

The Talking Cure

A David Cronenberg Film

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The Talking Cure

Director:	David Cronenberg	A History of Violence Eastern Promises The Fly
Writer:	Christopher Hampton	Atonement The Quiet American Dangerous Liaisons
Producer:	Jeremy Thomas	The Dreamers Sexy Beast The Last Emperor

The Talking Cure

A beautiful young woman, driven mad by her past. An ambitious doctor on a mission to succeed. An esteemed mentor with a revolutionary cure. Let the mind games begin...

Seduced by the challenge of an impossible case, the driven Dr. Jung takes the unbalanced yet beautiful Sabina Spielrein as his patient. Jung's weapon is the method of his master, the renowned Sigmund Freud. Both men fall under Sabina's spell.

Jung gives in to lust and a passionate affair begins. Sabina becomes the catalyst for Jung's inspired theories. Meanwhile Freud goes further, delving into Sabina's brilliant mind until she can take the situation no longer. The bonds between the trio shatter. Driven by desire and revenge, with their reputations at stake, Freud and Jung embark on a battle of wills.

In this dangerous game of sex and intellect, the price will be Sabina's soul.

THE TALKING CURE
Screenplay
By
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1 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

1

A violent struggle is in progress: CLOSE on a man's thick, fleshy hand, as it grips the two slender wrists of a young girl, who's trying desperately to free herself, grunting with effort.

A WIDER ANGLE shows us that there are three people in the carriage, the third, a man in uniform on his knees in a corner hanging on to the girl's feet and lower legs as she jerks and flails like a landed fish. The GIRL is SABINA SPIELREIN, a dark, slight young woman of 19, olive-skinned and beautiful, with waist-length dark hair. The MAN gripping her wrists is her father NIKOLAI SPIELREIN, a large, coarse-looking, red-faced Russian in his midforties, with a thick moustache.

Abruptly, SABINA stops struggling; but the relief, palpable on the faces of the two men, is short-lived: for SABINA begins to wail, terrible, broken-hearted sobs to freeze the blood.

2 EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD. NIGHT.

2

A summer storm is raging. Pouring rain and gusting wind attack the COACHMAN, as he lashes the horses on, up a hill leading away from the large expanse of the lake. Even against the storm, SABINA's cries can be heard.

A CAPTION: ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND: 17TH AUGUST, 1904.

3 EXT. BURGHÖLZLI HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

3

The hospital is a massive, plain building on the crest of a hill. It's still bucketing with rain, as the COACHMAN jumps down to open the door and help the ORDERLY and NIKOLAI SPIELREIN as they emerge, seen from ABOVE, carrying the writhing body of SABINA.

4 INT. RECEPTION AREA. NIGHT.

4

As the MEN labour in with the dripping, struggling SABINA, she suddenly goes limp and begins shrieking with laughter.

Two or three NURSES close in on her as the ORDERLY drops her legs; while other NURSES arrive down various corridors, attracted by the noise. SABINA stops laughing and sticks her tongue out as far as it will go at the approaching NURSES, causing SPIELREIN to smack her round the head; at which, the hysterical laughter begins again.

CLOSE on SABINA: screaming with laughter, until suddenly, her eyes flick upwards and she stops again in the middle of a peal of laughter: she's seen something.

Descending the main staircase is DR. CARL GUSTAV JUNG, a tall, broad-shouldered, godlike young man of 29, haloed in a backlit glow and smiling faintly as he purposefully approaches.

SABINA is still now, staring up at the apparition.

5 INT. CONSULTING-ROOM. DAY.

5

SABINA sits, bolt upright on a straight-backed chair, in the dead centre of a bare white room. She's wearing a simple dress and her hair has been braided into one long plait. There's another chair placed about five or six feet behind her, slightly to one side. JUNG breezes into the room.

JUNG

Good morning, I'm Dr. Jung, I admitted you last night.

He stretches out a hand, but she won't take it. This doesn't seem to discourage him in the least.

JUNG (CONT'D)

How did you sleep?

SABINA

They wouldn't let me keep the light on.

JUNG

You like to sleep with the light on?

SABINA

I...

Her mouth stays open, she seems to be making an enormous, unsuccessful effort to speak.

JUNG

I think we can allow that.

SABINA closes her mouth, relief in her eyes.

SABINA

I'm not mad, you know.

JUNG

Let me explain what I have in mind:
I propose that we meet here, most
days, to talk for an hour or two.

SABINA

Talk?

JUNG

Yes. Just talk. See if we can
identify what's troubling you. So
as to distract you as little as
possible, I shall sit there, behind
you; and I'm going to ask you to try
not to turn round and look at me
under any circumstances.

He moves behind her and sits in the second chair. Her face
twitches, her expression is apprehensive. JUNG opens a small
notebook on his knee, in which he will make regular notes.

JUNG (CONT'D)

Now. Have you any idea what may
have brought on these attacks you
suffer from?

SABINA has to struggle for some time before she can answer.

SABINA

Humiliation.

Silence. JUNG waits. SABINA'S head jerks back in a series of
involuntary tics.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Any kind of... humiliation, I can't
bear to see it. Makes me feel
nauseated. I start pouring with sweat,
cold sweat.

JUNG

No one likes to see that kind of
thing. But these must have been
isolated incidents?

Silence. SABINA is in obvious distress.

JUNG (CONT'D)

Were they not?

SABINA

No, often, they were often, happened often.

JUNG

At home?

SABINA

My... father lost his temper all the time, he was always angry: with my brothers.

JUNG

With your brothers?

SABINA

Mmm.

JUNG

Not with you?

SABINA

Sometimes... ah, sometimes.

JUNG

What would he do?

SABINA

Shout and... shout. And hit them.

She's writhing in her chair now, her leg twitching, her face out of control.

JUNG

But you do love your father?

SABINA

Ah, yes, but I couldn't... I couldn't... he was so sad sometimes and I wasn't able to... pride... it was the most painful kind of love... I couldn't even... couldn't kiss him...

She breaks off. JUNG waits a while.

JUNG

When you stopped talking just now: did a thought come into your head?

SABINA

I don't... ah...

JUNG

Or an image perhaps? Was it an image?

SABINA

Yes.

JUNG

What was the image?

SABINA

A hand.

She writhes in her chair; finally she comes to rest and speaks, only just audibly.

SABINA (CONT'D)

My father's hand.

JUNG

Why do you think you saw that?

SABINA

After he... whenever he hit us... afterwards... we had to kiss his hand...

She twists and turns; JUNG writes in his notebook.

6 INT. JUNG'S APARTMENT. DAY.

6

The apartment assigned to the hospital's assistant director is a set of plain rooms on the second floor of the hospital, comfortably furnished by JUNG's wife, EMMA, a fair, attractive 22-year-old, now five months pregnant.

JUNG has finished his breakfast and sips his coffee as EMMA moves around, clearing the table.

JUNG

What's odd is, that case I was writing up last week: I happened to pick the codename Sabina S. And here she is: Sabina Spielrein.

EMMA

Quite a coincidence.

JUNG

As you know, I don't believe there is such a thing.

EMMA puts his empty cup on the tray.

EMMA

Spielrein's not a very Russian name.

JUNG

No, Jewish. Father's a very successful import-export man. And she's exceptionally well educated, speaks fluent German. Aspires to be a doctor herself, apparently.

EMMA

Perhaps she's the one.

JUNG

What one?

EMMA

The one you've been looking for. For your experimental treatment. The talking cure.

JUNG

(smiles)

You're so astute. I've already begun it with her.

EMMA lays a hand on her stomach.

EMMA

He's kicking, can you feel?

JUNG rests a hand on her stomach.

JUNG

Oh, yes. There he is.

He starts to put on his jacket and straightens his tie, preparing to leave.

JUNG (CONT'D)

What I don't understand is why Freud, having proposed this radical therapeutic idea, this talking cure, this psychoanalysis, then lets years go by without giving even the barest outline of his clinical procedures? What's he playing at?

EMMA

Presumably he uses the method on his patients?

JUNG

I've no idea.

EMMA

So might you be the first doctor to try this out?

JUNG

It's possible.

EMMA

Why don't you write and ask him?

JUNG

I don't know him. As it happens, Miss Spielrein's mother wanted to take her to see Freud.

EMMA

Another coincidence.

Her tone is teasing; JUNG shakes his head, pecks her affectionately on the cheek and heads for the door.

7 EXT. PINWOODS. DAY.

7

JUNG and SABINA stroll through the towering pines which cover the slopes of a hill near the Burghölzli. They're wearing overcoats, SABINA's worn draped across her shoulders. SABINA seems more relaxed; JUNG carries a stout walking-stick.

SABINA

My father thinks my mother doesn't love him... and he's right, she doesn't.

JUNG
How do you know?

SABINA
My angel told me.

JUNG
What angel?

SABINA
An inner voice. He used to tell me I was an exceptional person. For some reason he always spoke in German.

JUNG
Angels always speak German: it's traditional.

SABINA smiles, perhaps for the first time.

SABINA
He gave me the power to know what people are going to say before they open their mouths.

JUNG
Useful ability for a doctor. You hope to be a doctor someday, don't you?

SABINA
I'll never be a doctor.

JUNG
Why not?

SABINA looks up at him gratefully: they walk on for a while in silence.

JUNG (CONT'D)
I have to go away for a while. I'm sorry. We've just gotten started.

SABINA looks up at him, shocked.

JUNG (CONT'D)
Military service. We all have to do it. Just for a couple of weeks.

SABINA starts trembling; her expression darkens.

SABINA

It's all a waste of time. I can't tell you whatever it is you want to know, you're just making me angry... and if I did tell you, you'd be sorry you ever... anyway, there's nothing wrong with me! I don't even want to get better!

She instinctively pulls away from him, her coat catches on a branch and is swept off onto the dusty ground. JUNG picks it up, holds it out and starts to beat the dust out of it with his stick. Suddenly, SABINA hurls herself at him and snatches the coat out of his hand.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Stop it!

JUNG

I was only...

SABINA

Will you stop that!

JUNG

I'm sorry.

SABINA looks at him for a moment, her expression fearful; then she looks away and speaks abruptly.

SABINA

Can we go back now?

JUNG

Yes, if you want to.

SABINA

I need to get back.

8 INT. JUNG'S APARTMENT. DAY.

8

JUNG folds his army uniform and closes his suitcase. EMMA hovers sympathetically in the background.

JUNG

It's a complete waste of my time.

(MORE)

JUNG (CONT'D)

Writing prescriptions for athlete's
foot and examining cocks from morning
to night.

EMMA

Is that what you do?

JUNG

It's not good for me and it's not
good for my patients.

9 INT. SABINA'S ROOM. DAY.

9

SABINA's lunch is untouched and she's busying herself with holding her napkin over a candle-flame, burning tiny holes in it. An older NURSE comes in, sees what SABINA is doing, takes the napkin gently from her and turns to look at her tray.

NURSE

You haven't eaten your lunch.

SABINA

Not hungry.

The NURSE leans in to collect the tray, then checks herself.

NURSE

Where's the knife?

SABINA

Nobody eats on Mars.

NURSE

Is that so? Now where have you put
the knife?

SABINA

I might need it.

NURSE

I shall have to tell Professor
Bleuler.

SABINA

Do what you like.

10 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. 10

PROFESSOR EUGEN BLEULER, the director of the Burgholzli, a diminutive, but distinguished-looking, white-bearded gentleman, follows the NURSE to the door of SABINA'S room.

11 INT. SABINA'S ROOM. DAY. 11

The room is empty. However, a piece of paper is pinned to the wall by a knife. The NURSE crosses to investigate.

BLEULER

What does it say?

NURSE

"If I'm not back tomorrow, it doesn't necessarily mean I'm dead."

BLEULER sighs, shaking his head dispiritedly.

12 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS. DAY. 12

It's raining. BLEULER and the NURSE come upon a small knot of struggling ORDERLIES, at the centre of which is SABINA, her face and arms smeared with wet mud. She's grappling fruitlessly with the largest ORDERLY, but stops as soon as BLEULER appears.

SABINA

Ah. The Herr Direktor.

BLEULER's manner is entirely calm.

BLEULER

Miss Spielrein, I feel you may have a little too much time on your hands. I'm a great believer in getting our patients involved in some productive work. What are your particular interests?

SABINA

Suicide. Interplanetary travel.

BLEULER turns, not rising to this.

BLEULER

Shall we go in?

(MORE)

BLEULER (CONT'D)

When Dr. Jung returns, I shall ask him to discuss all this with you in more detail.

SABINA

No. Keep him away from me. I never want to see him again.

By now, she's allowing the ORDERLIES to begin leading her back towards the hospital, laughing loudly.

13 INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM. DAY.

13

There's a strange-looking contraption in the middle of the room: a dark wooden bath with metal attachments, two-thirds full of water. Next to it, SABINA is grappling with three NURSES, kicking and shouting.

Eventually they manage to get her undressed and into the bath, whereupon something rather like a coffin-lid, leaving only SABINA's head free, is banged across the top of the bath and secured. SABINA begins to wail, as one of the NURSES starts to wash the mud off her face.

14 INT. SABINA'S ROOM. DAY.

14

SABINA lies on her bed, the picture of apathy. JUNG steps into the room, radiating energy.

JUNG

Hello. I'm back.
(pause)
How have you been?

SABINA doesn't answer: she turns her face to the wall.

JUNG (CONT'D)

I've been talking to the Herr Direktor about finding some work for you. I told him you'd always been interested in medicine. He suggested you might like to assist me occasionally in my research.

SABINA's face lights up.

JUNG (CONT'D)

We're quite short-staffed, so it
would certainly be a help to me.

15 INT. LABORATORY IN THE BURGHÖLZLI. DAY.

15

EMMA JUNG, noticeably more pregnant, sits in a straightbacked chair, hooked up to an electro-galvanometer; JUNG, holding a clipboard, sits at an angle so that he can monitor the galvanometer; and SABINA, in a white lab coat, sits off to one side, with a stopwatch and a notebook.

JUNG

Vienna.

EMMA

Woods.

JUNG

Box.

EMMA

Bed.

JUNG

Money.

EMMA

Bank.

JUNG

Child.

EMMA hesitates. JUNG leans forward, noting that the hand on the dial of the galvanometer has jumped.

EMMA

Soon.

JUNG

Family.

Pause. SABINA activates her stopwatch.

EMMA

Unit.

Sex. JUNG

Er, male. EMMA

Wall. JUNG

Flower. EMMA

Young. JUNG

Another pause; and a reaction on the galvanometer.

Baby. EMMA

Ask. JUNG

Answer. EMMA

Cap. JUNG

Wear. EMMA

Stubborn. JUNG

Give way. EMMA

Ruefulness. JUNG

SABINA records about ten seconds on the stopwatch.

Child. EMMA

Fame. JUNG

EMMA
Doctor.

JUNG
Divorce.

The galvanometer reacts wildly; SABINA watches the ticking hand on the stopwatch.

EMMA
No.

JUNG relaxes with a warm smile and disconnects EMMA from the machine.

JUNG
Thank you.

EMMA
Is that all?

JUNG
That's all.

EMMA
How did I do?

JUNG
Beautifully.

Slightly surprised still, EMMA heaves herself to her feet.

She crosses to the door, glancing at SABINA en route.

JUNG (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

EMMA
Erm, yes, goodbye.

She leaves the room. JUNG turns to SABINA.

JUNG
Any preliminary observations?

SABINA
Obviously what's uppermost in her mind is her pregnancy.

JUNG

Good.

SABINA

She's a little... what's the word?

JUNG

Why don't we try a useful word
invented by our Herr Direktor:
ambivalent.

SABINA

Yes... about the baby.

JUNG

Anything else?

SABINA

I'd say she was worried her husband
might be losing interest in her.

JUNG

What makes you think that?

SABINA

Long reaction times to the words
'family' and 'divorce'.

JUNG

I see.

SABINA

When you said 'cap', she said 'wear'.
Might that be a reference to
contraception?

JUNG smiles, impressed.

JUNG

You've quite a flair for this.

SABINA

Can I ask you something?

JUNG

Of course.

SABINA
Is she your wife?

At first taken aback, JUNG recovers quickly and nods, smiling.

16 INT. DELIVERY-ROOM. DAY.

16

JUNG steps into the room where EMMA is nursing her new-born baby. She looks up at him, her expression defensive.

EMMA
I'm sorry.

JUNG
Sorry?

EMMA
I promised you a son on Christmas Day. And here she is, a day late and the wrong sex.

JUNG
Don't be absurd.

He leans forward, caressing the baby's forehead with his great hand.

JUNG (CONT'D)
A for Agathe.

EMMA
Next time I'll give you a boy.

17 INT. CONSULTING-ROOM. DAY.

17

JUNG and SABINA in their customary positions: judging by the grimace JUNG makes as he uncrosses his legs, they've been there for some time. Eventually, SABINA breaks the silence.

SABINA
Can we stop now?

JUNG
I'd like to go on a little longer.

SABINA
But it's been... I mean, how long has it been?

JUNG

We've been talking for about two and a half hours.

SABINA

Then why can't we...?

JUNG

It's my belief that there's one more step to be taken; and as this is our first session of the New Year, I have a sense that progress is possible.

SABINA

I don't know what to tell you.

JUNG waits for a moment before speaking.

JUNG

Can you explain why your nights have been so bad?

SABINA

I'm afraid.

JUNG

Of what?

SABINA

There's something in the room... something like a cat, only it... can speak, it gets into bed with me.

Long silence. JUNG waits.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Last, last night, it suddenly whispered something in my ear, I couldn't hear what... but then... I felt it behind me... it put its hand on my waist and then...

She's twisting furiously in the chair, in an agony of discomfort.

SABINA (CONT'D)

...I felt something against my back,
something slimy like some kind of
a... mollusc... moving against my
back, but when I turned round there
was nothing there.

JUNG

You felt it against your back?

SABINA

Yes.

JUNG

Were you naked?

SABINA

I was.

JUNG

Were you masturbating?

SABINA

Yes.

Another long silence. JUNG seems about to break it, when
SABINA speaks again.

SABINA (CONT'D)

I loathe New Years...

JUNG sits up, suddenly alert.

JUNG

Why?

SABINA

For example, last New Year's Day...
he flew into a terrible rage, nobody
could understand why, and he took my
brother Isaac... and... and...

A tremendous barrage of tics overwhelms her for a moment.

SABINA (CONT'D)

...beat him in front of everyone...
and... I... I...

She can't go on.

JUNG

We've talked a lot about these outbursts of your father's. There were times, weren't there, when he did beat you?

SABINA

Oh, yes, often, he often...

JUNG

Tell me about those.

SABINA's eyes dart from place to place; she looks trapped and panicky.

SABINA

Can we stop now?

JUNG

I'd like to go on just a little longer.

SABINA

So... ah...

She's struggling to control herself.

SABINA (CONT'D)

What was the question?

JUNG

Tell me about the first time you can remember being beaten by your father.

SABINA looks as if she's contemplating running out of the room. Finally, she manages to speak.

SABINA

I suppose I was about four... I broke a plate... or... yes... and he told me to go in the little room and... take my clothes off... then he came in and... spanked me... I was so frightened, I wet myself, so he... hit me again and...

JUNG

And after that first time, he beat you a lot?

SABINA

Oh, yes... yes... and when he was away, my mother beat me... but that wasn't at all... it wasn't the same as...

Tears are starting to roll down her cheeks.

JUNG

That first time, how did you feel about what was happening?

Long silence; after which, SABINA's reply is scarcely audible.

SABINA

I liked it.

JUNG

Would you repeat that, please? I couldn't quite hear.

SABINA

I liked it. It excited me.

JUNG

And did you continue to like it?

SABINA gives a long groan.

SABINA

Yes... yes... before long he only had to say to me to... go to the little room and I would... start to get wet...

JUNG

Did you sometimes provoke him deliberately?

SABINA

No, I... it happened often enough...

She breaks off: JUNG waits.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Whenever he beat one of my brothers -
or even just threatened... that was
enough... I'd have to go and lie
down and touch myself... later, at
school, anything would set it off...
any kind of humiliation... I looked
for any humiliation... even here...
when you hit my coat with your stick,
I had to come back right away... I
was so excited...

A torrent of sobbing slowly plays itself out: then she's
still at last and her voice is quiet.

SABINA (CONT'D)

There's no hope for me, I'm vile and
filthy and corrupt, I must never be
let out of here...

Her head sinks.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

18 EXT. STREET IN VIENNA. DAY.

18

JUNG and EMMA descend from a taxi outside No.19, Berggasse,
a quiet street in Vienna 9. As JUNG pays the taxi and turns
towards the house, the front door opens to reveal a slight,
bearded man of medium height, conservatively dressed in frock
coat and stiff collar: this is PROFESSOR SIGMUND FREUD at
50.

A CAPTION: TWO YEARS LATER. VIENNA, AUSTRIA, 3RD MARCH,

FREUD steps forward to shake hands warmly with JUNG.

JUNG

Professor Freud.

FREUD

So good to meet you at long last.

He shakes hands with EMMA, with a courtly little bow.

FREUD (CONT'D)

You're most welcome.

He turns to lead them into the house.

19 INT. DINING ROOM IN FREUD'S APARTMENT. DAY.

19

There are eleven people at lunch in the slightly cramped conditions of the FREUD family dining-room: in addition to FREUD, JUNG and EMMA are FREUD's wife, MARTHA, his sister-in-law, MINNA BERNAYS, and his six children, ranging in age from MATHILDE, 19, to ANNA, 11. FREUD sits next to JUNG at one end of the table, while EMMA sits at the far end with the two adult women. A MAID squeezes around the outside of the table, offering food.

JUNG

Perhaps the terms themselves should be reviewed: if, for instance, we could come up with some milder term than 'libido', we might not encounter such emotional resistance, it would make the teaching side of things much easier...

He breaks off, obliged to move his chair, so that the MAID can pass and offer him food. He helps himself unselfconsciously to an enormous quantity.

FREUD

Is euphemism a good idea? Once they work out what we actually mean, they'll be just as appalled as ever.

He can't help frowning as he takes note of the vast quantity of food on JUNG's plate.

JUNG

I take your point, but I still think it's worth trying to sweeten the pill when it comes to questions of sexuality...

FREUD

And by the way, please don't feel you have to restrain yourself here. My family are all veterans of the most unsuitable topics of mealtime conversation.

JUNG glances around for a second, slightly nonplussed, since it's never occurred to him to take the mixed company into consideration. Then he plunges on.

JUNG

I have a number of clinical examples
which I believe support my position
with regard to sexuality...

20 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. DAY.

20

CLOSE on FREUD's cigar, as he lights and puffs at it, releasing thick smoke into the homely atmosphere of his cluttered study, furnished in late-Victorian style, with Turkey rugs, a scattering of family photographs, a mass of classical etchings and drawings on the walls and innumerable decorative objects, mostly small archaeological pieces, covering every surface. Floor to ceiling bookshelves cover two walls.

FREUD

And how is your little Russian
patient?

JUNG

As I told you, after the initial
abreaction, there was the most
dramatic improvement. We've enrolled
her in the medical school at the
University, where she's doing
extremely well. She's a walking
advertisement for the effectiveness
of psychoanalysis.

FREUD

Psychoanalysis.

JUNG

Oh?

FREUD

It's more logical and it sounds
better.

JUNG

If you say so.

FREUD

Are you still treating her?

JUNG

Yes; and we continue to unearth new material: for example, the extraordinary procedure she devised as a small child, where she would sit on one heel, attempt to defecate and, at the same time, try to prevent herself from defecating. She said this gave rise to the most blissful feelings.

FREUD

A nice story. Those of my patients who remain fixated at the anal stage of their erotic development often come up with the most amusing details. And of course all of them are finicky, compulsively tidy, stubborn and extremely stingy with money. No doubt your Russian conforms to this pattern.

JUNG

Well, no: she doesn't.

FREUD frowns: he puffs at his cigar, evidently somewhat put out.

JUNG (CONT'D)

The masochistic aspects of her condition are much more deeply rooted than any anal fixations we may have uncovered.

FREUD

But the two are intimately connected!

JUNG

I can only tell you she's rather disorganised, emotionally generous and exceptionally idealistic.

FREUD

Well, perhaps it's a Russian thing.

He looks across at JUNG, eyes narrowed.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Is she a virgin?

JUNG

Yes, certainly. Almost certainly.

No, certainly.

His slight confusion is not lost on FREUD, who sucks on his cigar, his good mood quite restored.

21 EXT. CAFÉ TERRACE. DAY.

21

JUNG, fork in hand, is tucking into an enormous slab of Sachertorte, accompanied by a large cup of coffee piled high with whipped cream. FREUD, a chaste cup of black coffee in front of him, watches him benevolently. Behind, the coffee house is thronged with men, deep in animated conversation, reading newspapers from the racks or playing chess.

FREUD

I don't think you have any notion of the true strengths and depths of the opposition to our work. There's the whole medical establishment, of course, baying to send Freud to the auto-da-fé; but that's as nothing compared to what happens when our ideas begin to trickle through in whatever garbled form they're relayed to the public: the denials, the frenzy, the incoherent rage... you wouldn't believe it.

JUNG

But might that not be caused by your insistence on the exclusively sexual interpretation of the clinical material?

FREUD

All I'm doing is pointing out what experience indicates to me must be the truth... And I can assure you that in a hundred years' time our work will still be rejected. Columbus, you know, had no idea what country he'd discovered; like him, I'm in the dark: all I know is that I've set foot on the shore and the country exists.

JUNG

I think of you more as Galileo: and your opponents as those who condemned him, while refusing even to put their eye to his telescope.

FREUD

In any event, I've simply opened a door: it's for the young men, like yourself, to walk through it.

JUNG

I'm sure you have many more doors to open for us.

FREUD

At your age, I had made no mark at all: whereas you, for example, have invented the indispensable word 'complex'.

JUNG

I hope to be remembered for more than just a single word.

FREUD

And I've no doubt you will be.

He stubs out his cigar and drains his coffee, looking intently across at JUNG.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Of course, there's the added difficulty, more ammunition for our enemies, that all of us here in Vienna, in our psychoanalytical circle, are Jews.

JUNG

I don't see what difference that makes.

FREUD looks at him: he's staring innocently across, his moustache thick with white cream.

FREUD

That, if I may say so, is an exquisitely Protestant remark.

22 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

22

It's deep into the night, but FREUD and JUNG's conversation is still in full flow.

JUNG

I dreamed about a horse, being hoisted by cables to a considerable height. Suddenly, a cable breaks and the horse is dashed to the ground. But it's not hurt, it leaps up and gallops away, impeded only by a heavy log, which it's obliged to drag along the ground. Then a rider on a small horse appears in front of it, so that it's forced to slow down; and a carriage appears in front of the small horse, so that our horse is compelled to slow down even more.

FREUD considers for a moment.

FREUD

I imagine the horse is yourself.

JUNG

Yes.

FREUD

Your ambition has been frustrated in some way; hence the fall.

JUNG

The rider slowing me down...

FREUD

Yes.

JUNG

I think this may refer to my wife's first pregnancy. I had to give up an opportunity to go to America because of it.

FREUD

Ah, America. You're right, I'm sure that's a most important territory for us.

JUNG

The carriage in front perhaps refers to an apprehension that our two daughters and other children perhaps still to come, will impede my progress even more.

FREUD

As a father of six, I can vouch for that; not to mention the inevitable financial difficulties.

JUNG

No. Fortunately my wife is extremely rich.

FREUD takes a moment to recover from this.

FREUD

Ah. Yes, that is fortunate.

He forces himself to return to the matter in hand.

FREUD (CONT'D)

This log.

JUNG

Yes?

FREUD

I think perhaps you should entertain the possibility that it represents the penis.

JUNG

Yes; in which case what may be at issue is that a certain sexual constraint has been brought about by a fear of an endless succession of pregnancies.

As FREUD answers, JUNG begins the elaborate process of lighting his pipe.

FREUD

Hm.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

I'm bound to say if one of my patients had brought me this dream, I might have said that the number of restraining elements surrounding this unfortunate horse could perhaps point to the determined suppression of some unruly sexual desire.

JUNG

Yes.

He sucks his pipe for a while.

JUNG (CONT'D)

There is that as well.

FREUD permits himself a satisfied smile; the clock on his desk shows it's coming up to 2 a.m.

FREUD

I wonder if you're aware of the fact that our conversation has so far lasted thirteen hours?

JUNG

I'm sorry, I had no idea...

FREUD

My dear young colleague, please don't apologise. It was our first meeting, we had a great deal to say to one another; and unless I'm much mistaken, we always will.

JUNG nods solemnly.

23 EXT. APPROACHES TO THE FERRY STATION IN ZÜRICH. DAY.

23

JUNG and SABINA make their way down the hill towards the lake, deep in conversation.

JUNG

I've never met anyone like him. Nothing passes him by. He understands everything. I suppose he's what's meant by a great man. I shall have to be extremely careful.

SABINA

What do you mean? Why?

JUNG

He's so persuasive, he's so convincing, he makes you feel you should abandon your own ideas and simply follow in his wake. His followers in Vienna are all deeply unimpressive: a crowd of Bohemians and degenerates just picking up the crumbs from his table.

SABINA

Perhaps he's reached the stage where obedience is more important to him than originality.

JUNG

Mm. I tried to tackle him about his obsession with sexuality, his insistence on interpreting every symptom in sexual terms, but he's completely inflexible.

SABINA

In my case, of course, he'd have been right.

JUNG

Yes, as you would expect him to be in many cases. Possibly even the majority of cases.

He shakes his head, troubled, as they approach the ferry station.

JUNG (CONT'D)

But there must be more than one hinge into the universe.

24 EXT. FERRY ACROSS LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY.

24

JUNG stands, leaning over the handrail, looking out across the lake. He's momentarily taken aback by a question from SABINA.

SABINA

Do you like Wagner?

JUNG

The music, yes. The man, no.

SABINA

I'm very interested in the myth of Siegfried: the idea that something pure and heroic can come, can perhaps only come, from a sin, even a sin as dark as incest.

JUNG

This is very strange.

SABINA

What?

JUNG

I've told you before I don't believe in coincidence, I believe nothing happens by accident, all these things have a significance: the fact is, I'm in the middle of writing something myself about the Siegfried myth.

They both look at each other for a moment.

SABINA

Are you really?

JUNG

I assure you.

SABINA

Which is your favourite of the operas?

JUNG

Das Rheingold.

SABINA

Yes. That's right. Me too.

Her eyes are shining with excitement.

JUNG

Perhaps we might go to the opera sometimes. My wife has never been interested.

SABINA

I'd love to.

She looks up at him, hesitant: then decides to take the plunge.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

JUNG

Of course.

SABINA

Do you think there's any possibility
I could ever be a psychiatrist?

JUNG contemplates her eager expression.

JUNG

I know you could. I hear nothing but
good reports on your work at the
University. You're exactly the kind
of person we need.

SABINA

Insane, you mean.

JUNG frowns; then he realises she's joking and his expression
lightens.

JUNG

Yes; we sane doctors have serious
limitations.

25 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

25

FREUD at his desk, pen in hand, poised above a sheet of white
notepaper with PROF. DR. FREUD modestly printed in the top
left corner. He writes the date, 17.02.08 in large, spidery
handwriting.

FREUD (V.O.)

Dear friend, I feel I can at last
permit myself this informal mode of
address as I ask you to grant me a
very particular favour...

26 EXT. BURGHÖLZLI HOSPITAL. DAY.

26

A tall, thin, bearded man with piercing blue eyes, wearing a fraying but elegant suit, pauses to look up at the cheerless façade of the hospital. This is OTTO GROSS.

He's thirty.

FREUD (V.O.)

...Dr. Otto Gross, a most brilliant but erratic character, is urgently in need of your medical help. I consider him, apart from yourself, the only man capable of making a major contribution to our field.

GROSS reaches into his waistcoat pocket and brings out a pinch of white powder, which he carelessly inhales.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, don't let him out before October, when I shall be able to take him over from you. And remember his father's warning, made when Otto was only a very small child: watch out for him, he bites!

GROSS blinks, shakes his head to clear it and reluctantly advances through the hospital entrance.

27 INT. JUNG'S OFFICE. DAY.

27

GROSS is smoking, his feet stretched out in front of him, slumped comfortably in his chair; JUNG on the other hand, behind his desk, looks somewhat constrained and anxious.

JUNG

You still feel threatened by your father?

GROSS

Anyone with any sense feels threatened by my father. He's extremely threatening. To you, of course, he's an eminent criminologist, the man who virtually invented a whole new science: footprints, fingerprints, bloodstains, semen samples; but to
(MORE)

GROSS (CONT'D)

me he's a man with a very simple aim: to put every single person he disapproves of in jail. You don't have to be a criminal; in fact, he wrote a pamphlet explaining that anarchists, tramps, homosexuals, gypsies and perverts - people like me - were far more dangerous than honest criminals and should be deported to South-West Africa. So, in my view, if you didn't feel threatened by my father, you'd need your head examined.

JUNG

His wish to have you hospitalised: you don't think that arises from a concern for your welfare?

GROSS

Listen: what does any normal old patriarch want in the twilight of his life? Grandchildren, grandsons, am I right? And yet, last summer, when I presented him with not one, but two little Grosses, one by my wife, one by one of most respectable mistresses, and we called them both Peter, so he wouldn't get confused, was he grateful? And now there's another on the way, admittedly by some woman I hardly know, he's apoplectic; and all he can think is to get me banged away in some institution. You got any children?

JUNG

Two girls.

GROSS

Same mother?

JUNG

Yes.

GROSS

Ah.

Pause. JUNG fiddles with his pipe.

JUNG

So you're not a believer in monogamy?

GROSS

For a neurotic like myself, I can't possibly imagine a more stressful concept.

JUNG

And you don't find it necessary or desirable to exercise some restraint, as a contribution, say, to the smooth functioning of civilisation?

GROSS

What, and make myself ill?

JUNG

I should have thought that some form of sexual repression would have to be practised in any rational society.

GROSS

No wonder the hospitals are bulging at the seams.

He reaches into a waistcoat pocket, fetches something out and pops it in his mouth.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Are you going to help me cut down on this stuff?

JUNG

I'll do my best.

GROSS

Good, because it's doing my head in.

He leans forward, his manner suddenly conspiratorial.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Tell me, do you find the best way to enhance your popularity with your patients is to tell them whatever it is they most want to hear?

JUNG

Does it matter whether we're popular
with them or not?

GROSS

Well, I don't know: suppose you want
to fuck them?

JUNG looks across at GROSS, not sure if he's joking. What he says next is deadly serious.

GROSS (CONT'D)

If there's one thing I've learned in
my short life, it's this: never
repress anything!

28 INT. ZÜRICH OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

28

An enormous crash of MUSIC: it's the moment close to the end of Act I of Die Walküre when SIEGMUND approaches the sword, Notung, plunged up to the hilt in a tree-trunk.

On stage now, under SIEGLINDE's adoring gaze, SIEGMUND grasps the sword, heaves it out of the tree-trunk and flourishes it.

In a box, SABINA, her lips parted, turns to study JUNG's intent profile.

On stage, SIEGLINDE throws herself into SIEGMUND's arms, as the love-duet reaches an ecstatic climax.

Involuntarily, SABINA reaches her hand across to close on one of JUNG's. He looks across at her, startled for a moment; then he brings his other hand across to hold her hand in both of his. They turn back to look at the stage.

The act ends in a crescendo of mighty chords; SIEGMUND and SIEGLINDE are wrapped in their incestuous embrace.

The curtain falls. As the applause bursts out and the lights come up, SABINA, suddenly overcome with shame, wrenches her hand away.

29 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

29

JUNG and SABINA move through the late-night streets, both deep in thought. At a certain point, she takes his arm and steers him into a little park.

30 EXT. PARK NEAR SCHÖNLEINSTRASSE. NIGHT.

30

A small open space with benches and flower beds, the lights around the lake stretching away below. SABINA steers JUNG towards a bench. The park is deserted.

SABINA

Can we talk for a moment?

JUNG

Of course.

They sit down.

SABINA

What the opera says is that perfection can only be arrived at through what is conventionally thought of as sin, is that right? Which must surely have to do with the energy created by the friction of opposites: not just that you're the doctor and I'm the patient, but that you're Swiss and I'm Russian; I'm Jewish and you're Aryan; and all kinds of other darker differences.

JUNG

Darker?

SABINA

If I'm right, only the clash of destructive forces can create something new.

She reaches out to take his hand.

SABINA (CONT'D)

When my father brought me to you, I was very ill; and my illness was sexual. It's clear that the subject I'm studying is entirely grounded in sexuality. So naturally I'm becoming more and more acutely aware of the fact that I have no sexual experience.

JUNG

Law students are not normally expected to rob banks.

They smile at each other; then, impulsively, SABINA reaches up, puts her hand round the back of JUNG's neck and kisses him on the lips. The kiss lasts some while; eventually, he breaks away.

JUNG (CONT'D)

It's generally thought to be the man who should take the initiative.

SABINA

Don't you think there's something male in every woman? And something female in every man? Or should be?

JUNG considers this for a moment.

JUNG

Maybe. I expect you're right. Yes. You must be.

SABINA points across at a tall red-brick apartment building, No. 7, Schönleinstrasse.

SABINA

If you want to take the initiative, I live in that building there, on the top floor.

31 INT. JUNG'S OFFICE. DAY.

31

OTTO GROSS looks across the desk at JUNG, his eyes sparkling with mischief and provocation.

GROSS

So you've never slept with any of your patients?

JUNG

Of course not: you have to steer through the temptations of transference and countertransference, that's an essential stage of the process.

GROSS

When transference occurs, when the patient becomes fixated on me, I explain to her that this is merely a
(MORE)

GROSS (CONT'D)

symbol of her wretched monogamous habits: I show her that it's fine to want to sleep with me, but only if, at the same time, she acknowledges to herself that she wants to sleep with a great many other people.

JUNG

Suppose she doesn't?

GROSS

Then it's my job to convince her that's part of the illness.

JUNG shakes his head, troubled.

GROSS (CONT'D)

This is what people are like. If we don't tell them the truth, who will?

JUNG

You think Freud's right? You think all neurosis is of exclusively sexual origin?

GROSS

I think Freud's obsession with sex probably has a great deal to do with the fact that he never gets any.

JUNG

You could be right.

GROSS

It seems to me a measure of the true perversity of the human race that one of its very few reliably pleasurable activities should be the subject of so much hysteria and repression.

JUNG

But not to repress yourself is to unleash all kinds of dangerous and destructive forces.

GROSS

Our job is to make our patients
capable of freedom.

JUNG

I've heard it said you helped one of
your patients to kill herself.

GROSS

She was resolutely suicidal. I just
explained how she could do it without
botching it. Then I asked her if
she didn't prefer the idea of becoming
my lover. She opted for both.

JUNG

That can't be what we want for our
patients.

GROSS

Freedom is freedom.

He sits up, suddenly serious.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Life being what it is, the more
sensitive you are, the sicker you'll
become. So I say, whenever you see
an oasis, you must always remember
to drink.

Quite suddenly, a stream of dark blood begins to flow from
one nostril. He dabs at himself, then looks down at the blood
on his fingertips. JUNG hands him a white handkerchief, which
he uses to clean up, as the blood continues to flow.

GROSS (CONT'D)

I gave up the opium; you can't expect
me to give up the cocaine as well.

JUNG

I think you must: I don't see how
you can go on.

GROSS's expression suddenly turns defiant.

GROSS

I'll use the other fucking nostril!

32 EXT. GARDENS OF THE JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY.

32

JUNG and EMMA stand in the garden running down to the lake, facing their handsome, uncompleted villa at Küsnacht.

Workmen move to and fro across the site and the air is full of the SOUNDS of hammering and pounding. EMMA is quite noticeably pregnant.

EMMA

They promise me it'll be ready by Christmas.

JUNG is frowning sceptically; now he turns with EMMA as she points to a new jetty, also under construction.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's where your boat will go.

JUNG

My boat?

EMMA

The boat you always wanted. With red sails.

JUNG leans in to kiss her gratefully.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This time I know it's a boy.

33 INT. JUNG'S OFFICE. DAY.

33

JUNG and SABINA have reached a moment of informality at the end of her consultation.

JUNG

I've been spending so much time with him, I'm afraid I'm neglecting some of my other patients. He's immensely seductive, quite sure he's right, and obsessionally neurotic. Pretty dangerous, in fact.

SABINA

Do you mean you doubt your power to convince him?

JUNG

Worse than that: what I'm afraid of is his power to convince me. On the subject of monogamy, for example. Why should we put so much frantic effort into suppressing our most basic natural instincts?

SABINA looks at him for a moment with calculating candour.

SABINA

I don't know; you tell me.

34 EXT. BURGHÖLZLI GARDENS. DAY.

34

It's a beautiful summer's day and JUNG is talking to OTTO GROSS in a kind of pergola in the hospital gardens. GROSS sits back, his hands linked behind his handsome head; it's as if he's the doctor and JUNG is the patient.

GROSS

I can't understand what you're waiting for. Just take her to some secluded spot and thrash her to within an inch of her life: that's clearly what she wants. How can you deny her such a simple pleasure?

JUNG

Pleasure is never simple, as you very well know.

GROSS

It is, of course it is, until we decide to complicate it. The tragedy of childhood is the moment we understand we can never have everything we want; the tragedy of adulthood is the moment we decide not to take everything we can have: what my father calls maturity, what I call surrender.

JUNG

Surrender, for me, would be to give in to these urges.

GROSS

Then surrender: doesn't matter what you call it, as long as you don't let the experience escape. That's my prescription.

JUNG

I'm supposed to be treating you.

GROSS

Yes, and it's been most effective.

JUNG

I'd say the analysis was not too far from completion.

GROSS

Mine, yes. Not so sure about yours.

35 EXT. BURGHÖLZLI GARDENS. DAY.

35

In a secluded corner of the grounds, OTTO GROSS stands, buckling his belt, above a young NURSE who's more or less naked.

GROSS

Thank you, I really needed that.

And so saying, he uses a convenient tree to scramble up to the top of the brick wall surrounding the gardens. The NURSE, appalled, is still grappling with her clothes, as, with a jaunty, mocking wave, GROSS disappears over the wall.

36 INT. GROSS'S ROOM. DAY.

36

The room in the hospital is in extraordinary disarray, its most conspicuous feature a series, pinned to the wall, of sombre, spidery, somewhat Egon Schiele-like pen-and-ink sketches, mostly nudes. Among them is a sheet of paper labelled DR. JUNG, which JUNG now unpins and turns over.

The note says:

"Be so good as to tell my father I'm dead. Thanks for your help; and, whatever you do, do not pass by the oasis. Otto."

JUNG looks up, pensive.

37 EXT. PARK NEAR SCHÖNLEINSTRASSE. NIGHT. 37

A crash of Wagner: JUNG strides purposefully through the little park.

38 EXT. NO.7, SCHÖNLEINSTRASSE. NIGHT. 38

JUNG stands outside the building, looking up at the lighted windows on the top floor.

39 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 39

SABINA sits at her desk, making notes from some weighty library book, isolated in a pool of light from the oil lamp.

There's a light tap at the door. She looks up in surprise, then, with a wild hope dawning, gets up, crosses to the door and puts her hand to it.

SABINA

Who is it?

JUNG (V.O.)

A friend.

She opens the door. Immediately, JUNG takes her in his arms and kisses her. Eventually she breaks away.

SABINA

Come inside.

She leads him into the room, closes the door and turns the key in the lock.

JUNG

I...

She crosses directly to her desk and blows out the lamp.

The room is bright with moonlight. She turns to look back at JUNG.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. CLOSE on SABINA. She cries out as JUNG moves above her on the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. They're on the floor, propped up against the desk, SABINA leaning back in JUNG's arms, wrapped in a blanket.

There's blood on the sheets. Above SABINA's head, JUNG's expression is haunted.

40 EXT. JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY.

40

The villa is now almost completed, plain and elegant. JUNG and EMMA, her pregnancy now considerably advanced, move down the front path; EMMA is uncomfortably aware of the ungainliness of her movements.

EMMA

I'm sorry to be like this again.

JUNG

What do you mean?

EMMA

So big and... unattractive.

JUNG

Don't be absurd.

EMMA

I expect you wish you were a polygamist, like Otto Gross.

They've stopped a few steps away from the front door; JUNG is frowning thoughtfully.

JUNG

If I were, it would be something quite different from what we have, which is sacred. I would have to be sure you understood that.

EMMA

Oh, I wouldn't want to know anything about it.

JUNG turns towards the door, troubled; EMMA takes his hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I have a surprise for you.

41 EXT. GARDENS OF THE JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY.

41

EMMA leads JUNG beside the house and into the back garden: there, tied up at the private jetty, is a sailboat with dark red sails. JUNG is genuinely delighted: he takes EMMA in his arms and kisses her.

JUNG

Thank you. Thank you for all of this.

EMMA

You're a good man. You deserve everything that's good.

42 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

42

SABINA opens the door to JUNG and throws herself into his arms. It's early evening. JUNG holds her for a moment before he speaks.

JUNG

If I say something, will you promise not to take it the wrong way?

SABINA

What?

JUNG

Don't you think we ought to stop? Now?

SABINA looks up at him, appalled.

JUNG (CONT'D)

I'm married: obviously I'm being deceitful. Is it right for us to perpetuate this deceit?

SABINA

Do you want to stop?

JUNG

Of course I don't.

He leans down and kisses her passionately; then SABINA draws back and speaks to him very quietly, as she begins to undress.

SABINA

When you make love to your wife, how
is it? Describe it to me.

JUNG

When you live under the same roof
with someone, it becomes habit, you
know: it's always... very tender.

SABINA

Then this is another thing.
Another thing in another country.
With me I want you to be ferocious.

She takes hold of his large hand.

SABINA (CONT'D)

I want you to punish me.

43 INT. DELIVERY-ROOM. DAY.

43

It's moments after the birth of JUNG's son, FRANZ, and a
NURSE is handing her baby to EMMA, who looks exhausted but
happy. JUNG beams down at her.

EMMA

I knew it was a boy this time; I
told you.

JUNG

I believed you.

She reaches for JUNG with her free hand.

EMMA

Will you come back to us now?

JUNG stoops to move aside a lock of hair stuck to EMMA's
damp brow and kisses her reverently on the forehead.

44 EXT. SHORE OF LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY.

44

SABINA stands in the pearly dawn light, looking out across
the lake. This time the Wagner is swooning and lyrical:
Lohengrin perhaps.

Looming through the mist, the boat with red sails glides
towards her.

45 EXT. LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY.

45

The boat is at anchor in the centre of the lake. By now, the mist has been burned off by the sun. JUNG and SABINA lie enlaced in the bottom of the boat.

FADE

46 EXT. UPPER BELVEDERE, VIENNA. DAY.

46

The following year. FADE UP on the terrace above the Belvedere gardens, in the shadow of the towering baroque palace, looking down across the city of Vienna. The small, dapper figure of FREUD, with his gloves and walking-stick, moves alongside the much taller JUNG, formal in dark suit and hat.

FREUD

I should never have sent Gross to you. I blame myself.

JUNG

No, I'm very grateful you did. All those provocative discussions helped crystallise a lot of my thinking.

FREUD

And did he really send you his hotel bill?

JUNG

Only for a couple of nights.

FREUD

He's an addict: I realise that now. He can only end by doing great harm to our movement.

FREUD broods for a moment; then cheers up.

FREUD (CONT'D)

You realise this makes you undisputed Crown Prince, don't you? My son and heir.

JUNG

I'm not sure I deserve...

FREUD

Don't say another word.

They come to a halt beneath one of the strange, opulently feminine sphinxes which line the façade of the palace.

They look out at the sun setting over the city below.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I often take my walk up here.

He looks up at the sphinx for a moment.

FREUD (CONT'D)

It's inspired some of my best ideas.

47 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

47

The middle of the night. The full ashtray suggests that FREUD and JUNG have been deep in discussion for several hours.

FREUD

You mustn't think I have a closed mind. I have absolutely no objection to you studying telepathy or parapsychology to your hearts' content. But I would make the point that our own field is so embattled, it can only be dangerous to stray into any kind of mysticism. Don't you see? We have to stay within the most rigorously scientific confines...

He breaks off, frowning at JUNG, who is resting a hand on his stomach, his expression increasingly pained.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

JUNG

Yes: but I can't agree with you. Why should we draw some arbitrary line and close off whole areas of investigation?

FREUD

Precisely because the world is full of enemies, looking for any way they
(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

can to discredit us. And the minute they see us abandon the firm ground of sexual theory to wallow in the black mud of superstition, they'll pounce. As far as I'm concerned, even to raise these subjects is professional suicide. Really, you...

Again he breaks off, this time because the wood in his bookshelves has cracked, so loudly that it causes FREUD to duck involuntarily.

FREUD (CONT'D)

What in God's name was that?

JUNG

I knew that was going to happen.

FREUD

What?

JUNG

I felt something like that was going to happen. I had a kind of burning in my stomach.

FREUD

What are you talking about? It's the heating, the wood in the bookcase just cracked, that's all.

JUNG

No, it's what's known as a catalytic exteriorisation phenomenon.

FREUD

A what?

JUNG

A catalytic exteriorisation phenomenon.

FREUD

Don't be ridiculous.

JUNG

My diaphragm started to glow red hot...

FREUD
I know it's late, but...

JUNG
And another thing: it's going to
happen again,

FREUD
What?

JUNG
In a minute, it's going to happen
again.

FREUD
My dear young friend, this is exactly
the kind of thing I'm talking about:
you must promise me to...

But he's interrupted by another deafening report from the
bookcase. He looks up at it, for once entirely at a loss for
words.

JUNG
You see.

FREUD
That's just... you really can't...

JUNG
There are so many mysteries, so much
further to go.

FREUD
Please. We can't be too careful.
We can't afford to wander into these
speculative areas, telepathy, singing
bookcases, fairies at the bottom of
the garden. It won't do.

JUNG is looking back at him, unconvinced, his jaw stubbornly
set.

48 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

48

JUNG has been making love to SABINA from behind; he's tucked
in between her and the wall on her narrow single bed.

SABINA

There's a poem by Lermontov keeps
going round my head, about a prisoner
who finally achieves some happiness
when he succeeds in releasing a bird
from its cage.

JUNG

Why do you think this is preoccupying
you?

SABINA

I think it means that when I become
a doctor, what I want more than
anything is to give people back their
freedom, the way you gave me mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. SABINA bends over the corner of the bed; JUNG beats
her until she reaches a climax.

49 INT. CONSULTING-ROOM AT THE BURGHÖLZLI. DAY.

49

An anxious-looking PATIENT, a woman in her thirties in a
dressing-gown, is being helped out of the room by a NURSE
and an ORDERLY. FREUD, sitting as an observer in a discreet
corner of the room, rises to his feet and approaches JUNG,
speaking with no concern as to whether or not the PATIENT
can hear him.

FREUD

Fascinating. All the standard symptoms
of the nymphomaniac.

JUNG waits until the door has closed behind the PATIENT.

JUNG

Yes; except that whenever anyone
responded to her advances, she would
run a mile. That's the puzzling
feature of the case.

FREUD

Hm.

He looks around the room.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I must say it's a great pleasure to see you in your natural habitat.

50 EXT. SHORE OF LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY. 50

JUNG, with some difficulty, assists a dubious, not to say slightly terrified FREUD aboard the boat with red sails.

51 EXT. LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY. 51

The boat glides across the water, taking advantage of a stiff breeze. FREUD sits bolt upright, as close to the dead centre of the boat as he can manage, facing JUNG, who lolls back in shirtsleeves, a hand on the tiller.

FREUD

There's a rumour running around Vienna that you've taken one of your patients as a mistress.

JUNG sits up: he's very shocked; it takes him a moment to recover.

JUNG

It's absolutely untrue.

FREUD

Well, of course it is. So I've been telling everyone.

JUNG

What's being said?

FREUD

Oh, I don't know, that the woman's been bragging about it, that somebody's sending out anonymous letters, usual sort of thing. Bound to happen, sooner or later, it's an occupational hazard.

He shakes his head, amused.

FREUD (CONT'D)

These women: the way they try to seduce us, the way they use every conceivable psychic wile. It's one of nature's most dramatic spectacles.

JUNG

Yes: I hope I'd never be stupid enough
to get emotionally involved with a
patient.

He adjusts the tiller, his composure beginning to return.

52 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

52

The curtains are closed. SABINA lies in bed, watching
unhappily as JUNG finishes dressing. Eventually, he sits on
a chair facing her, knotting his tie, his expression grave.

JUNG

I'm confused. I feel trapped, I've
trapped myself into feeling divided
and... guilty.

SABINA

I've never wanted you to feel guilty.

JUNG

I don't see how we can go on.

He rises unsteadily to his feet. SABINA springs out of bed
and flings her arms around him.

SABINA

You mustn't say that.

JUNG

I have some kind of illness. Try to
remember the love and patience I
showed towards you when you were
ill. That's what I need from you
now.

SABINA

Of course. You have it. Always.
But please don't go.

He looks down at her trembling body.

JUNG

I must. I have to.

He detaches himself from her, turns and hurries out of the
apartment, grabbing his coat and hat from behind the door.

53 INT. DINING ROOM AT KÜSNACHT. NIGHT.

53

JUNG and EMMA are eating dinner: he seems distracted.

EMMA

I can't say I was sorry to say goodbye to him. Not the easiest houseguest we've ever had.

JUNG

No. I don't think he ever recovered from his first view of the house.

JUNG shakes his head.

JUNG (CONT'D)

I suppose, compared to that tiny flat in Vienna...

EMMA

Why did he refuse to meet the Herr Direktor?

JUNG

Oh, he's always been a great one for bearing incomprehensible grudges.

EMMA looks at him, her expression changing.

EMMA

Did he say anything to you about anonymous letters?

JUNG looks up, shocked. He stops eating in mid-chew. EMMA watches him for a second, then speaks, very quietly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Surely you didn't think I'd let you go without putting up a fight?

54 INT. JUNG'S OFFICE AT THE BURGHÖLZLI. DAY.

54

JUNG sits, very tense, behind his desk, waiting. He's starting to get up when there's a knock at the door. He sits down again.

JUNG

Come in.

SABINA surges into the room, slamming the door behind her.

SABINA
Why are you doing this?

JUNG
Please sit down.

SABINA
How could you treat me this way?

JUNG
Sit down!

Tense silence: then she sits in the chair furthest away from his desk.

JUNG (CONT'D)
I tried to explain the situation to your mother.

SABINA
I don't know how you dared say those things to her.

JUNG
She came in waving an anonymous letter, demanding to know if it was true. I told her even if it were, the position would not be quite as she imagined, since you're no longer my patient.

SABINA
Of course I'm your patient!

JUNG
Technically not, not since I stopped charging you.

SABINA
That's what she said; I told her I didn't believe her and she told me you said your fee was ten francs a consultation.

JUNG

I was trying to point out that I would take you back as a patient, but that I could only undertake to see you inside this office.

SABINA

How can you be so cold and offhand?

JUNG

I was trying to make her understand the distinction between a patient and a friend.

He makes a huge effort to remain calm.

JUNG (CONT'D)

Listen, I've made a stupid mistake...

SABINA

Is that what it was?

JUNG

I broke one of the elementary rules of my profession. I'm your doctor: and I believe I did you some good. I can't forgive myself for overstepping the mark: I should have known that if I gave you what you wanted, you wouldn't be able to help wanting more.

SABINA

I don't want more, I never wanted more, I never asked for more.

JUNG

You didn't have to ask.

SABINA

Even if you're right, which I dispute, you think this is a proper way to behave towards me? Refusing to speak to me except in your office?

JUNG

I'm your physician: from now on, that's all I can be.

Silence. Finally, SABINA looks up at him.

SABINA

Don't you love me anymore?

JUNG

Only as your physician.

SABINA

You think I'm going to stand for this?

JUNG

What choice do you have?

Moving with tremendous speed, SABINA is on her feet and round the desk, where she deals him a staggering openhanded blow to the face. JUNG struggles to his feet under a rain of blows, until he's able to grip her wrists.

JUNG (CONT'D)

You have to understand: I'm your physician!

She's glaring fiercely at him; as soon as he releases her wrists, once again moving like lightning, she grabs the paper-knife from the desk and lunges at him.

SABINA

Then heal thyself!

She's opened up a gash on his cheek: and as he puts up an astonished hand to feel the blood which is starting to well, she goes for him again. This time, he's able to grasp her wrist and disarm her after a short, vicious, struggle. She takes a couple of steps back, still shaking with fury. Then she reaches into her bag, pulls out a tenfranc note and slaps it on to his cheek, where it adheres.

SABINA (CONT'D)

And there's your ten francs!

She rushes blindly from the room, leaving JUNG standing amazed, reaching up to peel the banknote from his bloody cheek.

55 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 55

SABINA is at her desk in a pool of lamplight, dressed in her nightgown, pen in hand. She begins to write.

SABINA (V.O.)
Dear Professor Freud...

She looks up, clearing away tears with the back of her hand.

SABINA (CONT'D)
...I would be most grateful if you would allow me to come and visit you in Vienna on a matter of great interest to us both...

56 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT. 56

FREUD is at his desk, writing.

FREUD (V.O.)
Dear friend, I have just received this extremely strange letter...

57 INT. JUNG'S STUDY AT KÜSNACHT. DAY. 57

JUNG sits in his beautifully designed new study with its views of the garden leading down to the lake, reading a letter from FREUD, while in the other hand he holds SABINA's letter.

FREUD (V.O.)
Do you know this woman? Who is she?

58 EXT. GARDENS OF THE JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY. 58

JUNG and EMMA take tea at a table close to the lake. The baby, FRANZ, is in his pram, while the two girls, AGATHE, 5, and GRET, 3, play under the watchful eye of their NURSEMAID. EMMA is watching JUNG, who looks pale and tense and a thousand miles away.

JUNG (V.O.)
As you will no doubt recall, Spielrein was the case that brought you and me together, for which reason I have always regarded her with special gratitude and affection: until I
(MORE)

JUNG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 understood that she was systematically
 planning my seduction. Now I have no
 idea what her intentions may be:
 revenge, I suspect.

59 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. DAY.

59

FREUD reads JUNG's letter.

JUNG (V.O.)
 I have never shown such friendship
 to a patient, nor have I ever been
 made to suffer so much in return. I
 am hoping you will agree to act as a
 kind of go-between and avert a
 disaster.

FREUD frowns, scratching his chin and puffing at his cigar.

60 EXT. LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY.

60

JUNG sits alone at the tiller of his boat. The weather is
 overcast, the lake choppy and deserted.

JUNG (V.O.)
 Your famous saying is carved in block
 letters on my heart: "Whatever you
 do, give up any idea of trying to
 cure them."

He takes a letter out of his pocket to re-read it.

FREUD (V.O.)
 Experiences like this, however
 painful, are necessary and inevitable.
 Without them, how can we know life?

61 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

61

FREUD is poised to write. Beside him, the methodical pile of
 his daily correspondence.

FREUD (V.O.)
 Dear Miss Spielrein, Dr. Jung is a
 good friend and colleague of mine,
 whom I believe to be incapable of
 frivolous or shabby behaviour.

(MORE)

FREUD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What I infer from your letter is
 that you used to be close friends,
 but are no longer so.

62 INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

62

SABINA lies on her narrow bed, sobbing, the pages of FREUD's letter spread out across her stomach.

FREUD
 If this is the case, I would urge
 you to consider whether the feelings
 that have survived this close
 friendship are not best suppressed
 and forgotten; and without the
 intervention and involvement of third
 persons, such as myself.

63 INT. JUNG'S OFFICE AT THE BURGHÖLZLI. DAY.

63

JUNG is in the process of clearing out his office, loading books and papers into cardboard boxes. The scar on his cheek has almost disappeared. He looks up and is shocked to see SABINA standing in the doorway. When he speaks, his tone is harsh.

JUNG
 What is it?

SABINA
 I heard you were leaving the hospital.

JUNG
 As you see.

SABINA
 People are saying it's because of
 the scandal I caused.

JUNG
 I'd been planning to leave anyway.

SABINA
 Well, I'm sorry if I... precipitated
 it.

JUNG

You've always been something of a catalyst.

SABINA advances a little further into the room, her tone less defensive.

SABINA

I've had a letter from Professor Freud.

JUNG

Oh, yes.

SABINA

The thing that shone through was how much he loves you.

JUNG nods abruptly, his reaction to this evidently ambivalent.

SABINA (CONT'D)

But what was also clear is that you denied everything. You let him think I was a fantasist or a liar.

JUNG

I don't see that it's any of his business.

SABINA

I've come to ask you to tell him the truth.

JUNG

What?

SABINA

I want you to write and tell him everything.

JUNG is obviously horrified by this suggestion.

SABINA (CONT'D)

And I want him to write to me again to confirm you've told him everything.

JUNG

Are you blackmailing me?

SABINA
I'm asking you to tell the truth.

JUNG
Why is this so important to you?

SABINA
I want him to take me as his patient.

JUNG is appalled.

JUNG
Does it have to be him?

SABINA
It has to be him.

She looks at him for a moment, considering his tormented expression.

SABINA (CONT'D)
You don't feel the same way about him, do you?

JUNG
I'm disappointed by his rigid pragmatism, his insistence that nothing can possibly exist, unless some puny and transitory intelligence has first become aware of it.

SABINA
All the same, will you write to him?

JUNG looks away, not answering.

SABINA (CONT'D)
I could have damaged you, you know, far worse than I did. I chose not to.

JUNG
All right, I'll do it.

SABINA
Thank you. It means everything to me.

JUNG moves to look out of the window.

JUNG

Are you going somewhere for the summer?

SABINA

Berlin, with my parents.

JUNG

But you are going to come back to the University? To qualify?

SABINA

Of course.

JUNG

I'm going to America. With Freud, although he doesn't yet know it.

SABINA

That's nice. Goodbye.

JUNG turns back from the window, surprised: but she's already gone.

64 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. DAY.

64

FREUD has a letter in his hand: he's looking into the middle distance with an expression of considerable satisfaction.

JUNG (V.O.)

...in view of my friendship for the patient and her complete trust in me, what I did was indefensible; I confess this, very unhappily, to you, my father-figure...

FREUD permits himself a very faint smile.

65 EXT. NO.7, SCHÖNLEINSTRASSE. DAY.

65

SABINA stands surrounded by suitcases in front of her apartment building. A taxi pulls up at the curb.

FREUD (V.O.)

Dear Miss Spielrein, I owe you an apology.

(MORE)

FREUD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But the fact that I was wrong and that the man is to be blamed rather than the woman, satisfies my own need to revere women. Please accept my admiration for the very dignified way you have resolved this conflict.

66 INT. TAXI. DAY.

66

As, from her P.O.V., the apartment building recedes and vanishes, SABINA turns back, a prey to conflicting emotions.

67 EXT. DOCKSIDE. DAY.

67

A small knot of psychoanalysts has gathered at the foot of the gangplank leading up to the imposing height of the S.S. George Washington to see off JUNG, FREUD and their travelling-companion, SANDOR FERENCZI, 36, a mild-looking Hungarian analyst and fervent disciple of FREUD. Setting off up the gangplank FREUD pauses to wave regally to his followers; then he turns somewhat irritably to FERENCZI.

FREUD

Do we have all the necessary paperwork, Ferenczi?

FERENCZI

I have everything. Professor.

FREUD

I've always been in two minds about America. Are we making a foolish error? Do they really want us there?

FERENCZI

They postponed the Congress two months so that you could attend, Professor. Surely that gives you some indication.

FREUD

Yes.

By contrast to FREUD, JUNG looks genuinely exhilarated.

JUNG

I think it's going to be a great adventure.

FREUD

I hope you're right.

But he continues to look sceptical. By now they've reached the head of the gangplank and an OFFICER is inspecting the papers proffered by JUNG and FERENCZI. JUNG's papers are returned first, with a deferential bow.

JUNG

I go this way.

FREUD

What do you mean?

JUNG

I left my wife to make the arrangements: I'm afraid she's booked me a first-class stateroom.

FREUD

I see.

He's extremely displeased. He glares after JUNG as the latter sets off, escorted by a STEWARD.

68 EXT. DECK OF THE S.S. GEORGE WASHINGTON. DAY.

68

The ship glides slowly through Atlantic fog across a glassy sea. FREUD, wrapped in heavy overcoat and plaid blanket, shuffles around the deck, accompanied by JUNG, who has to keep slowing down so as not to leave him behind.

JUNG

I was on the Swiss-Austrian border, somewhere in the mountains, at dusk. There was a long wait, because everybody's baggage was being searched. I noticed a decrepit customs official wearing the old royal and imperial uniform and I was watching him walking up and down, with his melancholy and disgruntled expression, when someone said to me: "He isn't really there, he's a ghost, who still hasn't found out how to die properly."

FREUD

Is that the whole dream?

JUNG

All I can remember.

FREUD

Did you say the Swiss-Austrian border?

JUNG

Yes.

FREUD

Must have something to do with us.

JUNG

You think so?

FREUD

Everybody's being searched. Perhaps that's an indication that the ideas which used to flow so freely between us are now subject to the most suspicious examination.

JUNG

You mean the ideas flowing in your direction.

FREUD

And I'm afraid the old relic shuffling about in this entirely useless fashion must almost certainly be me.

JUNG

Wait a minute...

FREUD

Whom you very mercifully wish could be put out of his misery. A humane death wish.

JUNG

Perhaps the fact he was unable to die simply indicated the immortality of his ideas.

FREUD

So you agree it must have been me?

JUNG
I didn't say that.

FREUD
Never mind, it's a most entertaining
example.

He stops for a moment, to look out to sea.

JUNG
What about you, do you have a dream
to report?

FREUD
I had a most elaborate dream last
night. Particularly rich.

JUNG
Let's hear it.

Silence. JUNG is left staring at FREUD's back for some time.

FREUD
I'd love to tell you, but I don't
think I should.

JUNG
Why ever not?

FREUD turns to look at him, smiles mirthlessly.

FREUD
I wouldn't want to risk my authority.

JUNG's mouth opens and shuts; he's nonplussed.

69 EXT. NEW YORK HARBOUR. DAWN.

69

The George Washington steams past the Statue of Liberty towards the dazzling New York skyline. FREUD contemplates it, frowning; he's flanked by JUNG. JUNG is absolutely entranced.

JUNG
Take it from me, what you're looking
at is the future.

FREUD

But do you think they have any idea
we're on our way, bringing them the
plague?

JUNG looks at FREUD with incomprehension. They are standing
shoulder to shoulder, but there seems a thousand miles between
them.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

70 EXT. KÜSNACHT. DAY.

70

SABINA is 25 now, her hair fashionably restyled and her dress
new. She hesitates at the front door, a little overcome:
then she summons up her courage and tugs at the bell-pull.

A CAPTION: KÜSNACHT, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1910.

71 INT. JUNG'S STUDY. DAY.

71

SABINA stands in the window, looking out at the garden and
the lake beyond; she's considerably startled by the VOICE of
AGATHE JUNG, now 6, who has come into the room without her
noticing.

AGATHE

What's your name?

SABINA

Sabina.

AGATHE

Sabina. Hello, Sabina. My name's
Agathe.

SABINA

Hello, Agathe.

AGATHE

Are you staying to lunch?

JUNG

I don't think she can today. So say
goodbye.

Again, SABINA is startled, this time by JUNG, who's spoken
on his way into the room.

AGATHE
Goodbye, Sabina.

SABINA
Goodbye, Agathe.

The little girl runs out of the room, leaving the two adults looking intensely constrained. SABINA is making a not entirely successful effort not to tremble.

He motions for her to sit down and reaches for a bulky document on his desk.

JUNG
Whose idea was it that you should send me your dissertation?

SABINA
The Herr Direktor.

JUNG
Ah, yes, of course.

SABINA
He kept insisting this was the kind of material you were looking for for your Yearbook.

JUNG
It certainly is a very fascinating case you've chosen to investigate. But if we're to consider it for the Yearbook there are one or two mistakes which will have to be dealt with.

SABINA
Of course.

JUNG
Might you have a little time to discuss all this?

SABINA
Well, yes.

JUNG
When I left the hospital and moved out here, I was afraid it would take
(MORE)

JUNG (CONT'D)
years to build up a roster of
patients, but I'm afraid we're already
under siege.

He reaches for his diary, starts to consult it.

SABINA
How's... Mrs. Jung?

JUNG
Very well: I don't suppose you'll be
amazed to hear she's expecting another
addition to the family any day now.

SABINA
Congratulations.

JUNG
Thank you.

SABINA
Your house is beautiful.

JUNG
Thanks. Anyway, I don't see why a
little more work shouldn't make
your dissertation eminently
publishable.

SABINA
Do you think we'd be able to work on
it together without...?

She breaks off. They look at one another for a moment.

JUNG
It's always going to be something of
a risk, seeing one another.

SABINA
Yes.

JUNG
But I believe we have the character
to be able to deal with the situation,
don't you?

SABINA

I hope so.

Dangerous silence.

SABINA (CONT'D)

I somehow imagined you'd have found another admirer by now.

JUNG looks away; then back to her.

JUNG

No. You were the jewel of great price.

He makes an effort and resumes a businesslike tone.

JUNG (CONT'D)

Shall we say this time next Tuesday?
And I'll start gently ripping you to shreds.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM IN SABINA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

72

Sitting on the sofa in the more comfortable, but nondescript, apartment she's renting in Zurich, JUNG and SABINA discuss the dissertation which lies spread out on the coffee table in front of them.

JUNG

Explain this analogy you make between the sex instinct and the death instinct.

SABINA

Professor Freud claims the sexual drive arises from a simple urge towards pleasure. If he's right, the question is why is this urge so often successfully repressed?

JUNG

You used to have a theory involving the impulse towards destruction and self-destruction: losing oneself.

SABINA

Well, suppose we think of sexuality as fusion, losing oneself, as you
(MORE)

SABINA (CONT'D)

say, but losing oneself in the other,
in other words, destroying one's own
individuality. Wouldn't the ego, in
self-defence, automatically resist
that impulse?

JUNG

You mean for selfish not for social
reasons?

SABINA

Yes, I'm saying perhaps true sexuality
demands the destruction of the ego.

JUNG

(with quiet
satisfaction)

In other words, the opposite of what
Freud proposes.

73 INT. LIVING ROOM IN SABINA'S APARTMENT. LATER.

73

SABINA cries out in pain. She's bent along the top of the
sofa. Her hands are tied together with a leather belt and
she's watching herself in the mirror on the opposite wall as
JUNG moves behind her, causing her to cry out again.

74 INT. LIVING ROOM IN SABINA'S APARTMENT. LATER.

74

JUNG, sitting at a small table, clothes in disarray, scribbles
a note on Sabina's dissertation. SABINA, on the other side
of the room, looks at him, her face tense as she winds up
the courage to say what she feels she has to.

SABINA

When I graduate, I've decided to
leave Zürich.

JUNG looks up, completely taken by surprise.

SABINA (CONT'D)

I have to.

JUNG

Why?

SABINA

You know why.

Silence, broken by a deep sigh from JUNG.

JUNG

It's true: I'm nothing but a philistine Swiss bourgeois. A complacent coward. I want to break away and leave everything and disappear with you and then... comes the voice of the philistine.

(pause)

Where will you go?

SABINA

Vienna, maybe.

JUNG

Please don't go there.

SABINA

I must go wherever I need to feel free.

Abruptly, JUNG bursts into tears; he gets up from his desk, moves round it and crashes to his knees in front of SABINA, burying his face in her lap.

JUNG

Don't.

She looks down at his large head and heaving shoulders with infinite sadness, but, as she reaches down to stroke his hair, she's dry-eyed and determined-looking.

FADE

75 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

75

FADE UP on FREUD, as he lights his cigar and contemplates SABINA benevolently across his desk.

A CAPTION: TWO YEARS LATER. VIENNA, 17TH APRIL, 1912.

FREUD

You know, your paper led to one of the most stimulating discussions we've ever had at the Psychoanalytic Society. Do you really think the sexual drive...

He breaks off briefly to consult his notes.

FREUD (CONT'D)

...is a 'demonic and destructive force'?

SABINA

Yes, at the same time as being a creative force, in the sense that it can produce, out of the destruction of two individualities, a new being. But the individual always has to overcome a resistance because of the self-annihilating nature of the sexual act.

FREUD

I've fought against the idea for some time, but I suppose there must be some kind of indissoluble link between sex and death. I don't feel the relationship between the two is quite as you've portrayed it, but I'm most grateful to you for animating the subject in such a stimulating way. The only slight shock was your introduction, at the very end of your paper, of the name of Christ.

SABINA

Are you completely opposed to any kind of religious dimension in our field?

FREUD

In general, I don't care if a man believes in Rama, Marx or Aphrodite, as long as he keeps it out of the consulting room.

SABINA

Is that what's at the bottom of your dispute with Dr. Jung?

FREUD

I have no dispute with Dr. Jung. I was simply mistaken about him.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

I thought he was going to be able to carry our work forward, after I was gone; I didn't bargain for all that second-rate mysticism and self-aggrandising shamanism. I didn't realise he could be so brutal and sanctimonious.

SABINA

He's trying to find some way forward, so that we don't just have to tell our patients, this is why you are the way you are; he wants to be able to say, we can show you what you might want to become.

FREUD

Playing God, in other words. We have no right to do that. The world is as it is: understanding and accepting that is the way to psychic health. What good can we do if our aim is simply to replace one delusion with another?

SABINA

Well, I agree with you.

FREUD

I've noticed that in the crucial areas of dispute between Dr. Jung and myself, you tend to favour me.

SABINA

I thought you had no dispute with him.

FREUD smiles, acknowledging he's been caught out. Then, his brow furrows.

FREUD

You still love him, don't you?

SABINA

That's not why I'm pleading his cause.

(MORE)

SABINA (CONT'D)

I just feel that if you two don't find a way to co-exist, it will hold back the progress of psychoanalysis, perhaps indefinitely.

FREUD

If you still love him, it's because you haven't yet understood the hatred he deserves. I believe he's quite capable of destroying all the good work of the last twenty years and putting nothing of value in its place. However, since you do love him, I'll restrain myself.

SABINA

Is there no way to avert a rupture?

FREUD

Correct scientific relations will be maintained, of course. I'll be seeing him at the editorial meeting in Munich in November and I shall be perfectly civil. To tell you the truth, what finished him for me was all that business about you, the lies, the ruthless behaviour. I was very shocked. On your behalf.

SABINA

I think he loved me.

FREUD

All the more reason to behave better, wouldn't you say? I'm afraid your idea of a mystical union with a blond Siegfried was inevitably doomed. Put not your trust in Aryans. We're Jews, my dear Miss Spielrein; and Jews we will always be.

SABINA looks back at him, surprised by the sudden intensity in his voice. Aware of this, he takes a puff of his cigar and speaks in a quite different tone.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Now: the real reason I invited you here this evening was to ask if you'd be prepared to take on one or two of my patients.

SABINA's face lights up in genuine delight.

76 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT THE PARK HOTEL, MUNICH. DAY.

76

JUNG is on his feet, gathering up his papers, as the rest of the DELEGATES, who have been sitting round a long table covered in green baize, now littered with half-empty carafes and glasses of water, head for the doors. FREUD, at the head of the table, some way away, is also marshalling his documents. They're obviously going to be the last two men left in the room; and, as if bowing to the inevitable, reluctantly, FREUD eventually speaks.

FREUD

I think that was a fairly satisfactory session, don't you?

JUNG

I was interested in what you said about monotheism: that it arose historically out of some kind of patricidal impulse.

FREUD

Yes, Akhnaton, who as far as we know was the first to put forward the bizarre notion that there was only one God, also had his father's name erased and chiselled out of all public monuments.

JUNG

That's not strictly true.

FREUD pauses in the act of tidying his papers. He looks up at JUNG, a ferocious glint in his eye.

FREUD

Not true?

JUNG

No.

FREUD

You mean it's most probably a myth?

JUNG

No. I mean there were two perfectly straightforward reasons for Akhnaton, or Amenhopis IV, as I prefer to call him, to excise his father's name from the cartouches. First, this was something traditionally done by all new kings, who didn't wish their father's names to continue to be public currency.

FREUD

In much the same way as your article in the Yearbook fails to mention my name?

The atmosphere is becoming electric.

JUNG

Your name is so well-known, it hardly seemed necessary to mention it.

FREUD

Do go on.

JUNG

Secondly, Amenhopis only struck out the first half of his father's name, Amenhotep, because, like the first half of his own name, it was shared by Amon, one of the gods he was determined to eliminate.

FREUD

As simple as that?

JUNG

The explanation doesn't seem to me unduly simple.

FREUD

And you think your man, whatever you call him, felt no hostility whatsoever towards his father?

JUNG

I've no means of proof, of course.
For all I know, Amenhopis may have
thought his father's name was quite
familiar enough and that now it might
be time to make a name for himself.

At which point, FREUD faints, pitching forward, ricocheting off the table and ending in a heap on the floor. JUNG bounds forward, gathers him up in his arms, carries him across the room and lowers him gently on to one of the old brown sofas which line the walls. FREUD comes to; and looks up at JUNG, fear and vulnerability openly expressed on his face.

FREUD

How sweet it must be to die.

77 INT. JUNG'S STUDY AT KÜSNACHT. DAY.

77

JUNG sits at his desk, writing a letter.

JUNG (V.O.)

If I may say so, dear Professor, you
make the mistake of treating your
friends like patients. This enables
you to reduce them to the level of
children, so that their only choice
is to become obsequious nonentities
or bullying enforcers of the party
line...

78 INT. FREUD'S STUDY AT NO.19 BERGGASSE. NIGHT.

78

FREUD sits, frowning, in a haze of cigar smoke, reading a letter.

JUNG (V.O.)

...while you sit on the mountaintop,
the infallible father-figure; and
nobody dares to pluck you by the
beard and say: think about your
behaviour and then decide which one
of us is the neurotic. I speak as a
friend.

FREUD utters a bark of incredulous laughter and reaches for his pen.

79 INT. DINING ROOM AT KÜSNACHT. DAY. 79

JUNG looks up from his substantial breakfast as the MAID arrives with his correspondence on a silver tray. He reaches for the letters, sees immediately the familiar handwriting on one of them and impatiently breaks open the letter.

FREUD (V.O.)

Your letter cannot be answered.
Your claim that I treat my friends like patients is self-evidently untrue. As to which of us is the neurotic, I thought we analysts were agreed a little neurosis was nothing whatever to be ashamed of...

80 EXT. UPPER BELVEDERE IN VIENNA. DAY. 80

FREUD walks past the statues of the sphinxes, deep in thought. It's a foggy morning, the city below shrouded in mist.

FREUD (V.O.)

But a man like you, who behaves quite abnormally and then stands there shouting at the top of his voice how normal he is, does give considerable cause for concern.

81 INT. DINING ROOM AT KÜSNACHT. DAY. 81

JUNG reads on, his face flushing with anger.

FREUD (V.O.)

For a long time now, our relationship has been hanging by a thread; and a thread, moreover, mostly consisting of past disappointments. We have nothing to lose by cutting it.

JUNG crumples the letter; he looks at the same time furious and bereft.

82 INT. FREUD'S STUDY. NIGHT. 82

FREUD paces up and down, plainly very agitated.

JUNG (V.O.)

You will be the best judge of what
this moment means to you. The rest
is silence.

Finally, FREUD moves to the bookshelf, where he picks up a framed photograph of JUNG, considers it with a pained expression, and then lays it back, face down, on the shelf.

83 EXT. LAKE ZÜRICH. DAY.

83

JUNG sits alone, out on the lake, in the boat with red sails. His face sinks into his hands and he gives an anguished groan.

84 EXT. GARDENS OF THE JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY.

84

It's a beautiful sunny day, the following summer, 1913.

JUNG sits in a large wicker chair, looking out across the lake. He looks pale and unwell; and despite the sunlight, there's a blanket over his knees. Not far off, tea is being cleared away; and the four JUNG children play under the supervision of their NURSEMAID. Still at the table are EMMA JUNG and SABINA, who wears a wedding ring and is quite unmistakably pregnant.

EMMA

So good to have met you at last, Dr.
Spielrein.

SABINA

We did meet once before. When I was
your husband's patient.

EMMA

I think you're right.

SABINA

Your children are glorious.

EMMA

Thank you. You must let us know
when yours arrives. I expect you
want a boy.

SABINA

No, no: my husband and I both think
we would prefer a girl.

EMMA

Really.

The children are being taken away: but AGATHE, 8 now, breaks away from them.

AGATHE

Can't I stay?

EMMA

No, run along with the others.

AGATHE

Oh, look...

She's seen a butterfly and runs off in pursuit of it. EMMA turns back to SABINA.

EMMA

I wish you could help him.

SABINA

Why, what's the matter?

EMMA

He's not himself. He's very confused and bogged down with his book. He's not sleeping. He's not taking on any new patients. He still hasn't recovered from the violence of his break with Professor Freud. I've been around this kind of thing enough to feel almost sure he's heading for a nervous breakdown.

SABINA

What you're describing is very unlike my memory of him.

EMMA

If you were staying in town, I'd try to persuade him to let you analyse him. I know he... always set great store by your opinion. You are taking patients now?

SABINA

I've pretty much decided to specialise in child psychology. I'm not sure it's a field he approves of, I haven't discussed it with him. But I think if the problem can be caught early enough...

EMMA

When the children are of age, I'm intending to become a therapist. Although I haven't discussed it with Carl either.

SABINA

You must be under a great strain.

JUNG raises his head and looks across at them.

EMMA

You'd better go and talk to him.

She's about to move off: SABINA stops her.

SABINA

No one can help him more than you.

EMMA

I hope you're right.

SABINA leans forward and kisses her on both cheeks; then moves over to join JUNG.

SABINA

You have beautiful children.

JUNG looks up at her: he ignores her remark completely.

JUNG

So, you're married.

SABINA

Yes.

JUNG

And he's a doctor?

SABINA

Yes. His name is Pavel Scheftel.

JUNG

Russian?

SABINA

Yes, a Russian Jew.

JUNG

What's he like?

SABINA

Kind.

JUNG

Good, good.

He looks away, a spasm of pain crossing his face.

SABINA

Are you all right?

JUNG

Yes. I haven't been sleeping very well. I keep having this apocalyptic dream. A terrible flood from the North Sea to the Alps: houses washed away, thousands of floating corpses. Eventually it comes crashing down into the lake in a great tidal wave; and by this time, the water, roaring down like some vast avalanche, has turned into blood. The blood of Europe.

SABINA

What do you think it means?

JUNG

I've no idea: unless it's about to happen.

He turns back to SABINA.

JUNG (CONT'D)

What are your plans?

SABINA

We've been thinking of going back to Russia.

JUNG

As long as you leave Vienna.

SABINA

I spoke to him last week. I can't believe there's nothing to be done to...

JUNG

There's nothing to be done! The day he refused to discuss a dream with me on the grounds that it might risk his authority I should have known. After that, for me, he had no authority. It was a blow when I discovered you'd chosen his side.

SABINA

It's not a question of sides. I have to work in the direction my instinct tells my intelligence is the right one. Don't forget, you cured me with his method. And your differences are not as great as you both think. If you could only find a way to advance together.

JUNG

Is that what you came here to say?

SABINA

No. I was passing through from Geneva. Naturally, I thought I would stop and visit. I have to go for my train very soon.

JUNG

Yes, of course, I'm sorry, I'm not...

He breaks off, looks out across the lake again.

JUNG (CONT'D)

It can't be done.

(MORE)

JUNG (CONT'D)

What he'll never accept is that what we understand has got us nowhere. We have to go into uncharted territory. We have to go back, to the sources of everything we believe. I don't just want to open a door and show the patient his illness, squatting there like a toad. I want to find a way to help the patient reinvent himself, to send him off on a journey, at the end of which is waiting the person he was always intended to be.

SABINA

But it's no good making yourself ill in the process.

JUNG

Only the wounded physician can hope to heal.

Silence. SABINA breaks it, her tone calm.

SABINA

I'm told you have a new mistress.

JUNG

Is that right?

SABINA

What's her name?

JUNG

Toni.

SABINA

Is she like me?

JUNG

No.

SABINA

She's an ex-patient.

JUNG

Yes.

SABINA

Jewish.

JUNG

Half Jewish.

SABINA

Training to be an analyst.

JUNG

Yes.

SABINA

But she's not like me?

JUNG

Naturally, she makes me think of you.

SABINA

How do you make it work?

JUNG

I don't know. Emma, as you've seen, is the foundation of my house; Toni is the perfume in the air.

He turns to her.

JUNG (CONT'D)

My love for you was the most important thing in my life. For better or worse, it made me understand who I am.

SABINA's eyes fill with tears. JUNG reaches out and rests a hand on her stomach.

JUNG (CONT'D)

This should be mine.

SABINA

Yes.

JUNG

But sometimes you have to do something unforgivable, just to be able to go on living.

He leans forward and kisses her gently on the forehead.

85 EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD. DAY. 85

At sunset, a taxi putters along the lakeside road leading away from Küsnacht.

86 INT. TAXI. DAY. 86

SABINA turns back from the window. Her expression, though full of emotion, is calm and not unhappy.

She rests a hand lightly on her belly.

87 EXT. GARDENS OF THE JUNG VILLA AT KÜSNACHT. DAY. 87

The sun shimmers red-gold on the ethereally tranquil lake.

JUNG sits, looking out across the water, lost in painful reflection. And the SOUND gradually swells, growing loud and louder, of some vast avalanche, crashing down the mountain.

As this SOUND and IMAGE gradually FADE, A FINAL roller BEGINS:

OTTO GROSS starved to death in Berlin in 1919.

SIGMUND FREUD was driven out of Vienna by the Nazis and died of cancer in London in 1939.

SABINA SPIELREIN returned to Russia, trained a number of the most distinguished analysts of the new Soviet Union and finally returned to practise medicine in her native town, Rostov-on-Don. In 1941, by now a widow, she and her two daughters were taken by Nazi occupying forces to a local synagogue and shot.

CARL GUSTAV JUNG suffered a prolonged nervous breakdown during the First World War, from which he emerged to become, eventually, the world's leading psychologist. He outlived his wife, EMMA, and his mistress, TONI WOLFF, and died peacefully in 1961.