

ENEMIES, A LOVE STORY

Screenplay by

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from the novel by

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FADE IN:

A DIFFUSE, HAZY LIGHT

-- dusty, blurry, as if filtered through grass or hay.

Then, the BRUTAL CRUNCH of boots TROMPING on hard earth, angry SHOUTS in guttural German, a woman SCREAMING.

Then, as if it were right beside us, the fragile BEATING of a single human heart -- lubdub, lubdub.

More screams, more shouts. The boots draw closer, the frightened heart beats louder.

A TREMBLING HAND

comes into view, pulling some hay aside and we are looking down from a hayloft as:

FIVE NAZI STORM TROOPERS

-- members of the Einsatzgruppen -- Hitler's elite death squads
-- SLAM through a barn door, clutching bayoneted rifles. The heart BEATS continuously as

A PEASANT WOMAN

-- light-colored eyes, flaxen hair beneath tattered babushka (kerchief) -- follows them in. She watches them in utter terror as

THE SS MEN

begin to search the barn. There is a NOISE. One particularly horrific

EXEMPLAR OF THE MASTER RACE

makes directly for its source behind a manger door, jack boots it open.

A MANGY COW

-- half dead from starvation -- swishes its tail by a manure bucket.

THE NAZI

turns away in disgust, then glances up at the hayloft where... the heart THUMPING with fear...

A PAIR OF TERRIFIED EYES

peers out through a thick pile of hay... As if drawn by the BEAT of the heart...

TWO OF THE NAZIS

start up toward the loft.

THE PEASANT WOMAN

steps into their path but one of them hurls her viciously into the wall of the feed passage. She crumples to the ground.

THE SS MEN

climb into the loft.

THE PEASANT WOMAN

-- blood streaming from her cheek -- looks up, SHRIEKING in despair, as

THE SS

stare at the pile of hay.

There is no movement, but the Nazis are not misled.

They nod to each other and, with cries of "Juden Schwein!" (Dirty Jew), begin to thrust their murderous bayonets into the hay.

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL BEDROOM - DAY

A MAN, his face contorted in fear, moves from side to side, gasping and dodging imaginary bayonet thrusts in his sleep. We realize that we have been watching his dream.

His eyes go open. He touches his face, chest, then sits up, shaking his head and torso, relieved and somehow amazed that he is still alive.

This is HERMAN BRODER. In topless pajamas, he is a handsome, thin man in his thirties with blue, suffering eyes and an eternally rumpled look.

As if to ease his pain, the joyful, redemptive sound of KLEZMER MUSIC (earthy, schmaltzy Jewish jazz) comes up.

Herman takes a deep breath, stands and goes to the window. He pulls back the blinds to greet his day, revealing an alley that looks upon

A BEACH SCENE - MORNING

with people promenading along a boardwalk and frolicking on the sand -- an All-American scene of Italians, Slavs, blacks, Puerto Ricans, and Jews. Behind them we can make out the side of a huge ferris wheel and the far end of the famous Steeplechase Park because this is (super title):

CONEY ISLAND, 1949

HERMAN

-- stares at the scene, still not convinced that this is his reality. It seems like Mars to him.

HERMAN

Yadwiga!

THE SAME PEASANT WOMAN

we have seen in the dream appears in the doorway. This is YADWIGA. Without her babushka, her flaxen hair is combed back in a bun and held in place by a single pin. But she is still a fresh, shy village girl -- plump and innocently sexy -- wearing no cosmetics. Unlike Herman, she speaks with a thick Polish accent.

HERMAN

What time is it, shikseh?

YADWIGA

Ten o'clock.

(brightly)

I do shopping. I iron your shirt and underwear. I clean kitchen floor and bathroom. I have my breakfast.

(grins)

But I am ready to eat again with you.

Herman stares at her, in awe of this enthusiasm.

YADWIGA

Would you like perhaps tea?

Herman starts for the bathroom.

YADWIGA
 (tremendously concerned)
 Oh, no, you cannot go with bare foot. I get your slippers.
 (goes to closet)
 I polished them.

HERMAN
 Polished them? Who polishes slippers?

YADWIGA
 They were all dried up.

Yadwiga emerges from this closet with his bathrobe and slippers.

HERMAN
 This is America.
 (gently touches her face)
 You're not the family servant anymore.

YADWIGA
 (helping him into his bathrobe)
 I fill your bathtub now.

She smiles sweetly and goes off.

ANGLE - THE BATHTUB

Almost full. Herman reaches for the spigot and turns it off, climbs in.

REVERSE ANGLE - BATHROOM

Yadwiga enters carrying Herman's freshly-ironed shirts, underwear, socks, etc.

YADWIGA
 (neatly arranging his clothes)
 I buy you soap.
 (picks up a cake)
 Perfume soap.
 (holds it up to his nose)
 Smell. Three for dime.
 (crouching down next to the tub)
 Come. I wash you.

Yadwiga reaches down and starts to soap his back, his arms, his loins -- as if he were both her lover and her child. Herman begins to soften. His disinterested expression turns to one of dreamy pleasure as she lovingly carresses his body.

YADWIGA

(singing)

'Oh, if we were to haf a boy.
Praise the Lord on high!
In what would we cradle our joy?
Praise the Lord on high!'

CLOSE - A PAIR OF PARAKEETS

The two birds sing in a cage in Herman and Yadwiga's spartan living and dining room. Behind them are visible Herman's overstuffed bookshelves -- dog-eared copies of Kant, Hegel, Tolstoy, Kafka -- in various languages.

HERMAN

-- fully dressed -- is seated at the dining table, engrossed in the "New York Times" and eating the copious breakfast of dumplings, millet with milk, an omelet, and groats with gravy provided by Yadwiga. She sits opposite him patiently, surpressing her burning desire to talk to him. He pays no attention to her.

YADWIGA

(unable to contain
herself)

What time does the train leave?

HERMAN

(distracted)

What?

(realizing)

Two o'clock.

He looks back at this paper. She spoons more food on his plate.

YADWIGA

Where is this city?

HERMAN

Philadelphia? In America. Where should it be?

He checks his watch, puts down his paper and starts to shovel down the rest of his food, anxious to get out of there.

YADWIGA

Why don't you sell books here?
There are so many people.

HERMAN

(eating)

They come to Coney Island for popcorn, not books.

YADWIGA

(naively)

What kind of books are they?

HERMAN

(mildly impatient)

How to build bridges, how to lose weight, how to run the government. ... books of songs, stories, plays, the life of Hitler --

YADWIGA

(astonished)

They write books about such swine?

HERMAN

They write about all kinds of swine.

Yadwiga gasps and crosses herself. Herman glances at her briefly and gulps down the last of his food.

HERMAN

(wipes himself,
stands)

Tonight I'll be eating supper in Philadelphia.

He starts for the front closet.

YADWIGA

(following after)

Who will you eat with? Alone?

Herman MUMBLES something in YIDDISH as he grabs his hat and briefcase.

YADWIGA

(frustrated)

Talk so I can understand you.

He gives her a quick kiss and starts for the front door.

YADWIGA

(forlorn)

Don't you want more coffee?

Herman shakes his head quickly and exits -- very anxious to leave.

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS

Yadwiga follows him right out onto the landing.

YADWIGA

I get so lonesome sitting by myself.

(heading down the stairs after Herman)

The neighbor with the white hair said I could earn twenty-five dollars a week in a factory.

HERMAN

(stopping in surprise)

You want to go to work?

YADWIGA

(shrugs)

You have to know how to read and write.

HERMAN

(quickly)

Take a course. I'll enroll you.

He immediately starts down again.

YADWIGA

(trying to stop him)

The old woman says you must know the alphabet first.

HERMAN

I'll teach you.

He hurries down.

YADWIGA

When? You're never at home.

He bolts out the door. A NEIGHBOR sticks her head out of her apartment and stares up at Yadwiga.

EXT. THE CONEY ISLAND SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

A SEA OF HUMANITY streams in and out, eating cotton candy, dancing, singing, necking.

A NEWSBOY hawks the "New York Post," shouting "Reds take China! DiMaggio hits three!" as Herman hurries down the stairs like a rabbit.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Filled with PEOPLE headed into Manhattan. Doors of the train open and shut as Herman sits, writing on some papers on the back of his briefcase. Across the aisle

A BLACK SHOESHINE BOY

finishes polishing the shoes of a BUSINESSMAN and moves on to a new customer just as the subway SCREECHES to a halt at the next station.

HERMAN

starts up (this is his stop), when the train makes a sudden LURCH, causing him to spill his papers. Squeezing between some passengers, he quickly stoops to retrieve them when his attention is caught by the shoshine boy shining a pair of

HIGH BLACK BOOTS

across the way.

HERMAN

stares, transfixed, suddenly looking directly at:

A NAZI UBERLIEUTENANT

-- in full military uniform with white dress gloves and Luger -
- having his jack boots blacked.

HERMAN

looks toward his fellow passengers, but no one else seems to be noticing. He looks back at the lieutenant but he has now turned back into

AN ORDINARY BUSINESSMAN

having his shoes polished while picking his teeth and reading "Sporting News."

THE SUBWAY DOORS

start to shut. Herman, shaking off his fantasy, grabs his papers and jumps to his feet, but he is too late. The train is already pulling out.

A FAT BALD MAN with a cigar grins at him.

EXT. A BROWNSTONE - DAY

Of the traditional four-story sort on a pleasant tree-lined side street. Parked directly in front -- in a NO PARKING ZONE -- is a spanking new 1949 tomato red Cadillac Eldorado. It has a "CLERGYMAN" parking exemption in the window next to a Star of David. Judging from the more sedate cars all around it and from the general elegance of the neighborhood we know that this is (super title):

MANHATTAN

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Herman is accompanying RABBI MILTON LAMPERT -- a six feet two, two hundred and sixty pound good-hearted vulgarian with a non-stop interest in fat steaks, champagne and women. He sports a racy three-piece suit, ruby cufflinks and diamond signet ring.

As they head through the foyer and living room, WORKMEN are busy painting and polishing. The Rabbi, a whirlwind, directs them with his while talking with Herman.

RABBI LAMPERT

(rapidly, to Herman)

You're supposed to check in first thing in the morning. Where's my speech for Atlantic City? If I had to wait for you, I'd be an unemployed rabbi.

They continue into

THE FORMAL DINING ROOM

where more WORKERS are finishing the expensive woodwork.

RABBI

(continuing, to Herman)

You know I've got six convalescent homes to deal with, not to mention the apartment buildings in Williamsburg and Borough Park.

They make a right into

INT. RABBI'S OFFICE

-- an opulent half-American, half-European room with Oriental rugs, Jewish literature, stacks of "Wall Street Journals" and photographs of FDR, Einstein and Joe DiMaggio.

MRS. REGAL - the rabbi's ever-watchful secretary - sits in a corner, typing accounts.

RABBI
(going behind his
desk)

And I'm tired of you living in a
house that doesn't have a phone.
You're such a greenhorn.

Herman doesn't say anything, opens his briefcase.

RABBI
(impatient)

I know. I know. You live with an
old tailor who saved your life in
Poland and desperately needs your
rent money to stay alive. Another
sob story... Let's see this.

He grabs a couple of pages from Herman and starts to look them
over.

RABBI
(approving)

Now you're starting to write.
Great. Great.... But what's this
scribbling?

(looks, frowns)

And where's the rest? If you can't
finish it, tell me and I'll find
someone else -- or I'll talk into
a dictaphone myself

(gestures to her)

and let Mrs. Regal type it.

HERMAN
(tense)

Everything will be ready today.

RABBI
Well, I'll keep what you've done
so far.

(chucks the pages on
his desk)

Now, once and for all, give me
your address. Where do you live -
- under Yankee Stadium? I'm
beginning to think you have a wife
somewhere and are hiding her from
me.

HERMAN
(looks away)
I wish I had a wife.

RABBI

If you wanted one, you'd have one. I picked out a fine woman for you, but you wouldn't even meet her. What are you afraid of? You wait any longer, you'll marry a shikseh.

(snaps fingers - an idea)

That's the subject of my next speech -- "Mixed Marriages -- The Plague of Israel."

(picks up his address book)

Now -- your address. If you don't give it to me now, I'll have no choice but to fire you. This city's loaded with bookworms like you dying to be ghost writers.

HERMAN

(makes something up)
3918 Pelham Drive. In the Bronx.

RABBI

(writes)
And what's that old tailor's name?

HERMAN

Joe Pracz.

RABBI

Protsch. An unusual name. How do you spell it? I'll have them put in a phone and send me the bill.

HERMAN

(quickly)
You can't install one without his consent.

RABBI

Why should he care?

HERMAN

The ringing frightens him. It reminds him of Auschwitz.

RABBI

(snorts)
There are other refugees and they have telephones. Have it put in your room. It'll be better for him too. If he's sick, he can call a doctor or get help.

(shakes head)
Lunatics! Crazy people! This is
why Hitlers rise up!

(stops, goes to
around to Herman
sympathetically)

Look I wanted us to be friends,
but there's something about you
that makes it difficult. I could
help you a great deal, but you're
shut up like an oyster.

HERMAN

(hesitates, then
darkly)

I am no longer a part of this
world.

RABBI

(throws up his hands)

Cliches, empty words. I know
hundreds of concentration-camp
survivors, some of them were
practically on the way to the
ovens -- but they're doing fine,
they drive cars, they do business.
Either you're in the other world
or you're in this world. You're
playing a role, that's all. But
why? You should be open with me
of all people. What's troubling
you?

(stares at him)

Are you impotent? That's all
nerves. It's not organic.

HERMAN

I'm not impotent.

RABBI

What is it then? Well, I won't
force my friendship on you.

(goes to the door)

But I'm calling today and having
them put in a telephone.

HERMAN

(panicked, following)

No!

RABBI

Why? A telephone isn't a Nazi.
It doesn't eat people. If you
have a neurosis, go see a doctor.
It doesn't mean you're crazy.
Even I went to an analyst for a
time. I have a friend, a Dr.
Berchovsky from Warsaw. If I send
you to him, he won't overcharge
you.

The Rabbi opens the office door. TWO WORKMEN enter and begin to hang a huge, Rubensesque nude over his desk.

HERMAN

(flatly)

There's nothing wrong with me.

RABBI

My wife also insists there's
nothing wrong with her, but she's
a sick woman just the same. That's
why there are psychiatrists -- to
help us before we get so sick that
we have to be put away.

(ushering him out)

Go. Go finish the speech.

EXT. A DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Three stories with a broken porch and a vacant ground floor with boarded-up windows. Between an abandoned warehouse and a garage with a "For Sale" sign, it's on on the kind of street which can't decide whether to remain part of the neighborhood or give up and disappear. This is (super title):

THE BRONX

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

In the dim, curtained light of a sparsely-furnished living room, Herman is locked in a truly passionate, soul-devouring embrace with a thirtyish WOMAN in a paper-thin floral print dress. She dangles a cigarette from the small of Herman's back as she moans and clutches him to her, the tattooed numbers of a concentration camp visible on her bare arm.

With dark red hair of fire and pitch, dazzling white skin and light blue eyes with flecks of green, there is an amazing Magnani-like sexuality and intensity about her.

This is MASHA... Their kiss deepens and they seem lost in another world of unquenchable longing when there is a CREAKING noise...

MASHA
 (suddenly)
 My mother...

Like a caught child, she abruptly separates from Herman and faces

A DOOR

SHIFRAH PUAH shuffles in. Once beautiful, she is a fragile creature in her sixties with black hair streaked with grey, a mole on her upper lip and a bayonet scar on her left cheek from the first week of the Nazi invasion.

Half asleep, she squints for a moment, raises her small, long-fingered hands to smooth her hair, then:

SHIFRAH PUAH
 (finally recognizing him)
 Oh, Herman!... I've got in the habit of sitting down and falling off to sleep. Did I sleep long?

MASHA
 (to Herman)
 She walks around the house as quiet as a mouse. There are real mice here and I can't tell the difference any more.

SHIFRAH PUAH
 (sharply)
 You're beginning again.
 (sniffs)
 What do I smell? Is something burning?

MASHA
 (annoyed)
 Nothing's burning, Mama.
 (to Herman)
 She blames me for everything that happens.
 (sucking hungrily on her cigarette)
 It must be a Hitler sickness. In our camp, this informer blamed everybody for what she did herself.
 (snubs it out)
 There aren't any crazy people. The mad only pretend to be crazy.

SHIFRAH PUAH
 (grumbling)
 Everyone's sane -- only your
 mother is crazy.

She heads off shakily toward the kitchen.

MASHA
 (pursuing)
 I didn't mean that, Mama. Don't
 put words in my mouth.

SHIFRAH PUAH
 (to Herman)
 Listen to her carrying on. She
 always has to say something
 contrary, just like her father --
 may he rest in the Garden of Eden.

She starts off again, but immediately stumbles over the coffee
 table. Herman catches her. He and Masha help her onto the
 couch. She immediately goes into a coughing fit.

SHIFRAH
 (to Herman, re:
 Masha)
 It's her fault. She wouldn't let
 me die. I thought she was dead
 too. Then one day she finds me
 and the next she's already talking
 back to me. And then she marries
 that man -- Leon Tortshiner!
 (gestures to the
 Heavens)
 What a charlatan!
 (grabs Herman's arm,
 confidentially)
 My daughter can read the most
 difficult books, but when it comes
 to people she doesn't know her
 hands from her feet. Now she's
 been left sitting here -- a
 deserted wife!

MASHA
 (flatly)
 If I want to get married, I won't
 wait for a divorce.

SHIFRAH
 (groaning with the
 misery of the ages)
 Ayyyyy!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Through a third story window, Shifrah Puah, in her night robe, is visible reading her prayer book, her lips forming the words as she rocks back and forth.

MASHA (O.S.)

She infuriates me with her piety.
She's more devoted to material
things than any athiest.

PAN DOWN to Herman and Masha who are on the porch. Herman leans against a post watching Masha who -- tightly-wound -- looks up toward her mother.

MASHA

(paces, overwraught)

First she urges me to marry Leon
Tortshiner because he brings her
little cakes. Later she starts to
find fault with him-- God knows
why? What difference was it to me
who I married? After all I'd been
through, how could it matter?

She stops pacing, looks at Herman.

MASHA

(smiles seductively)

Speaking of marriage, how's your
little peasant? Did you tell her
you were on a book-selling trip
again?

HERMAN

What else?

MASHA

Where are you tonight?

HERMAN

Philadelphia.

MASHA

(suddenly suspicious)

What happens if she finds out
about us?

HERMAN

She'll never find out.

MASHA

There's always the possibility.

HERMAN
 (goes and holds her)
 She'll never separate us.

MASHA
 I'm not so sure.
 (breaks away from
 him)
 If you can spend so much time with
 an illiterate goose, perhaps you
 don't need anything better.
 (starts pacing again)
 And what sense is there in doing
 the dirty work for that swindler
 of a rabbi? At least become a
 rabbi and swindle in your own
 name.

HERMAN
 I can't do that.

MASHA
 (contemptuous)
 The truth is you're still hiding
 in that hayloft!

HERMAN
 (nods)
 Yes, that's the truth.

MASHA
 (looks up,
 frustrated)
When is she going to sleep?

As if on cue, the light goes off above them. Shifrah Puah has gone to bed.

Herman and Masha look at each other. Silently, they take each other's hand and start into the house.

INT. A TINY BEDROOM - NIGHT

With one window, lit by a small night lamp and cluttered with books and manuscripts, this is Herman's bedroom at Masha's place.

Herman and Masha -- on top of the sheet -- are making love rapturously, kissing and fondling each other as if they wanted their souls to intermingle and fuse. This is that rare thing -- a perfect sexual union -- transcendent and earth-moving.

In his love-making, Herman -- the inward intellectual -- is transformed into a joyful, almost childlike being. Masha is totally sensual, almost greedily lustful, as she strokes and holds him, moaning and crying out with pleasure and pain.

Herman thrusts harder, bringing them both to a shattering climax as he sobs with the petit mort of orgasm.

LATER

Sheets are scattered everywhere. The floors littered with chocolate wrappers, crumpled cigarette packages and empty Coke bottles.

Herman and Masha are on their stomachs, still naked and in a playful mood, as Herman draws on a pad, sketching a magical figure -- half man, half woman -- the proverbial "beast with two backs." He is quite gifted at it and does it beautifully in an ornate calligraphic style out of the Hebrew Caballah texts.

MASHA

I don't believe your peasant is really as cold as you say she is.

HERMAN

(as he draws)

Don't believe it.

MASHA

What about your first wife? Did you love her?

HERMAN

Tamara is dead.

MASHA

(creeps up on him,
eyes glowing)

Suppose I were to die? Or commit suicide? How long would you remember me? How long would you wait before finding another?

(turns his head)

Just this once. Be honest.

HERMAN

How long would you wait?

MASHA

(fiercely)

I would never have anyone again.

HERMAN

Is that the truth?

MASHA

(grins)

Yes, you devil, it's the holy truth.

She kisses him long and passionately. Then, with the suppleness of an acrobat, she slides her leg over on top of him, turns Herman over and they begin again... first playfully, then deeply, emotionally. It becomes so still in the room the scratching of a mouse can be heard under the floorboards.

MORE WRAPPERS, COKE BOTTLES, ETC. - EVEN LATER

PAN UP to Herman and Masha are sitting up in bed, naked, with the sheets half on and off them, eating, laughing, drinking. Tousled and flushed, they are now half giddy and exhausted. They've been going at it all night.

HERMAN

Suppose... suppose there were no men left on Earth -- would you do it with a woman?

MASHA

(thinks, smiles)

Mmm... Sure... why not?... Would you do it with a man?

HERMAN

(thinks)

Mmm... No, I don't think so.

(looks at her)

I wouldn't find my other half.

(grins)

But an animal -- a nice sheep or a goat... well....

(suddenly frowning)

Did you ever do it with a guard?

MASHA

(firmly)

Never!... Not that they weren't interested.

(smiles)

Of course there was this lieutenant at Dachau...

(horrified at her own thoughts)

Oh, no... No! Never, never, never!

She jumps to her feet and goes to the window.

MASHA
 (pulls back the
 drape)
 Look, Herman, it's dawn.
 (playfully)
 Time to go to work!

HERMAN
 (mockingly aghast)
 Work?!

He flops himself back onto the bed.

CLOSE - A LENGTHY MANUSCRIPT - DAY

A hand completes the sentence: "As in written in the Apocrypha,
 'Great is Truth, and mighty above all things.'"

HERMAN

puts down his pen, stops, thinks. He is sitting at the dining
 table in his apartment, working on his speech for the rabbi.
 He reaches for a weighty tome of Hebrew law when he notices

YADWIGA

in the kitchen, slaving over a mountain of ironing -- shirts,
 pants, underwear, socks.

HERMAN

watches her tenderly as she wipes some sweat from her brow.

HERMAN
 (puts aside his work)
 C'mon, shikseh. Let's take a
 holiday!

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

As it was in 1949 -- barkers, side shows, ferris wheels,
 shooting galleries, mediums who conjure the spirits of the dead
 for fifty cents. We hear the bright tones of more KLEZMER
 MUSIC.

HERMAN AND YADWIGA

are at a booth. Herman stands next to Yadviga who, looking
 awkward and foreign, closes her eyes, winds up and pitches a
 ball at the traditional pyramid of milk bottles. To everybody's
 amazement, they go flying.

Herman smiles as Yadviga shrieks with child-like delight when
 the BARKER hands her a giant toy rabbit. It's both sweet and
 endearing.

ON THE LOOP-THE-LOOP

The original. Yadviga holds on for dear life, clutching her rabbit with one arm, Herman with the other. This is fun for her. Herman is pleased.

ON THE BOARDWALK

amongst the CROWDS, Herman -- now carrying the rabbit -- strolls with Yadviga who snuggles up against him.

YADWIGA

(adoringly)

I am so happy... so lucky. God himself has sent you to me!

Herman, embarrassed by this and feeling vaguely unworthy, doesn't know what to say. He leads her into the "Tunnel of Love."

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both are asleep beneath the rabbit. Yadviga stirs. She looks at Herman, filled with love and desire. At length, she cannot stop herself from reaching out to him. He awakens. Looks at her, puzzled.

YADWIGA

(stroking him)

Herman... please... I want to become a Jew.... I want to haf your child.

Herman nods his assent. He is unable to hurt her.

HERMAN

(gently)

Come....

He draws her to him.

EXT. THE "EL" PLATFORM - DAY

Herman, a solitary individual holding a briefcase, waits apart from the crowd. The subway arrives. He hurries on.

EXT. RABBI LAMPERT'S HOUSE - DAY

The tomato red Cadillac in the foreground, Herman stands at the door, delivering the manuscript to MRS. REGAL -- the rabbi's crusty secretary. She eyes him suspiciously, takes the manuscript and closes the door.

EXT. A SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Stopped briefly at a station. Herman is glimpsed through a window, holding onto a strap. The train starts and he whirls away.

EXT. BRONX PARK ZOO - DAY

Herman is on a pay phone. Masha is visible in the background, pacing and smoking near where a pair of exhausted, over-heated polar bears doze in the shadow of an overhanging ledge.

HERMAN

(guilty)

Yadzia, I have bad news.

(glances back at

Masha)

I must stay in Baltimore another day.

A lion ROARS.

HERMAN

(into phone)

A bookstore. Where do you think I am?

The lion ROARS again.

HERMAN

This is a jungle bookstore. They sell jungle books.

(listens, then)

Yes, they have jungles in Baltimore... on the east side... near the desert. I'll call you tomorrow.

CLOSER ANGLE - MASHA

waiting impatiently as Herman walks up, a moody expression on his face. She stubs out her cigarette.

MASHA

(disapproving)

Look at that.

(tugs on his shirt)

A button missing again. I thought your peasant looked after you.

(contemptuously)

All she wants is for you to support her... Now, if you love me...

(takes him arm
possesively and
leads him off)
... you will take me to the
Catskills for my vacation.. just
like you promised!

EXT. HERMAN'S BEDROOM AT MASHA'S - NIGHT

Through the window, Masha is visible sitting astride Herman who is lying on his back. They are both naked.

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE MASHA

MASHA
(manic and
vulnerable)
Would you still want me if we both
died young and were buried in the
same plot and I came to you in
your grave -- would you still want
me?

HERMAN
(enthralled)
Yes, yes. Of course I would!
YES!!

He reaches up, pulling her down toward him. The lights go out.
The KLEZMER MUSIC swells.

CUT TO

INT. HERMAN'S BEDROOM AT MASHA'S - THE NEXT MORNING

Herman is sprawled by himself fast sleep amidst a tousled array of post-conjugal sheets and pillows. Light pours in on his face.

As he awakens, yawns, Shifrah Puah enters with fresh towels.

SHIFRAH
(depositing them on
the bed)
Masha says she will meet you at
the cafeteria at twelve.

Herman half nods, sits up.

SHIFRAH
And they're looking for you in the
newspaper. Here.

She hands him that morning's newspaper which has been folded back to the classifieds. Herman glances at it.

WHAT HE SEES

It is a personals advertisement reading: "Mr. Herman Broder of Tzikev, please contact Reb Abraham Nissen Yaroslaver. AT 9-5906."

SHIFRAH

nods weightily.

SHIFRAH

Nowadays if someone is looked for,
it's no small matter.

Herman tears the ad out of the paper.

INT. A DRUGSTORE - DAY

A few neighborhood people at the soda fountain. Herman, looking tense, enters the foreground phone booth, puts in his nickle and dials, holding the personals ad in front of him. The phone RINGS several times, increasing Herman's tension, before it picks up.

VOICE

(old and cracked)

Who is it? Hello?

HERMAN

This is Herman... Herman Broder.

Silence as if the person on the other end had to digest this information. Herman glances behind him where a woman is flirting with the soda jerk. Then:

VOICE

(excited but careful)

Herman? You have read the ad?
This is Reb Abraham Nissen
Yaroslaver. I have some amazing
news for you, but perhaps you
better come in person. Don't be
frightened. I will give you the
address.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Herman walks along rapidly, passing a kosher restaurant, a Yiddish-film theater, a ritual bath, a hall for weddings and bar mitvahs, a Jewish funeral parlor. He dodges women in babushkas, young boys in earlocks longer than Warsaw and older Hungarian Hasidim in broad-brimmed velvet hats. Indeed, the whole scene could be back in the old country because this is (super title):

THE LOWER EAST SIDE

Herman continues along, checking addresses until he approaches

A HOUSE ON EAST BROADWAY

He glances at the windows of the first floor apartment. They are hung with half curtains in an almost Nineteenth Century style.

Herman climbs the short flight of stairs and RINGS the doorbell. At first there is no response -- then the sound of WHISPERING comes from behind the door, as if those inside were debating whether or not to let him in.

Slowly the door opens and an old woman -- short, thin with wrinkled cheeks and a sunken mouth -- stands on the threshold. This is SHEVA HADDAS. In her high-collar dress and bonnet, she looks exactly like the pious women in Poland.

Hermans nods and follows her

INT. HOUSE

Everything about it is redolent of the past. Without speaking, they walk along a darkened foyer to

THE LIVING ROOM

where REB ABRAHAM NISSEN YAROSLAVER is waiting nervously by a faded armchair. He is short, stooped man with a pale face and full yellow-and-gray beard and disheveled sidelocks. He wears the broad, fringed garment and flattened skullcap of an Orthodox Jew.

REB ABRAHAM

(excitedly, to
Herman)

A miracle from Heaven!

(to his wife)

Call her in.

Herman watches as Sheva Haddas goes through a door and shuts it behind her. There is more WHISPERING, almost an argument, and then it reopens. Sheva Haddas emerges with a woman about Herman's age.

She wears American clothes and, with jet black dyed hair, rouged cheeks and plucked eyebrows, has obviously just visited a beauty parlour. Her hazel eyes seem to look at Herman sideways. This is TAMARA.

Herman is stunned.

HERMAN
(open-mouthed)
Tamara...

TAMARA
(guarded)
Hello, Herman.

REB ABRAHAM
(glowingly)
Your wife has returned!

He motions to his wife and they both leave the room.

HERMAN
(dazed)
I didn't know you were alive.

TAMARA
(sharply)
That's something you never knew.

Herman blanches for a moment.

HERMAN
Our children?

Tamara shakes her head. They are dead.

HERMAN
(at a loss)
Well, sit down. Here.

He gestures toward the sofa. Tamara sits, pulling down her dress over her shiny new nylon stockings. Herman hesitates, then starts to pace, not knowing how to deal with this.

HERMAN
(uncomprehending,
half to himself)
They said you were killed by a
firing squad.

TAMARA
(nods)
They shot two bullets into me.
(gestures to her hip)
One is still in my body.

HERMAN
(touches his
forehead)
It's as if you've risen from the
dead.

He stops pacing, looks at her. Tamara indeed has the otherworldly composure of someone who has seen it all.

TAMARA

(simply)

We were dumped in an open pit -- hundreds of us. They thought we were all dead, but I crawled over some corpses and escaped at night. It was raining or else the Nazis would have seen me.... Then I fled to Russia and lived in the woods for years.

Silence. Herman exhales slowly.

TAMARA

(studies him)

How is it my uncle didn't know where you were? We had to put an advertisement in the paper.

HERMAN

(vaguely)

I don't have my own apartment. I live with someone else.

TAMARA

(puzzled)

Where do you live? What do you do?

Herman wants to reply, but the words don't come out. He pulls a chair from the table and sits on the edge of it. Tamara regards him curiously.

HERMAN

(evasive)

I didn't know you were alive and--

TAMARA

(smiles wryly)

Who is the lucky woman who has taken my place?

HERMAN

(caught)

She isn't Jewish. She's the daughter of the Pole in whose house I hid during the war.

TAMARA

(curious)

A peasant? Who is she?

HERMAN
(hesitates, then very
quietly)
She was our... servant. You knew
her -- Yawwiga.

Tamara bursts out laughing.

TAMARA
You married her?

Herman nods.

TAMARA
(still amused)
Forgive me. But wasn't she
simple-minded? She didn't even
know how to put on a pair of
shoes. I remember your mother
telling me how she tried to put
the left shoe on the right foot.

HERMAN
(simply)
She saved my life.

TAMARA
(sardonic)
Was there no better way to repay
her?
(stands)
Well, I'd better not ask.
(looks at Herman)
Do you have any children by her?

HERMAN
(jumps to his feet,
taken aback)
Children? No!

TAMARA
(flatly)
It wouldn't shock me if you did. I
assume you crawled into bed with
her even when you were with me.

HERMAN
(angering)
I didn't crawl into her bed.
That's nonsense.

TAMARA

Really?

(shrugs)

We never had a marriage. All we did was argue.

HERMAN

(frustrated)

What was I supposed to do? One moment you were a Trotskyite, the next moment you were an anarchist!

TAMARA

(unruffled)

You never had any respect for me... my ideas.

(matter-of-factly)

Why don't you have any children by her?

Herman stares at her.

TAMARA

Why look at me like that? You married her.

HERMAN

(sighs)

Well, for a moment I thought you'd changed, but I see you're still the same.

TAMARA

(directly)

No, not the same. I am dead.

(indicating her new clothes)

They even put nylon stockings on me, dyed my hair and polished my fingernails, God help me, but I'm still dead. So I bear no grudges against anyone, nor am I dependent on anyone. I just hope you're not playing the same tricks on your new wife that you played on me.

Footsteps and voices are heard. Reb Abraham enters followed by Sheva Haddas.

REB ABRAHAM

(to Herman)

You probably don't have an apartment as yet. You may stay with us until --

TAMARA
(interrupts)
Uncle, he has another wife.

Sheva Haddas clasps her hands. Reb Abraham looks astonished.

HERMAN
(explaining himself)
There was an eyewitness who...

He stops himself, looks toward the door with a childish impulse to bolt from the room.

TAMARA
(reading him like a
book)
Don't run away. I won't force you
into anything.

SHEVA HADDAS
(holding her head)
This is what you read about in the
newspaper.

REB ABRAHAM
(baffled)
Why didn't you tell us?

HERMAN
(looks down)
I didn't want to trouble you.

Tamara rolls her eyes.

REB ABRAHAM
(trying hard to be
reasonable)
Well, I suppose it's not so
terrible.
(goes to Herman)
You didn't know she was alive, so
you weren't living illegally with
a woman.
(gesturing)
And I'm sure that you will.. as
soon as possible...

HERMAN
(pained)
Yes, I... uh...

He glances toward the door.

TAMARA

What do you want to do, Herman?
Divorce me?

HERMAN

(impulsively)

No.

TAMARA

(biting)

Then what shall I do? Move in
with your wife?

Herman doesn't answer. Reb Nissen and Sheva Haddas stare at him. Herman looks back and forth between them and like a trapped animal.

HERMAN

(agitated, to Tamara)

I don't know. I...

(backing up, to the
others)

I'm sorry. You must excuse me. I
have a pressing business
engagement...

(starting out)

I'm writing a book for this
Rabbi... It's complicated.

(checks his watch)

And I'm very late.

(to Tamara,
apologetically)

I'll call you.

Racing to leave, he stumbles and trips over a chair. He picks it up as he exits, leaving the three of them standing there.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - DAY

Herman hurries down the front stairs, anxious to get as much distance from the house as possible, and almost trips again, bumping into a couple of PEDESTRIANS as he reaches the sidewalk.

He takes a couple of more steps, then stops and stares back at the house in disbelief before continuing on through the shopping stalls.

EXT. FOURTEENTH STREET - LATER

Herman -- lost in thought, still trying to digest this experience -- wanders like a man in a dream along this commercial street. It is teeming with New Yorkers but he does not see them.

Jostled by the crowd, trapped at a stoplight, he is forced to stare straight at

A STOREFRONT LAWYER

with the words "DIVORCE -- \$15.00" taped to the window.

HERMAN

hesitates, thoughts churning, trying to decide what to do. But when the light changes, he moves on.

INT. TREMONT AVENUE CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

An austere working class cafeteria in the Bronx heavily populated with refugees but also with a sprinkling of locals.

Masha and Herman are seated at the end of a long table locked in an intense conversation. Masha is smoking like a furnace and tapping the table impatiently with a spoon.

MASHA

(very skeptical)

You were with a relative, huh?

HERMAN

(gestures,
explaining)

I didn't even know he was alive.

MASHA

(suspiciously)

Man or woman?

HERMAN

I told you -- a man.

MASHA

(gestures to the
cashier's desk)

You know I've been off work for
over an hour.

(eyes Herman)

What's his name?

HERMAN

(hesitates)

Feivl Lemberger.

(thinks)

A Talmudic scholar... In his
sixties.

A group of four people carrying trays -- including a SHARPIE in a flashy suit -- approach the table.

MASHA

(angering)

You think I'm an idiot?

(leans in and stares
at him)

I know who it is... It's that old
girl friend of yours --Eva
Kracover. She's been after you
since Warsaw!

SHARPIE

(checking her out as
they sit)

Hey, Masha...Great gams!

MASHA

(smiles at him)

Thanks, Benny.

Herman looks over at Benny with a flicker of jealousy. Masha
grins triumphantly, then:

MASHA

(bearing down)

It is Eva. She missed you so
badly, she put a notice in the
personals. You were so afraid I'd
see the name and number, you tore
it out of my mother's paper -

(lifting a paper from
under the table)

- but I got another one.

(points to the phone
booth)

I'm going to call right now and
find out the truth.

(scowling with
hatred)

This time you've hung yourself
with your own belt!

She stands. Herman, mortified, looks around. The people down at
the end of the table are grinning at him, including the Benny
the Sharpie.

HERMAN

(hardening)

All right. Go ahead.

(points to the booth)

Phone! I'm bored with your ugly
accusations.

ANOTHER ONLOOKER

Good, good. Don't let her push
around!

MASHA
(sits back down
again)
I'll call when I feel like it.

HERMAN
(arrogant)
If you don't have faith in me, our
whole relationship is senseless.

MASHA
(contemptuous)
It's senseless, all right!

BENNY
(egging her on)
That's right. Go on. You tell
'im!

MASHA
(jumps up again)
You have your shikseh and you have
me, but some bitch from Europe
shows up and you leave me to run
off and meet her.
(seething)
A whore like that probably has
syphilis too.

HERMAN
(stands)
That's not true. I haven't seen
Eva in years! It's --

MASHA
(furious)
I don't know why I stay with you.
You're a pathological liar and
bastard besides!

She turns and runs out of the restaurant. Herman, horrified,
looks after her, then glances briefly at the others. They're
enjoying the show.

BENNY
(shrugs,
commiserating)
Russians... They're hot-blooded.

Herman turns and hurries out of the cafeteria after her.

EXT. A BRONX STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Herman catches up with Masha about half way down the block. They are on the street where she lives.

They walk side by side a while without talking. When Herman sees that Masha is finally calming down, he takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

HERMAN

(sincerely)

My dead wife, Tamara, has risen from the grave. She's polished her nails and come to New York.

Masha rolls her eyes -- the tallest tale of all.

MASHA

(scornful)

Yes, of course...

(stops, looks at him)

You know, Herman, compared to you Leon Tortshiner was an honest man.

Herman shrugs, gestures. What can he do? Even the truth doesn't work.

MASHA

(shakes her head,
sighs)

And after all this, I was going to tell you -- I can take my vacation now.

HERMAN

(tenses)

Starting when?

MASHA

We can leave Sunday morning.

Herman doesn't know what to say. How is he going to handle that with Masha, Yadwiga and Tamara?

HERMAN

(gestures uneasily)

I don't know... This isn't a good time.

(he hesitates,
reaching into his
pocket)

All I have is two dollars and a few pennies.

MASHA

(flares up)

You did it deliberately. All year you promised to take me to the country and the last minute you changed your mind.

(fed up)

I'll go myself.

She starts off.

MASHA

(determined)

I don't need you. I'll pack a suitcase and go wherever my eyes lead me!

She continues on but after a few more steps, she stops and looks back at him.

Herman is standing there, looking confused and forlorn.

Masha starts to leave, but she can't. Try as she might, they are tied together. She takes out a cigarette and lights it. Feeling trapped, she slowly starts to walk back toward him.

INT. RABBI LAMPERT'S OFFICE - DAY

The rabbi mans three RINGING phones while writing a check for Herman who stands opposite him anxious to get this over with as quickly as possible. The ever-watchful Mrs. Regal types across the room.

RABBI

(into phone)

Mortuaries. Hoboken and Jersey City. Buy!

(hangs up, eyes

Herman)

Don't think you're fooling me, greenhorn. I know more than you think.

He hands a paycheck to Herman who nods his thanks nervously and starts out.

MRS. REGAL

(calling after him)

What about your phone?

HERMAN
 (hurrying out)
 I gave the rabbi my address.

He slips away, shutting the door behind him.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Herman heads rapidly down a tunnel.

He comes to an intersection with arrows pointing to "THE BRONX," "BROOKLYN" and "LOWER MANHATTAN."

He looks at them in confusion from one to the other, hesitates, shrugs, sighs, and chooses "BROOKLYN."

INT. TUNNEL

He gets half way down when he changes his mind and does an about-face, heading back to the

INTERSECTION

This time he picks "LOWER MANHATTAN."

EXT. THE LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Filled with Sabbath SHOPPERS. Herman walks with Tamara who is shopping among the old stalls with a straw bag. Today she seems older, not nearly as "done" as she had been for their initial meeting -- more European and more relaxed.

They pass the store-front of a matzo bakery where a trio of APRONED MEN slide the unleavened bread out of the oven and continue on to the HERRING VENDOR.

TAMARA
 (inspecting herring)
 My uncle keeps nagging me to come to a decision. He says you should divorce the other one; if not, you should divorce me.

HERMAN
 I can't get a Jewish divorce from Yadwiga. We weren't married under Jewish law.

TAMARA
 Are you at least faithful to her, or do you have six others?

She selects some herring and signals to the Vendor who takes it and weighs it up.

TAMARA

(turns to Herman)

You might as well tell me everything. It's pointless to hide now.

He cannot dodge her. She knows him too well.

HERMAN

I have a mistress.

TAMARA

(a fleeting smile)

I thought so. What can you talk about with Yadwiga.... Who is she?

HERMAN

(gestures)

From over there, from the camps.

TAMARA

Well, I see nothing's changed with you.

The Vendor comes back with the herring. Tamara pays him and they start off again.

ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET

They head back, Herman carrying the groceries.

TAMARA

This sweetheart of yours, does she accept this arrangement?

HERMAN

She has no choice. Her husband won't divorce her. And she's in love with me.

TAMARA

(interested)

Do you love her too?

HERMAN

(nods, shrugs)

I can't live without her.

TAMARA

(impressed)

Well, well, well, to hear such words from you! Is she beautiful? Intelligent? Charming?

HERMAN

All three.

TAMARA

(amused)

How do you manage it? Do you rush from one to the other?

HERMAN

(smiles, seeing the humor of it himself)

I do the best I can.

They disappear behind some refugees haggling at a sidewalk flea market.

INT. REB NISSEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tamara and Herman enter the house and continue into the

KITCHEN

Tamara turns on the light. Herman helps her put away the groceries. There is something oddly domestic about this despite their years of separation.

TAMARA

(highly curious)

What sort of person is your mistress?

HERMAN

A little crazy but tremendously interesting.

TAMARA

Children?

HERMAN

No. And she doesn't want any.

TAMARA

You're lying, Herman. If a woman loves a man, she wants to have his child. She wants to be his wife too and not have him run off to another woman.

She stops unloading the groceries and looks at him.

TAMARA

(coily)

Does she know about me?

HERMAN
 (glances at phone,
 suddenly worried)
 She read the notice in the paper
 and may call here at any time.

TAMARA
 What shall I say if she does?
 (smiles)
 That I'm your sister?

HERMAN
 I told her a cousin of mine had
 showed up, a man called Feivl
 Lemberger.

TAMARA
 (laughs)
 Shall I tell her that I'm Feivl
 Lemberger?

For the first time Tamara's eyes light up with gaiety. She is enjoying the conspiracy.... Herman smiles too. Her enjoyment is contagious.

Suddenly Tamara takes a step toward Herman, kisses him hotly on the mouth and steps away again.

Herman is aroused. He reaches out to embrace her, but as quickly as it came her mood is gone and she waves him off.

TAMARA
 Go. Go have Sabbath with your
 wife.

EXT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Through the window, Yadwiga, a napkin draped over her head, is visible lighting the Sabbath candles. We hear her reciting the ritual prayers, stiffly, nervously like a beginning student.

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S APARTMENT - LATER

They have almost completed the traditional meal. Yadwiga -- pleased with herself but insecure -- watches as Herman -- a distant, preoccupied expression on his face -- finishes the last of his cholent (Sabbath stew).

YADWIGA
 (apprehensive)
 Was good?

Herman nods. He gets up, grabs a newspaper and switches on a reading light.

YADWIGA
 (alarmed)
 You are breaking God's
 commandment.

HERMAN
 (abruptly)
 There is no God, do you hear?
 (heads for a chair)
 And if there were, He wouldn't
 care about lights on the Sabbath.

Tense, he sits and opens his paper. Yadiwiga studies him.

THE BEDROOM - LATER

Herman stands at the window, brooding as he stares out at the revolving colored lights of the giant ferris wheel. He turns to see

YADWIGA

-- immaculately washed and combed -- coming toward him in her night dress.

HERMAN
 (takes her hand, not
 wanting to hurt her)
 Yadzia... Tomorrow I must go to
 Indiana. It's a long trip and...

She places her hand over his mouth, shushing him.

EXT. A GREYHOUD BUS - DAY

speeds along the Hudson, heading North through the thick summer foliage. The sign on the front reads "CATSKILLS."

INT. GREYHOUND

Herman and Masha, dressed casual and summery, are seated among the busload of voluble VACATIONERS.

Herman is charting their path on a map of New York. Masha -- still very suspicious -- tries to read "The Naked and the Dead."

MASHA
 (obsessed, eyes
 Herman from behind
 her book)
 Have you slept with her yet?

HERMAN
(tenses, confused)
Who?

MASHA
Feivl Lemberger.

HERMAN
(relieved)
Not yet.

MASHA
(puts her book down)
Who is she? You might as well
tell me the truth.

HERMAN
(from behind his map)
I told you -- Tamara is alive and
she's here.

MASHA
Tamara is dead and rotting in the
earth.
(yells - out of
control)
Feivl is one of your sweethearts!

Several passengers heads turn.

HERMAN
(embarrassed, puts
down his map)
I swear by the bones of my parents
-- it isn't a sweetheart!

MASHA
(defiant)
Then tell me who she is.

HERMAN
A relative of mine. A broken
woman who has lost her children.

MASHA
(frustrated)
Then why did you say Feivl
Lemberger?

HERMAN
Because I know how suspicious you
are. If I mention a woman, you...

(he gestures, takes a
breath, looks at
her)

Do you really think Reb Abraham
Nissen Yaroslaver would put a
notice in the paper for a
sweetheart of mine? They're pious
people. I told you to call them
and find out for yourself.

MASHA

(hesitates, then
reluctantly)

Well, maybe this time you're
innocent.

(shakes her head,
vulnerable)

You'll never believe what I've
been through these last few days.

Masha softens, smiles. She curls her hand into his.

HERMAN

(relieved)

Little idiot! I love you.

He kisses her.

EXT. "KRETCHMAR'S COUNTRY CLUB" - TWILIGHT

Not the Kutscher's or Grossinger's of our time, this is a
funky, picturesque summer resort along Lake George with a main
house surrounded by about a dozen modest bungalows. A small
neon sign reads: "KOSHER & VEGETARIAN CUISINE."

Off in the distance, several pasty-faced urban VACATIONERS are
visible returning from the tennis courts and lake beach.

EXT. THEIR BUNGALOW PORCH - TWILIGHT

Herman and Masha, drinking Cognac from paper cups, are watching
the peaceful, bucolic scene of rowboats and canoes returning to
dock.

Masha refills her cup. She's already had a couple and is
feeling quite cheerful, whistling and swaying to the tune of
Benny Goodman record coming from an old Capehart strung through
their bungalow window.

MASHA

(plaffully, nodding to
the lake)

Where are the Nazis? What kind of
world is this without Nazis? A
backward country, this America.

Herman half smiles. The music segues into Billie Holiday doing "Our Love Is Here to Stay."

Herman watches as Masha kicks off her shoes and begins to dance.

MASHA
(half drunk)
That schwartzer can sing, huh?

In her clingy summer dress and sheer nylons, her hair pouring loosely down her back, Masha is extremely hot, almost animalistically sensual.

MASHA
(singing along to
Billie)
"It's very clear our love is
here to stay.
Not for a year -- but ever and
a day."
(to Herman)
C'mon, yeshiva boy, let's see what
you can do.

Herman goes to dance with her. Instantly they melt into each other.

As they dance, we see the expression on their faces. Masha is transported. Herman, like a clown, is happy, but somehow sad.

EXT. WIDE SHOT - BUNGALOWS -NIGHT

The sound of crickets. Masha is visible through the kitchen window, the most domestic we have seen her, chopping vegetables.

Outside, against the wall of their bungalow, Herman is talking on the pay phone.

CLOSER ANGLE - HERMAN

He frowns, listening intently to Yadviga on the other end.

HERMAN
(genuinely touched)
I'm sorry, Yadzia... I'm working
as fast as I can. I promise not to
stay away too long.
(listens, smiles)
I kiss you too.
(kissing into the
receiver)
Mmmm..aah!

He hangs up and walks back around the side of the building into the

INT. BUNGALOW

Masha -- standing by a small naphtha stove -- is facing him like a banshee.

MASHA

Now I know the truth.

HERMAN

(freezes)

What truth?

MASHA

(infuriated)

I heard you.

(points through the wall)

You miss her. You can hardly wait till you're back with her again.

HERMAN

(shrugs, caught)

She's all alone. Helpless.

MASHA

(beside herself)

And what about me?

(advancing on him)

This is my vacation.

HERMAN

(backing up)

Of course, it's --

MASHA

(despondent)

We're here one night and you go running to the phone to call your peasant.

(pushing him backward)

Just get out of here. Go!

(shoving him out the door)

I don't ever want to see you again!... Ever!

EXT. BUNGALOW

Herman comes stumbling down the front step. A split second later, the copy of "The Naked and the Dead" comes flying past him, narrowly missing the side of his head.

HERMAN

shivers. He stands there a moment, trying to recover his equilibrium, then wanders slowly down through some trees to the

WATER'S EDGE

gazing out at the moonlit lake. We hear the eerie sound of a LOON.

HERMAN

continues to stare a moment when the sound of the loon gradually changes into the distant YIPPING of DOGS.

He cocks his ear and the YIPPING grows louder, followed by the violent CRUNCH of BOOTS on hard earth.

Herman tenses. He turns.

WHAT HE SEES

Through the woods, a TRIO OF NAZI SS MEN being pulled toward him by a phalanx of vicious Dobermen.

HERMAN

is constricted. Suddenly, we hear the BEATING of his heart -- lubdub... lubdub -- just as in his dream.

THE SS MEN

draw closer, the dogs GROWLING ferociously.

HERMAN

-- terrified -- his heart BEATING wildly -- tries to wave them away. But

THE SS

are not deterred. They are practically upon him, the jaws of the Dobermen widening.

HERMAN

SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

HERMAN
 (shouting)
 No!...No!... Go away!
 (desperately trying
 to break his
 hallucination)
 NOOOOO!

He picks up a large rock and heaves it toward them.

THE ROCK

passes through the SS as if they were air -- holographic visions -- and SPLASHES into the lake. The Nazis have vanished as quickly as they appeared.

HERMAN

stands there a moment, quivering, never sure they are really gone.

SEVERAL VACATIONERS

stick their heads out of the bungalows, wondering what's going on.

HERMAN

slowly turns and walks back to his bungalow.

Masha is standing in the open doorway, swilling cognac straight from the bottle.

He ushers her in.

INT. BUNGALOW

They stare at each other. They've both seen too much.

HERMAN
 (gently takes the
 bottle from her
 hand)
 This is not the way.

MASHA
 (wryly)
 What is the way?

She sits down on the edge of the bed and lights a cigarette.

Herman puts down the bottle and sits next to her. Slowly, lovingly, he begins to unbutton her dress.

MASHA

(exhales)

Where was I five years ago this time?

(stops, thinks,
remembers)

Still among the dead.

EXT. THE TENNIS COURT - THE NEXT DAY

A shirtless RABBI in a skullcap and shorts is playing tennis with his WIFE in an obvious Orthdodox wig. He hits a ball and she swings awkwardly, missing it by a good three feet and almost falling over.

RABBI

(impatient)

No, no, no. Bend your knees and hit through the ball.

A handsome young WAITER comes by carrying a tray of drinks. FOLLOW him down to the

LAKE BEACH FRONT

where a couple of CHUNKY WOMEN in undersized bathing suits are stretched out on the sand surrounding Masha whose own suit is considerably more flattering.

WOMAN 1

(to Masha)

So, Mrs. Broder, how long have you been married? Any children? My Paulie's the apple of my husband's eye.

WOMAN 2

(wearily)

Your Paulie's eleven years old and still wets his bed.

Masha rolls her eyes and looks down for help toward

HERMAN

who has been buttonholed by an elderly WINDBAG against the tennis court fence.

WINDBAG

(not letting Herman
off)

Now let's see... Broder... I had a relative named Broder, a third cousin...from Lemberg.

(frowns)
Or was it Tarnow? No, I think it
was Drohobitch.

A set of CHIMES start to RING.

HERMAN
(relieved)
Lunch... Excuse me.

He heads eagerly for Masha when he sees

REB ABRAHAM NISSEN AND SHEVA HADDAS

--Tamara's uncle and aunt -- fully-dressed -- coming toward
him.

Herman's mouth drops open.

REB ABRAHAM
(startled)
Herman, what are you doing here?

HERMAN
(evasively)
Oh, I, uh.... come here all the
time...
(glancing nervously
toward Masha who is
looking for him)
... to write!

REB ABRAHAM
(nods, relieved)
Ah, it must be a good place for
that. This is our second visit.

SHEVA HADDAS
Excellent Kosher food.

Herman nods agreeably while maneuvering himself out of Masha's
view.

REB ABRAHAM
Why don't you have lunch with us?

HERMAN
(immediately)
No. That's not possible.

REB ABRAHAM
(frowns)
Is your wife here?

He looks around suspiciously.

HERMAN

(nervous)

Oh, that... No, of course not... I
just have to work.

(backing off)

Work, work, work.... You know --
deadlines.

(waves)

Maybe I'll see you for dinner.

He does an about-face and marches directly in the opposite
direction of Masha around the

SIDE OF THE BUILDING

continuing all the way down to the far end where he hides
behind a tool shed.

He rolls his eyes and takes a deep, momentary breath of relief,
before leaning around the corner to see

MASHA

walking around the beach in confusion, looking for him. Most of
the others are heading toward the dining area.

HERMAN

creeps his way out onto beach..

MASHA

(spots him, goes
toward him)

Where've you been? I'm so hungry!

Herman anxiously looks one way - it's blocked by the tennis
court. Then the other - it's barricaded by a high hedge.

Without a choice, he takes a surprised Masha by the arm and
starts leading her toward the water.

HERMAN

(guiding her toward
the boats)

Let's go for a ride.

MASHA

(objecting)

It's lunch time.

HERMAN

(holds his stomach)

I can't eat. I'm feeling sick.

MASHA
 (non-plussed)
 And you want to go on a boat?!

He quickly escorts her onto a canoe and starts pushing off.

MASHA
 (alarmed)
 Neither of us knows how to swim!

Paying no heed, Herman climbs into the stern and starts paddling away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MINUTES LATER

Herman is paddling awkwardly around the back of the main house, Masha holding onto the sides for dear life, when Herman notices they are headed directly for

REB ABRAHAM AND SHEVA HADDAS

eating their lunch on picnic tables by the water's edge. As they look up

HERMAN

immediately grabs Masha and pulls her down onto the floor of the canoe with him.

MASHA
 (astonished)
 What're you doing?

HERMAN
 (impassioned)
 Sometimes I don't know how to control myself!
 (pulling her closer
 so the two of them
 are hidden against
 the gunnels)
 I'm so crazy about you I can't keep my hands off you!

He starts kissing her all over.

MASHA
 (flattered)
 Herman...!

She starts kissing him back.

ON REB ABRAHAM AND SHEVA HADDAS

staring out in perplexity at the water.

WHAT THEY SEE

A empty canoe drifting seemingly at random.

Suddenly it appears to be approaching a jagged rock. As if out of nowhere, a paddle shoots out over the side of the boat and shoves it off.

ANOTHER PART OF THE LAKE - TWILIGHT

A beatific scene as the sun dips beneath the trees.

THE CANOE

comes around a spit of land, Herman paddling again now, Masha sitting pensively opposite him. She is calculating to herself.

MASHA

(at length)

It's been seven weeks since I've had my visitor.

Herman stops paddling a moment, wondering what she means. Then realizes.

MASHA

I'm never late.

HERMAN

(flatly)

See a doctor.

MASHA

They can't tell so soon. I'll wait another week. An abortion in America costs five hundred dollars.

(suddenly worrying)

And it's dangerous too. A woman in the cafeteria got blood poisoning and that was the end of her. What an ugly way to die!

(turns to him)

And what would my mother do if anything happened to me? I'm sure you would let her starve.

HERMAN

(aggravated)

Don't get melodramatic. You're not dying yet.

He paddles on.

INT. HERMAN AND MASHA'S BUNGALOW - THAT NIGHT

Herman and Masha are fast asleep, moonlight shining in through the sheer curtains. Suddenly Masha bolts upright, as if in a nightmare.

MASHA

(crying out)

Herman, I'm afraid of an operation!

Herman opens his eyes, at first unsure where he is, then...

HERMAN

(trying to calm her)

Don't worry. You'll be all right.

MASHA

(grabs him)

Perhaps Leon will divorce me. I'll speak frankly to him. If he won't divorce me, the child will bear his name.

HERMAN

(shakes his head firmly)

I can't divorce Yadwiga.

MASHA

(jumps up in anger)

You can't?!... When the king of England wanted to marry the woman he loved, he gave up his throne, and you can't get rid of a stupid peasant!

HERMAN

(sits up, putting on his slippers)

You know a divorce would kill Yadwiga.

MASHA

(unbending)

I know nothing of the sort.

(snaps on the light, illuminating her white nightgown)

You married her in a civil ceremony. Marry me in a Jewish ceremony. I don't need their Gentile papers!

HERMAN

(stands, agitated)
It'd be bigamy -- worse...
(amazed himself)
Polygamy!

MASHA

(pacing)
No one will ever know. As long as
there's no marriage certificate,
no one can prove that we're man
and wife. You can burn the ketuba
right after the marriage ceremony.

HERMAN

But--

MASHA

(emphatically)
Let me finish!

She stops, looks at him. Herman tenses like a caged animal.

MASHA

(suddenly calm)
I've been thinking about this all
day. If you won't agree, you can
leave this minute. I'll find a
doctor who will perform the
operation, but don't you ever show
your face to me again.

(she stops, looks at
him)

I'll give you one minute to
answer.

HERMAN

(a last ditch
attempt)

You're asking me to break the law.
I'll be afraid of every policeman
in the street.

MASHA

You're afraid anyhow.
(unyielding)
Answer me!

HERMAN

(at length)
Yes.

They are silent for a long time, staring at each other.

MASHA

(suddenly insecure)

Are you just saying that? Or will
I have to start all over again
tomorrow?

HERMAN

(simply)

No, it's settled.

(he thinks, shrugs)

But according to Jewish law, our
baby will be a bastard anyhow. It
was conceived before your divorce.

MASHA

(mocking)

Jewish law and and all the other
laws mean as much to me as last
year's frost. I'm only doing it
for my mother, only for her.

Herman looks at her, nods, an intense feeling of claustrophobia
overcoming him. He suddenly puts on his jacket and walks out
the door.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAWN

Herman continues a few steps down to the end of a path. He
stands there awhile, completely depleted and emotionally
drained, listening to the birds chirp as the first russet light
of day creeps over the neighboring hill.

At length Masha emerges, barefoot in her nightgown, her hair
tousled, a cigarette between her lips. She walks up beside him.

MASHA

(looks at Herman
passionately)

I've wanted your child since the
day we met.

INT. REB NISSEN'S LIVING ROOM -EVENING

Tamara is dusting and straightening up unenthusiastically when
there is a KNOCK on the door.

She hesitates a moment, wondering who that could be -- her
uncle and aunt are gone -- then goes through the foyer to the

FRONT DOOR

and peers through the peep hole. She opens the door
immediately.

It's Herman. He enters, ashen-faced, carrying his suitcase. She's surprised and pleased to see him.

TAMARA

Herman, what're you --

HERMAN

(confessing
immediately)

I'm marrying again.

In a state of total despair, he puts down his suitcase.

TAMARA

(uncomprehending)

A third wife? Who?

HERMAN

Masha.

TAMARA

(dumbfounded)

I thought she had a husband.

HERMAN

She's divorcing him. She's pregnant.

TAMARA

(acerbic)

Well, congratulations. You're going to be a father again.

HERMAN

(overwrought)

I'm going crazy. That's the bitter truth.

Tremendously distraught, he starts pacing about the room.

TAMARA

(touches her head,
stunned)

Were you always like this? Or did the war do it? I don't really remember what kind of human being you used to be.

HERMAN

(gestures, agonized)

I'm caught in a vise and I can't free myself.

TAMARA
 (shakes her head,
 sadly)
 I can't believe you've come to me
 under these circumstances.

He stops pacing, looks at her like a lost child.

TAMARA
 (looks at him, sighs
 wearily)
 Oh, come on. I'll get you
 something to eat.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Herman is seated at the small kitchen table opposite Tamara, finishing an omelet. There is a bottle of wine between them and they are both reminiscing over old times.

TAMARA
 My cousin Isaac married Helen
 Edela, remember her? They met
 again in the camp.

Suddenly a cloud comes over Herman, as if he were imagining the most horrible monsters. He looks away, then back again.

HERMAN
 (darkly)
 I don't want to go home, Tamara.
 I can't face Yadviga yet.

TAMARA
 (looks at him wryly)
 And you'd read rather stay here
 among the dead?

INT. TAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara lies in her bed. Herman is on a couch across the room. There is a night light on.

Both are trying to sleep unsuccessfully. Herman, particularly, is having trouble on the small couch. He turns over again when...

TAMARA
 I have a sleeping pill, if you
 want one.
 (matter-of-factly)
 Why should you toss and turn all
 night?

Herman looks at her a moment, then

HERMAN

(shyly)

If I were lying with you, I would sleep.

Tamara doesn't reply immediately. Then...

TAMARA

(sighs)

All right. Come into my bed.

Herman climbs off the couch and slips under the covers next to Tamara. He doesn't touch her, but stays on his side with his face toward her, lying still, as embarrassed as a bridegroom on his wedding night.

Tamara lies on her back, motionless.

TAMARA

(at length)

You won't believe me, but sometimes our little David and Yocheved come to me in the night. They talk till morning, but when I wake up, I don't remember any of it.

HERMAN

(quietly)

I believe you.

Herman edges closer in the bed. They lie there awhile as something powerful starts to eat at Herman. It grows until, unable to contain himself, he sits up on one elbow.

HERMAN

(disturbed)

Tamara, I want to ask you something.... During all those years you never had one single man?

TAMARA

(taken aback)

Suppose I did?

HERMAN

(calm)

You may be perfectly honest with me.

TAMARA

(taunting)

Then why are you shaking?

HERMAN
 (affronted)
 I am not.
 (sits up,
 emphatically)
 Answer me!

He snaps on the bed lamp. Slowly, Tamara sits up and faces him.

TAMARA
 (guarded)
 Yes, I did have someone.
 (shrugs)
 In Russia. Everything happened
 there.

HERMAN
 (single-minded)
 Who was it?

TAMARA
 (surpresses a laugh)
 A man, not a woman.

HERMAN
 (relentless)
 One? Several? If you've told me
 this much, you might as well tell
 me everything.

Tamara studies him. She is surprised and secretly pleased to see the flames of jealousy starting to ignite in him.

Quietly, almost flirtatiously, she begins counts to herself. As she does so, he becomes more and more aroused.

TAMARA
 (finally)
 Three.

HERMAN
 (aghast)
 Three men?

TAMARA
 (shrugs)
 I didn't know you were alive. And
 I assumed if you were...
 (she smiles
 seductively)
 ...you'd be doing the same thing.

HERMAN

(livid)

Well, you're a whore!

She laughs and throws open her arms to him.

TAMARA

(mockingly)

Didn't I tell you?

Unable to contain his lust, he falls in her outstretched arms and they begin to make love in a torrent of passion.

LATER

A wind blows through the open window, billowing the thin curtains into the room. It is dark.

PAN OVER to Tamara who, tears in her eyes, stares at the ceiling. At length, she turns and reaches over toward Herman, starts to shake his arm, trying to wake him.

TAMARA

(anguished)

Herman, I want you to know the truth.

She shakes him again. He opens his eyes, still half asleep.

TAMARA

I had no one -- not three men, not one, not even half a man.

HERMAN

(sits up, groggy)

You're lying.

TAMARA

(shakes her head)

No, Herman. Over there, women gave themselves to men they hardly knew. But when someone tried to get close to me, I always saw the faces of our children before me.

Herman looks at her, nods. He knows she's telling the truth.

EXT. HERMAN'S BUILDING - DAY

Yadwiga is pacing in front of three clucking NEIGHBORS who are seated on the front stoop. One of them rocks a baby in a pram. Several advertisements for the Jewish High Holy Days are plastered to the wall behind them.

YADWIGA

(distressed)

I bake special New Year challah. I make carp's head like I am supposed to. Then he calls and says he cannot be there. He must sell Encyclopedia Brittanica.

(bewildered)

What is Encyclopedia Brittanica?

(shakes her head)

Now he said he must go to Indiana. What is Indiana?

NEIGHBOR

(sarcastic)

"What is Indiana?" What is alimony is what you should be asking.

SECOND NEIGHBOR

You need a lawy--

The women instantly fall silent.

HERMAN

is walking toward them, carrying his suitcase.

He walks on a few feet and stops, takes in the scene.

HERMAN

(gesturing)

Yadwiga.

She goes to him.

THE WOMEN

look on disapprovingly as Yadwiga follows him into the house.

EXT. HERMAN'S STREET IN CONEY ISLAND - EVENING

JEWS of all sorts head for the various synagogues on Yom Kippur -- the Day of Atonement.

Among them, the ancient, white-bearded REBBE of an Hasidic Sect is surrounded by a group of his devout FOLLOWERS who half carry him as they escort him to their synagogue like a divine holy man.

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Herman and Yadwiga, dressed for the holiday like a pious Jew, are emerging from the bedroom in the midst of an argument.

HERMAN

(bitter, angry)

I will NOT go to synagogue once-a-year like these assimilated hypocrites who call themselves Jews!

YADWIGA

(beside herself)

But... Herman... Herman... We have tickets. And the neighbors. They say you have a mistress. They say you--

Furious, Herman SLAPS her hard across the cheek and pushes her against the wall. Yadviga bursts into tears, doubling over and holding her face.

YADWIGA

(sobbing)

Oh, Herman, you have hit me on Yom Kippur -- the holiest day of the year.

Herman immediately feels ashamed.

HERMAN

(goes and puts his arm around her)

I'm sorry, Yadzia... I'm sorry.

She burrows her face against him, crying.

CLOSE - THE BEDROOM CHEST OF DRAWERS - LATER

Yadviga has gone to services.

Herman opens a middle drawer and reaches way into the back, fumbling around a moment before he pulls something out and looks at it.

WHAT HE SEES

A faded sepia photograph of his two murdered children.

CLOSE SHOT - HERMAN

A look of unspeakable sadness.

LATER

He is lying on his back on the bed, his clothes still on, staring up at the ceiling. Soon the redemptive sounds of KLEZMER MUSIC drift in through the open window, soothing his soul.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - DAY

Blustery and autumnal. Herman hurries past some squawking seagulls like a man being followed. He comes to the

SURF CAFETERIA

-- a seedy local joint fronting on the ocean.

A squat, coarse-faced MAN of about fifty who resembles a Tartar with a square-shaped head and obviously dyed hair is waiting out front when Herman walks up to him.

HERMAN

Tortshiner?

The man nods.

TORTSHINER

Broder?

Herman nods. The two men scrutinize each other. Leon Torshiner is Masha's husband.

INT. SURF CAFETERIA - DAY

Herman is moving along the line with Tortshiner whose tray is already half piled with food.

TORTSHINER

(picking up some
compote)

I have every reason to be your enemy, Broder, but I'll tell you right off that I'm here for your sake.

(gestures to the
deserts)

Have some cheese cake. You can afford it.

(winks)

I have to watch my weight.

(takes two plates of
egg cake for
himself)

That's why I take egg cake.

Herman reaches for a cup of tea.

TORTSHINER

(taking two creams)

Masha told me you are something of a writer, but I'm a scientist.

(looks at Herman)
And I know, before one acts, one
must have all the facts.

HERMAN
(skeptically)
What are the facts?

TORTSHINER
The facts are that Masha bought
the divorce from me at a price
that no honest woman should pay,
even if her life depended on it.

They come to the CASHIER.

Herman is suddenly highly disturbed by what he is hearing. He
reaches automatically for his wallet.

TORTSHINER
(all magnanimity -
Herman only has a
cup of tea)
No, no. This is on me.

He pays the cashier and they head for a table.

TORTSHINER
(expansively)
Normally I would have no reason to
take this interest in you. But I
struck up an acquaintance with
your employer -- a Rabbi Lampert.
He says you suffered a great deal
during the war.

Herman half nods. He looks stunned. They sit. Tortshiner
immediately puts down his cigar and starts to gorge himself.

HERMAN
(choked, barely
audible)
What price?

TORTSHINER
(cupping his ear as
he chews)
I can't hear. Speak a little
louder.

HERMAN
(spits it out)
I said what price did she pay?

TORTSHINER

(snorts)

You know what price. You're not so naive. Masha drives men crazy. She almost drove me crazy.

(leans in)

She probably told you I stole Professor Wolkowksi's work at the University of Warsaw. Nonsense. He stole mine.

(prods with his fork)

Later I was a Black Marketeer. So what? So was she. With what was going on, we all had to survive some way. Even in Auschwitz, people were making deals.

HERMAN

(in turmoil,
determined to find
out)

What price did she pay, Mr. Tortshiner?

TORTSHINER

(points to table)

Drink your coffee. It's getting cold....

(looks at Herman)

Did you know your Masha was the lover of a Red Army deserter who smuggled gold from Bessarabia?

(back to his food)

I won't try to deny it -- I still love her...

(looks at Herman)

Anyway, things went bad for us and we'd been apart for almost two years when she called me up and said she wanted to see me.

Herman's eyes are glued to him. At last Tortshiner is coming to the point.

TORSHINER

She came all dressed up, fit to kill as they say. I heard about you, but she began to tell me the whole story, as if it had only happened yesterday. She'd fallen in love, gotten pregnant, wanted a divorce, blah-blah-blah.

(smirks)

She sat down in front of me and crossed her legs like an actress posing for a photograph. I said: "You behaved like a prostitute when you were with me, now pay the price." She hardly protested. "We're still man and wife," she said. "I guess it's permitted."

(back to his food)

To this day I don't know why I did it. Vanity perhaps. Anyway, I met Rabbi Lampert and he told me about you. I realized she'd caught you in her net as she had me.

(shrugs)

I suppose she's attracted to intellectuals.

HERMAN

(churning)

I won't marry her.

TORTSHINER

(nods)

Can't say I blame you. You never know with Masha. She's just the type to have a bastard and then where would you be?

HERMAN

(stands, overcome)

Well, I must go now. Thank you very much.

He starts out.

TORTSHINER

(beckons to him)

Broder, one last thing.

Herman stops.

TORTSHINER

(darkly)

Every female sits in her own net like a spider waiting for a fly. If you don't run away, they'll suck the last drop of life out of you.

HERMAN

(grim)

Good-bye.

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Herman sits at the dining table wearing a prayer shawl, reading the Talmud as he did as a child in Tizkev. This is the first time we have seen him appearing at all religious. The phone is RINGING but he chooses to ignore it.

HERMAN

(intoning)

"And these are the duties the wife performs for the husband. She grinds, bakes, washes, cooks, nurses her child, makes the bed and spins wool."

The phone stops ringing. Herman shrugs, continues.

HERMAN

"Rabbi Eliezer says: Even if she brought him a houseful of servants, he should force her to spin wool because idleness leads to insanity."

The phone starts RINGING again.

Yadwiga comes in from the kitchen holding an iron in one hand and a pan of water in the other.

YADWIGA

(frustrated)

Why don't you answer the telephone?

HERMAN

(dismissive)

I'll never answer the phone again on a holiday. And if you want to become Jewish, don't iron on Shmini Atzeres.

YADWIGA

(confused)

You write on the Sabbath, not I.

HERMAN

(emphatically)

I won't write on the Sabbath anymore. If we don't want to become like the Nazis, we must be Jews.

The phone stops RINGING again.

YADWIGA
 (steps toward him,
 quietly)
 When will I become Jewish?

HERMAN
 (nods, gestures)
 I'll talk to the rabbi. I'll
 teach you how to say the prayers.

YADWIGA
 (apprehensively)
 Will we have a child?

HERMAN
 (sighs)
 If God wills it, we'll have one.

Yadwiga flushes. She seems overcome with joy.

Herman returns to his studying.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Herman and Yadwiga are in bed. Yadwiga sleeps beatifically, but Herman, wide awake, stares at the ceiling.

The phone is RINGING again. Herman lies there a moment, debating, then finally gets up and leaves the room, shutting the door behind him.

LIVING ROOM

He approaches the phone with trepidation, picks it up.

HERMAN
 (furtively)
 Hello.

There is no answer.

HERMAN
 Who is it?

Again no response.

HERMAN
 (unable to contain
 himself)
 You whore!

MASHA (O. S.)
 (gasps)
 Are you still alive? What's
 happened to you?

HERMAN

(shouts)

What's happened to me is I've found out you're a despicable creature! I curse the day I met you! Slut!

MASHA (O. S.)

(mortified)

My God! What have I done?

HERMAN

(total contempt)

Paid for your divorce with prostitution!

INT. MASHA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Masha, in her nightgown, is in a fit of trembling as she holds onto the telephone.

MASHA

(nearly choking)

Who told you this? Leon? He's a vicious devil and --

HERMAN (O. S.)

(flatly)

He spoke the truth.

MASHA

(beside herself)

The truth is he asked me, but I spat in his face. If I'm lying, may I not live to wake up in the morning. May I never have rest in my grave. Bring us face to face. If he dares to repeat this ugly lie, I'll kill him myself.

(screams)

Oh, Father in heaven! He isn't a Jew, he's a Nazi!

INT. HERMAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Masha is WAILING so loudly that he must hold the receiver away from his face. Finally, this rekindles his anger.

HERMAN

(shouting into the phone)

You had a lover here in America!

INT. MASHA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MASHA

(totally histrionic)

If I had a lover here in America,
may I get cancer. If Leon made it
up, may the curse fall on him. If
he's telling the truth may the
child in my womb die!

INT. HERMAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HERMAN

(overwhelmed)

Stop it! You're swearing like a
fishwife!

INT. MASHA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tears are streaming down her face.

MASHA

(into the phone, from
the bottom of her
heart)

I don't want to live any more!

Masha convulses in sobs.

INT. HERMAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He stares at the telephone receiver, listening to her wracking
SOBS. What can he do? He can't bear any more of this.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. A SMALL SYNAGOGUE IN THE BRONX - MONTHS LATER

It is now early winter, a few stray flakes of snow flying about
in the grey air.

INT. THE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Of the type that's obviously seen better days. A couple of OLD
TIMERS sit in the back, half-asleep and dovening over long dead
relatives.

Herman and Masha stand before an anorexic RABBI who is reading
the marriage vows in Hebrew. Masha, six months pregnant, looks
radiant. Herman seems resigned. Shifrah Puah, standing a few
feet away, looks on in stone-faced disapproval.

EXT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S BUILDING - DAY

Several of the neighbors, including the white-haired woman, huddled about a heater in their top coats, are gossiping intently with Yadwiga.

Suddenly they stop talking, look over.

HERMAN

-- also in a heavy coat and carrying his briefcase -- is approaching. He stops short.

THE WOMEN

stare at him. For a moment we think he has been caught when Yadwiga -- looking happy and shy -- separates herself from the group and comes over to him.

She glances back nervously at the women, then takes a step closer to him.

YADWIGA

(glowing with pride)

Herman... I am pregnant.

Herman's heart stops. Another!

HERMAN

(doing his best not
to scream)

Yadzia, that's wonderful.

The women rush up to congratulate him.

INT. MASHA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Masha, more pregnant than ever and looking momentarily quite domestic, is cooking and half-singing along to "Happy Talk" from "South Pacific" on the radio.

In a gay, almost manic, mood, she puts down her spoon, dries her hands and dances into

THE LIVING ROOM

where Herman is seated a table, trying to work. Shifrah Puah is ensconced in the opposite corner, huddled grimly over her prayer book.

Masha, humming and dancing, watches Herman a moment, waiting for him to look up from his writing. Then

MASHA

(annoyed)

What's the matter with you?
Either you're with your peasant or
you're working.

(takes his hand)

We're married now, remember?

(placing it on her
pregnant stomach)

Husband and wife.

Herman nods. He doesn't need to be reminded. He turns back to his work.

MASHA

(slides her hands
down his chest, nods
toward Shifrah Puah)

C'mon, Yeshiva boy, show your
mother-in-law how we dance.

SHIFRAH PUAH (O. S.)

(spits out defiantly)

I'm not his mother-in-law. He's
not my son-in-law. This is all a
farce!

MASHA

(suddenly enraged)

Why do you do this to me? Why do
I have to live with you?

(advancing on her)

It's your fault we had to legalize
our love with this bourgeois
institution!

SHIFRAH

(holds her head in
agony)

Ayyy!

Masha, a strange intensity in her eyes, stares at her mother in total hostility.

Herman, pained, almost sick to his stomach, desperately wishes he were elsewhere. He looks out the

WINDOW

A light snow floats down, illuminated in a lamp post.

DISSOLVE TO

WINDOW SHOT - THE FERRIS WHEEL - MORNING

As the flurries continue over Coney Island. PAN OVER to

MIRROR SHOT - HERMAN

Back in his own apartment, standing in the bathroom. His face is covered with shaving lather, but it does not cover the deep, tired sadness around his eyes. He picks up his razor and is about to shave when the phone RINGS. He wipes off some cream and goes into the

BEDROOM

HERMAN

(picks up the phone)

Hello.

SHIFRAH PUAH (O.S.)

(stammering, barely
audible)

Herman... Masha -- is sick!

HERMAN

(alarmed)

What is it?

SHIFRAH PUAH (O. S.)

(desperately)

Come quickly - please!

She hangs up. Herman puts down the receiver, looks over to see

YADWIGA

standing in the doorway, staring at him defiantly.

YADWIGA

(snaps)

Who just phoned? Your mistress?

HERMAN

(dismissive)

Leave me alone!

YADWIGA

(flatly)

The coffee's getting cold.

HERMAN

I can't have breakfast. I must go
right away.

YADWIGA
(biting)
Where to? Your mistress?

HERMAN
(defiant)
Yes, to my mistress.

YADWIGA
(enraged)
You made me pregnant and you go
running to whores. You're not
selling books. Liar!

Herman stares at her in astonishment. She has never spoken to him with such venom.

HERMAN
(shouts angrily)
Go back into the kitchen, or I'll
throw you out of here!

YADWIGA
You have a mistress. You spend
nights with her.
(shakes her fist at
him)
You dog!

Infuriated, Herman pushes her out of the doorway. Yadviga skulks back into the kitchen, cursing him in peasant Polish.

EXT. BRONX SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Herman, shivering in his overcoat, emerges from the station, half-blinded by the snow.

INT. MASHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A stocky young DOCTOR and a dark-complected woman NEIGHBOR stand behind Shifrah Puah who, looking incredibly haggard, is opening the door for Herman.

SHIFRAH
I thought you'd never come.

HERMAN
(very tense)
Where is she?

He heads for the bedroom.

SHIFRAH
(stops him)
Asleep. Don't go in.

DOCTOR
(eyes Herman
ironically)
The husband?

SHIFRAH
(reluctantly)
Yes.

DOCTOR
(shakes his head)
Mr. Broder, who told you your wife
was pregnant? Didn't a doctor
examine her?

HERMAN
(puzzled)
I don't know. I'm not sure she
even saw a doctor.

DOCTOR
(goes and zips his
medical bag)
In this country when a woman's
pregnant, she's under the
continuous care of a doctor.
(looks at Herman)
Your wife had a hemorrhage, but
there was no baby.
(points his index
finger at his own
temple)
Her whole pregnancy was up here!

HERMAN
My God...

Feeling dizzy, he stumbles backwards and holds onto the arm of
a chair.

SHIFRAH
(holds her head)
I thought she was in her sixth
month. Suddenly she starts
screaming she has cramps and blood
gushes everywhere.
(clasps her hands,
wailing)
Oh, my wretched life!

Still steadying himself, Herman exhales slowly as the neighbor
takes Shifrah aside.

NEIGHBOR

(consoling)

Mrs. Bloch, everything happens to us refugees. We suffered so much under Hitler, we're half crazy. I heard of a woman who got such a huge stomach they thought she was carrying twins. But in the hospital they found it was only gas.

The doctor turns to Herman who, ashen-faced, tries to digest what has happened.

DOCTOR

I'm leaving now.

(picks up his bag)

She'll sleep at least until tonight.

(goes to the door)

I'll drop in tomorrow on the way to the hospital.

(opens the door, to Shifrah)

You'll be a grandmother a year from now. She's completely normal inside.

SHIFRAH

(darkly)

I won't live that long.

The Doctor looks at her a moment, then beckons to the Neighbor who follows him out. He shuts the door behind them.

Shifrah waits another moment to be sure they are gone before turning to Herman who suddenly appears very tired.

SHIFRAH

(overcome with sadness)

I wanted so much to have a grandchild. At least someone to name after the murdered Jews.

Herman goes and holds Shifrah Puah. Despite all, there is a strange bond between them.

After a moment, Herman helps Shifrah go and sit down with her prayer book. He opens the door and walks into the

BEDROOM

Masha -- pale and serene -- sleeps curled in a fetal position in Shifrah Puah's bed. Herman gazes at her, overcome with love and sorrow.

At length, she opens her eyes. He sits on the bed next to her.

HERMAN
(strokes her
lovingly)
How do you feel?

MASHA
(empty)
I have no feelings left.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

A clear, moonlit night. A shimmery light reflects off Sheepshead Bay, illuminating the amusement park which is closed for the winter.

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

Herman is writing. On the table in front of him, beside his paper, pens and scholarly books, are several bank loan brochures. Muttering to himself, he takes his pen and crosses off half a page.

Yadwiga enters, wearing her apron.

YADWIGA
The stew is finished.

HERMAN
(mordantly)
So am I -- financially,
physically and spiritually.

YADWIGA
(doesn't get it)
I don't know what you're babbling
about. Come eat.

Herman starts to get up when the doorbell RINGS.

Yadwiga goes to the door and starts to open it, but it is barely open a crack when she CRIES OUT, slams the door shut and presses her back against it. Her face goes white and and her eyes turn upwards.

Herman, concerned, makes a move towards her when she grabs hold of the doorknob, squeezing it for dear life as if preventing someone from entering.

YADWIGA

(in total panic)

Don't go! Don't go! Oh, God!

(she begins to shake)

It's a ghost!

She grabs the doorknob even harder, twisting so forcefully it comes off in her hands. Yadwiga stumbles backward and the door swings open.

Tamara is standing there -- looking slightly tipsy -- in a shabby fur overcoat, hat and boots. Yadwiga begins to tremble like an epileptic.

HERMAN

(yelling at her)

Stop shaking, foolish peasant!

She's alive!

YADWIGA

(her head jerking)

Jesus, Maria!

She throws herself against Herman in panic, nearly knocking him over.

Tamara takes a few steps in and Yadwiga, even more terrified, jumps off Herman and runs into the closet, slamming it shut behind her.

TAMARA

(shrugs, to Herman)

I didn't think she'd recognize me.

Herman walks over to the closet where Yadwiga, within, is HOWLING like an animal.

HERMAN

(shouting at the door)

She's alive! I promise you! She's alive!

YADWIGA (O. S.)

(crying out)

Oh, Little Father!...Ayy!

HERMAN

(takes a breath,
sweetly)

Please, Yadviga. There's no such
thing as ghosts!

He grabs the handle and pulls open the closet, revealing
Yadviga crouched trembling in a corner.

She stares at Tamara, crossing herself, then suddenly realizes
that -- as a newly-Jewish woman -- she's not supposed to do
that.

TAMARA

(bemused, goes and
touches her)

Calm down, Yadzia. I'm not dead
and I haven't come to haunt you.

Yadviga starts wailing again, then suddenly stops, the truth
beginning to dawn on her. She starts to beat her fists against
her forehead. Reality is even worse.

Herman goes and starts to help her out.

HERMAN

(aggravated, to
Tamara)

Why'd you do this? She could've
died of fright.

TAMARA

(shrugs)

I thought I was so changed my own
mother wouldn't know me.

HERMAN

(as Yadviga emerges
from the closet)

At least you could've phoned.

YADWIGA

(still unconsolated)

Oh, God! What will happen now?

(touches her stomach)

And I'm pregnant.

Tamara glances at Yadviga and almost bursts out laughing at the
absurdity of it all. Then, overcome with drunken curiosity, she
starts to look around the apartment, Yadviga carefully eyeing
her every move.

TAMARA

Don't think I've come to disturb
your bliss.

(peers into the
kitchen)

I learned how to drink in Russia
and when I have a glassful I
become curious.

(looks at them)

After all, we still have something
in common. Both of you remember me
when I was alive.

YADWIGA

(panics again)

Jesus! Maria!

She backs against a table almost knocking over a lamp.

TAMARA

(quickly reassures
her)

I'm not dead. I'm not dead.

(shrugs)

I'm not alive and I'm not dead.

(goes to Yadviga)

The truth is I have no claim on
him.

(gestures to Herman)

He probably always loved you. And
I'm sure he slept with you before
me.

YADWIGA

(mortified)

No, no! I was an innocent girl.
I came to him a virgin.

TAMARA

(archly)

Congratulations. Men love
virgins. If men had their way,
every woman would lie down a
prostitute and get up a virgin.

(looks around,
shrugs)

Well, I see I'm an uninvited guest
and I'll go now.

She starts for the door. Herman looks relieved.

YADWIGA

(scared she has
offended, stops her)

No, no. Mistress Tamara, forgive
me. God is my witness if I had
known you were alive I would have
kept away from him.

(pulling up a chair,
suddenly the servant
again)

Sit down, Mistress Tamara. I'll
get coffee.

Herman sighs with frustration as Yadviga shuffles off into the
kitchen.

TAMARA

(smiles wryly, sits)

Don't worry. She won't divorce
you. If she does, you can always
go to the other one. And if she
throws you out too, then you can
come to me.

INT. KITCHEN

Yadviga is sobbing her heart out over the sink.

Herman and Tamara -- carrying her hat and coat -- rush in.

HERMAN

(puts his arm around
her)

It's all right, Yadzia. Nothing's
going to happen.

TAMARA

Calm yourself. I won't come
again.

YADWIGA

(turns to her)

No, Mistress Tamara, you stay
here! It's your husband and your
home. You suffered long enough.

TAMARA

(directly)

But I don't want him. I wouldn't
live with him even if you were to
go away.

YADWIGA

(looks at her
doubtfully)

Where will you go? Here there's a
home for you. I'll be the servant
again. It's God's will.

TAMARA

No, Yadviga. You have a good
heart, but I can't accept such a
sacrifice.

(starts to put on her
coat)

A slit throat cannot be sewn
together again.

HERMAN

(restraining her)

Don't go. Since Yadviga knows, we
can all be friends.

(smiles)

And I'll have fewer lies to tell.

There is a KNOCK on the back (kitchen) door. Yadviga,
humiliated and afraid to be caught crying, runs into the living
room.

Herman gives a look of "What now?", goes and opens the

BACK DOOR

A carrot-haired neighbor, MRS. SCHREIER, wearing a house dress
and slippers, is standing there with a tiny man wearing a felt
hat with a feather in it, pink shirt, striped trousers,
checkered jacket and a clashing multi-colored tie (MR.
PESHELES).

MRS. SCHREIER

(politely)

Mr. Broder, is your wife at home?

HERMAN

(glances at Tamara)

She's in the living room.

MRS. SCHREIER

A dear soul.

(indicating the tiny
man)

This is Mr. Pesheles.

(importantly)

From Sea Gate. I told him you sell
books and write. He's very
interested in books.

HERMAN

(anxious to get them
out of there)

I'm terribly sorry, but I'm really
very busy.

MRS. SCHREIER

(determined)

It'll only take a few minutes.

(confidentially)

Mr. Pesheles is a rich man --
president of the biggest home for
the aged in New York. He's on the
board of three hosp--

PESHELES

(quickly)

Please, Mrs. Schreier, I don't
need publicity. If I need a
publicity agent, I'll hire one.

Herman looks back at Tamara again who is leaning against the
sink, observing the scene with amusement.

HERMAN

(reluctantly)

Well, come in.

(backing and letting
them enter)

Forgive me for receiving you in
the kitchen. My wife is
indisposed.

They walk in. Mr. Pesheles casts an admiring glance toward
Tamara who rolls her eyes.

HERMAN

(getting some chairs
as he introduces
her)

This is my, uh, friend.... She's
only been here a few weeks.

PESHELES

(in mock amazement)

Only a few weeks? But you're not
like a greenhorn at all. You look
like an American. Absolutely...
And gorgeous!

(snaps his fingers,
to Mrs. Schreier)

You know what? Let's all go down
to your place. I'll send out for
bagels, lox...

(winks at Tamara)
 ...maybe even some Cognac.
 (to Herman)
 Then we can have a good chat.
 What kind of books did you say you
 wrote?

The phone RINGS.

HERMAN
 (tensing)
 One second.

Certain it's Masha, he excuses himself and heads rapidly
 through the

LIVING ROOM

-- where Yadviga is slumped, disconsolate, on the sofa -- on
 into the

BEDROOM

He picks up the phone.

HERMAN
 Hello.

RABBI LAMPERT (O.S.)
 (abruptly)
 Broder, this is Rabbi Lampert. So
 you do have a phone. And not in
 the Bronx -- in Brooklyn.
 Esplanade 2 is somewhere in Coney
 Island!

HERMAN
 (caught, barely
 audible)
 My friend moved.

INT. RABBI'S LAMPERT'S STUDY - NIGHT

The Rabbi talks on the phone while trying to adjust a brand
 new, early-model RCA television with the tiny screen in the
 huge body. The image keeps jumping.

RABBI

(frustrated)

You think I'm more of a fool than I am, Broder. I know everything, absolutely everything. You just married some woman named Masha and didn't even tell me so I could congratulate you. Who knows? I might even have given you a nice gift. But if that's the way you want it, it's your privilege.

(bangs the TV set to no avail)

I'm calling because I must see you right away. You made several serious errors in your cabala article which do neither of us any credit. If we make the corrections immediately, they'll hold the presses till tomorrow. Tell me where you live.

HERMAN (O.S.)

(practically
whispering)

I don't live here, but in the Bronx.

RABBI

(aggravated)

Again in the Bronx? Where in the Bronx? Honestly I can't figure you out.

INT. HERMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beads of nervous perspiration have formed on Herman's forehead as he grips the phone tightly.

HERMAN

I'll explain everything to you. I'm just here temporarily.

RABBI (O. S.)

(baffled)

Temporarily? What's the matter with you? Or do you have two wives?

HERMAN

Maybe.

(looks upward)

Two or three.

INT. THE RABBI'S STUDY - NIGHT

The television set is now showing only dots.

RABBI

(confounded)

Well, whatever the case -- let
there be an end to this muddle!

(picks up pencil and
paper)

Give me your address and I'll be
there in an hour. And don't be so
nervous. I won't steal your wife!

INT. HERMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tamara, Mrs. Schreier and Mr. Pesheles are seated at the small
kitchen table, swapping war stories when Herman enters, wearing
his top coat.

HERMAN

I'm afraid I have to leave.

TAMARA

(stands)

I have to go too.

PESHELES

A pity.

(peering through the
half open door)

Well, it looks as if your're not
going to accept my invitation.

WHAT HE SEES

Yadwiga on the couch with her head in hands.

HERMAN

shuts the door.

PESHELES

(frowns, stands)

Another time, perhaps... Come,
Mrs. Schreier.

She stands.

PESHELES

(to Tamara)

By the way. I didn't get your
name?

TAMARA
(glances at Herman)
Tamara.

PESHELES
Miss? Missus?

TAMARA
(vaguely)
Whatever you like.

PESHELES
Tamara what? Surely you have a
last name?

TAMARA
(reluctantly)
Tamara Broder.

PESHELES
(raises his eyebrows)
Also Broder?

HERMAN
(instantly)
Cousins.

He hurries over to the door, opening it for them.

PESHELES
(going to the door
with Mrs. Schreier)
Well, it's a small world.
Extraordinary times.
(turning back to
them)
I read about a refugee who was
eating supper with his new wife.
Suddenly the door opened and in
walked his former wife, who he
thought had died in the ghetto.
That's the kind of mess Hitler,
Stalin and their gang cooked up.

MRS. SCHREIER
(smiles perplexed)
What's the point of that story,
Mr. Pesheles?

PESHELES

Oh, nothing really... Good-bye.

(to Herman)

Oh, and give my regards to your wife. These days a Polish peasant who converts to Judaism is quite a phenomenon.

He waves and the two of them exit through the back door.

Tamara, putting on her coat, and Herman immediately head into the

LIVING ROOM

continuing to the front door. Yadviga jumps up.

YADWIGA

(desperately)

Don't leave me, Mistress Tamara.

TAMARA

(opening the door)

Yadzia, I must go.

YADWIGA

(blocking Herman's path)

You're not going!

HERMAN

(gently)

Yadzia, I have to. The rabbi's waiting. If I don't meet him now, he'll fire me.

(edging around her)

We'll be without a crust of bread.

He follows Tamara out the door.

THE STAIRS

Herman descends rapidly with Tamara. Yadviga, angry, appears at the top.

YADWIGA

(shouts after him)

It's a lie! A whore's waiting for you -- not a rabbi!

Herman winces as they head out onto the street.

EXT. WIDE SHOT - CONEY ISLAND STREET - NIGHT

Snow still falls on the streets which are now piled high with drifts. It is one of those eerie winter nights when the world seems blue and lunar.

Almost the size of two small dolls, Herman and Tamara, holding onto his arm, crunch and stumble along the icy sidewalk.

TAMARA

I'm going to have an operation tomorrow. They're going to remove that bullet from my hip... What've I got to lose but my pathetic life?

HERMAN

(tormented)

You know.... sometimes in the middle of the night... I hear my father talking to me. What have you accomplished? he asks. You've made yourself and everyone else wretched. We're ashamed of you here in heaven.

They arrive at

EXT. A SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

It's for Tamara's train. She starts down the steps, then turns back to Herman.

TAMARA

Think of me once in a while.

HERMAN

(looking down at her)

Forgive me!

She disappears into the depths.

EXT. SHIFRAH PUAH'S STREET - NIGHT

Like a bright-red lipstick in a poor neighborhood, the rabbi's Cadillac practically fills this entire snow-covered street.

INT. APARTMENT LANDING - NIGHT

There is MUSIC and LAUGHTER coming from inside as Herman fumbles with his keys, finally succeeding in opening the door.

WHAT HE SEES

A huge bouquet of roses on the dresser. A cloth-covered table with cookies, oranges and a magnum of champagne.

Masha, in a party dress and already quite tipsy, is flirtatiously CLINKING glasses with Rabbi Lampert who, in a light-colored suit, smiles at her admiringly. Shifrah Puah, in the kitchen, is frying potato pancakes.

RABBI

(sees Herman, CLAPS
his hands)

Mazel tov, bridegroom!

He heads toward Herman in one long stride.

MASHA

(puts down her glass)

Don't stand at the door.

(going to him)

It's your home. I'm your wife.

Everything here is yours!

She throws herself in Herman's arms and kisses him. KLEZMER MUSIC swells.

RABBI

(looking on)

What a catch, Broder. You're
coming to our house next week!

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SHIFRAH PUAH'S STREET - A WEEK LATER - DAY

The rabbi's car is now gone but the drifts, if anything, are twice as large as the week before. It as if the snow storm, which has continued non-stop, has turned into a major blizzard.

INT. SHIFRAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Masha, her hair in curlers, smoking and tapping her feet intensely, hovers over a sewing machine, working on a dress.

A dozen other dresses, shoes, blouses, etc. are strewn in disarray on the floor and across the couch near where Shifrah Puah sits shivering under a blanket, her teeth chattering and lips turned blue.

Masha finishes the dress, examines it. Doesn't like it.

MASHA
 (tossing it
 disgustedly on top
 of the others)
 It's useless. I'm not going.
 (calls out)
 Herman, I'm not going to the
 Rabbi's party!

SHIFRAH PUAH
 (calls out)
 Nonsense. She's going. She just
 has to pretend she's not.

MASHA
 (turns on her)
 What do you know?

SHIFRAH PUAH
 What do I know?
 (clutching the
 blanket around her)
 I know its freezing in here and
 I'm going to die if that landlord
 doesn't fix the heat!

She starts coughing and sputtering.

SHIFRAH
 Winter in New York is worse than
 the camps!

HERMAN

-- wearing a coat inside -- gets up from his work table and
 goes to tinker with the radiator.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Herman holds Masha's arm, helping her walk toward the El. The
 snow is swirling and a cold, HOWLING wind has come up, blowing
 straight at them and causing Masha's dress to flutter and fill
 up like a balloon. Her carefully set hair, only partially
 protected by a hat, is becoming white as snow.

She tries to brush it off when she catches one of her boots in
 a deep drift and her stockinged feet get wet. She stumbles.
 Herman grabs her, looks at her. She seems suddenly pale and
 vulnerable. He holds her to him, protecting her.

Up above them, the El train speeds past, racing into the night.

INT. RABBI LAMPERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We hear the HUBUB of a New York house party in full swing as the doorbell RINGS and a BLACK MAID in uniform goes to the door followed by a very tall, statuesque blonde woman in a gold dress (MRS. LAMPERT).

The maid opens the door to reveal Herman, who, pants baggy, shirt askew, is unsuccessfully trying to straighten his tie, and Masha, who has miraculously shaken off the snow and looks ravishing.

Before they have barely entered, the Rabbi sweeps in out of nowhere.

RABBI
(heartily)
Here they are!

He stretches out both hands -- one to Herman, one to Masha -- simultaneously kissing Masha.

RABBI
(bellowing)
She's really a beauty. He's nabbed the prettiest woman in America.
(to his wife)
Eileen, look at her.

MRS. LAMPERT
(taking their coats)
My husband's told me so much about you. I'm really happy that --

But the Rabbi has already put his arms around Masha and Herman, pushing his way through the crowd and guiding them into the

LIVING ROOM

Herman, who has never been to an American party before, is overwhelmed. He stares in bewilderment at the crush of COSMOPOLITAN MANHATTANITES -- urbane men, clean shaven, in full beards, goatees, with skull caps and without; sophisticated women in an amazing variety of hair colors in dresses he has never seen before. They babble in English, German, Hebrew, even French.

A MAID approaches with an hors d'oeuvres tray when the Rabbi puts his hand around Masha's waist and whisks her off toward the bar as if they were dancing.

Herman looks down at the tray of assorted fish, cold cuts, eggs, crackers. He tries to spear half an egg with his toothpick, but it slips off.

Just then, a couple of PROFESSORS arguing about foundation grants, push him sideways. He looks around for Masha, but she has gone. The DIN of the crowd grows even louder. A BUTLER carrying a platter of turkey spins him around.

Dazed, Herman escapes into the

RABBI'S STUDY

Only a few people are there. Looking for security, Herman wanders over to bookshelves. He searches for a familiar volume, chooses Plato's Dialogues, when

NATHAN PESHELES

-- in a dinner jacket -- comes up behind him. Herman stares at him a moment without recognizing him.

PESHELES

(explaining)

Pesheles! Nathan Pesheles! I came to your apartment a week ago.

HERMAN

(embarrassed)

Yes, of course. I'm so confused here I--

PESHELES

I didn't know you knew Rabbi Lampert. But who doesn't? Where's your wife?

HERMAN

(replacing the book)

She's here somewhere. I've lost her.

Just as he says this, Herman realizes he means a different wife from the one Pesheles expects. But before he has a chance to correct this...

PESHELES

(takes Herman's arm)

Come, let's find her together.

(escorting him out)

Mrs. Schreier told me so much about her. I'm dying to meet her.

He leads Herman, who suddenly looks like a lamb going to the slaughter, into the

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jam-packed with PARTYGOERS who surround a long table covered with an almost gross amount of food.

Masha, a whiskey in her hand and enjoying herself immensely, flirts with a theatrical-looking man wearing a worn tuxedo and a lot of jewelry (YASHA KOTIK) who is laughing, holding her by the arm.

Herman, entering with Pesheles, sees her and immediately tries to go the other way when she

MASHA

(spots Herman)

Here's my long-lost husband!

She plops her drink on the table and runs over to Herman, throwing her arms around him. Yasha Kotik comes up behind her, facing Herman who looks as if he wishes he were on the moon.

MASHA

(introducing him)

Herman, this is Yasha Kotik...
You remember -- the actor I told
you about who was with me in the
camps.

KOTIK

(rogueishly)

So you're Masha's husband.
Congratulations!

He pumps Herman's hand who glances back at Mr. Pesheles who, a few feet away, is observing the whole scene in astonishment.

KOTIK

How'd you do it? I've been
searching for her through half the
world and you marry her just like
that.

(indicates Pesheles)

And who's this debonair gentleman?

HERMAN

(gloomy)

This is Mr. Pesheles.

PESHELES

(politely)

I met Mr. Broder in Coney Island
and--

KOTIK

(interrupting)

Coney Island? I played there once -- a whole audience full of old women -- all deaf. I've played every spot in the Yiddish theatre from Miami to the Warsaw ghetto.

(cackles)

Even a hungry audience is better than a deaf one.

PESHELES

(craftily, to Masha)

And where do you live? Also in Coney Island?

MASHA

(frowns)

What's all this talk about Coney Island?

Sensing disaster, Herman starts to edge off into the crowd.

MASHA

(suspicious)

What happened in Coney Island?

She reaches into the crowd and grabs Herman by the wrist, pulling him back and locking arms with him.

PESHELES

(shrugs,
mischievously)

I went to visit Mr. Broder there. I thought the woman who converted was his wife.

(grins at Masha)

Turns out he has a pretty little one right here.

(to Herman)

You refugees certainly know how to live. We Americans are only allowed one at a time.

HERMAN

(rubbing his head,
agitated)

Well, it's not--

PESHELES

(amused, to Herman)

And then guess what? I go to the hospital last week to visit a friend and I meet that other pretty woman who was at your house. She was having a bullet removed from her hip.

(gestures)

She was probably delirious, but she said she was also your wife.

Masha stares open-mouthed at Herman who blanches and looks heavenward. Kotik shoots him an impressed look.

PESHELES

(thinks)

What was her name?... Tamara... Tamara Broder. I even wrote it down in my notebook.

MASHA

(stunned, to Herman)

Tamara? I thought she was dead.

HERMAN

(beyond help, annoyed)

I told you. My dead wife is in America.

MASHA

(furious, turns on him)

You told me she was old and ugly.

KOTIK

(a card)

That's what all men tell their wives.

Masha looks mortified. Herman starts to say something when Rabbi Lampert rushes up and throws his long arms around everyone.

RABBI

(the genial host)

Well, here they are. And you all know each other.

(giving each his due)

My friend Nathan Pesheles knows everyone and everyone knows him. Masha, you're the most beautiful woman at the party!

(pinches Herman's
cheek)

My friend Herman hid her from me.

PESHELES

(insinuating)

He's hiding more than one.

Herman looks as if he's going to faint. He clutches his temples and holds his breath.

RABBI

(to Pesheles)

You think so? With me he plays the role of innocent lamb. I began to think he was a eunuch and--

HERMAN

(strangled)

Excuse me, Rabbi. I'll be right back.

He hurries off. Masha rushes after him.

RABBI

(calling after)

Where're you running to?

ANGLE - HERMAN AND MASHA

Masha pursues Herman who runs through the party, bumping into partygoers, excusing himself as he dislodges their drinks or food.

MASHA

Herman... once and for all..

(grabbing his sleeve)

How many wives do you have?

HERMAN

(trying to shake her
off)

Let go of me!

MASHA

(unrelenting)

How many? Three?

HERMAN

Ten... I have to vomit.

He shakes free of her, dashing into the bathroom, sending two petrified WOMEN out the door after him.

He slams it shut. Masha stands in front, running a gamut of emotions from fury to suicide.

MASHA

(to the door)

This is the last time I'm going to talk to you and I want to tell you you're the worst fraud I've known in my life.

We hear the sound of Herman vomiting from within.

MASHA

(venomous)

If you hear that I'm dead, don't come to my funeral!

She starts off, stops, turns back again, shaking her head.

MASHA

(grimly, to the door)

May God shame you as you've shamed me.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Another HOWLING wind. The Staten Island Ferry and the Statue of Liberty are outlined against the night.

Herman, a lonely, forlorn figure under a hostile sky, hurries, hunched up, along the park fence.

Suddenly, we HEAR (not see), as if they were pursuing him, the hard CLOMP of boots goose-stepping on pavement.

Tense, terrified, Herman quickens his step, then breaks into a run, escaping.

EXT. AN ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

Nestled under the railroad tracks of the Third Avenue El.

INT. DINER

Spartan, but clean. All few ALL-NIGHT TYPES have come in from the cold.

Herman, looking bedraggled in his wet overcoat, sits, head in hands, opposite Tamara in her threadbare fur coat and hat.

TAMARA

Where're your wives?

HERMAN

(bleakly)

They're both not speaking to me.

(shakes his head,
totally dejected)

I've got myself in such a mess.
Masha knows everything. Yadviga
almost does. Everything is
hopeless.

She scrutinizes him a moment, a pathetic figure, as the El
rattles by above them.

TAMARA

(finally)

I want to say something and don't
be angry with me.

Herman nods.

TAMARA

(compassionately)

You're a lost man, Herman -- one
of those people who are incapable
of making decisions for
themselves.

(looks at him)

Here in America, some people have
what is called a manager. Let me
be your manager.

Herman stares back at her, perplexed.

TAMARA

Put yourself entirely in my hands.
I'll take care of all your needs
and you must be ready to do
whatever I ask.

HERMAN

(confused)

Why should you do this?

(gestures)

Really, Tamara, this is just your
way of giving me your few dollars.

TAMARA

(touches his arm
reassuringly)

I can see things have become too
much for you and you're about to
fall under the burden.

Herman is silent. He feels moved, yet unworthy of her great
concern.

HERMAN
 (finally)
 Are you an angel?

TAMARA
 (shrugs)
 Maybe. Who knows what angels are?

EXT. HERMAN'S BUILDING IN CONEY ISLAND - THE NEXT DAY

The snow has stopped. Herman stands in front, looking up at his apartment.

TAMARA (V. O.)
 But first you must go back to
 Yadviga.

Herman enters dutifully.

EXT. AN OLD STOREFRONT - DAY

Musty and dark, stacked high with crumbling books and manuscripts, it is labelled "USED JEWISH BOOKS".

INT. STORE

Reb Abraham Nissen is searching for something in the desk drawers. He locates a large "ACCOUNT BOOK", turns and reluctantly hands it to Herman who is standing beside Tamara.

TAMARA (V. O.)
 Then I'll find you a new job.

Herman nods thankfully. KLEZMER MUSIC comes up.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HERMAN'S APARTMENT - WINDOW SHOT - TWILIGHT

It is now early Spring. Birds are chirping. Blossoms have appeared on the dogwood tree out the window.

HERMAN

is seated nearby, sketching it contentedly. He looks up from his pad at

YADWIGA

who -- looking extremely pregnant and happy -- is setting a Passover table for three, repolishing the silver as she goes.

TAMARA

-- in the kitchen -- is arranging the ritual Seder plate --
lamb shank, egg, etc. She carries it into the

LIVING ROOM

where Herman and Yadviga are waiting for her.

YADWIGA

(beaming)

Happy Pesach!

They sit down, pick up their Haggadahs (prayer books).

HERMAN

(putting on a good
face)

Well, here we are -- one big
family.

Tamara looks over at Herman who suddenly turns moody, stares
down at his plate.

TAMARA

(smiles wryly)

Only one person missing.

He shrugs, swallows, looks away.

CLOSE ON - THE TELEPHONE - NIGHT

It RINGS and we hear someone immediately RUNNING and STUMBLING
toward it. It's Herman. He pounces on it and picks it up.

HERMAN

(urgently)

Hello! Hello! Hello!

There is no answer.

HERMAN

Don't be an idiot! Say something!

(no answer)

You left, not I!

Still nothing.

HERMAN

(desperate)

You can't make me more miserable
than I am!

Again nothing. Enraged, he SLAMS the receiver down.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Weeks later. Summer is approaching. The amusement park is in full swing, people enjoying themselves, music playing, the ferris wheel turning.

PAN OVER from it to a solitary figure, standing in an apartment window, watching. MOVE IN closer to see that it is Herman.

INT. HERMAN'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

He's staring out the same window -- as if he's been standing there for hours.

DISSOLVE TO

THE SAME - LATE NIGHT

Herman hasn't moved. He looks over at

YADWIGA

who is asleep in bed, snoring deeply. Suddenly, the phone RINGS.

HERMAN

bolts for it like a man shot out of a cannon.

INT. CORRIDOR

Banging into some furniture, he fumbles for the phone, grabs it.

HERMAN

Hello.

(nothing)

If you don't answer, I'm going to hang up!

A beat, then...

MASHA (O. S.)

Wait!

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

A seedy seaside affair close to Coney Island. Herman is paying a cab parked out front. He thanks the driver and hurries inside.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Herman is poised to knock at a room door. He hesitates, tormented, as if to go forward were to cross some irreversible line. But he can't stop himself. He goes ahead and knocks anyway.

Almost immediately, Masha opens the door. Wearing a negligee, she looks ravishing. Herman is drawn to her like a magnet. They fall into each other's arm and go

INT. HOTEL ROOM

They whirl toward the bed.

HERMAN

(passionately)

I've missed you so much.

Masha suddenly breaks away.

MASHA

(very intense)

I want us to leave New York right away. Rabbi Lampert has a convalescent home in Florida. He offered me a job for a hundred a week.

HERMAN

(confused)

What about your mother?

MASHA

(paces manically about)

The Rabbi is taking care of her. He has a home in New Jersey too. He's crazy about me, would've left his wife for me if I wanted him to. But I couldn't touch him.

(goes to Herman, eyes burning)

If you don't like Florida, he also has a home in California. You can work for him too. He's as good as an angel from heaven.

HERMAN
 (distraught)
 I can't leave now.
 (rubs his head in
 agitation)
 Yadviga's pregnant. She may go
 into labor any day.

MASHA
 (walks away in
 disgust)
 And after she gives birth, you'll
 have other reasons.
 (turns back, furiously
 determined)
 I've made up my mind. Tomorrow
 I'm flying to California and
 you'll never hear from me again.
 I swear by the bones of my father!

She goes to the door and swings it open for him.

HERMAN
 (panicked)
 Wait!

MASHA
 (defiant)
 For what? New excuses?
 (faces him)
 The Rabbi will take care of your
 peasant's hospital bills too and
 everything else.

Herman sighs painfully. He wants to leave but he can't.

MASHA
 (smiles sardonically)
 Or have you gone back to Tamara?

HERMAN
 (affronted)
 Absolutely not. But she's also an
 angel.

MASHA
 (slyly)
 Introduce her to the Rabbi. Two
 angels may bring forth a new God.

She grins at him triumphantly.

MASHA
 (embraces him)
 We're both devils.

EXT. "USED JEWISH BOOKS" - THE NEXT DAY

Herman, carrying a valise, hurries inside.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Herman is talking with Tamara who is stacking books on the shelves.

TAMARA

(fed up)

That Masha is worse than you are.
If you leave with her, you're
digging your own grave.

HERMAN

(dejected)

She has no more control over her
actions than I have of mine.

TAMARA

(infuriated)

Stop it!
(turns to him)
God has granted you a child after
all this destruction -- isn't that
enough?

HERMAN

(overwrought)

I can't live without Masha, and I
don't have the guts to kill
myself.

TAMARA

(disgusted with him)

You don't have the guts for
anything. You want three women and
you always go to the one who's
sickest and calls you the loudest.

(stares straight at
him)

She's not your lover, she's your
enemy!

Herman looks stricken. He knows what she is saying is true, but
he is caught in a vise and can't get out.

HERMAN

(anguished)

I'll send money for the baby.

Tamara looks at him, sighs, shakes her head.

TAMARA

(waves him away)

Go, Herman, go. I'll take care of things with the Rabbi.

His face contorted, he picks up his valise and leaves.

EXT. MASHA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A blood-curdling WAIL pierces the entire neighborhood.

INT. MASHA'S HOUSE

Masha and Shifrah Puah have been robbed. The whole place has been looted -- clothing, fixtures, paintings, almost everything but a couple of stripped pieces of furniture and the phone. Masha paces about hysterically in front of Herman.

MASHA

(gestures, beside herself)

They even took the light bulbs.

HERMAN

When'd it happen?

MASHA

This morning. Last night. Who knows?

(in a frenzy)

Oh, God, why wasn't I cremated like all the other Jews?

She starts beating on the wall with her fists.

HERMAN

(stares at her)

Have you called the police?

MASHA

(laughs bizarrely)

What can the police do? They're thieves themselves!

She bursts into hysterical weeping. Herman looks at her oddly, for the first time beginning to see her as truly out of control. Just as suddenly she pulls herself together again, lights a cigarette.

MASHA

Well, it's a sign. It's time to leave.

(exhaling)

I told my mother.

HERMAN
(concerned)
What'd she say?

MASHA
The same old phrases: I'd be
sorry. You would leave me and all
the rest.
(goes to him)
Now. We must decide where we want
to go -- California or Florida.

HERMAN
(doesn't want to)
Masha, I...

MASHA
(goes right on,
manically)
We can go by train or bus. The
bus is cheaper, but it takes a
week to go to California and you
get there more dead than alive. I
think we should --

There is a tromping SOUND from the stairs. Masha freezes,
scared the robbers have returned.

Herman goes to the door, opens it.

WHAT HE SEES

A MAN and the Neighbor are half-carrying, half-leading an
extremely ashened and enfeebled Shifrah Puah up the stairs.

NEIGHBOR
(urgently)
Call a doctor!

MAN
(nearing the top)
She passed out in my cab. Are you
her son?

INT. APARTMENT

Herman holds the door open for them.

HERMAN
(distracted, looks at
Masha)
Your mother.

MASHA
 (angry)
 She's come back?

Masha's anger turns to shock as the Man and the Neighbor lead Shifrah in. She is whimpering like a child and looks on death's door.

MASHA
 (horrified)
 Oh my God, she's dying!

Herman helps the Neighbor and the Cabbie place Shifrah on the bare couch.

SHIFRAH
 (shaking, barely
 audible)
 Where is she? Where is Masha?

Half-delirious, she sits up but cannot see, falls back again. Masha rushes over to her, stares.

MASHA
 (screams in rage and
 abandonment)
 She's killed herself, the bitch,
 just for spite!

She lets out a primitive, cat-like WAIL similar to her earlier one which blends into the SIREN of an ambulance.

EXT. MASHA'S HOUSE - SUNSET

as the ambulance speeds off into the setting sun.

HERMAN

watches it go. Weary and emotionally spent, he turns and goes back in the house.

INT. MASHA'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Night has fallen and the now lightless apartment is dark. Herman stands at the window. There is a KNOCK on the door. He goes and answers it. It's

THE NEIGHBOR

She hands him a light bulb.

HERMAN
 Thank you.

She nods and exits, shutting the door behind her.

HERMAN

fumbles his way in the darkness toward an empty light socket. He is almost there, when he stumbles against a table and bumps into the wall. We can hear the filament JINGLE.

He shakes the bulb, checking it. It's spent. He curses and tosses it on the couch in frustration.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRS - MINUTES LATER

Herman emerges from Masha's apartment to buy a new bulb. Shutting the door behind him, he starts down the stairs when he hears the phone RINGING within.

He rushes up the stairs again and starts to open the door. It's locked of course! He reaches into his pocket and takes out a key. It doesn't fit. It's for his other apartment. He curses, pats his pocket for the right key. It's not there. Fed up, he flings the wrong one down the stairs.

The phone continues to RING.

HERMAN

(bangs on the door in
desperation)

Masha!

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Herman sits quietly on the front stoop, a new light bulb in his hand. There is about him a kind of resignation, almost a Buddhist quality of calm after the storm.

MASHA

walks up. She looks desolated, destroyed. Herman stands to meet her. He can see the truth by her expression but he asks anyway.

HERMAN

How's your mother?

MASHA

(bleak)

I have no mother.

Herman holds her. Tears come to his eyes.

MASHA

(weeping)

And I have no money for a funeral.

INT. MASHA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Herman is on the phone beneath the lone new light bulb.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O. S.)

(extremely officious)

Rabbi Lampert has gone to
California and will not be back
for at least a week.

HERMAN

Do you know where I can get ahold
of him?

(imploring)

Please. This is an emergency.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(flatly)

I cannot tell you.

She clicks off.

Herman stands there a moment, beaten and hopeless.

He looks over at Masha who is slumped funereally in one of the
few remaining chairs. He walks over and sits down opposite her.

HERMAN

(shakes his head,
totally overwhelmed)

Tamara's right -- I'm a lost man.
I can't decide between women. I
can't decide on anything.

(almost
automatically)

I don't want to live anymore.

MASHA

(suddenly brightens)

You once promised me we would die
together. Why don't we do it?

(her eyes glowing)

I have enough sleeping pills for
both of us.

HERMAN

(shrugs)

Why not?

MASHA

(avidly)

I have them in my bag. All we
need is a glass of water.

She picks up her bag and starts rummaging through it. This is all happening so swiftly Herman can hardly believe it. His throat tightens and he can hardly speak.

HERMAN

(constricted)

If we're going to die, first I'd like to know the truth.

She stops rummaging, looks at him.

MASHA

About what?

HERMAN

(agonized)

Have you been faithful to me since we've been together?

MASHA

(ironically)

Have you been faithful to me? If you tell the truth, I will too.

HERMAN

(directly)

I'll tell the truth.

She looks at him a moment, then...

MASHA

Wait. I need a cigarette.

Herman watches tensely as she goes into her bag, slowly and deliberately taking out a cigarette pack, unwrapping it and removing a cigarette. She lights it, exhales.

MASHA

(finally)

Well, let's hear.

HERMAN

(making a tremendous effort)

Only with Tamara. That's all.

MASHA

(puzzled)

When?

HERMAN

(half way home)

After we got back from the Catskills. When I told you I was going with the rabbi to Atlantic City.

Masha laughs briefly, relieved.

MASHA

(flatly)

What you did with your wife, I did with my husband.

HERMAN

(nonplussed)

Tortshiner? So he told the truth.

MASHA

(matter-of-fact)

I went to ask for the divorce and he insisted.

HERMAN

(angering)

You swore a holy oath that he lied!

MASHA

(shrugs, defensive)

I swore falsely.

They sit silently a moment. Something inside Herman snaps.

HERMAN

(flatly)

There isn't any point in dying now.

Masha, stunned, puts her hand to her mouth.

HERMAN

(stands)

I must go.

MASHA

(aghast)

What're you talking about. This is crazy!

(jumps up)

Even the Nazis allowed the Jews to bury their dead. What do you want me to do? I'll be damned for ten generations to come.

HERMAN
I'm damned already.

MASHA
(desperate)
At least wait till after the
funeral.

HERMAN
(shakes his head)
I can't.

He walks toward the door.

MASHA
(devastated, follows
after him)
Herman, I can't leave my mother.
I want a grave next to hers. I
don't want to die among strangers.

Herman keeps walking.

MASHA
(grabs his arm)
Herman, wait.

He stops, looks at her.

MASHA
(beyond hope)
As long as you're going to leave
me, at least go back to your
peasant. Don't leave your child.

Herman sighs. Profoundly sad, he shakes his head.

HERMAN
Masha, I have to leave everybody.

They look at each other. There are no words. Tears in their
eyes, they hold each other in a last embrace. Mournful KLEZMER
MUSIC swells.

Masha releases Herman and he heads through door.

She stares after him a moment, a look of utter despair coming
over her.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Masha fumbles with her purse, extracting a bottle of
barbiturates. Not wanting to change her mind, she rips off the
top and chokes them down with a glass of water.

Masha gazes at herself in the mirror. For the first time, her face has become relaxed and calm.

EXT. A BUNCH OF LILIES - DAY

Held in someone's hand against a sky of billowy clouds.

They are lowered onto the ground in front of a small, freshly-cut gravestone with a Jewish star. The inscription reads:

SHIFRAH PUAH BLOCH/1884-1950
MASHA RACHEL BLOCH/1918-1950

Slowly, the mournful tempo of the music starts to increase. Momentarily, as if freeing us, it reaches a level of redemptive joy and we go

INT. A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

A crowded metropolitan hospital. NURSES, DOCTORS, ORDERLIES rush everywhere.

Yadwiga -- in obvious labor, having contractions -- is being pushed rapidly down the corridor in a wheel chair by an ORDERLY, accompanied by Tamara and the Rabbi, talking his usual mile-a-minute.

RABBI LAMPERT
(gesturing to Tamara
as they go)

What do you mean -- did I get a diaper service? Of course, I got a diaper service. And a baby carriage. And the crib with the red balls on it. And the layette -- whatever that is. What do you think I am? A piker? This is Rabbi Lampert here!

They come to glass doors marked "MATERNITY WARD/ PATIENTS AND AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." The Orderly signals Tamara and the Rabbi they may go no further.

They kiss Yadiwga good-bye, wishing her good luck, as the Orderly leads her through and the doors swing closed behind them.

The Rabbi stands there with Tamara a moment, staring at the glass door. Then, both suddenly pensive, they turn to each other and start to walk out.

RABBI
What about Herman? Have you heard from him?

Tamara shrugs, shakes her head.

RABBI

(truly worried)

I hope he didn't do away with
himself like our poor Masha.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - A SHEET OF PAPER IN A TYPEWRITER - DAY

A TITO PUENTE record playing faintly in the distance, the following news report is being typed on stationery for the "FLORIDA JEWISH TIMES".

July 16 -- The Steering Committee of Miami Beach Haddassah met Thursday for a working luncheon at the Fountainbleau Hotel.

The typist completes his sentence, stops.

ANGLE - TYPIST - DAY

It's Herman -- looking more relaxed than we have ever seen him in a pair of shorts, sandals and floral pattern shirt, but also slightly older, wearing spectacles. He is seated at a card table with a typewriter in what looks like the lanai of a medium-range Miami swim club with palm trees, cabanas, etc.

Herman stretches, reads over his first sentence, thinks, starts to type again when something catches his eye.

WHAT HE SEES

A couple of attractive YOUNG WOMEN IN BATHING SUITS are coming around the pool in his direction.

HERMAN

watches them, wonders, smiles as

ONE OF THE WOMEN

in particular, headed in his direction, seems to be smiling back at him.

HERMAN

leans forward, about to speak to her, when

SHE AND HER FRIEND

walk right past him and straight up to

TWO NAZI SS MEN

-- in full dress uniform -- standing by the outdoor bar with drinks in their hands.

HERMAN

stares at his hallucination in horror.

THE SS AND THE WOMEN

are flirting outrageously, the Nazis stroking the women's legs and butts.

HERMAN

looks as if he is going to be sick. He shakes himself, reaches for a glass of water, drinks it in one gulp. He looks over at

THE BAR

The SS and the Women have now vanished.

HERMAN

sighs deeply, closes his eyes and puts his head in his hand. Even in Miami, his demons are pursuing him.

Herman is still in that position when, from afar, we hear the sound of a BABY CRYING. It grows louder when, either by psychic connection or by accident, Herman, appearing to hear it, looks up and stares into the distance. Tears come to his eyes.

INT. HERMAN AND YADWIGA'S OLD KITCHEN - DAY

The baby's really HOWLING now. Tamara is taking some baby food off the stove and pouring it into a little plastic dish.

TAMARA

(calls out)

Just a minute. Just a minute. I'm coming.

She hurries into the

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

where Yadviga stands by the window, cradling the baby in her arms, trying to comfort her. Tamara rushes up with the food and starts to feed her.

TAMARA
(soothing as she
feeds)

It's okay, Masha. It's all right,
Masha... Mashele, Mashele,
Mashele.

The baby calms down and starts to smile. Out the window the ferris wheel is turning, the joyful KLEZMER MUSIC playing. Tamara and Yadviga look at each other, content.

MOVE IN on the baby Masha. She is giggling, chortling, spitting, cooing, reaffirming that whatever happens, whatever tragedies befall us, life will go on and thrive. Soon she is filling the entire screen.

FADE OUT