

FREUD'S LAST SESSION

SCREENPLAY BY

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ADAPTED FROM

MARK ST. GERMAIN'S PLAY

"FREUD'S LAST SESSION"

FADE IN:

1 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - HAMPSTEAD, LONDON - NIGHT 1

CREDITS ROLL as we move down a row of STATUARY-- The BABOON OF THOTH, Roman, 395 A.D., then - A STONE GORGON HEAD, hideously grinning, 2nd CENTURY.

2 INT. THE KILNS - C.S. LEWIS' BEDROOM - OXFORD - CONT. 2

FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of CHRIST'S FACE on the SHROUD OF TURIN. With reverse photography, CHRIST'S features are seen clearly on his burial cloth.

3 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 3

C.U. ISIS SUCKLING THE INFANT HORUS, 664 B.C., Egyptian.

4 INT. C.S. LEWIS' BEDROOM - CONT. 4

C.U. A MARBLE CARVING of the MADONNA, cradling the infant CHRIST.

5 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - MORNING 5

A DOG'S face, puzzled. The Chou, "JOFI," stares quizzically across the room. Behind Jofi, the small statue of ISIS and the others are on a long bookshelf. All are statues and carvings of various sizes. All are Gods.

INSERT TITLE: LONDON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1939

At the end of the bookshelf, a divan is covered by an Oriental carpet. A woman leaning over the divan blocks our view of the person stretched out on it.

We look up at the face of ANNA FREUD, 43, psychoanalyst, bright but tightly wound, concentrating intensely.

The SOUND of raspy, pained exhale. Her back to us, Anna helps the unidentifiable man sit up on the couch, returning his feet to the floor. She adjusts the bow tie below his white, bearded chin.

Anna takes a step back, revealing her FATHER, DR. SIGMUND FREUD, 83, not at all well.

FREUD
(Latin)
Medicus animarum.

Anna takes his hands, helping him to his feet.

ANNA
(smiling)
"The Doctor lives."

END CREDITS.

6 EXT. THE KILNS - C.S. LEWIS' HOME - OXFORD - DAY 6

The small, brick country home of C.S. Lewis known as the Kilns, rose bushes climbing up the front of the house.

7 INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - CONT. 7

C.S. LEWIS, a youthful spirit, despite the toll of the Great War. He's an Oxford Don, but one you'd still share a pint with. He puts on his vest and looks out his window at the vast, green countryside.

MRS. JANIE MOORE, a striking woman, nearly twenty years older, attempts to help Lewis with his tie. *He moves away, adjusting it himself.*

JANIE MOORE
Call him! Just tell him you can't come! London will be bedlam.

LEWIS
No one tells a man like him anything.

JANIE MOORE
But today? It's dangerous! Stay here, with me. We'll wait for news.

LEWIS
Bad news will find you anywhere.

Janie hugs him.

JANIE MOORE
Don't leave, Jack.

Lewis gently pulls away, taking her hands.

LEWIS

We survived one war, Janie. We will again.

8

EXT. KILNS - MOMENTS LATER

8

Lewis, wearing his topcoat and a small cardboard box on a strap around his shoulder, comes down his front path. He notices an elderly woman, wearing vintage clothing up ahead with her dog, a chow. Suddenly the door behind him opens and Janie comes running after him, pulling on her coat.

JANIE MOORE

I'm coming with you.

LEWIS

No reason to go. I'll be fine on my own.

She's heard this too many times.

JANIE MOORE

The "reason" is that I'd like to.

LEWIS

Stay here, where you're safe.
Really, Janie. I'm perfectly fine.

Janie is hurt.

JANIE MOORE

You always are, aren't you?
Anywhere but here.

Lewis watches her return to the house, shutting the door. When he turns back, the old woman and his dog are no longer there. He looks slightly confused and continues on.

9

INT. OXFORD TRAIN STATION - MINUTES LATER

9

Lewis steps out to a platform. There's a nervous energy, people on edge. Nearly everyone carries the same cardboard box. Lewis stands and watches alongside another older woman as soldiers herd children onto a crowded train.

WOMAN

It's horrid... Having to send
their children off for fear of
bombs...

Lewis agrees, watches as a YOUNG MOTHER strings an I.D. Card around her six year old's neck with his destination: Norwich.

A Soldier signals to the Conductor and the train pulls out. Children, uncomprehending, frightened, wave "goodbye" to their families. Some parents force smiles, others cry.

The Norwich mother begins running alongside the moving train, touches the window meeting her son's hand. The train gains speed, HER HUSBAND catches her. She stops, sobbing in his arms.

Orchestra music playing from the station's loudspeakers abruptly stops.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Regular programming is interrupted to bring you this broadcast. The German Ministry continues to assert Chancellor Hitler's claim that the Polish state has ignored offers of peaceful settlement. There is still no official response to the Prime Minister's ultimatum that all troops be immediately withdrawn.

Lewis and others stare silently at the speaker, faces filled with concern.

10 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

10

Freud stands before his radio, listening keenly to the same broadcast, Anna at his side.

BBC ANNOUNCER (CONT.)

We have just received confirmation that Slovakian troops have joined the Russian invasion. We return to the BBC Orchestra until we bring you more news.

The orchestra resumes playing. Freud turns the music off. *Anna sees his tie askew, and tries to adjust it. He moves away, irritable.*

ANNA

I'm not going in, I'll call the Institute.

FREUD

Your students expect you.

He goes to the mirror and adjusts his tie himself.

ANNA

They'll be thrilled to have a free period.

FREUD

They need routine, today of all days. I can take care of myself. Dr. Schur will be here with the morphine within the hour.

(checks his watch)

I think - or was it?

He checks his watch again. A brief moment of confusion - hardly noticeable - but Anna is aware of her Father's disorientation - no longer 'Professorial absent mindedness' - but some other disorder.

A slight pause: Freud looks around a moment, then remembers something. He takes a small square of paper from his pocket, looks at something written on it.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Oh yes. There is also an Oxford Don coming. Today. He needs an education on punctuality.

ANNA

(surprised)

Who's that?

FREUD

What?

ANNA

The oxford Don? Who is it?

He glances back at the square of paper.

FREUD

A Professor Lewis...

ANNA

Lewis?

Freud grows irritated - 'is my daughter going deaf?' Elderly anxiety and impatience.

FREUD

Professor C.S. Lewis. From Oxford.

ANNA

The Christian Apologist?

FREUD

Ja. Who has much to apologize for.

Anna goes to help him fix the stupid tie. Again, flicking his hand, her father pulls away to adjust the tie himself.

ANNA

I'd like to bring Dorothy back with me. On a day like this, no one should be alone.

FREUD

(irritated, petulant)

We won't be alone!

He walks to his desk and picks up papers, opens a drawer, shuts it - meaningless activity - anything to escape fights, arguments, opposition.

FREUD (CONT'D)

And I'm certain Dorothy would be more comfortable in her own home.

Searches for something in his pockets, on his desk.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Maybe next week.

ANNA

Then the next, and the next. When, Father? How many times do I have to ask you? It's past time you accept...

She stops herself. Freud, suddenly exhausted, almost tearful, sits down on his famous couch. Clamps his eyes shut.

A depression. BRIEF SILENCE. Sounds of the house. Clock ticking. Car horn. Distant piano practice. The crushing melancholy of Life.

Sudden unendurable fear and depression. The morphine and the pain itself are taking their toll, causing mental lapses.

Two still figures of utter loneliness. Anna standing quietly in the patriarchal center of her life. The broken patriarch on the sofa of recovery, now in need of counseling and help.

Freud pats the couch for Anna to sit beside him.

FREUD

(quietly)

You remember Professor Einstein's visit?

ANNA

Of course.

Her father opens his eyes and looks ahead into the growing shadows of the room.

FREUD

We talked about the true indication of insanity: Doing the same thing over and over and expecting a different result.

ANNA

So the surest indication of "sanity" would be the ability to change your mind.

Exhausted by this constant battling and her father's monumental narcissism, she quietly leaves the room.

11 EXT. TUBE STATION, LONDON - DAY

11

Lewis emerges from the tube station in London, where he observes soldiers placing sand bags outside, barrage balloons filling the sky.

It's hectic, families entering the station carrying suitcases, evacuating the city. Lewis checks his watch and quickens his pace against the herd.

12 EXT. MARESFIELD COURT - LATER

12

Lewis turns up the street past another family securing suitcases to the roof of their car. Just ahead, the door to 20 Maresfield Garden opens, and Anna emerges wearing an overcoat and hat, walking quickly up the street.

LEWIS and ANNA hurry past each other.

After a few steps Anna looks back, realizing the man might be Lewis. She turns back and he is checking the house number. She watches dubiously as he starts towards the door. She hesitates, call out -

ANNA

Professor Lewis?

LEWIS

(turns back)

Yes?

ANNA
Anna Freud... I just wanted to say
hello, and well...
(forces a smile)
Good luck to you.

She turns away awkwardly and quickly goes. Lewis looks
puzzled. "Good luck?"

13 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 13

Freud writes at his desk, crowded with dozens of statuettes.

SOUND of BARKING, then the DOORBELL. He looks over at the
clock on a curio filled shelf: 11:25. He rises and walks
toward his study door.

FREUD
Jofi! You hear someone coming?
Smart dog.

14 INT. HALLWAY - CONT. 14

Freud emerges from his study, spots Jofi yapping at the door.

FREUD
Jofi! Come here, Jofi! Run to
Papa!

Jofi stares at him, not moving.

FREUD (CONT'D)
Or just sit there.

15 EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONT. 15

The door opens. Lewis, already anxious, stares into Freud's
stone face.

LEWIS
Dr. Freud! I'm-

FREUD
Professor Lewis, I had given you up
for lost.

Lewis takes off his coat, expecting Freud to take it.
Instead, Freud turns and walks toward his study.

Jofi, coming closer, watches Lewis follow Freud. Lewis smiles
at the dog, something vaguely familiar, but Jofi bolts off.

LEWIS
What kind of dog is he?

Freud stops at the door of his study.

FREUD
A chow. Highly intelligent. He is
my assistant.

LEWIS
(smiling)
Really?

Freud does not return the smile.

FREUD
Ja. Really.

FREUD'S unblinking 'seriousness' is a mask, Teutonic
humorlessness.

FREUD (CONT'D)
He stays with me through all my
sessions. Jofi is my emotional
barometer.

LEWIS
How so?

FREUD
If a patient is calm, he stretches
out at my feet. But if a patient is
agitated, Jofi stands at my side
and never takes his eyes off him.

Lewis tries to lighten things up, but his attempts are inane.

LEWIS
How interesting.

Lewis looks to Jofi, who stares back from down the corridor.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
What should I make of him running
away at the sight of me?

Another dead pan stare from Freud.

FREUD
He, too, is a fanatic for
punctuality.

Freud checks his fob watch, enters his study. Lewis hangs his
coat on a rack along with the cardboard box he's carried.

16

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

16

Freud goes and sits behind his desk. LEWIS looks around the room. FREUD watches him as if studying a new form of life.

FREUD

Fortunately for her, my wife is traveling with her cousin so I have sent out our housekeeper to stock up on canned goods, canned food. We must always expect the worst. Agreed?

LEWIS

Of course. I'm terribly sorry to be so late. All the trains were filled with children being evacuated to the country. Have you been listening to the radio?

FREUD

I always listen to the radio. I find it convenient to be warned before getting bombed... I have other engagements so our visit must be brief.

LEWIS

Perhaps we should postpone?

FREUD

Until when, Professor? Until when? Do you count on your tomorrows? Because I do not.

LEWIS

Of course.

Freud watches his visitor closely.

FREUD

You, British people, you say: 'of course' numerous times in conversation. 'Of course'. Why is that? What does it mean?

LEWIS

I don't know. Habit. I suppose.

FREUD

Interesting.

FREUD smiles a little as he quietly studies LEWIS. A moment of peace, tranquility and deeper understanding. Stillness.

Two opposite personalities from different backgrounds, different national traits and tragic histories. A clock chimes quietly from some distant room.

LEWIS crosses to the window. He looks out at the garden.

LEWIS

You have a lovely home.

FREUD

Yes. My daughter, Anna, has done her best to replicate our home in Vienna.

He watches Lewis over at the window.

FREUD (CONT'D)

You, too, are not a native of this country. Am I correct?

LEWIS

(looking out)

I was born in Belfast, but I've been here since when I was sent to boarding school at thirteen.

FREUD

Your Irish will always win out. We all try so valiantly to leave our past. Our childhood. But they will never leave us. Nor the sorrows of the world...

(a beat)

This will never be my home.

FREUD contemplates the shadows in the room. The slow ticking of the clock.

Suddenly, Freud gets up from behind his desk. The old man goes towards the French window. He passes by Lewis as if he wasn't there, reaches the double door and throws it open to the garden -

WHICH IS SUDDENLY NOT THE GARDEN.

17

EXT. RATHAUS (TOWN HALL) GARDENS, VIENNA - 1930

17

TO GREAT APPLAUSE two officials, seen from Freud's POV, open the double doors to the Vienna garden where a crowd is gathered.

18 EXT. FREUD'S GARDEN, ENGLAND - SAME 18

Freud steps into his own gardens followed by a curious Lewis.

19 EXT. GARDENS, VIENNA - SAME 19

Freud's POV, as he passes colleagues and friends. His wife, MARTHA, matronly, claps proudly.

DR. ERNEST JONES, 50, British, neurologist and psychoanalyst, applauds from the end of his aisle. Dr. Jones looks across the aisle, noticing Anna. She senses his gaze, meets his eyes, and then quickly turns back to-

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM, 48, seated beside Anna. She is an American heiress to the Tiffany fortune. Pretty, with short cropped hair, there is an intimacy apparent between her and Anna, not lost on Freud.

MAYOR (O.S.)

Es ist mir eine große Ehre...

Freud joins the MAYOR on the platform stage in front of the garden's large fountain flanked by Luminaries.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Herrn Dr. Sigmund Freud heuer die Goethemedaille zu verleihen. (It is my honor to present this year's Goethe Prize to Dr Sigmund Freud.)

The Mayor hangs the ribbon holding the GOETHE MEDAL around Freud's neck. To Freud's side is a huge AUSTRIAN FLAG.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Herzlichen Glückwunsch, Doktor!
(Congratulations Doctor!)

MOMENTS LATER

Freud makes the rounds, when he is pulled aside by Dr. Jones.

DR. ERNEST JONES

They've never given the Goethe Prize to a Psychoanalyst before.

20 EXT. GARDEN, ENGLAND - SAME 20

Lewis watches Freud, concerned.

FREUD
They've never had Psychoanalysts in
Germany before.

LEWIS, confused, notices Freud's sudden disorientation. He
takes the doctor's arm.

LEWIS
Dr. Freud? Are you?

FREUD
What!

FREUD is startled. He finds human contact unpleasant. As if
waking from a sleep, still disoriented, staring into space as
if he had been watching those people, those memories of Anna,
all the while.

The OS voices - his memory of the two women - Anna and
Dorothy laughing so many years before. Echoes and
Distortions.

21 EXT. GARDEN, VIENNA - SAME 21

Freud's POV. Quick Flash back to Anna, carrying a bouquet.
Dorothy watches them, from behind. Freud sees Dorothy, then
stares at his daughter.

FREUD
Here is my prize...

22 EXT. GARDEN, ENGLAND - SAME 22

FREUD CONT.
....with whom I am always happy.

In front of him is the azalea bush. Then suddenly free of
hallucination. Back in the present moment. His favorite
flower, the azalea! He notices LEWIS, but manages to cover
his brief lapse.

FREUD
My favorite flower, azalea.

Freud reaches into his pocket for a small penknife/flower
clippers, and plucks two azaleas from the bush. Much to
LEWIS's surprise, the Doctor presents an azalea to him.
Almost a gesture of friendship and respect.

He threads the stem into the lapel button hole of LEWIS'
jacket, then attempts to fix the other flower into his own.

LEWIS helps him. It could symbolize Freud's only bond of friendship and trust.

Suddenly, he is conscious of this 'too close' moment of 'intimacy,' and the formidable and rigid mask, sternness returns his face.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Since we have so little time we
should come to the reason I wrote
you.

He begins to trudge back to the house. Lewis, unsure,
follows.

LEWIS

Of course. My book, "Pilgrim's
Regress."

FREUD

It's a parody, yes? A parody on
"Pilgrim's Progress", yes?

LEWIS

Yes.

FREUD

A clever idea if anyone still reads
Milton.

LEWIS

I understand that what I've written
offends you.

FREUD

Offends me? Why?

LEWIS

My satirizing you with the
"Sigmund" character. Bombastic.
Vain. Ignorant. Perhaps I was over
zealous. I'm sorry if you took it
as a personal attack. But I can't
apologize for challenging your
world view when it completely
negates my own.

FREUD

Which is?

Lewis stops. FREUD continues his painful walk back towards
the sanctuary of his office.

LEWIS

That there is a God. That a man doesn't have to be an imbecile to believe that. And those of us who do aren't suffering from an "obsessional neurosis."

FREUD

(pause)

Oh, I've never read your book.

Lewis, taken aback, deflated - he just stares at the doctor, who disappears through the double doors and into his Office.

23

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

23

Freud fusses at the tea table as Lewis enters inside.

FREUD

Tea?

LEWIS

(Still stung)

No, thank you.

FREUD

Good. It must be cold by now.

Surreptitiously, Freud puts a pill in his mouth. He coughs, clears his throat, then coughs again. Lewis gestures, but Freud waves him off, pouring a glass of water.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Professor Lewis, if you disagree so strongly with my views, why did you come here to see me?

LEWIS

Not all of them. When I was a student we devoured your every book to discover our latent perversions. And I was shocked when I read you declared Pilgrim's Progress a work of "genius." Seriously? A clash between God and Satan?

FREUD

I didn't say whose side I was on.

LEWIS

You've insisted all your life that the very concept of God is ludicrous.

FREUD

Yes.

LEWIS

So why do you care what I think if
you're satisfied in your disbelief?
Why am I here?

A beat - for the first time, the shadow of a smile crosses
over Freud's face.

FREUD

For one reason. I want to learn why
a man of your supreme intellect
could suddenly abandon truth and
embrace an insidious lie.

LEWIS

What if it isn't a lie? Have you
ever considered how terrifying it
would be to realize you're wrong?

FREUD

Far less terrifying than it would
be for you. You said earlier that
you challenge my world view, my
belief in disbelief.

LEWIS

I do.

PAUSE then a broad welcoming smile beams onto Dr. Freud's
face, and he opens his arms of welcome. Lewis stares at him,
realizing the true reason for his visit.

Just then the phone rings. Freud walks over and picks it up.

24 INT. STUDY OF THE LONDON PSYCHOANALYTIC SOCIETY - SAME 24

Anna is on the phone. Classical music from the BBC Orchestra
is heard from a radio on the Secretary's desk.

ANNA

(on phone)

Have you frightened off your
Professor yet?

25 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 25

Freud steals a glance at Lewis.

FREUD
 (on phone)
 Soon, I'm sure... No, stay and
 lecture, I'm perfectly well. Ja.

26 INT. HALLWAY OF THE PSYCHOANALYTIC SOCIETY

26

Anna hangs up. Behind her in the hallway, the Society's
 President, DR. BERBRIDGE, listens to an angry male STUDENT.

STUDENT
 His daughter? I'm not paying
 tuition to hear her opinions.

DR. BERBRIDGE
 Miss Freud is an expert on Freudian
 and Kleinian Analysis, and a valued
 member of our Psychoanalytic
 Society.

STUDENT
 Which I'm sure she achieved through
 her own merit. She's not even a
 Doctor. Why should I waste my time
 with her lecture?

Anna emerges from the office.

ANNA
 You shouldn't, Mr. Hensel. You're
 absolutely right, you wouldn't
 learn a thing. I'm sure you already
 know all there is about adolescent
 narcissism.

She walks toward the lecture hall. Dr. Berbridge follows.

DR. BERBRIDGE
 There was no need for that. I was
 handling the situation.

ANNA
 I'm sorry. I missed that.

Dorothy Burlingham, fellow faculty member, spots them and
 catches up, listening.

DR. BERBRIDGE
 I've been looking at enrollment for
 your proposed "Child Analysis"
 course. Frankly, I doubt we'll get
 enough interest to justify it.

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

Well I've spoken to several faculty members who are concerned with the scheduling of Miss Freud's class.

DR. BERBRIDGE

How so?

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

We're asking you to consider moving it to evening so we all can sit in.

DR. BERBRIDGE

(uncomfortable)

I'll take it into account. Ladies.

He quickly departs. Anna looks to Dorothy and mouths "Thank You". Dorothy smiles.

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

Did you speak to your father about tonight?

Anna's face hardens, continues walking.

ANNA

You do know we're about to be at war?

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

That's nothing new for him. Never met anyone more bellicose.

ANNA

He used to make you laugh. The most wonderful sense of humor you said...

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

Did he? I hardly remember.

ANNA

You just need to be reasonable.

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM

I'm in England, aren't I? With you. Reasonable would be that we at least shared the same roof. The children don't even understand. I didn't know your father had such delicate sensibilities.

ANNA
 (gives up)
 I have a lecture.

Dorothy stops, frustrated. But Anna keeps walking.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Find me later.

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM
 (to herself)
 I always do...

27 INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

27

Anna enters the hall filled with students, all male. She takes her place behind the podium on a platform, consults her notes and looks up at the men.

ANNA
 Good morning, Gentleman.

MEN
 (together)
 GOOD MORNING.

ANNA
 Shall we begin?

28 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

28

Freud settles back in his chair.

FREUD
 Please, sit.

Lewis turns to see Freud's FAMOUS COUCH and freezes.

FREUD (CONT'D)
 Not there.

He indicates a chair before his desk.

FREUD (CONT'D)
 Here.

LEWIS
 (relieved)
 Of course.

FREUD

My colleague, Eric Larson, knows a
colleague of yours. A Mr. Tolkien?

LEWIS

Yes, we're close friends.

FREUD

What exactly are "Inklings"?

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

It's what we call our literary
group at Oxford. We discuss each
other's work.

FREUD

These are fantasies?

LEWIS

Often, yes.

FREUD

I have spent much of my life
examining Fantasies. In the time I
have left I am determined to
understand what I can of reality.
Your parents, did they inject you
with this fairy tale faith?

LEWIS

No... My faith ended with my
childhood. I buried it along with
my mother. She died when I was
quite young.

Freud studies Lewis, as if a patient.

29

INT. LEWIS HOME - PARLOR - FLASHBACK CONT.

29

Young Lewis and Warren stand beside their FATHER, accepting
condolences.

LEWIS V.O)

My Father was consumed with grief,
unable to process it, or to take
ours into account.

Young Lewis looks past them to see his Mother in her coffin.
Her spirit is drained from her body, hardly recognizable, a
frightening face of death.

Lewis turns to Warren, alarmed when he gives out a sob. Their Father looks at them both. Gentlemen don't cry. Lewis takes Warren's hand and they return to their formal stance.

LEWIS (V.O.)
His only solution was to send us
off to England for boarding school.

30 EXT. FERRY - CONTINUOUS

30

We see Lewis along with Warren, grief stricken, terrified, on the deck of a ferry departing for England.

LEWIS (V.O.)
It's perhaps my life's greatest
trauma, more than the war.

They look back at their father and Ireland, receding in the distance. Their father waves a pitiful goodbye, guilt-ridden.

LEWIS (V.O.)
It was all sea and islands now, the
great continent had sunk like
Atlantis.

31 INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DAWN

31

A cold winter's morning when the boys wake in their bunks. Warren gives Jack his birthday gift.

LEWIS (V.O.)
But then on my next birthday, my
brother, Warren, gave me the most
wonderful present I'd ever been
given - A New World.

C.U. of a miniature, a porcelain DEER and DOE standing in a constructed forest. The deer has a giant ball of dust stuck to his head. A BOY'S HAND reaches down and picks up the figure.

Young Lewis removes one deer from the "forest" his brother created for him:

LEWIS (V.O.)
A toy forest he created in a
biscuit box.

Young Lewis pulls off a dust ball and returns the deer.

We roam from the deer through the "forest", filled with trees, boulders and a painted blue stream on the box's floor, all in proportion.

In the center of the forest is a one dimensional BEATRIX POTTER illustration glued to stand upright.

LEWIS (V.O., CONT.)
Moss, twigs, tiny stones and
flowers.

Suddenly, the toy forest comes to life, transforming into a magical realm, the twilight colors all heavily saturated.

Peter Rabbit is now alive, hopping through the wooded landscape towards a fantastic sunset. It's idyllic. Endless.

LEWIS (V.O., CONT) (CONT'D)
I thought it was the most beautiful
thing I'd ever seen. I still do.
The moment I saw it, it created a
yearning I never felt before.

32 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

32

Lewis' delight is contagious.

LEWIS
I called that feeling "Joy." I
still do.

FREUD
And this "joy" you equate with an
inherent desire for a Creator?

LEWIS
Yes.

FREUD
You were led to God by a biscuit
tin.

Lewis laughs. Freud almost smiles.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)
Our deepest cravings are never
satisfied, or even identified. In
German, we call it "Sehnsucht." A
longing. All my years I have felt
this.

33

INT. FOREST - FREUD'S FLASHBACK - CONT.

33

Freud is six. He walks through the dark woods, holding his father JACOB'S hand. Enchanted, he listens to the sounds around him.

Only this is a very different forest than the one Lewis imagined. It is a Gothic realm, eerie and haunted, unforgiving.

FREUD (V.O.)
A strong desire to walk in the
woods with my Father.

C.U. Freud pulls his hand free - his father tries to stop him, but he runs ahead, deep into the woods.

JACOB FREUD
(terrified)
SIGMUND!!

But Freud doesn't even look back. He vanishes into the forest's darkness.

Freud runs as fast as he can, weaving through the trees, but suddenly slows to a stop, looking ahead.

Sound of a brook: Freud looks down to find he is standing in the middle of a painted brook.

FREUD (V.O.)
I was never frightened that my
father had vanished. I was alone
in the woods where I was most
drawn.

He looks up again, and sees that the forest ahead is not real, the trees are dark and twisted, the landscape threatening. Freud stares, curious. He steps towards the Gothic forest of his subconscious.

LEWIS (V.O.)
That my father would not have been
absent...

34

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

34

Freud is pulled back into reality, seizes Lewis' admission.

FREUD
Thus, your search for a Divine
Father Figure.

LEWIS

If anything, it made me determined
to avoid father figures.

FREUD

A normal father-son dynamic.
Childlike adoration turns to a
realization of his weaknesses, then
the desire to displace him.

LEWIS

And your relationship with your own
father?

FREUD

At best, he was a bitter
disappointment.

35 EXT. VIENNA CITY STREET 1862 - FREUD'S FLASHBACK - DAY 35

Freud, six years old, holds his father, JACOB'S, hand as they
walk down the pavement. Ahead, four well-dressed YOUNG MEN
are talking and laughing, blocking the sidewalk.

One BLONDE YOUNG MAN turns to see Jacob, wearing a black
fedora, coming toward them. Jacob tightens his grip on his
son, trying to give the young men berth. They just clear
them when a hand grabs Jacob's fedora.

Jacob turns. The BLONDE MAN holds the hat gingerly as if it
is tarnished. Freud looks from his father to the men.

JACOB FREUD

Bitte- (Please)

The BLONDE MAN turns to the others as if impressed by Jacob's
politeness.

BLONDE YOUNG MAN

"Bitte"?

He moves as if to hand Jacob his hat back- and at the last
moment tosses it over his shoulder into the muddy street.

The young men laugh as the hat sits in a puddle. Freud is
horrified. The blonde man steps up to his father.

BLONDE YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Verschwinde vom Trottoir, Du
Jude! (Get Off the sidewalk, Jew!)

He pushes Jacob, who loses balance, falling backward into the
muddy street alongside his hat.

Freud watches his father, covered in mud, rise with his hat, shaking mud off it.

BLONDE YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Schweine lieben ihren Schlamm!
(Pigs love their mud!)

Shamed, Freud's Father meets his son's eyes as others laugh.

FREUD (V.O.)
I don't know which of them I
detested more.

36 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

36

Freud allows this feeling to linger into his look at Lewis.

LEWIS
The same anger you feel toward a
God that does nothing. The wish
that God doesn't exist can be just
as powerful as the belief He does.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN AN AIR RAID SIREN SCREECHES--

Stunned for a moment, both men are frozen.

FREUD
Gas masks!

Freud hurriedly takes from his desk the same cardboard box
Lewis arrived with and pulls out a gas mask.

37 EXT. MARESFIELD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

37

Freud and Lewis, holding their gas masks, look out to see
neighbors all rushing in the same direction. Mothers carry
infants or pull their elderly parents behind them.

LEWIS
WHERE'S THE SHELTER?

Freud points to a CHURCH STEEPLE a few blocks away.

FREUD
THE CHURCH BASEMENT!

Lewis and Freud start down the street. Freud, breathing
heavily, can't move faster. He has to stop, gasping.

LEWIS
HURRY!

FREUD
I CAN'T! GO!

LEWIS
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU.

FREUD
DON'T BE A FOOL!

LEWIS
TAKE MY ARM!

38 EXT. ST. THOMAS MORE CHURCH - MARESFIELD COURT - CONT. 38

Freud and Lewis join a crush of frightened people pushing through the church's doors. Two priests try to keep order.

FATHER BRENNAN
FORM A LINE, PEOPLE! WE ARE NOT
ANIMALS AND THIS IS NO ARK! EASY,
EASY! EVERYONE WILL GET IN!

FREUD
(lifts eyebrow to Lewis)
Would that your St. Peter be so
generous?

Lewis just stares ahead, not amused.

39 INT. CHURCH - CONT. 39

Once inside, the crowd is herded down stairs leading to the basement, an evocative image. Everyone's eyes are in front, except for Freud's. He scans the church's marble carvings and painted dome. Lewis just looks ahead with dread.

40 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT 40

The sound of babies crying. People packed together. Freud follows Lewis down the narrow stairs into the candlelit darkness when Lewis' breathing becomes labored.

FREUD
Are you alright?

He begins to have a panic attack, reliving some past trauma. All the noise in the room grows louder, more heightened.

Lewis puts his face to the wall, his hands grabbing the stones on either side of him.

People push past him, but not Freud who edges through them to Lewis' side. He recognizes what is happening immediately.

FREUD (CONT'D)
You were in the war?

LEWIS
(barely audible)
The Somme....

FREUD
(confident, firmly)
Breathe. Breathe, slowly.

Lewis, does as he is told.

FREUD (CONT'D)
That's right. Focus on me.

Freud guides him off the wall.

41 EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS 41

Upstairs Father Brennan looks out to the street where a 1938 VAUXHALL SEDAN passes. An air raid warden leans out his window, shouting through his bullhorn.

AIR RAID WARDEN
THERE IS NO ATTACK!! THE SIREN IS A
FALSE ALARM!

42 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - SAME 42

Suddenly the air raid siren STOPS.

FATHER BRENNAN'S VOICE
False Alarm! We are all clear!

Lewis hears this. He takes a deep breath of relief. Freud takes his arm to guide him back up the stairs. Lewis looks at him grateful, but embarrassed.

43 INT. CHURCH - LATER 43

As the crowd filters out, Lewis rests. He watches Freud exploring the church, inspecting every carving and statue.

LEWIS
Dare I say you look at home?

FREUD

Art appreciation. The same as I
would viewing cave paintings.

He walks past marble statues Lewis identifies.

LEWIS

Michael the Archangel, The Virgin
Mother, St. Paul, St. Paul's horse.

Freud stops before a statue of a young woman wearing a scarf
over her hair, a book in her hand with a shamrock on the
cover and a short sword tucked under her arm.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Not a clue.

Father Brennan steps up behind as Freud continues to stare.

FATHER BRENNAN

St. Brigid. She's the Patron Saint
of Nuns.

FREUD

This is not St. Brigid.

FATHER

Who is it, then?

FREUD

St. Dymphna.

Freud continues down the aisle. Lewis, surprised, looks to an
even more surprised Father Brennan.

44 EXT. MARESFIELD COURT - CONTINUOUS

44

Lewis and Freud slowly walk back to Freud's home, the church
behind them in the distance. The Air Raid Truck comes down
the street, still broadcasting.

AIR RAID WARDEN

RETURN TO YOUR HOMES! FALSE ALARM!
APOLOGIES! THERE ARE NO BOMBS!

As the truck passes them Lewis begins to laugh. He attempts
to contain it, but it bursts out.

FREUD

What? I don't understand.

Lewis tries to stop his laughter.

LEWIS
 "APOLOGIES there are no bombs?!"
 What would he do if there were?
 Send sympathy cards?

Both Freud and Lewis are laughing now. People around them are baffled - they must be crazy men.

FREUD
 (catching his breath)
 This is how we forget.

LEWIS
 Excuse me?

FREUD
 The defense of humor. Our brains cannot hold on to horror. We must move on. A random thought to break its hold. I wrote a book on humor.

Lewis nods with no enthusiasm.

LEWIS
 Yes. I read it... We English take our humor very seriously.

They turn a corner. More people return to their homes and work. Children, wearing gas masks, play tag among them.

FREUD
 English humor is still a foreign language to me.

LEWIS
 I agree.
 (off his look)
 Your examples were somewhat clinical. Jokes pinned down like dead frogs, then dissected.

FREUD
 (stops, insulted)
 Are you saying my methodology was flawed?

LEWIS
 No. Your jokes were. They aren't funny.

Another air raid warden passes as they approach Freud's home.

FREUD
Not funny? I used classic
illustrations!

LEWIS
Let me think..ah, here. "Two Jews
before a bath house.."

FREUD
Yes! The first Jew asks, "Have you
taken a bath?" And the second
says.. he says..

Freud laughs, tries to complete the joke again, but can't.

LEWIS
"Why? Is one missing?"

This makes Freud laugh harder. He looks at Lewis, who is
stone faced.

FREUD
Do I have to explain it's hilarity?

LEWIS
No-

FREUD
(insistent)
"Take a bath", as in bathing, or
"Take a bath", meaning stealing
one. An example of memesis! Two
conflicting realities.

LEWIS
As funny as a hanging.

Freud, stunned by this, just follows after Lewis.

SOUND OF PHONE RINGING -

45 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

45

Freud is on the phone. Lewis is by the radio, turned low.

FREUD
Yes, Max.?... How late?
(looks at his watch)
Quite severe. Can it be sooner?
Can you come later? Max?... MAX!

Freud slams the phone down.

LEWIS
Can I be of any help?

Irritated, Freud gestures to the radio. Lewis turns it up.

BBC ANNOUNCER
...with the destruction of the
entire Polish Air force by the
Luftwaffe. Military and civilian
casualties are already estimated to
be over 20,000, a number certain to
rise as German bombing continues.
King George will address the
Commonwealth from Buckingham Palace
within the hour. Until then, we
return to our musical program.

The BBC Orchestra begins to play. Freud shuts the music off.

LEWIS
(shaken)
Twenty thousand killed in two days.
It's nearly impossible to take in.

Freud, in pain, seething from his doctor's delay, paces.

FREUD
More of God's "Mysterious Ways. I
wonder what would your "Inklings"
say to that?

LEWIS
A hundred things. Simultaneously.

46 INT. THE EAGLE AND CHILD PUB, OXFORD - FLASHBACK

46

Inside a warm crowded pub we find a cluster of loud,
outspoken men, arguing good-naturedly. These are THE
INKLINGS. LEWIS sits beside his older brother, WARREN.

WARREN
Utter nonsense, Barfield! There is
no such thing.

BARFIELD
Of course there is! It's a physical
ailment! I feel it every time I
step inside!

LEWIS
"Library Terrors"?

BARFIELD

Doesn't anyone else here get it?
That feeling when you walk into a
library and it grips you- terror at
the number of books you haven't
read yet.

Warren dismisses him, others show their agreement.

WARREN

Moving on! Who's reading?

J.R. TOLKIEN pulls a thick pile of pages from his bag.

J.R. TOLKIEN

I have a new chapter!

This doesn't meet with much enthusiasm.

BARFIELD

Tolkein, then.

TOLKIEN

Chapter Forty Eight.

Sighs are heard. Lewis holds up his hand, rising.

LEWIS

I move we order another round
first.

WARREN

A miracle! My brother is buying!

Enthusiasm from the men.

47

INT. PUB - LATER

47

ALL drink and listen to TOLKIEN read, rapt attention.

TOLKIEN

"It is not despair, for despair is
only for those who see the ending."
(to himself)
No, wait.

He scratches out part of the sentence and makes a correction.

TOLKIEN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

"Despair is for those who see the
end beyond all doubt."

WARREN

I'm confused. That was Frodo?

TOLKIEN

No, no! That's Gandalf.

BARFIELD

So Gandalf's your Christ figure?

TOLKIEN

You could say the same about Frodo.
There are really three -

WARREN

A Trinity.

TOLKIEN

Actually, they're more like Demi-Gods.

LEWIS

Have you thought about adding any
specified breed of ogres to Middle
Earth?

TOLKIEN

What kind, Jack?

LEWIS

The ones who eat Hobbits.

Even Tolkien has to laugh.

48

EXT. OXFORD - ADDISON'S WALK - SUNSET

48

A path lined with trees leading into the deep woods. Tolkien and Lewis appear, walking past a tree. Both wear ties and black academic robes. Tolkien smokes his perpetual pipe.

LEWIS

Have you been indoctrinating my
brother again?

TOLKIEN

Me? Never.

LEWIS

Warren's insisting I go with him to
Falconer Tavern to try their Tyskie
Pale Lager this Sunday.

TOLKIEN

So?

LEWIS
Coincidentally, it's just across
the street from his new Church.

TOLKIEN
I'm innocent. But let me know about
the lager.

LEWIS
What about Weldon? I saw him last
evening.

TOLKIEN
"Sour Tom"?

49 INT. LEWIS' CHAMBER - FLASHBACK - THE PREVIOUS EVENING 49

WELDON, a heavyset man, sits before a fire as Lewis
approaches with their next round. Weldon reaches for his
glass of scotch.

WELDON
(reluctantly)
I've been reading the Bible.
Reluctantly.

Lewis takes the drink back, laughing.

LEWIS
I felt no earthquake.

WELDON
And I'm nearly amused.
(takes his drink back)
Lewis, I've been examining the
historical authenticity of the New
Testament.

Weldon stops himself, embarrassed.

LEWIS
"Authenticity?"

WELDON
It seems that its events... From
first study, of course...
(plunges in)
I think it all really happened.

Off Lewis' bafflement.

50

EXT. ADDISON'S WALK - CONT.

50

Tolkien stops to listen.

LEWIS

He was so flustered he left before
my shock wore off. Weldon's always
been an atheist.

TOLKIEN

A rabid one.

LEWIS

How could he, of anyone, take the
Bible literally? It's a fictional
anthology of myths and legends.

Tolkien stops. Lewis follows his view:

A DEER and her DOE standing in the forest, look back at them.

TOLKIEN (CONT.)

(hushed)

When you read myths about Gods
coming to earth and sacrificing
themselves, their stories move you.
As long as you read them anywhere
but the Bible.

LEWIS

Nonsense!

The DEER bolt back into the forest, disappearing.

Embarrassed, Lewis looks to Tolkien, who shakes his head and
continues walking.

TOLKIEN

Jack, pagan myths were born through
God expressing Himself. But the
myth of Christ is God expressing
Himself through Himself. What
makes it more than myth is that
Christ actually walked the earth
among us. His dying transformed
myth into truth and transforms the
lives of all who believe in Him.

LEWIS

You're a Scholar, Clive! Don't you
have an obligation to seek the
truth?

TOLKIEN

Of course! The same as you. Do your research, examine the evidence.

Lewis scowls, but it's a fair point.

51 EXT. OXFORD - FLASHBACK CONT. 51

Lewis walks through Oxford to the doors of Bodleian Library.

52 INT. RARE BOOK ROOM - FLASHBACK CONT. 52

LEWIS (V.O.)

Which I did.

A DOCENT, wearing white gloves, carefully takes a book from its locked cabinet.

LEWIS (V.O.)

No book was safe. From current scholarship back 1600 years. Starting with the Codex Sinaiticus. The oldest surviving manuscript copy of the New Testament.

The DOCENT finds Lewis and puts it gently on the table before him. Lewis sits, impressed. With gloved hands he opens the book to the first page, written in Greek.

LEWIS

The Book of Matthew. 400 A.D.

53 INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - LATE EVENING 53

The door that connects Janie's bedroom to Lewis' opens. Janie stands in the doorway, wearing her nightgown, loosely drawn. She frowns to see Lewis at his desk, reading.

She goes over to him, standing behind him. Her POV of Lewis, reading, a pen in his hand and a pad filled with notes.

JANIE MOORE

Jack?

JACK

Mmm?

Lewis doesn't look up. She puts her hands on his shoulders, whispers into his ear.

JANIE MOORE
Bedtime.

JACK
(not listening)
Good night.

JANIE MOORE
What can you be reading that's more
fascinating than me?

She leans down to see. Disbelief.

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D)
The Bible?!

JACK
Have you read it?

JANIE MOORE
It's been quoted at me.

JACK
It's often a weapon, isn't it?

She looks more closely.

JANIE MOORE
The Creation. Adam and Eve? You
don't really believe all that, do
you? That they were real?

LEWIS
I believe it doesn't really matter
what I think.

Janie stares at Lewis, who still hasn't looked up.

54 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

54

Freud waits, curious, for his explanation.

LEWIS
Critically, as a literary
historian, I'm perfectly convinced
that whatever the Gospels are, they
aren't myths. They aren't artistic
enough. They're clumsy. Most of
the life of Jesus is left totally
unknown to us, and writer's
building a legend wouldn't allow
that to happen.

Amused, Freud leans forward over his desk.

FREUD

You are convinced of Christ's existence because of bad storytelling?

LEWIS

Christ's existence isn't in doubt, only who he was. The man was chronicled by his contemporaries and historians. Even H.G. Wells, whose skepticism rivaled my own, admitted "Here was a man. This part of the tale could not have been invented."

FREUD

That Christ was a man I don't argue. The same as Mohammed or Buddha.

LEWIS

But only Christ made the appalling claim to be the Messiah. He also claimed the power to forgive sins; how absurd is that?

FREUD

I'm convinced. Christ was a lunatic.

Freud rises from his seat and goes over to the bathroom.

55 INT. FREUD'S BATHROOM /FREUD'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 55

Freud stands before an open medicine cabinet, takes out a small bottle. He hesitates, picks up a tiny onyx pill box.

FREUD (CONT.)

(loudly, to be heard)

Why should I take Christ's claim to be God more seriously than the dozen patients I've treated who claim to be Christ?

Freud opens the tiny black pill box: a single dark red pill.

56 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 56

Frustrated, Lewis looks back at the door, to Freud.

LEWIS

And did you find a single person
whose concept of reality was
otherwise sound?

57 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

57

Freud, agitated, stands at the sink, considering.

FREUD

(reluctantly)

No.

Freud stares at himself in the mirror, he looks old. He can see his own physical pain reflected in his face.

58 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

58

Freud goes back to sit behind his desk, opens the top drawer and puts the small box inside. Closes the drawer.

LEWIS

So if Christ was not a lunatic it
forced me to consider the only
choice I was left with.

59 EXT. LONDON STREETS - LEWIS FLASHBACK - DAY

59

The roar of an engine accelerating. Lewis rides on the back of his brother WARREN's motorcycle.

He looks at the crowds of people they swiftly pass and all of a sudden his expression changes.

He seems to see something that surprises him. Then everything slows down for him as the "Crowd" becomes individual portraits of unique lives.

LEWIS (V.O.)

On my way to the London Zoo, my
decision came as naturally as I
decided to wear trousers that
morning.

An OLD MAN, hunched over, walks slowly down the street. An excited gang of TEENS runs past him on either side.

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN tries to conceal her tears with her handkerchief, walking faster.

A POLICEMAN discreetly turns to watch an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

A VIOLINIST on the park corner is lost in his music, oblivious that no one has stopped to listen.

SOUND: THE SQUEAL OF BRAKES, A CAR HORN HONKS-- WARREN'S SMALL MOTORCYCLE BUMPS UP THE CURB ONTO A SIDEWALK AS HE SWERVES TO AVOID AN ONCOMING CAR, A LARGE, WIDE AUSTIN.

HIS CYCLE MOTOR CHOKES, STALLS AND STOPS. WARREN IS SHAKEN, LEWIS IS PERFECTLY COMPOSED.

Lewis turns to his brother.

LEWIS

Warren?

WARREN

Don't blame me! The Bugger was in the middle of the road! And speeding!

He sees his brother is lost in some other thought.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You alright?

LEWIS

I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

Warren, stares at Lewis, expecting a punch line. When there isn't one, he starts up his motorcycle.

WARREN

Well then.

They drive off.

60

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

60

Freud rolls his eyes, unimpressed.

LEWIS

It was that simple.

FREUD

Things are simple only when you choose not to examine them.

LEWIS

Some things can be accepted. I'm here before you, am I not? That's how plainly obvious this was.

FREUD

But you're asking for the same to
be true of others.

The accusation hangs in the air. Lewis doesn't deny it.

61

INT. THE KILNS - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

61

Lewis, Janie and Warren finish dinner the same night as
Lewis' declaration in Warren's sidecar.

JANIE MOORE

You're not going to be preaching
from some Hyde Park soapbox, I
hope.

LEWIS

Just an observation.

JANIE MOORE

Isn't your conversion suspiciously
un-dramatic? St. Paul was at least
blinded by lightning and knocked
off his horse, wasn't he?

WARREN

Luckily, St. Paul didn't have
Covent Garden traffic behind him.

Lewis gets up to clear his plate.

JANIE MOORE

So, then, what does this minor
miracle mean?

WARREN

A trip to the pub after church on
Sunday!

LEWIS

(smiles at his brother)
Yes, quite... Well it's been a day,
I think I'm going to retire.

JANIE MOORE

To your good book!

LEWIS

Good night.

He walks out leaving Janie fuming.

62 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

62

Lewis steps outside, taking in the night, lighting a cigarette. Janie comes out after him, interrupting.

JANIE MOORE
You don't get off that easy. What
does it mean for us?

LEWIS
I don't understand.

JANIE MOORE
This is all terribly convenient for
you. You want me on my knees
lighting candles? Embroidering the
Ten Commandments on our pillows?

Lewis meets her eyes. Things are now different.

LEWIS
No need, Janie... We both know
them.

The words sit in the air. He stares at her, can see the
sadness filling her eyes. It's a betrayal. She is shaken.

JANIE MOORE
You coward.

She turns away and rushes back inside. Lewis is left
standing there, reeling. The sound of a phone ringing.

FREUD (O.S.)
Yes, right away. Thank you, Anna.

63 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

63

Freud hangs up the phone, turns on the radio.

FREUD
Chamberlain!

CHAMBERLAIN (O.S.)
Up to the very last it would have
been possible to have arranged a
peaceful and honorable settlement
between Germany and Poland, but
Hitler would not have it.

Lewis grows increasingly aggravated.

CHAMBERLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 His actions show convincingly that
 there's no chance of expecting this
 man will ever give up his practice
 of using force to gain his will.

64 INT. INSTITUTE - FACULTY LOUNGE - SAME

64

Anna listens along with staff and students, who crowd the
 room to hear the news.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O. CONT.)
 He can only be stopped by force.
 Now may God bless you all. May He
 defend the right.

Dorothy enters and finds Anna. She goes over to her, can see
 her concern. Anna whispers in her ear.

ANNA
 The talks broke down.

DOROTHY
 God help us.

As Chamberlain concludes, Anna tightly grips Dorothy's hand.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O., CONT.)
 It is the evil things that we shall
 be fighting against - brute force,
 bad faith, injustice, oppression
 and persecution.

Dorothy glances at Anna. Chamberlain could be talking about
 the two of them.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)
 And against them I am certain that
 the right will prevail.

The broadcast ends. Anna glances at Dorothy, they walk out.

65 INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

65

Chaos in the hallway as STUDENTS argue about England's entry
 into war. ANNA and DOROTHY move through them.

DOROTHY
 Are you alright?

ANNA

I wanted to believe we'd be safe
when we left Vienna.

DOROTHY

We don't know how Hitler will
respond.

ANNA

I do. I've seen the kind of men he
created. They won't stop until they
get everything they want.

(beat)

They didn't with me.

Dorothy knows what she's referring to, doesn't argue.

66

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

66

Freud listens, grim. Lewis is shaken.

BBC ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You have been listening to a
broadcast from 10 Downing Street-

Freud turns his radio off in disgust, walking away from it,
stopping at the doors to the garden.

FREUD

So it begins.

Freud is distressed, but Lewis appears even more so.

LEWIS

Again.

FREUD

The First War taught me nothing. I
underestimated Hitler.

LEWIS

Everyone did. It's hard to believe
such a hideous man exists.

FREUD

I've found little that is good
about human beings. In my
experience, mankind is earth's
litter. Whether they publicly
subscribe to this or that ethical
doctrine. Something better not to
say aloud. Or even think.

LEWIS

An optimist, are you?

Freud just grunts, not amused.

67

INT. FREUD'S VIENNA APARTMENT - FLASH BACK - DAY

67

A social gathering is in progress. Anna, Dorothy, and her Mother, Martha, move through their guests. In the corner, Dr. Ernest Jones is in urgent conversation with Freud.

FREUD

It's much too early, Ernest. We can't make hasty decisions.

DR. ERNEST JONES

Hasty?! The Anschluss is a fact! We should leave while we can! It's not just you in danger anymore, it's your family! The bigger your reputation, the bigger target you are for them. Leave the country now. Tomorrow! Let me help you before its too late.

FREUD

Where would I go?

DR. ERNEST JONES

Anywhere! I know you hate America-

FREUD

I don't "hate" America. I simply regret it.

DR. ERNEST JONES

Then come with me to London!

The front doorbell rings, and Martha Freud excuses goes to answer it. Across the room, Dorothy and Anna watch the men.

ANNA

He'll never leave.

DOROTHY

And you'll never leave him.

ANNA

What about you?

DOROTHY

It's time, I'm afraid, for the children.

(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Though I have to admit I'm in
agreement with your father. New
York does little for me either.

ANNA

What I wouldn't give to see you on
Madison Avenue in proper society.
The Tiffany scion.

(off Dorothy unamused)

Sorry... Would you come to London?

DOROTHY

Do you really have to ask?

As Martha nears the door it flies open, wood splintering from
the kick it's been given.

A half dozen German Brownshirts enter, weapons in hand.
Guests panic. A man tries to slip out a door to the butler's
pantry but it is blocked by a soldier.

COMMANDER

SIGMUND FREUD!

Anna turns, and Dorothy grabs her arm, holding her back.

DOROTHY

Don't.

Across the room, Freud hesitantly steps forward. Dr. Jones
approaches the Commander.

DR. ERNEST JONES

Sir, I am Dr. Ernest Jones, from
Great Britain. The Chancellor is a
personal friend-

The Commander pushes him aside, spotting Freud.

COMMANDER

Him.

Freud is grabbed by two Brownshirts, who take his arms.

ANNA

No!

DOROTHY

Anna-

Anna breaks free from Dorothy, and rushes over to the
Commander, standing before him.

ANNA

My Father is a very sick man. Take me instead. I know everything he does. I will be far more helpful.

The Commander looks Anna over, considering. If she's not good for information, she might be good for something else.

COMMANDER

Let him go.

To Freud's dismay they release him, grabbing Anna instead.

FREUD

No, Anna, don't be ridiculous!

The Commander scans the guests, enjoying their fear.

COMMANDER

Ladies. Gentlemen. Until we meet again.

He turns to exit.

FREUD

Wait!

Freud pushes past guests to Anna, hugging her to him.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Mein kind. Why are you doing this?

ANNA

When they take you, it will be too late.

Arms wrapped around her, he whispers in her ear.

FREUD

If there is no hope.

He slips into her hand the tiny black pill case we saw earlier. Anna closes her hand around it.

She glances back at Dorothy, and turns and walks out the front door flanked by the Brownshirts and their Commander.

Freud and Dorothy stand together, watching from the window as Anna is ushered into a waiting car. Anna looks up, before disappearing.

Once they are gone, Freud, devastated, turns back inside with his wife, refusing to acknowledge Dorothy's grief.

68

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT

68

Freud looks out the window, a vacant stare.

FREUD
Twelve hours we waited.

LEWIS
Why did they let her go?

Freud shrugs.

FREUD
She was no use to them. Anna is an innocent.

Lewis stares back at Freud.

FREUD (CONT'D)
When she was released I bribed everyone necessary to leave the country immediately. It took near tragedy for me see Hitler as the monster he is.

LEWIS
History is filled with monsters.

FREUD
Hitler learns from history. A warrior's greatest ally is always God. When Hitler claims crushing the Jews is "God's work" he raises an army who worships them both. At my age, I am grateful I won't live to see the next Hitler, thank God.

Lewis is surprised. He must have heard incorrectly.

LEWIS
What did you say?

For the first time, Freud is speechless, scowls.

CUT TO:

CHURCH BELLS RING OVER RESTORED FOOTAGE OF OLD VIENNA

69 EXT. SACRED HEART CATHOLIC CHURCH - VIENNA - 1863 69

Freud's NANNY, ILSA, pulls the seven-year-old Freud up the church steps, late.

FREUD (V.O.)
I was raised by a strict Catholic
Nanny who dragged me to church
every Sunday.

70 INT. CHURCH - CONT. 70

Freud and Ilsa genuflect as people move down the pew, allowing them to slide in.

PRIEST (O.S.)
In nomine Patris, et Fillii, et
Spiritus Sancti.

FREUD, ILSA, CONGREGATION
AMEN.

THE CHOIR voices and the organ's music fill the church.

TANTUM ERGO - HYMN
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Young Freud and Ilsa sing along. As they do, the boy looks around in wonderment at the church's rich adornment:

Huge marble pillars and archways, with the clouds of Heaven above and cherubs smiling down on them.

Lovingly carved wood panels frame the enormous stained glass windows depicting the stations of the cross.

Young Freud focuses on the wall carving of a Saint. Her sad, knowing eyes seem to stare back into his. She is the same Saint we saw earlier in the CHURCH used for the BOMB SHELTER.

Ilsa sees him staring.

ILSA
(whispers)
Saint Dymphna.

71 INT. FREUD FAMILY HOME - LATER

71

Freud's father, Jacob, reads from Deuteronomy.

JACOB

(in Hebrew)

For you are crossing the Jordan, to
come to possess the land which the
Lord, your God, is giving you. And
you shall keep to perform all the
statutes and ordinances that I am
setting before you, today.

Jacob kisses the prayer book, then looks up to see Freud
making the sign of the cross. He can't believe his eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Was war das? (What was that?)

72 EXT. FREUD FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

72

The front door opens and Jacob Freud is putting Ilsa out on
the street. Jacob is furious, she equally so. Jacob roughly
hands Ilsa her suitcase.

Ilsa sees Young Freud standing behind his Father. This stops
both their tirades. She leans down to him.

ILSA

You must pray for your Father so he
can go to heaven.

JACOB

There is no heaven!

ILSA

Not for you there isn't!

JACOB

GO! NOW!

She turns, leaving them. Jacob grabs his son by his arm.

JACOB (CONT.) (CONT'D)

DO NOT PRAY FOR ME! EVER! SIGMUND!
DO YOU HEAR ME?

Freud doesn't answer, devastated, as he watches his nanny
walk out of his life.

73

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

73

Freud paces the room.

FREUD

Battling Bibles. Love our neighbors
as ourselves? You heard the radio,
it's a simple minded impossibility.

LEWIS

I disagree-

FREUD

Of course you do! Your faith
collapses otherwise!

Freud grows more and more irate. He takes out his
handkerchief, sometimes raising it to wipe his lips.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Turn the other cheek? Should Poland
turn the other cheek to Hitler?
Should they love their neighbors as
German tanks crush their homes?

His speech becomes slurred, his pain obvious.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Do you think it coincidence that
Jesus demands his followers must be
like children to enter Heaven? It's
because man has never matured
enough to face that he is alone in
the universe and religion makes the
world his nursery! I have two words
for you, GROW UP!

Freud begins to cough into his handkerchief, turning away.
Lewis rises and goes to him.

Freud raises his hand to keep Lewis away. He turns, wiping
his mouth. There is a spot of blood on his handkerchief.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Oral surgery. Then, badly fitting
dentures. I worry constantly I will
sneeze my teeth out. I need my
medicine-

LEWIS

Sit.

Lewis pulls a chair to him.

FREUD

They never fit properly. Anna calls it "The Monster." I must clean it and call her to readjust it.

LEWIS

When will your wife be home?

FREUD

No one but Anna touches it.

LEWIS

Not even your doctors?

FREUD

Especially not my doctors!

74 INT. VIENNA HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK - THREE YEARS PREVIOUS 74

Out of surgery, Freud is being pushed down the hallway on a gurney.

FREUD (V.O.)

Endless operations and I should have learned from the first.

He's still sedated, with a white towel under his chin.

Sounds of the hospital echo as if they are coming from far away. Unintelligible voices, oddly colored shapes.

ETHER DREAMS:

THE CORRIDOR IS LINED BY TOWERING VERSIONS OF THE GODS FROM FREUD'S OFFICE, EROTIC, SURREAL.

THE GURNEY PASSES A MARBLE STATUE OF A BEARDED GOD AND A YOUNG WOMAN COPULATING ON STONY GROUND.

BUT WHEN THE SISTER PUSHES THE GURNEY PAST THEM, THEY ARE REVEALED AS HUMAN: THE GOD CINYRAS AND HIS DAUGHTER MYRRHA, A REPLICATION OF THE ILLUSTRATION IN DANTE'S "INFERNO."

DRAWING BACK FROM THEIR KISS WE SEE MYRRHA IS NOT DISSIMILAR TO ANNA.--

SOUND OF A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM--

75 INT. SMALL RECOVERY ROOM - FLASHBACK CONT. 75

C.U. FREUD'S SHUT EYES. With a start, he opens them, then gapes, horrified--

A SCREAMING, HYDROCEPHALIC DWARF IN A HOSPITAL GOWN,
TERRIFIED, POINTS AT FREUD.

We see that the white towel is soaked through with blood.
Freud tries to speak, but blood pours from his mouth.

The frightened DWARF runs out the door and down the hall.

FREUD (V.O)
He saved me.

76

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT

76

C.U. OF THE INCA SUN GOD on a cabinet. Gleaming gold and
crowned, its eyes blank, mouth wide open.

FREUD
He ran for the nurse. If it wasn't
for him I would have died.

Beside the Inca Sun God is a marble reproduction of the
sculpture entitled "CINYRAS and MYRRHA."

FREUD (CONT'D)
I find terrible humor in that. The
eminent intellectual saved by a
brain damaged dwarf. Now, that is a
joke. Can there be a better one?

LEWIS
Maybe not. But if it was a joke,
who do you think made it?

Freud pauses. He has no answer.

FREUD
You might have just made a joke
yourself.
(rises)
Your first.

Just then the phone rings.

FREUD (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Dr. Schur? Where are you?!

77

INT. INSTITUTE LECTURE HALL - CONT.

77

Anna Freud addresses the packed classroom.

ANNA

Children aren't necessarily afraid,
of war. Instead of running away,
they might run toward it with
primitive excitement. The real
danger isn't that a child might
react with shock. The danger is
that the violence of the world
might meet the violence inside the
child.

Dorothy appears at the door. She puts her hand to her ear,
indicating a phone call.

ANNA (CONT.) (CONT'D)

(immediately)

Let's take a moment.

Anna quickly walks down the aisle.

78 INT. INSTITUTE'S OFFICE - CONT.

78

Anna enters hurriedly, the Secretary holding the phone hands
it to her.

ANNA

(into phone)

Father? What is it?

79 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

79

Lewis watches Freud on the phone, who is irate.

FREUD

(on phone)

Dr. Schur is not coming! He blames
the traffic, he can't get into
town. He will call my prescription
into a chemist.

ANNA'S VOICE ON PHONE

Do you want me to come home-

FREUD

(on phone)

Of course! Why else would I call?!

ANNA'S VOICE ON PHONE

It's just before you didn't-

FREUD
 (on phone)
 I AM IN TERRIBLE PAIN!
 (off Lewis, in German)
 DENK DOCH *EINMAL* AN MICH UND NICHT
 IMMER NUR AN SIE! (THINK OF ME FOR
 ONCE! NOT ALWAYS HER!)

80

INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - SAME

80

Anna is cowed, a vulnerable child again.

ANNA
 (on phone)
 Ja, Vater.

FREUD'S VOICE ON PHONE
 Finde einen chemiker! (Find a
 chemist!)

ANNA winces at the sound of the phone being banged down in
 her ear. She looks up, very embarrassed.

ANNA
 There is an emergency. Could
 someone dismiss my class?

SECRETARY
 Of course, Miss Freud.

Dr. Berbridge enters and hears this, very angry.

DR. BERBRIDGE
 Out of five scheduled lectures in
 the last two weeks you've cancelled
 two and today you're leaving
 halfway through your third!

ANNA
 It's unavoidable. My Father is in
 great pain and he needs me.

DR. BERBRIDGE
 As do we. Now more than ever. You
 must have domestics who can assist
 him. Surely you can bring in a
 Nurse?!

ANNA
 He doesn't want that.

DR. BERBRIDGE

With all respect, does your Father
always get everything he wants?!

ANNA

Doctor, you, as much as anyone,
know the importance of my Father's
work. Beside his creating your
Occupation, and mine. So, yes, he
gets anything he wants.

DR. BERBRIDGE

Including your life?!

ANNA

If you have a problem-

DR. BERBRIDGE

I think the problem is yours. It's
called an Attachment Disorder.
Idolizing ones parents past
adolescence isn't a virtue, it's a
compulsion!

CLOSE on ANNA'S face as she fights to remain unemotional.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

That's quite enough, doctor. Anna,
are you alright?

Anna, shamed, immediately exits.

81 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

81

Freud, still by the phone, settles himself. Lewis turns away,
uncomfortable. He looks over at the many photos in the room,
can't help but notice one of himself, surprised and
flattered. It rests beside a photo of Anna lecturing.

LEWIS

Your Daughter teaches?

FREUD

She also has a private
psychoanalytical practice for
children. I feared that by
following in my footsteps she might
leave no mark of her own. But Anna
is dedicated to the science.

Lewis puts the photo back.

LEWIS
And to you, it seems.

Lewis looks around him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Do you have a photograph of your wife?

FREUD
Of course.
(pause)
In the parlor.

Freud is irritated at Lewis' personal questions.

FREUD (CONT'D)
Are you married?

LEWIS
No.

FREUD
Do you live with anyone? A woman?
A man?

LEWIS
Pardon?

FREUD
Does homosexuality offend you? It should not. Homosexuality is neurotic but not immoral.

LEWIS
Why so?

FREUD
Moral sense in man is produced by fear, begun with the castration complex.

LEWIS
(amused)
So, women have nothing to fear?

FREUD
Exactly. Which is why they are so dangerous.
(off his look)
Women are born amoral and conniving. With no fear of castration, these impulses cannot be countered.

LEWIS
(skeptical)
Then how are they "countered"?

FREUD
By traditional relationships with
their Husbands, and Fathers.

Lewis can hardly comprehend what he is hearing, stares at the old man.

LEWIS
But you've been one of the most
supportive voices for women in your
own field? You are a walking
contradiction.

FREUD
I am human. Inherently flawed.
Damaged, and no doubt damaging to
others.

82 INT. SCHOOL COATROOM - CONTINUOUS

82

Anna enters the large coatroom, closes the door behind her, taking a moment of refuge. She hugs her coat tightly in the dark, steadying herself, just trying to breathe. She closes her eyes.

VOICE (V.O.)
Tell me your family's secrets...

83 INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK

83

Anna sits on the floor of a cold, dark, wet cell. She's shivering, and has been there for hours.

She closes her eyes, hugging her knees closer to her chest. She looks down at the pillbox that her father gave her, staring at it.

Her eyes widen in fear when a door opens and she hears footsteps approach her cell.

SOUND: BANGING ON THE DOOR

84 INT. SCHOOL COATROOM - CONT.

84

Dorothy opens the door and finds Anna, shaken.

DOROTHY
Anna? Are you alright?

ANNA
(gathers herself)
It's nothing.

DOROTHY
You're frightened. Tell me.

Anna grabs her coat and tries to play it off.

ANNA
I'm just worried about my Father. I
have to find a chemist.

DOROTHY
Is your Mother-

ANNA
She's away. He has no one.

DOROTHY
There must be someone-

ANNA
Me!

Dorothy is taken aback by the force of her desperation.

85 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

85

Anna pulls her coat on, heading toward the school's entrance
with Dorothy in tow.

DOROTHY
Chemists are closing early like
every other business. Let's make
some calls first.

ANNA
I'll find one on the way home.

Dorothy takes her own coat.

DOROTHY
Then we'll go together.

ANNA
Absolutely not!

DOROTHY
I've waited for you my entire life,
I'm not going to lose you now.

ANNA
I'll be perfectly safe and you have
classes.

DOROTHY
Anna! Enough! Please.

Anna stops.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Don't we have more now to be afraid
of?

She stares at Dorothy, unable to answer.

86 EXT. INSTITUTE - CONT.

86

Dorothy follows her out to the street. Loud traffic, packed
sidewalks, the city electrified with the anticipation of war.

DOROTHY
Berbridge isn't wrong, you know.
If any patient of yours showed this
kind of codependency you'd diagnose
them with an attachment disorder.

ANNA
This is my duty, why can't you see
that?

DOROTHY
Duty is not the same thing as
cringing servitude.

ANNA
HE IS MY FATHER!

DOROTHY
And what else? Is that all?!

Anna, is stung.

ANNA
How dare you.

Anna hurries down the steps alone and joins the crowd on the
sidewalk. Dorothy watches her go.

87

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

87

Freud lights a cigar. Lewis watches astonished.

LEWIS

Doesn't smoking aggravate your mouth?

FREUD

Of course. But I am determined to revel in my only sexual pleasure left. I've bid farewell to my phallic and anal stages and regressed to my oral.

Lewis looks at his watch.

LEWIS

Extraordinary. We've been talking this long and this is the first mention of sex.

FREUD

Your definition is too narrow. I apply the term "sexual" to all interactions that bring pleasurable feelings. Genital contact, an infant sucking at its mother's breast, my cigar. Sexuality is the font of all happiness.

LEWIS

There's much more to happiness than that. Sex is only one of many God given pleasures and not the most lasting.

Freud looks at his watch.

FREUD

Extraordinary. It took you less than a minute to bring god into sex. Still, despite church propaganda, we have made great progress overcoming our repressions.

LEWIS

Progress? We've gone from sex being the subject never spoken of to our being unable to talk about anything else. It's as if we invented it.

FREUD

Psychoanalysis is inherently sexual. And we hardly-

LEWIS

Oh yes. We infantilize it, turning it into the lie that sex under any circumstances is normal and healthy. There is a sexual code running through the Old and New Testaments. Sex is to be shared by two people who are committed to each other-

Freud turns on Lewis.

FREUD

Your Bible is a bestiary of sexuality! You handpick verses to support your own bias! "No sex before marriage'. It's not only naïve, it's mindless cruelty. Like sending a young man to perform his first concerto with an orchestra when the only time he's ever played his piccolo was alone in his room!

Lewis can't help but laugh.

LEWIS

I'd think needing to depend on men would cause women to give up sex completely. Especially since you say homosexuality isn't immoral.

Freud is getting more and more agitated.

FREUD

Lesbianism is a much different matter.

LEWIS

How so?

FREUD

Unchecked, lesbians become progressively more and more unstable.

LEWIS

But not homosexuals?

FREUD
No! Their conditions have very
different sources.

LEWIS
I don't understand. What's the
source of a woman's lesbianism?

FREUD
Her Father!

Freud stops himself, Lewis is taken aback by his vehemence.

The old man settles, trying to compose himself, trying to put
the focus back on Lewis

FREUD (CONT'D)
And what of your Father?

Lewis takes a beat, isn't certain he wants to continue.

FREUD (CONT'D)
It's too late to turn back now.

LEWIS
(guarded)
My Father and I made our peace
before he died. He was a good man.
What he couldn't afford emotionally
he made up for financially,
supporting my life's work... I
live with my brother.

Freud senses he is hiding something.

FREUD
Just your brother?

LEWIS
It's complicated.

FREUD
It usually is.

LEWIS
I told you I was in the war.

Lewis hesitates. Freud leans back.

FREUD
No, you showed me you were in the
war... Always back to the war...

CUT TO:

88 EXT. THE SOMME, FRANCE - NIGHT

88

A YOUNG LEWIS, 19, already war-worn, and his friend PADDY MOORE, 20, march towards the front.

The night sky lights up before them in bursts of artillery. It is loud and foreboding.

PADDY MOORE
You alright, mate?

Lewis just stares out, he is anything but alright.

89 EXT. TRENCH - NIGHT

89

Rainwater has filled the trench they are crouched in, huddling under their coats. They listen to the rifle fire. Clusters of bombs exploding, screams from down the line.

Paddy pulls out a photo, stares at it.

PADDY MOORE
I suppose I should have some
starlet's pic. Just me mum.

LEWIS
If I still had a mum I'm sure I'd
do the same.

PADDY MOORE
JESUS!

He jumps aside, a small army of rats run over his shoes, past Lewis.

LEWIS
There goes dinner.

They both laugh, despite the misery.

PADDY MOORE
Lewis? Make me a promise. If
something happens to me, take care
of my Mother. And if anything
happens to you I'll do the same for
your Father.

Lewis just nods, a pact.

90 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

90

Freud continues to question Lewis, who is determined to get away from the subject.

FREUD
How much of that night do you
remember?

LEWIS
(dismissive)
Little to none... It was chaos
from the outset...

Lewis instinctively looks at the door, then forces himself to steady and look back at Freud, who is waiting patiently. Lewis is not getting out of this.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
It was my last time going over the
bags... Paddy and I made it into
no man's land...

THE COMMANDER'S WHISTLE SOUNDS

91 EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - CONT.

91

Smoke and fog fill the battlefield. Artillery and gun fire sound out but Lewis and Paddy are lost in the haze, racing forward.

Lewis and Paddy leap forward into a ditch from a mortar blast. LEWIS is breathing heavily.

They crouch low, pinned down. Before Lewis are remnants of the roots from a tree once there.

Lewis touches the roots- and for a brief moment he is back in his Fantasy Forest.

STILLNESS AND SILENCE

A baby deer approaches Lewis timidly. He smiles.

Coming closer, the fawn looks up to him with her huge, trusting eyes -

THEN JOLTED BACK to reality by a mortar blast and Lewis falls backwards-

PADDY MOORE (V.O.)
Jack! You all right?!

Lewis nods, trying to catch his breath. The volume of the gunfire is deafening. Gunpowder floats in the air.

PADDY MOORE (CONT'D)
 (shouting to be heard)
 They've got all of Berlin over
 there! We can't stay here!

Lewis, covered now in mud, wipes his eyes, raises up and begins firing. He looks over to Paddy when--

A DIRECT HIT BY A MORTAR SHELL.

Lewis reels, in shock, ears ringing, he looks around him frantically only to find Paddy lying dead. Lewis forces himself to take his personals, including the photo of Paddy's mother. He looks back at his friend a last time and turns to run -

ANOTHER EXPLOSION

This one sends Lewis sliding, falling down into a cave beneath no man's land.

He lands hard, jammed against a wall, surrounded by dead bodies, claustrophobic, still gripping the photo.

BLACKOUT.

92

INT. ENDLEIGH PALACE HOSPITAL - LATER

92

Lewis lays in a hospital bed, his chest bandaged. Wounded patients lie in beds down a long hallway, understaffed. Lewis just stares at the ceiling in pain and exhaustion.

JANIE MOORE (O.S.)
 I was going to take you out dancing-

He looks up to see Janie Moore, Paddy's Mother, standing there holding a covered basket.

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D)
 But you'll have to settle for a
 picnic here instead.

For the first time in forever Lewis smiles.

LEWIS
 Mrs. Moore?
 (off her nod)
 I'm so sorry...

She can't hold his gaze.

LATER

Janie helps Lewis steady a teacup he sips from. Finished, she puts it onto a tray and hands Lewis a cookie. He takes a bite and is transported.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

These taste like they were made with actual butter.

JANIE MOORE

They were! Our neighbors take trading ration coupons as seriously as if they were Lloyd's of London.

LEWIS

In the field we ate Maconachie for breakfast, Lunch and dinner.

JANIE MOORE

"Maconachie"?

LEWIS

Ground up fat pretending to be rancid meat. Cold, it's inedible. Hot, it's near fatal.

Both smile.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how much your visit means to me.

JANIE MOORE

It's nothing. The letters you wrote me after Paddy's death keep me close to him.

Lewis reaches for something. It is the photo from Paddy.

LEWIS

He carried this with him.

She holds it, pauses to collect herself.

JANIE MOORE

You keep it.

(forces a smile)

Now Jack, we need to talk about something quite serious. You told me the promise you and Paddy made with each other.

(MORE)

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D)
 It's a lovely gesture, but I don't
 need anyone being my 'guardian
 angel'. I might look ancient to
 you-

LEWIS
 Of course not.

JANIE MOORE
 The right reply. Not to mention
 that I don't believe in angels, or
 depending on anyone but myself.

LEWIS
 So let's not look at it as a
 "Guardianship." Let's call it a
 friendship.

Janie considers this, and slowly smiles.

JANIE MOORE
 Agreed.

She takes his fingers poking out of the cast to shake on it,
 and they both laugh. There is an immediate, surprising
 chemistry.

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 A very special friendship.

93 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

93

Freud stares at Lewis, surprised. Almost impressed.

FREUD
 Your friend's Mother?

LEWIS
 I made a promise.

FREUD
 How long have you had this
 relationship?

LEWIS
 I wouldn't call it a
 "relationship".

FREUD
 Any bond between two people is a
 relationship. How old was she?

LEWIS

Mrs. Moore was in her early forties.

FREUD

Does "Mrs. Moore" have a first name?

LEWIS

(reluctantly)

Janie.

FREUD

"Janie." Did you think Janie an attractive woman when you met?

LEWIS

She was the Mother of my friend.

FREUD

Which might make her more attractive. Many men who lose their mothers at an early age are drawn to mature women.

LEWIS

I resent your implication, and my personal life is not your concern.

FREUD

Your conversion is. You lived with her in your days as an atheist, so I would like to know whether your conversion or battle trauma caused a newfound virginity.

LEWIS

I won't discuss this further. My private life is precisely that.

FREUD

As you wish. But I always consider what people tell me less important than what they cannot.

The doorbell rings. Lewis looks relieved.

94

INT. FREUD'S HOME - CONT.

94

Lewis opens the door to the visitor and greets him.

LEWIS

Hello. Can I help you?

DR. ERNEST JONES
No one can today, I'm afraid. Is
Miss Freud in?

LEWIS
I'm afraid not, she's-

Freud appears behind him.

FREUD
Ernest!

The two doctors embrace, then Dr. Jones turns to Lewis,
introducing himself.

JONES
Ernest Jones.

LEWIS
C.S. Lewis. A pleasure.
(turns to Freud)
I should leave you to your Doctor.

FREUD
Dr. Jones is not my physician.

JONES
Better than a Doctor, a friend.

Jofi enters the hallway and barks.

FREUD
Jofi! You remember Dr. Jones!

JONES
I just stopped by for a moment. I
didn't know you had company.

LEWIS
I think I'll take a stroll around
the block for some air.

FREUD
Excellent idea.

Freud looks from Lewis to Jofi.

Resigned, Lewis leaves through the front door with Jofi on a
leash. He looks out to see the fall day already darkening.

96

INT. FREUD'S PARLOR - CONT.

96

Freud and Jones enter the parlor. Conventionally decorated, its furnishings are clearly not Freud's choices.

JONES

Your color is better.

FREUD

Your eyes are worse. I hope you're not here to pack me off to another country? It's too late for that.

JONES

(smiling)

I'll return our tickets to Iceland.

They sit. Jones seems less confident now.

JONES (CONT'D)

You've met my Sister, Rosalyn.

FREUD

Stutterer.

JONES

Overcome. She and her family live in Northumberland. No place to bomb, more sheep than people. But I'm told they're assembling a first rate psychoanalytic facility in Bury. A teaching hospital.

FREUD

You don't really expect me to move in my condition?

JONES

No. Of course not... I was thinking of Anna.

Jones looks for a reaction, Freud remains still.

JONES (CONT'D)

They'd love to have her, of course, and it would be a winning proposition for both of them.

FREUD

Because she'd be safer there?

JONES

That's one reason, yes.

FREUD
And the other?

JONES
They've asked me to join the
faculty.

Jones braces himself for Freud's reaction.

97

EXT. LONDON STREET - APOTHECARY SHOP - CONT.

97

Anna sees the sign "CLOSED" but nonetheless tries the door.
Definitely locked. Determined to find another, she walks
briskly, then runs toward a stopping trolleybus.

An anxious crowd is boarding. The Operator stops the line at
the man and woman before her.

OPERATOR
Sorry. We're full up.

ANNA
Sir, please, I need to get home.

The operator cocks his head toward the standing room only
passengers behind him.

OPERATOR
Same as everybody else. Step away,
please.

Anna does, but persists.

ANNA
My Father is having a medical
crisis. He needs help, immediately.

OPERATOR
I'm sorry, miss.

ANNA
(playing last card)
My Father is Dr. Sigmund Freud!

Clearly, the operator knows who Freud is.

OPERATOR
The Sex Doc? Good luck to both of
you.

The operator shuts the door, pulling away.

98 INT. FREUD'S PARLOR - CONT.

98

Freud's mood is darkening.

FREUD

Help me, I am confused. Are you seeking a professional relationship with Anna or a personal one?

JONES

Actually...that would be Anna's choice, don't you think?

Freud's stare levels Jones.

FREUD

Do you, Ernest?

99 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONT.

99

Anna tries another Chemist's door despite the "CLOSED" sign. She peers in and sees no one. About to leave, she stops and looks up to the apartment over the store.

ANNA

IS ANYONE HOME? HELLO! I NEED HELP!

Anna looks around for something to toss at the window. Finding nothing she takes off her shoe and throws it.

CHEMIST (O.S.)

Throw 'em both! My wife loves shoes.

Anna looks up to see an Old Man leaning out the window.

ANNA

Are you the chemist? I need a prescription filled. It's an emergency and I -

The Chemist makes a sign of dismissal and vanishes from the window. Anna looks around her, frustrated. Where can she go now? The Chemist's door opens.

CHEMIST

I do a good deed once a war. Who's your Doctor?

100 INT. FREUD'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

100

Dr. Jones watches as Freud rises, looking out the window.

FREUD

Has Anna ever given you any indication she would be interested in a relationship?

JONES

No, but... I've spent little time with her, socially. She has many responsibilities, I understand-

FREUD

Or perhaps she is disinterested.

JONES

I think she could only benefit by a wider circle of professional and personal acquaintances.

FREUD

Beside myself.

JONES

(reddens)

I didn't mean to infer-

FREUD

Of course not.

JONES

Perhaps we could talk again after you've had some time to think.

FREUD

Not necessary.

JONES

(hopeful)

I can speak with her, then?

FREUD

No.

JONES

Can I ask why?

FREUD

Anna and I have an understanding that she will not consider any relationship until we both feel it is suitable.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

You are twenty years older than her. Anna is still a girl, she is too young to even experience sexual longing.

JONES

(stunned)

Do you even hear yourself? Anna spent years in psychoanalytical treatment for a masturbation complex, which proves she is capable of sexual longing. A complex that most often stems from her unhealthy paternal attachment. Not that you need concern yourself, doctor. Primum non nocere. I'm sure you remember that.

Freud glares at Jones, knows he's right.

101 EXT. STREET - CONT.

101

Anna is in a cab.

ANNA

Hurry, please.

The cab picks up speed, Anna sinks back in her seat.

102 INT. FREUD APARTMENT, VIENNA - FLASHBACK

102

Anna waits nervously as the door to her father's study opens. Out walks Dorothy, looking a little frazzled.

Anna follows her, sees their Viennese housekeeper watching.

DOROTHY

Don't.

ANNA

What could I possibly ask?

DOROTHY

My therapy session are mine alone. Find your own therapist.

ANNA

I just might... You do look like a bit flushed. I wonder what you could have talked about that would have caused that.

DOROTHY
Wouldn't you like to know.

Dorothy gives her a sideways glance. Anna suppresses a grin as she follows her out into the hallway and closes the door.

103 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

103

Dorothy walks up the stairs. Anna follows.

ANNA
It must be very convenient to live upstairs from your analyst.

DOROTHY
I could say the same of you having me so close.

ANNA
I do find it very convenient. But I wonder what you could have possibly discussed that has aroused such a physical response.

DOROTHY
Wouldn't you like to know.
(off Anna)
Everything to do with you and nothing at all.

ANNA
So then he knows?

They come to Dorothy's door. She takes a beat, turns back to Anna, takes her hands.

DOROTHY
He knows.

Anna swallows hard. Dorothy opens her door to see her two small children. Anna smiles to herself, follows Dorothy inside as the children rush to hug her, and the door shuts.

104 INT. TAXI - SAME

104

Anna stares out the window of the taxi, closes her eyes, remembering.

105 INT. A DARK ROOM - FLASHBACK

105

Anna is stretched out on a couch in a dark room. There's pain and pleasure in her telling.

ANNA

(low, aroused)

It's the same fantasy I always have. We're on horseback. His family hates mine, he's avenging them. I can't escape. He's coming closer, closer- Then he kisses me. Everywhere I'm bleeding. His face to mine, his lips near my lips, red and dripping. He whispers - "Tell me your family's secrets."

CUT TO:

106 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONT.

106

Lewis and Jofi proceed down the block, passing shops and residences, where citizens prepare for war, taping glass, blacking out windows, while soldiers place sandbags.

TWO TEEN NEWSPAPER VENDORS out shout one another with headlines: "WE'RE AT WAR", the other, "WAR DECLARED"

But Lewis sees none of this. He sees only the past.

107 INT. THE KILNS - AFTER DINNER - FLASHBACK

107

Janie and Lewis do dishes. She washes, he dries.

LEWIS

We should invite the Tolkeins for dinner during school break.

JANIE MOORE

You see him at your meetings, don't you?

LEWIS

Yes, but not Edith.

JANIE MOORE

That's fine with me.

LEWIS

I thought you liked Edith?

JANIE MOORE

More than she likes me. She doesn't approve of our living together, you know how Catholics are.

LEWIS

As far as she's concerned you're my land lady.

(off Janie, stung)

She's never said a word about it.

JANIE MOORE

She doesn't have to. She converted for him, Jack!

LEWIS

I know-

JANIE MOORE

I won't do it!

LEWIS

I'd never ask you to!

JANIE MOORE

And I won't sit around the table, holding hands with the three of you and thanking God for the meal I made!

Janie storms out of the room, Lewis follows her.

LEWIS

Janie!

108 INT. KILNS - SECOND FLOOR

108

Janie rushes into her bedroom, tries to slam the door closed, but Lewis pushes it open.

JANIE MOORE

I don't know who you are.

LEWIS

You do.

JANIE MOORE

You're not the same person! I can't live this way any longer. I'm leaving. I have to.

LEWIS

You don't.

JANIE MOORE

Forget the promise you made with Paddy. I absolve you, Jack! Does absolution make you feel holy?

LEWIS

Let's sit down and talk.

JANIE MOORE

Where are my bags?

LEWIS

In the attic, but-

JANIE MOORE

I'll fetch them myself.

JANIE exits. A beat later, she returns.

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D)

You didn't stop me. You'd let me go, wouldn't you?

She starts to cry, LEWIS goes to her, holds her. She looks up to him.

JANIE MOORE (CONT'D)

Am I a sin? Is that what I am to you?

Desperate, she tries to kiss him. He pulls back.

LEWIS

No!

They look at each other, both in pain.

LEWIS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I can't.

SOUND OF BARKING

109

EXT. BOOK SHOP - CONT.

109

Lewis, still walking Jofi, notices one of Freud's books displayed in the window along with a photo of FREUD, announcing a local lecture, which has been postponed.

LEWIS

He's inescapable.

Lewis looks down at Jofi, who relieves himself beneath the window.

110 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 110

SOUND of door closing, Jones has left.

Freud enters, approaches the windows overlooking his garden and stares out, thinking, remembering.

111 EXT. VIENNA GARDEN - FLASHBACK 111

Freud watches his 4 year old grandson, Heinele, being chased by Anna, as he and his other daughter Sophie call encouragement.

SOPHIE

Hurry Heinle! She's going to catch you! Hurry!

ANNA

(laughing)

Sophie! He's too fast for me!

Sophie is beautiful and we see Freud's eyes fill with joy at the sight of her with her son.

Anna catches Heinele, both laughing. She allows him to "break free" and run from her and into the arms of Sophie, coming for him. They hug Heinele ferociously.

For that moment, FREUD has found "Joy"

112 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - THE PRESENT - CONT. 112

Freud turns away from the garden, caught between worlds for a moment. He hears the front door open, then shut. Lewis enters, taking off Jofi's leash.

FREUD

Jofi has finished walking you?

LEWIS

He recognized your book in the window where you were to speak.

FREUD

Postponed... Indefinitely.

Lewis picks up the dog and puts him in Freud's lap.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Don't -

But it's too late. Jofi barks, jumps off Freud's lap as if electrocuted and runs from the room. Lewis is surprised.

LEWIS

I'm sorry, I thought-

Freud, flustered and embarrassed, hesitates, then decides to tell him the truth.

FREUD

I have oral cancer. These are not badly fitting dentures, it is a prosthesis. It seals off the roof of my mouth from the nasal cavity. The smell is clearly hideous.

LEWIS

I don't smell it.

FREUD

You're being kind. Jofi didn't run from you, he ran from me. The smell of decaying flesh.

Of course, Lewis smells it now, whether it's imaginary or not.

FREUD (CONT) (CONT'D)

Jofi is no longer this "man's best friend."

Freud picks up a small statue from his desk.

FREUD (CONT) (CONT'D)

Do you know the Greek God, Momus?

LEWIS

No.

FREUD

He chastised the Gods for their absurdity in creating man and was banished to earth to live with them.

LEWIS

Familiar theme.

FREUD

Momus is the God of Irony.

Lewis rises, indicating Freud's desk littered with deities.

LEWIS

Such as this?

(off Freud)

What would you call a confirmed
Nonbeliever whose desk is guarded
by gods and goddesses?

FREUD

A collector. I am simply interested
in ancient belief systems, yours
included.

LEWIS

All sharing similar concepts. Right
and wrong, good and evil. And a
choice between them.

FREUD

And if good is to be chosen, then
your God who created it also
created evil. Allowed Lucifer to
live, to flourish, even when he
logically should have been
destroyed.

Freud raises a handkerchief to his mouth, dabbing at it.

LEWIS

God gave Lucifer free will, which
is the only thing that makes
goodness possible. A world filled
with choice-less creatures is a
world of machines. It's men, not
God, who created prisons, slavery,
bombs. Man's suffering is the fault
of man.

FREUD

Is that your excuse for pain and
suffering? Did I bring about my
own cancer? Or is killing me God's
revenge?

Lewis hesitates.

LEWIS

I don't know.

Freud is taken aback.

FREUD

You "don't know?!"

LEWIS

And I don't pretend to. It's the most difficult question of all, isn't it? If God is good, He would make His creatures perfectly happy. But we aren't. So God lacks goodness, or power, or both.

Freud pauses, at a loss.

FREUD

Finally. We are making progress.

More irritated, he takes out his handkerchief and adjusts his prosthesis.

LEWIS

What if God wants to perfect us through suffering? Make us realize that real happiness, eternal happiness, can only come through him? If pleasure is his whisper, pain is his megaphone.

Freud, growing more frustrated, paces around Lewis.

FREUD

I'm sure Hitler, the little altar boy who served at Church every Sunday, would agree with you. But I cannot.

(dismissive)

We speak different languages. You believe in revelation. I believe in science, the authority of reason. There is no common ground.

LEWIS

There is also the dictatorship of pride. Why does religion make room for science but science refuses to make room for religion?

FREUD

How roomy was Galileo's cell when he first told the Pope the sun did not move around the earth?

LEWIS

The stupidity of church leaders is too easy a target.

FREUD
 They hide behind their ignorance!
 How can we understand? We are
 small, he is mighty!

Freud bears down on Lewis.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 My Daughter Sophie died of Spanish
 Flu at Twenty-Seven! A Wife, a
 Mother! Tuberculosis killed my
 Grandson at five years old!

Freud, furious, is now in Lewis' face.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 FIVE! What a brilliant plan of
 God's to murder him! I wish cancer
 had attacked my brain, instead.
 Then, perhaps, I could hallucinate
 there is a God and seek vengeance.

Incensed, Freud turns away, walking to the window looking out
 at the street.

LEWIS
 How advanced is your cancer?

FREUD
 (pause)
 It's nearly eaten through my cheek.
 Inoperable. It's only a matter of
 time.

LEWIS
 How much time?

FREUD
 That is for me to decide. Dr.
 Schur and I have a pact.
 (off Lewis)
 Don't look at me that way. You
 don't have to say it. "Suicide is
 wrong, and a sin!"

LEWIS
 It is.

FREUD
 THEN LOOK INTO MY MOUTH AND YOU
 WILL SEE HELL HAS ARRIVED ALREADY!

Lewis doesn't let up.

LEWIS
Have you told your wife?

FREUD
There's no point. My wife shares
your superstitions.

LEWIS
And Anna?

FREUD
That I am dying? Of course.

LEWIS
That you plan to kill yourself?

FREUD
Why would I tell her? It would only
bring her pain.

LEWIS
You're protecting her? Or are you
afraid she'd try to talk you out of
it?

FREUD
(contemptuous)
You are quite persistent. It is the
most common trait of converts. And
reformed alcoholics.

Freud reaches into the box on his desk.

FREUD (CONT'D)
Cigar?

Off Lewis' incredulity -

FREUD (CONT'D)
Is there anything else, Doctor?

LEWIS
(stung)
Yes, actually.

SOUND OF HORNS HONKING,

113 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONT.

113

Anna's cab brakes hard. They are caught in what looks like
endless traffic.

LEWIS (V.O.)
Is Anna married?

Anna gets out of the cab, walking, half running down the crowded sidewalk.

FREUD (V.O.)
No.

114 INT. FREUD'S STUDY- CONT.

114

Lewis, hesitates, then takes down a framed photograph from the shelf - our view of it is blocked.

LEWIS
I'm surprised.

Freud waits to respond. Where is this going?

FREUD
It's not a simple task for us to choose the right mate.

LEWIS
You mean, for Anna to choose.

FREUD
Of course.

LEWIS
Dr. Jones today.

FREUD
And what of him?

Lewis looks at him - exactly.

LEWIS
He asked to see Anna, not you.

Lewis stares at the photo of Anna walking across a lawn with Freud, arms linked, brightly smiling. It has an intimate look, easily mistaken for a Young Woman and her Suitor. He places the photo on Freud's desk before him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
But, then, why would she need a mate? She has all the stimulation she needs.

Freud controls his response.

FREUD

Do you have a question?

LEWIS

Is she seeing someone? Man? Woman?
Or both, since we're intrinsically
bisexual.

FREUD

With her teaching and her practice,
Anna has no time.

LEWIS

Except for you. You're very
fortunate. Especially considering
that she's the only person you
permit to touch your mouth.

FREUD

Anna is a professional.

LEWIS

A physician?

FREUD

No. I told you. Anna is a member of
the Psychoanalytic Society.

LEWIS

Don't members need to be Doctors?

FREUD

There are exceptions.

115 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONT.

115

Anna begins to run. There is a desperation about her now.
She's not just running, but running from something.

ANNA (V.O.)

He takes my hand-

116 INT. ROOM - FLASHBACK CONT.

116

Anna, on a couch, slides her hand down her side, then reaches
under her dress.

ANNA

He makes me touch him. There. And
there.

117 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 117

FREUD
Anna presented a paper that was
very well received.

LEWIS
It must have been. What was the
subject?

FREUD
(pause)
Sadomasochistic fantasies.

Lewis looks up surprised.

118 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONT. 118

Anna keeps running, despite the tears starting to flow.

119 INT. OFFICE - FLASHBACK CONT. 119

Anna, excited, reaches the culmination of her dream.

ANNA
But, I escape...

LEWIS (V.O.)
These fantasies-

120 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 120

Lewis looks concerned, what lines has the old man crossed.

LEWIS
Were they based on her patient's
treatments?

FREUD
Based on her own analysis.

LEWIS
And who was her Analyst?

No response. Freud looks away.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I asked who was her analyst?!

FREUD
I WAS!

121 INT. STUDY - FLASHBACK CONT.

121

Anna continues on the couch. Only now we begin to recognize the surrounding, some of the statuary in the background.

ANNA
(frightened)
The Knight takes the boy in his
arms-

A hand grabs her arm. It's her Father.

FREUD
NO MORE!! No more, Knights! No more
Boys!

Anna's frightened. Freud stares at her with contempt.

FREUD (CONT'D)
I am not your Knight! And you are
not this boy! You are a girl! MY
DAUGHTER!

He pauses. Collects himself.

FREUD (CONT'D)
My Daughter.

Freud is shaken.

FREUD (CONT'D)
Anna, this is a mistake. It has led
only to pain, for both of us. I
can't do this for you anymore.

Freud starts to stand, but Anna grabs his arm.

ANNA
You would send me to someone
lesser?! Who knows only what you
taught them!

Distraught, she falls to her knees before him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I need you! Please, Father! Don't
leave me!

Overwhelmed, Anna takes his hands, puts her cheek to them. Freud looks down at his daughter, torn. And for the first time, helpless.

122 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

122

FREUD (CONT.)

Do you have any more questions?

LEWIS

Oh yes. But I won't presume to ask them. I will only remind you of your earlier observations. Psychoanalysis is inherently sexual. And what people say is less important than what they cannot.

FREUD'S ANSWER is to turn on the RADIO.

SOUND OF BBC ORCHESTRA PLAYING, Freud turns it off.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You do that every time.

FREUD

We're waiting for news.

LEWIS

Then why not just turn the music down? Why off?

FREUD

I object to being manipulated. To me, it's all church music.

LEWIS

My objection to church music is that it trivializes emotions I already feel. I think you're afraid to feel them at all.

Freud glares at him offended.

FREUD

Is that your diagnosis? Doctor?

LEWIS

Not all of it.

Lewis comes closer to Freud.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I also think you're terribly selfish, putting your own pain above the pain of those you love.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You lie to yourself, thinking you can control death like you control your world and your daughter. You believe you can out-think your fear by hiding behind your desk of dead gods, but the truth is that you're terrified.

FREUD

We all are! And you?! When the siren sounded earlier you didn't behave like a man who "took comfort" this was his last day. WHERE IS YOUR GREAT FAITH? Your precious "Joy" in meeting your maker? It disappears, because you know under all your self-protective lies he does not exist!

Freud puts his handkerchief to his lips, but doesn't let up.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)

YOU BURY YOUR DOUBTS AS YOU DO YOUR MEMORIES OF THE WAR, BECAUSE AT YOUR CORE YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A COWARD!

Freud COUGHS, PULLS HIS HANDKERCHIEF AWAY - IT IS SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

LEWIS

Sit down! Here!

He helps Freud to a chair and runs to the desk.

LEWIS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I'll call an ambulance-

Freud shouts at him, speech thick.

FREUD

NO! NO HOSPITAL!
(Garbled)
Towel-

Lewis, understanding, runs out of the room.

123 INT. WATER CLOSET - CONT.

123

Lewis rushes in, looks for towels.

124 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 124

Freud's choking grows more violent. He shouts through his soaked handkerchief.

FREUD
HURRY!

125 INT. HALLWAY - CONT. 125

Lewis throws open the door of a tall cabinet - towels.

126 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 126

Freud gasps for breath.

He tries to pull out his prosthesis, with pain. He sucks in air, wheezing, both hands in his mouth.

Lewis runs in with towels.

Lewis puts one around him as Freud struggles, then steps back, helpless.

Freud ROARS,

FREUD
TAKE IT OUT!

Lewis, dazed, hesitates.

FREUD (CONT'D)
TAKE IT OUT!!!

Freud lowers the already soaked towel, opens his mouth as wide as he can. He reaches into FREUD'S MOUTH, trying to grab the prosthesis with his hand.

Freud gasps for breath.

Lewis struggles, tries both hands.

Finally, as Freud screams in agony, he wrenches it out.

He cries out, what starts as howling, "AAAA" ends, weakly, with "NA".

BOTH MEN catch their breaths.

FREUD (CONT'D)
Wa..ter.

Lewis quickly pours a glass of water from the pitcher on a table across the room. He brings it to Freud.

Surprised, he watches Freud dip the prosthesis in the glass of water, rinsing it out. The water becomes red.

Carefully, wincing all the while, Freud gently re-inserts it.

LEWIS

Would you like to lie down?

Lewis helps Freud to the couch, assists him in lowering himself onto it.

BOTH MEN are exhausted by the effort and the fright.

FREUD

(weak)

The Monster. Nearly won.

Lewis looks at Freud, eyes closed. This is a man afraid of much more than cancer.

LEWIS

What can I do?

FREUD (CONT.)

Go.

LEWIS

Of course not. I'll stay with you until someone comes.

FREUD

No-

Freud coughs, Lewis gives him a fresh towel, he holds it over his mouth.

LEWIS

Don't talk.

Freud removes the towel.

FREUD

You'd. Like. That.

127 SOUND: PLANES IN THE DISTANCE.

127

BOTH MEN hear it and freeze.

The SOUND grows louder as the PLANES come closer.

FREUD

Bombers?

Lewis rises, crosses to the DOORS leading out to the GARDEN.

128 EXT. GARDEN TERRACE - CONT. 128

Lewis emerges from the house, looking up at the sky.

129 THREE PLANES IN FORMATION APPEAR OVER THE HOUSE AND FLY ON 129

Lewis watches with relief.

130 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT. 130

Freud watches Lewis step back inside.

LEWIS

Transport planes. Ours.

Freud takes this in.

FREUD

I was afraid.

LEWIS

So was I.

FREUD

What were we thinking? It was madness to think we could solve the greatest mystery of all time.

LEWIS

There's a greater madness. Not to think of it at all.

Freud starts to rise.

FREUD

I will call you a taxi.

LEWIS

No! Sit. I'd rather walk to the station. Get some air.

He picks up a tiny statue on Freud's shelf. It is the Saint Freud identified earlier in the church.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

This looks like the statue we saw
in Church.

Readies for argument.

FREUD

Yes.

LEWIS

You have a Catholic Saint on your
shelves?

FREUD

Saint Dymphna of Ireland. She is
the Patron Saint of the Mad. And
the lost.

Lewis puts Saint Dymphna back, checking his watch.

LEWIS (CONT.)

There's a train back to Oxford in
an hour.

Lewis isn't sure what else to say.

LEWIS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to have disappointed you.

FREUD

The offense was mine.

LEWIS

I didn't say "offense". I said I
disappointed you.

Freud doesn't follow.

LEWIS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

My idea of God, it constantly
changes. He shatters it again and
again. Still, I feel the world is
crowded with him. He is everywhere.
Incognito. And His incognito -
it's so hard to penetrate. The real
struggle is to keep trying. To come
awake. And stay awake.

FREUD

One of us is a fool. If you are
right, you will be able to tell me
so. If I am right, neither of us
will ever know.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)
Death is as unfair as life.
Goodbye, Professor. We will meet
again, perhaps.

Lewis takes Freud's outstretched hand.

LEWIS
God willing.

BOTH men smile. Lewis turns to go, and is slightly confused when he notices the photo on the table from earlier is not of himself but someone else, who looks similar.

FREUD
Wait-

Freud rises, pulls a book from his desk drawer, then sits.

FREUD (CONT.) (CONT'D)
Do you remember the joke in my book
about the Pastor and the Village
atheist?

LEWIS
No.

While he tells his joke, Freud takes a pen and writes in the book. Lewis glances back at the photo, still shaking it off.

FREUD
The Village Atheist was an
Insurance Agent. He asked the
local Pastor if he would make a
sick call. The Atheist's family was
astonished. He was on his
deathbed, they couldn't believe he
had the strength to speak with the
Pastor, of all people. All day the
two men quarreled, then all night.
Finally, at dawn, the weary Pastor
stumbled from the house. The
Villager had died, still an
atheist. But the Pastor was fully
insured.

Lewis laughs, Freud is proud of that. He takes the book he's
inscribed and slips it into Lewis' coat pocket.

LEWIS
Now that is funny. If only there
were such a thing.

FREUD
Humor?

LEWIS
Insurance.

Lewis nods to Freud, almost a small bow. Freud returns it.

131 EXT. FREUD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

131

Lewis comes down the front steps.

ANNA (O.S.)
PROFESSOR!

Lewis sees Anna rushing toward him. Exhausted, agitated.

LEWIS
Miss Freud? Are you all right?

ANNA
I have his medicine. I came as fast
as I could-

LEWIS
(concerned)
He's waiting for you, but he's
fine. Really. No need to worry.

ANNA
I'm so glad you were here. It looks
like you survived your visit.

LEWIS
(quoting "Invictus")
"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

ANNA
(surprises him continuing)
"Beyond this place of wrath and
tears, Looms but the Horror of the
shade, And yet the menace of the
years Finds, and shall find, me
unafraid"

LEWIS
(impressed)
Cheers to us both.

Anna returns Lewis' smile.

ANNA
He's waiting for me.

LEWIS
Of course. A pleasure.

Both start their ways, Anna stops, turns.

ANNA
Professor-

LEWIS
Jack.

ANNA
Jack, may I ask what you talked about?

LEWIS
The better question would be, 'What didn't we?' The world, the war, the meaning of it all. Our meaning.

ANNA
Love? Did you talk about love? Not sexual, not libidinal or instinctual. It's true meaning.

LEWIS
We spoke about God's love.

ANNA
I suppose you need great faith to believe in either. Good bye.

A cab has pulled up and Dorothy steps out, excited.

DOROTHY
ANNA!

Anna turns and smiles at seeing her. Lewis watches their joy in seeing each other and the two embrace. Lewis realizes their intimacy and looks disappointed, then back at the house, better understanding better Freud's struggle. Lewis continues on.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Are you certain we should do this?

ANNA
I always looked to someone else for answers.
(stares at her)
But I've never been more certain.

132 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - CONT.

132

Freud opens his desk drawer. He takes out the pill case containing the dark pill he took earlier from the medicine cabinet - the same pill he had given to Anna in Vienna, when she was taken by the Brownshirts.

Clutching the pills in his hand, he places them back in the bathroom, locking them away.

Freud then turns on the radio, sitting in the nearest chair.

KING GEORGE'S SPEECH has already begun.

KING GEORGE (RADIO)

This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.

133 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

133

Anna opens the front door and enters with Dorothy.

CUT TO:

134 INT. TRAIN/FREUD'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

134

Lewis settles into a seat of the train car. The train begins to move, its clatter getting louder and louder.

Lewis closes his eyes.

LEWIS' FANTASY,

He's back in his toy forest, this time not as a child but as a man. He stares ahead into endless, forbidding shadows.

KING GEORGE (V.O.)

There maybe be dark days ahead. And war can no longer be confined to the battlefield.

CUT TO:

C.U. Freud listening to the KING.

KING GEORGE (RADIO)
But we can only do the right as we
see the right. And reverently
commit our cause to God.

Freud sighs at another "GOD" reference.

CUT TO:

135 LEWIS, 135

Seeing a tiny speck of light far ahead, then vanishing.

Intrigued, his pace quickens. The toy trees he passes become
real ones.

CUT TO:

136 FREUD 136

Leaning back, staring at the ceiling.

In the hallway outside the study door, Anna and Dorothy
appear.

KING GEORGE (CONT.)
If one and all we keep resolutely
faithful to it, ready for whatever
service or sacrifice it may demand,
then with God's help we shall
prevail.

Anna surprises Dorothy by taking her hand.

CUT TO:

137 FREUD 137

Opening his hand and seeing the pill he holds.

BBC ANNOUNCER (CONT.)
We will return to the BBC
Orchestra, featuring tonight, on
their musical program, Percy
Whitlock's "Battle of the Wood
Creatures"

Freud rises, reaches for the dial to turn the radio off as
the music begins. And hesitates.

He turns the music up.

Movement catches his eye:

He turn to see Anna and Dorothy enter. They stop. Anna takes Dorothy's hand in hers.

For a moment, Father and Daughter stare at each other.

Saying nothing, Freud goes back to his chair beside the radio, surreptitiously slipping the "suicide" pill into his pocket, then half-turns, waving them nearer.

Anna and Dorothy walk slowly across the study, passing rows of Gods watching them.

Freud doesn't move from the radio as Anna and Dorothy sit close to him.

MUSIC swells - Anna looks to her Father, surprised to see him listening to music. He turns, meets her eyes.

Freud then stares at the radio, listening intently, trying to decipher what he should feel.

CUT TO:

138 LEWIS

138

The FOREST is golden now, shimmering between reality and fantasy.

The brightness of the single beam of light stops him.

He shields his eyes, trying to see-

His expression changes, astonishment, awe, at what he-

CUT TO:

139 THE TRAIN

139

Its brakes scream as the train slows.

Lewis, jolted, opens his eyes as the gas mask bag on his lap falls to the floor.

Reaching down for the bag, he feels the book in his pocket Freud gave him.

The train slowly picks up speed.

Lewis looks at the book: it is his own, a copy of "PILGRIM'S REGRESS".

Freud had read it after all.

Lewis opens the book to see what Freud had written inside:

"FROM ERROR TO ERROR, ONE DISCOVERS THE ENTIRE TRUTH".

Signed, Sigmund Freud.

Lewis reads it and smiles as the train enters a tunnel.

FADE OUT.