

**DENIAL**

Screenplay by David Hare

Based on the book HISTORY ON TRIAL by Deborah E. Lipstadt

03/11/15 - SHOOTING SCRIPT

**04/12/15 - FULL BLUE SCRIPT**

DENIAL LTD  
12-48 Southampton Row  
LONDON WC1B 4AF

1

EXT. AUSCHWITZ. DAY

1

Dawn. Mist. Drizzle. Watchtowers, ruined structures, bare trees, fences. Through the rain, the sound of feet shuffling, children's voices crying, metal doors clanging. Then, in sharp contrast, the sound of a large audience laughing heartily at the plummy, confident voice of DAVID IRVING addressing them over a PA system.

IRVING (VOICE)

I don't see any reason to be  
tasteful about Auschwitz...

2

INT. MEETING HALL. CALGARY. NIGHT

2

Grainy newsreel footage of DAVID IRVING, mid-fifties, powerfully built, in perfect English tailoring.

IRVING

I say to you, quite tastelessly,  
that more women died in the  
backseat of Edward Kennedy's car at  
Chappaquiddick than ever died in a  
gas chamber at Auschwitz.

Applause and laughter carry over into:

3

EXT. ATLANTA. EARLY MORNING. CREDITS

3

DEBORAH LIPSTADT, red-haired, 47, vital, determined, is jogging through bosky suburbs. Sunlit greenery hanging from the trees. Good trainers, stout socks. She has a Sony Walkman on her belt and headphones. She is followed by a joyful medium-sized rescue dog, The Mutt. A montage of VOICES:

NEWS VOICE 1

... media commentator Pat Buchanan  
caused a stir yesterday when he  
suggested it would have been  
physically impossible for Nazi gas  
chambers to have produced enough  
lethal carbon monoxide to have  
killed camp victims in Treblinka...

NEWS VOICE 2

On Phil Donahue tonight, "Did six  
million really die?"

NEWS VOICE 3

... National Front leader Jean  
Marie le Pen asserted that he had  
never seen any evidence of gas  
chambers and that many historians  
doubted if they ever existed...

## NEWS VOICE 4

... A new national poll suggests as many as 22% of US adults and 20% of high school students think it's possible the Holocaust may never have happened...

## IRVING'S VOICE

One year from now the Holocaust will have been discredited. No-one's going to like it when they find out that for fifty years they've been believing a legend based on baloney.

4 EXT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. MAILBOX. DAY 4

DEBORAH runs in past a mailbox with "Lipstadt" on the side, and into her house.

5 INT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/BEDROOM. DAY. CREDITS 5

DEBORAH, sweating, towel round her neck, forks dog-food from a can. She clangs the side of the bowl and The Mutt appears at once. DEBORAH clicks on the coffee machine, pours a smoothie, and scrapes out the heart of a bagel with a spoon. NPR radio is playing: Bob Edwards with Morning Edition.

CAPTION: ATLANTA NOVEMBER 11th 1994

6 INT. DEBORAH'S OFFICE. DAY. CREDITS 6

Later. It's now Julie McCarthy on NPR. DEBORAH, showered and dressed, is multitasking, gulping coffee, picking up a stack of freshly marked student essays, also picking up a big cardboard box of books, from under her desk - the title briefly glimpsed DENYING THE HOLOCAUST. The essays are slapped down on top of the books.

7 INT. CORRIDOR & DEBORAH'S OFFICE. EMORY UNIVERSITY. DAY. CREDITS 7

DEBORAH walks briskly into her office with the box. The Mutt, following, dives to his usual place under the desk. DEBORAH'S ASSISTANT, LEONIE, hands her another coffee in a paper cup, some papers, and message slips.

## LEONIE

I've done your corrections. Two copies. Here. Jamie called from NBC. They still want the interview about the book.

LEONIE hands over some tapes.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
Clips. Edited. Marked. Cues on  
script.

DEBORAH  
He needs some water.

\*  
\*

DEBORAH is already through the door with box, tapes, speech,  
coffee. LEONIE is too late.

LEONIE  
You want a hand with that?

8 INT. AUDITORIUM. DEKALB COLLEGE. ATLANTA. DAY. CREDITS 8

DEBORAH confidently pushes her way into a hall, with columns  
and rows of empty seats, heading towards the speaker's  
lectern. The event's organizer is GLORIA, black, 40s, is  
trying to keep up with DEBORAH'S brisk pace.

DEBORAH  
I do a lot of these events, so I  
have quite a clear idea how best to  
handle them. If you can put a table  
at the back. Right by the door,  
perfect as they leave.

GLORIA  
Certainly will.

DEBORAH  
I took the liberty of calling a  
couple of local papers for  
coverage. Mia Daniels, Grant from  
the Inquirer...

\*  
\*

GLORIA  
Oh good. We were going to do that.  
You're one step ahead.

DEBORAH  
Well I hope so. I like to be.

DEBORAH looks round the hall, checking the first arrivals.

9 INT & EXT. CAR & STREETS. ATLANTA. DAY. CREDITS 9

Two MEN in the front - heavy, determined. In the back, a  
third MAN, whose face is not seen. They're all quiet. They  
drive along busy streets: downtown Atlanta, aspiring,  
skyscrapered. The traffic thins as they approach the college.

10 INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY. CREDITS 10

DEBORAH is at the table at the back, taking books out, arranging notebook, pen, ledger, cashbox: the perfect professional. STUDENTS are arriving, most black, most young.

GLORIA

Can I help?

DEBORAH

You're going to laugh, sorry, but I've got a system. It works for me.

They smile. The result is indeed impressive, completed at the end by her putting an author photograph against the books. The credits end.

11 EXT. DEKALB. DAY 11

The car draws up in a car park outside. The two MEN get out. The third MAN'S shoes, English, beautifully polished, land on the tarmac. The trunk at the back is opened, and inside there is a huge cardboard box, and a big black case. These are taken out. Bang, the trunk is closed.

12 INT & EXT. ENTRANCE & AUDITORIUM. DAY 12

The legs of the THREE MEN as they come into the building, then along a polished corridor to the auditorium. One of them is carrying the big black case. The THIRD has shopping bags. They turn into the hall. DEBORAH is at the front giving an interview to STUDENT JOURNALISTS. \*

DEBORAH \*

One thing I've noticed about these events you always sell 37 books. \*  
Regardless of the size of the \*  
audience. 500 people, 37 books. 50 \*  
people, 37 books. I've started to \*  
wonder if it's all fixed. \*

The students are laughing at her jokes. She is in her element and doesn't notice as one of the MEN opens the case, takes out a tripod, and sets it up close to a column. Meanwhile, at the back, the third MAN'S hand, unidentified, picks up DENYING THE HOLOCAUST. More STUDENTS file in. DEBORAH sits, waiting. GLORIA stands to introduce her. \*

13 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 13

Back outside the hall, the third MAN'S fingers opening the book, finding the index. Running a finger down until coming upon 'Irving, David, 8, 14, 111, 161-163, 170'.

14 INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY 14

The last object from the box - a video camera is taken out by a hand from the box, and put on top of the tripod.

15 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 15

The MAN'S fingers are rifling through the book to check the references as from inside the hall he hears:

GLORIA (V.O.)

Everyone, it's my pleasure to introduce the holder of the Dorot Chair in Jewish and Holocaust studies at Emory University, and author of Denying the Holocaust: the Growing Assault on Truth and Memory, Deborah Lipstadt.

The sound of applause. It's DAVID IRVING outside.

16 INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY 16

DEBORAH is at the microphone, well into her speech.

DEBORAH

We have to accept there'll be many reasons why people may be deniers. When you look closely, they often have some agenda which they don't own up to. In any field, denial may just be a pick to undo the lock and open the door to something else.

A girl MEG, 18, in the audience puts up her hand.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Yes?

MEG

Somebody told me you don't debate with people who say the Holocaust didn't happen.

DEBORAH

I don't, it's true. Like I don't talk to people who say Elvis is alive.

There is laughter. The SECOND MAN deep in the audience looks across to the FIRST MAN who is working the camera.

MEG

Talking to people you don't agree with, that's democracy, isn't it? It's supposed to be a free country.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

They've an opinion. So have you.  
It's cowardly not to talk to them.

DEBORAH

You calling me a coward?

MEG

Well...

Everyone is amused.

DEBORAH

Let me tell you, I don't see it that way. You can have opinions about the Holocaust. You can argue about why it happened and how it happened. But what I won't do is meet with anyone - anyone - who says it didn't happen. The Holocaust happened. It happened. That isn't opinion. That's fact. I won't debate fact. That way madness lies.

\*

At the back, DAVID IRVING slips in the door, unobserved. He goes and sits. The SECOND MAN holds up his hand.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Yes?

SECOND MAN (AMERICAN)

In your book, why do you continually denigrate the work of David Irving? He's a scholar, he's a fluent German speaker, he's discovered all sorts of primary sources no-one else knew about...

DEBORAH

To be honest, I don't think I do denigrate him. I just don't think about him that much. He's not important.

This last statement has been seen through the first MAN'S video camera, and now the image whip-pans to the back of the hall where IRVING is standing, hand raised.

IRVING

Professor Lipstadt, I am right in believing you are not a historian, you are a professor of religion?

DEBORAH

Well that isn't quite the case. I am a historian, a historian of religion.

\*  
\*  
\*

IRVING

Let me reveal something to you,  
Professor. I am that David Irving  
about whom you have been so rude.

People turn, amazed. DEBORAH, too, is taken aback.

IRVING (CONT'D)

Yes, I am he. And it puzzles me why  
you think yourself qualified to  
attack me, given that I have thirty  
years' experience in the archives,  
and my books have been published by  
some of the greatest publishing  
houses in the world - Viking Press,  
William Morrow, E.P. Dutton. I have  
to conclude the reason you don't  
engage with people you disagree  
with is because you can't. And you  
might learn some facts - facts,  
Miss Lipstadt, which don't suit  
your opinions. Well? Well?

DEBORAH is seen through the viewfinder of the camera, in  
grainy black and white, flustered, not knowing to react.

DEBORAH

No. I won't. I've said this. I  
won't debate. Not with deniers.

DEBORAH looks urgently across to GLORIA.

IRVING

Today I've heard you telling lies  
to students. You want gullible  
students to believe that there are  
mounds of documents which prove a  
Holocaust. You even said that  
Hitler ordered it. Well I've got a  
thousand dollars here in my pocket,  
and I'm happy to give that thousand  
dollars to anyone - anyone - who  
can show me a document which proves  
that Hitler ordered the killing of  
the Jews. A thousand dollars! Here  
it is! A thousand!

IRVING is holding the money above his head. DEBORAH has gone  
into panicked consultation with GLORIA, who has got up. A  
couple of people have shouted at IRVING to sit down, but most  
STUDENTS are enjoying him.



IRVING (CONT'D)  
 Why don't you tell the students who pays for you to write your books, who finances all these expensive trips you make round the world? Let them know that, why don't you? You talk about documents, I have a document here. It's an aerial photograph of Auschwitz...

DEBORAH  
 I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to put an end to this... I'm going to have to ask you to sit down... I'm not willing to do this, I really do have to ask you to be quiet...

IRVING (CONT'D)  
 Professor Lipstadt not only won't debate, she calls security to stop me debating.

DEBORAH has been forced to shout to make herself heard. He's reached into his shopping bag. People are running back and forth, and an armed SECURITY MAN is approaching IRVING to take his arm.

IRVING (CONT'D)  
 All right. But if anyone wants, I'll be signing my books after the event. They're free. Please, come and get one.

IRVING sits down, still hissing and waving dollar bills. 'A thousand dollars! A thousand!' The SECURITY MAN backs off. DEBORAH stands alone at the microphone. Silence at last.

DEBORAH  
 Thank you. So.

17 INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

17

The meeting is over. DEBORAH is sitting at the table with a pile of books. No-one near. She looks across to where IRVING has a line of admiring STUDENTS for whom he's chattily signing free books. The MAN with the video is disappearing from the hall. An older woman, SHIRA picks up a book.

SHIRA  
 I think you're right. I think you're right not to speak to him.

DEBORAH  
 Sure. Great tactic, isn't it? Worked brilliantly.

18 EXT. CAR. DAY

18

IRVING's car speeds up on the on-ramp to I75 with signs to Alabama and Florida. Whoosh of car by.

19 INT. CAR. DAY 19

IRVING and the other MEN drive away, in high spirits. In the back the MAN has the video camera, and hands it to IRVING. In the eyepiece it plays back film of IRVING speaking triumphantly over DEBORAH. Then IRVING freezes the image of DEBORAH, flustered, floundering, lost for a response.

IRVING

Perfect.

20 INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY 20

DEBORAH is thoughtful. She takes out her cellphone and starts to dial.

21 INT. SEMINAR ROOM. EMORY. DAY 21

RACHEL BLOCH, 60s, frail, with a cane is standing in front of 40 casually dressed students - all backgrounds. DEBORAH is at the side, mesmerized.

RACHEL

I was fifteen years old when I arrived at Auschwitz. That's why I was spared. I was young and strong. There was soot in the air. You could smell it. It smelled like nothing on earth.

\*

For a moment, she can't go on. DEBORAH watches her. An image flashes suddenly into her head.

22 AUSCHWITZ. DAY (IN DEBORAH'S HEAD) 22

In close-up, a young girl's face, squished between the heavy coats of unseen women. Black flakes float in the air. The image lasts less than a second.

23 INT. SEMINAR ROOM. EMORY. DAY 23

DEBORAH gently touches Rachel's arm and smiles encouragement. Rachel gathers herself and continues.

RACHEL

There were maybe 2000 people in the train from Theresienstadt. Only 30 of us were put to work, everyone else was killed. I had a job in the kitchens, so I spoke to fellow prisoners who saw what happened. Everyone was taken to a dressing room and ordered to undress.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

There was a sign in the wall "Put shoes in cubbyholes and tie them together so you will not lose them. After your shower you will receive hot coffee." Then they were gassed. It takes about three minutes to gas four hundred people.

RACHEL stares out, picking out individual GIRLS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I was a young girl. Just as you are. And you. And you.

The students are electrified. DEBORAH watches, intent.

24 INT. SEMINAR ROOM. EMORY. DAY

24

Later. The students have gone. The Mutt is asleep. Only DEBORAH and RACHEL are left. RACHEL sits in a chair.

RACHEL

I don't know. Sometimes I wonder if this is worth doing.

DEBORAH

Is what worth doing?

RACHEL

Talking about it all.

DEBORAH

Are you crazy? Look at the kids. Look at their faces.

\*

RACHEL

They listen, but they don't see. Not really. They don't see it.

DEBORAH leans over her gets up and gives her a hug, kissing her gently on the top of her head. They hold on a moment.

DEBORAH

I think they do.

RACHEL

And when we're gone?

25 EXT DEBORAH'S HOUSE. DAY

25

DEBORAH returns from a run and stops at her mailbox. Opening it, she finds a couple of the usual hate-mail letters and discards them. At the back is an envelope with the distinctive Penguin logo.

26 EXT. CAMPUS. EMORY. ATLANTA. DAY 26

DEBORAH crosses the classic Southern campus - heroic Greek architecture, students sitting around, playing with frisbees, chatting. Teenage utopia. She's on her cell phone, followed by The Mutt. She's got the envelope in her hand.

DEBORAH  
Anthony, is that you?

FORBES WATSON (PHONE)  
Deborah, I'm glad you've called.  
It's wonderful to hear from you.

27 EXT. THE STRAND. LONDON ENGLAND. DAY. 27

CAPTION: SEPTEMBER 25 1996

The weather is glowering, rainy, in stark contrast to Atlanta over the view from the Strand towards St Paul's Cathedral.

28 INT. PENGUIN OFFICES. STRAND. DAY 28

ANTHONY FORBES-WATSON is on the phone at the window in a huge, book-lined room with a letter in his hand. He's owlsh, sandy-haired, 40s. HELENA PEACOCK, 40s, tall, white-bread, legal advisor, is listening nearby. \*

FORBES WATSON  
I'm guessing you got our letter.

DEBORAH  
That's what I'm calling about.

FORBES WATSON  
There's a fresh development.  
Irving's just sent us notice of a  
suit to be filed in the High Court  
because we've failed to withdraw  
the book.

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
The High Court?

FORBES WATSON  
The High Court in London.

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
That's London, England, is it?

29 EXT. CAMPUS. EMORY. ATLANTA. DAY

29

FORBES WATSON (PHONE)

He's saying you're part of a concerted world-wide conspiracy to rob him of his reputation as a professional historian and thereby of his livelihood.

DEBORAH

I wish. Let me know where I can join. So what's the next step?

FORBES WATSON (PHONE)

Next step is, you tell us if you want to fight.

30 INT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. ATLANTA. NIGHT

30

A convivial dinner party in DEBORAH'S pleasant, two-levelled home. Ten people. SAM GLASS, 50s, his wife STORM, 40s. SAM is arguing with LIBBY HOLBROOK, 30s, lively. DEBORAH starts gathering plates. \*

SAM

He's not going to get re-elected. \*

DEBORAH

Is that what you think? \*

SAM

I've seen the polls, tell me I'm crazy, but when it comes to it, who's going to vote for that man a second time? \*

LIBBY

You're looking at her. I would. \*

SAM

He's not going to make it. \*

LIBBY

Well I'm sure he'll be heartbroken to hear that. \*

SAM

Would you like a bet? Four more years of William Jefferson Clinton sleeping in the White House. You say he will, I say he won't.

Cries of 'Take the bet', 'Buddhists don't gamble' 'Well, Jews gamble.' DEBORAH smiles absently and goes out. \*

31 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

31 \*

DEBORAH, clearing up, The Mutt at her feet. Disorderly political chat coming from the other room about Clinton's empathy for different groups. LIBBY follows DEBORAH into the kitchen.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIBBY

Are you OK?

DEBORAH

I'm OK. I got another letter, that's all. From my publishers. About David Irving. It's like having a stalker.

LIBBY

What's he saying this time?

DEBORAH

Just how if I don't apologize, he's going to ruin my life.

LIBBY

On the floor. Quick. Grovel.

LIBBY is pointing, but DEBORAH is unamused.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What's happened, Deborah? Have you lost your sense of humour?

DEBORAH

No. I've mislaid it.

32 INT. SITTING ROOM. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. ATLANTA. NIGHT

32

An unflattering photo of DEBORAH snarling as she shouts back at IRVING at De Kalb. Underneath, abusive copy - Irving Trounces Holocaust Expert. "Empty vapourings" "Reduced to shouting" are glimpsed. Then the context is revealed. The image is on a computer screen. DEBORAH is on the floor in the near-dark with the Mutt, staring unhappily at her own image. It still hurts. Pained, DEBORAH clicks to a film of IRVING in the square of the German town Halle, using a loudspeaker to flag-waving skinheads and neo-Nazis. The sub-titles show him telling Germans they no longer have anything to be ashamed of. This is met with a chorus of 'Sieg Heils'. He praises Rudolf Hess as a German hero. Then he is led to a van and driven away. Next, he's speaking in a hall of American supporters. He's articulate, persuasive.

IRVING (FILM)

I'm waging an international campaign for real history.

(MORE)

IRVING (FILM) (CONT'D)

It's the word 'real' which frightens my opponents, because for fifty years they've got away with their Madison Avenue, Hollywood versions of history. Real history is what we find in the archives, and it frightens my opponents because it takes the planks out from under their feet.

The film changes again: IRVING addressing a large group of JOURNALISTS in the street.

IRVING (CONT'D)

According to the evidence I have seen, there were no gas chambers anywhere at Auschwitz. I'm dealing with Auschwitz because it's the capital ship of the whole Holocaust campaign. If Auschwitz sinks - and it is, believe me, a very leaky vessel indeed - then the whole Holocaust campaign is in doubt.

DEBORAH freezes the image. Then, decisive, she gets up.

33

EXT. CAMPUS. EMORY COLLEGE. ATLANTA. DAY

33

DEBORAH walks across the busy lawn, The Mutt in tow. Everyone else is lounging around, she alone is steely with purpose.

DEBORAH (O.S)

Holocaust denial rests essentially on four basic assertions.

34

INT. SEMINAR ROOM. EMORY. DAY

34

DEBORAH is speaking with vigour to her class.

She points to the four ideas she has already pentelled in large letters, and underlines them one by one.

She underlines 1. 'Killings Not Systematic.'

DEBORAH

That there was never any systematic or organized attempt by the Nazis to kill all of Europe's Jews.

She underlines 2. 'Numbers Exaggerated.'

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

That the number killed was far fewer than five or six million.

She underlines 3. 'Auschwitz not built for extermination.'

\*

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

That there were no gas chambers or any specially built extermination facilities.

She underlines 4. 'Holocaust A Myth.'

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

That the Holocaust is therefore a myth invented by Jews who use it to get themselves financial compensation and to advance the fortunes of the state of Israel.

She then throws the pentel down and moves into the class like a lawyer in court.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

War, they say, is a bloody business. There's nothing special about the Jews. Jews are not unique in their suffering, they're just everyday casualties of war. What's the fuss?

DEBORAH looks as if genuinely asking that question. The students are confused.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

OK, and here's another question: How do we prove the Holocaust happened? Seriously. I'm asking. How do we prove it?

The class looks a little blank.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Not a single person in this room or outside it has ever seen a photograph of Jews in a gas chamber. Why? Because the Germans made sure that none were taken. So how do we know so many were murdered? Because you saw Schindler's List? I don't think so.

\*

DEBORAH waits a moment, her concern real.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

What's the proof? Where's the proof? And how strong is it?

\*

35 INT. CANTEEN. EMORY. DAY

35

STAFF and STUDENTS lunching in the Tao of Chow, a huge grey hall. DEBORAH, in grim mood, is in line with LIBBY, collecting food. It's all steam and clatter.



LIBBY

I don't understand. Why do you get so worked up? Nine tenths of these things don't even get to court.

DEBORAH

Oh is that right? You know about this, do you? From what they're telling me, if I fail to answer his challenge, if I give him a free ride, Irving can go to the American courts and get my property attached. He can take my home.

LIBBY

Oh, OK.

DEBORAH

The man's a liar and someone needs to get out there and say so.

They go and sit down with their food.

LIBBY

What I don't get: why's he chosen you.

DEBORAH

I have two essential qualifications for Mr Irving. I'm a woman, and I'm a Jew. He gets more bang for his buck.

LIBBY

Hang on, it is your book about denial he's objecting to?

DEBORAH

Correct.

LIBBY

You told me it sold 20 copies in the UK last year.

DEBORAH

21.

LIBBY

Did you even mention Irving? What did you say about him?

DEBORAH

I called him 'a Hitler partisan who distorted evidence in order to reach historically untenable conclusions.'

The words are engraved on her memory. LIBBY is deadpan.

LIBBY

OK, well maybe you'd better get lawyered up.

36 EXT. RESTAURANT. ATLANTA. DAY 36  
 DEBORAH'S car pulls up at the valet parking stand of a grand-looking restaurant. She gets out.

37 INT. RESTAURANT. ATLANTA. DAY 37  
 ANTHONY JULIUS is sitting by himself making notes in a book in upscale surroundings. He is 40, ascetic, and he looks out of place among the upmarket, largely black clientele. He looks up and sees DEBORAH through the window. \*

38 EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY (JULIUS POV) 38  
 DEBORAH standing by her car, gets a ticket from the valet. She's nervous and it shows in how she's slightly over-dressed for the meeting. She heads inside. \*

39 INT. RESTAURANT. DAY 39  
 JULIUS looks up, relieved. \*

DEBORAH \*

Ah you must be Anthony Julius. \*

JULIUS \*

And you must be Deborah Lipstadt. \*

DEBORAH \*

It's good of you to come all this way. \*

JULIUS \*

It's nice to combine our meeting with a lecture. \*

JULIUS puts his hand on the book. T.S. Eliot. \*

DEBORAH \*

Anti-Semitism in the poetry of T.S. Eliot? \*

JULIUS \*

Correct. \*

DEBORAH \*

I can't wait. You're not frightened of the big boys, are you? \*

JULIUS  
I try not to be.

They both smile.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
In fact I wondered if it was my  
interest in anti-Semitism which  
made you consider me to represent  
you.

DEBORAH  
In fact not.

JULIUS  
Or whether it was the Diana thing.

DEBORAH  
No, as it happens, you were  
recommended to me. Someone I know.  
They said "You need a junkyard dog.  
In England, that's Anthony Julius."

JULIUS  
A junkyard dog?

DEBORAH  
Someone ferocious in court.

JULIUS  
Oh, I'm afraid I don't appear in  
court. I prepare the case, I don't  
present it. In Britain, solicitor  
and barrister are quite different  
functions.

The crowd in the restaurant are having a good time.

DEBORAH  
'The Diana thing'? I'm not sure  
what that is.

JULIUS  
Diana? She's the Princess of Wales.

DEBORAH  
Yes, I know that. It's your  
connection...

JULIUS  
Oh just, Diana wanted to divorce. I  
acted for her.

DEBORAH  
You acted for her?

JULIUS  
Yes.

DEBORAH

I don't understand. I thought you did defamation.

JULIUS

You're right. I put that point to Diana myself. I said, I'm afraid I've never handled a divorce case before. She said 'That's all right, Mr. Julius, I've never been divorced before.' Interesting woman.

A WAITRESS appears.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

The crispy catfish. Is that a local delicacy?

DEBORAH

Fins and scales.

She gestures to say: not allowed. They both smile.

40

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

40

Later in the meal. The restaurant is quieter and JULIUS and DEBORAH have relaxed.

JULIUS

I have to warn you: there's a reason Mr Irving is bringing the case in London.

DEBORAH

I wondered about that.

JULIUS

It gives him an advantage. Over here, if you're accused of defaming someone, then the burden of proof lies with the accuser. It's up to them to prove what you said was untrue. In England it's the other way round. It's up to the defendant to prove that it's true.

DEBORAH

Wait. I have to prove what I said was true?

JULIUS

Correct.

DEBORAH

But that's crazy.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

JULIUS  
Nevertheless.

DEBORAH  
What is this? Dickens?

JULIUS  
As good as. Why do you think  
London's the libel capital of the  
world?

DEBORAH  
I'm the innocent party. A man  
accuses you of something and you  
have to prove he's *wrong*? That's  
against natural justice. In the US,  
there's a presumption of innocence.

JULIUS  
Yes. Not in the UK. Tricky, isn't  
it?

He's thoughtful a moment.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
One thing by the way I did want to  
mention: if you do take us on,  
there's no question of your having  
to pay. For this case our firm  
would be happy to waive fees. If  
you'd be at peace with that.

DEBORAH  
I could come to terms with it.

They both smile. JULIUS looks shrewdly at her a moment.

JULIUS  
What do you know about Mr Irving?

DEBORAH  
I've read every word he's written.  
I know some of the personal stuff.  
His father abandoned him when he  
was four. He fell in love with  
Hitler at the age of eight. His  
brother says he ran around bombed-  
out buildings in London in the  
blitz shouting 'Heil Hitler...'  
He's self-educated. And extremely  
proud of it.

JULIUS  
He learned his German working in a  
factory.

DEBORAH  
I've heard it's perfect.

JULIUS

Yours?

DEBORAH

Adequate.

JULIUS takes this in.

JULIUS

Irving wants it both ways. He wants to be the brilliant maverick, the provocateur who comes along and re-interprets the Second World War. But he also wants the respect of his colleagues. England's a club and he wants to join.

DEBORAH

But he's an anti-Semite.

JULIUS

Clearly. But you'd be surprised how many military historians think that's just a detail. They think Irving's a serious historian who happens to see things from Hitler's point of view.

DEBORAH

But it's not a detail. I think it's at the centre of everything he thinks and does.

JULIUS

So do I.

DEBORAH

He's a liar and falsifier of history.

JULIUS sustains his look to her.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

A few weeks ago, a survivor came to speak to my class. There's a chain, isn't there?

JULIUS

A chain?

DEBORAH

A chain of testimony. Passing the torch.

She leans in.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Anthony, this isn't random. A couple of years ago, Irving came all the way to Dekalb. Then there were threats. Now there's a lawsuit. There's a strategy underlying all this. My mother called me Devorah. It was her idea. Leader. Defender of her people.

\*

They both smile.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

There was an expectation. When I was a kid. My mother always said there was going to be an event. I was picked out, she said. I was chosen. Well, here it is.

41 EXT. MEWS. MAYFAIR. LONDON. DAY 41

1999. A CHAUFFEUR is polishing the 'Spirit of Ecstasy' symbol on a Rolls Royce. JAMES LIBSON and LAURA TYLER walking along carrying boxes of papers. LIBSON is in his 30s, with steel glasses; LAURA is tall, striking, 23.

42 EXT. MOUNT STREET. MAYFAIR. LONDON. DAY 42

LISBON and LAURA knock at an impressive black door. A Barbadian MAID comes to answer.

LIBSON

Good morning, I think we're expected.

43 INT. IRVING'S APARTMENT. MOUNT STREET. DAY 43

IRVING is lying on the floor playing with his four year old daughter JESSICA as LIBSON and LAURA are ushered in to the markedly old-fashioned surroundings.

IRVING

Ah yes, hello, I'm delighted to see you, I'm David Irving. Here - can you take Jessica please?

He has got up and hands JESSICA over to the MAID to take out. He kisses JESSICA'S forehead as he hands her over. LIBSON throws a glance at LAURA as if to say 'Is this for real?' But IRVING is the soul of courtesy.

IRVING (CONT'D)

You must be bringing me Miss Lipstadt's documents.

LIBSON

Everything that contributed to her analysis, the full extent of her research.

IRVING gestures towards an area already lined with papers.

IRVING

Thank you, by all means, put everything down over there. And you must be her representatives. Welcome.

LIBSON

I'm James Libson. This is Miss Tyler, our para-legal.

IRVING

Para-legals, indeed! David against Goliath, already. You work with the famous Mr Julius? It's going to be a fascinating encounter don't you think?

LAURA

Fascinating.

IRVING is reaching out his hand. She takes it nervously.

IRVING

As I see it, academia versus the rest. Remember, the greatest historians have never been academics. We're outsiders. Cato, Thucydides, Gibbon, Churchill... I field a very strong team. Perhaps you'd like a cup of tea?

\*

LIBSON

No thank you.

LIBSON looks at him.

LIBSON (CONT'D)

Before we go, just one thing.

IRVING

Of course. Please.

LIBSON

You keep a diary. We'd like to apply to include that diary in the process of discovery.

IRVING smiles.

LIBSON (CONT'D)

You're smiling.



IRVING

Forgive me, I don't fancy the prospect of Miss Lipstadt poring over my private writings.

LIBSON

Access will be limited to the legal team only.

IRVING

Come.

IRVING leads them across the room. Then he gestures to yards and yards of shelves covered with identical black notebooks.

IRVING (CONT'D)

I've kept a diary for twenty years. Promise, I have nothing to hide. But I doubt if even Goliath has the resources to read between ten and twenty million words.

He smiles. LIBSON and LAURA stare in dismay.

44 INT/EXT. IRVING'S APARTMENT. MOUNT STREET. DAY 44 \*

A point of view from the window down to the street of the backs of LIBSON and LAURA walking away in animated conversation. IRVING, standing next to the curtain, watches them as they go. He's thoughtful, enigmatic.

45 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY. HEATHROW. DAY 45

1999. Through heavy rain, a haze of fuel fumes, the back of an arriving plane. The landing tackle descends then there is a crash of rubber, sparks and spray.

46 EXT. STRAND. DAY 46

A taxi splashes its way through the pouring rain and bus traffic. DEBORAH frowns at the incomprehensible talk about football coming from his radio. She looks up through the rain-spattered window to see the imposing facade of the Royal Courts of Justice as they pass.

47 EXT. MISHCON DE REYA. DAY 47

In the driving rain, DEBORAH raises an umbrella, then pays the fare, struggling with the unfamiliar currency.

48

INT. MISHCON DE REYA. STAIRCASE &amp; OFFICES. DAY

48

Shaking out her umbrella, DEBORAH is led quickly up a staircase by an ASSISTANT, who takes it from her and parks it with dozens of others. Wet raincoats are all puddling water onto the floor. As she comes into JULIUS' office it is full of people - including JULIUS himself, JAMES LIBSON, LAURA TYLER, RICHARD EVANS and others. Heads turn as she arrives, coffees are being distributed, although everyone seems insanelly caffeinated already. \*

JULIUS

Ah here she is, excellent, our client's arrived. The defendant. All the way from Atlanta.

DEBORAH

My God, sure you got enough people?

JULIUS

I'll give you their names as we go along. For now, everyone: Deborah Lipstadt. Say good morning.

The whole room says 'Good morning' and 'Good morning, Deborah.' The ASSISTANT gestures towards an empty seat. She finds herself next to a saturnine Welshman in a suit, 40s. Behind them, a poster framed on the wall which reads PRINCESS WINS RECORD LIBEL SETTLEMENT. DEBORAH downs her coffee in one go. \*

EVANS

I'm Richard Evans. How do you do? \*

JULIUS

Richard is Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. \*

DEBORAH

Yes I know. He was my idea, remember? I asked for you specially. \*

JULIUS

He's one of our eight expert witnesses. \*

EVANS

It's a pleasure to meet you. \*

She sees a postcard stuck in the corner of the poster. "Another victory for the eminent lawyer." Then the signature: Diana. JULIUS notices.

JULIUS

Yes, we're aiming for a similar result. \*

DEBORAH  
Do to Holocaust deniers what you  
did to the monarchy?

\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS  
Sort of.

\*  
\*

DEBORAH has taken out twenty closely-typed pages from her  
briefcase, and hands them across the desk to JULIUS.

DEBORAH  
I've prepared a document on the  
approach I think we should take.  
Our central claim should be that  
Irving is not a real historian.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS  
Excellent, that will be most  
valuable, thank you. James?

JULIUS drops her document casually on the very side of his  
desk, with no interest at all.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
Deborah, James is going to start by  
explaining to you what your legal  
options are.

LIBSON  
I'm James Libson. I work with  
Anthony.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEBORAH  
I recognize your voice. We've  
spoken, haven't we?

JULIUS  
Quite. Carry on.

\*

LIBSON stops for a moment and gathers himself.

LIBSON  
To explain: There are three routes  
a libel defendant can take. First,  
you can argue that Irving is  
misinterpreting the offending  
words. Since at one point in the  
book you say that Irving seems to  
conceive of himself as carrying on  
Hitler's work, then I don't think  
we can claim he's misinterpreting.

DEBORAH  
I don't think we can.

LIBSON

Nor can we take the second route which would be to claim that the words written are not as offensive as Irving makes out.

DEBORAH

We can't take that route.

LIBSON

They are offensive.

DEBORAH

I hope so. I certainly tried to be.

LIBSON

So that leaves us with only one option.

JULIUS looks pleased.

JULIUS

We call this the atom bomb defence. And this is the one we're going to go for. We plead justification.

LIBSON

Even if the words are defamatory, they are nevertheless true.

JULIUS

Quite. Not every word. It doesn't have to be every word. You can get some small detail wrong, but we do have to prove what we call 'the sting' of the libel. We will argue that Irving deliberately subordinated the truth in order to propagate anti-Semitism and to engender sympathy for the Third Reich.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

There is an impressed silence, no-one wanting to speak.

JUNIOR

More coffee?

Silently, DEBORAH takes a second coffee.

JULIUS

We have to deal with the special problem that in the UK the burden of proof lies with accused. I'd like you to listen to Laura. Have you met Laura?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LAURA

Ms. Lipstadt.

JULIUS

She's 23. This is her first case.  
She and I have been discussing this  
very point. Attack it, Laura.

LAURA smiles, nervous in this packed room.

LAURA

We feel... Anthony feels, in this  
particular case, the peculiarity of  
the British law can actually work  
to our advantage.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS

Say.

LAURA

The first reaction everyone has  
when they hear about this trial is  
horror.

DEBORAH

Horror? More like disbelief. More  
like fury. A court of law has to be  
a lousy place to judge history.

EVANS is shaking his head in corroboration.

\*

EVANS

I must agree. As a historian.

\*  
\*

LAURA

They say: 'My God, are you serious?  
You sit down in a court and some  
pompous English judge rules on  
whether the Holocaust happened?'

DEBORAH

Yeah, and let's think about this:  
what happens if we lose? We lose  
and what? Suddenly it's respectable  
- it's *legal* - to say the Holocaust  
didn't happen? Unless I prove it  
did? Has anyone begun to think what  
that will mean?

\*

JULIUS is smiling tolerantly. He nods at LAURA to carry on.

LAURA

But the wonderful thing is, you  
see, if we play this right, it's  
not going to be Irving putting the  
Holocaust on trial. No. It's going  
to be us putting Irving on trial.

JULIUS

Laura's right...

LAURA

Thank you...

JULIUS

Laura's very sound on this. Really.

LAURA is blushing at the great man's praise, so hurries on.

LAURA

If we can concentrate on his lies,  
and - equally important - his  
*motives* for lying, then there's  
absolutely no reason we should have  
to produce eye-witnesses.

DEBORAH

Hang on, I don't get this. What,  
the survivors won't appear?

LIBSON

No. We don't want them to.

DEBORAH

No survivors?

JULIUS

No. Under no circumstances.

DEBORAH

Why not? Why the hell not?

JULIUS

Because even to let survivors  
appear would be to legitimise  
Irving's right to question them.

DEBORAH shakes her head, furious at the ambush.

DEBORAH

Before you settle on this strategy,  
can I point out the obvious  
contradiction?

\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS

Please do.

\*

DEBORAH

You once told me this trial might  
have implications for the fate of  
the whole Jewish people. Now you  
say you're not going to allow them  
to speak.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The lawyers are looking as if working out what they're trying  
to deal with here. When LIBSON speaks he's tactful.

LIBSON

OK, just to explain the thinking,  
so you understand the thinking:

DEBORAH

Oh yeah, please, I'd love to  
understand the thinking.

LIBSON

We believe Irving's planning to be  
what's called a litigant in person.

JULIUS

He plans to conduct his own case.

DEBORAH

He's not hiring lawyers?

JULIUS

You got it. Just think about it:  
That man. In person. There he is,  
in court, David Irving,  
international Holocaust denier,  
finally getting his hands on a  
survivor. Imagine. Imagine the hurt  
he'll cause. The damage. The  
insult. It's unthinkable. I'm not  
going to allow it. I'm not going to  
allow it to happen.

JULIUS has become passionate. The whole room is stilled.

DEBORAH

So what are you allowing?

JULIUS

David Irving keeps a diary. Has  
done for years.

DEBORAH

He mentions it on his website.

LIBSON

He said he had nothing to hide, but  
we still had to subpoena him to get  
hold of it.

DEBORAH

You've been to see him? In person?

DEBORAH is shocked, but JULIUS is smiling.

JULIUS

Deborah, the best defence is a  
strong offence. First rule...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIBSON

First rule of litigation: whether you're prosecuting or defending, always run the case as if you're prosecuting.

JULIUS

Good rule. That's why Laura will be leading a team of researchers...

LAURA

They're joining next week...

JULIUS

Combing through all the diaries, in particular looking for contact with right-wing groupings...

LAURA

Neo-Nazis, skinheads, anti-Semites, SS revival groups, all kinds of assorted riff-raff...

LAURA glows, cheerful.

LIBSON

Also, just as important, Professor Evans here, with his two of his able graduate students, Nik Wachsman and Thomas... Thomas... Thomas...

THOMAS

Thomas Skelton-Robinson...

LIBSON

Got it.

More laughter. THOMAS is shambling, sweet, disorganized, 20s, NIK is German, polo-necked, crop-haired, also 20s.

EVANS

I'm delaying taking up my position at Cambridge...

DEBORAH

They're letting you do that?

JULIUS

Of course. Cambridge thinks the case is important.

EVANS

My team will be doing the historiography. Examining every published word Irving ever wrote...



THOMAS

Checking sources, comparing editions...

EVANS

Generally testing the reliability of his history.

NIK

You can't imagine what fun we're having.

THOMAS

We're going to end up with a charge sheet of inaccuracies as long as your arm.

NIK

One mistake after another!

THOMAS and NIK overlap, laughing happily together.

EVANS

We think it'll take the three of us about a year. Full-time.

JULIUS smiles, pleased. DEBORAH looks round, impressed and appalled at the same time.

DEBORAH

Well I'm glad to know you guys have got everything sewn up.

JULIUS

We aim to.

He looks round, a little nervous. \*

JULIUS (CONT'D) \*

There is one outstanding question. \*  
I'd been hoping to speak to you. As \*  
you know, the firm had been \*  
planning to do everything for free. \*  
But really, the scale of the thing. \*  
I fear we're going to have re-visit \*  
the question of charges. \*

DEBORAH looks at him, level. \*

JULIUS (CONT'D) \*

I'm wondering if we can lend a \*  
hand. If we fail, then of course \*  
we're ready to carry the costs. \*

DEBORAH \*

So the stupid American gets to do \*  
something? Fund-raise? \*

49 EXT. LEVY'S HOUSE. WEST HAMPSTEAD. NIGHT 49 \*

The last of a group of expensive cars backs into a parking space, revealing the Mercedes symbol on its hood.

LEVY (V.O.)

So are you enjoying your time in London?

50 INT. LEVYS' HOUSE. WEST HAMPSTEAD. NIGHT 50 \*

A dinner with SONIA and RICHARD LEVY. Eight guests. RACHEL's in her 40s, nervous, blonde, RICHARD more expansive, dark, 40s. Everything's a little heavy - the decor, the food and the atmosphere. RABBI BRENNER, heaviest of all, a thickset man, 50s, beside DEBORAH. Good china. Good glass. They are all sipping soup. \*

DEBORAH

I'm in meetings all day. I get to see so little of the city.

RICHARD \*

I think people here do have concerns. About the trial.

DEBORAH

I have concerns myself.

SONIA \*

The community's very keen to support you.

DEBORAH

I'm glad to hear it.

SONIA \*

But we're also interested to know what you're thinking.

RABBI BRENNER

Mr Julius is a very brilliant young man. Can we speak frankly? There's a fear you may have fallen under his spell.

From the end, an older woman, JANINE STONE speaks robustly.

JANINE

You won't be the first woman to be attracted to his intellect. Diana.

Some crude laughter.

DEBORAH

So far, I've raised most of my costs back home.

\*  
\*

RICHARD

And was that easy?

\*

DEBORAH

It wasn't difficult.

RABBI BRENNER

Not as difficult as in London, is that what you're saying?

DEBORAH

It's a principle and I've stuck to it. No single source of finance. One man offered to pay for the whole thing. But when the history of this moment comes to be written, I think it's important many people gave, not one.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

There are uneasy looks up and down the table.

RICHARD

You talk about history. Look at it from our point of view. We live with David Irving. He's British. He's a has-been. What's a trial going to do? It's going to give him a new lease of life.

\*

DEBORAH

I can't help that. I didn't bring the prosecution. He did.

RICHARD

No, but you could prevent the whole thing from happening.

\*

DEBORAH

How would I do that?

RICHARD

Settle. I mean it. Sign some piece of paper. Is that so terrible? He's never going to give you Auschwitz. OK, but then he's David Irving. We've lived with worse.

\*

DEBORAH

And what do you want me to settle for? Four million dead? Three? One? What are you comfortable with?

DEBORAH looks at him, not yielding.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

If I may say so, Mr Irving thrives on exactly this kind of blackmail. If you're Jewish, keep your head down, lay low, and be grateful. Here in England, you may like appeasement, but I don't.

RABBI BRENNER

I don't think you should be using a word like appeasement.

DEBORAH

Shouldn't I? Then what word should I use?

SONIA

All we're saying: beware of Anthony Julius. He does these things for his own glory. Other women have been in his pocket and they've found it an uncomfortable place to be.

DEBORAH

Well if it's pockets we're talking about, perhaps you can explain why the British find them so hard to open.

- 51 EXT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 51  
A taxi swooshes past on the wet street.
- 52 INT. HOTEL ROOM. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT 52  
DEBORAH is lying in bed, unable to sleep. She turns over a few times. Then she throws back the covers and gets up.
- 53 EXT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 53  
DEBORAH, in track suit, slips out of the small entrance at the side and runs off down Picadilly.
- 54 EXT. LONDON. NIGHT 54  
DEBORAH runs along by the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, the river Thames. She comes to the statue of Boadicea, the heroic warrior queen on the south corner of Westminster Bridge. She stops and looks up at it, angry. The sound of the next scene laps over.

\*

DEBORAH (O.S.)  
I had a hellish night, I couldn't  
sleep. I was so angry.

55 EXT. FLEET STREET. DAY

55

JULIUS, DEBORAH and LAURA, all in coats, are coming quickly along a busy pavement. Roaring traffic. Gusty wind.

JULIUS  
Oh really? Why?

DEBORAH  
I had dinner last night with  
leaders of the Jewish community.

JULIUS  
The community, eh? And did they  
tell you it would suit them better  
if you dropped the case?

DEBORAH  
I was defending you.

JULIUS  
Were you? Well I'm sure you did a  
very good job. Perhaps you should  
take it up professionally.

JULIUS throws an amused look, picking up on her tone.

56 EXT. BRICK COURT. DAY

56

Contrasting calm. They have entered a fine square of 18th century terraces, with staircases like an Oxbridge college.

DEBORAH  
They seem to think you're taking  
over this case for your own glory.

JULIUS  
Glory? Goodness. I hadn't thought  
about glory. Fascinating. What on  
earth did they give you to eat?

He dives through a darkened arch and up a staircase.

57 INT. RAMPTON'S CHAMBERS. DAY

57

A Dickensian rabbit-hole of papers, legal bundles. A roaring coal fire. A powdered horse-hair wig on a stand, an elaborate black silk robe on a hanger. A desk in the corner, largely innocent of technology. RAMPTON is standing with a computer mouse in his hand. He's a white-haired upper-class Scot, avuncular, 60s, with gold-rimmed glasses.

RAMPTON

I don't understand this thing, I really don't...

Beside him is HEATHER, 30s, glasses, plain suit, no-nonsense.

JULIUS

Deborah Lipstadt, this is Richard Rampton.

RAMPTON reaches out to shake hands.

RAMPTON

'Aha, 'tis the author of our misfortune...' Come in, please do. Warm yourselves.

JULIUS

Richard's your leading counsel.

DEBORAH

Hi.

JULIUS

I've explained to Deborah the difference between barrister and solicitor. Our legal system seems forbidding but it works.

DEBORAH

If your legal system worked, I wouldn't be in this mess. I don't mind Dickensian, it's Kafkaesque I'm worried about.

RAMPTON throws an amused glance at JULIUS.

RAMPTON

And this is our junior counsel, Heather Rogers.

DEBORAH

Hello, Heather.

HEATHER

How are you?

RAMPTON has an already-open bottle of good Burgundy, and some contrasting plastic glasses.

RAMPTON

I've opened a decent red. You don't mind plastic, I hope?

JULIUS

I'm not going to drink, Richard, I haven't eaten. And Deborah hasn't slept.

DEBORAH

I'll taste the wine. Why not?  
Everything else is being decided  
for me.

RAMPTON smiles, loving this reply. He sees DEBORAH taking in towers of books about World War Two and the camps.

RAMPTON

Yes, indeed, Heather and I have  
been introducing ourselves to the  
subject.

DEBORAH

I can see.

RAMPTON

A little light reading...

LAURA has replied to RAMPTON's mimed offer of wine with a smile of assent. DEBORAH is looking at a picture of RAMPTON in fly-fishing gear.

DEBORAH

You ever catch anything?

RAMPTON

From time to time.

Then she looks at his books. A German dictionary.

DEBORAH

You don't speak German?

RAMPTON

Ah! Like a barrister. Straight to  
my weakest point. I do know the  
libretto of The Magic Flute, that's  
the only German I have. Probably of  
little use in the forthcoming  
encounter. Cheers!

DEBORAH & LAURA

Cheers!

RAMPTON smiles broadly. His manner is feathery.

RAMPTON

I was hoping to get on with writing  
my life of Mozart, but I see I  
shall have to postpone again.

JULIUS

Richard is the most skilful  
advocate in the country. I don't  
mind saying it.

But RAMPTON has sat down with his wine, grave.

RAMPTON

In this case, I wish I thought skill were enough.

DEBORAH

What will it need then?

RAMPTON

A rarer quality.

DEBORAH

What's that?

RAMPTON

Appetite.

RAMPTON is sombre. The room goes quiet.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Plainly I shall have to go to Auschwitz. I hope you'll be kind enough to accompany me.

DEBORAH

Why do you need to go?

RAMPTON lights a Gitane and looks a moment, impenetrable.

RAMPTON

Legal reasons.

58 EXT. AUSCHWITZ. POLAND. DAWN 58

Water drips from one of the iron letters of the arched message 'Arbeit Macht Frei.' The flat space beyond the arrival area is completely deserted. Mist. Barbed wire is faintly detectable, not much else.

59 INT. MUSEUM. AUSCHWITZ. DAWN 59

Huge masses of spectacles, artificial limbs, children's shoes, suitcases, chamber pots and 80,000 single shoes. RAMPTON has a small Leica. He is taking flash photos through display cabinet windows, his expression intense, unreadable. He winds the camera on.

60 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAWN 60

Near the Crematorium ruins, in wasteland, DEBORAH is in sneakers, near HEATHER. A little way off, PROFESSOR ROBERT JAN VAN PELT, thin, boyish, in black leather jacket, black polo neck, black jeans. His hair is dyed blonde. His research assistant, OMER ARBEL, has large files of papers. There is a long silence. It's cold. No-one wants to be there.



DEBORAH

Is he coming? He wants us here, and then he doesn't show up.

\*

HEATHER

He's late, that's all. He's often late.

DEBORAH

Is he late for court?

61 EXT. PERIMETER FENCE. AUSCHWITZ. SS BARRACKS. DAWN 61

RAMPTON stands alone in the mist. He has a small tourist map and a pocket compass. He looks at the map, then deliberately starts pacing. Watch-towers and fences loom around him.

62 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAWN 62

The group is waiting as RAMPTON approaches through the mist. He is still pacing. DEBORAH watches. RAMPTON stops and makes a note, then continues towards them.

RAMPTON

Good morning, everyone. You must be Professor van Pelt?

ROBERT JAN

I am.

RAMPTON

Good. Then let's get down to business. Deborah. Heather.

They have shaken hands. RAMPTON seems to want to move on.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Professor?

ROBERT JAN

I suggest we start by taking a walk round the perimeter fence.

RAMPTON

I just did that.

ROBERT JAN stands, slightly taken aback.

ROBERT JAN

Good. Then let's look at the plans. Omer?

ARBEL opens the file and takes out the papers. Everyone gathers round to look.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

I want you to understand the scale of the operation. What you're looking at here is one of the largest and most efficient killing machines in human history.

RAMPTON

Yes, we know what it is. It's how we prove what it is, that's what we're interested in. We're not here on a pilgrimage, we're here to prepare a case.

DEBORAH throws a glance to HEATHER who remains impassive. JAN gestures to the map and to the pile of rubbish and bricks.

ROBERT JAN

This is where we are. This is Crematorium II. The buildings were deliberately demolished by the Germans in the autumn of 1944 to destroy the evidence of what they did here. They dynamited them again one week before the end of the war.

ROBERT JAN leads the group to the top of a small set of brick steps. They peer down in the rubble and broken concrete.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

These steps led down into the undressing room. The Olere drawings please.

ARBEL opens the drawings. They are in graphite pencil and very precise.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

David Olere was a French artist. A survivor. He was able to draw a lot of what he'd seen.

ROBERT JAN points to the ruined steps, matching those in the drawing. ROBERT JAN runs his finger along as they walk along the brick edge of the ruins.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

The victims walked down into the undressing rooms. Then they were led through here, past a sign that said 'To the Baths' and into the gas chamber here.

\*  
\*

They have come to the edge of a large mass of crumpled and shattered concrete. ROBERT JAN climbs cautiously onto the remains of the roof. The others follow.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

Please watch your step. Tread carefully. This is a shrine. What we are standing on is all that remains of the gas chamber itself. This was the roof. The chamber was right under here. The doors were locked and cyanide crystals - Zyklon B - were poured in on them through holes in the roof.

They all look round the rubble at their feet. No-one speaks. As RAMPTON turns to go, he trips on something sharp.

RAMPTON

Shit!

The others turn, shocked. To cover the moment, RAMPTON lights a Gitane. He gestures the others to move on. RAMPTON pulls something from the sole of his shoe - a rusty twist of barbed wire.

63 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAY

63

They arrive at a bare-brick building. RAMPTON impatiently lights a second cigarette from the stub of the first.

ROBERT JAN

Now here are the delousing chambers. Typhus was a terrible problem at the camp and the lice that carried it had to be destroyed.

RAMPTON

Ah good, now we get to it. We need to talk about Leuchter.

ROBERT JAN

I'm coming to Leuchter.

64 INT. DELOUSING CHAMBERS. BIRKENAU. DAY

64

The group comes into the building.

ROBERT JAN

This is the building in which the prisoners' clothes were deloused. They used Zyklon B for that too. To kill the lice.

RAMPTON

We know that?

ROBERT JAN

Yes.

RAMPTON

For sure? You can prove it? We can't take anything for granted. I'm going to need to see the proof.

ROBERT JAN

I can give you proof.

ROBERT JAN produces a copy of the Leuchter Report.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

However, in February 1988, a Holocaust denier called Ernst Zundel sent Fred Leuchter, an engineer and self-styled execution expert, from America to test in different parts of the camp for evidence of traces of poison gas in the brickwork. He brought a cameraman with him to document what he found.

DEBORAH

I've seen the footage.

\*

ROBERT JAN puts his hand on the wall, as if to feel it.

ROBERT JAN

He was testing for levels of hydrogen cyanide. HCN. Look, the blue stains. Here. And here.

DEBORAH

He came with a chisel.

ROBERT JAN

That's right.

DEBORAH

And hacked away...

ROBERT JAN

Correct.

DEBORAH

...*illegally*, without the permission of the authorities...

ROBERT JAN

Indeed.

DEBORAH

... and then smuggled the pieces out of Poland in his suitcase. Wrapped in his dirty underwear.

DEBORAH is fierce, indignant. RAMPTON just looks.

RAMPTON

Be that as it may. We can criticise his methods, but it's his conclusions we have to discredit.

ROBERT JAN

He found higher levels of HCN here in the delousing chambers than he did in the gas chambers themselves. From this he concluded that no human beings were killed at Auschwitz. Only lice were killed.

There's a silence. DEBORAH shakes her head.

DEBORAH

I don't understand. Why are we wasting our time? Leuchter's not worth the paper it's written on.

RAMPTON

So you say. You have to say why.

DEBORAH

Well of course he found higher concentrations in here. Think about it: It's exactly what you'd expect. It takes over twenty times more cyanide to kill lice than it does human beings. Twenty times! Leuchter didn't even know that!

RAMPTON still seems annoyed.

RAMPTON

The whole thing's infuriating.

ROBERT JAN

I know.

RAMPTON

It beggars belief. Why has no proper scientific study been done of the whole site? By reputable scientists? Fifty years on? It's ridiculous. It's unprofessional. Where's the proof? Where's the evidence? I need to know that.

DEBORAH

Why do we need a study? We have the evidence.

\*  
\*

DEBORAH is furious. RAMPTON looks at her.

RAMPTON

I need to ask some more questions. Are you happier outside?

65 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAY

65

DEBORAH is standing by herself, pacing. HEATHER is a little way off. Some time goes by. Inside RAMPTON can be heard still aggressively arguing small points with ROBERT JAN.

DEBORAH

I thought we weren't going to try the Holocaust.

HEATHER

We're not.

DEBORAH

We're not going to debate 'Did the Holocaust happen?' That's what we agreed.

There is a silence. DEBORAH paces.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

That's what we agreed!

HEATHER

He's asking questions. That's all. He has to ask questions. This is not about memorialising, it's about forensics.

DEBORAH

Do you know how many people died here? And he's asking questions about what really happened?

66 INT. DELOUSING CHAMBERS. DAY

66

RAMPTON, still going at it inside with ROBERT JAN, has turned to listen. The sound of DEBORAH'S anger drifting across to him, discernible but indistinct. He looks at ROBERT JAN.

67 EXT. BIRKENAU. DUSK

67

Later. DEBORAH walks back alone to the remains of Crematorium II. She stands, looking at the steps down to the rubble. She closes her eyes.

68 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAY

68

In her mind's eye, a great mass of women's feet staggering down the steps that led to the undressing room. Glimpsed in between the legs, a small girl's terrified face - like a young RACHEL BLOCH. No longer than a second or two. Then

69 EXT. BIRKENAU. DUSK

69

DEBORAH bows her head.

DEBORAH

God, full of mercy, who dwells in  
the heights,  
Provide a sure rest upon the Divine  
Presence's wings,  
Within the range of the holy, pure  
and glorious,  
Whose shining resemble the sky's...

Hearing a voice join in beside her, DEBORAH looks to find ROBERT JAN. He takes out a yarmulka from his pocket. They exchange a look, then lower their heads and together start the prayer again, this time in Hebrew. El Molei Rachamim... Some way off, RAMPTON appears, looking towards them, silent, thoughtful.

70 EXT. MARKET SQUARE. KRAKOW. NIGHT

70

The old town centre. The grim little GROUP, carrying their bags, move across to their hotel. From the church towers, a trumpeter sounds the hour from the belfry.

71 INT. HOTEL BAR. KRAKOW. NIGHT

71

DEBORAH in the corner at a basic wooden table. HEATHER and ROBERT JAN at another banquette. RAMPTON appears above her with a chilled bottle of vodka and two shot glasses.

RAMPTON

I brought you a drink. I thought  
you might need one.

DEBORAH

Thank you. I do.

He sits down and pours, saying nothing.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Did you get what you wanted from  
the visit?

RAMPTON looks up, stopped by her hostility.

RAMPTON

Deborah, you mustn't characterise  
me without feelings. I have  
feelings.

DEBORAH

What did you feel today?

RAMPTON

Shame.

RAMPTON pushes the glass across to her with one finger.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

I have a terrible fear that if I'd been asked to draw up those plans, I might have agreed. Out of sheer weakness.

DEBORAH

That's honest of you to say so.

RAMPTON

Just a fact. The world is full of cowards and I'm one of them. There's a line of Goethe's. "Der Feige droht nur, wo er sicher ist." "The coward only threatens when he feels secure."

DEBORAH

I thought you didn't speak German.

RAMPTON shrugs, modest.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You've learnt German? In the last year?

RAMPTON

How else was I to master the documents? Irving has a forty-year start on me. I've had to try and catch up.

DEBORAH

And have you?

RAMPTON

No.

There is a trace of self-mockery in this chilly exchange. RAMPTON pours two more shot glasses.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

We'll get a trial date soon. Nineteenths of court craft is preparation.

DEBORAH looks at him a moment, thoughtful.

DEBORAH

You haven't taken my statement yet.

RAMPTON

No. No, I haven't.



DEBORAH  
Why is that?

RAMPTON  
Anthony hasn't talked to you?

DEBORAH shakes her head.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)  
Very well. We made a couple of decisions.

DEBORAH  
Tell me.

RAMPTON  
First, we decided we don't want to put the case before a jury. We think it's safer to do it before a judge.

DEBORAH  
A single judge?

RAMPTON  
Yes.

DEBORAH  
Everything depending on one man? Is that a good idea?

RAMPTON shrugs.

RAMPTON  
We're worried about what antics Irving might get up to with an audience of twelve.

DEBORAH  
I'm surprised it's our choice.

RAMPTON  
It's not. We have to get Irving to agree.

DEBORAH  
Why would he do that?

RAMPTON  
Oh. We have a notion.

RAMPTON smiles to himself. DEBORAH doesn't understand.

DEBORAH  
And the other one?

RAMPTON  
Sorry?

DEBORAH  
A couple of decisions, you said.

RAMPTON  
Oh yes of course.

RAMPTON looks at her, absent for a moment.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)  
We decided... Anthony and I both think it would be better if you didn't testify.

DEBORAH  
I'm sorry?

RAMPTON  
That's it. We don't believe you should testify.

There is a silence. DEBORAH is fixed on him. Then DEBORAH reaches and pours herself another shot.

DEBORAH  
It's me...

RAMPTON  
I know...

DEBORAH  
It's me he's chosen...

RAMPTON  
I'm aware of that.

DEBORAH  
Of all the people who've written about him, David Irving has targeted me. I have to defend myself.

\*

RAMPTON  
Of course. I know that's how it seems. But.

He stops, reluctant to go on.

DEBORAH  
What? I sit at my trial every day, I listen to my reputation being destroyed - someone attacks me, attacks my work, my profession, my integrity, and *I say nothing?* Is that the idea?

RAMPTON opens his hands as if to say 'Yes, that's it.'

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Why? Because you don't trust me?

RAMPTON  
No.

DEBORAH  
You think I might get emotional?

RAMPTON  
On today's evidence...

DEBORAH  
We were at *Auschwitz*, Richard.

But RAMPTON looks right back at her.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Can I remind you: I teach, I  
lecture, I talk to the press...

RAMPTON  
I know.

DEBORAH  
I order ideas. That's what I do.  
That's what I'm good at. You think  
you need to protect me?

RAMPTON  
I'm not protecting you, I'm  
protecting our case. Our strategy  
is to keep the focus on Irving and  
Irving alone. The trial is not a  
test of your credibility, it's a  
test of his.

DEBORAH looks at him, shaken.

\*

DEBORAH  
You don't think I'm good enough.

RAMPTON  
I haven't said that. Irving's an  
expert. He's a scholar.

DEBORAH  
And I'm not?

RAMPTON  
You're in a different field. You're  
not a historian of the Third Reich.

RAMPTON waits. It's on a knife-edge.

\*

RAMPTON (CONT'D)  
Represent yourself. Go in the box.  
Why not? Irving will be delighted.  
(MORE)

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

He's got a huge dossier. Everything you ever said or did. It's what he's always wanted. To get his hands on you and tear you apart.

DEBORAH

And no doubt you think he'd succeed? You don't trust me.

RAMPTON is inscrutable, knowing this is a decisive moment.

RAMPTON

Everything you have to say you said in your book. Our task is to starve Irving. Putting you on the stand would feed him. The trial's happening to you, but it's not about you.

DEBORAH

This man hates me. He's coming for me. It's personal. When someone hates you, you take them on.

\*  
\*  
\*

Silence. Then:

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You know what people will say.

RAMPTON

I'm afraid I do.

DEBORAH

They'll say I'm a coward. "She didn't dare go into the box, because she knew she would lose."

RAMPTON

You're right. They will say that.

DEBORAH

I'll have to live with that.

RAMPTON

Yes. Yes. That's the price you'll pay for winning.

72

EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY

72

The imposing facade. Underneath:

TRENCH (V.O.)

Mr Julius, is there any other housekeeping we need to do before we close the pre-trial hearing?

73

INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

73

A small room. Almost informal, just a single JUDGE, JOHN TRENCH, 60s. IRVING, now 61, at one table, JULIUS at another, in suit and tie, with LIBSON behind him.

JULIUS  
Just one question, my Lord.

TRENCH  
What is it?

JULIUS  
On our side, we're beginning to feel that for the layman this particular subject may represent an impossible challenge.

TRENCH  
I see. You're asking to dispense with a jury?

JULIUS  
We are, my Lord.

TRENCH  
Have you asked Mr Irving his views? Mr Irving?

IRVING stirs, uncertain. But JULIUS modestly interrupts.

JULIUS  
Perhaps, before Mr Irving speaks?

TRENCH  
Go ahead.

JULIUS  
We all know: Mr Irving has devoted his life to the study of the Third Reich. I admit myself to having sometimes struggled with the demands of the material. I wonder if Mr Irving really believes that it's fair to ask the regular Joe or Joan who walks in from the street to grasp in a mere few weeks what he himself has taken a life-time to master.

IRVING is looking at him. Which way will he jump? Then:

IRVING  
I agree. The issues before the court are sufficiently complex to require the attention of a learned judge, and too complex to confront a jury with.

\*  
\*

TRENCH  
Are you sure, Mr Irving?

IRVING  
Quite sure.

JULIUS looks, his bluff perfect.

TRENCH  
A trial by judge alone it is then.

74

INT. DEBORAH'S ROOM. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. DAY

74

DEBORAH is unpacking - unfamiliar adaptor plugs, guide books. She's thought of everything. Then a framed photo of herself with The Mutt goes in pride of place. DAVID IRVING is on TV, doing a respectful studio interview.

IRVING (TV)  
Naturally, I'm delighted this case is finally coming to court.

INTERVIEWER (TV)  
You're representing yourself?

IRVING (TV)  
I have the advantage that although I don't know the law, I do know the topic. It would cost me half a million pounds to hire professional representation. And unlike Miss Lipstadt, I don't have access to a network with that kind of money.

DEBORAH  
Oh this is about money, is it?

DEBORAH is shaking her head. A knock at the door.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Come in.

A BELL-BOY appears with a huge bunch of white lilies.

BELLBOY  
The manager wants you to have these. He's wishing you luck.

DEBORAH  
Thank you. Thank you very much. I'm just asking, but in your country are white lilies lucky?

BELLBOY  
I think so, yes.

DEBORAH

Just how in the States you usually  
see them on a grave.

75 INT. DEBORAH'S ROOM. NIGHT

75

DEBORAH is turning her room into an operations centre: unpacking books, videotapes, files onto the desk. From the Sunday Times, she cuts out a photo of IRVING: "Irving Predicts Complete Victory". She tapes it to the side of her computer screen. On the TV, Victoria Wood in Dinner Ladies: DEBORAH looks bewildered at this most English of comedies.

76 INT. IRVING'S APARTMENT. MOUNT STREET. NIGHT

76

The television in IRVING'S room is also playing Dinner Ladies. IRVING looks at it a moment, enjoying the humour. Then turns back to his desk to carry on his preparation. On his computer a screen-grab of DEBORAH being humiliated at DeKalb. He works on.

77 EXT. HIGH COURT. FLEET STREET. DAY

77

NETWORK REPORTERS are speaking straight to camera, from the middle of a pavement scrum - photographers, reporters.

NETWORK REPORTER

This morning will see the beginning of an extraordinary case in which a well-known historian and an obscure American academic will do battle to decide whether the Holocaust took place...

NETWORK REPORTER 2

Sources are saying that a whole network of supporters in the United States, including the film director Stephen Spielberg, are paying for Miss Lipstadt's defence...

NETWORK REPORTER 3

... Mr Irving is rumoured to have a list of over 4,000 contributors. They include a former U-boat captain who lives in Hawaii...

NETWORK REPORTER 4

It's expected that this trial will be a long one, both sides digging in for a protracted fight...

CAPTION: JANUARY 11th, 2000

On the opposite pavement, DEBORAH, dressed in coat and scarf, is amazed to see the scrum. Resolutely she starts crossing the road. The press has recognized her and is calling out 'Deborah, Deborah' and 'Miss Lipstadt.' She takes out a piece of paper and turns to read from it. As she does, JULIUS and LAURA appear from nowhere like policemen.

JULIUS

Good morning, Deborah.

DEBORAH turns in surprise. JULIUS is wearing a black robe.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

We wanted to make sure you didn't go in alone.

DEBORAH

That's sweet of you.

JULIUS

It's not sweet at all. We wanted to make sure you didn't speak.

DEBORAH

It's just a short statement. Look, there's Julie McCarthy, NPR...

But he has already put his arm round her and LAURA has taken the other, manoeuvring her into the building. A man appears in front of DEBORAH's face.

MAN

Lying Jewish bitch!

\*

But JULIUS has her quickly out of the way. As the MAN is hustled away by POLICE, he is heard shouting "Don't think there's anywhere to hide. We're going to finish what Hitler started."

\*

\*

\*

\*

78

INT. CLOISTERS AND INTERIOR. LAW COURTS. DAY

78

Inside they let go, and suddenly DEBORAH is all alone, looking at the amazing Gothic scale and splendour of the building. She's awed, but her contemplation of it is disturbed by the arrival at the entrance of IRVING outside, lit by camera lights, the press surrounding him.

IRVING

Good morning, everyone. I'm looking forward to this, if I may say a few words...

She watches furious as the press write down everything he says. She catches up with JULIUS, with NIK and THOMAS carrying boxes of documents towards the court.



DEBORAH

Did you see him? He'll be all over the front pages...

JULIUS

Deborah, there's only one person who matters and that's the judge. If you don't speak in court and you do speak in the press, the judge is going to be furious. And rightly.

DEBORAH

Yeah, well, we both know the answer to that.

DEBORAH looks at JULIUS bitterly.

JULIUS

And another thing. You jog the same way every day. Don't.

DEBORAH

What are you saying?

JULIUS

I'm not saying anything. I'm just saying, vary your route.

DEBORAH looks back outside. The angry MAN is still there.

79

INT. COURTROOM. DAY

79

An obvious contrast: DEBORAH waiting on the left-hand side of the court which is full - DEBORAH now smiles at FORBES-WATSON who smiles back. RAMPTON is in wig and silk robe, alongside JULIUS, LIBSON, HELENA, HEATHER and the team of researchers led by LAURA. Stack upon stack of boxes and bundles of evidence. DEBORAH turns and looks up to the gallery. Some obvious Irving supporters - skinheads in T-shirts and tattoos and some less obvious - Aryan women and middle-aged men. Then she looks to the deserted opposite side as IRVING comes in, papers under his arm, bare space all around. He puts his papers down in silence. JULIUS smiles.

JULIUS

David and Goliath. As advertised.

IRVING suddenly turns and looks straight at DEBORAH. OK Corral - their look held.

80

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. DAY

80

CHARLES GRAY, a suave, upper-class Englishman, 50s, in wig and gown is reading alone. The CLERK knocks on the door.

CLERK

Sir, they're ready.

GRAY

Thank you.

GRAY closes the book. It's HITLER'S WAR by David Irving, covered in post-its and handwritten notes. GRAY finishes his cup of tea then puts it down on a desk covered with evidence submissions, video-tapes and tottering mountains of books. He gets up, nods at the CLERK and leaves the room.

81 INT. CORRIDOR & COURTROOM. DAY

81

GRAY sweeps along the corridor and into the court.

COURT USHER

Court rise.

Everyone stands. GRAY takes his place. The whole court bows. JULIUS whispers to DEBORAH.

JULIUS

Bow.

DEBORAH

I'm American. Everything else but no bowing.

82 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

82

Later. The court is packed except for the solitary area around IRVING. He is on his feet and addressing the judge, eloquent, commanding, his hands mostly behind his back. DEBORAH is watching closely, trying to get his measure.

IRVING

My Lord, I intend to show that far from being a Holocaust denier, I have repeatedly drawn attention to major aspects of the Holocaust. These defendants have done very real damage to my professional existence. By virtue of the activities of Miss Lipstadt and those who funded her and guided her hand, since 1996 I have seen one fearful publisher after another falling away from me and turning their backs on me when I approach. My Lord, if we were to seek a title for this libel action, I would venture to suggest "Pictures at an Execution" - my execution.

RAMPTON, a compulsive cartoonist, is drawing IRVING in the side of a document. DEBORAH, looking round, sees an OLDER WOMAN, VERA REICH, small, upright, 70s, Polish, watching from the public gallery.

IRVING (CONT'D)

These defendants did not act alone. They were part of an organized international endeavour to discredit me. The word 'denier' is particularly evil. The phrase is a poison to which there is virtually no antidote, less lethal than a hypodermic with nerve gas jabbed in the neck, but deadly all the same. For the chosen victim it is like being called a wife beater or a paedophile. It is enough for the label to be attached for the attachee to find himself designated as a pariah, an outcast from normal society. It is a verbal Yellow Star.

IRVING has turned to look at DEBORAH, putting the accusation to her. DEBORAH stares back. RAMPTON's cartoon shows IRVING hanging from a gallows, the noose captioned 'Facts'. Underneath he has put the title "Pictures at an Execution."

83

INT. HIGH COURT LOBBY. DAY

83

Recess. Everyone is pouring out of the court into the vaulted hall. DEBORAH is with LAURA, JULIUS and LIBSON.

LAURA

So, what you did think of him?

DEBORAH

Irving? I thought he was oddly impressive.

JULIUS

Impressive?

JULIUS smiles, patronising.

\*

DEBORAH

The only thing that confused me... It was like Irving already knew all our questions and points.

JULIUS

Yes of course. We sent them to him.

DEBORAH

You sent all our questions? In advance? I don't get it. Isn't that revealing our strategy?

JULIUS

Deborah, we have no strategy. We plan to box him in with the truth.

84

INT. COURT. DAY

84

DEBORAH watches IRVING closely as RAMPTON rises to his feet, at all times addressing GRAY, never once looking at IRVING.

RAMPTON

My Lord, Mr Irving calls himself a historian. The truth, however, is that he is not a historian at all, but a falsifier of history. To put it bluntly, he is a liar.

DEBORAH looks sharply across at RAMPTON, realising he is using her words. RAMPTON has two books in front of him, separate editions of HITLER'S WAR. He holds up the first and then the second.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Between the publication of the first edition of Hitler's War in 1977, and its second edition in 1991, Mr Irving's views about the Holocaust underwent a sea-change. In 1977, he accepted it as a historical truth in all its essentials - systematic mass murder of the Jews in purpose-built extermination factories. But in the 1991 edition, all trace of the Holocaust in this sense has disappeared. What are the reasons for this astounding volte-face? The principal reason can be expressed in one word: Leuchter.

DEBORAH

The man with the dirty underwear.

DEBORAH is so rapt she has spoken to herself. LIBSON shoots a glance to JULIUS behind, who has also heard her.

RAMPTON

According to Mr Irving, the Leuchter report is "the biggest calibre shell that has yet hit the battleship Auschwitz".

(MORE)

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Unfortunately for Mr Irving, the Leuchter report is bunk and he knows it. So why then did Mr Irving embrace the Leuchter report with such enthusiasm? Why did he choose to publish it himself and even to write an introduction? The answer must be that he wanted it to be true. After all if the Holocaust never happened, then Hitler cannot have ordered it or known about it.

DEBORAH

And *that's* the point.

This time JULIUS puts a finger to his mouth to bid silence. RAMPTON picks up another piece of paper and reads from it.

RAMPTON

In September 1991 Mr Irving spoke to an audience in Calgary, Alberta. This is what he said: "I don't see any reason to be tasteful about Auschwitz. It's baloney. It's a legend. Oh you think that's tasteless? How about this? There are so many Auschwitz survivors going round, in fact their number increases as the years go past, that I'm going to form an association of Auschwitz Survivors, Survivors of the Holocaust and Other Liars called A-S-S-H-O-L-S, pronounced no doubt 'asshols'..."

RAMPTON puts down the paper. The court is silenced. Nobody moves. IRVING looks away, uninterested.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

My Lord, this is obviously an important case. For if it be true that Mr Irving has devoted his energy to the deliberate falsification of this tragic episode in history, then by exposing that dangerous fraud in this court, the defendants may properly be applauded for having performed a significant public service, not just in this country but wherever in the world anti-Semitism and bigotry is waiting to be fed.

A buzz as everyone flows out into the echoing space.

DEBORAH

Wow! I thought we were pretty effective.

JULIUS

Really?

DEBORAH

That was a pretty good start.

JULIUS

I'm glad you're happy.

DEBORAH

I saw his face. When we called him a liar. I don't think he's used to hearing things like that. It was exciting.

VERA has put herself in DEBORAH'S way.

VERA

Excuse me. Miss Lipstadt?

DEBORAH

Yes?

VERA

May I speak to you?

DEBORAH

You go ahead, I'll catch up.

DEBORAH has said this to JULIUS who hesitates, then goes on.

VERA

I want you to come and meet some of my friends. Friends with something in common.

\*

VERA rolls up her sleeve. A tattooed number. DEBORAH stares.

VERA (CONT'D)

We want to know: How can you let this happen? We don't understand. How can it be happening? This is what you call a strategy? None of us have been called. We have to be heard. The voice of suffering has to be heard. A trial of the Holocaust and no witnesses? How can that be right?

DEBORAH looks, her own doubts confirmed.

VERA (CONT'D)

There's a whole group of us. Deborah, we have to testify.

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

We have to. On behalf of the others. For the dead.

DEBORAH nods slightly. They are in a quiet corner. She reaches out and touches VERA'S arm.

DEBORAH

I make you a promise. The voice of suffering will be heard. It will. I promise you that.

86 EXT. FLEET STREET. DAY

86

DEBORAH comes out into the roar of traffic. The others have gone. She steps out and nearly gets run over by a bus, forgetting they drive on the left. A passerby calls out "Watch out!" A close thing.

87 INT. BRICK COURT. DAY

87

DEBORAH runs up the stairs and into chambers. It looks like a party. LAURA, NIK, THOMAS, HEATHER etc. RAMPTON is opening a filing cabinet and getting out a bottle of red wine.

RAMPTON

I see this could well become a ritual. A welcome ritual, don't misunderstand. Deborah?

DEBORAH

No, thank you.

RAMPTON

A well-known Attorney General taught me very early on, one's always a more effective advocate after a few glasses of claret. And some sandwiches.

With a flourish, he opens a dusty cupboard and inside there are plates of cut sandwiches. Everyone laughs and piles in. DEBORAH moves across to JULIUS in the corner.

DEBORAH

I need to talk to you. It's urgent. I've just spoken with a survivor.

JULIUS

Yes. Well that's likely. I've seen several in the court.

Someone hands JULIUS a glass of wine.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Deborah, we're not going to discuss this again.

DEBORAH

Why not?

JULIUS

I've explained to you.

DEBORAH

I don't think so.

JULIUS

Whatever you say, the survivors are not on trial. That's how it is. They confuse the issue. Keep them out of it.

JULIUS has raised his voice. RAMPTON is alert to every word, but pretending not to listen.

DEBORAH

You can look them in the face, can you, you can look survivors in the face and tell them they have no right to testify? They were there! They have the authority.

JULIUS

Deborah, these people came out of hell. I understand that. After all these years, they still haven't processed the experience. I know that too. But a trial, I'm afraid, isn't therapy. Still less is it vindication. It isn't our job to give emotional satisfaction to a whole lot of people who can never forget what happened to them.

DEBORAH

You think they want to testify for themselves? They don't give a damn about themselves. It's the others. It's their families. It's their friends. If you were in their shoes, what would you feel?

JULIUS just looks, not answering.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Anthony, I promised them they would be heard. I made a promise.

JULIUS

Well then you'd better go back out and break your promise.

DEBORAH looks straight at him, then leaves.



88 EXT. BRICK COURT. DAY 88

DEBORAH is sitting on the wall opposite, watching as the happy little team comes chattering out of RAMPTON'S chambers - JULIUS, HEATHER, NIK, TOMAS, LAURA. She looks grim, alone. They pass into the distance, chattering. But before they disappear, RAMPTON turns back, unseen, and looks at DEBORAH.

89 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 89

DEBORAH, with boxes of Chinese takeout half-eaten, is watching one of her videos: scratchy film from 1962 of an SS MAN, HANS STARK, being interviewed. He speaks German, overlaid with an English interpreter.

STARK (GERMAN)

One day I was ordered to pour Zyklon B into the room because only one medical orderly had shown up. The Zyklon B was in granular form, so it trickled down over people as it poured in. Then they started to cry out terribly because they knew what was happening to them. After a few minutes, there was silence.

DEBORAH stares.

90 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAY 90

In her head DEBORAH sees a flash of what STARK is describing: a slit of bright daylight as the hatch is opened, gas mask, blue pellets pouring down touching bare flesh, a hatch slammed shut. Screams and cries.

91 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 91

DEBORAH closes her eyes.

92 EXT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. ATLANTA. NIGHT 92

LIBBY is house-sitting. She is on the deck, legs in front of her, in the dark. The Mutt is beside her.

LIBBY

What's wrong? You don't sound happy. What's happening?

DEBORAH (PHONE)

How's The Mutt?

LIBBY

The Mutt's lonely. He's putting on a show but he's not fooling anybody. You?

93 INT. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT

93

DEBORAH is sitting on the side of the bed. Her room is an unvisited tip. She says nothing to LIBBY'S question.

DEBORAH

I'll tell you what's happening. Today one of the lawyers, the creepy one, told me if I'd promised anything to the survivors, I'd have to break my promise.

\*

LIBBY

He said that?

DEBORAH

Libby, I arrived in London, I thought 'These men know best, it's their country, it's their system.' I'm with a lot of people who understand the facts. They know all the facts. But God knows where they keep their hearts.

\*

\*

94 INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

94

ROBERT JAN is in the witness box. He has toned down the colour of his hair and he has a perfect three-piece suit. Arranged on easels are large colour photographs of Birkenau and Auschwitz. Beside them are black and white drawings of the gas chamber interior. IRVING is examining him.

IRVING

May I first of all welcome you to our country and say what a great pleasure I had in reading your book on Auschwitz. You were deeply moved to visit the actual location?

ROBERT JAN

More than moved. I was frightened. It's an awesome responsibility.

DEBORAH looks to the gallery. VERA'S look back is unwavering.

IRVING

Professor van Pelt, would you agree it is the duty of historians to remain completely unemotional?

ROBERT JAN

One's duty is to be unemotional, to be objective, but one's duty I think is to remain human in the exercise.

IRVING nods, as if this is just something JAN has to say.

IRVING

The site of Auschwitz has not changed very much since the end of World War 2, apart from the barracks being torn down and recycled. Can you explain to the court, please, why it is that in the very earliest references to Auschwitz published by the Russians after the capture of the camp in January 1945, there is no reference whatsoever to the discovery of gas chambers?

ROBERT JAN

I would need to see the documents you refer to.

GRAY

That's fair, I think.

IRVING smiles tolerantly at the judge's interruption.

IRVING

It is fair, my Lord. Your report quotes extensively from first-hand testimony from a man called Tauber.

ROBERT JAN

Yes. Tauber was a Sonderkommando in Crematorium Number 2. He helped with the prisoners, he was in charge of roll call.

IRVING

In charge of roll call, yes.

ROBERT JAN

He was interrogated at the end of May 1945.

\*

IRVING

And, in his document, what does Tauber tell us about the liquidation procedure?

ROBERT JAN

The simulation, please.

ROBERT JAN looks to the judge, who nods permission. A computer simulation of the crematorium is now displayed. The camera moves through the concrete-lined rooms. DEBORAH looks up to VERA, who is turned away, unable to watch.

ROBERT JAN (CONT'D)

What he describes is the underground arrangement of the crematorium. The entrance was through an undressing room. The prisoners went into a corridor, then through a door on the right into the gas chamber. The door was closed hermetically by means of iron bars which were screwed tight. The roof of the gas chamber was supported by concrete columns and wire-mesh pillars.

\*

IRVING

Professor?

ROBERT JAN pauses the simulation. IRVING gestures towards one of the photographs, an aerial view of the collapsed roof.

IRVING (CONT'D)

In your simulation that is the roof we can see on this big photograph here?

ROBERT JAN

Yes.

IRVING

It is that self-same roof?

ROBERT JAN points to his line drawings.

ROBERT JAN

Yes. Tauber says the sides of these pillars which went up through the roof were of heavy wire mesh, like this.

IRVING frowns as if not understanding.

IRVING

What does it mean when it says "the pillars went up through the roof". Went up to the roof, presumably?

ROBERT JAN

Yes, but they popped out above the roof.

IRVING

The pillars popped out?

ROBERT JAN (INDICATING)  
The pillars went through a hole in the roof and the earth which was assembled on top of the roof, and then there was a little kind of chimney on top of that.

IRVING  
What was the purpose of that, architecturally speaking?

ROBERT JAN  
Because these were hollow pillars and these were the pillars where the crystals of Zyklon B were inserted into the gas chamber.

IRVING gestures to the drawings.

IRVING  
My Lord, you can see the lay out. You can see the pillars with the wire mesh columns next to them.

DEBORAH is worried. RAMPTON looks up, also concerned.

IRVING (CONT'D)  
You have drawn in those wire mesh columns have you not? In the sketches and on the computer?

ROBERT JAN  
One of my students drew them, yes.

IRVING  
Yes but the wire mesh is an addition, it's not based on drawings and blueprints, is it?

ROBERT JAN  
It is based on a drawing made by the man who actually made these pillars. Michael Kula. In the camp workshop. In August 1941, he...

IRVING  
So this hole in the roof, or these holes in the roof, how many wire mesh columns were there? Four?

ROBERT JAN  
Four.

IRVING laughs and throws down his documents.

IRVING  
Professor Pelt, we are wasting our time really, are we not?  
(MORE)

IRVING (CONT'D)

You yourself have stood on that roof and looked for those holes and not found them. Our experts have stood on that roof and not found them.

IRVING points at the photo of the roof as it is today, just an overgrown heap of rubble, then turns to GRAY.

IRVING (CONT'D)

My Lord, there are no holes in that roof. There never were any holes. Therefore they cannot have poured cyanide capsules through that roof. You will appreciate that if there had been those holes in the roof, which are the cardinal lynch-pin of the defence in this action, they would have been found by now. They have not found them and all the eyewitnesses on whom he relies are therefore exposed as the liars they are.

DEBORAH has looked up to where REPORTERS in the gallery are scribbling frantically. VERA is shifting, trying to attract DEBORAH'S attention. She is scrawling a note to JULIUS: THIS WILL KILL US IN THE PRESS. IRVING looks to the clock, victorious.

IRVING (CONT'D)

My Lord, it is four minutes to four. Unless Mr Rampton wishes to say something to repair the damage...

ROBERT JAN

My Lord, may I respond to this?

GRAY

You may. But not until tomorrow. We adjourn for today. Ten-thirty. Thank you.

95

EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY

95

NETWORK REPORTERS are already facing the camera.

NETWORK REPORTERS (OVERLAPPING)

The Lipstadt trial took an extraordinary turn in the High Court today when evidence was presented which cast doubt on the idea that Auschwitz was ever used as an extermination camp. The historian David Irving -

DEBORAH, JULIUS, HEATHER, LAURA and LIBSON are pouring out of the court in some disarray. DEBORAH is furious.

JULIUS  
Just walk away. Say nothing.

DEBORAH  
Why did Rampton drop it? Why did he let it go? \*

JULIUS  
Deborah, there are journalists. Keep walking and look straight ahead.

They walk past ANOTHER REPORTER doing a piece to camera.

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Mr Irving was effectively arguing 'No holes, no holocaust...'

DEBORAH is stony-faced. RAMPTON has appeared beside them.

JULIUS  
Richard, if you could give us some time...

RAMPTON  
I don't have long.

JULIUS  
It's all right, we won't take long. We have an unhappy client.

RAMPTON notices as VERA steps into DEBORAH'S path.

VERA  
Deborah, this is disastrous. This is what I told you. I told you! Why didn't you listen?

The group sweeps on, silent.

96 INT. MISHCON DE REYA. STAIRCASE & OFFICES. DAY

96

The group comes up the stairs in moody silence. They sweep into JULIUS'S office. JULIUS throws down his gown.

JULIUS  
All right, let's look at this calmly. There's no need to panic.

RAMPTON  
Irving pulled a rabbit out of the hat. He thinks it's clever. It's not clever.

(MORE)

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

You produce some supposedly  
devastating piece of evidence at  
five minutes to four.

JULIUS is now reaching for documents and photographs.

JULIUS

Here we are, look. It's amateur.

JULIUS is holding out photographs. He and DEBORAH talk over  
each other. RAMPTON has sat down in a big armchair.

DEBORAH

That doesn't mean it isn't  
effective.

JULIUS

Robert Jan will deal with it  
tomorrow. Look, look at these.

DEBORAH

I've looked at them, I know them.

JULIUS

Here we are look, perfectly clear,  
the Olere drawings, the USAF aerial  
photos, the Little Train photo...

DEBORAH

I know these photos, I've  
seen them a thousand times, I  
don't need to look, that's  
not the point I'm making...

JULIUS

There they are. The holes, in  
all the photos in exactly the  
same place, same pattern,  
that's what Robert Jan's  
going to say, Robert Jan will  
say...

DEBORAH

Yes, and we know what Irving is  
going to say. He's going to say  
they're not holes, they're shadows.  
They're glitches on the negative.  
Or they're forgeries. Or they're  
paint-cans on the roof.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS

And we'll prove otherwise.

DEBORAH

How do you prove that? It's too  
late. It's already out there! It's  
in the press.

\*

JULIUS

So?

DEBORAH

Irving's got what he came for. He  
wanted headlines.

(MORE)



DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Well he's got 'em. 'No holes, no holocaust!' It's O.J. all over again! 'If the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit.' That's what he wanted. He wanted a catchy phrase. And now he's got it. It's like a virus -

LAURA

Do you want tea?

DEBORAH

No I don't want tea. You know what he's doing...

LAURA (TO HERSELF)

Just asking.

DEBORAH

He's making it respectable to say there are two points of view. People hear the news, they think: 'Oh I see, some people believe there were gas chambers at Auschwitz, and hey, this is interesting - some people don't.'

JULIUS looks to RAMPTON, but he is staring ahead, uninvolved. LAURA is giving them all tea. NIK and THOMAS are coming in to pick up the photos and get them duplicated.

LIBSON

Deborah, you know why Irving chose Auschwitz-Birkenau in the first place?

DEBORAH

Why he chose Auschwitz? Because everyone's heard of it.

LIBSON

No.

DEBORAH

Because of its emotional impact.

LIBSON

No.

DEBORAH

Well?

LIBSON

Because it was not built as an extermination camp, it was built as a labour camp. Then it was modified.

DEBORAH

I know that.

JULIUS

Yes, but that's why he's going after it. It's a battering ram into a much bigger subject. Auschwitz is at the centre of Holocaust belief, that's why it's also at the centre of Holocaust denial. If you think of it logically, it makes no sense at all, what he said. Think what he's saying... "No holes, no Holocaust!" He seizes one tiny fact, and because some detail can't still be physically proved, he says "Oh well then, that means everything's thrown into doubt. No-one in the camp was ever murdered. They all died of typhus! It wasn't the Nazis who killed them, it was disease!"

DEBORAH is shaking her head, not satisfied.

DEBORAH

I know, I know he does that...

JULIUS

For goodness' sake, it's the same with the Hitler trick, offering a thousand dollars...

LIBSON

Exactly the same.

DEBORAH

Tell me about it, I'm the one he did it to. "Oh well if you can't find a piece of paper where Hitler says 'Please murder the Jews', then that proves Hitler never wanted them to die in the first place. Hitler was the Jews' best friend." He said that! He actually said it!

JULIUS, LIBSON and DEBORAH are absorbed in their argument, but RAMPTON has sat listening quietly throughout.

RAMPTON

I have to go.

DEBORAH

No, hold on...

RAMPTON

What?

DEBORAH

I want to say something and for once I want everyone to listen. I'm the fucking defendant!

Frustrated and angry, DEBORAH has lost it completely, but RAMPTON is staring at her, thoughtful.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Even I know what the rule is. The client instructs. That's the rule. Well the client's instructing. The survivors go on the stand. And I go on the stand as well.

She waits for the impact of her statement. But RAMPTON just gets up and starts to leave.

RAMPTON

Gentlemen.

DEBORAH

What's happening? Where are you going? Why's he leaving? Richard, wait.

97 INT. HALLWAY & STAIRS. MISHCON DE REYA. DAY

97

DEBORAH follows but RAMPTON is already disappearing down the stairs, with a broad grin and an ironic wave of the hand. JULIUS follows DEBORAH out.

JULIUS

Because he has to prepare! That's why he's leaving. He doesn't just turn up in court. He devotes his whole day, every minute of his day, rigorously, to this case and nothing but! And that's the point!

JULIUS has now lost it as well. DEBORAH is already shaking her head. But JULIUS is heading into a conference room.

98 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

98

JULIUS comes in, and starts looking through videos as they argue.

DEBORAH

What you're ignoring, what you refuse to deal with: we know what happened at Auschwitz because there are people who actually saw it...

JULIUS

Oh Deborah...

DEBORAH

Yes. With their own eyes. They're called survivors.

JULIUS

Yes. And put survivors on the stand and Irving will humiliate them. Remember the Zundel trial. Remember the Exodus trial. The survivors got torn apart. Because survivors don't remember. Not every detail. They get something wrong - they say a door was on the left, when actually it was on the right - and wham! Irving's in. "You see! They're liars, you can't trust anything they say..."

LIBSON

That's it, that's the technique.

JULIUS has put a tape in the machine. LIBSON and LAURA have followed the argument into the room.

JULIUS

There are survivors who believe they were examined by Dr Mengele. They never even met Mengele, he was at another camp altogether. But they met a doctor and today they believe it was him. Do you think Irving is going to respect them? You want that, do you? Holocaust survivors mocked and humiliated?

He turns up the sound on a TV image of IRVING with a crowd in Florida. He is holding up a photo of a survivor with a tattoo on her arm.

IRVING (TV)

... and I'll say to her "Mrs. Altman, how much money have you made out of that tattoo since 1945?"

JULIUS turns off the TV and throws down the control.

JULIUS

You want more of that? You think that's helpful?

\*

99

EXT. MISHCON. NIGHT

99

DEBORAH steps into the path of a taxi with outstretched arm, forcing it to screech to a halt.

100 INT. TAXI. NIGHT 100

DEBORAH has got into a taxi outside Mishcon de Reya. Bad-tempered, she leans forward to the DRIVER.

DEBORAH

We're going to the Athenaeum, you want to go to Pall Mall, it's quickest.

DRIVER

Sorry, but in this country we don't tell the cabbie which route to take.

DEBORAH

I see. And in this goddam country is anyone allowed to say anything at all? \*

101 EXT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 101

DEBORAH, in a fury, gets out of the taxi, slamming the door. Walks angrily across the pavement, past the saluting DOORMAN.

102 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT 102

Out she comes again, in jogging gear. A few PASSERS BY stare as DEBORAH moves down Picadilly, an angry woman at speed. She slows by an Evening Standard news poster: NO HOLES, NO HOLOCAUST. She runs on, working out her emotion. Then by Westminster Bridge she comes to the statue of Boadicea - heroic as ever. She looks at it bitterly, her hands on hips.

103 INT. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT 103

From the shower, DEBORAH is watching the television through a gap in the plastic curtain. IRVING is seen outside court.

IRVING (TV)

Professor Lipstadt is clearly afraid to go into the witness box. What is she scared of? She's scared of free debate. Is her case really that weak? I'm alone in there and I'm speaking. She's got more than thirty barristers, lawyers, experts, historians and she's silent. She's effectively pleading the Fifth Amendment, and we all know that's traditionally the route of people who've got something to hide.

DEBORAH, in despair, slaps the shower curtain and lets out a howl of pure rage.

104 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 104

A towel round her head, DEBORAH is at her computer e-mailing JULIUS: "Anthony, we have to talk." The phone goes.

DEBORAH  
Hello?

LAURA (PHONE)  
Deborah, it's Laura.

DEBORAH  
Laura.

105 INT. LAURA'S FLAT. NIGHT 105

LAURA is in a bed-sitter. SIMON is serving supper. The bed is behind. It's warm, friendly. SIMON tries to move LAURA's ubiquitous work papers off the table, as though they were just an inconvenience, but she grabs them.

LAURA  
I'm sorry, it's none of my business, but I wanted to make sure you were all right.

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
That's kind of you, Laura.

LAURA  
I could see you were unhappy. I know Anthony can be a little brutal. \*

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
No. Really? \*

LAURA  
But it's from the best motives. He really does want to help you. I wanted you to know that. \*

106 INT. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT 106 \*

DEBORAH  
That's kind of you, Laura. But I don't want to be helped. I want to help. \*

107 SCENE CUT 107 \*

108 INT. RAMPTON'S CHAMBERS. NIGHT 108 \*

RAMPTON is at his desk, buried below mounds of documents. His lone light burns deep. His whisky bottle is empty, he goes to the cupboard to get another. Finds a curly old sandwich left over from lunch. Eats it. Goes back to his desk. Pours. As he puts the bottle down, he sees the small piece of barbed wire from Auschwitz. He picks it up, feels it.

109 EXT. LONDON. DAY 109

The sun breaking over the Thames.

110 INT. RAMPTON'S CHAMBERS. DAY 110

HEATHER arrives for work and knocks. Hearing nothing, she goes in. RAMPTON is asleep at his desk. She touches his shoulder.

HEATHER

Richard.

111 INT. HIGH COURT. DAY 111

Faded black and white photos of ventilators, and doors with peepholes and grills are set out on easels. IRVING is in the witness box. DEBORAH looks round for JULIUS but he's not there. Instead RAMPTON turns and looks at her very directly. She's surprised. Then he gets up, no sign of the night's work on his face.

RAMPTON

So now, Mr Irving, I will ask you to explain why, if as you claim, there were no gas chambers at Auschwitz, the gratings taken in 1945 by the Polish authorities from Morgue 1 of Crematorium 2 were covered with cyanide ; and why the camp's chief architect, Karl Bischoff, specifically refers to Morgue 1 as a Vergasungskeller - a gassing cellar. Well?

IRVING shifts slightly, before answering.

IRVING

I am willing to concede that they did indeed find in the ventilator grating traces of cyanide.

RAMPTON

They did?

IRVING

Yes. And I will also concede that the room was indeed a gassing cellar.

RAMPTON

It was?

IRVING

Yes.

RAMPTON

Good. So, gassing what?

IRVING

I think the evidence is clear that it was used as a gassing cellar for fumigating cadavers.

RAMPTON

Fumigating cadavers?

IRVING

Yes.

GRAY looks up, frowns.

RAMPTON

What exactly makes you say that?

IRVING

That is what mortuaries are for. In mortuaries you put cadavers.

RAMPTON

What is the evidence for that?

IRVING

I beg your pardon?

RAMPTON

What is the evidence that they used that room for gassing corpses?

IRVING

That is what it was built for.

GRAY stirs, not understanding.

GRAY

I am sorry, this seems a crude question, but what is the point of gassing a corpse?

IRVING

Because, my Lord, they came in heavily infested with the typhus-bearing lice which had killed them.



There is a pause. RAMPTON'S eyes narrow. He points to the photos of the door with the peephole and grill.

RAMPTON

Did they? Did they, Mr Irving? Did they indeed? So why, then, please, explain to me, why did it need a gas-tight door with a peep hole with double eight millimetre glass and a metal grill on the inside?

It's the kill. Time seems to slow to nothing. DEBORAH closes her eyes.

112 EXT. BIRKENAU. DAY (IN DEBORAH'S HEAD) 112

For a brief moment, she sees the peep hole in the door. Barely discernible, close-packed faces crying out in panic and terror, fingers clawing at the metal grill. A small girl's face lost in the turmoil, terrified.

113 INT. HIGH COURT. DAY 113

DEBORAH whips round and stares accusingly at IRVING. He is aware of her, but avoids her gaze. Time begins to move again.

IRVING

You will remember at this time most of Germany was under the weight of Royal Air Force bomber command. There was a concern about the need to build bomb-tight shelters.

RAMPTON

So now it's an air-raid shelter, is it?

IRVING

I beg your pardon?

RAMPTON

It is either a cellar for gassing already-dead corpses, or else it's an air-raid shelter?

IRVING

Did I say either or?

RAMPTON

In early 1943? An air-raid shelter, when you know perfectly well that the first bombing raid near Auschwitz was not until late '44?

IRVING says nothing.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

And the placing of this supposed air-raid shelter? If it was for the SS, then it was a terribly long way from the SS barracks, wasn't it? Have you thought about that? Two and half miles isn't it? They would all be dead before they got there if there was bombing raid.

DEBORAH is amazed, having at last realised what RAMPTON is up to. An image of RAMPTON pacing out distances at Auschwitz flashes into her head as she remembers.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Do you really see a whole lot of heavily armed soldiers running two and half to three miles from the SS barracks to these cellars at the far end of Birkenau camp?

RAMPTON is lethal, in complete control now.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

You see I'm trying to understand, if there was this dual function, if you can help me, if the corpses were also gassed in there, then as I understand it, they were then sent to be incinerated?

IRVING

Yes.

RAMPTON

Mr Irving, what would be the point of gassing a corpse which was shortly going to be burnt?

IRVING looks away. DEBORAH stares in intense anger.

IRVING

I am not sure, saying this off the top of my head, Mr Rampton. I'm not a Holocaust historian, I'm a Hitler historian.

RAMPTON

Then why don't you keep your mouth shut about the Holocaust?

RAMPTON's contempt is now complete.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

The truth is that, as usual, Mr Irving, you dive in off the board, saying whatever rubbish comes into your head in order to avoid drawing the obvious conclusion. This is not because you're a rotten historian. It's because you're a bent one, as well.

Silence. No-one moves. Inadvertently IRVING finds DEBORAH's stare, but looks away at once as if nothing has happened.

114 INT. LOBBY. HIGH COURT. DAY

114

DEBORAH comes out, very moved by what she has heard. There are not many people about. She sees VERA sitting by herself on a bench, also plainly stunned by the morning. DEBORAH, saying nothing, goes and sits next to her. Then she takes her hand and holds it her. VERA squeezes hers in response.

115 INT. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT

115

RAMPTON is standing in the corridor. He is holding a bottle of red wine. He knocks on the door. He waits a few moments, and DEBORAH opens it. She is wearing a dressing gown over her day clothes, and is plainly not expecting him. She's shocked.

RAMPTON

Forgive me. Perhaps I should have rung. I thought it would be interesting to see where you lived.

DEBORAH says nothing.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Is that all right?

DEBORAH

Yes. Of course it's all right. Come in.

RAMPTON

Thank you.

DEBORAH

I'm afraid I'm a little bit disorganized.

RAMPTON

Well I'm sure that's not going to bother me.

RAMPTON enters. It's a bit of a pigsty. She's been here for weeks, and stuff has accumulated. He holds up the wine.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

The 1995 Pommard Les Epenots is quite special, I think, don't you? You had it before, remember?

DEBORAH

Oh. Yes.

RAMPTON

You could call it our wine.

DEBORAH

There are glasses here.

RAMPTON

Shame. I rather like plastic, but you can't have everything.

He smiles at her, easy. She's bewildered by his visit. She gets the glasses. He sits down with the corkscrew.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

I like to treat myself a little, don't you? Why should all the bad people have all the good things in life? Like this?

He holds the bottle up again.

DEBORAH

You had a good morning.

RAMPTON

I did, didn't I? I felt it rather went my way. Cheers.

DEBORAH

Cheers.

They raises glasses and drink.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

It's paying off.

RAMPTON

What is?

DEBORAH

Your technique. The idea you had of never catching his eye.

RAMPTON

Oh you've noticed, have you?

DEBORAH

What do you think I've been doing the last few weeks?

RAMPTON

It's my way of telling him what I think of him. I don't even look at him. It's getting under his skin.

DEBORAH is looking at him now.

DEBORAH

I owe you an apology.

RAMPTON

Do you? I can't think what for.

DEBORAH

At Auschwitz.

RAMPTON

Ah.

DEBORAH

I thought you were late. And I thought you were rude. Of course now I understand. You were pacing the distance.

RAMPTON

I had to.

DEBORAH

I understand that now.

RAMPTON

It's a murder scene, you go to the site of the crime.

DEBORAH

You were preparing a case. You had to be sure. However disrespectful you seemed. However heartless.

\*

RAMPTON

Of course. That's what I do.

RAMPTON looks at her. He is very moved.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

I had no idea what to expect. It was a brief. My previous brief, believe it or not, was working for Macdonalds. I thought I knew what six million meant. But I didn't. It was just a number. If I'd stayed in that place any longer, I would have been too angry to handle the case. How could Auschwitz just be a brief? I was amazed that you seemed to think it could ever be that.

DEBORAH acknowledges this silently.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

It's painful for me to watch a client in such distress. We didn't set out to make you unhappy.

DEBORAH

I know that.

RAMPTON

Well?

DEBORAH hesitates.

DEBORAH

I never trusted anyone to do anything. Since I was a child. All I have is my voice, my conscience. Just that. And I have to listen to it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAMPTON

Your conscience?

DEBORAH

Yes.

RAMPTON

Interesting things, consciences. Problem is: What feels best isn't always what works best. By all means, stand up, look the devil in the eye, have a go at him. Yes, very satisfying. Why not? See what happens. And risk losing. Not just for yourself. For the others. For everyone. For ever.

DEBORAH gets up and moves across the room. It's unbearable.

DEBORAH

Or?

RAMPTON

You know 'or'. Stay seated. Bite your tongue. Defeat him for good. I need an act of denial.

DEBORAH

How can you ask me that? Do you have any idea how hard it is to hand your conscience over to somebody else? It's everything I thought I never would do. All right, I'll hand mine over to a fly-fishing, whisky-drinking Scotsman.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAMPTON

Thank you, Deborah. I appreciate that.

116 INT. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT

116 \*

DEBORAH closes the door. RAMPTON has gone. She goes to the table. There, the empty bottle of red wine, the two glasses. She picks up a cartoon which RAMPTON has left for her. She looks at it, relieved. Then she drains the wine from one of the glasses.

117 EXT. STRAND. DAY

117

The law-courts in the morning. Across the street, a small, unpretentious cafe.

118 INT. CAFE. DAY

118

Eggs sizzle on a grill. RAMPTON is sitting eating bacon and eggs. There's condensation on the windows, back-lit by pale wintry sunshine. DEBORAH comes in to join him. She nods at the large fearsome-looking black lump on his plate.

DEBORAH

There you are. What is that?

RAMPTON

Black pudding. Traditional. It's made from blood.

DEBORAH

And you want to live to the end of the trial, do you?

RAMPTON

Well you've cheered up since last night.

DEBORAH

I've cheered up because of last night.

A WAITRESS has appeared.

RAMPTON

Black pudding for my friend please.

DEBORAH

Ignore him. A bagel. You know? Plain. Round. With a hole. Like a doughnut.

\*  
\*

WAITRESS

We know what a bagel is.

She goes. DEBORAH calls after her. \*

DEBORAH  
And not toasted! \*

RAMPTON  
I need this. It's going to be a  
tough day. \*

DEBORAH  
Proving intention? \*

RAMPTON  
Richard Evans has given us plenty  
of places where Irving got his  
facts wrong. \*

DEBORAH  
But we have to prove he got them  
wrong intentionally. \*

RAMPTON  
Exactly. \*

DEBORAH  
I love Irving's defence. It makes  
me laugh. "Be fair, I'm an honest  
historian, I may have made a few  
mistakes. Historians do. Yes, I  
screwed up, but I didn't screw up  
deliberately." \*

RAMPTON  
He's fighting for his life.  
Remember, he knows the law just as  
well as we do. Unless we can prove  
Irving's mistakes were deliberate,  
we lose. We lose. \*

119 INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

119

EVANS is in the box. IRVING is cross-examining. DEBORAH looks  
across to two perfect blonde WOMEN, who look like Valkyries  
in leather and furs behind IRVING. GRAY shifts, impatient.

GRAY  
Mr Irving, the defence are claiming  
that you deliberately falsified  
evidence to suit your own political  
purposes. You must address that  
charge. We must deal with what we  
call 'keine liquidierung'.

GRAY gestures to him to continue.



IRVING

Very well. We are looking first at the November 30th entry, am I right?

IRVING is about to speak but EVANS turns to GRAY. \*

EVANS

My Lord, if I may explain the context?

GRAY

Please.

EVANS

Heinrich Himmler, the Head of the SS, kept a log in which he made a record of every telephone call he gave and received. In 1941, he called Heydrich from Hitler's bunker to give him instructions. After the call he wrote some words. "Judentransport aus Berlin. Keine Liquidierung." Which clearly means "The Jew Transport from Berlin. No liquidation."

For emphasis he repeats the line slowly.

EVANS (CONT'D)

"The Jew Transport" - singular -  
"From Berlin."

EVANS picks up HITLER'S WAR. DEBORAH looks expectantly to RAMPTON as if to say 'Is this the moment?' RAMPTON tilts his head to get DEBORAH to look towards EVANS.

EVANS (CONT'D)

In HITLER'S WAR you write something completely different. "At 1.30 Himmler was obliged to telephone from Hitler's bunker to Heydrich the explicit order that Jews were not to be liquidated." In other words, you mistranslate the log so as to pretend that this order came directly from Hitler - which it didn't - they hadn't even met that day - and that it applied not to just one particular trainload but to all Jews throughout Germany. And in order to bolster this false impression, you omit the word 'Berlin' altogether.

EVANS smiles, conclusive. Now RAMPTON and DEBORAH both lean in, scenting the kill.

EVANS (CONT'D)

So your claim to have incontrovertible proof that Hitler tried to stop the liquidation of the Jews - as opposed to one particular trainload of Jews - is false. You knew it then and you know it now. It's wrong.

IRVING smiles as though he knows better.

IRVING

Of course if you privately decided that it was a reasonable kind of mistake to make when one is reading a new document for the first time, you would immediately tell the court, would you not?

EVANS

Of course I would. I do not feel this is a reasonable mistake to make. I believe it's deliberate.

DEBORAH lets out an involuntary snort. The Nordic blondes and IRVING hear it and turn to her, glaring. RAMPTON whispers to DEBORAH. \*

RAMPTON \*

Don't worry, they can't turn you to stone. \*

DEBORAH \*

I got to go pee. \*

DEBORAH gets up to go out. JULIUS sitting next to LAURA signals to her with a tilt of the head. \*

120 INT. LADIES' ROOM. DAY

120

DEBORAH opens the door of her stall, comes out. There is only one basin vacant, between the two Aryan women. One of them is adjusting her make-up, the other washing her hands. Suddenly very aware of being a Jew among Nazis, DEBORAH goes to the middle basin and washes. The two WOMEN stare at her, silent. Then DEBORAH goes to dry her hands on the towel. The two WOMEN are still staring.

121 INT. LAW COURTS. DAY

121 \*

DEBORAH comes out, shaken. LAURA waiting for her outside. They say nothing as they return to the court, side by side. \*

122 INT. LAURA'S FLAT. NIGHT

122

LAURA is working at documents at the little table under a single light. SIMON is already in bed. He sits up.

LAURA

What?

SIMON

Because I'm tired of it. You didn't even want to be a lawyer.

She's tired, and could do without this. He's gentle.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Holocaust, holocaust. There are other things. At some point doesn't everyone have to let go? Is this going to go on for ever? It's an obsession. How many years? Are they ever going to let go of this grievance?

LAURA

I think it's rather more than a grievance.

LAURA doesn't turn, she's too angry. She works on. SIMON gets up and comes to try and kiss her, but she's cold.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't think you should say any more.

123 EXT. COURT. DAY

123

The familiar NETWORK REPORTERS outside a busy court.

NETWORK REPORTERS (OVERLAPPING)

Today, this punishing trial finally heads towards its conclusion. The defence will have its fifth and final chance to examine David Irving. The defence will be seeking to make a connection between Irving's work as a historian and what they allege is his more general anti-Semitism and racism...

124 INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

124

The court is once more packed. IRVING is seen on video.

IRVING (VIDEO)

I find the whole Holocaust story utterly boring.

(MORE)

IRVING (VIDEO) (CONT'D)

The Jews keep going on about the Holocaust because it is the only interesting thing which has happened to them in 3,000 years. I'm not interested in the Holocaust, I don't know anyone who is.

RAMPTON freezes the image.

RAMPTON

That's an excerpt from a speech you made at the Best Western Hotel in Tampa on July 25th 1998.

IRVING

I remember speaking, I do not know what the date was.

RAMPTON

You said "I think 95% of the thinking public find the Holocaust endlessly boring but they dare not say it, because it is politically incorrect."

IRVING shrugs as if to say "Well it's true." DEBORAH is watching like a hawk, eyes on RAMPTON.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Mr Irving, next I want to refer you to a talk you gave to the Clarendon Club, whatever that may be, on 19th September 1992. The transcripts. Tab 5, My Lord, page 35.

GRAY

Thank you.

A VIDEO plays of IRVING at the Clarendon Club.

IRVING (VIDEO)

But if there is one thing that gets up my nose I must admit it is this. I switch on my television set and see one of them reading our news to us.

RAMPTON stops the video.

RAMPTON

Now, Mr. Irving, who is the "them" and who is the "us"?

IRVING

Trevor McDonald.

GRAY

McDonald?

IRVING

A newsreader, my Lord.

RAMPTON

A black newsreader.

IRVING

Well in fact this is a stock speech I used to make. I would say "In the good old days, the announcer used to wear a dinner jacket, but now they have women reading the news, and they have -" it's part of a general speech.

RAMPTON

Yes. "It is our news and they're reading it to me."

RAMPTON starts the video again.

IRVING (VIDEO)

If "they" could have their own news which they were reading to us I suppose it would be very interesting. For the time being, I would be prepared to accept that the BBC should have a dinner-jacketed gentleman reading all the important news, followed by a lady reading all the less important news. Followed by Trevor McDonald giving all the latest news about muggings and drug busts.

RAMPTON turns the video off.

RAMPTON

"Rest lost in loud laughter and applause." Are you not appalled by that?

IRVING

Not in the least. This is a witty speech delivered after dinner to an audience in a private club.

RAMPTON

'Witty', did you say?

IRVING

Well, it got laughter.

RAMPTON

No doubt. As Dr Goebbels' audience would have laughed at him.

LAURA is watching intently, appalled. DEBORAH looks down to the familiar cartoon in front of her, and for the first time looks not at her own gagged figure but at RAMPTON leading the charge. She smiles to herself.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

"I am not anti-coloured, take it from me. Nothing pleases me more than when I arrive at an airport and I see a coloured family there - When I see black families arriving at the airport I am happy. And when I see them leaving at London airport I am happy." Well, Mr Irving? Well?

IRVING shrugs, as if it were nothing.

IRVING

I think we all dislike tourists of any colour.

RAMPTON

Tourists? These are black people. You were speaking to a bunch of racists.

IRVING

No I was not. They were perfectly ordinary guests at a...

RAMPTON

If they were ordinary, why were there cheers?

IRVING

Well obviously they liked the jokes.

RAMPTON looks at him in disbelief.

RAMPTON

Mr Irving, before we proceed any further, I think you might be advised to have a look at your own diary, if you would not mind. 38, please, Mr Irving. 38, tab 10 of the bundle K4.

RAMPTON is forbidding now, lifting a new document. It's tense as IRVING and GRAY both turn pages. Then:

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

"A quiet evening at home.  
Jessica..." Who is Jessica?

IRVING

My little infant child.

RAMPTON

Yes.

IRVING

She was nine months old at this  
time.

RAMPTON

Nine months old in September 1994.  
"Jessica is turning into a fine  
little lady. She sits very upright  
on an ordinary chair, a product of  
our regular walks to the bank, I am  
sure. On those walks we sing the  
binkety-bankety-bong song. She  
stars in a poem when half-breed  
children are wheeled past." And  
then you go into italics: "*I am a  
baby Aryan/ Not Jewish or  
sectarian/ I have no plans to  
marry/ An ape or Rastafarian.*"

There is a silence. RAMPTON puts the document down. DEBORAH  
is open-mouthed in disbelief.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

Racist, Mr Irving? Anti-Semitic, Mr  
Irving?

IRVING

I do not think so.

RAMPTON

Teaching your little child this  
kind of poison?

IRVING

Do you think a nine month old can  
understand words spoken in English  
or any other language?

RAMPTON

The poor little child has been  
taught a racist ditty by her  
perverted racist father.

IRVING

Have you ever read Edward Lear or  
Hilaire Belloc?

RAMPTON

They have not brought a libel action, Mr Irving. You have. Mr Irving, you sued because you said we called you a racist and an extremist.

IRVING

Yes, but I am not a racist.

RAMPTON is finished. He does not even look at IRVING.

RAMPTON

Mr Irving, look at the words on the page.

125

EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY

125

The whole gang coming out together - DEBORAH, RAMPTON, LAURA, JULIUS, LIBSON etc. They are high as kites.

LAURA

That was good stuff...

LIBSON

Well done, there it is. Anti-Semitism, racism, holocaust denial: we always said it was a package didn't we? Symptoms, motive, purpose. What else do they want?

DEBORAH looks at JULIUS who is impassive.

DEBORAH

What did you think, Anthony?

JULIUS

Think? I thought nothing. Much the most boring morning we've had in court so far.

DEBORAH

My God... You do love to be contrary.

JULIUS

The man's an anti-Semite. It's like having shit on your shoe. You wipe it off. You don't have to study it.

DEBORAH

Thanks Anthony. My whole life's been studying it.

They both laugh.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



125A EXT. STRAND. DAY

125A \*

Continuous. DEBORAH takes JULIUS on one arm and RAMPTON on the other as they prepare to cross the road. As they wait for a bus to pass, IRVING is talking to KATE KELLAND, a Reuters reporter in the background. \*

IRVING

You can hardly accuse me of being a racist. Among my domestic staff I had a Barbadian, a Punjabi, a Sri Lankan, and Pakistani. And I can tell you they were all very attractive girls with very nice breasts.

KELLAND stands, amazed. IRVING is matter of fact.

KELLAND

I'm sorry? Can you say that again?

126 INT. RAMPTON'S CHAMBERS. DAY

126

Everyone gathered together for the last time, eating sandwiches, drinking wine - DEBORAH, JULIUS, LAURA, HEATHER, LIBSON, NIK, THOMAS. There is a silence. Then:

RAMPTON

You know what I'll miss? I'll miss these lunches.

ALL

Me too. Me too.

They look round, smiling. Then raise their glasses silently. LAURA looks to DEBORAH. \*

LAURA

It's something I never expected. My parents made me take up law. And the first case I get, I feel I'm making a difference. It's a wonderful feeling. I never, ever expected that. \*

RAMPTON

But, Laura, why on earth do you think it's any different for me? \*

RAMPTON has looked up in genuine surprise. \*

127 EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY

127

The pavements are crammed again, with news crews, as the GROUP returning from lunch pass the NETWORK REPORTERS. \*

## NETWORK REPORTERS

This trial has been both long, now running for almost eight weeks and hugely expensive. Its cost is currently estimated at over three million pounds. Some are saying this trial raises serious issues for freedom of speech. Now only the two summings-up remain before the judge, Charles Gray QC, retires for what we are told will be at least four weeks to consider his verdict.

128

INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

128

The court overflowing now. RAMPTON comes across to DEBORAH.

RAMPTON

Is your survivor friend in the court?

DEBORAH

Why?

DEBORAH nods up to VERA sitting in her place. RAMPTON puts his hand on her arm, then moves across to address the court.

RAMPTON

My Lord, I start with this, that if one had read some of the media reports, one might have supposed that Mr Irving had been dragged into this court to defend his freedom of speech. The history of the matter is quite the reverse. The defendant did make serious charges. But, as it turns out from the evidence, the accusations are true in every significant respect.

RAMPTON shares a look with DEBORAH before continuing. He really wants her to hear this.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

The Holocaust took place in stages. The first stage, beginning in 1941, consisted of mass shootings carried out by specially formed SS groups and their local allies.

DEBORAH closes her eyes. There is a moment as the faces of a multitude of people are shown on the walls of the court, as if the ghosts of the dead were present.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

This resulted in the deaths of up to 1.5 million Jews living in Russia and the Baltic States. The second stage, which began in December 1941, consisted of the gassing of Jews of the Warthegau and Poland. This resulted in the deaths of probably as many as 2.6 million. The third stage, beginning with mass deportations in 1941, culminated in the gassing, mostly at Auschwitz, of Jews from Central, Western and Southern Europe. This stage lasted until late 1944.

At this point RAMPTON looks to DEBORAH then turns and looks up to the gallery where VERA and the other SURVIVORS are sitting. He addresses them.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

The total achievement of this systematic mass murder was probably between five and six million innocent souls.

RAMPTON bows imperceptibly to VERA who stares back, moved. The multitude disappears. DEBORAH watches, not breathing.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

It is wildly implausible therefore to present Adolf Hitler as a somewhat harried business executive, too preoccupied to know what was happening in the branch offices in Treblinka and Auschwitz. During this trial we have heard from Professor Evans and others of at least twenty five major falsifications of history. Well, says Mr Irving, all historians make mistakes. But there is a difference between negligence, which is random in its effect and a deliberateness which is far more one-sided. All Mr Irving's little fictions, all his tweaks of the evidence, all tend in the same direction: exculpation of Adolf Hitler. It is, to use an analogy, like a waiter who always gives the wrong change. If the waiter is honest, then we may expect his mistakes sometimes to benefit the customer, sometimes himself. But Mr Irving is the dishonest waiter. Every one of his mistakes works in his own favour.

For once at the trial DEBORAH smiles.

RAMPTON (CONT'D)

How far, if at all, Mr Irving's anti-Semitism is a cause of his Hitler apology, or vice versa, is unimportant. Whether they are taken together or individually it is clear they have led him to prostitute his reputation as a serious historian for the sake of a bogus rehabilitation of Hitler, and the dissemination of virulent anti-Semitic propaganda.

GRAY stirs at this point.

GRAY

Yes, this is a question I have to ask you, Mr Rampton.

RAMPTON

By all means, my Lord.

GRAY

My question is this: if somebody is anti-Semitic, anti-Semitic and extremist, he is perfectly capable of being honestly anti-Semitic? Yes? He is holding those views and expressing those views because they are indeed his views.

RAMPTON is thrown, unsteady, bewildered by the question.

RAMPTON

Well, yes.

GRAY

And so it seems to me, if it comes down to it, that the anti-Semitism is a completely separate allegation which has precious little bearing on your broader charge that he has manipulated the data?

RAMPTON

No, my Lord. No. The whole endeavour of the defence has been to prove that the two are connected.

GRAY

Yes, but he might believe what he is saying. That is the point. That is why it's important.

DEBORAH looks to JULIUS, who looks equally alarmed. For a moment, RAMPTON is lost.

RAMPTON

My Lord, if we know for a fact that Mr Irving is an anti-Semite, and if we also know that there is no historical justification for Holocaust denial, then surely it's not a great stretch to see the two things must be connected?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GRAY

Yes, thank you. Carry on.

DEBORAH turns again to JULIUS, who is shaking his head.

DEBORAH

What the fuck just happened?

JULIUS looks to RAMPTON, for the first time fear in his eye.

\*

129

INT & EXT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. DAY

129

The Mutt runs happily across the kitchen to be beside DEBORAH, a towel round her neck, fresh from jogging as she vigorously throws cut lemons into a blender. The blender whirs. She makes an icy jug of lemonade. She takes the lemonade through to the pretty terrace where LIBBY is sitting.

\*  
\*

LIBBY

Well? How was it?

DEBORAH

Oh...

LIBBY

You've hardly said anything since you got back.

\*  
\*

DEBORAH looks at her, as if finally about to say.

\*

DEBORAH

I'll tell you what happened at the end. We summed up. Irving summed up.

\*

LIBBY

And?

DEBORAH

Everyone kept saying, this is all great, everything's going to be fine. Then suddenly this judge, this unbelievable Englishman from Masterpiece Theatre -

\*

LIBBY

I like Masterpiece Theatre.

DEBORAH

OK. At the last moment he looks up and says "Well maybe Irving actually believes it. He's an anti-Semite and he believes it. You can't say someone's lying if they say something they genuinely believe."

\*  
\*  
\*

LIBBY

But that's crazy. It's mad.

DEBORAH nods as if to say 'Yip.'

DEBORAH

And that's when I thought 'I've been suckered.' I've stared at this judge for forty days. I thought I saw wisdom, but maybe I was just looking at prejudice. He doesn't understand anything.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIBBY

What can you do?

DEBORAH

Just wait.

LIBBY doesn't know what to say. DEBORAH drinks her lemonade.

130

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. DAY

130

GRAY puts down his cup of tea at the table, piled with more documents. He clears a space and takes a clean sheet of paper. He writes DAVID IRVING VERSUS PENGUIN BOOKS AND DEBORAH E. LIPSTADT. JUDGEMENT.

131

EXT. BARBECUE. DEBORAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT

131

DEBORAH is barbecuing on a great Southern night, doing burgers and chops. The old crowd, SAM, STORM, LIBBY, all relaxing with wine. Behind, a convivial table is discussing the Atlanta Braves.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

So, Deborah, are you going to be with us for long?

DEBORAH

I don't know. I have to go back at some point.

SAM

But when?

DEBORAH

Oh you know. When the judge is ready. Could be weeks, could be months.

SAM

And then you just get on a plane?

DEBORAH

When somebody phones.

STORM

And do they tell you the result in advance?

DEBORAH

No. But my lawyers get told.

STORM

You're joking. They get told? And they can't tell you?

DEBORAH shakes her head.

DEBORAH

They get the verdict twenty four hours in advance. 9am, the day before. To the minute. To give them time to prepare a response. And what's worse...

STORM

There's worse?

DEBORAH

Irving gets it too.

LIBBY

Why?

DEBORAH

Because he's his own lawyer. So he's allowed it. And I'm not.

SAM

How do you live with this nonsense?

They all laugh. DEBORAH smiles.

DEBORAH

Funny thing is, I miss it.

SAM

Why? Why do you miss it?

DEBORAH

Oh. Because I became part of a team.

\*  
\*

DEBORAH is still. The others don't know how to react. She's lost for a moment in her own thoughts.

132 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. NIGHT 132

GRAY reaches for another file. He is working under a desk lamp. He refers back over several pages, holding them with thumb and finger. Then he continues hand-writing. THEREFORE IT IS CLEAR FROM ANY DISPASSIONATE READING OF THE EVIDENCE...

133 INT. CLASSROOM. EMORY. DAY 133

New students. Fresh faces, fresh clothes. DEBORAH standing, leaning against her desk. The Mutt, moody at her side.

DEBORAH

When people say glibly "Oh if I'd been in Germany then of course I'd never have collaborated, I'd have resisted," then I just want to laugh. Do you have any idea how difficult and dangerous it was? Standing up to the enemy was arduous and uncertain and exhausting. But they had to do it. It's only with hindsight things get called heroic. At the time you're just fearful. Fearful how they're going to work out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

134 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. DAY 134 \*

A CLERK clears away the tea things as GRAY finishes writing the frontispiece: IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE, QUEENS BENCH DIVISION. Then his name: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE GRAY. He sits back, content, stacking the papers.

135 EXT. WOOD. DAY 135

DEBORAH is running through spring growth, The Mutt extremely happy at her heels. A phone is audible from her pocket. She fumbles for it.

DEBORAH

Deborah Lipstadt.

JULIUS (PHONE)

Ah good, there you are.



DEBORAH  
Is that you, Anthony?

136 INT. MISHCON DE REYA. OFFICES. DAY 136

JULIUS is sitting, calm at his desk, LAURA opposite.

JULIUS  
Just to say we've been told to  
expect the verdict on Tuesday.

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
Tuesday? Are you sure?

JULIUS  
Do you know, I don't think they'd  
have said it unless it were true?

137 EXT. WOOD. DAY 137 \*

DEBORAH is rushing in the opposite direction, much faster to  
get back home. The Mutt is frantic to keep up. \*

DEBORAH  
I've been wondering if we could  
work some sort of code. When you  
have the verdict. Like, I'd call  
and say 'How's the weather?' and  
you'd say 'Good' meaning... \*

JULIUS (PHONE)  
I get it.

DEBORAH  
Or you say 'Weather's bad'  
meaning... \*

JULIUS (PHONE)  
Only of course I'd be disbarred.  
I'd never be allowed to practice  
law in England again.

DEBORAH  
Good. So there would be an upside.

138 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. LONDON. NIGHT 138

DEBORAH is back in the very same room, looking around - her  
cases on the bed, half-unpacked. A knock on the door. The  
very same BELLBOY, carrying the very same gift of lilies, as  
in Scene 74. Neither of them say anything. Then they both  
smile. The TV is on in the corner. A TELEVISION HISTORIAN is  
speaking.

## HISTORIAN

This trial is sending a chill through the community of 20th century historians. Which historian isn't thinking 'Would my work really survive this kind of scrutiny'? Show me one historian who has not broken into a cold sweat at the thought of undergoing similar treatment.

DEBORAH frowns, worried.

139 INT. MISHCON DE REYA. LOBBY, STAIRS & OFFICE. DAY 139

DEBORAH is on a bench. She looks at the clock on the wall. 8.57 am. 8.58. 8.59. Interminable. It ticks over to 9.00.

CAPTION: APRIL 11th, 2000

An ASSISTANT appears.

## ASSISTANT

Mr Julius is waiting.

DEBORAH follows. They go up the stairs, one by one, DEBORAH behind. It's like going to an execution. Then into JULIUS' office. There are three people - LIBSON, LAURA and JULIUS all waiting. In front of each of them, a large white document.

## JULIUS

Deborah.

## DEBORAH

Well?

140 EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY 140

Pandemonium. Police barriers. Onlookers, photographers and reporters. DEBORAH pushes her way through with JULIUS, both inscrutable. In response to the shouts, they say nothing. They go inside. IRVING gets out of a car. Everyone shouts at him for a quote, but he just smiles. An egg flies through the air and lands on his shoulder. He moves on, taking no notice.

141 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. DAY 141

GRAY sits, sipping tea. There is a box of thick white documents on his desk, but otherwise it is clear. The CLERK knocks at the door. GRAY nods. The CLERK takes the box away.

142 INT. COURTROOM. DAY 142

All the documents and computers have gone. IRVING comes into the court, alone. IRVING goes to take his usual place opposite RAMPTON. Meticulously he takes off his egg-stained jacket. DEBORAH watches, impassive. The CLERK comes out with copies of the verdict and the COURT USHER distributes them to NEWSMEN. They run out of the court, desperately turning to the last page. Just the word VERDICT. Then a blank. What the hell?

143 EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY 143

NETWORK REPORTERS are all doing versions of:

NETWORK REPORTERS

This massive 334 page document, which does not disclose the final verdict, is studiously even-handed, praising David Irving's skill as a military historian, while at the same time drawing attention to flaws in some of his reasoning.

144 INT. CORRIDOR & COURTROOM. DAY 144

GRAY sweeps along the corridor, his determination apparent. He goes into the packed court.

COURT USHER

Court rise.

He sees IRVING on one side, FORBES WATSON and DEBORAH on the other. As the whole court bows, for the first time, DEBORAH lowers her head. JULIUS smiles at the gesture. Then GRAY sits.

GRAY

I shall read my judgement.

145 EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY 145

LAURA comes out into the street. She lights a cigarette and wanders away from the scrum. She begins to shake. Tears pour down her face. A PASSER-BY asks her if she's all right.

LAURA

Yes. Yes, really. Really I'm fine.

146

INT. HIGH COURT. DAY

146

GRAY

It appears to me that the correct and inevitable inference must be that the falsification of the historical record was deliberate and that Irving was motivated by a desire to present events in a manner consistent with his own ideological beliefs even if that involved distortion and manipulation of historical evidence. In the result therefore, the defence of justification succeeds. The court finds for the defence.

A cry from the gallery of 'Yes!' DEBORAH is stunned for a moment. Then she, too, air-punches. At once chaos breaks out. Supporters stand up and clap. The T-shirted and tattooed Irving supporters look thunderstruck. The blonde women mutter furiously with IRVING. Everyone rushes across to DEBORAH to congratulate her, 'Well done', and thumbs-up, hugs, JULIUS looking sheepish, RAMPTON beaming, LAURA returned, NIK and THOMAS slapping her back.

LIBSON/JULIUS/LAURA

Congratulations!

DEBORAH

I can't believe it.

LIBSON

It's true.

JULIUS

You've been brilliant. Brilliant.

DEBORAH

Brilliant? I haven't done anything.

JULIUS

Well nor have I! English legal system. Barrister/solicitor, remember? You think it was hard for you. Try being me!

JULIUS hugs DEBORAH. LAURA and LIBSON are standing beside them.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's not true. It was all you. Your book held up. In every aspect. In every detail. We may have defended it. But it was your book which won.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JULIUS stops, strong emotion showing in his eyes. They look across to RAMPTON by himself in his robe. Suddenly he looks completely exhausted - a year and a half of work. IRVING is heading over to him in his shirtsleeves. When he gets there, he holds out his hand. \*

IRVING  
Well done. Well done.

RAMPTON, refusing to take it, turns away, refusing eye contact. Symbolically, JULIUS puts his polished shoe on the chair in front of him, and mimes flicking something away. IRVING, departing catches the gesture and looks directly at JULIUS. But JULIUS is unwavering, finally looking IRVING in the eye. And in the contest, it is IRVING who finally looks down and turns away.

147 INT & EXT. HIGH COURT. DAY

147

Pandemonium. DEBORAH comes out with the team and walks through the lobby. There is the sound of the NETWORK REPORTERS: "One of the most crushing libel judgements in history." "The Judge called Mr Irving an anti-Semite, a racist and a distorter of history." A cheer goes up from the crowd. A barrage of photographers flash in her face. JULIUS smiles at the REPORTERS.

JULIUS  
We won. We won big. It's as if we wrote it ourselves. \*

The REPORTERS shout at DEBORAH.

REPORTERS  
Deborah! Deborah! Do you have anything to say? How are you feeling? What's your response to the verdict?

Trained to silence, DEBORAH says nothing. But JULIUS whispers in her ear.

JULIUS  
Now you can speak. \*

148 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. DAY

148

FORBES WATSON is sitting taking a press conference.

FORBES WATSON  
We saw this as a free speech issue. Penguin defended D.H. Lawrence, we defended Salman Rushdie. It was inconceivable we wouldn't defend Deborah Lipstadt.

DEBORAH appears beside him. There is applause as she sits. Then, among flashbulbs, questions are called out at random.

REPORTER 1

Miss Lipstadt, can I ask, do you have any regrets about bringing the case?

DEBORAH

I don't know how to say this often enough. I didn't bring the case. Mr Irving did.

There's laughter. She holds up a thick white document.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Of course I'm not sure he realised when he agreed to a trial by a single judge, that it would mean a written judgement. This judgement's going to stand against him forever.

There are some flashes, more questions. DEBORAH motors on through them, the flood-gates are open at last.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Now some people fear that the only effect of this trial will be to close down free speech. I don't accept that. I'm not attacking free speech. On the contrary. I've been defending it against someone who wanted to abuse it. People can be as sceptical as they like. What they can't be is dishonest. Freedom of speech doesn't include freedom to get away with lying. Not all opinions are equal. Some things do happen, just like we're told they do. Slavery happened. The black death happened. The world is round. The ice-caps are melting. Elvis is dead.

\*  
\*

REPORTER 2

You've conducted yourself with dignity throughout the trial.

DEBORAH

Thank you. But I know what dignity means. It means I've shut up. I don't promise to shut up in future.

REPORTER 3

You always said you refused to debate with deniers, but that's exactly what this trial has been doing. What will you do in the future?

DEBORAH holds up the judgment.

DEBORAH

This is the future. That's the beauty of this verdict. The question has been settled once and for all. We'll never need to speak to them again.

REPORTER 1

If you could say something now to David Irving, what would you say?

DEBORAH

I wouldn't speak to him. I'd speak to the survivors. And to the murdered. I'd say 'You were remembered. The voice of suffering was heard.'

She looks straight toward VERA standing at the back. VERA begins to cry.

REPORTER 4

How convinced were you that this trial was going to have a good outcome - for you?

DEBORAH

Do you know, I believed before I came to London that a court of law was not a great place to investigate historical truth. But I underestimated the value of a team. Of real teamwork. It turns out, it's not a bad place as long as you have great lawyers. With great passion. And boy, did I have great lawyers.

RAMPTON is standing at the back, next to LAURA. At these words, he takes off his glasses and his eyes water.

149 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. DAY

149

The press conference is over. DEBORAH, the conquering hero, is pushing her way through JOURNALISTS to reach the back where RAMPTON is smiling with LAURA. Laughing, DEBORAH throws her arms round RAMPTON. For her it's spontaneous, for him, a touch awkward. Behind his back she whispers in his ear.

DEBORAH

Thank you.

150 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT

150

DEBORAH is on the bed with a large glass of wine, watching TV. Beside, the bottle - 1995 Pommard Les Epenots - and a card propped up against it: TO THE AUTHOR OF OUR MISFORTUNES, WITH LOVE. RICHARD. Newsnight is running on TV. JEREMY PAXMAN is with IRVING, in a silk waistcoat, still without his jacket.

IRVING (TV)

I think if you read the judgement closely, you'll find there are all sorts of things there in my favour.

PAXMAN (TV)

You're not seriously telling me that this is a judgement that supports you?

IRVING (TV)

Plainly, I ran rings round the defence. My only regret is that I didn't use a mallet of sufficient calibre to ram my case into the thick skull of the judge. I've always been taught that whatever the result of the game it's how you play it that counts. I went over to congratulate Mr Rampton and he turned his back on me. That hurt. And I thought I have not been dealing with ordinary English people here. These are people who have been operating in the pay of a foreign power.

PAXMAN (TV)

What we all want to know, Mr Irving: on the basis of this judgement, will you stop denying the Holocaust?

IRVING (TV)

Good Lord, no.

The phone goes. DEBORAH picks it up and lowers the TV volume.

JULIUS (PHONE)

Deborah?

DEBORAH

Is that you Anthony?



151 INT. JULIUS' OFFICE. MISHCON DE REYA. NIGHT 151

JULIUS is watching the same interview on a TV in his office, lit by a single angle-poise lamp.

JULIUS  
Are you watching?

DEBORAH (PHONE)  
Can't tear myself away.

IRVING on TV is heard saying 'The fact that she didn't even dare appear tells you everything you need to know about Miss Lipstadt.'

JULIUS  
He seems to be saying he won.

152 INT. ATHENAEUM HOTEL. NIGHT 152

DEBORAH  
Yeah. He used to be a Holocaust denier, now he's a verdict denier. Why don't we just turn him off?

IRVING (TV)  
I don't think her Brooklyn accent would have endeared her to the court.'

DEBORAH  
Queens.

She picks up the remote and does exactly that. The screen goes to a spot, and blank.

153 EXT. BBC TV CENTRE. WOOD LANE. LONDON. NIGHT 153

All smiles and charm IRVING comes out through the glass doors, shaking hands with a couple of NEWS STAFF. Then he heads off alone, his smile gone. The doughnut-shaped building gleams behind him. He sets off walking down the rain-soaked streets, wiping the egg-stain off his shoulder as he goes.

154 EXT. HALF MOON STREET. NIGHT 154

A deserted exit. Padding out into the street comes DEBORAH, in her running clothes. She runs out into a silent Piccadilly. She passes that same Evening Standard billboard. This time it says IRVING CASE VERDICT: HE LIED. She smiles.

- 155 EXT & INT. TUBE. NIGHT 155  
VERA comes alone into a deserted station. She goes through the barrier and onto an escalator, away down into the underground and out of sight. The shot is held for a moment.
- 156 EXT. PICCADILLY. NIGHT. 156  
A milk-cart. A lone woman moving silently along empty pavements. London glowing slightly. DEBORAH runs away into the distance.
- 157 INT. RAMPTON'S CHAMBERS. NIGHT 157  
RAMPTON packs up his books and papers. As he does, he sees the small piece of barbed wire on his desk. He picks it up and puts it in his pocket. Then turns out the light.
- 158 INT. LAURA'S FLAT. NIGHT 158  
LAURA gets matches from the stove. SIMON is sitting already at the table. She lights candles. He looks up at her. Close on the candle flame.
- 159 EXT. EMBANKMENT. NIGHT 159  
For the third and last time DEBORAH runs up the statue of Boadicea. She stops, hands on hips. This time she smiles up at it, makes a little victory sign and a small air-punch.
- 160 EXT. BIRKENAU. AUSCHWITZ. NIGHT 160  
Birkenau empty, the ruins floodlit in the rain. The deserted ground, the fences, the abandoned track. Ruins. \*
- The camera is still for a moment, then it tracks right into the wreckage. There is a hole in the rubble where there is a rectangular opening. The camera moves right in to the blackness of the hole. In the dark, a message: \*
- SIX MONTHS AFTER THE VERDICT, A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION AT AUSCHWITZ FOUND THREE OF THE FOUR HOLES IN THE GAS CHAMBER ROOF \*