

The quaint dining area of the pension. The Halsmans finish up their breakfast, Morduch rudely stuffing his mouth and ignoring everyone.

Philippe and Liuba meet eyes - she is indignant, while Philippe is understanding.

Morduch looks up in surprise, confused, as Liuba suddenly stands up and leaves the room.

LIUBA (V.O.)

In any case, I'd had enough. I left back for Paris to continue my studies, leaving mother and Philippe alone with him.

INT. GOLDEN STAR INN - NEXT MORNING

The Halsmans as before, without Liuba. Morduch wipes his mouth, catching eyes with the waitress and gesturing that they've finished.

ITA

Don't overexert yourself. We've been pushing rather hard.

MORDUCH

Just mind your own end, and don't overexert my expenses. If you run up the bill, you'll have to find yourself another benefactor.

Ita, flushing with embarrassment, turns to Philippe. She hands him a small, decorative tin.

ITA

Keep these with you. At all times.

Morduch, visibly irritated, motions again to the waitress.

MORDUCH

Would you like us to pay, or not?

On Morduch's cue, Philippe rises to collect their jackets. Ita pampers Philippe, turning up his collar and tightening the breast.

ITA

How's the chest?

PHILIPPE  
Still itches.

ITA  
I'll arrange for a doctor. I want  
you to leave it alone, and don't  
scratch it.

PHILIPPE  
It's a simple rash, mother. It'll  
clear up.

The waitress arrives with the bill. Philippe notices his  
father glancing her over with a hint of desire. Morduch  
catches eyes with him and...

MORDUCH  
(to the waitress)  
Forget it. Just put it on the bill.

He leaves without a word, leaving Ita and Philippe to follow.

EXT. GOLDEN STAR INN - CONTINUOUS

Ita shivers in the chilly breeze as she sees her family off.  
Morduch thumbs through his wallet, producing a few bills and  
handing them to his wife.

MORDUCH  
This'll do you just fine. Rest  
well, you'll need it - we're not  
stopping like this again.

Without a goodbye, he takes off down the road and doesn't  
look back. Philippe lingers for a moment.

ITA  
(addressing the tin)  
If he has any trouble, no more than  
two at a time, and no more than two  
an hour. Promise me you'll be good  
to each other.

PHILIPPE  
I can only speak for myself.

ITA  
He loves you, Philippe. He has  
trouble showing it, but he loves  
you. Be good to him.

PHILIPPE  
Don't worry yourself, mother.

He peels a bill from a small stack in a money clip, keeping it for himself and giving her the rest.

ITA

No, Philippe. I can't.

PHILIPPE

Mother. I'm sick of him treating you like an underpaid housekeeper.

ITA

He's frugal, that's all. And it's paid off. He's been able to save--

PHILIPPE

For himself, Mother. Everything he has to give, his money, his time, even his love - is for his private consumption.

(handing her the money)

Now take this. No arguments.

She meets his eyes, adamant, and reluctantly takes the clip. He kisses her on the cheek and strides off.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

See you soon!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Philippe catches up with his father, who moves on at a clipped pace.

MORDUCH

If we don't waste our time with old women, we can catch the 7 o'clock.

(beat)

Hard to let go of those apron strings, eh? Don't worry, we'll make a man of you yet.

Morduch gives him a jab in the ribs, far too rough to be playful. Philippe winces in pain and falls behind, while Morduch marches on as if Philippe weren't even there.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

A train cuts through the terrain as we push through the sweeping valleys and snow-capped peaks of the majestic Alps.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Morduch finds a suitable compartment and leads the way in.

The two occupants, including the steely-eyed EMIL GROESCHEL (40), engrossed in a newspaper, glance at the newcomers and register them with suspicion.

Philippe strips off the pack but Morduch stops him, looking flustered. He pulls Philippe back and leads him to the next compartment.

Groeschel's newspaper reads, "A *JEW-FREE TYROL*".

Groeschel stares after them accusingly before turning to his companion.

EXT. VALLEY ROAD - DAY

Philippe, weighed down with the pack, trudges on. Morduch finally slows down for him, annoyed.

MORDUCH

Worse than your sister. It's not even heavy.

Morduch grips the straps and pulls down for effect.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Now that's heavy. And this shouldn't be a problem for a lad your age. It's all in your frame of mind.

Philippe remains silent, keeping his eyes glued to the road ahead. Morduch releases him at last.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Don't worry, we'll thicken your skin.

He pokes Philippe in the ribs and moves on, leaving him to lag behind in pain. Philippe can only glare in his father's direction, the hulking mountains looming before them.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - LATER

On the shore of a large, picturesque lake, the Dominikus Hut inn and eatery is nearly filled to capacity with tourists and hikers.

Morduch arrives alone and looks back along the trail. With an impatient huff, he heads in.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - TERRACE - LATER

Morduch finishes off a beer as he admires the lake. Catching eyes with the curvy waitress, ANNA GRUBER (27), he flashes a charming smile.

When she returns inside, however, his smile turns paper-thin as he looks contemptuously down the trail. Philippe struggles his way along, managing his pace.

Morduch takes his time, draining the last sip.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - PAY DESK - MOMENTS LATER

While putting on a casual air, it's no secret what Morduch thinks of Anna. He waits patiently for her attention.

ANNA

Heading out already?

MORDUCH

I've got to keep ahead of my son -  
he's sick at the sight of me today.

Morduch produces his wallet, not shy about it's contents. Anna keeps her cool, but it certainly doesn't escape her attention. Morduch fishes out a few coins while...

ANNA

Where are you two headed?

MORDUCH

We're going to tackle the  
Schwarzenstein.

ANNA

That's quite a hike. You'd better  
get a good night's sleep.

MORDUCH

Aaah. Hasn't been a mountain yet  
that's slowed me down.

Morduch gives a wink as he slides a few coins into her hand.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Keep the change.

ANNA

Thank you.

He heads out as Anna lingers a moment, curious.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - CONTINUOUS

Morduch reaches Philippe on the trail, resuming the lead.

MORDUCH

So my little girl's finally made  
it. You keep on like this all day,  
we may just make the peak come  
winter.

Philippe pulls off the pack and dumps it with hostility.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

If something's bothering you, come  
out with it.

PHILIPPE

Nothing's bothering me, sir. My  
throat's just a bit dry.

He grabs the canteen and uncaps it. Morduch, making sure they're out of the Hut's view, snatches it from him his hands.

MORDUCH

You can drink when we've made a  
little progress.

Boiling, Philippe forces the pack on as Morduch pushes him onward. With the canteen in one hand, Morduch weighs down the pack with the other.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Weakness is in the mind, son, and  
the sooner you learn that, the  
better. We've got to thicken that  
skin of yours.

EXT. ALPINE ROSE INN - DUSK

In stark contrast to the peaceful, surrounding woods, the fairly raucous Alpine Rose Inn bubbles with activity.

Philippe makes his way up the trail, fatigued but determined, a good distance in front of Morduch, who hikes along at a much slower pace.

He turns his attention to the valley, catching his breath and taking in the view.

Morduch catches up, wincing, breathing even harder.

MORDUCH

You trying to kill yourself? You don't pace yourself, you won't make it another day.

Philippe softens at the sight of his father's fatigue. No more games. He slips the tin from his pocket and offers Morduch a couple of pills.

PHILIPPE

Here. You look exhausted.

MORDUCH

Get those out of my face.

Philippe steps up to him, challenging and firm.

PHILIPPE

Father. Just take them. They'll make you feel better.

Morduch slaps the tin out of his hand, sending it flying into the dirt road.

The two face each other in a stand-off, both unable to control their anger. Philippe refuses to back down.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

Why can't you admit that you get tired like the rest of us...

Morduch flies off the handle, infuriated...

MORDUCH

There's nothing wrong with me!

Morduch strides quickly towards the Inn.

INT. ALPINE ROSE INN - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Morduch makes himself known by ringing the bell, hard.

Philippe follows him in and bravely grabs the canteen. Morduch ignores him, eyeing a rack of local trail guides, and leafs through a copy as Philippe drinks greedily.

The INNKEEPER comes down the stairway and gives them both a once over, hardly approving.

INNKEEPER

What can I do for you?

MORDUCH

What's your fare for a room?

The innkeeper glances at the key rack behind him.

INNKEEPER

All the singles are filled. But we have plenty of doubles.

Morduch doesn't like the sound of that. To save face, he grabs the back of Philippe's neck.

MORDUCH

(to Philippe)

Looks like you get a bed tonight, after all.

(to the Innkeeper)

And what's that going to run me?

INNKEEPER

5 schillings.

Philippe squeezes out of Morduch's uncomfortable grip.

MORDUCH

Better make that two rooms. Looks like my son's had enough of me today.

Morduch produces his wallet, the Innkeeper furtively spotting the wad of bills nestled within it.

The innkeeper pulls two keys from the rack. Slapping them on the table before him, he takes the money.

INNKEEPER

Anything else?

MORDUCH

That'll be all, thanks.

He steps back, but the innkeeper grabs the guide before Morduch can make off with it.

INNKEEPER

These go for two.

MORDUCH

I just shelled out the price of two doubles I didn't want, I'd like it to come with the room.

INNKEEPER  
It's two schillings.

Infuriated, Morduch turns to Philippe in disgust.

MORDUCH  
How about pitching in for a change?

PHILIPPE  
Yes, sir.

Philippe pulls out his only note, a crumpled 5, and hands it over, the innkeeper giving him his change. Without a word, Morduch ushers Philippe into the dining hall.

The innkeeper glares after them, eyes like daggers.

INT. ALPINE ROSE - DINING HALL - LATER

Father and son prepare slabs of bread to go with their beers. Morduch looks at Philippe with something that, for him, approaches tenderness.

MORDUCH  
You may think I'm being rough with you, son, but one day you'll look back on this and realize that I was being too soft.

Philippe avoids eye contact.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
When my father took me hiking at your age, he'd load up my pack with rocks to build up my stamina. And the steeper the slope, the heavier my load. I hated it. And I thought I hated him. But the slightest complaint from my lips and he'd add another stone. If I collapsed, two stones. But I'm grateful. He gave me strength. He taught me to stand up in the face of adversity. He gave me all the discipline I've ever needed in this life. And that's all I want to do for you.

PHILIPPE  
(not buying it)  
Thank you.

MORDUCH

You're a good boy, but your  
mother's made you soft inside.

Philippe glances up, taking in the room, uncomfortable.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Sometimes I just don't know how to  
help you. You've got to grow up,  
even if you don't want to. The  
sooner you see that, the better.

Two travelers in their late 20's, JOSEFINE GEHWOLF and HANNES  
SCHMIDT, join a small table next to them. Father and son both  
are grateful for the interruption when...

JOSEFINE

May we have this chair?

MORDUCH

Why don't you join us here - we can  
make room.

JOSEFINE

Are you sure you don't mind?

MORDUCH

No, not at all. I insist. Where are  
you two headed?

JOSEFINE

We're just going to stay in the  
area and take it easy.

MORDUCH

We're going to make the top of the  
Schwarzenstein.

JOSEFINE

You'd better get an early start,  
even from here.

JOSEF WEIL (30), a shabbily-dressed man with jet black hair  
at the next table, gets their attention.

JOSEF WEIL

Sorry to interrupt, I'm heading up  
as well. Who's your guide?

MORDUCH

Guide? The book says it's not  
dangerous.

JOSEFINE

What kind of equipment do you have?

Morduch senses Philippe's critical scrutiny.

MORDUCH

Just ourselves. We've handled much tougher climbs than this.

JOSEF WEIL

No equipment, no guide? That's just suicide, if you don't mind my saying.

PHILIPPE

Perhaps we should play it safe, Father. A guide would be the *wise* thing to do.

Morduch casts his son a sidelong glance. The jab is not lost on him.

MORDUCH

Alright. I don't see much point to it, but...

(to Josef)

What do you say to splitting the fee? Going up, the three of us?

EXT. BERLIN HUT - MORNING

Josef, Morduch and Philippe walk up the road until they come into view of the Berlin Hut, an isolated hovel on the cold, barren vista.

Josef heads inside as Morduch stops in his tracks, a subtle arm holding Philippe back.

Scrawled in prominent letters, a sign reads: "*JEWS AND MEMBERS OF THE DONAULAND NOT PERMITTED.*"

The two retreat, pondering their next move, when Josef reappears with the guide, MAX PFISTER (45).

Pfister gives them a good once-over.

MAX PFISTER

5 each.

MORDUCH

The guide says 5 a group.

MAX PFISTER

For some groups, that may be true.  
Not for this one.

MORDUCH

How about ten? For the three of  
us.

A rough-looking NAZI YOUTH (22) appears in the doorway wearing a black sweater with a Swastika armband. Morduch is unnerved.

MAX PFISTER

I said 5 apiece. If that's a  
problem for you, you can go back.

MORDUCH

Here.

He pulls out his wallet and quickly finds the appropriate bills. The Nazi Youth stares intently at the wad of money.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

(referring to Josef)  
And I'll pay for Mr. uh...

JOSEF WEIL

Weil.

MORDUCH

For my friend Mr. Weil here, as  
well.

Pfister takes the money.

MAX PFISTER

Where's your equipment?

MORDUCH

We haven't any. Just ourselves.

Pfister heads back inside the hut with a chuckle. Philippe catches a mysterious smile on Josef's face.

Pfister emerges with his pack and gear. Behind him, the Nazi Youth stares at Morduch.

Pfister leads the team onto the trail as a few more bodies collect in the doorway to witness the strange visitors.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Morduch and Philippe trail behind Pfister and Josef, who speak in hushed tones. Pfister pats Josef on the back.

This doesn't escape the notice of father and son. Morduch catches Philippe by the arm and slows his pace a bit, finding a nearby rock to rest on.

MORDUCH

Don't rush. At this rate we can't enjoy the scenery.

Philippe fishes through the pack.

PHILIPPE

Are you feeling okay?

MORDUCH

I told you. I feel fine.

Philippe produces his father's pills and opens the canteen.

PHILIPPE

Here, take a couple of these.

Morduch brushes them aside and takes the water.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

I'm sorry for what I said before, Father. Please, take a pill. I promised mother that--

MORDUCH

Your mother should worry about herself, not me!

Josef and Pfister make their way back, annoyed.

MAX PFISTER

What's the trouble? People who drop out get lost up here.

PHILIPPE

We've been going a little hard.

Morduch snatches the tin and shoves it into the pack before the other men can see the pills.

MORDUCH

We may have to rest for a spell. My son's starting to feel the strain...

Philippe reacts to the blatant lie, but says nothing.

MAX PFISTER

That'd be a shame. Wasting your money like that.

MORDUCH

Certainly would.  
(to Philippe)  
Get me my notebook there.

Philippe does so as Morduch puts on a casual air.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Tell you what. If I can get you to sign the hike here, you can keep the money and be rid of us.

MAX PFISTER

Only the huts can sign off the hike. Why should I lie about it?

MORDUCH

You'd be doing me a favor. If the truth be known, getting to the peak isn't half as important as telling my friends back home.

MAX PFISTER

What do I get out of it?

Morduch reaches for his wallet.

MORDUCH

I'll pay an extra five just to call the whole thing off. I get what I need, you two can be on your way.

Pfister takes the notebook and the money.

MAX PFISTER

Five each, of course.

Morduch hesitates, but with Pfister and Josef so threatening he provides another bill.

Pfister pockets it and signs the notebook.

MAX PFISTER (cont'd)

I'll never understand your kind.

Philippe wastes no time in putting the notebook back and strapping on the pack. As he does so, he glares at Pfister.

PHILIPPE  
Our kind?!

MORDUCH  
Leave it alone, Philippe.

PHILIPPE  
Aren't you the one who always tells  
me to stand up for myself!?

MORDUCH  
Not now. Not here. Sometimes it's  
best to be...

PHILIPPE  
...a coward?

Morduch flushes with rage, but immediately overcomes it,  
turning to Pfister with an amiable...

MORDUCH  
Nice doing business with you.

Morduch pulls Philippe away, leaving Josef and Pfister to  
stare at them in contempt.

PHILIPPE  
They're all the same, these rats...

Morduch clutches Philippe's arm hard and guides him down the  
trail with a swift pace.

EXT. BERLIN HUT - LATER

Sitting in the sun and sipping beer rests the Nazi Youth. He  
whistles softly to KARL and MAX, two local handymen.

Father and son pass the hut, keeping their eyes averted,  
doing their best to pretend it doesn't exist.

EXT. SCHWARZ LAKE - DAY

Philippe lifts his shirt to inspect his chest, revealing  
traces of a minor rash. He traces his fingers along it  
gently, trying his best not to scratch it.

MORDUCH  
Should get some sun on that.

Morduch looks out across the water as he fills up the  
canteen.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
Your mother gets it, too. Worry-  
wart syndrome.

Philippe pulls his shirt down, slightly embarrassed. Morduch notices something below the surface of the water and crouches down to inspect it, tapping his finger on the surface.

Philippe turns his attention to the placidity of the lake while Morduch becomes more absorbed by his discovery. He takes to playing with his new-found creature, more and more amused, until he's interrupted by...

PHILIPPE  
Psst.

Morduch looks up, to be greeted by the click of a camera.

MORDUCH  
Get that confounded thing out of  
here. I should never have given it  
to you.

PHILIPPE  
Careful now. Wouldn't want anything  
untoward on record here.

Philippe snaps another. Morduch frowns, turning his attention back to the water.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
What do you have there?

Philippe approaches.

MORDUCH  
I'm not sure what it is.

Philippe leans in for a closer look.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
I'd guess it's some kind of sucker.

Morduch lunges for the camera, Philippe jumping back and splashing into the shallow waters. Both men wear broad smiles, each laughing for the first time in years.

PHILIPPE  
Almost a sucker.

MORDUCH  
Gimme that thing. Don't make me  
hunt you down.

PHILIPPE

Say cheese!

He snaps off another shot, but not before Morduch throws on an exaggerated smile. Morduch splashes in after the retreating Philippe. And so begins a cat and mouse chase, Morduch pausing for a happy pose every time Philippe clicks off a shot.

Morduch chases him out of the water, cornering him and grabbing the camera playfully.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

Careful, careful!

Morduch, the victor, pauses to catch his breath.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

Take it easy, now. Let's take a seat.

JOSEFINE (O.S.)

Fancy seeing you here!

Josefine and Hannes emerge from the trail above. Morduch waves them down.

MORDUCH

Come on down!

As they make their way down the hill, Philippe catches Morduch leering at Josefine.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

(to Josefine)

My oh my. You, madam, have the legs of an extremely attractive goat!

Whether an attempt to be charming or silly, the effect is lost on everyone. Josefine remains pleasant, but is visibly on her guard.

Philippe watches his father in contempt, then studies the camera in his hands with growing disdain. He pushes past his father to put it away when...

MORDUCH (cont'd)

Just what the doctor ordered.  
Gather around, everyone.

Morduch steps between the couple and throws an arm around Josefine, leaving Hannes lingering beside him.

Philippe takes a half-hearted shot.

JOSEFINE  
Deciding against the hike?

MORDUCH  
The Schwarzenstein? We hit the  
crest a few hours ago.

Philippe stuffs the camera spitefully in the rucksack.

JOSEFINE  
Nobody can make it that quickly.

MORDUCH  
While you two were lingering in  
bed, we got an early start. But if  
it's proof you want...

Philippe refuses to play a part in this while Morduch  
produces the notebook.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
9 am. Signed and sealed.

JOSEFINE  
Very impressive. I'd never have  
thought it could be done. I suppose  
you're too tired then to join us  
for a swim?

Before Morduch can reply, Philippe interjects, gazing at his  
father with a touch of malice...

PHILIPPE  
Us, tired? Not in the slightest.  
You know, father, I bet you could  
swim across and back in one go.

Morduch shoots him a deadly look.

JOSEFINE  
A race! All four of us. Though I  
think Hannes will have the  
advantage - he's on a team.

MORDUCH  
No, no, I'm--

PHILIPPE  
My father was captain of his team.  
I'm sure you could give him a run  
for his money, Father.

MORDUCH  
 (to Philippe, deadly)  
 Enough.

JOSEFINE  
 It's settled then. But if you don't  
 mind, I'll take a head start.

MORDUCH  
 No, really. I'm not really up for  
 it today.

JOSEFINE  
 Oh, please. It'll be fun!

PHILIPPE  
 Come on, Father, any man who can  
 climb the Schwarzenstein in record  
 time can certainly--

MORDUCH  
 Enough!

Hannes and Josefine are confused by the outburst.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
 He knows I can't swim. The heir to  
 my fortune, plotting my end.  
 Come, Philippe. No use taking up  
 any more of these nice people's  
 time with your pranks! We have a  
 long way back.

He storms off for the trail.

Philippe shrugs by way of apology and gathers the rucksack.  
 He hurrying to catch up with Morduch, who's already  
 clambering up the slope.

EXT. TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Morduch waits until they're out of sight before turning on  
 Philippe in a rage.

MORDUCH  
 What on earth is wrong with you,  
 little man?! Is it your purpose in  
 life to humiliate me?!

PHILIPPE

In all respect, sir, it is you who has been humiliating me and mother since I was old enough to remember! If you hadn't lied--

MORDUCH

Listen! I don't need any advice from you.

Morduch bears down on him, seizing him by the straps.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

If you don't learn to hold your tongue, I'll make a man of you once and for all. Understand?!

PHILIPPE

Yes, sir.

Morduch releases him and continues down the trail, red-hot.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - DAY

Karl and Max load wooden crates into the workshed and head back into the Inn. Max gets Karl's attention and gives him a nod.

The men study father and son as they make their approach.

MAX SCHNEIDER

C'mon.

He tugs Karl, who hangs back with a fixed stare as he heads inside.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - KITCHEN - LATER

Anna grabs the ladle and fills up a bowl of soup.

ANNA

I'll never understand them. Jews are the strangest creatures. Done with dinner, and they want *soup* for dessert.

COOK

As long as they pay.

Anna heads towards the terrace.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Anna serves Philippe the bowl and scoops up their empty plates as father and son finish their meal.

ANNA  
Anything else for you?

PHILIPPE  
Not for now, thank you.

Philippe places the bowl before his father. As Anna leaves...

ANNA  
Worked up quite an appetite.

MORDUCH  
Climbed the Schwarzenstein this morning.

Morduch takes up the spoon with a smile. Anna leaves and he scoops up a bite, locking eyes with Philippe and swallows it with something to prove.

Philippe takes in a breath, looking out across the lake, his nerves on end.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - PAY DESK - LATER

Morduch pulls out his wallet and thumbs through the remaining bills before Anna. Philippe glances in the direction of Karl and Max inside at the bar, who are conspiring with Josef Weil. Philippe looks away, worried.

MORDUCH  
Keep the change.

He tugs Philippe away. Philippe looks to Karl and Max again, only to find them engrossed in their beers. Josef Weil is nowhere in sight.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - CONTINUOUS

Morduch takes the lead, but before they reach the trail...

MORDUCH  
Take that shirt off. You need some sun on that chest of yours.

PHILIPPE  
It's alright, it's getting better.

MORDUCH  
I said, take it off.

Philippe hesitates, noting the people on the terrace.

MORDUCH (cont'd)  
What's the matter? Afraid to show  
that scrawny body of yours?

PHILIPPE  
Please, sir, let's not--

MORDUCH  
You see fit to teach *me* lessons.  
Now take it off.

PHILIPPE  
No.

This is one word Morduch is not used to hearing.

MORDUCH  
Are you disobeying me?

PHILIPPE  
I'm not afraid of you, father. I'm  
22, not a child anymore.

Morduch's all for giving him a smack.

MORDUCH  
I'll ask you one more time. Take it  
off.

PHILIPPE  
Not in front of everyone. Not for  
your amusement! I'm sick of it! I'm  
sick of watching what you do to  
mother. I'm sick of being your son.  
It's just not worth the  
aggravation.

Philippe strips off the pack and flings it at Morduch.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
Here! If you're such a big man,  
haul it yourself for a change.

Philippe turns heel and marches down the trail. Stunned and  
steaming, Morduch watches him go before giving up and putting  
on the pack.

Morduch catches Anna's eye and pastes on his best smile.

The sound of MORDUCH'S HEARTBEAT, rising and straining while...

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

CLOSE ON Morduch's face, enraged, as he catches up to his son who's well in the lead.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Alone, Philippe leans against a rock and takes in the vista as he catches his breath. Then, hearing the approach of his father, he moves onward.

EXT. TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Morduch is showing signs of struggle as he reaches the vista. Philippe is nowhere in sight.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Philippe, still alone. His anger has subsided as he waits patiently on the trail, resting his foot on a LOW WALL that hems in the narrow trail against the steep slope.

Morduch emerges from around the bend, looking dangerously exhausted.

Enough is enough - Philippe lets him catch up and reaches for the pack. But Morduch pushes past him rudely, indignant and determined to prove himself.

Philippe gives up, his temper at an all-time peak.

The sound of MORDUCH'S HEARTBEAT loses steam, growing abnormally slow.

EXT. VALLEY TRAIL - LATER

Heavy breathing and the pounding of running feet. Philippe, shirtless under his raincoat, surges forward, desperate.

He finds a small field along the trail and continues to look around for any sign of life. Spotting activity behind some bushes, he pushes himself forward.

MARIANNE HOFER (20) mechanically collects berries into a basket. She looks up to the sky in concern, as it's threatening rain soon.

PHILIPPE

There's been an accident!

Startled, she instinctively backs up in fear.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

Please, we need help! Help!

Philippe grabs her by the arm and tries to pull her towards the trail.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

My father! He's had a fall! Oh,  
God. Please, help me!

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Exhausted, Philippe stops to catch his breath, pointing Marianne and her brother ALOIS in the right direction.

Alois jogs ahead, soon to encounter TWO HIKERS, both girls in their early 20's. They are walking quickly, relieved to see him.

HIKER #1

Someone's had a fall.

ALOIS

Yes, where is he?

HIKER #1

Just around this bend, in the ravine.

ALOIS

Okay. Stay on this path and tell anyone that comes. We're going to need help.

He continues up the trail as fast as he can manage.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - DAY

Alois reaches the low wall hemming in the trail, which leads to a drop into the river. He looks over the edge, wincing at what he sees:

Morduch is in the shallow of the stream, face down.

Alois scrambles down, accidentally breaking off a portion of the low wall.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - CONTINUOUS

Alois pulls Morduch up to get a good look at him. The back of his head is badly smashed up. His shirt and the pack are covered with blood. Alois struggles to pull the body out of the water as Philippe arrives.

PHILIPPE  
Is he breathing?

ALOIS  
Help me with him.

They pull Morduch onto the bank and lay him on his back.

Philippe staggers back, horrified at the sight.

PHILIPPE  
Oh God, oh God, no...

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe follows his father along the narrow ledge, just a few paces behind, when Morduch's legs give out. He staggers to a stop, emitting a whimper of pain.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - DAY

Silence, but for the running water of the stream.

Philippe crawls out for the pack, trembling, and retrieves the drenched camera. With shaky hands, he brings it up the body of his father. But unable to go through with it, the camera slips from his hands.

Max and Karl appear up on the trail.

KARL  
What happened here, son?

Philippe jerks up at the word, startled to life. He looks at Karl, bewildered. Turning away, he gazes emptily into his surroundings, clenching his fists, seemingly catatonic.

Getting no response, Karl surveys the scene. Max joins him and they confer in a whisper.

KARL (cont'd)  
(scheming)  
Better haul him up. For his own safety. I'll have a look around.

Max glances at Philippe to make sure he's out of ear shot.

MAX  
We split fifty-fifty.

KARL  
Keep an eye out.

Max joins Philippe and helps him up.

PHILIPPE  
I have to tell my mother. What do I  
tell her? Oh God...

MAX  
Come on, now, son. Let's get you up  
to safety.

Philippe continues to babble as Max escorts him up to the trail.

Karl keeps a hawk's eye on Philippe as he searches Morduch's pockets.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - LATER

JOSEF EDER, a man in his mid-40's and supported by a crutch, arrives with his dog.

MAX  
We don't have long here before we  
get drenched. We should get this  
stuff back to your place.

JOSEF EDER  
No, don't touch a thing. I'll take  
care of it.  
(nodding to Philippe)  
You take care of him.

MAX  
Come on, son. Let's get you inside.

Philippe is still in shock, looking up in utter confusion, as if he's never seen these men before.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - DINING HALL - NIGHT

A swastika badge pinned to a hatband. The hat belongs to a fierce-looking hunter.

Philippe, under the watchful eyes of Karl, Max and the others, immediately lowers his eyes. The atmosphere of the place is one of intrigue and speculation. People talk in hushed tones, often nodding or pointing to Philippe, who is still shirtless in his raincoat.

Josef Eder is on the telephone. On the table near him rests the blood-soaked rucksack.

JOSEF EDER

He reported it, but he's acting awfully strange. We don't know if it was him who did it, or what.

(pause)

Oh no, he's not going anywhere.

(pause)

Okay, then. We'll hang tight.

He hangs up and lets out a sigh of frustration.

Max gives a shout.

MAX SCHNEIDER

They're here!

Josef heads for the door to welcome the new arrivals.

JOSEF EDER

Right this way!

He steps aside to let pass two police officers, EICHER and WEILER.

WEILER

That's him? I expected a monster.

Weiler inspects the rucksack, spilling out the contents and noting the blood.

Eicher makes his way over to Philippe.

EICHER

I need to ask some questions.

Philippe manages a weak nod. Eicher gestures to Anna.

EICHER (cont'd)

A glass of water for the young man.

(turning to Philippe)

Your name, son.

PHILIPPE

Philippe Halsman.

EICHER

And this man was your father?

PHILIPPE

Yes, sir. Morduch Halsman.

EICHER

What happened out there today?

PHILIPPE

I heard my father cry out. I don't know. When I got there, he'd... He was in the river.

EICHER

Where were you, exactly, when it happened?

PHILIPPE

I'd gone ahead of him. A few meters.

EICHER

How did he fall?

PHILIPPE

I don't know. He had a heart condition. He hadn't been taking his pills. I think he lost his balance.

EICHER

Then what did you do?

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe reaches the bottom of the slope and splashes in after his father, who lays motionless, bloody, his face in the water. He pulls his head out, then struggles to get him to the embankment.

PHILIPPE (V.O.)

I ran down and pulled him out. He was heavy, I only managed to get him to the bank so he could breathe.

EICHER (V.O.)

Was he still alive?

Morduch is unconscious, bleeding profusely. His fingers twitch. His lips part, struggling for air.

PHILIPPE (V.O.)  
 His fingers were moving, but his  
 head was hurt badly. He was still  
 breathing. I couldn't carry him, so  
 I ran for help.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Anna hands Philippe a glass of water.

EICHER  
 What did you do to your hand there?

Philippe registers the cut on his finger.

PHILIPPE  
 I... I don't know.

WEILER  
 You don't know? When did it  
 happen?

PHILIPPE  
 I'm not sure. I hadn't noticed it.

Weiler looks to the others, not hiding his suspicion of  
 Philippe's guilt.

INT. GOLDEN STAR INN - MORNING

As a heavy rainfall tries to pound in the roof, Ita follows  
 the innkeeper down the stairs, deeply concerned.

Waiting at the front desk are two local policemen.

POLICEMAN #1  
 Ita Halsman?

ITA  
 Yes?

Her face registers pure terror as the police inform her of  
 the news.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - MORNING

In the drizzling rain, Weiler, Eicher, Josef Eder and others  
 have brought Philippe back to the scene, where Morduch's body  
 has been covered with a thick blanket.

EICHER

If your father had a heart problem, why was he carrying the pack? Why didn't you take it for him?

PHILIPPE

I... I don't know. We were arguing. I was angry.

WEILER

And what was this argument about?

PHILIPPE

He was... We just weren't getting along. We were just angry with each other, that's all.

WEILER

So you can't tell us what you were fighting about?

PHILIPPE

It was a childish argument.

WEILER

Where did you leave the pack?

PHILIPPE

He had it on. My father had it on.

WEILER

When did you last see it on him? Did it come off during the fall?

PHILIPPE

I don't remember. When I came back it was...no, it wasn't on him anymore. It was in the water.

Weiler uncovers the body, looking it over and cautiously inspecting the head.

WEILER

How much money did your father have with him?

PHILIPPE

I'm not certain. He has a secret pocket sewn in his pants. I think he keeps 1000 Reichsmark there.

WEILER

Where?

Philippe points to the right hip. Weiler unfolds his knife. Feeling around for a lump, he locates the secret pocket and cuts it out.

Out come the Reichsmarks.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - DAY

Karl, Max and the Hunter haul up the covered body on a stretcher. Two doctors, FRITZ and VONBUN, point them around to the side of the building.

EICHER (V.O.)  
Was he still wearing his glasses  
when you found him?

PHILIPPE (V.O.)  
No, I don't think so. They'd fallen  
off.

WEILER (V.O.)  
Why weren't you wearing a shirt?

PHILIPPE (V.O.)  
He made me take it off.

WEILER (V.O.)  
Made you? And why's that?

PHILIPPE (V.O.)  
I have a rash on my chest. I was  
getting some sun on it. He thought  
that would help.

WEILER (V.O.)  
Would you mind if I had a look?

The doctors follow as the men carry the body inside a workshed.

Weiler and Eicher escort Philippe inside the inn.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Philippe stands in the window in the grimy single room while Weiler and Eicher continue to ply him with questions. The Hunter is happy to observe and play the guard. Weiler inspects Philippe's chest as Eder arrives in the doorway.

WEILER  
I can't see anything.

PHILIPPE

It's cleared up quite a bit. It was right along here.

EICHER

I see some redness. What kind of rash was it, exactly?

PHILIPPE

Just a rash.

Weiler makes a note of it.

EICHER

We'll get the rest of his statement in Innsbruck. We've all had enough for one day.

WEILER

Nothing else we need cleared up?

EICHER

No. Let's all get some sleep.

He ushers Weiler out of the room, but Eder stops them in the hall. They speak in hushed tones for a moment before turning back to Philippe.

WEILER

How much money do you have on you?

Philippe is slow to respond.

PHILIPPE

None.

WEILER

We owe quite a few people for their time today. Plus you've got the rooms here to pay for. Will we find any in your father's pack?

PHILIPPE

No. There was none in there.

WEILER

(quietly to Eder)

Maybe we should wait and ask the mother?

JOSEF EDER

I'd rather not. She's been through enough for one day.

WEILER

Alright. We'll tally up the expenses and pay with the Reichsmarks.

EICHER

(to Philippe)

We'll come by in the morning. I'm sorry about your loss, son.

The two policemen leave the Hunter to watch over him. Philippe gazes darkly out the window.

PHILIPPE'S P.O.V.: The workshed. Philippe can make out everything clearly as the two doctors prepare the body for incisions.

Dr. Vonbun wipes clean a saw and lowers it across Morduch's neck. Before he begins to cut, however, Dr. Fritz looks up in our direction and gets Dr. Vonbun's attention. They draw a curtain over the door, creating a grotesque silhouette.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Philippe's breathing escalates, rising in a panic as they do the grisly deed, cutting off Morduch's head.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBER - EVENING

The district judge, ANTON LARCHER, stands before him.

JUDGE LARCHER

You say it again and again, there was no one else present. Yet we've got the rock he was struck with. We've got blood up on the trail, blood down the slope.

WEILER

Clearly he was murdered. If there wasn't anybody else there, that only leaves you.

Eicher, Weiler and a third interrogator, investigative officer WILHELM KASPERER, continue to grill Philippe in the judge's presence.

EICHER

We're trying to help you, son. If you keep this game up, you're going to make it worse for yourself. A lot worse.

(MORE)

EICHER (cont'd)

The thing to do now is to confess to what you've done. If you do so, the court will be lenient.

PHILIPPE

How the rock came to be bloody, how there was blood on the trail, I don't know. It could have been the pack. It was dripping with blood when it was dragged along that trail later. I don't know. All I know is that I'm innocent.

The police are frustrated.

JUDGE LARCHER

Then you leave us no choice. Philippe Halsman, you are hereby charged with the murder of Morduch Halsman, and are herewith taken into custody pending trial.

A correctional officer slips him into handcuffs and leads him out as Eicher and Weiler follow.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - SAME

A CORONER carries in an ice crate. CORONER #2 makes notes on a chart, and a JANITOR cleans up.

CORONER #1

Well, I hope you boys are hungry. Brought us a treat from home here. Come, gather 'round.

Coroner #2 and the Janitor exchange a look.

CORONER #1 (cont'd)

Come on, come on.

They hover around the ice chest, Coroner #1 unable to contain himself. He bursts out laughing with...

CORONER #1 (cont'd)

Made it myself...

He flings open the top and the men wince at the sight.

CORONER #2

Where did you get this?

Coroner #1 has a hard time, but finally gets the laughter to subside.

CORONER #1

The murder case. This is the guy  
everyone's up in arms about.

Coroner #2 grows silent, stepping back, disturbed.

CORONER #2

Why on earth would they do this?  
You take photos, you leave the body  
intact.

CORONER #1

Don't take it personally.

Coroner #2 leaves the room, disgusted.

CORONER #1 (cont'd)

If you can't make light of things  
once in awhile...

He secures the head in the cooler, stepping in front of the  
light. Morduch's face is barely visible in the darkened box.  
He swings the door shut.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe's face, weary, as the guards seal the door.

It's PITCH BLACK in here as the guards' footsteps shuffle  
away.

Philippe's eyes adjust to the thin shaft of light from the  
only small window. As they do, the image of Morduch's  
headless body becomes gradually visible, Philippe's breathing  
growing more and more labored.

Finally, the guards hit the light and a dim flicker  
illuminates the cell. Philippe slumps against the door.

PHILIPPE

How can they...?

The cell is cold, damp, dismal. A thin mattress on a steel  
frame and a feeble wooden table. Philippe doesn't even bother  
to look. Crumpling to the floor in a heap, he cries softly.

INT. HERZ JESU CHAPEL - DAY

A CATHOLIC PRIEST leads Ita to a chair by the coffin, then  
leaves the room. She has become considerably more frail since  
we've seen her last.

Overcome with the desire to see the body, she opens the lid, only to drop it back in horror. She stands and backs away, looking about the empty room in a panic.

A RABBI enters and approaches the coffin, Ita rushing up to him, taking him by surprise.

ITTA  
They've... My husband, he's...

The Rabbi does his best to console her, but she's growing out of control...

RABBI  
I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm sorry.  
(referring to the caddish)  
Come, let us seek solace in--

She drags him towards the coffin with...

ITTA  
Look at him! You don't understand!  
Look at him!

RABBI  
It is a difficult time, but it is  
God's Will. Let us--

ITTA  
God's Will?! Look at him!

She recoils, stepping back against the wall. The Rabbi, shaken, opens the lid. Ita turns away from the sight, screaming and weeping.

The Rabbi is shocked. He closes the lid gently, welling with rage.

RABBI  
It's against Jewish law. It's  
against any law!

Ita looks out the window, searching the world there for an answer.

ITTA  
Morduch...

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - PROFESSOR'S STUDY - DAY

Ita sits consumed with a dark cloud, reliving the memory.

LIUBA

They would never have done it to a  
Gentile, to one of their own...

She breaks off as Ita sighs in grief. Yvonne and Liuba comfort her while Einstein shakes his head, angry and reflective.

EINSTEIN

I'm sorry, Ms. Halsman. I didn't  
mean to put you through this again.  
Why don't we get you downstairs -  
Elsa will keep you company.

ITA

It's such a horror. I can't...such  
horror...

They all fall silent as Ita does her best to recover.

YVONNE

(suddenly realizing)  
Where's Irene?  
(calling)  
Irene!

IRENE (O.S.)

Hey! He has no socks!

This manages to break the ice a bit among the adults, Yvonne looking under the desk.

Irene is on the floor at Einstein's feet. It's true - he's wearing shoes with no socks.

YVONNE

Baby, come out of there.

IRENE

He has no socks! He's silly!

Einstein peeks under the table, meeting her eyes. He sticks his tongue at her.

YVONNE

Irene, come here now.

She gets her daughter out and sits her on her lap.

YVONNE (cont'd)

Sit here with mommy and be good.

IRENE

No! You're boring!

The adults share a warm chuckle.

LIUBA

You're right, sweetie. Why don't you go downstairs with grandma. If you're a good girl, she might even play a game with you.

Irene jumps at the chance, hopping down and bolting out and down the stairs.

IRENE (O.S.)

Boring, boring, boring...

Liuba and Yvonne help Ita to her feet. Yvonne walks her out, but Ita dismissed her at the door.

ITA

I'm okay. Thank you.

She heads downstairs, Yvonne and Liuba resuming their chairs.

LIUBA

I'm very sorry.

EINSTEIN

Not at all. It's perfectly understandable. Were you able to go to the police about the matter?

LIUBA

They turned us away immediately. They said it was being stored as evidence.

EINSTEIN

Unbelievable.

LIUBA

We learned our lesson - that they were no help whatsoever. They would tell us nothing, other than Philippe was accused of killing father and there was nothing we could do for him. They wouldn't tell us when the trial would begin, they wouldn't tell us if he had a lawyer - much less how to arrange for one. We had no time to waste, so we set off for Vienna in search of someone that could help us...

EXT. JEWISH QUARTER - VIENNA - NIGHT

Ita and Liuba find one of the better buildings along the dark, humble street. The door is adorned with a bronze plaque, "RICHARD PRESSBURGER".

LIUBA (V.O.)

It was a stroke of fortune, our finding Mr. Pressburger, who took our case without question. He was the most distinguished attorney in the Jewish community of Vienna...

A middle-aged woman in simple clothing opens the door. Liuba introduces herself and begins to explain her case while...

LIUBA (V.O.) (cont'd)

...though this did little, at first, to put our minds at ease. After all, Philippe was enduring the worst of it, and we had no idea what was happening. We didn't know if he was guilty, or what the circumstances actually were. We had learned everything from the local papers. Even the journalists had better access to information...

INT. OFFENBACH CAFE - DAY

LIUBA (V.O.)

...despite their gross misuse of it.

"A Murderer in Our Midst... Jewish Tourist Slays His Father" reads the headline of the local paper.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I don't mind if they kill each other, but where's it going to end?

The man folds the paper, revealing his face - Emil Groeschel from Morduch and Philippe's train ride.

GROESCHEL (CONT'D)

It'll end when we end it.

He tosses the paper on the table, disregarding the empty plates. Two Nazi organizers, ANDREAS and DETLEV, sit before him attentively.

GROESCHEL (cont'd)

We'll hold a rally in two weeks' time. Every man, woman and child will be following this story. We'll use that exposure. Each and every man will be responsible for bringing in no less than two new recruits.

(tapping the paper)

And new posters, of this monster.

He catches the passing waitress, gesturing to his empty glass.

GROESCHEL (cont'd)

Another, please, and a cigar. Thank you.

He looks to his underlings, who await further instruction. With a flick of the hand, he dismisses them and they set off immediately.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe catches the light from the miserable bulb, flipping through the newspaper. The headline and subsequent article have been clipped out, as well as other articles pertaining to his case.

RICHARD PRESSBURGER (40) is led in by the guards, who show little respect for him or Philippe as they open his cell. Philippe, underfed and feeble, rises to his feet to welcome his first and only guest.

The guard leans against the opposite wall beyond the door, not taking his eyes off either of them.

PRESSBURGER

Good evening.

Philippe nods.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

Your mother and sister have sent me. I'll be representing your case. Richard Pressburger.

PHILIPPE

How has she taken the news, my mother? How is her health?

PRESSBURGER

Yes, both of them are okay. They're far more worried about you than themselves. How are you holding up?

He shrugs.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

This is no place to hold a suspect. I'll have a talk with the warden.

(beat)

I'm afraid this is all very new for me. I'm trying to catch up with the facts, myself. In the meantime, I'll arrange for you to have some writing materials, so you can correspond properly.

PHILIPPE

(regarding the edited newspapers)

If they don't let me read, they won't let me write.

PRESSBURGER

I'll see what I can do about that, as well. For now, we need to put together a summary for our case.

He scans the cell for a place to sit but, finding nothing, gestures towards the bed.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

May I?

PHILIPPE

Please.

Pressburger takes a seat on the bed and produces a folder. Philippe sets the table before him.

PRESSBURGER

We'll go over some of what you'll be charged with.

(handing him a few pages)

Here's your statement to the police. I want you to comb through it and fill me in on anything you think is missing. Or anything you think has been distorted.

He glosses through the interview, uninterested.

PHILIPPE  
It looks fine.

PRESSBURGER  
(firmly)  
Look at it again. Intently!

Philippe does. He hands it back to Pressburger.

PHILIPPE  
Yes. It's fine.

PRESSBURGER  
You do realize what's at stake here?! You're being charged with murder.

PHILIPPE  
Yes. I'm well aware of that.

PRESSBURGER  
And you're sure this statement is accurate?

PHILIPPE  
Inasmuch as I remember.

PRESSBURGER  
(gazing at him long and hard)  
Fine. Now, you say he was still alive when you reached him. Can you describe his wounds at that time?

PHILIPPE  
There was quite a lot of blood. I could see that, even in the water. I got him to the bank and could see blood in his hair, on his shirt. It had soaked quite a bit of my shirt, too, and the pack as well.

PRESSBURGER  
The report says you weren't wearing one.

PHILIPPE  
I'd taken it off earlier. It was tied to the pack.

PRESSBURGER  
Fine. Now, you're certain he was alive when you found him?

PHILIPPE

He was still breathing. And I remember he could move his fingers.

PRESSBURGER

That's our problem, you see. He couldn't possibly have still been alive after suffering those injuries. Your testimony hurts our case.

PHILIPPE

I understand. I can't explain it, but it's the truth. His was alive, though his wounds had gotten worse by the time I returned.

Pressburger produces a few photographs, gingerly offering them to Philippe.

PRESSBURGER

These are very graphic. If you don't feel like going through them now, we can do it another time. But we will have to go through them at some point.

Philippe extends a hesitant hand and takes them, nodding.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

You see, it couldn't have been an accident. And he couldn't have still been alive, as you testified. If you look at the forehead here...

Philippe winces, as though it were the first time he's seen any of this.

PHILIPPE

Oh God.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch staggers back to the edge of the slope. He reaches desperately for Philippe's help.

REVERSE on Philippe, lunging forward to save him.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch in Philippe's hands, blood streaming from his forehead - so much that one can't make out the source.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch falls back.

REVERSE on Philippe, looking on, completely detached, motionless.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe splashes into the water and pulls his head up. The forehead is clean.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe is shaken.

PHILIPPE  
(to himself)  
No, it wasn't like that...

PRESSBURGER  
What wasn't?

Philippe manages to return, though in a haze.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. I know this is hard for you.

Philippe snaps out of it.

PHILIPPE  
It was the back of the head that suffered the worst of it. His forehead was clean when I last saw him. This slash on the forehead can't be from the fall.

PRESSBURGER  
They think it was inflicted by a weapon. A heavy one, at that.

PHILIPPE  
Yes. I'm no doctor, but considering the thickness of the human skull, it would have had to have been a sharp object. And the force of the blow would have to have been significant.

PRESSBURGER  
That's what the pathologist said.

PHILIPPE

It's ridiculous to think a rock could do this. If a rock had been used, there'd be bruising. The hole would be larger.

Pressburger is impressed.

PRESSBURGER

And neither of you had any equipment, correct?

PHILIPPE

Correct.

PRESSBURGER

That means there was a third party.

PHILIPPE

No, there was nobody else around.

PRESSBURGER

Well, there must have been, Philippe. There's no other explanation.

PHILIPPE

I'm telling you, there was nobody else.

PRESSBURGER

Then how do you explain this wound?

PHILIPPE

(helplessly)  
I... I can't...

PRISON GUARD

Enough. You.

The guard gestures to Pressburger. He gets up and they confer in hushed tones, arguing, as Philippe becomes absorbed in the pictures.

Under the watchful eye of the guards, Pressburger gathers his materials.

PRESSBURGER

I'm sorry to cut this short, I'll be back in the morning.

PHILIPPE

Can I keep this?

Philippe holds up a photo of his father, taken before the accident.

PRESSBURGER

Certainly. I'm sorry, I should have brought more. Is there anything else I can bring you?

PHILIPPE

No thank you. Just... Please tell my mother I'm in good spirits. And tell her my cell is comfortable.

Philippe glances at the reality.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

(smiling)

Feel free to exaggerate.

PRISON GUARD

Out.

He hustles Pressburger out by the arm and locks the door.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)

I'll see you in the morning!

PHILIPPE

Thank you!

Philippe listens to him go, then returns to the room with a degree of enthusiasm for a change.

EXT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Pressburger heads up the street. Under a street lamp, Andreas and Detlev watch him like a hawk. Noticing them, Pressburger crosses the street to avoid them, praying they don't follow.

Hurrying his pace, he glances back to find them gone.

INT. INNSBRUCK HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ita rests in a chair, distraught, as Liuba holds her hand and reassures her. Both of them rise to their feet, their nerves on end, when Pressburger enters.

ITA

How is he? How is his health?

PRESSBURGER

He's perfectly fine. That's an admirable young man you have there, Mrs. Halsman. He sends his love and reassurance, and orders you to rest your mind and get some sleep.

ITA

Is he eating?

PRESSBURGER

Of course, ma'am. They're taking excellent care of him - he even has a room all to himself.

LIUBA

Go get some sleep, mother. I'll be up shortly.

ITA

No, I'd like to stay.

Liuba pulls Ita aside and leads her towards the stairs.

LIUBA

Mother. Get some sleep. I'll go over the details and take care of everything.

ITA

I can't sleep.

LIUBA

You must. It's better if you save your strength. For Philippe. I'll stay with Mr. Pressburger.

ITA

If you need anything...

LIUBA

I'll come and get you. Good night.

ITA

Bless you, Mr. Pressburger. Thank you for all your help.

PRESSBURGER

It's a pleasure, ma'am. I think we'll be just fine.

Ita heads up the stairs with a shade of relief. Liuba watches her go with a motherly smile before returning to Pressburger.

LIUBA

You can be honest now. How is he taking it? Really?

PRESSBURGER

Under the circumstances, he's doing quite well.

LIUBA

How does it look for him? They say it's an open and shut case. Please. Don't spare me any of the details. Should he sign the confession?

PRESSBURGER

No. I don't believe so. They're going to have a very hard time proving anything.

LIUBA

But is he innocent?

Pressburger is shocked at the question. Liuba explains, softly...

LIUBA (cont'd)

I know my brother. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't be able to harm a fly. But my father had a way of... well, even a saint would have had trouble controlling his temper with him.

PRESSBURGER

What are you driving at, Liuba?

LIUBA

Mr. Pressburger. My father was a hard worker, a good provider, but he had a sadistic streak that was sometimes impossible to endure. Especially with my mother and Philippe. He was always trying to defend her, my brother was. And if he had been pushed too far in that defense, well...

Pressburger is struck by the confession, and his eyes move up the staircase, he finds Ita there. She has heard everything. Shocked, she retreats to her room.

Pressburger returns to Liuba, softening his voice.

PRESSBURGER

I don't know what to say about that. All I can say is that your brother's account of the events is in keeping with the facts, and the evidence against him is purely circumstantial.

LIUBA

What about the jury? Times are changing rapidly in this part of the world. Against people like us.

PRESSBURGER

Jews? Yes. We may find ourselves with a prejudiced jury. But I will do all I can to prevent that from happening.

(taking her hand)

Our case is strong, Liuba. Let me handle it. I'll keep you updated if there are any developments.

LIUBA

Thank you. We're so honored and lucky to have you.

PRESSBURGER

Your brother deserves all help he can get. I'm honored to represent him.

LIUBA

Good night.

PRESSBURGER

Good night. I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. INNSBRUCK INN - MOMENTS LATER

Pressburger lingers inside the door a moment, hesitant to leave, before slipping out with his eyes on the lookout. As he walks away, he checks behind him to see if he is being followed.

INT. NAZI PROPAGANDA OFFICE - SAME

Andreas and Detlev pass through the main room, the nuts and bolts of the office, filled with shelves of literature and flyers, posters, the necessary tools of the trade.

They stand before Groeschel's door as the SECRETARY slips inside.

Meanwhile, a CELL LEADER is coaching his 4 BLOCK LEADERS.

CELL LEADER

It not only discredits the party - it works against you. It's not enough to throw pamphlets at their feet. It's not enough to lecture them and move on. You must come to know them. To love them. Their families, their jobs, their personal relationships. Their concerns, large or small. And this requires a great deal of sensitivity. You must think - how can I win their confidence? Not with rudeness. Not with superiority. You do this by sharing and understanding their joys and their sorrows.

BLOCK LEADER

I've got the slums.

CELL LEADER

Then consider yourself fortunate. Show him that class barriers have been eliminated, and the battle's half over. Prove yourself the true comrade. Be concerned about him. Talk with him. Help him. These are your children, not your opponents.

The secretary emerges and holds the door open for them.

INT. GROESCHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Andreas and Detlev enter, standing quietly as Groeschel finishes up with the PUBLISHER, who flips through a report.

GROESCHEL

...containing all the similar themes. Set in Poland, earlier this spring, and the story's the same. Son slaughters father, only now he's in hiding. And a rundown of similar cases in other countries. Now it's come to Austria, etc. I want it out tomorrow. I've also attached some facts and figures for you to run in another section.

The publisher flips to the back to find statistics on: "JEWISH PATRICIDE CASES IN EUROPE". According to these figures, there are hundreds, the pattern on the rise - exponentially.

GROESCHEL (cont'd)

That will run daily, and we want a special section for the story. You'll have a new one every week.

PUBLISHER

Very well.

GROESCHEL

See my assistant on the way out. She'll arrange payment.

PUBLISHER

Thank you.

The publisher leaves the room as Groeschel turns his attention to Andreas and Detlev.

GROESCHEL

What do you have?

The men approach with their notes.

ANDREAS

Mother and sister at the Innsbruck Inn, room 303. The mother's no concern, but the sister is well organized, ambitious. The lawyer's a Jew from Vienna, Richard Pressburger...

EXT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pressburger arrives, paranoid without panic, and unlocks the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Evening.

Pressburger whips around, dropping his keys on the sidewalk.

LEOPOLD ZIPPERER, a private investigator, crosses the street to meet him.

PRESSBURGER

Thank goodness.

LEOPOLD  
 (picking up the keys)  
 You alright?

PRESSBURGER  
 Little on edge. Thought I was being  
 followed.

LEOPOLD  
 (with a wink)  
 I'll check into the matter.  
 (pause)  
 Mind if we conduct our business  
 inside?

PRESSBURGER  
 Of course, of course, please come  
 in.

INT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Pressburger lights the oil lamps and opens his briefcase. Spread out on the desk before him are depositions from each witness, a diagram of the crime scene, and a small stack of summary materials for Leopold.

Pressburger sifts through the photos and his case file as he catches Leopold up to speed...

PRESSBURGER (CONT'D)  
 How familiar are you with the  
 Zimmer Grund region?

LEOPOLD  
 Not at all.

Pressburger spreads a map across the desk and refers to it.

PRESSBURGER  
 Well, you will be shortly. They  
 spent the day here before their  
 hike, stayed the night here at the  
 Alpine Rose, and the following day  
 they passed the Berlin Hut, here.  
 This is where they picked up their  
 guide, and somewhere shortly  
 thereafter they abandoned the hike  
 and headed back. They had lunch  
 here at the Dominikus Hut, then  
 made their way down this valley,  
 and the accident occurred here.  
 Philippe ran for help, finding  
 someone right about here. Now.  
 (MORE)

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

There should be ten to fifteen minutes before anyone saw the body. That's plenty of time for a third party to act.

Then, producing the file of photos, he selects the gruesome shot of Morduch's head wound.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

The police have established a rock as the murder weapon, but as you can see, this wound...

LEOPOLD

Good Lord.

PRESSBURGER

A mountaineering axe, an ice pick, something of the sort, neither of which Philippe or his father had access to. I need you to cover this area immediately, and find this third party. I know some of the Huts forbid access to Jews, and I know that Josef Eder, who owns the Dominikus, is well-liked in the area and responsible for the trail. Also a Jew hater. I need you to get anything you can in the way of rumors, who is protecting who, and - above all - who is this third party with the axe.

LEOPOLD

Whew. Can I take these?

PRESSBURGER

Take what you need.

Leopold gathers the map and the summary materials, as well as a few photos.

LEOPOLD

I'll catch the first train in the morning. Anything else?

PRESSBURGER

Just be careful up there.

LEOPOLD

(with a grin)

Naaah. See you soon.

PRESSBURGER

Good luck.

Leopold leaves Pressburger to gathers his thoughts.

INT. INNSBRUCK INN - ROOM - SAME

Liuba sits at her mother's bedside, wiping her forehead with a dampened cloth. Ita tries to sit up.

ITA

I need to see my boy.

LIUBA

Shh shh. It's no use, Mother. They won't allow it.

ITA

We can persuade Mr. Pressburger, arrange something.

LIUBA

No. It's quite impossible. Now take your mind off of it. Let's think of something else for awhile.

ITA

(in a panic)

What are they doing to him? What has he done?

LIUBA

Shh shh. No more tonight, Mother. Let's get some rest. We need to be strong, and for this we need rest.

Liuba strokes her head, soothing her to sleep.

EXT. STREETS - SLUMS - MORNING

Our Nazi block leader in action, leaving a flyer in a door and moving on. Organized and energetic, a younger RECRUIT carries reams of materials under his arm.

BLOCK LEADER

...their jobs, their families, their personal relationships. This is how you'll win them over. Perhaps he's unemployed and needs help finding a job. Help him. Perhaps he's struggling to put bread on the table.

(MORE)

BLOCK LEADER (cont'd)  
 Help him out with an occasional  
 small gift. Salted butter. Smoked  
 meat.

They reach the next house and the block leader knocks.

BLOCK LEADER (cont'd)  
 A bit of tobacco. Things he hardly  
 knows. I guarantee you, you'll  
 burst with pleasure when you see  
 his heart soften. These are your  
 friends, not your foes.

Noticing a cowlick on the recruit's head, the block leader  
 licks his thumb and pastes it down.

A SLUM RESIDENT, a woman of 40, opens the door. The men turn  
 to her with bright, warm smiles.

BLOCK LEADER (cont'd)  
 Good morning, ma'am.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - MORNING

Leopold stops at the slope, surveying the scene. He digs out  
 his pocket watch and notes the time: 9:30. Timing his walk  
 towards the Dominikus Hut, he pushes on.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - MORNING

Philippe rocks back and forth with his eyes closed,  
 searching.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe makes it up the slope in a panic and bolts down the  
 trail, bashing into a FACELESS BYSTANDER. By the time it  
 sinks in and he whips around to look, the stranger is gone.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - MORNING

Philippe feels the wall of his cell, as if for an answer.

EXT. TRAIL - MORNING

Leopold is struck by a small crest just off the trail. He  
 wanders over and has a look, finding an open cut through the  
 valley. He checks his watch and heads up the trail.

Something dawns on him and he pulls out the police report. A quick glossing over and he finds what he's looking for.

He takes out his wallet, removing a few bills and placing them under a nearby stone.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - SAME

Philippe rests his head against the wall.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe stands near the broken wall and discovers his BLOODY SHIRT. He tears it off in a panic and we...

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - FLASHBACK - DAY

The shirt, tied to the straps as Philippe pulls his father from the water. Philippe whirls around, looking for help. He screams, but nothing comes out but a hoarse whisper.

More JUMP CUTS of details: Morduch's fingers, barely moving. Philippe lifts the soaked camera to take a shot of the body. Morduch's fingers, struggling to open his wallet. Morduch, lifts his bloodied head and stares at Philippe.

The camera is now the bloody rock as it slips from Philippe's grip.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - MORNING

The guard stands in the doorway with a tin plate and cup. He rudely slaps the food on the table.

The plate is disgusting. Judging from the chew marks of the bread rinds, it's comprised entirely of the guard's leftovers.

Philippe has yet to snap out of it, not even noticing the guard take his leave.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - MORNING

Leopold surveys the scene before taking a seat at the bar. The nearby patrons regard him questionably, as does Anna.

ANNA  
Something to drink?

LEOPOLD  
Water, please. Wonderful.

As she fetches him one...

ANNA  
Lose your pack?

LEOPOLD  
My pack? Oh no, no, I don't have one. I'm doing some investigative work.

ANNA  
Ugh, not the Halsman case.

LEOPOLD  
Precisely. I'm a reporter for the Berliner Blatt. I'm told this was where they stayed the night. Did you happen to ever see them when they were here?

ANNA  
Listen. We've had a hundred of you in here since the damn thing happened, and I've got to miss work for the trial. It'll be held in winter, of course, so I'll be freezing my ass all the way to Innsbruck. I'll answer a question or two, but if you want more, you'll have to ask someone else.

LEOPOLD  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to put you out, ma'am. I understand your frustration. Tell you what. Why don't I buy you breakfast and you can just tell me anything you think I--

ANNA  
I get all my food here free.

LEOPOLD  
Well, then. How about a special mention of this place, and it's lovely waitress?

Anna mulls it over for a second, clearly not in the mood.

LEOPOLD (cont'd)  
(with a charming grin)  
And when you're done, I'll wash the  
dishes.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - DAY

Philippe sits crumpled on his bed, stirring with agitation.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - TERRACE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch sits back and removes his glasses, rubbing his eyes.

PHILIPPE  
Everything alright?

MORDUCH  
Fine, eyes are just tired.

Morduch puts his glasses back on and finishes up his meal  
with shaky hands.

PHILIPPE  
Let's take it easy from here on  
out. Enjoy our surroundings.

MORDUCH  
I've had quite enough of them.

PHILIPPE  
We could find a nice spot and take  
a nap.

MORDUCH  
You do what you like. If you don't  
catch up, it's your problem.

Philippe flags down Anna.

ANNA  
Yes?

PHILIPPE  
Another soup, please.

MORDUCH  
No, we're fine, thank you.

PHILIPPE  
(adamant)  
Soup, please.

Anna leaves, awkward. Morduch stares at Philippe, sizing him up.

MORDUCH

What are you, my nurse?

PHILIPPE

I'm only trying to help, father.  
You need to eat. You're shaking.

MORDUCH

Ah, I see. Just doing what's best  
for me. Doesn't matter what I  
think.

PHILIPPE

It's not like that.

MORDUCH

Then what is it like, son? You  
tell me. I'll just sit here and  
listen, while you tell me. You seem  
to know all the answers.

Anna returns and serves Philippe the bowl of soup, scooping up their empty plates.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - EVENING

Philippe remains sitting on the bed, as before. Almost in a meditation, not so much as a flinch. The food before him is untouched.

The prison guard enters. Philippe doesn't respond.

PRISON GUARD

Don't worry, we'll make a man of  
you yet.

He gives Philippe a hard poke in the ribs. In a flash, Philippe comes to life and lunges for him, clutching and hitting with all his might.

The guard is taken by surprise, but quickly restrains him. He flings Philippe through the table and onto the floor. He makes his point clear with a few kicks.

INT. ALPINE ROSE - NIGHT

Leopold nods gratefully to the innkeeper. The innkeeper closes his guest register and heads upstairs with a stack of blankets.

Leopold makes a note in his book and taps his pen.

INSERT: Leopold's note, the names "Josef Weil" and "Guide - Max Pfister."

He heads into the dining hall and takes a seat at the bar.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe continues to stir in his bed, unable to sleep.

INT. ALPINE ROSE - DINING HALL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

In Leopold's seat is Josef Weil, listening closely to the Halsmans as they have their heart-to-heart.

MORDUCH

...He taught me to stand up in the face of adversity. He gave me all the discipline I've ever needed in this life. That's all I want to do for you.

Philippe remains silent.

MORDUCH (cont'd)

You're a good boy. But your mother's made you soft inside.

Josef Weil grabs his drink and casually wanders over to the table next to them. Philippe glances up.

PHILIPPE'S P.O.V.: Josef Weil's every move as he takes his seat.

MORDUCH (O.S.)(cont'd)

Sometimes I just don't know how to help you.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe curls up into a ball.

EXT. BERLIN HUT - MORNING

Leopold studies the sign posted on the door before him. "*JEWS AND MEMBERS OF THE DONAULAND NOT PERMITTED.*"

He steps back to catch the name of the Hut, then heads inside.

INT. BERLIN HUT - MORNING

The barman serves Leopold a coffee. The place is empty save for three or four roughnecks and the Nazi Youth, who are already starting in on the liquor.

LEOPOLD

If you have a moment, would you mind if I asked you a few questions?

BARMAN

'Bout what?

LEOPOLD

I'm a reporter for the Berliner Blatt, and I'm looking into the Halsman case.

BARMAN

Again? What more do you guys want to know?

Leopold flips out his notepad.

LEOPOLD

I was wondering if you knew where I could get a hold of a man named Max Pfister. I believe he works as a trail guide.

BARMAN

Not here today.

LEOPOLD

Would you happen to know where he lives?

BARMAN

I don't think he'd want to talk to you. What's it about?

LEOPOLD

I'm told he was the one to lead them up the Schwarzenstein.

BARMAN

He was. They didn't make it - everyone knows that.

LEOPOLD

Yes, I'm aware of that. But I was hoping to speak to him about a third man that was with them.

This gets the Nazi Youth's attention.

LEOPOLD (cont'd)  
A Josef Weil. Would you happen to  
remember anything about that day?

BARMAN  
Wasn't here.

NAZI YOUTH  
I was.

The Nazi Youth approaches and sits before Leopold, wearing a  
bright smile. He dismisses the barman.

NAZI YOUTH (cont'd)  
Josef Weil? Why you want him?

LEOPOLD  
Well, he and Max Pfister were with  
the father and son. The son claims  
they didn't make it to the top, and  
quite a few others seem to share  
that opinion.

NAZI YOUTH  
They gave up. Couldn't make it.

LEOPOLD  
And if you don't mind, where were  
you that day?

NAZI YOUTH  
Here. Max and I are good friends.  
We had a good laugh over the whole  
thing.

LEOPOLD  
Any idea why Max signed off on the  
hike? Surely that's something that  
must be frowned upon in these  
parts...

The Nazi Youth holds up his fingers, rubbing them together.

LEOPOLD (cont'd)  
I see. And did you have any contact  
with this Mr. Weil?

NAZI YOUTH  
Nah. He was just another hiker.

LEOPOLD  
Any idea where he was from?

NAZI YOUTH

No idea.

(pause)

No wait a second. No, he was from Ginzling, I think. Yeah, Ginzling.

LEOPOLD

Ginzling. Great. And what did he look like, exactly?

NAZI YOUTH

What does that matter?

LEOPOLD

Oh, it just helps me paint the whole picture. I don't know if I'll need it, but it's good to get as many details as possible.

NAZI YOUTH

Blonde hair. That's all I remember.

LEOPOLD

Hmmm. Well, thank you very much, sir. You've been most helpful.

Leopold shakes his hand and gathers his materials.

NAZI YOUTH

Don't you want my name? For the paper?

LEOPOLD

Oh, of course. Nearly forgot.

Leopold fishes out his notebook, and as he does so, the stack of summary materials slides into view. The Nazi Youth stares at it intently as Leopold looks to him, pen in hand.

NAZI YOUTH

What are you doing with all that?

Leopold looks to the stack, which bears the letterhead of Richard Pressburger.

LEOPOLD

Just part of my research.

He tries to slip it back, out of view, but the Nazi Youth snatches it from him. In the margins, the highlighted note, *"Third party probably not a witness. Someone surely knows who it is."*

NAZI YOUTH  
He's working for the Jew.

This gets everyone's attention. Leopold is slipping fast, as the men close in on him.

LEOPOLD  
I'm not working for them. I just met with them, that's all.

NAZI YOUTH  
Meeting with Jews is bad enough. Working for them's even worse. And now lying your way out of it.

Leopold gathers his belongings, but the Nazi Youth seizes his hands. He's in for it now.

INT. OFFENBACH CAFE - NIGHT

With low-ceilings and packed with tables, the smoky cafe is well-attended with Nazi supporters and newcomers, including the Slum Resident. Groeschel takes his place in the center of the room, where a space has been cleared. He waits in silence.

The place settles down of its own accord.

GROESCHEL  
In this century, Jewish business blooms like never before. While we starve, unemployed and miserable, these Jews accrue fantastic riches. Not by honest work, but by swindling, fraud and murder. And with these riches, these Jews may employ their Jewish lawyers to swindle the courts to free them from the consequences of fraud and murder.

(pause)

But. We can only live according to our nature, or we will collapse. There are no good or bad parasites, decent or indecent parasites. The parasite always creeps up looking harmless, innocent, as if it belonged there. It acts as an infection. The infested body grows weak, sleepy, it resists no longer, produces no antibodies. The doctor notices, gives injections. Perhaps it is not too late.

INT. HERZ JESU CHAPEL - MORNING

The preacher at the pulpit rails before a packed house.

PREACHER

...Jesus Christ was a spiritual hero. He fought against the Jews his whole life. He spoke the most damning judgment ever made against this people, when he said unto the Jew: "Your father is the Devil, and you want to carry out your father's desire. He was a murderer from the beginning, for there is no truth in him. When he lies, he speaks his native language, for he is a liar and the father of lies."

(pause)

This greedy, inhuman son! He does not even have the moral fiber of Judas, who at least repented and did away with himself!

(pause)

Jewry is the Embodiment of Deceit. And the Lord shalt punish those Jews who forget who they are!

With very few exceptions, the audience sits in awe, chilled to the bone with every word, including a PIOUS BELIEVER in his late 60's.

INT. OFFENBACH CAFE - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

The room is filled to the brim, even the wait staff stretching their necks to get a good view. A few REPORTERS hang back against the wall, taking notes.

GROESCHEL

The Jews must therefore either make us sick or wipe us out. This time, they killed one of their own. But who next? You? Any one of you? We must band together, comrades. If we do not weary of speaking our hearts, if we do not weary of building our organization, if we do not weary in educating the innocent with these unfortunate facts, then we will meet the challenge. Anti-Semites, come and help us in our struggle against these Jewish parasites!

The room matches his fervor with a celebratory applause.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Residents of Innsbruck picnicking and drinking, enjoying the panoramic view of their town as summer comes to a close.

Above them, on the top of the hillside, burns a large swastika.

INT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - WASHROOM - NIGHT

Pressburger stands at the sink, studying his face in the mirror, looking worried, seeking confidence.

He splashes some water on his face and towels off, freezing at the sound of footsteps approaching the hall. He hits the light and waits.

O.S., the door to his office creeps open. Then a knock.

LEOPOLD (O.S.)  
Anyone home?

PRESSBURGER  
Where on earth have you been?

INT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pressburger emerges in relief, but...

PRESSBURGER  
Good God, what happened?

Leopold's been beaten to the bone. His face is still swollen and one of his hands is bound in gauze.

LEOPOLD  
Bit too much whiskey, broke a bottle over the barman's head. Then tried to rob the place.

PRESSBURGER  
What on earth?

LEOPOLD  
Their version.

PRESSBURGER  
Have you been to the police? Where did this happen?

LEOPOLD  
Six guys' word against mine,  
nothing much they could do.

PRESSBURGER  
Who did this?

LEOPOLD  
Berlin Hut.

PRESSBURGER  
Here, sit.

LEOPOLD  
I think it's fair to say I've got a  
decent lead on that third party.  
They swiped my papers, but they  
couldn't swipe my memory. Got a  
pen?

PRESSBURGER  
Yes, yes.

LEOPOLD  
Write this down. Josef Weil.  
Another hiker that went up with  
them. I was told he lives in  
Ginzling, but no luck finding him.

PRESSBURGER  
I'll contact the police, have them  
put out an announcement. If he  
won't come forward, maybe someone  
knows his whereabouts.

LEOPOLD  
I'd say the chances of either are  
slim. In any case, there's a very,  
very bright side.

PRESSBURGER  
What's that?

LEOPOLD  
My convalescence was a blessing in  
disguise. Perfect timing for my  
experiment.

Leopold pulls out several weather-worn bills, slapping them  
on the desk.

PRESSBURGER  
What's this? You don't owe me  
anything.

LEOPOLD  
Dig out the report. The crime scene  
photos, week two.

Pressburger does.

LEOPOLD (cont'd)  
The part about the money.

PRESSBURGER  
Yes, yes. And?

LEOPOLD  
Read it.

PRESSBURGER  
What? They found the money hidden  
under a rock. Spots of the victim's  
blood. Two weeks after the--

LEOPOLD  
No they didn't.

Leopold takes the photo, showing a crisp 50 schilling bill,  
spotted with blood. Placing it next to his bills, he taps the  
photo.

LEOPOLD (cont'd)  
That couldn't have been there for  
two weeks.

Pressburger looks to the room with rising optimism.

PRESSBURGER  
You're getting a raise.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Winter has set in, and dramatically so. Several feet of snow  
blanket the streets, swirled about with violent gusts of  
wind.

INT. INNSBRUCK INN - ROOM - SAME

Ita sits up in bed, feeble, looking through old family  
photos. Liuba comes into he room, newspaper in hand. She  
shakes her head.

LIUBA  
They're getting more desperate,  
though.  
(handing her the paper)  
(MORE)

LIUBA (cont'd)  
 Word has it it's no longer local -  
 they're asking all around the  
 country.

INSERT: A notice in the newspaper calling for Josef Weil to  
 come forward.

LIUBA (cont'd)  
 Something will turn up.

ITA  
 (shaking her head)  
 It's been months. If there even is  
 a Josef Weil.

LIUBA  
 True. They lied about everything  
 else, they might have lied about  
 the name.

Ita hides her eyes, trying not to cry. Liuba sits next to  
 her, comforting.

LIUBA (cont'd)  
 Come on, now, Mother. Let's stay  
 positive.

Liuba stares at a photo of a young Philippe. Starting to cry  
 herself, she swiftly leaves the room.

LIUBA (cont'd)  
 You need a glass of water.

EXT. STREETS - SAME

Tens of Nazi youths and plain-dressed volunteers set about  
 the streets, plastering walls with posters. Set in a grand  
 courtroom before an ominous judge, it depicts Philippe  
 crucified on the sword of justice before a headless jury.

Some shop owners hang the poster themselves and ask the rally  
 crew for more. The Nazis and their volunteers are more than  
 happy to provide.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - EVENING

Pressburger rests a sack on the foot of the bed.

PRESSBURGER  
 Clothes. How are you feeling?

Philippe nods, giving a half shrug.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
 They'll transfer you to the holding  
 cell, first thing. I've arranged to  
 have your breakfast there, we'll  
 eat together.

Philippe shakes his head.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
 The important thing tonight is for  
 you to get some sleep.

Philippe manages a half-smile, but it fades quickly. He lays  
 down and lets out a sigh of exhaustion.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
 It's okay to be nervous.

PHILIPPE  
 Thank you.

EXT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pressburger pushes on through the cold, only to stop dead in  
 his tracks before his building. The windows are shattered,  
 the facade covered with posters, as well as several swastikas  
 - some of which are still aflame.

Pressburger hangs his head in despair, then cautiously looks  
 around the neighborhood before heading in.

INT. PRESSBURGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He pushes the door open with difficulty. The remnants of a  
 dying fire in the center of the room shed light over the  
 havoc - his visitors have not left one stone unturned.

He slams his briefcase on the upturned desk and locates an  
 oil lamp on the floor. Lighting it with the embers, we see  
 the perfectly-formed swastika at his feet.

We hear someone enter the building and make their way towards  
 the door. Pressburger looks about for a hiding place, but...

Leopold comes in and takes in the room.

PRESSBURGER  
 Here, give me a hand.

Leopold and Pressburger stand the desk upright.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
Please tell me you've found  
something.

LEOPOLD  
Wish I could. I don't think we're  
going to have a magic answer on  
this one.

PRESSBURGER  
Well. Thank you very much for all  
your help. We'll be in touch soon.

LEOPOLD  
I'm not going anywhere.

PRESSBURGER  
There's no use keeping you on. Go  
home.

LEOPOLD  
Not a chance. I'm sticking this one  
out to the end.  
(indicating his scars)  
Call me sentimental. Now go rest  
up. I'll take care of this.

PRESSBURGER  
Really.

LEOPOLD  
It's the least I can do.

PRESSBURGER  
I'll need my papers and stuff put  
back in order. The case papers  
should be in that cabinet over  
there...

He points to a dented metal cabinet thrown up against the  
wall.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
Look under "H" for...

LEOPOLD  
Halsman. I know. Now get lost.  
Just come by in the morning. I'll  
have it just the way you left it.

PRESSBURGER  
Are you sure?

LEOPOLD  
Yeah. Now get out of here.

PRESSBURGER  
Thanks.

Pressburger grabs his briefcase and heads out.

Leopold surveys the damage, reconsidering his offer.

LEOPOLD  
Yeah. I need a raise.

He starts in with the mess.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

A heavy snowfall and blistering winds.

The Nazi party and their supporters, numbering well into the hundreds, has gathered all of it's muscle, marching the streets with fervor and fire.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

SUPER: *December 13, 1928.*

A mob of people pack around the courthouse, bundled up tight against the frigid conditions. Guards maintain the entrance as several privileged men and women enter the building.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

A larger than life portrait of Emperor Franz Josef.

Directly under this imposing image rests the bench and its three judges, including Judge Larcher, presiding.

Pressburger straightens up his already immaculately ordered papers, while the public prosecutor, SIEGFRIED HOHENLEITNER, effuses confidence and calm.

The courtroom is packed with officials, reporters and curiosity-seekers, made all the worse by the room's meager size and poor lighting. Ita and Liuba, looking worse for the wear, hold onto one another tightly as the jurors take their places. Among them, we see our Slum Resident and our Pious Believer - new Nazi members.

A hush settles over the room as Judge Larcher signals to the bailiff, who opens the side door.

All eyes are on Philippe as he is led into the room. Dressed in a somber grey and brown suit, and wearing a black mourning band around his arm, he takes his seat before Pressburger's table while...

HOHENLEITNER (V.O.)

Philippe Halsman will describe his relationship with his father as loving and good. Yet every witness will describe the dynamic between father and son, and every description will be the same. Philippe Halsman hated his father.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

As Hohenleitner continues his opening, we get a thorough view of the exhibit table, which includes the wardrobes of Morduch and Philippe, the notebook, the pack, the bloody rock, etc. Next to the table rests a projector, as well as an easel supporting a large diagram of the crime scene.

HOHENLEITNER (CONT'D)

Throughout his stay in our country, he behaved towards his father in a morose fashion, and rarely spoke. The victim, Morduch Halsman, was afraid of his son, and mentioned on several occasions his son's desire of his inheritance.

Philippe lets out a disgusted sigh, audible to everyone. Hohenleitner seems pleased by the interjection. As he continues, Philippe grows increasingly tense, often shaking his head and clenching his jaw.

HOHENLEITNER (cont'd)

The last to see father and son before the murder describe them as being in a heated argument. The defense will claim that the victim's death was an accident, or that it was induced by heart failure - both have been proven false by autopsy. No less than 17 blows to the head were inflicted, with a rock found at the scene covered in the victim's hair and blood. The defense will tell you that Philippe Halsman saw his father suddenly fall - first while in front of him, then from behind him.

(MORE)

HOHENLEITNER (cont'd)

But version they choose, the fact remains that Philippe Halsman scaled down the slope and beat his father to death. The defense will tell you of money gone missing from the victim's wallet. But a 50 schilling bill was found hidden near the crime scene, soaked in the victim's blood. Philippe Halsman may be full of contradiction, but the evidence is as clear as day. Thank you.

Hohenleitner takes his seat. Pressburger rises and faces the already hostile jury. Many of them catch Philippe openly glaring at Hohenleitner.

PRESSBURGER

The defendant only knows what he experienced. He cannot invent the details of a death he did not witness. The evidence against him is not physical, as the prosecution maintains, but it is based on circumstance and guesswork. It is true that there were difficulties between father and son. It is true they were angry with one another...

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

A projector is positioned before a white screen.

JUDGE LARCHER

What you are about to see is not for the faint of heart. The images and subject matter will be exceptionally graphic. We don't want any disturbances or commotion of any kind. Therefore, those with any reservations whatsoever are asked to leave now. Bailiff, please escort Mr. Halsman.

The bailiff leads Philippe out of the room. Liuba accompanies Ita out into the hall. A handful of others follow suit, though a sense of excitement runs through the majority of the audience.

JUDGE LARCHER (cont'd)

Proceed.

HOHENLEITNER

The prosecution calls Dr. Josef Vonbun.

Vonbun takes his position at the projector.

HOHENLEITNER (cont'd)

Your name and occupation, for the court.

DR. VONBUN

Dr. Josef Vonbun, medical examiner.

HOHENLEITNER

You and Dr. Fritz conducted the autopsy. Would you please present us with the details of your examination?

DR. VONBUN

The victim was bludgeoned, massive blood loss and the exposure of the brain the cause of death.

The audience members shift in their seats, some in suspense, some in anticipation, as Dr. Vonbun presents the first slide:

Morduch on the autopsy table, from the torso up. The forehead displays a wide, deep gash.

A moan of dismay from the audience and the jury, several wincing and touching their foreheads. Dr. Vonbun presents the next slide.

INT. COURTROOM - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The moans reach Philippe and the bailiff. The bailiff glances at Philippe with a hint of fear - he's in the presence of a monster.

Vonbun continues his presentation, muffled but audible.

DR. VONBUN (O.S.)

No less than 17 blows at close range, with great force, but probably many more. The rock found at the scene accounts for some of them for certain, and it is possible it could account for all.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Wilhelm Kasperer in the witness box. Throughout his testimony, Philippe often shakes his head or shifts in his chair - his disgust animated.

KASPERER

There was some evidence, yes. But the same report indicated that it wasn't for certain.

PRESSBURGER

Did you search for it?

KASPERER

Every inch of the area, yes.

PRESSBURGER

Did you pursue the matter further? Did you search any huts or homes in the area?

KASPERER

We held plenty of interviews.

PRESSBURGER

But this is a vital piece of evidence.

KASPERER

There was nothing to indicate it was so vital. We looked into the matter, but as the rock accounted for all of the wounds--

PRESSBURGER

You mean in the realm of possibility. But not probability.

KASPERER

At first it was possible the rock accounted for all of the wounds. Then, in light of our investigation, it became more and more probable.

PRESSBURGER

Did you confiscate a single mountaineering axe? A single ice pick? Did you run a single test on another object that could explain the mystery?

KASPERER

There was no reason to.

PRESSBURGER

Sir, the autopsy indicates otherwise.

KASPERER

Well, you'll have to speak with Dr. Vonbun about that.

PRESSBURGER

Did you confiscate or test a single piece of equipment or tool that could have explained the wound to the forehead?

KASPERER

No.

PRESSBURGER

Thank you. Final question, and this is in regards to the money found at the scene. Can you point out where it was located?

Kasperer points to the sketch.

KASPERER

Here, point 14.

PRESSBURGER

And it was found when?

KASPERER

I forget the date. End of September.

PRESSBURGER

September 29th, according to the report.

KASPERER

Sounds right.

PRESSBURGER

And how long had it been since your previous investigation of the area?

KASPERER

About two weeks.

PRESSBURGER

Two weeks. Can you explain how after two weeks, after you said yourself that you'd searched every *inch* of the area, how this money was found after two weeks?

KASPERER

It was well hidden.

PRESSBURGER

Sir, is it possible that this money was planted after the fact?

KASPERER

No. It had the victim's blood on it.

PRESSBURGER

Well, I'll ask Dr. Vonbun about that. What I'm asking you is if it was possible.

KASPERER

I highly doubt it.

PRESSBURGER

But despite your subjective doubt, was it objectively possible?

KASPERER

I guess anything's possible.

PRESSBURGER

Thank you, sir.

Pressburger fetches the 50 schilling bill from the evidence table.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

Can you describe the physical state of this bill?

KASPERER

(studying it)

It uh, has blood on it. Otherwise it seems normal.

PRESSBURGER

Would you describe it as being in good condition?

KASPERER

Sure.

Pressburger fetches Leopold's bills from the defense table.

PRESSBURGER

Would you now please describe the physical state of these bills? In comparison.

KASPERER

Older. More worn out.

PRESSBURGER

I left these bills alone for two weeks, underneath a stone. As you can see, nature has taken its toll on them. Can you explain how this 50 schilling bill--

HOHENLEITNER

Objection. Your honor, there is no way to verify the accuracy of this argument.

JUDGE LARCHER

Sustained.

PRESSBURGER

Your honor, I move to submit these into evidence. We can have them tested--

JUDGE LARCHER

Motion denied. Mr. Pressburger, we are not interested in your amateur sleuthing. I instruct you to abandon this line of questioning.

(to the stenographer)

Strike it from the record.

(and to the jury)

This experiment cannot be verified. You are not to regard this subject, nor let it bear any weight in your deliberations.

PRESSBURGER

Your honor--

JUDGE LARCHER

Continue with your questioning of the witness, Mr. Pressburger.

PRESSBURGER

I have nothing more, your Honor.

Liuba holds her mother tightly as they watch the proceedings. Noticing that Ita is trembling, she whispers something in her ear. Ita shakes her head, but Liuba is adamant.

HOHENLEITNER (V.O.)

Dr. Stein, would you please inform the court of your occupation and qualifications?

DR. STEIN (V.O.)

I currently hold a faculty position at the University of Innsbruck. I have a doctorate in psychology, and have practiced 16 years in the field.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Liuba leads Ita back to her seat.

HOHENLEITNER

You've been able to carefully study his statements made to the police, which contain many vital contradictions. The accused ascribes this to memory gaps. Do you find this to be the case?

DR. STEIN

In my opinion, the subject, Philippe Halsman, is much more ordinary than one might expect. That is, no, he does not suffer from any mental abnormality that would result in memory loss or similar aberrations.

HOHENLEITNER

How, then, would you explain these contradictions?

DR. STEIN

Again, not by any memory disturbance. The subject is simply trying to create a narrative. Holes in this narrative, and the subsequent contradictions in the attempt to patch them up, are simply a matter of adapting his statements to different accounts.

HOHENLEITNER

But couldn't this be accounted for the traumatic circumstances? The heat of the moment?

DR. STEIN

No, not in my opinion. The subject can easily remember certain details that fit into his narrative. When the facts show otherwise, however, he becomes lost and seems to invent his answers. Thus the distances, the exact place of the fall, and so on, become confused. For these questions he will happily provide multiple answers, hoping one of them will fit.

HOHENLEITNER

In other words, you are saying that whenever necessary he invents facts that corroborate his case.

PRESSBURGER

Objection! Leading the witness.

JUDGE LARCHER

Overruled. Please answer the question, Dr. Stein.

DR. STEIN

Yes, you might say that his "imagination" has been most useful to his cause.

Philippe lets out an audible sigh of disgust, shaking his head and glaring contemptuously at Dr. Stein.

HOHENLEITNER

Lastly, would you tell the court your impressions of the characters of Philippe Halsman, and of the deceased?

DR. STEIN

Philippe Halsman is introverted, hard to reach. The father, on the other hand, was by all accounts cheerful and extroverted. The complete opposite of the son.

HOHENLEITNER

And do you think this could give rise to tension between the two of them?

DR. STEIN

Most certainly.

HOHENLEITNER

Is it possible that this undercurrent of tension could give rise to an explosive act?

DR. STEIN

Particularly in combination with physical exhaustion from an arduous hike, and other factors, it could certainly lead to an explosive act, yes.

HOHENLEITNER

Thank you.  
(to Pressburger)  
The witness is yours.

Pressburger rises, beginning to look in his element.

PRESSBURGER

Professor Stein, could--

DR. STEIN

Doctor Stein.

PRESSBURGER

Excuse me. In your expert opinion, Dr. Stein, do you find the accused, Philippe Halsman, capable of patricide?

A tremor runs through the court, and particularly through Dr. Stein, who obviously didn't expect this blunt approach.

DR. STEIN

Yes, in fact, I do.

PRESSBURGER

And can you tell me, when exactly did you come to this conclusion? When studying his case?

DR. STEIN

Oh, I can't say for certain.

PRESSBURGER

Well, perhaps you could make an educated guess. Was it when reading over the interrogation reports? Or in his preliminary remarks?

DR. STEIN

It's not a moment, sir. It's a gathering of instincts, and of facts. It's taking all of these pieces and putting them together to form a final picture.

PRESSBURGER

I see. Tell me something. In all your years of practice, in uh...

DR. STEIN

Clinical psychology. Sixteen years, sir.

PRESSBURGER

In sixteen years of practice, have you ever once made a diagnosis without consulting the subject?

DR. STEIN

I don't recall.

PRESSBURGER

Have you ever interviewed this subject, Philippe Halsman?

DR. STEIN

No. No, I have not.

Pressburger lifts a thin stack of reports from his table. PUSH IN on Philippe, becoming more and more withdrawn, as Pressburger continues his questioning.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)

So, in essence, is it fair to say that these reports, these... sketches... do a better job of painting the whole picture than meeting the man himself. In your expert opinion.

DR. STEIN (O.S.)

Under the circumstances, which are highly irregular... I'm sorry, I cannot compete with your word games.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)  
 Word games? Sir, is it true that  
 you have never met with Philippe  
 Halsman?

DR. STEIN (O.S.)  
 It's true. However--

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)  
 And is it true that you've never  
 exchanged a single word with  
 Philippe Halsman?

DR. STEIN (O.S.)  
 True.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)  
 And yet you diagnose him as capable  
 of patricide, based on  
 circumstantial evidence.

DR. STEIN (O.S.)  
 That's all I had, sir.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)  
 (dismissing him)  
 Yes, yes, I know. Circumstantial.  
 He may be hard to reach, as you  
 say. Yet the fact is that you have  
 never once actually tried to reach  
 him.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe hears his father's cry and whips around to see his  
 father stumbling backwards off the trail.

A JUMP CUT and now his father is directly before him, just  
 within reach. Morduch stretches for help, but Philippe gives  
 him a forceful shove.

Morduch falls back. FREEZE FRAME as his fate is sealed. His  
 expression is one of astonishment, yet understanding. He  
 continues to fall back in SLOW MOTION before we JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - STREAM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch in the stream. Philippe splashes towards him in a  
 panic, pulling him out with all his might. Morduch is saved -  
 until Philippe raises a mountaineering axe.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Stein gazes directly at Philippe.

DR. STEIN  
Frankly, I don't want to reach him.  
I'd be afraid to go near him.

His retort elicits a couple of approving chuckles from the jury.

PRESSBURGER  
Sir, is it possible that your  
conclusions are incorrect?

DR. STEIN  
You're the one making conclusions  
here, I'm simply pointing out  
probability. It's likely that he  
killed his father.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - EVENING

Philippe, alone, studies the picture of his father.

PHILIPPE  
Well, you've done it. Really  
thickened my skin. Made a man out  
of me. And a corpse out of yourself  
- everybody wins.

PRESSBURGER (O.S.)  
We have some matters to discuss.

Philippe looks up, startled, to find Pressburger standing in the doorway.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)  
Your behavior in that courtroom,  
your manner, we've got to make some  
changes.

PHILIPPE  
Oh?

PRESSBURGER  
Consider it a strategy. I know it's  
a lot to bear in there, but we've  
got to keep a clear head.

PHILIPPE  
Hmmm.

PRESSBURGER

Even your physical behavior. Maybe we should address that first. We don't want any more slouching, any more clenching of fists. We can't have you taking things so personally in there.

PHILIPPE

Is that a joke?

PRESSBURGER

Now, hold up. I know how that sounds. What I'm getting at is that you've got to help me present a different picture of you in there. You've got to keep calm, keep sober. You've got to do everything in your power to keep your emotions to a minimum.

PHILIPPE

And what, paste a smile on my face? As those devils continue to lie, to change the facts, do everything in their power to murder me?

PRESSBURGER

Basically, Philippe, yes. Yes. Because what the jury is seeing now, seeing in you, is someone who *hates*. Do you understand?

(pause)

So just give that some thought. I'm not pretending to understand how difficult it must be. But we've got to keep your head clear. Stick to the facts. Stick to our arguments. Don't let them pollute you.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

In complete contrast to her wardrobe at work, Anna has undergone a thorough transformation, wearing her "Sunday best" and appearing respectable, even meek. Throughout her testimony, Philippe sits calmly, making copious notes.

HOHENLEITNER

You are in the rare position of being the first to see them in the area, as well as the last to see Morduch Halsman alive?

ANNA

Yes, that's correct.

HOHENLEITNER

Ms. Gruber, what can you tell us about the nature of their relationship, father and son, according to what you saw of them?

ANNA

The son was angry the entire time, he didn't speak much. The father was in good spirits, though. I don't know what they were discussing, but it was my impression that the father was afraid of his son. Besides his remarks about his son being tired of him, he also mentioned the son wanting his inheritance. This came out a couple of times.

HOHENLEITNER

Would you describe the father as flirtatious?

Anna hesitates.

ANNA

Maybe.

HOHENLEITNER

Did he flirt with you?

ANNA

A little, I suppose.

HOHENLEITNER

And in your opinion, was this making the son angry?

ANNA

It might have contributed, I guess.

HOHENLEITNER

Jealous?

ANNA

I don't know. Maybe. But he was already angry the first time I saw them, so I don't think so.

HOHENLEITNER

When they left you, who was carrying the pack, and what was Philippe wearing?

ANNA

The father took the pack. I'd think that was the son's job, so I found it a little strange. The son was wearing grey pants, a white shirt, and a green raincoat.

HOHENLEITNER

You're positive about the shirt?

ANNA

I think I'd have noticed if he tried eating his meal without one. It was a simple white shirt.

HOHENLEITNER

Is there anything else you'd like to add?

ANNA

Yes, the fight. Just before they left, something happened in the yard. The son threw the pack at his father and stormed away.

HOHENLEITNER

And what was the nature of this fight?

ANNA

I'm not sure, exactly. The son was yelling. The father was embarrassed. But I wasn't close enough to hear what they were saying.

HOHENLEITNER

And just to clarify, the son was still wearing the white shirt?

ANNA

That's correct.

HOHENLEITNER

Thank you, that will be all.  
(to Pressburger)  
Your witness.

Hohenleitner resumes his seat as Pressburger rises.

PRESSBURGER

Ms. Gruber, you describe the father as being in good spirits, and the son as being angry. I'm wondering if he was ever in good spirits?

ANNA

Not that I ever saw, no.

PRESSBURGER

Was he ever kind to his father?

ANNA

Not that I remember.

PRESSBURGER

Can you remember what they had for lunch?

ANNA

A couple of beers with soup and steaks, I think.

PRESSBURGER

How many soups did Morduch Halsman have?

ANNA

I believe he had two.

PRESSBURGER

And one of those soups was eaten after the main course. Isn't it true that Philippe had ordered another, concerned that his father hadn't had enough to eat?

ANNA

Yes, that's true.

PRESSBURGER

And would you consider this act to be one of concern, and care, or one of anger?

ANNA

I don't know. He was probably trying to get in his good graces. For the inheritance.

PRESSBURGER

Can you say that for certain?

ANNA

No, that's just how it seemed to me.

PRESSBURGER

Well, it's an interesting theory. But it seems to me that the best way to get into someone's good graces is to be kind to them. Not to be angry and to invoke fear, then suddenly order a soup. Wouldn't you agree?

ANNA

I don't know. I suppose so...

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Josef Eder in the witness box, looking unlike anything we've ever seen in him. Dressed to the nines in a sharp suit and polished shoes, even his ratty cane has been replaced with an elegant walking stick. He seems perfectly in his element here, bursting with pride.

HOHENLEITNER

But why didn't you wait for the police to arrive?

JOSEF EDER

Well, sir, I figured it just wouldn't be right to not inspect it some. It was threatening rain, the police would be there in a few hours' time. I wanted to look it over as carefully as I could in case the rain ruined anything, or a passer-by messed around there.

HOHENLEITNER

And that is when you found the rock? Exhibit A.

JOSEF EDER

In all honesty, no. My dog found it. She tore after that thing like it was a piece of prime rib.

HOHENLEITNER

And where exactly was this rock, sir?

(turning to the sketch)

Can you point to it on our diagram?

JOSEF EDER

Right in this area. By the number  
9. Give or take a few feet.

HOHENLEITNER

Thank you. Your witness.

Pressburger approaches the witness box, Eder regarding him  
with a hint of disdain.

PRESSBURGER

Mr. Eder, in addition to owning and  
operating the Dominikus Hut, you  
are also keeper of the Zimmer Grund  
trail. Is that correct?

JOSEF EDER

Yup.

PRESSBURGER

And as keeper of that trail, it is  
your responsibility to maintain its  
safety. Is that true?

JOSEF EDER

It's a safe trail.

PRESSBURGER

I'm sure it is. But in the event  
that it were not, it would be your  
job to fix it, correct?

JOSEF EDER

It's never been a problem. What  
happened couldn't have been an  
accident.

PRESSBURGER

Your Honor, if you would please  
direct the witness to limit his  
answers to my questions?

JUDGE LARCHER

Please answer the questions without  
additional commentary, sir.

Eder shrugs.

PRESSBURGER

Would you be held responsible were  
an accident to occur on that trail?

JOSEF EDER

Depends on the accident.

PRESSBURGER

I'll take that as a yes. Was there anyone else present while you were conducting your investigation of the area?

JOSEF EDER

The boy was there. He was acting strange, all quiet and--

PRESSBURGER

Your Honor. Would you please direct the witness, again, to limit his answers?

JUDGE LARCHER

Mr. Eder. Keep your focus on the questions themselves.

JOSEF EDER

I am. What's the problem?

JUDGE LARCHER

If it helps, limit them to a simple yes or no.

(pause)

Proceed.

PRESSBURGER

Mr. Eder. Who else was present when you were conducting your investigation?

Eder opens his mouth, but closes it again. He looks to Larcher, helpless.

JUDGE LARCHER

Mr. Eder, you have no problems answering the prosecution. The Court demands you extend the same courtesy to the defense.

Eder is getting annoyed. He turns to the room, enjoying his audience.

JOSEF EDER

Yes.

PRESSBURGER

Who else was present?

JOSEF EDER

Yes.

JUDGE LARCHER

Mr. Eder!

He answers to the jury and the crowd, refusing to look at Pressburger.

JOSEF EDER

The boy was there, Max was there,  
Karl was there. Then they left, and  
I was alone.

PRESSBURGER

Did you alter the scene in any way?

JOSEF EDER

No, I didn't.

PRESSBURGER

How about your dog? Was anything  
moved or tampered with?

JOSEF EDER

I didn't go near anything. I didn't  
touch anything. I looked around,  
trying to find the rock, and then  
found it.

PRESSBURGER

And what possessed you to look for  
the rock?

JOSEF EDER

It being the murder weapon, I  
wanted to locate it.

PRESSBURGER

Sir, I'm confused. How could you  
possibly know it was the murder  
weapon at the time? Your Honor, I  
move that this wit--

As if delivering a punchline...

JOSEF EDER

Because I saw the whole thing  
happen from my bedroom window!

A wave of astonishment washes over the courtroom. Ita nearly faints, shaking her head violently and grasping around her for support. Liuba catches her.

JOSEF EDER (cont'd)

Saw the boy beat his father--

JUDGE LARCHER

Order! Order! The witness will step down. Mr. Eder, that is entirely impossible. You live over a kilometer from the site, and no man can see through mountains and trees. I'm charging you with perjury and removing you from the Court. Bailiff.

Eder is thoroughly pleased with himself. He happily allows the bailiff to show him out.

Liuba gets Ita to her feet and hurries her out, as well.

JUDGE LARCHER (cont'd)

The Court will adjourn until tomorrow.

INT. INNSBRUCK INN - ROOM - DAY

Ita sleeps soundly in her bed, a doctor at her side. He dabs her forehead with a wet cloth.

DOCTOR

This should put her out for several hours. When she wakes, you'll want to feed her. Then wait another hour and give her three of these.

He sets some pills on the bed table.

LIUBA

What do you think it is?

DOCTOR

Nervous breakdown, pure and simple. She's not to attend any more of the trial, under any circumstances. I'd also keep her from reading any news reports.

LIUBA

Will she recover?

DOCTOR

Over time, so long as were able to avoid any stress. If not, the harm may be irreparable. It's important that we remove her completely from any exposure to her son's situation.

LIUBA

Okay.

DOCTOR

I'll be back in the morning to  
check up on her.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL - SAME

Pressburger, Hohenleitner, Dr. Stein and a guard perch around  
Philippe, who sits sullen at the table.

PRESSBURGER

It's not my duty. He's under no  
obligation to speak to you.

DR. STEIN

Unless he answers the question,  
I'll be forced to regard it as a  
yes.

PRESSBURGER

Regard it however you like. It's  
inadmissable.

Dr. Stein takes down a few last notes.

DR. STEIN

You're right. There's no chance  
that any of this will hold up.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Dr. Stein back in the witness box. Whatever improvements  
Philippe was able to make in his attitude, he's lost them now  
completely. He shakes his head with deaf ears, glaring.

HOHENLEITNER

There was some fuss earlier about  
you not having interviewed the  
subject. Have you had a chance to  
do so since that time?

DR. STEIN

I have. I have conducted a thorough  
examination.

HOHENLEITNER

And would you care to alter any of  
your previous statements at this  
time?

DR. STEIN

Not alter, but I would like to take the opportunity to add to them.

HOHENLEITNER

In your examination of Philippe Halsman, what have you found?

DR. STEIN

I'd had my suspicions, but upon my interview, the background of his motive for this crime became perfectly clear. Mr. Halsman unquestionably suffers from the Oedipus complex.

HOHENLEITNER

And can you explain what this entails - for the jury?

DR. STEIN

It is a phrase coined by Dr. Sigmund Freud. In essence, it describes a condition in which a son, inspired by intense jealousy and hatred of his father, is driven to kill him. This desire is two-fold. On one hand, he sees this action as protecting the mother, and on the other hand, he wants to in fact take the place of the father.

Philippe bangs his fist, furious.

JUDGE LARCHER

Sir, if you can't restrain yourself, we'll be forced to remove you.

PHILIPPE

I'd like nothing more. I can't sit here and endure these lies!

JUDGE LARCHER

Bailiff!

The bailiff and guards go for Philippe, who stands and marches out of his own accord.

PHILIPPE

(to Dr. Stein)

You know nothing about me.

(to the jury)

(MORE)

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

There was no examination. Don't believe his lies.

The bailiff and guards lead him out of the courtroom.

JUDGE LARCHER

(to the jury)

You are ordered to disregard the defendant's statements.

(to Hohenleitner)

Proceed with your witness.

Hohenleitner returns to Dr. Stein, clearly at an advantage. Even so, he regards the witness hesitantly. It seems that Hohenleitner himself doesn't believe what he's saying anymore - in short, he's clearly feeling guilty for having staged this underhanded move.

HOHENLEITNER

The Oedipus complex. How does this condition correlate with what you've learned of Philippe Halsman's character?

DR. STEIN

It fits perfectly. You see, the victim, the father, was outgoing and well-liked. Philippe, in competing for his mother's attention, sees this as a threat. His father possesses more personality and charm than he. Furthermore, the victim was well-liked by other women. This is seen as hurting the mother, as infidelity, and so the desire to protect her.

HOHENLEITNER

So let us get this clear, because there may be some confusion. You testified earlier that the explosive act may have been caused by exhaustion, and the tension between father and son. Are you now offering another hypothesis?

DR. STEIN

Not in the slightest. This desire to protect the mother, and to replace the father, had certainly been present for a long time. It stems from childhood.

(MORE)

DR. STEIN (cont'd)

The desire gets stronger and stronger over time. The exhaustive conditions, the underlying tension, the fighting, all this was the flame under the kettle, so to speak. It finally caused the kettle to boil over - making Philippe act on his desire.

HOHENLEITNER

Thank you. No further questions.

Dr. Stein steps down from the witness box while Hohenleitner returns to his table, unable to meet Pressburger's eyes. For a man who is winning his case, he certainly doesn't look very happy about it.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - LATER

PRESSBURGER

It's an outrage, he asked him nothing! He doesn't even know his middle name!

JUDGE LARCHER

It will hold up. It's not your decision. As an expert witness--

PRESSBURGER

I demand this be admitted into evidence.

Pressburger thrusts a telegram onto Larcher's desk.

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

The response from Freud himself. Rejecting Dr. Stein's testimony completely! You can verify it as many times as you like.

HOHENLEITNER

He's not a witness at this trial.

PRESSBURGER

If his theories are submitted as evidence, certainly he can refute the misuse of them.

Larcher passes it back.

JUDGE LARCHER

I'm sorry, he's right. Mr. Freud is not a witness at this trial.

Pressburger seizes the telegram, furiously pressing his point.

PRESSBURGER  
 "If it had been objectively demonstrated that Philippe Halsman murdered his father, there would be some grounds for introducing the Oedipus complex to provide a motive for an otherwise unexplained deed. Since no such proof has been adduced, mention of the Oedipus complex has a misleading effect--"

JUDGE LARCHER  
 He is not a witness at this trial! It is Dr. Stein's opinion. It's is Dr. Stein's opinion!

Larcher snatches the telegram.

JUDGE LARCHER (cont'd)  
 You've made your point, Mr. Pressburger, now I'll make mine - any more on this matter and I'll hold you in contempt!

PRESSBURGER  
 Then go ahead, hold me in contempt!

JUDGE LARCHER (CONT'D)  
 If you like. I'm fining you 200 schillings. Now, do you wish to continue representing your client, or do you wish to join him in jail?

PRESSBURGER  
 Your Honor--

JUDGE LARCHER  
 That's enough! Now get out of here, or you will be escorted out!

Pressburger, disconcerted, looks to the two men with utter incomprehension. Shaking his head, he storms out.

Hohenleitner looks concerned.

HOHENLEITNER  
 Sir, I can't go through with this.

JUDGE LARCHER  
 Yes you can. And yes, you will.

HOHENLEITNER

I've come to you in good  
conscience. I myself have every  
reason to believe he's innocent.

JUDGE LARCHER

That doesn't matter. The jury will  
decide that. You just continue to  
do your job.

HOHENLEITNER

And what is my job? To send an  
innocent man to prison?

JUDGE LARCHER

No more! Don't make me hold you in  
contempt, too. This ends right  
here! Are you aware of what it  
would mean if there's a mistrial?  
I'd lose my appointment, and you'd  
never represent a case again. Look  
out there. They'd have our heads.  
You and I are functionaries, and we  
work for the service of the law.  
And the law says, let the people  
decide. And so they shall.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pressburger gazes out the window, ignoring the Judge as he  
sweeps out of his chambers. The sight outside is ominous: a  
large Anti-Semitic rally has formed in the square in front of  
the courthouse with huge posters depicting the Jewish Halsman  
in the act of patricide - and banners that indicate that all  
Jews are murderers.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - STREETSIDE - EVENING

Despite the sub-zero conditions, the scores of people that  
taking part in the rally stand anxiously awaiting word of the  
trial proceedings. Huddling for warmth and fairly carefree,  
they all but snap to attention as the first of the spectators  
exits the courthouse.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SIDEYARD - CONTINUOUS

The jurors are let out of the building, but the crowds aren't  
so thin here, either. Pressed for answers by their friends  
and families, the jurors are more than happy to discuss their  
views as they take their leave from the building. After all,  
they're local celebrities now, and loving every second of it.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Pressburger is admitted to Philippe's cell.

PHILIPPE

What do you think? Burned at the stake, or crucifixion?

PRESSBURGER

Which would you prefer?

PHILIPPE

I see. Everybody's bound to lose faith at some point.

PRESSBURGER

Well, what do you expect? Am I supposed to overflow with optimism and leave all the self-pity to you?  
(demanding)  
Let me ask you this, straight out.  
Did you kill your father?

PHILIPPE

What? What are you--

PRESSBURGER

Did you kill your father?!

PHILIPPE

No!

PRESSBURGER

Then why on earth are you going out of your way to convince the jury otherwise?

PHILIPPE

Don't you see what's going on out there? What do you think those rallies are?! I'm a Jew. We're both Jews! Their minds are already made up against us and it has nothing to do with the truth of my innocence.

PRESSBURGER

No, Philippe! Those people in and out of the courtroom have been shocked by this murder, pure and simple. And they need to regain their trust in the status quo - no matter how ignorant it may be. So they are looking for a murderer, and they look at you.

(MORE)

PRESSBURGER (cont'd)

And what do they see? They see your anger. They see your disrespect. They see your confusion and to them it looks as if you're guilty!

PHILIPPE

Of course I'm confused. I have so little to go by. Just a handful of facts. I'm innocent. Fact. He fell. Fact. Do I know how it happened? No! Fact. Everything else is a freak show.

PRESSBURGER

If you don't know what happened. If you really blanked out. How do you know you're innocent?

PHILIPPE

I don't. It's all hazy, from the moment I heard him cry out to me, to the moment I saw him face down in the stream. I just feel - I feel, okay! - that I couldn't have done it. But do I know for sure?! No, because I don't really know what happened.

PRESSBURGER

Precisely. *You don't know what happened.* And neither do I. And if you work with me, they won't either.

PHILIPPE

Don't you see?! They want to see me burn, and it doesn't matter the slightest bit how I behave.

PRESSBURGER

That's simply not--

Nearing the end of his rope, Philippe snatches up the picture of his father as evidence.

PHILIPPE

He's dead! *My father.* I haven't had a chance to grieve, to... And these people... They rob me of that, too!

PRESSBURGER

And what are you proving by playing into their hands?

PHILIPPE

That's the point, I'm not playing with them, period. I refuse! Don't you understand? These devils don't deserve my respect. I refuse!

Philippe closes his eyes and seals himself off completely.

PRESSBURGER

Then they win. That's it, then.

(pause)

I've done my best for you. But I can't defend a martyr. After all, I don't even understand your cause.

There's nothing more to say. He leaves Philippe to his silence.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - LATER

Philippe turns over on his mattress and heaves a sigh. A few moments pass and he opens his eyes - it's no use, he's wide awake.

He sits, seemingly out of boredom, and sorts through his papers - but nothing sparks his interest. Disgusted, he spills them onto the floor.

Philippe moves into the paltry shaft of light and locates a blank sheet of paper and a pencil.

He draws a few lines, the initial contours of an unknown image. Closing his eyes tight, he gathers his vision...

EXT. GOLDEN STAR INN - FLASHBACK - MORNING

His mother and father at the table before him, having finished their meals. Ita looks particularly weary.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - FLASHBACK - MORNING

Morduch as he gives Philippe a jab in the ribs, keeping up his pace as Philippe falls behind.

INT. TRAIN - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch's uneasy expression as they leave the compartment. Philippe gestures to another and they load in.

EXT. ALPINE ROSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Morduch as he arrives behind Philippe, breathing heavily. As casually as possible, he rubs his chest.

INT. ALPINE ROSE - DINING HALL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Morduch lifts a clumsy hand and pats Philippe on the shoulder. He gives an awkward smile.

Glancing at the table next to them, Philippe catches sight of Josef Weil.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe snatches in a breath, frightened. But gathering his resolve, he presses on.

The drawing is beginning to take shape - a man's face.

Philippe continues with more determination and focus, squeezing his eyes shut every few moments.

EXT. SCHWARZ LAKE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Father and son, in high spirits, take a breath after their horseplay. All is well for once until Josefine arrives, Morduch no good at disguising his lust.

EXT. TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch in a rage, releases Philippe and turns heel down the trail.

INT. DOMINIKUS HUT - PAY DESK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch's fingers lingering on Anna's as he slides her a bill.

EXT. DOMINIKUS HUT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Morduch as he squares off with Philippe, triggered by his defiance and...

JUMP CUT to Morduch in his face, ready to strike.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - TRAIL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Philippe hears the cry behind him and whips around. Morduch, some distance back, holds his chest in pain, his expression flustered and dizzy. Philippe runs to him as Morduch sits on the low wall, looking frightened.

Confused and desperate, Morduch stands and tries to move on, only to lose his balance again.

It's happening - he's toppling over the slope. Philippe stands in shock as Morduch's center of gravity tips.

Morduch stretches for help. His face registers every last drop of understanding - an expression of forgiveness.

Philippe watches his father go.

INT. INNSBRUCK JAILHOUSE - PHILIPPE'S CELL - NIGHT

Philippe opens his eyes, finishing off the drawing with complete clarity.

At last, he drops the pencil and stares intently at his result.

Philippe's SELF-PORTRAIT. The likeness captures everything of the moment - an admixture of rage, resignation and guilt.

Slowly, we begin to hear the sounds of a MARCHING DRUM BEAT.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The drums of war - the Nazi party has organized a demonstration, well into the hundreds. Those in uniform conduct a march towards the courthouse while the mob rallies around them, oblivious to the bitter cold.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

The crowd has gained in number. Though the hostility remains, with several shouting for Philippe's head, there is an atmosphere of amusement here - like Philippe said, a circus.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

While everyone takes their places, Philippe and Pressburger sit patiently at their table.

PHILIPPE  
(softly)  
Baaaa. Baaaa.

Pressburger's eyes widen a bit. He turns to Philippe - the boy's finally gone mad.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
(with a wink)  
Meek as a lamb.

Pressburger smiles.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Philippe on the witness stand.

HOHENLEITNER  
How would you describe your  
relationship with your father,  
Morduch Halsman, before his death?

PHILIPPE  
I loved him very much, and I still  
love my father. I would describe  
our relationship as typical. We had  
our difficulties, but we were both  
very loving towards one another.

HOHENLEITNER  
Who was carrying the pack at the  
time of his death?

PHILIPPE  
He was.

HOHENLEITNER  
But I understand he had a heart  
condition. In fact, it's your  
assertion that this condition  
caused his fall. Is this true?

PHILIPPE  
Yes. I believe his weak heart  
caused him to lose his balance.

HOHENLEITNER

So, perhaps you can make me understand. If he had this so-called heart condition - the autopsy confirmed that he did not die of it - but if he had it, as you say, then why was he carrying the pack? Surely that would be your job?

PHILIPPE

I'd been carrying it for days. We'd had a fight. He took it to prove to himself that he was stronger than I. He was always doing that. Competing with me.

HOHENLEITNER

Hmmm. And were there any other witnesses at the time of the accident?

PHILIPPE

No, there was nobody else present.

HOHENLEITNER

And where were you, exactly, when you saw your father fall?

PHILIPPE

I was approximately 3 meters in front of him. I turned around when I heard his cry.

HOHENLEITNER

Yes, this is what you reported to the police, and to Karl Netterman. Yet you told Max Schneider that you were behind your father. Which one is correct?

PHILIPPE

I was in front of him. Mr. Schneider must have misunderstood me.

HOHENLEITNER

Misunderstood. I see. Thank you.

INT. OFFENBACH CAFE - DAY

Even the standing room is limited as many audience members from the courtroom pour into the cafe, including Leopold. He manages to push up to the bar and secure a spot.

THREE STUDENTS to his left exchange their views.

STUDENT #1

You're exaggerating.

STUDENT #2

How so? It's obvious where they're coming from.

STUDENT #1

It doesn't hold up. The jury, okay, we know where they're at.

STUDENT #3

Not all of them.

STUDENT #1

But I don't think the judge or the prosecutor are particularly anti-Semitic.

Leopold catches the bartender.

LEOPOLD

Whiskey. No ice.

STUDENT #2

Then how do you explain this. It's a circumstantial case. The judge is supposed to instruct the jury, if there is sufficient cause for doubt, they must declare him innocent. They must. But he said nothing.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, he's innocent, alright. I know it for a fact.

Leopold gets his whiskey and looks lazily to the man on his right, hardly registering him. But we recognize him immediately as Josef Weil.

STUDENT #1

Why? How do you know?

JOSEF WEIL

I just know.

Leopold ignores them all.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
They're heading back in! With a  
verdict!

STUDENT #3  
Already?

STUDENT #2  
That was fast.

The crowd pushes out of the cafe, not wanting to miss a second. Leopold lingers behind, drains his whiskey, throws a bill on the bar and leaves.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Philippe watches the jury take their places with some interest, but is only half-present.

As for their part, nearly all of the jurors make eye contact with Philippe. He catches A WINK from the JURY FOREMAN.

JUDGE LARCHER  
Have you reached a verdict?

JURY FOREMAN  
We have, you Honor.

JUDGE LARCHER  
What say you?

JURY FOREMAN  
We of the Innsbruck Jury Court find  
the defendant, Philippe Halsman,  
guilty of m--

A gush of enthusiasm floods the courtroom, drowning out the Jury Foreman as well as the few who protest. Liuba sinks into the bench before her, gushing with agony.

Our students from the Offenbach shake their heads in disgust, furious. In contrast, many others exchange robust embraces.

Judge Larcher picks up his gavel, then thinks twice and doesn't bother. He gestures to the guards, who close in on Philippe.

Philippe doesn't react at all. Completely removed, he looks over the courtroom as if it were nothing but an absurd dream.

SILENCE, Philippe hearing nothing, as the guards collect him. They get him to his feet, but he remains limp. The guards shake him up, but remain forced to carry him out.

As he gets to the door, the SWELL OF NOISE RETURNS and Philippe comes to life.

PHILIPPE  
Criminals!

He flies towards the bench and jury box, losing his voice, railing at them with little more than a raspy whisper.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
Criminals! You're the criminals!  
I'm innocent, you devils! I'm  
innocent!

The guards quickly restrain him, his glasses falling to the floor in the process. Despite the intensity of his outburst, he's easy to manhandle - they whisk him out the door.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Philippe sits with his hands cuffed before him, staring out the window and desperately devouring the view as TWO GUARDS keep a casual eye on him. At last he breaks, standing and thrusting his face in the open window, catching every molecule of air he can before the guards sit him down.

He tries again, but the guards are adamant.

TRANSFER GUARD  
Sit tight. Or we put you on the  
floor.

Philippe behaves, growing more desperate but keeping himself in check. Looking to them for approval, he slowly reaches for a wooden crate on the floor.

The guards, stern but sympathetic, pick it up for him.

TRANSFER GUARD (cont'd)  
What do you want?

Philippe sorts through the papers and finds his self-portrait. Careful not to alarm them, he slowly raises it to the window. They let him.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Philippe pushes the portrait out and lets it fly.

CLOSE on the portrait as it floats and whips through the air. It hangs for some time, gentle and free, before it descends.

LIUBA (V.O.)

He refused to pursue a pardon, for in doing so he'd be declaring his guilt. All we had left was the controversy itself, and the international attention. All of the letters, including yours Mr. Einstein, were a tremendous help. Without them, I don't believe the Federal President would have intervened. And so, merely to do away with this scandal, he signed the pardon. Among a hundred others - a routine act on his way out of office.

EINSTEIN (V.O.)

A matter of course, not justice.

As the self-portrait nears the ground, it is rudely sucked under the train.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - PROFESSOR'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

The newspapers on the desk: "*HALSMAN CONVICTED: MURDER*," "*THE PEOPLE SPEAK*"...

EINSTEIN

Simply doing away with the embarrassment.

Einstein floats his eyes over the newspapers. All three fall silent.

Finally, Professor Einstein snaps out of it.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)

Well. We're wasting time here.

He picks up the phone and dials, Yvonne and Liuba exchanging looks of growing optimism.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)

The Roosevelt Residence, please.  
(winking to the girls)  
Ellie. Albert here, good day to you.

EXT. DOCKS - NEW YORK - EVENING

The entire Halsman family, sticking together in the mob, as passengers make their way down the gangplank. Irene breaks away from Yvonne as she spots her father.

IRENE

Daddy!

Philippe drops his suitcase and scoops her up in his arms.

The others arrive and compete for his embrace.

YVONNE

I can't believe it.

ITA

Oh, I've been blessed!

LIUBA

We've all been blessed.

Something seems to be bothering Philippe - he looks back mournfully across the ocean.

YVONNE

We'll make it, Philippe. We've always found a way.

PHILIPPE

Oh, it's not that.

YVONNE

What is it?

PHILIPPE

To think I was just perfecting my French.

He turns to his family with a smile, undaunted.

André grabs the suitcase as the family is forced to move on.

ANDRE

You have your camera, I trust?

PHILIPPE

That, a handful of proofs, and I think I've got an extra pair of socks.

ANDRE

Sorry about your collection.

## PHILIPPE

Well, the Germans may learn something. In any case, there's no point in hanging on to old news.

## INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

Though the quarters are claustrophobic and dismal, the furniture has been squared against the walls to provide a bit of work space. Yvonne pulls a curious Irene into the kitchenette as Philippe works with a YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN who applies dark red lipstick. Inspired by Philippe, she lets out a wild laugh, then moves in front of an American flag.

Irene has her head in the door again, and this time she's joined by Yvonne, who can't help but feel a little jealous. Philippe waves them both in, encouraging Irene to pose along with the blonde.

He captures several images as the two play around with various poses.

HOLD ON IMAGE of the last shot, used as the "Victory Red" campaign on ELIZABETH ARDEN MAGAZINE and its NEWSPAPER ADS.

## INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - MONTHS LATER

Less claustrophobic, less dismal, the place is showing signs of transformation due to Philippe's growing success. But not everything has changed - he picks up the same cardboard suitcase and kisses Yvonne and Liuba goodbye.

## INT. PALATIAL HOME - DAY

A footman escorts Philippe into the expansive living room, filled with wealth and oddities. A man in a recliner stands and turns to greet him - it is SALVADOR DALI.

As Dali leads him into the house, Philippe looks about, picking up clues. As he does so, we are washed over with photo images of Halsman's Dali collection.

Dali leads him to the next room, which has been cleared, but Philippe shakes his head and points back to the living room.

Philippe sets up his camera and begins his work, encouraging Dali to play around as he pleases. The images keep coming as we're washed over with scores of Dali photos.

PUSH IN on Philippe as he gestures and plays along with his subject.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Philippe as he encourages his subject.

But this is RICHARD M. NIXON who, try as he might, can't seem to make himself comfortable. He seems startled by Philippe's suggestion and stands up, unsure.

Philippe presses him, and at last, Nixon gives it a go - dipping at the knees, he lunges up into the air and Philippe gets the shot. Both men share a laugh, Nixon back on his guard.

INT. YELLOW CAB - MORNING

Now Philippe in the back seat as we approach the house of Professor Einstein. Philippe takes in the neighborhood with admiration as we continue to be washed over with images - JOHN F. KENNEDY, GROUCHO MARX, LOUIS ARMSTRONG, WINSTON CHURCHILL, FRANK SINATRA, MARILYN MONROE...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls up and Philippe hops out, paying the driver and snatching up his equipment.

INT. EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Philippe adjusts the lights around the desk.

PHILIPPE

Tell me something, Professor. I can't help noticing that you never wear socks. My wife and sister remarked on it, too.

EINSTEIN

Oh, uh. When I was a young man, I noticed that the big toe always made a hole.

(pause)

Why do you wear them?

PHILIPPE

Hmmm. Good question.

EINSTEIN

That's an odd device you've got there.

Philippe proudly explains his camera.

PHILIPPE

It's official. The Halsman-Fairchild. It allows you to photograph while looking at the subject at the same time. Unfortunately only a prototype. The war effort has put a halt on metal manufacturing.

Something strikes the professor and he grows quiet, solemnly drinking his tea.

PHILIPPE (cont'd)

Something wrong, Professor?

Einstein is a long time in answering, growing more and more despondent.

EINSTEIN

(with bitter sadness)

The war effort.

(pause)

My letter to Roosevelt... I was trying to warn him of the dangers. That advancements in the fission process could lead to a powerful nuclear weapon. I was afraid the Germans might... Perhaps my warning was too hasty. I feel if it weren't for that warning... the Atomic bomb would not have come to pass. And now they call me the father of this Atomic bomb.

Einstein looks up in dismay.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)

One gets weary of these war efforts.

Philippe, compelled by his words.

PHILIPPE

But don't you believe there will ever be peace?

EINSTEIN

No. As long as there will be man, there will be war.

Einstein falls silent again, losing himself in his tea - so much so he seems to have forgotten Philippe entirely.

EINSTEIN (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
Why is it that everyone seems to  
like me, but no one understands me?  
If only I could find the equation  
of mankind.

PUSH IN on Philippe's hand. After a long silence, he triggers  
the camera.

PHILIPPE  
I understand you.

FADE TO BLACK.

POST-SCRIPT:

*In 1973, Austrian President Franz Jonas expunged the Halsman  
verdict from the law books and from Austria's haunted past.*

*In 1991, Morduch Halsman's head, which had been preserved as  
evidence and stored for over 60 years in the Innsbruck  
coroner's office, was reunited with the body.*

*Philippe Halsman died in his sleep on June 25, 1979. At the  
time of his death, he had published over 100 cover  
photographs for LIFE Magazine, more than any other artist.*