

A FILM BY ALAN STUART EISNER

ANDREW BERGMAN

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[Note: We will alternate between objective and subjective cameras. **Objective** will be identified by boldface and that will be the production footage of Alan Stuart Eisner shooting his film. Subjective is Alan's own footage.]

EXT. UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MUSEUM/MORNING

Establishing shot. A sign identifies it.

ALAN STUART EISNER (V.O.)
The beginning of my journey. The
United States Holocaust Museum. In
these halls perhaps some hints,
some clues about my family's tragic
history.

ANGLE-ACROSS THE STREET

A curly-haired guy, late twenties, stands beside an aging station wagon. He wears a corduroy jacket and jeans, sneakers: ALAN STUART EISNER.

ALAN
Maybe a photograph with a face that
looks somehow familiar: the arch of
an eyebrow, the curve of a nose...

A passing jet totally drowns out what Alan is saying. A voice chimes in. This is the sound recordist, BECKY GARDNER.

BECKY (V.O.)
DON'T STOP!

ALAN
ARE YOU NUTS? IT'S DEAFENING!

WIDER

The crew: GARY SHARP, the director of photography, and BECKY GARDNER, the sound recordist. Becky is deeply butch, wears overalls and holds a boom. Gary is a little spacey and wears a "Biggie Smalls" tee shirt.

GARY
This is a *documentary*, right?

ALAN
It still has to be *professional*.

BECKY
I don't even know what that means.

ALAN
Of course you know what it means!

The jet roar fades. Gary puts his camera down, stares at the Museum.

GARY
I gotta say, this Museum...?

ALAN
What about it?

GARY
I thought it would be way more ominous and creepy.

BECKY
Really. I've seen Holiday Inns that bummed me out more.

ALAN
Well, this is what we have, okay?
I'm not going to debate it now.

EXT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM/CLOSER ANGLE

ALAN (V.O.)
The Holocaust Museum. I had resisted visiting for years...

Now Alan walks INTO THE SHOT.

ALAN
But ultimately it was unavoidable.
To make a movie about my family,
there was no other place to begin.
(Keeps walking)
It's eerily quiet today. Like the
past is somehow holding its breath.

BECKY (V.O.)
You sure it's open?

ALAN
Cut.

GARY
Alan, come on.

BECKY
If you're going to say "cut" every
time we open our mouths...

ALAN
I should keep your bullshit in?

GARY
Absolutely.

ALAN
"Is it open?"

BECKY
It doesn't strike you as a little
odd that there's not a soul here?

ALAN
Could we please continue?

CLOSER ANGLE

Alan keeps walking.

ALAN
To make a movie about my family,
there was no other place to begin.
I needed finally to know how the
Holocaust drove my family crazy,
why so many things were kept from
me, why I never learned what really
happened to my great-grandparents.

Alan gets to the entrance. A sign reads:

CLOSED FOR THE
OBSERVANCE OF
YOM KIPPUR

Alan just stares at the sign.

ALAN
Cut.

GARY (V.O.)
No way. We just hit gold.

ALAN
"Gold?" I look like Inspector
Clouseau!

BECKY (V.O.)
You just *said* you knew nothing.
Here's the proof.

Alan bows his head, as if praying at the closed door.

BECKY (V.O.)
Are you supposed to be praying?
That's so lame.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Heading to New York in the van.

INT. CAR

Alan drives, looking grim. Becky is beside him, a contented smile on her face. Gary is stretched out in the back.

GARY

It's a very striking image.

ALAN

That I go to the Holocaust Museum
and it's closed?

BECKY

Could've been worse; it could've
been open.

ALAN

That's not even *almost* funny.

GARY

It like totally symbolizes your
disconnect.

Alan chews that one over.

BECKY

You're a third generation Holocaust
survivor who doesn't know jack shit
about his past.

ALAN

Okay. Let's shoot this.

JUMP CUT

INT. CAR/ANGLE-REAR SEAT FACING FRONT

Alan drives, speaks over his shoulder.

ALAN

I think my going to the Holocaust
Museum on the holiest day of the
so-called Jewish calendar...

BECKY (V.O.)

It's not "so-called." That's what
it is, the Jewish calendar.

ALAN

Cut.

GARY (V.O.)
Keep talking, boss.

Alan nods, and it is clear that he likes being called "boss."

ALAN
I think that my going to the Holocaust Museum on a day that it's actually closed speaks to my profound ambivalence about the past. On the one hand, I feel compelled to learn my family history; on the other hand, what if I find nothing of interest?

BECKY (V.O.)
And we don't raise enough money to finish it.

ALAN
We have to get some dynamic footage, and soon.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The car speeds away.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET DAY

A faded middle-class Island neighborhood. The wagon comes up the street, stops at the curb. Alan steps from the car.

ALAN
Syosset, Long Island --my old neighborhood. They call it Locust Crescent, a development put up after World War Two.

Alan heads toward a circa 1951 ranch-style residence.

ALAN
This is where I spent my miserable childhood. My father split in 1996; Mom and I moved out a year later. On the day we left, Mom started talking --for the first time --about her murdered grandparents and the Nazis...

The door to the house opens. A large man with a bristly mustache steps out. This is LUBY UMayEV. He speaks with a thick, barely comprehensible Slavic accent.

LUBY

Who Nazi?

ALAN

Good afternoon I'm Alan Stuart
Eisner, and I used to live here.

Luby stares murderously at the camera.

ALAN

My mother sold this house to an
Italian family...

LUBY

Marinaro. Bought from him five
years. In balls have cancer.

ALAN

You do?

Luby stares right at the camera.

ALAN

You have testicular cancer or Mr.
Marinaro does?

Luby continues to stare right INTO THE LENS.

LUBY

Him. Go Miami and die...Why camera
make?

ALAN

I'm shooting an independent film
about my family.

LUBY

Independence?

ALAN

Independent. Means no money. I
just want to shoot some stuff
around here, hopefully go inside
the house, with your permission, of
course.

Now a woman, EVA, pokes her head out the door. Eva is
shockingly, stunningly beautiful. Luby turns and waves at
her to go back inside. She immediately does so.

LUBY

Wife.

ALAN
Really. She's a knockout.

LUBY
Was in 2004 Miss Chechnya.

ALAN
I can believe it. And you guys
have children?

LUBY
What means "guys?"

ALAN
You and your beautiful wife, do you
have children?

LUBY
One boy, from marriage not her.

ALAN
From another marriage.

LUBY
His mother...

Luby makes gesture of shooting himself though the mouth.

ALAN
Oh my god.

LUBY
Was crazy cunt.

BECKY
Jesus.

Becky is not entranced with Luby.

BECKY
Is that a term you use a lot in
your native land?

ALAN
Becks...?

BECKY
Becks yourself.

LUBY
Was sick. In head.

ALAN
I'm sure she was, Mr...

LUBY
Umayev, but you call me Luby.
(points to house)
You take drink.

ALAN
That's very kind, but I don't...

LUBY
You come when I make call from you.

Luby turns and walks away, goes back inside the house.

BECKY
Could we split, please?

ALAN
No way.

GARY
I'm with the boss. The dude's
authentic.

BECKY
"Authentic." Okay. Then let me
state for the record that I have a
problem with someone who refers to
his dead and obviously disturbed
wife as a "cunt."

ALAN
It might just be a language thing.

BECKY
Right. "Cunt" is probably a term of
affection in Slobovia or wherever..

Luby steps outside and waves at them to enter the house.

INT. Umayev House

Becky enters. The place is filled with Chechen art and
tschotkes. Chechen pop music blares from the speakers.

GARY
Okay, boss!

Alan enters the house.

ALAN
And action.
(Looks around house)
Wow.

LUBY
Is all best furnitures.

Eva comes up to him and extends her hand. She has changed into a low-cut top.

EVA
Am Eva introduce.

ALAN
Eva, I'm Alan Eisner and I'm
filming a kind of historical...

EVA
I have met once Tony Danza. Is
friend with you?

ALAN
I never...

LUBY
Eva, not for you movie.
(To Alan)
I bring special drink. From
Chechnya.

ALAN
Actually, if you just had a Diet
Coke...?

Luby, not listening, disappears into the kitchen.

EVA
At party in Binghamton I am having
sex from Tony Danza.

ALAN
Really.
(Looks around)
The place seems smaller than I
remember...Can we possibly turn the
music down?

BECKY (V.O.)
It's cool.

ALAN
How can it possibly be cool?

Luby re-appears with a large bottle of Chechen liqueur.

LUBY
Song "Cranes Fly In Summer." In
Chechnya very famous.

ALAN

Okay. For our purposes, though,
for the *movie*, if you could lower
it?

Luby goes to the audio system and turns the song to ear-splitting volume, then smiles and shuts it off, walks over to the bar, fills three glasses.

LUBY

Is cabbage drink. Strong, for man.

ALAN

Just a sip.

Luby hands Eva and Alan glasses brimming with a greenish liqueur.

LUBY

Gerza ma tooghalah!

Luby chugs his down as easily as if it were water. Eva does the same.

LUBY

Means "don't shoot." Say.

ALAN

Don't shoot!

LUBY

No. "Gerza ma tooghalah!"

ALAN

"Gerza ma tooghalah"!

LUBY

Now!

He points to glass. Alan takes a huge swallow, starts coughing, raises one hand, "hang on."

He bolts from the room, frantically looking for the bathroom. He opens a door.

ANGLE-ROOM

It's not the bathroom, it's the bedroom of a teenage boy. The boy, FICTOR, is seated at his computer, headphones on, pants down around his knees, obviously in the final throes of masturbating. His eyes shut, his ears covered, he pays no mind to Alan, who hurriedly closes the door and heads down the hallway.

HALLWAY

Alan finds the bathroom. He spits the liqueur into the sink.

SMASH CUT

LIVING ROOM

Alan is seated on the couch between Eva and Luby, poring over a photo album. Eva's breasts are nearly exposed as she bends over the picture book.

EVA

My aunt Marina. 1996 killed.

ALAN

In 1996.

EVA

Killed.

ALAN

That's awful. So actually our family histories...

EVA

Killed by strangle.

ALAN

She was strangled?

LUBY

By Putin.
(Holds out his hands)
With bare hands.

EVA

Then rape. Dead he rape.

ALAN

Who?

LUBY

Putin.

ALAN

Vladimir Putin?

Fictor emerges from his bedroom. He is a pasty-faced lad, with the pimples and shadowy mustache that mark the awkward years. His shirt is still pulled out.

LUBY

Here my son Fictor.

ALAN
Victor?

LUBY
No Victor. *Fictor*.

EVA
You come here, *Fictor*.

Fictor comes over to the couch, his eyes riveted on his stepmother's chest. Alan rises.

LUBY
Fictor, is Jerry.

ALAN
Alan.

LUBY
You make handshake from him.

Fictor extends his hand, which Alan somewhat reluctantly shakes.

LUBY
Sixteen year. All day at computer.
(To *Fictor*)
What look all day?

FICTOR
Google map.

EVA
Pussy he look.

Fictor smiles faintly.

LUBY
Is handsome boy. Could be in movie from you.

ALAN
Absolutely.
(To *Fictor*)
You know your room used to be my room?

LUBY
Fictor show you room.

FICTOR
Later...

LUBY
(screams)
Now you show!

FICTOR'S ROOM

Fictor mutely shows Alan the room.

ALAN
I had pictures of the Mets all over
the wall: Carter, Strawberry...

FICTOR
Baseball is stupid shit.

ALAN
Sixteen. That's about when my
parents split. I heard about your
mom.

Fictor sticks his finger in his mouth and "pulls the
trigger."

FICTOR
Crazy in head.

ALAN
Still, that's a terrible thing to
go through. But your step-mom, she
seems like a lot of fun.

FICTOR
All the time naked in house, even
when dinner cook. Make for me big
arousal.

ALAN
Listen, there's nothing to feel
guilty about.
(Moves closer to Fictor,
speaks in confidential
tone)
You know, when I was your age, I'd
sneak a copy of Penthouse, put it
behind my school books. Now, of
course, with all the stuff on the
internet...

FICTOR
What do you say?

ALAN
I'm just saying, I walked into your
room before and you were obviously,
you know, masturbating, and I
remember...

Fictor pales, bolts from the room.

LIVING ROOM

Fictor is whispering to his father.

SMASH CUT

EXT. HOUSE

Luby is chasing Alan and the crew across the front lawn and
down the street toward the van. Alan shouts back to him.

ALAN
You don't understand!

GARY
Keep running!

They reach the car.

ALAN
It was in no way...

BECKY
Alan, get in.

LUBY
Jew pervert Bastard!
(Starts screaming in
Russian)

Alan, Becky, and Gary tumble into the car.

JUMP CUT

INT. CAR

Going down the road. Luby runs after it, then stops, picks
up a garbage can, throws it vainly after the car.

BECKY
"Chapter Two: A Trip to Syosset."

ALAN
I was trying to get the kid to
relate!

BECKY

He doesn't know you from a hole in the wall, you think he's going to talk on camera about whacking off?

GARY

That's what it was? Oh my God, I couldn't hear...

ALAN

It was *thematic*. The two of us, different generations, but both victims of history, with only our sexuality...

GARY

Huge mistake.

BECKY

You're lucky he didn't have a gun.

ALAN

You're both totally overreacting.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLANDALE FLORIDA

An enormous high-rise in Florida. A sign identifies it as "Renaissance Vista Towers."

SUPER TITLE: HALLANDALE, FLORIDA

INT. LOBBY/APARTMENT HOUSE

The works-fountains, chandeliers. Alan. Becky, and Gary cross the lobby. They look beat.

BECKY

I'm so exhausted.

ALAN

You think I love flying at 6 AM?
It's what we can afford right now.

GARY

We need some bread...

ALAN

I'm well aware. But how am I gonna raise money with ten minutes of showing up at a closed museum and then getting chased out of my own house?

BECKY

Maybe they'll like the footage of
Fictor beating off.

ALAN

Shoot this lobby, okay? Nice
contrast to Syosset.

Alan walks to an enormous teak reception desk, behind which
stands a West Indian CONCIERGE wearing a white pith helmet.

CONCIERGE

How may I assist you this morning?

ALAN

I'm here to see my aunt? Hilde
Steinauer?

SMASH CUT/ FRONT DOOR

It swings open and HILDE fills the screen. She's a woman of
years.

HILDE

You said ten-fifteen. It's ten-
thirty.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE/TIME CUT

Hilde and Alan are walking past the pool area to the parking
lot. Only a few people are lying by the pool.

ALAN

Pretty quiet.

HILDE

Are you kidding? This is busy.

ALAN

(to camera)

My Grandpa Siegfried and Hilde were
brother and sister, although he had
a lot of years on her.

(To Hilde)

He's dead a long time, right?
Grandpa Siegfried?

HILDE

1978. April third.

ALAN

So if he'd lived, he'd be like
ninety-five.

HILDE

And in a hundred years, he'd be a hundred and ninety-five. What's the point?

ALAN

(to camera)

Aunt Hilde was always a pragmatist.

HILDE

Dead is dead. Where's your car?

ALAN

It's the Ford.

They approach a sludge-colored compact.

HILDE

Nice color. What do they call that?

BECKY (V.O.)

"Loose stool."

HILDE

I can believe it.

Alan hits the remote locks, goes around and opens the passenger side door. Hilde looks inside.

HILDE

Cloth seats. You really went all out.

INT. WINN-DIXIE SUPERMARKET

They are going down the "Incontinence" aisle of the supermarket.

BECKY

Speaking of "loose stool." This is attractive.

ALAN

Just worry about the sound!

BECKY

"Jumbo diapers!" King Kong could drop a load in those.

Becky, walking backwards, steps on Gary's foot.

GARY

Could you watch it?

BECKY

You watch it. I'm going backwards.

ALAN

(to Hilde)

Talk to me about diapers, if it's not too painful.

HILDE

Why?

ALAN

Well, we're in the "Incontinence" section...

HILDE

They keep a horseradish I like in this aisle.

ALAN

With adult diapers?

HILDE

It's illegal; they hide it here.

ALAN

How can horseradish be illegal?

HILDE

It's from Hungary and its much more potent; they use less vinegar. So the government cracked down.

ALAN

Our government?

HILDE

Our government.

ALAN

Why?

HILDE

Because they're idiots. Why do they do anything? Here.

Hilde indeed finds the horseradish, holds it up to the camera.

HILDE

(into camera)

Come and get me, FBI!

(Puts the horseradish in her basket)

(MORE)

HILDE (cont'd)
So this is your movie? Following
an old bag around a supermarket?

ALAN
The movie is about me trying to
understand our family's experience
of the Holocaust.

HILDE
We're shopping in Florida. You see
any Nazis?

ALAN
That's not the point.

HILDE
It's the only point.

EXT. POOLSIDE /HALLANDALE

Alan addresses the camera. Behind him two aging woman do
exercises in the water.

ALAN
I know that Hilde and Grandpa came
to America in 1946, after spending
the war years in Shanghai. But
their parents, my great-
grandparents never made it out, and
I've never known what actually
happened to them.

INT. HILDE'S APARTMENT/ANGLE-PHOTOGRAPH

A posed photograph from the early 1920s with a painted
backdrop. A couple in their forties seated stiffly, their
hands in their laps.

HILDE (V.O.)
That's my parents, your great-
grandparents.

WIDE --HILDE'S APARTMENT/LATE AFTERNOON

Hilde is seated on a couch next to Alan, leafing through a
photo album.

ALAN
What kind of marriage did they
have?

HILDE
How should I know? In those days
parents didn't speak to children.

ALAN
And they couldn't get out of
Germany in time?

HILDE
Guess not.

ALAN
"Guess not?" That's all you have?

Hilde just turns the page of the album.

HILDE
Here's me and your grandfather, my
brother Siegfried.

ANGLE-PHOTOGRAPH

A faded black and white photo of a young man and woman on a
street, surrounded by Chinese people.

ALAN (V.O.)
That was in Shanghai?

MASTER

HILDE
We'd have noodles in the afternoon.
A bowl cost about a nickel.

ALAN
What'd you do for money?

HILDE
I made tablecloths.

ALAN
Okay. And Grandpa worked in a shop
of some kind?

HILDE
No, Siegfried ran a couple of
girls.

Alan draws a blank.

ALAN
What does that mean?

HILDE
Girls. He ran girls.

BECKY (V.O.)
He was a pimp.

HILDE
That's right.

ALAN
Come on.

HILDE
For a year or two.

ALAN
Is this a joke?

HILDE
Not at all.

ALAN
My grandfather was a pimp?

HILDE
You think we should have starved to death?

The intercom sounds.

HILDE
That's Cookie. Time to go.

ALAN
Go?

Hilde goes to the intercom, picks up the receiver.

HILDE
(into intercom)
Send him up, Roxbert.

ALAN
I can't go.

HILDE
What are you talking about?

ALAN
You drop this bombshell about my grandfather...

BECKY (V.O.)
"Roxbert?"

HILDE
Is that a name?

ALAN

You can't expect me to just walk out the door.

HILDE

I have a date!

ALAN

So I'll come along.

HILDE

Just like that?

ALAN

Yes. Just like that.

HILDE

We eat early down here.

ALAN

I'll pay, how about that?

HILDE

Now you're talking.

INT. ITALIAN GARDEN RESTAURANT

A South Florida eatery of the Olive Garden variety. An older crowd. Daylight pours in through the windows.

Alan is on line at the salad bar with Hilde and COOKIE EINHORN, a man of some years. Cookie wears white slacks and a salmon-colored blazer. His remaining hair is brownish-orange. Cookie smiles directly into the camera as he spoons helpings from the salad bar.

COOKIE

I love the garbanzo beans, but sometimes they don't love me.

HILDE

Don't eat so many.

COOKIE

She has an opinion about everything.

Cookie hasn't stopped looking INTO THE CAMERA.

ALAN

Mr. Einhorn...

COOKIE

Call me Cookie.

ALAN

Cookie, it's better if you don't
look straight in the camera.

HILDE

Listen to the director.

COOKIE

I thought it was a documentary.

ALAN

It is. But it's just stylistically
better if you don't.

HILDE

"Stylistically."

COOKIE

You're the boss.
(Winks directly into
camera)

ANGLE-TABLE

Alan, Hilde, and Cookie are seated at a corner table.

COOKIE

For value, I get the "Roman Combo."

HILDE

Cookie owned restaurants.

COOKIE

Three luncheonettes in Westchester.
People think "luncheonettes," its
nothing, but you can't imagine the
work.

ALAN

I'm sure.

COOKIE

One in Larchmont, two in White
Plains. You know Central Avenue?

ALAN

Cookie...

COOKIE

It was right across from Filene's
Basement.

(Eats)

This isn't real buffalo mozzarella.

ALAN

So Hilde, I need to know more about Grandpa.

HILDE

I gave you the highlights.

ALAN

He was a pimp, okay, I'm trying to absorb that. Like, how many girls?

HILDE

Four, then one ran away; she wasn't right in the head.

ALAN

Meaning what?

HILDE

Meaning she started biting customers and screaming all the time.

ALAN

So what did grandpa do, beat the shit out of her?

HILDE

How can you say that?

ALAN

I don't know. I don't know who he was anymore.

HILDE

He wasn't a monster. He just told her --Shen Li, that was her name -- he told Shen Li she had to leave. Then he changed the locks.

ALAN

What happened to her?

HILDE

Who knows. Maybe she killed herself.

ALAN

God help me.

HILDE

There was a lot of that in those days, more than now, I think. But the other girls were fine.

ALAN

And how old were they?

HILDE

One of them was sixteen. The other two I think were thirteen.

ALAN

Thirteen?

HILDE

It's so long ago, I might be wrong. I know they were at least twelve.

Alan puts his head in his hands.

HILDE

"At least," I said. You're not listening.

BECKY (V.O.)

He gets a little dramatic sometimes.

COOKIE

That's good for the movie, right? Drama.

EXT. POOLSIDE HALLANDALE/DAY

ALAN

(to camera)

You have to understand that I only know my grandfather from photographs. So to think now about these Chinese girls barely out of puberty, and like, did he have sex with them? He had to, right, isn't that what pimps do? Bang all their "ho's." Jesus, other people have like, *geniuses* in their backgrounds; this guy I went to high school with, Billy Nathan, he was a third cousin of Einstein. What do I get? Superfly!

INT. ITALIAN GARDEN

On coffee and dessert. Alan just stares at his cheesecake.

ALAN

I don't have an appetite.

HILDE
Don't make an opera; it was almost
seventy years ago!

ALAN
That's not the point.

HILDE
Of course it's the point.

Cookie suddenly bends over, clutching his stomach.

HILDE
The beans? What did I tell you?

SMASH CUT

INT. HILDE'S APARTMENT

Alan and Hilde stand outside the bathroom.

HILDE
Cookie?
(No response)
Cookie?

COOKIE (V.O.)
I'm okay.

HILDE
Twenty minutes you're in there!

ALAN
Leave him be.

HILDE
I'm going in. Those beans just
tear him to pieces.

Hilde throws her shoulder against the bathroom door and it
swings open. Cookie is sprawled on the toilet seat. Alan
covers his mouth and nose, then turns to camera.

ALAN
Don't shoot this!

GARY
Have to.

BECKY
Be awesome in the trailer.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE FLORIDA/NIGHT

Cookie is being loaded into an ambulance. A EMT TECHNICIAN is talking to Hilde.

EMT TECH

Just need to push some fluids into him.

COOKIE

You keeping me overnight?

EMT TECH

I doubt it, sir.

(To Gary and Becky)

I don't think this is like a major news event.

GARY

We're not a news crew. We're shooting his film.

ALAN

It's a Holocaust story.

EMT TECH

Oh, yeah? I like those.

BECKY

Who doesn't?

EMT TECH

Good luck with it.

He closes the doors on the ambulance as Cookie gamely waves.

GARY

When you drive away, small favor?
Have all your lights flashing?

EMT TECH

No problem.

JUMP CUT

The ambulance pulls away, lights ablaze.

HILDE

We'll wait at the hospital, then bring him home. He lives in Portofino Village. It's not far.

(Alan doesn't react)

You're still upset about your grandfather.

ALAN
Of course I'm still upset!

HILDE
It was a crazy time. There were worse things, believe me.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BROOKLYN

Hasids stroll by, stare into camera.

WIDER

GARY
This is going to be great. You cut from Florida to here, it's like we're going from the merengue to the hora.

ALAN
Fine.

GARY
You don't care?

ALAN
I'm a little distracted.
(To Becky)
She's an actual rabbi?

BECKY
Correct.

ALAN
And she's...

BECKY
A muff diver? Yes indeed.

ALAN
Why you always have to go to the lowest..

BECKY
Start paying me and I'll clean up my act.

ALAN
Hey, you knew this was all on spec.

BECKY
My life is on spec.
(Looks down the street)
Sharon!

Alan and Gary follow her gaze.

GARY
Oh, she's *perfect*.

REVERSE

A black woman in a pin-striped suit stands in front of a coffee house. She waves. This is RABBI SHARON JACOBS.

MASTER

GARY
She's awesome.

ALAN
"Jacobs" is her name?

BECKY
Rabbi Sharon Jacobs.

ALAN
That suit.

BECKY
What about it?

ALAN
You don't think it's a little much?

BECKY
I think she's the hottest rabbi who ever lived.

GARY
Well, that's not saying much.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE

Alan and Rabbi SHARON JACOBS are seated at a table. A number of orthodox Jews frequent the place, many on laptops.

SHARON
You seem uncomfortable with a queer black rabbi.

ALAN

I have bigger problems: I'm broke, I'm trying to put together some meaningful footage and then I find out my grandfather was a total sleaze.

SHARON

You're going to have to forgive him.

ALAN

How? I never even knew him.

SHARON

You construct an imaginary dialogue. You say, "Grandpa..." Name?

ALAN

Siegfried.

SHARON

"Grandpa Siegfried, what you did was morally and ethically abhorrent, but for me it is ultimately forgivable."

CUT TO

ANGLE-BEACH/HALLANDALE

Hilde and Alan walk down the beach.

HILDE

He had sex parties, also. I think it was just being in China.

ALAN

What does that mean? The MSG made him do it?

HILDE

Don't say ridiculous things. I mean, we all felt very cut off from the world.

ALAN

What kind of sex parties are we talking about?

HILDE

There's different kinds?

ALAN
I have no idea.

HILDE
All I know is, they went on for
days sometimes, and I'd worry,
because of Siegfried's blood
pressure.

ALAN
Who went to these parties? Other
refugees?

HILDE
Mostly Chinese. Store owners,
clerks. Some of them were quite
attractive, although their teeth
weren't so good.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE

SHARON
Orgies.

ALAN
My grandfather.

Sharon smiles, looks off camera.

ANGLE-BECKY

She smiles, flashes a "thumbs-up."

MASTER

ALAN
You think this is funny?

SHARON
I think it's a remarkable way to
deal with horrible events.

ALAN
Orgies with twelve year-old Chinese
hookers, you find that remarkable?

SHARON

What I find remarkable is that in the midst of all that fear and dislocation, that he immersed himself so deeply in life, however perverse. I find it a tremendous act of will.

CUT TO:

EXT. "SIGN RANCH"/LONG ISLAND

On a bleak a commercial strip. The van pulls up; there's a huge sun kick off the car window as Alan gets out.

GARY

Could we do that again?

ALAN

I thought we're being real.

Alan heads around the back of the Sign Ranch.

BECKY

Somebody's getting a little testy.

ANGLE-SIGN RANCH

Kind of a shed with a open side. Stacks of signs of all kinds, for restaurants, golf courses, you name it...A bouncer-sized guy, we'll call him DENNY, couple tattoos, is behind the counter. When he notices Alan and his crew, he smiles INTO CAMERA.

DENNY

What we got here, "Sixty Minutes?"
(Laughs, throws up his hands)
I swear, we ain't dealing drugs!

ALAN

Is Ron in?

DENNY

Out back. Have an appointment?

ALAN

I'm his son.

DENNY

Fuck me. He never said nothing about a kid.
(Picks up mike)
Mr. E!

ANGLE-ALAN/BECKY**BECKY**

Okay. I'm starting to feel sorry
for you.

REVERSE

RON EISNER comes out of the back. He's wearing jeans and a Hofstra sweat-shirt. The sight of Alan jolts him.

RON

Who's this gorgeous guy? With a
full...what do you call it, a
"crew," right?

MASTER

ALAN

Hey, Dad, sorry to surprise you
like this. I'm doing a sort of
documentary.

RON

(to camera)

Do I have lines or am I just an
extra?

EXT. SIGN BARN/BACK

Weeds, signs everywhere. Commercial detritus. Alan and Ron
walk through it.

RON

The whole world's gone sign-crazy.

They reach a series of carved signs for golf holes, written
in Arabic.

RON

For the Palm Desert Club in Riyadh.

ALAN

A Saudi country club?

RON

They got big plans, those boys; I
can't tell you everything because
(makes throat-cutting
gesture)
but let's just say, coming to a
theater near you.

ALAN

Since when are you like a global phenomenon?

RON

Since I realized I can get twenty-five hundred a pop for these.

(Rifles through signs)

All custom work. This means "Non-Metal Spikes Only,"

ALAN

You read Arabic?

RON

Finally impressed my son... "Carts On Path Only." What path? The whole country's a friggin' sand trap, right?

(looks into camera)

So what is this, a class project?

ALAN

Dad, I'm out of school for six years. This is a feature.

RON

Really. Where'd you get the money?

ALAN

Well, I sold my car; we're borrowed this wagon. I'm basically tapped out.

RON

Like father, like son.

ALAN

You're broke?

ANGLE-BURGER KING

Alan and Ron are seated at a picnic table outside a BK by the highway. Ron eats a double-cheeseburger; Alan eats a salad.

ALAN

You just said, twenty-five hundred a sign...

RON

I have partners.

ALAN

Since when?

RON

A while.

ALAN

But lots of people have partners.
Why would that make you broke?

RON

I had a bad run. Those years after
your mother and me split...

ALAN

You *vanished*. I mean, I don't want
to get into a whole thing, but I
was alone with her like *all* the
time.

RON

We were a bad match from the
beginning. Her background, all the
Holocaust crap...

ALAN

Crap?

RON

You know what I mean. It was such
a downer all the time. She'd sit
there with the lights off...

ALAN

Okay, maybe I understand *why* you
split, but what does that have to
do with your never showing up on
weekends? It was pathetic, I'd be
at the door with my little Mets
cap, holding an overnight bag,...

RON

I have big regrets, believe me.

ALAN

Mom thought you had women.

RON

I should be so lucky.

ALAN

So what was it?

RON

Let's just say I had major gambling
debts.

ALAN

What do you mean, "let's just say?"
Did you?

RON

Yeah. I said so.

ALAN

No, you said "let's just say."
Like it was theoretical.

RON

Those wiseguys weren't theoretical.
Pay or get run through a wood-
chipper.

ALAN

I had no idea.

RON

Then I tried to make up ground by
selling crack. Smart, right?`

Alan is totally thunderstruck.

RON

"Now it can be told," right?"

ALAN

You dealt crack?

INT. RON'S OFFICE

Ron and Alan sit in a darkened office, watching a TV. Alan is still in shock.

ANGLE-TV SCREEN

--EXT. DISCO NIGHT

A cold night outside a disco on the Island. Ron is hanging outside in a baseball cap.

ALAN (V.O.)

The cops took these?

RON (V.O.)

I never knew they were there.

A car slows down, then stops. Ron walks to the car, a small envelope in his hand.

RON (V.O.)

I did all the discos on the Island.

--EXT. SYNAGOGUE NIGHT

Same deal. Young kids coming out of an Island synagogue.

ALAN (V.O.)
Oh my God.

RON (V.O.)
This is after a Purim dance, can
you believe it?

Ron in his baseball cap walks down the street. Some teens
follow him.

ANGLE-ALAN

ALAN
Is that Bobby Kaplan?

RON
Yeah.

ALAN
Unbelievable. He was such an ass-
kisser.

RON
And underage. I was looking at a
lot of time.

ALAN
So you became an informer?

RON
Had no choice.

ANGLE-TV

--EXT. BAR

Now we're outside a bar called "The Sportsman's Lodge," on a
seedy street in Centerreach. Highly undesirable people are
hanging around outside.

ALAN (V.O.)
Holy shit.

RON (V.O.)
I had balls, give me credit.

ALAN
Balls? It was suicidal!

Now Ron comes flying out of the Sportsman's Lodge. Three black men emerge and start stomping on his head.

ANGLE-ALAN

His eyes get glassy, then he falls off the chair.

EXT. SIGN BARN/BACK

Alan is sprawled in a beach chair, still woozy. Becky hands him a cup of coffee. Gary is eating a sandwich.

ALAN

Where's my dad?

BECKY

Had to run some signs over to
Hempstead...You gonna be okay?

ALAN

A pimp for a grandfather, my old
man's dealing crack.

GARY

It's awesome.

ALAN

For you it's awesome. For me...
(points to camera)
I have to try and hold it together.

BECKY

All families have secrets.

ALAN

Not like this.

BECKY

No, these are pretty fabulous, and
one after the other, that's what's
so great.

GARY

Gonna give us a really nice flow.
I'd like to use those police
surveillance things; we could cut
em right in.

ALAN

But that's not the story I want to
tell.

BECKY
Too late. It's the story that's
happening.

EXT. CEMETERY/ANGLE-HEADSTONE

BARBARA KAHN EISNER
 NOVEMBER 1, 1949
 JUNE 18. 2001

A grave site. Alan kneels by the beside it, puts down some flowers, begins to moves his lips.

BECKY (V.O.)
 If you're praying, I'm not getting
 it.

Alan continues to move his lips.

ANGLE-BECKY

BECKY
 We got a silent movie. Great.

Over Becky's shoulders, in the distance, we see a woman in a halter top wearing dark glasses. She ducks down behind a headstone. It's Eva Umayev.

ANGLE-ALAN

He gets up from the grave site, addresses the camera.

ALAN
 My mother was a very confused
 person. And although everyone
 assumes it was suicide, I think she
 was perfectly capable of getting
 her medication wrong.

He looks off and notices--

ANGLE-EVA

She approaches Alan.

EVA
 Here you are in cemetery.

MASTER

BECKY
 Now we have like a *plot*.

ALAN

Ms. Umayev...

EVA

You must be calling me Eva.

ALAN

Why...?

EVA

We must to talk. Your life is not in danger.

ALAN

My life is *not*...?

BECKY

She obviously means the opposite.

ALAN

You think?

GARY

Why would she come here to say your life is *not* in danger? Makes no fucking sense.

ALAN

(to Eva)

My life *is* in danger?

EVA

In my country what you have done is for death making.

ANGLE-CEMETERY

Alan, Eva, and Becky race toward their car. The camera is jiggling because it is obvious that Gary is also running.

ALAN

Do you understand that I was only trying to make your stepson feel better?

EVA

Is almost for rape in Chechnya.

ALAN

We were just *talking*!

BECKY (V.O.)

Is your husband on the way? Are you like warning us?

EVA
Makes with friends.

ALAN
Makes what?

They get into the car.

ANGLE-CAR

Alan's hand is shaking as he tries to jam the key into the ignition.

ALAN
Makes what with friends?

BECKY (V.O.)
Stop screaming.

EVA
Is called "Iron Men from Chechnya."

ALAN
And...

EVA
And make them for troubles Jews.

ALAN
"For troubles."

EVA
I am speaking from testicle steak knife.

ALAN
Say that again. Real slow.

BECKY (V.O.)
Razor-sharp steak knives....

ALAN
Let her say it!

EVA
They make for testicle the knife.

Alan gags and finally starts the car.

EXT. WANTAGH STATE PARKWAY/LONG ISLAND

Alan's van goes down the road, passes the camera.

JUMP CUT/ANGLE-CAR

The rear door opens. From the camera movements WE SEE that Gary is getting into the car.

ALAN

Why we needed a drive-by now, with my life in danger...

GARY (V.O.)

You want a movie that just goes from interior to interior?

ALAN

We were just in the cemetery! That's an exterior!

GARY (V.O.)

And then you cut to the interior of a car, with no clue as to where we are?

ALAN

We'll add narration- "we were speeding down the Wantagh State..."

BECKY (V.O.)

Why not just hand out a booklet that explains everything?

ALAN

Hey, this guy wants to cut my nuts off! There's a certain urgency here! Let's shut the camera.

GARY (V.O.)

No chance.

EVA

You are strong and make very decision.

Eva puts her head Alan's shoulder. Alan is terrified.

ALAN

No!

EVA

Luby not right in head.

BECKY

Could've fooled me.

EVA
You know in Chechnya when things
from they blow up?

ALAN
Say again?

EVA
Things from blow up.

BECKY (V.O.)
Like buildings or schools?

EVA
Luby make.

GARY (V.O.)
Whoa.

ALAN
So he's like a terrorist?

EVA
But you...
(burrows her face in his
neck)
You will make him beaten to pulp on
ground.

ALAN
(white as a sheet)
I need to get gas.

EXT. GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE

Alan pumps gas. Eva disappears into the convenience store.

BECKY
If you bang her, we have to film
it. Have like an unrated version
for Europe.

GARY
We can use it or not, but just to
have in the can.

BECKY
So to speak.

ALAN
Are you all finished?

GARY
Just consider it.

ALAN

I will not consider it. Way, way more important: if Luby catches up to me...?

GARY

We keep shooting.

ALAN

Then we have a goddamn snuff film!

BECKY

He's not going to *kill* you. Stop being such a drama queen.

ALAN

The guy's a terrorist!

BECKY

In Chechnya, sure. He's not going to do anything here.

ALAN

What are you talking about?

BECKY

With cameras rolling he's going to attack you?

ALAN

He's got five Chechens with steak knives! You think you're a deterrent? And when they're done with me they'll attack you.

GARY

They touch me, I go right to the union.

BECKY

You're not *in* the union.

GARY

I'll do it retroactively.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE/FLORIDA/DAY

Cookie rides by in a golf cart, passing Alan and Hilde who are walking.

HILDE

You wouldn't guess, but he's terrific in bed. Even with the bad stomach.

ALAN

I don't need to know that.

HILDE

Of course you do. Once you know someone is good in bed, you never look at him the same way twice.

(To camera)

Am I right? What's your name again?

BECKY (V.O.)

Becky.

HILDE

Doesn't it change your perspective?

BECKY (V.O.)

Well, I'm an occasionally-proud gay woman, so I don't look at Cookie as a sex object.

HILDE

But you know what I'm saying.

BECKY (V.O.)

Absolutely.

HILDE

And explain something to me, darling. Come close.

ALAN

Hilde...

Becky walks into the shot, carrying her mic.

HILDE

When people say a "bull dyke," how is that different from a regular one?

BECKY

More masculine.

HILDE

And you're...

BECKY

I'm just a regular old dyke.

HILDE

Well, I think you're very interesting. And you don't take any crap from the genius here.

BECKY

Thank you.

ALAN

Are you finished? We keep getting dragged into these side issues.

HILDE

That's what life is, sweetheart. Even in the most desperate times, you're mostly dealing with crap.

ALAN

Is that really true?

HILDE

You think everybody's life over there was The Diary of Anne Frank? Even Anne Frank's life wasn't.

She reaches the third hole. Cookie hands her a club.

COOKIE

A hundred thirty yards. Try a six.

HILDE

I thought a five.

COOKIE

You want more loft.

ALAN

Hilde, please, you were saying something so interesting.

HILDE

Life is mostly not dramatic. Even when the Nazis are chasing you around the world, you still think, "I'm running low on stamps" or "I hate these shoes." That's what it is.

While she speaks, Cookie tees up her ball.

ALAN

So you don't think that what
Grandpa Siegfried did was a
response to the desperation of the
time?

HILDE

Here's what I think: your Grandpa
liked very young girls.

Hilde turns and hits a drive down the fairway.

HILDE

(to ball)
Get down!

EXT. POLICE STATION/DAY

Alan's van comes screeching into the parking lot of the
Syosset PD. Alan opens the door of the car, producing yet
another brutal sun kick.

GARY (V.O.)

I'd love another one.

ALAN

No chance.

Alan heads for the police station, followed by Becky and Eva,
who is brushing her lustrous hair.

BECKY

This is *such* a bad idea.

ALAN

There's a militant terror
organization threatening my life!

BECKY

(indicates Eva)
Based on her say-so.

EVA

What is meaning "say-so?"

BECKY

That you're the only source.

Eva smiles, like that is a compliment.

EVA

Yes. Is good for me.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT

Alan enters, followed by Becky. He heads for the desk, behind which sits a husky man whose nameplate identifies him as SERGEANT ROCCO.

ALAN
Sir...

ROCCO
Kill the cameras.

ALAN
We're filming a documentary.

The cop reaches beneath his desk, produces a pink sheet of paper.

ROCCO
If you're with a news organization,
you must file a 32c form for
credentialization.

ALAN
This isn't for the news. This is a
movie.

Now Eva enters. Rocco immediately switches gears.

ROCCO
And you must be the star of the
movie, am I right?

EVA
Am Eva, friend from him.

ROCCO
What do you want with a civilian,
when you can be with a cop?

Rocco flashes his most charming smile.

ALAN
Sir, we're here because Ms.
Lubayev's husband is making threats
against my life...

ROCCO
I don't blame him.

ALAN
There is no romantic involvement.

ROCCO
(winks at Eva)
Why not?

ALAN
Ms. Lubayev and her husband and
stepson live in the house I grew up
in. As part of a documentary about
the third generation of the
Holocaust, I visited the house.

ROCCO
Location?

ALAN
Locust Crescent. Number fourteen.

Rocco starts to write down this information.

ROCCO
And your name?

ALAN
Alan Stuart Eisner, but listen...

ROCCO
(writing)
Stuart with a "w?"

ALAN
With a "u."

ROCCO
And you're filing a complaint?

ALAN
I need protection because, as I
said, Ms. Lubayev's husband is
threatening my life.

EVA
Arthur...

ALAN
Alan.

EVA
(takes Alan's arm)
Alan is talking from teenage son
about play with him.

ALAN
No!

ANGLE-ROCCO

His eyes narrow.

ROCCO
Excuse me?

ANGLE-BECKY/ALAN

BECKY
(sing-song)
Told you so.

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

Alan's in a jail cell. Becky and Gary stand outside.

ALAN
I can't fucking believe this!

BECKY
Gives us an awesome end to the
second act.

ALAN
That I'm busted for molesting a
teenage boy?

GARY
Jail door slams, that metallic
sound...

BECKY
So perfect.

Now Rocco comes down the hall.

ROCCO
You're allowed one call.

ALAN
God...Where's Eva?

ANGLE-EVA

She is seated at Sergeant Rocco's desk, reading Elle. She waves at the camera, purses her lips for a "kiss."

ANGLE-CORRIDOR

Alan heads for a pay phone. Rocco stands beside it. Alan and his pals speak sotto voce.

BECKY

You going to call your Dad?

ALAN

Given that he's broke and has a drug record...

GARY

I thought he flipped for the cops.

ALAN

Not these cops; they don't know him from Adam.

BECKY

What about your show biz lawyer?

ALAN

I don't have a show biz lawyer and even if I did...

BECKY

You don't want this to get out.

ALAN

I mean, there's nothing to get out, but even the implication...

They reach the phone.

ALAN

(to Rocco)

I don't even know what you're holding me for.

ROCCO

Suspicion of endangerment.

ALAN

That's a real thing?

ROCCO

Since Bush, we got a lot of leeway.

BECKY

I'll bet.

(To Alan)

You're in deep doo-doir.

ALAN

You know the pathetic thing?
There's only one person I can really trust.

GARY
Besides me and Becks?

CUT TO:

ANGLE-FLORIDA/POOL

Hilde lies at poolside. She looks up curiously at CAMERA.

HILDE
You're not Alan's cameraman.

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm a friend of his. They want me
to shoot your reaction.

HILDE
To what?

Hilde's cell phone rings.

HILDE
Oy.
(Into phone)
Hello? Alan, there's another
camera boy...Excuse me?

ANGLE-JAIL CORRIDOR

ALAN
The charges are totally ridiculous
but bottom line, they have me
jailed in Syosset and I have to get
a lawyer.

INTERCUT

HILDE
I'll ask Cookie; he still knows
good people up there.

ALAN
I would so appreciate that. Syosset
Police Station...Old Country Road.

HILDE
Alright, darling. Sit tight.
(Pushes 'end' button on
her phone)
He has no practical sense. Like his
mother, except not so depressed.

She presses another button on her cell.

HILDE

How did we live without these
phones?

EXT. SYOSSET POLICE STATION

A ten-year old Mercedes pulls into the lot. A sixty-ish man in a chalk-striped suit steps from the car. This is attorney BARRY NAGEL. He notices the camera, walks right up to it--

NAGEL

I'm attorney Barry Nagel, a
graduate of Syracuse Law School,
class of 1974, and I'm here to
defend the rights of...

(checks slip of paper)

Alan Stuart Eisner, who sits inside
falsely accused. Now if you'll
excuse me, it's time for Barry
Nagel to get to work.

JAIL CELL

Nagel is seated on Alan's cot; Alan is seated on the privy,
the only other place to sit.

NAGEL

I did a lot of work for Cookie back
in the eighties. The laws
governing luncheonettes are
extremely complex.

ALAN

Mr. Nagel...

NAGEL

Liabilities, particularly governing
food allergies and poisoning, laws
governing the manufacture of pre-
packaged hamburg patties...

ALAN

Sir...

NAGEL

Dating of milk and cream, even of
syrup, which comes as a surprise to
many people...

ALAN

How that pertains to my
situation...

NAGEL

Bottom line: you fondled this kid?

ALAN

No! Not even close.

NAGEL

Because even if you did...

ALAN

I didn't. This is an insane mix-up. The father is a lunatic and nobody seems to care that he's also a fucking terrorist.

NAGEL

No reason for language.

ANGLE-BECKY

Holding the boom. She rolls her eyes.

ANGLE-POLICE STATION

Eva continues to read. Rocco looks over her shoulder.

ROCCO

You're prettier than anyone in that magazine.

(Winks toward camera)

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

NAGEL

Step by step: you inadvertently entered his room?

ALAN

I was looking for the bathroom.

NAGEL

Devil's advocate: "but you lived in that house for years; you didn't know where the bathroom was located?"

ALAN

"I hadn't been inside the house in over a decade, I was in a rush..."

NAGEL

Okay. And the doors were similar?

ALAN

Yes.

NAGEL

Standard two-panel?

ALAN

I'm not sure.

Nagel is taking notes.

NAGEL

We can check that.

ALAN

I don't think it's particularly relevant.

NAGEL

Are you the lawyer or is Barry Nagel the lawyer? All right, you inadvertently open the door to the young man's room...

ALAN

Yes.

NAGEL

And you saw what?

ALAN

He was apparently masturbating.

NAGEL

Apparently masturbating.

ALAN

I didn't, like, *linger*. But his pants were down, and his arm was moving in a fashion that strongly suggested that's what was going on.

NAGEL

Did he have a visible erection?

ALAN

I really can't say. I was like "Whoops," and out.

NAGEL

"Whoops and out."

ALAN

Correct.

(Looks to camera)

None of this is going to stay in.

BECKY (V.O.)

Oh yeah, right.

ANGLE-POLICE STATION

Rocco is now leaning over Eva's shoulder, feigning interest in her magazine.

ROCCO

That's a beautiful dress.

EVA

Is Marc Jacobs.

ROCCO

(clueless)

No kidding.

EVA

You are appeal for Marc Jacobs?

ROCCO

I are appeal for you.

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

NAGEL

Years ago, I was involved in a case involving a claim of contaminated frankfurter relish allegedly served at the Jupiter Luncheonette on Queens Boulevard.

ALAN

Sir, I feel like my life and reputation are in grave danger...

NAGEL

So did Raymond Guitierrez, the gentlemen I represented at the time. Several customers had complained of serious effects of this relish, including projectile diarrhea in the workplace.

ALAN

I just don't need to hear this.

NAGEL

The bottom line is that Ray
Guitierrez walked away scot-free
because of my work on his behalf.

ALAN

I'm not questioning your ability to
defend me; I just think that we
should stay on point here.

ANGLE-POLICE STATION

Sergeant Rocco puts his hand on Eva's shoulder.

EVA

You are making for sexy with me?

ROCCO

Just want to see what makes you
tick.

He gets up and locks the front door from the inside, then
becomes aware of the camera. He raises his hand.

ROCCO

Ixnay on the ameracay.

The camera turns away.

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

NAGEL

I don't understand how the
situation evolved into such a
negative dynamic.

Alan looks to Becky.

ANGLE-BECKY

She rolls her eyes. Whoa, this guy's a schmuck.

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

ALAN

The situation with Fictor?

NAGEL

Who?

ALAN

The teenager. That's his name.
"Fictor," with an "F."

NAGEL
(jots it down)
That's a Slavic name?

ALAN
Chechen.

NAGEL
Very explosive people.

ALAN
That's what I'm trying to tell you!
Anyhow, to cut to the chase: when I
saw the kid later in the living
room, I mentioned that I
accidentally opened his door and
had seen what he was doing and that
it reminded me of similar
situations when I was his age and
that he shouldn't feel any guilt
about it.

NAGEL
About stimulating himself manually.

ALAN
Correct.

NAGEL
Had you ascertained his age at that
point?

ALAN
Sixteen.

NAGEL
A minor.

ALAN
I was just *talking* to him.

NAGEL
Makes no difference. It's
unprotected speech.

ANGLE-DOOR/WINDOW

Through the window of a door leading to the desk area of the
police department, WE SEE Rocco take Eva's hand.

ROCCO
You ever see a real Long Island
police department?

EVA
Is interesting, yes?

ROCCO
I'll give you the grand tour.

Rocco leads her toward the men's room.

EVA
Don't need man's room.

ROCCO
Relax, beautiful.

He opens the door to the men's room.

Now the door to the desk area of the police department opens and Gary is clearly taking his camera through the area and to the outside.

EXT. POLICE STATION/SYOSSET/DAY

The camera pans around the dismal landscape. In the distance WE HEAR Chechen pop music! Gary raises a curious eyebrow, looks around, heads back inside.

INT. JAIL CELL

NAGEL
If this man is in fact a Chechen...

ALAN
And a terrorist, according to his wife.

NAGEL
Then you're fortunate he didn't kill you on the spot. I'd like to speak with the wife.

GARY (V.O.)
The cop just took her into the men's room.

ALAN
He what?

ANGLE-POLICE STATION/BATHROOM

The camera makes its stealthy way into the bathroom. We HEAR a stall door being locked.

EVA
I do not wish for this.

ROCCO

You be nice to me and I'll let your
friend walk. Or lock him up for
life. Whatever you want, gorgeous.

EVA

What I want is not bathroom.

ANGLE-PARKING LOT/POLICE STATION/THROUGH WINDOW

A sedan roars into the lot, blaring Chechen music. The car
doors fly open and Luby jumps out with three other men, all
wearing berets and sunglasses. Luby and another man wield
steak knives. The third man holds a Louisville Slugger with
a taped handle, and the fourth carries a can of gasoline.

They walk toward the police station. The camera whips away.

INT POLICE STATION/JAIL CELL

Alan and Nagel are still conferring.

NAGEL

In 2003, I was defending Murray's
Egg Cream Shop in the Bronx...

ALAN

Please stop.

NAGEL

Which, while it was primarily a
soda fountain, had a modest lunch
menu and thus fell under the
purview of the luncheonette codes.

WIDE/GARY IS RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR

GARY

The Chechens are here!

ALAN

What?

GARY

**Fully loaded: bats, knives,
gasoline...**

NAGEL

That's a federal offense.

We hear a smashing noise.

ALAN

Shit.

NAGEL

Let me speak reason to these people.

ANGLE-BATHROOM

Eva is banging on the side of the stall.

EVA

Let me out from here!

ANGLE-NAGEL

He walks down the hall, head high, shoulders thrown back.

DESK AREA

Nagel comes out to the desk area. WE HEAR the door being battered by the baseball bat. Nagel walks to the door and dramatically opens it.

NAGEL

You must cease and desist!

The Chechens stop and stare at him.

NAGEL

I am Barry Nagel, a graduate of Syracuse University Law School, and let me warn you..

Now Eva's cries become louder.

EVA (V.O.)`

Out from here!

The Chechens storm past Nagel and head toward the men's room.

ANGLE-JAIL CELL

BECKY

Here's something to consider.

ALAN

What?

BECKY

The door's open...The cop is gone.

Alan stares at the open jail door.

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT

Alan and Becky, are racing toward their car. The bouncing camera indicates that Gary is running also.

A beat later, Nagel emerges from the police station and heads for his Mercedes. Alan opens his car door.

ALAN
I'm leaving.

NAGEL
I can't acknowledge that fact.

ALAN
What's happening in there?

NAGEL
A physical assault is in progress.
By the way, my fee for today is
five thousand three hundred
dollars. Best of luck.

Nagel gets into his car and starts the engine.

ALAN
Five thousand bucks?

Nagel floors his car and pulls away.

SMASH CUT

INT. WILLIAMSBURG BROOKLYN COFFEE SHOP

Alan holds up the front page of the New York Post.

TERROR SEX BUST!

ALAN
Has all the major food groups,
right?

SHARON
Do you feel a certain pride,
being the first mover of these
remarkable events?

ALAN
I feel lost, is what I feel.

SHARON
Those are just words.

ALAN

I don't know what the hell I'm doing anymore. This whole film is like a joke.

SHARON

You're taking a story where it leads. All you can do is follow it.

Alan looks off toward Becky.

ALAN

She's good.

BECKY (V.O.)

Told you.

SHARON

Tell me what concerns you.

ALAN

That I'm wasting my time, that everything I'm learning about my family is disgusting, that I'm broke, that these Chechens are maniacs.

SHARON

The first fear is worthless.

ALAN

It is?

SHARON

Of course. You're not wasting your time because you are learning engrossing, if negative, things about your family, and because you have made a fascinating and cinematically compelling enemy in the terrorist and his hot wife.

ALAN

What if he tries to kill me?

SHARON

Then you have a compelling ending. Dying for your people.

EXT. LOCUST CRESCENT DAY

We're back at Alan's childhood home. Alan marches to the front door with great determination. Alan rings the bell; Gary takes out a revolver.

BECKY

Whoa.

ALAN

Lighten up. Luby's in jail.

GARY

You know that for a fact?

Gary sticks the gun in his jeans.

ALAN

That's terrifying.

GARY

What's the worst that happens? I shoot my dong off.

BECKY

No loss.

The front door opens. Fictor steps out.

ALAN

Hello, Fictor.

Fictor makes a move to go back in the house, starts closing the door. Alan sticks his foot in the door to stop him.

ALAN

We have to talk.

FICTOR

Talk from what?

ALAN

Your father's facing very serious charges.

Fictor laughs.

FICTOR

No more. Have big lawyer help. Policeman charge for rape.

ALAN

The cop's been charged?

FICTOR

In Chechnya very famous this lawyer. Will be head of courts when Luby take over.

ALAN
We still need to clear the air.

FICTOR
What means?

ALAN
There was a misunderstanding.

FICTOR
You talk with me from sex.

ALAN
No, that's precisely the point. I
didn't, and we need to get that
documented.

FICTOR
For movie.

ALAN
Exactly.

Fictor smiles at camera.

FICTOR
For Hollywood.

ALAN
Yes. For Hollywood.

FICTOR
To come in, please.

Fictor gestures for everyone to enter the house.

LIVING ROOM/LUBAYEV HOME

FICTOR
Please to sit.
(Points to camera)
Except for you for making the
photography.

Alan and Becky are seated.

FICTOR
I am wanting to act.

ALAN
Okay.

FICTOR
So now I do for you a scene.

BECKY

That would be awesome.

FICTOR

From favorite movie, "On Waterfront." Scene from taxi.

ALAN

Hey, *in principal*, that's a great idea, but this isn't a good time, and if we do it later, we can light it properly...

FICTOR

Now we do.

ALAN

Okay. Fair enough.
(Claps hands)
Action.

Alan points to Fictor, who launches into the legendary taxi scene from "On the Waterfront," doing both voices.

FICTOR

"There's more to this than I thought, Charlie." "You don't mean that you're thinking of testifying against some people that we might know." "I'm telling ya. I haven't made up my mind yet!" "Well make up your mind before we get to 437 River Street."

Fictor takes a dramatic pause, shakes his head sadly.

FICTOR

"Charley...Charley...Oh, Charley. Wow."

ON ALAN/BECKY

Although the accent is ridiculous, it's obvious that Fictor has some talent.

ANGLE-FICTOR

FICTOR

"How much you weigh, slugger? When you weigh 168 pound, you are beautiful. You could be another Billy Conn. That skunk we got you for manager, he brought you along too fast." "It wasn't him, Charley!"
(MORE)

FICTOR (cont'd)

It was you. You remember that night in Madison Garden, you came down to dressing room and say: 'Kid, this ain't your night. We goin for price on Wilson.' You remember that? 'This ain't your night!' My night! I could have take Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets the title shot outdoors in ball park - and whadda I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville. You was my brother, Charley. You shoulda looked out for me a little bit. You shoulda taken care of me - just a little bit - so I wouldn't have to take the dives for short money."

ALAN

Boy, that's really...

FICTOR

Shh! More comes. "I had some bets down for you. You saw some money." "You don't understand! I could have had class. I could have been contender. I could have been somebody, instead of bum, which is what I am. Let's face it...It was you, Charley."

Fictor bows. Alan stands up.

ALAN

Bravo.

FICTOR

You think will be in movie?

ALAN

Absolutely.

Alan gives Fictor a heartfelt hug, at which point, of course, the door opens and Luby enters, with Eva and the other Chechen thugs. The men have changed into military uniforms.

LUBY

Time for Iron Men to act!

Gary starts to take the gun from his jeans.

ALAN

No!

The gun gets caught in Gary's jeans and as he attempts to pull it out one of the Chechens smashes his head with a blackjack. Gary sinks to the floor.

LUBY
For destiny and soul of Chechnya!
Now we make real movie!

CUT TO

EXT. FLORIDA/TENNIS COURTS

Cookie is playing doubles with three guys his age.

ANGLE-TENNIS COURT

A ball lands smack on the line as Cookie drifts back for it.

COOKIE
Just out!

ANGLE-SIDE OF COURT

Alan and Hilde watch the game.

ALAN
That was good.

HILDE
He cheats. What were we talking about?

ALAN
My father.

HILDE
He didn't know what he was getting into with your mother. When she first started getting depressed, he thought it was moods, then the more he found out about the family and what went on...Some people can't take it. It's like a stain.

ALAN
That her grandparents had been murdered?

HILDE
For some people the whole thing was an embarrassment.

ALAN

Whenever I'd try to get some
information from Mom, she'd be
like, "it's too terrible."

(Beat)

What do you know about it?

HILDE

Plenty.

ALAN

So tell me.

HILDE

Not now.

ALAN

Why not?

HILDE

I'm not ready. You want an iced
tea?

EXT. LONG ISLAND BOULEVARD DAY

An aged Range Rover comes down a back road in Eastern Long Island. It takes a right turn past a hand-made wooden sign pointing toward "Grozny Studio." It continues on until we pass through a rusted gate with a large sign in Cyrillic with a faded illustration depicting an Eastern European city in flames.

Now the car pulls up in front of a warehouse bordering an overgrown, marshy field. There is a batting cage and golf driving range in the distance

Two of the Chechens hop out of the car, carrying Gary's camera and Becky's sound equipment. Then we see Alan, Gary, and Becky get out. They are blindfolded and their hands are secured behind their backs with duct tape. Last from the car are Luby and Eva, both sporting leather coats.

ALAN

How's your head?

GARY

Hurts. That asshole really whacked
me.

LUBY

What you call asshole is Minister
From Defense.

Our party enters the warehouse

INT WAREHOUSE

Decorated with tattered Chechen flags and photographs of Chechen leaders of yesteryear. There are lights and grip stands and an ancient camera. Luby barks in Chechen and two of the Chechens remove the blindfolds from all and the restraints from Gary and Beck's hands. Alan, Becky, and Gary blink in the sudden light.

ALAN

What is this place?

EVA

Most important studio for movie from Chechnya.

LUBY

(To Becky, Gary)

You make your jobs.

Luby points to the camera and sound equipment.

GARY

We use our own stuff.

LUBY

This no good?

ALAN

It's not that it's "no good;" we're just not used to it. What kind of movies do you make here?

LUBY

In old days, make from sex movies.

BECKY

Chechen porn? That's so great.

LUBY

Was best in world.

EVA

Not "best." Pretty good. Most girl too big for sex movie.

ALAN

Too heavy?

EVA

Yes. And mustache.

GARY

God, I'd love to see those.

LUBY

Then business not good. But we
keep studio for make movie for
people.

ALAN

And by "movie for people," you
mean...

LUBY

For teach.

EVA

Teach and make strong.

LUBY

For fight. For blood.

GARY

Sure.

LUBY

And now we make new movie.

EVA

For all peoplea.

BECKY

That's a little vague.

ALAN

Hey, can I have this conversation,
thank you?

LUBY

Finish from movie is death of
Zionist pervert, which is you.

GARY

That's a lot clearer.

ALAN

Hey, enough with this horseshit!

LUBY

Is not shit.

(To Becky, Gary)

Please. For make movie now.

Luby again shouts in Chechen to his guys, who cut off the
tape binding Gary and Becky's hands.

GARY

I can't guarantee the focus. My head...

LUBY

You make focus or die.

GARY

I hear you.

Eva removes her coat, then drapes it over her shoulders, cape-style.

EVA

Is big drama with coat. Like spy!

ALAN

What exactly *is* your story?

Eva laughs, as if Alan has made a joke.

EVA

I am special for men, yes?

LUBY

You make statement, then we shoot.

Luby barks in Chechen to his underlings who come over and take Alan under the arms, then lead him to a backdrop on which is painted a bloodstained wall, with spectators, including children, painted in as spectators. Becky and Gary follow.

GARY

(to Alan)

What lens you want?

ALAN

What lens?

(To Luby)

Let me ask you something: when you say "shoot..."

LUBY

Rifle shoot.

ALAN

So you're actually planning on shooting me right here.

EVA

Is big honor. This place was for Chechen people like Warner Brother Picture.

ALAN

If this is a joke, guess what, it
was never funny, and now...

Luby turns to Becky and Gary, claps hands

LUBY

Action.

Gary starts filming. Becky moves her boom over Alan.

ANGLE-ALAN

Standing in front of the "firing squad" backdrop.

ALAN

Okay, let me first say that there
was an *enormous* misunderstanding
about Fictor.

He's way out of focus.

GARY (V.O.)

Hang on.

Getting sharper.

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

Better.

Now in focus.

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

Good to go.

ALAN

What I was trying to tell him that
day was that all teenage boys feel
the same urges and the same kind of
shame. But I was not, and am not,
attracted to him.

EVA

Is not handsome for you?

ALAN

He's a nice-looking kid and, way
more important, a talented one,
which is why I was embracing him in
congratulation when Luby entered
the house.

EVA
Is no shame. I have been with
women all over the world.

BECKY (V.O.)
Really.

EVA
I like taller than you.

BECKY (V.O.)
Me, too. *Quelle* irony.

ALAN
I don't need this banter, okay? My
life is apparently at stake.

LUBY
No "parently." Is over for what
you do.

ALAN
I didn't do anything!

LUBY
What Zionist always say, since from
start history. "I do nothing. I do
not steal money and cow and
painting."

EVA
And make crazy science.

LUBY
And make crazy science.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY
These people are whacked.

MASTER

EVA
All you want is take gold from
Chechen people.

ALAN
What are you talking about? Do I
look like a guy who gives a shit
about money? Look at my clothes!

Luby steps closer to Becky and Gary.

LUBY

Are Jew?

GARY

Presbyterian.

BECKY

Dutch reformed.

ALAN

Hey, thanks a lot! Isolate me even more!

BECKY

You're totally right. I have a statement to make:

(turns to Eva and Luby)
if you kill Alan, you have to kill us all.

GARY

I have a family.

ALAN

What are you talking about?

GARY

I plan to.

LUBY

Maybe I kill all. No witness.

EVA

Like "Scarface" make.

GARY

If you shoot us, how do you finish the film or advance Fictor's career?

EVA

Yes, is smart point.

ALAN

You are *such* an asshole.

GARY

You want to get the film finished or not? Whatever happens, there's a movie with your name on it.

Now all the lights in the warehouse blow.

GARY (CONT'D)
That's a wrap.

LUBY
Bad electric. Go outside.

He barks in Chechen. His aides come and start rolling the "firing squad" backdrop toward a set of double doors.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DAY

In the distance WE SEE that the batting cage is empty and a lone golfer is at the driving range. Luby, Eva, and Alan emerge from the "studio." Luby has his arm around Alan.

LUBY (CONT'D)
I give you big finish for movie,
yes? People cry in seats.

ALAN
Can I *explain* what this film is
about?

LUBY
About Zionist crush brave people of
Chechnya.

EVA
Until beautiful sex woman with coat
on shoulder save everyone.

ALAN
No, it's not about anything *like*
that! *My* movie, my *actual* movie is
about what happened to my family
during the Holocaust.

LUBY
My story much better.

EVA
Luby will make king for this.

ALAN
"Make king" for what?

EVA
For shoot you.

LUBY
Tomorrow, "Luby, Luby" everywhere,
when people see in movie how I make
strong.

ALAN
 "Strong?" It's murder!

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY
 What do you think?

GARY
 Total horseshit.

BECKY
 Big bluff, right?

MASTER

Two Chechen henchmen push the "firing squad" wall into place.
 Two others take Alan by each arm...

ALAN
 Guys, enough...

...and again put him against the backdrop. A golf cart comes from around the back of the warehouse. Seated in it are two more Chechens, wearing T-shirts with some Cyrillic slogan. The men are carrying rifles. Alan is starting to take this a little more seriously.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 This is *Long Island*, okay?

The men handcuff Alan's already-restrained arms.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I *already* can't move my arms!

LUBY
 Is tradition.

The riflemen set their positions.

EVA
 With new ending, will make finance
 for movie from Chechnya.

ALAN
 Excuse me?

LUBY
 People who hate Zionist also have
 much money.

ALAN
 You're saying you'll get this movie
financed by Anti-Semites. A
 Holocaust movie.

LUBY
 Is big irony, yes?

The two Chechen men now walk away from Alan, turn in unison
 and raise their rifles.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

Gary is filming.

GARY
 I know it's sick, but that's an
amazing image.

ANGLE-ALAN

He stands before the "firing squad" wall. Luby walks up to
 him.

LUBY
 You want cigarette?

ALAN
 I don't smoke.

LUBY
 (happily)
 Would be good time to start. What
 to lose?

General laughter from the shooters.

ANGLE-GARY/BECKY

BECKY
 Is it possible this *isn't* a goof?

GARY
 I'm really not prepared, like,
emotionally, for him to get shot.

BECKY
 I feel, like, *stupid*, is what I
 feel.

MASTER

Eva walks up to Alan, the leather coat still draped over
 shoulders.

EVA
Brave, handsome man.

She takes Alan's head in her hands and kisses him, hard.
Handcuffed Alan doesn't move.

ALAN
You taste like apple sauce.

EVA
Yes. Is lucky for me.

She turns and smiles radiantly in the direction of the camera, then walks back toward Luby, signalling the two rifleman with a wave of her arm.

LUBY
Now you make big speech before
shoot. Win Oscar and Golden Globe.

ALAN
(clears throat)
Okay, here's what I think: this is
probably a practical joke. But if
in fact you people are so batshit
that you're serious, I would like
to say something here and now,
because it is so important to me
that this film get finished, and
perhaps, ironically, my murder will
enable me to get a distributor.
You believe, as I understand, that
I am both a child molester and a
Zionist, despite that fact that I
am not even slightly attracted to
Fictor and can't even remember Yom
Kippur, that's how observant I am.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY
That's a really good point.

MASTER

ALAN
Here's the thing that really
bothers me, not that I think any of
you is listening.

Eva opens a compact and freshens her lips.

EVA
I listen good.

ALAN

The thing that bothers me particularly is that there is a big secret concerning the death of my great-grandparents that I still don't know and I sense that it's the most compelling end to this story.

LUBY

End of story is birth of new Chechnya.

ALAN

That is totally not what this movie is!

Luby yells at the riflemen in Chechen. They cock their rifles.

LUBY

(subtitle: On Count of Three!)

ALAN

Make your own goddamn movie about Chechnya!

LUBY

(subtitle: "One!")

NOW WE BEGIN TO HEAR AMPLIFIED MUSLIM CHANTING. It is strange and haunting and totally out of place.

ANGLE-RIFLEMEN

They aim their weapons but their eyes betray uncertainty.

MASTER

The chanting gets louder and louder.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY

What is that?

GARY

It ain't Chechen, that's for goddamn sure.

LUBY

("Two!")

MASTER

In the distance a pickup truck is speeding quickly across the field between the fake wall and the driving range. A number of men are seated in the back, several wearing Arab robes.

LUBY (CONT'D)

(subtitle: "Three!")

Guns start firing from the pickup truck! Alan bolts and starts running like a bat out of hell across the marshy field.

ANGLE-PICKUP TRUCK

Ron Eisner is driving. Denny, his desk man at the Sign Barn, is firing a handgun, as are two of the robed men. Ron shouts through a bullhorn.

RON

This facility is under new ownership!

ANGLE-ALAN

Continues to run, swerving from side to side.

ALAN

Dad?

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

They continue to film and record, enraptured by the unfolding drama.

ANGLE --CHECHENS

They fire toward the truck.

ANGLE-TRUCK

The Saudis fire back.

ANGLE-ALAN

He dives into a large depression filled with greenish water.

ANGLE -CHECHEN RIFLEMEN

One of them is hit in leg. The other rifleman drops his rifle and starts waving a handkerchief.

ANGLE-LUBY/EVA

Eva throws her leather coat down and starts running toward the truck, smiling in warm greeting.

ANGLE-GARY/BECKY

BECKY

She is such a cooz.

GARY

I'm actually into her.

BECKY

You would be.

ANGLE-ALAN

He gets out of the puddle and heads toward the pick-up truck.

ALAN

Dad!

Ron stops the truck, gets out, appears startled.

ALAN

You just saved my life!

RON

What the fuck.

ALAN

You didn't know I was here?

RON

No. I was delivering the signs.

ALAN

I thought they were going to Riyadh.

RON

I had to say that.

(Turns to men in truck)

Hakim, Faisal, Fahd; my son Alan.

(The men nod)

They just bought this place, gonna turn it into a world-class country club.

Alan clearly wants to believe his father has saved him.

ALAN
You really had no idea I was here?

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

Becky is nodding toward Ron, cueing him. "No, you did."

MASTER

RON
No...what...sure, we got tipped
off. We got word. You think I'm
gonna let you...
(looks toward Gary and
Becky, savoring his
moment)
Wanted to do something right for a
change, right?

Ron throws his arms around Alan.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

GARY
That's a moment.

BECKY
A bullshit moment, but a moment.

MASTER

Eva walks over to Ron and the Saudis.

EVA
Am Eva introduce.

ALAN
Could you please? We're having
like a genuine moment.

EVA
(to Saudis)
I love men from sand.

The Arab men turn away in embarrassment.

RON
These guys don't play, sweetheart.
That's their religion. Me, on the
other hand...

ALAN

Dad, you don't want to go there.

ANGLE-LUBY

Walking across the fairway.

LUBY

You leave! Is Chechen club.

MASTER

The Saudis smile.

RON

Not anymore. These guys just
bought everything around here for
six miles!

Luby grabs his chest, doubles over, sinks to his knees.

EVA

Luby? Heart?

Luby manages a weak nod. Eva turns and shouts.

EVA (CONT'D)

Take now please to Syosset Jewish
Hospital!

CUT TO:

EXT. SYOSSET JEWISH HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM PARKING LOT

INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR

Alan, Becky, and Gary pace nervously.

BECKY

This is so transcendently weird.

GARY

I love that he wanted a Jewish
hospital. It's perfect.

ALAN

What if he dies...

BECKY

There's your ending.

ALAN

How can that be the ending? The death of a Chechen terrorist? That's not this story.

GARY

It is now.

A white-coated doc is coming down the corridor in their direction. Gary picks up his camera.

The doctor is clearly intent on our group. His white lab coat identifies him as DR. ADELMAN. Alan rises.

ALAN

You're Mr. Umayev's doctor?

ADELMAN

Yes. He'd like to see you all.

ALAN

Really.

ADELMAN

I don't like the cameras, but he's very close to the end...

ALAN

He is?

ADELMAN

Pity. Seems like a wonderful man.

BECKY (V.O.)

He's a terrorist, an Anti-Semite, and a sexist.

ADELMAN

Really. I found him quite warm, and full of love for the Jewish people.

ANGLE-LUBY'S ROOM

Luby in bed, framed by Fictor and Eva, a kind of Adoration. The heart monitor beeps. Eva rises, smiles, and kisses Alan full on the lips.

ALAN

That's so inappropriate.

EVA

Thank you.

Luby raises his head, speaks in a hoarse whisper.

LUBY
I want for you favor.

ALAN
"For" me?

BECKY (V.O.)
Probably means "from you."

LUBY
Want to make for Jew.

ALAN
"Make for Jew?"

FICTOR
He want convert.

ALAN
To Judaism? Luby?

EVA
How you call? "On bed..."

ALAN
Deathbed conversion.

EVA
Yes. From you. First Jew he love.

ALAN
He just tried to kill me.

FICTOR
That is his way for show affection.

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY
I have to say, I'm moved.

MASTER

LUBY
And for favor for me, I make favor
for you --I have facts for you
about great-grandparents.

ALAN
You do? How the hell...?

LUBY

I do reading. I don't hate Jew
just for fun. Spend years in
library, reading all documents we
have in Chechnya steal from Nazi.

ALAN

So you really know.

LUBY

Yes. You make convert for me, I
tell.

BACK IN CORRIDOR

ALAN

I don't think there's such a thing
as an instant conversion. It takes
years.

GARY

You think he knows that?

Becky comes down the hall snapping her phone shut.

ALAN

So?

BECKY

Rabbi Sharon says it takes a year
minimum...

ALAN

Like I said.

BECKY

But there's a sixteenth century
prayer pertaining to Jews who had
been forced into conversions.

ALAN

To Christianity.

BECKY

Yeah, this got you back in the
fold.

ALAN

That's not the same thing.

BECKY

I understand, but it sounds
legit and if you say it fast, who's
going to know the difference?

ALAN

So he won't really be...

BECKY

No. But if he thinks so...

GARY

And maybe he actually knows about
your grandparents.

ALAN

I don't buy that.

BECKY

You have nothing to lose.

GARY

Hey, even murderous assholes
deserve something, right?

HOSPITAL ROOM

Alan is reading from a sheet of paper. The BEEPING is
continuous.

ALAN

Our God and God of our fathers,
bring success to your servant Luby
Umayev and bestow your grace upon
him. Just as you have moved his
heart to return in complete
repentance before you, so may you
plant in his heart love and fear of
you. Open his heart to your Torah
and guide him in the path of your
commandments that he may find grace
in your eyes. So may it be, and let
us say Amen.

Luby smiles.

LUBY

Minii aaree yolcha vugar vari
ah'so?

EVA

Means, "Can you take me to the mine
fields?"

ALAN

Really. That's like a symbolic...?

FICTOR
 For us, "mine field" is heaven.
 Heaven with smokestack.

ALAN
 Okay. What about my great-
 grandparents?

LUBY
 You ask in family...

Luby trails off, closes his eyes. The BEEPING flat-lines.

EVA
 "That's a wrap," like you say.

ALAN
 No, no, no! Ask *what*? Ask *what*?

The BEEPING resumes. Luby opens his eyes.

ALAN
 "Ask" what?

LUBY
 You ask...

ALAN
 Yes?

LUBY
 ...about visas.

ALAN
 Visas?

A thin smile from Luby and then the BEEPING flat-lines again.

EVA
 Dead make.

ALAN
Visas?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH/FLORIDA

Hilde and Alan walk on the beach in Hallandale, dwarfed by
 the high-rises.

ALAN
 He said it was about visas.

HILDE
Listen to that ocean.

ALAN
Hilde...

HILDE
When I got to this country, you
know what amazed me more than
anything? Coney Island.

ALAN
You're being evasive.

HILDE
I never saw so many happy people in
my life. All the kids running
around, all the couples making out
on blankets...

ALAN
What did he mean, "ask about
visas." I won't let this alone.

HILDE
You're such a pain in the ass.

ALAN
Is it something so awful?

HILDE
It's embarrassing.

ALAN
More embarrassing than my
grandfather being a pimp?

HILDE
Maybe.

ALAN
Really.

HILDE
Yeah.

ALAN
They couldn't get visas, or
what? I mean, why didn't anyone
ever tell me what happened?
Everything's always been so *vague*.
The most I got out of my mother was
that my great-grandfather had been
very, like, *obstinate*.

HILDE
That's what she said?

ALAN
Whenever I asked, she'd just say,
he was such a stubborn man and by
the time he realized it was time to
leave Germany, time had run out.

HILDE
He *had* visas.

ALAN
... I mean, stubborn is one thing,
but there comes a point...

HILDE
You're not listening. He *had*
visas.

ALAN
He had visas.

HILDE
Yes.

ALAN
He physically had them.

HILDE
That's what I'm saying.

ALAN
And he still didn't get out? He
and my great-grandmother still
wound up in the gas chamber.

HILDE
Yes.

ALAN
With visas.

HILDE
He had two visas. He needed three.

ALAN
Three?

HILDE
He wanted three or he wouldn't
leave.

BECKY (V.O.)

Oh my God.

ALAN

There was someone else?

Hilde nods.

ALAN

He wanted a visa for some other woman?

HILDE

His bookkeeper.

ALAN

And that's why your parents were murdered?

HILDE

He wouldn't leave unless the bookkeeper, Elsa was her name, unless Elsa got out.

ALAN

God almighty.

HILDE

Screwing around got him killed. Not the first time in history, not the last.

ALAN

Did my mom know?

HILDE

Yes.

ALAN

But she never gave me a straight answer.

HILDE

It was too difficult for her.

ALAN

But not for you? You were grandpa and grandma's actual child.

HILDE

I'm made up different. Obviously, when I first heard about it, I was shocked, I was furious.

(MORE)

HILDE (cont'd)
After a while, I had seen so much
over there...

ALAN
And you told my mom about it.

HILDE
I had to, but I think it drove her
crazy. It should have driven me
crazy but it must have skipped a
generation.

ALAN
The *bookkeeper*.

HILDE
Elsa. She was the mother of my
best friend. They were all killed.

ALAN
Jesus Christ.

HILDE
Your great-grandfather was selfish,
he cheated, and he was
irresponsible.

ALAN
It's so sad and so crazy, but the
thing is, after all I've been
finding out...

HILDE
It's not so surprising.

ALAN
No. It's not. That's the weird
part.

HILDE
As you get older, you realize that
there are no surprises. And that's
the only surprise.
(Pulls jacket tighter)
Getting cool.

ALAN
Let's go get some soup.

HILDE
Now you're talking.

Hilde puts her arm through Alan's and they walk off down the
beach.

ANGLE/ MOVIE SCREEN

Hilde puts her arm through Alan's and they walk off down the beach. "THE END" appears on screen. There is sustained applause.

EXT. TRIBECA FILM FESTIVAL NIGHT

There are posters and displays for "A Film By Alan Stuart Eisner." The art shows Alan in the foreground, a barbed-wire fence in the background, and Eva Umayev in a low-cut blouse. The tag line is "A Search for the Unthinkable." Alan stands having his picture taken, flanked by Eva and Fictor, who are both in mourning black. Eva, not surprisingly, shows some cleavage. Flashbulbs explode. Alan looks awkward. Fictor and Eva are loving all of it.

FICTOR

My father would like.

ALAN

You think?

FICTOR

Yes.

ALAN

You talking about the movie?

FICTOR

Movie, no, not like. Cameras and glamor he like. I think I will be star.

EVA

Oh, yes, Fictor. You have big magnet for star.

Alan walks away from the group, addresses the camera.

ALAN

All things considered it went about as well as I could have hoped. The movie won the "Promising Newcomer" award at the Banff Film Festival and "Best First Documentary" in Tampa, a festival Hilde and Cookie came up for. Eva and Fictor moved to LA and are living off Luby's life insurance. Fictor goes to private school and he did a Burger King commercial.

(MORE)

ALAN (cont'd)
 Eva has done some work for one of
 those Shopping Networks, selling
 Chechen steak knives. And you guys?

ANGLE-BECKY/GARY

BECKY
 I'm doing a music video next week.

GARY
 I've got a couple things lined up.

BECKY
 You're working for Verizon
 Wireless!

GARY
 Part-time! That's a sin?

BECKY
 (to Alan)
 And you? What's our ending?

ALAN
 I feel a need to come full circle.

EXT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM/DAY

Streams of visitors head toward the building.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I thought it would be good to visit
 sometime when it was open. The
 thing is, I know that there won't
 be any exhibits of Grandpa
 Siegfried pimping in Shanghai. And
 there certainly won't be anything
 about my great-grandpa and how his
 affair with the bookkeeper killed
 him and my great-grandmother. But
 it doesn't mean that they weren't
 part of the tragedy. Like Hilde
 said, there really aren't any
 surprises. You're either alive or
 you're dead and if you're dead, the
 world goes on. It's that simple.
 Maybe that seems depressing, but I
 choose to find it reassuring.

A tour group of tourists is heading inside. THEY ARE
 SPEAKING GERMAN. A tour GUIDE waves a flag.

GUIDE

(subtitle: "You will follow me
please and stay close together and
please no loud talking once we are
inside this very important place.")

ALAN

Never actually saw the inside.

Alan falls in with them. The guide continues speaking in
German. Alan and the group walk toward the doors.

FADE OUT

THE END