

THE ENGLISH SPEAKER

A Screenplay by

Terry Malick

Based on "The Case of Anna O.",
by Josef Breuer, in Studies on
Hysteria, by Josef Breuer and
Sigmund Freud

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Registered with the
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Anna O.
Josef Breuer
Frau O. Anna's parents
Herr O.
Edmund, Anna's fiance
Mathilde, Breuer's wife
Paul, Mathilde's brother
Sophie, Paul's wife
Mai Britt, a maid in the O. household
Anton, a porter
Eva, a cook
Nikolai, Anna's brother
Katarina, a friend of Anna's
Anna's nurse
Sigmund Freud, Breuer's friend and colleague
Breuer's secretary
Stefan, a rag-picker
Anna's aunt and uncle
Various children, old women, peasants, visitors to Vienna

The sign (E) after a character's name indicates that he or she is speaking English. Everywhere else it should be assumed that the dialogue is in German and will be translated in subtitles.

Dusk, the perishing light. Bats sweep up insects along the Danube embankment. Lovers withdraw into the shadows of the lindens.

Music rises from one building in particular. Gargoyles and griffins look down from the darkness at its glowing windows.

INT. COSTUMED MEN - NIGHT

Men in costume: one dressed as a stag, another as a bat, a third as a clown.

INT. PALACE (COURT OPERA BALL) - NIGHT

The whole of Vienna society is gathered for a Fasching ball.

TIGHT ON ANNA AND EDMUND

Anna dances with Edmund, her fiancé. She is a beautiful young woman, of spirit and grace. Strangers marvel at her as she passes.

EDMUND

You see how they all admire you.

He kisses her hand, and they go swirling off.

ANNA'S ADMIRERS

Anna spreads gladness wherever she goes. She is loved by all.

TIGHT ON ANNA'S PARENTS

Anna's father, by contrast, is a proud, stern man who makes others feel vaguely as though they were disturbing him. While they regard him as a model of strength and rectitude, they get away as soon as they politely can.

FRAU O.

(smiling, lovely in her excitement)

Did you see Herr Keller? He can't stop laughing!

HERR O.

What does he have to laugh about?

His harshness has long been a burden to her.

HERR O.'S POVS

we look at the scene as it might appear to the eyes of a man who feels that life has betrayed him or passed him by: who sees what is small in others; who would not mind the opportunity to point their shortcomings out to them.

NEW ANGLE

Frau O.'s aunt whispers in her ear.

AUNT

He can't forgive them their good spirits!

Edmund restores Anna to her parents.

EDMUND

And now, Madame, would you honor me?

Frau O. smiles. Her husband looks away. She takes Edmund's arm, and they go off.

DR. BREUER AND HIS WIFE

Dr. Josef Breuer, a handsome man of forty, moves through the crowd with his wife Mathilde. He receives admiring bows from his friends, medical colleagues and strangers as well. They are so charming to look at, such a lovely couple.

GENTLEMAN

Herr Doctor Breuer!

A gentleman in evening dress stands in their path.

GENTLEMAN

You have restored our hope! Our happiness!

He nods toward his wife, who smiles graciously, then comes closer in order that he might speak privately.

GENTLEMAN

Consider me forever in your debt and call upon me whenever you please, that I might offer you some poor token of our gratitude.

His eyes are bright with tears. He bows and presses Breuer's hand against his forehead. Breuer thanks him modestly. Mathilde smiles at her husband, and they pass on.

NEW ANGLE

Two foreign visitors to the city have observed this interchange. Both are masked. They speak Italian throughout.

MASKED VISITOR

Who is that? They all bow to him!

HER MASKED LOVER

That, my dear, is Dr. Breuer, the greatest of our physicians, the noblest man in all Vienna: good, truthful, generous to the poor. He is the family doctor to Brücke, Exner, Billroth and Chrobak -- all the best families. He has helped more than I can number.

TIGHT ON BREUER AND MATHILDE

Breuer gives Mathilde a pearl on a chain. She looks gratefully at him as he fastens it around her neck. He does not meet her eyes.

MATHILDE'S POV

Mathilde feels abashed when she looks at the other women. They all appear so radiant, and she feels quite plain.

NEW ANGLE

Anna turns when she sees her father suddenly clutch his hand to his chest.

ANNA

What's the matter, Father? Are you dizzy? Here, sit down.

He shakes his head. It will pass in a moment. But it makes him wince to draw his breath.

ANNA

(as he sits down)

What's wrong, Pappa?

He puts a finger to his lips. She mustn't draw attention to them.

EXT. PALACE, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

The masked visitors whom we met a moment ago are now outside on the front steps of the palace. The woman has seen a drunken man railing at the guards; he has been excluded from the ball.

MASKED VISITOR

Look!

HER MASKED LOVER

But won't you come away, my dear?
Haven't you had enough?

MASKED VISITOR

(as though she wished to delay him)

And who is that poor man, since you know everyone?

A bell rings in the distance.

HER MASKED LOVER

That is Bochart. He was a great banker. Then he began to drink and chase other men's wives.

MASKED VISITOR

Which of you hasn't?

HER MASKED LOVER

Ah, but he didn't care who knew. He broke the taboo. People looked the other way for as long as they could. Now every door is shut against him. There's little enough required of you to stay in good standing, but that little you must do.

MASKED VISITOR

He seems happy enough. Look how he shouts and carries on!

EXT. STREET - THEIR POV - NIGHT

Bochart wanders through the streets alone. He does not seem happy or free. He shouts at a darkened house. When no one answers he gives up and goes away.

TIGHT ON CALL BOX

The number "3" appears on the call box in the kitchen of the O.'s apartment.

INT. KITCHEN, THE O.S' APARTMENT

Eva, the cook, gives a tray with a teapot on it to a rosy young servant named Mai Britt. Anna appears, takes the tray from Mai Britt and tiptoes away.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frau O. sits with her aunt. They speak in whispers.

FRAU O.

She won't move from his bedside.

AUNT

She's wasting away. All the strength and cheer have gone out of her. Something must be done. She must get away! Send her to me.

FRAU O.

She refuses to move! She won't let anyone take her place. You know how stubborn she is.

AUNT

She's worn out. She's withering on the stem.

FRAU O.

She can't do enough! But it's useless to suggest anything to her. She can only be influenced by arguments. My nerves aren't equal to the task!

INT. FATHER'S BEDROOM

Anna serves her father coffee. He tries to get up, but the pain is too great.

ANNA

You have to stay in bed, Pappa. You mustn't get up just to impress us with your strength.

He looks at her evenly, then closes his eyes. Anna sits down by his bed, picks up a book, then puts it back down again. Devoted as she is to him, he seems to rouse in her a certain dread. The room ticks in the afternoon heat. It is very still.

TIGHT ON WINDOW

The curtain stirs as the wind comes in through the open window.

TIGHT ON ANNA - LATER

The light has changed. An hour or two has gone by. Anna gets up and goes to the window, as though under the influence of some mysterious force.

HER POV

The window looks out into a narrow cobblestone street. There is the faint sound of children playing. Then, after a moment, she hears the strains of a waltz or rhapsody. The music seems to come from an apartment down below -- or could it be from the house across the way?

She looks out. The shutters of the facing house are closed, as though the occupants were away. There is nothing out of the ordinary. And still the music holds her captive. Alarmed, she closes the window. The sound of the music dies away. She begins to cough. A dry, nervous cough, like the mannerism of a speaker at a banquet.

She glances at her sleeping father and tiptoes out of the room.

INT. HALL

Outside, in the hall, she clears her throat. Nothing happens; for a moment she feels reassured. Then the cough resumes. The music turns mysterious and suspenseful.

Anna does not know why she should feel alarmed. It seems to her that really she is making a great deal out of nothing. She starts down the hall and nearly runs into Mai Britt, who asks by a look if anything is wrong. Anna shakes her head.

MAI BRITT

(in a whisper)

You startled me.

INT. ANNA'S ROOM

Anna drinks a glass of water from a carafe on her nighttable. But again the cough returns. It is as though something were stuck in her throat; something very slight, that she magnifies by the attention she gives to it. She sits down. Then, a moment later, she gets up again.

EXT. STREET

Anna goes out into the street. She no longer hears the music, nor the children playing. She looks around, first at the building across the way, then at their own. There is nothing in what she sees that is the slightest bit out of the ordinary.

As she starts back inside, however, she hears the sound of cats fighting. The sound is very faint; she wonders if she only imagined it. Then, at the end of the street, just where it turns out of view, she sees a lean gray cat slink away. She glances around, then goes inside.

From the eave of an apartment building across the way a gargoyle looks down at Anna's vanishing figure.

The wind stirs the curtains of Anna's bedroom window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, OLD CITY

The sharp cries of swifts as they chase each other over the rooftops. Anna paces up and down in front of a building in the

old city, wondering if she has any business troubling a doctor with so tiny a complaint. A solitary cab horse stamps and shakes its head.

INT. DR. BREUER'S OFFICE

Dr. Breuer's secretary indicates to Anna that she may enter his inner office.

INT. INNER OFFICE

Breuer looks up from his desk. For a moment he does not speak, awed by Anna's beauty, her gaze of chaste nobility and grace.

ANNA

I had an appointment --

BREUER

Oh yes, Fräulein. Excuse me. Come in.

NEW ANGLE

She steps down off a scale.

BREUER

How old are you?

ANNA

Twenty-one.

BREUER

You've been out of school --

ANNA

Two years.

BREUER

How do you spend your days?

ANNA

I take care of my father.

BREUER

He's ill?

(she nods)

What is the matter with him?

ANNA

He has a lung infection. Is it important that you know these things?

BREUER

I suppose not. Well, what can I do for you?

(when she does not reply)

What's your complaint?

Anna seems reluctant to speak about herself.

ANNA

For the last few weeks I've had a cough. Nothing more.

(after a pause)

It started when I heard some music.

She looks to see if this surprises him.

ANNA

I have no business troubling you with something so trivial. I know you must be very busy.

BREUER

Not at all. Since you've come so far, why don't you let me look at you?

Anna nods, warily. Breuer listens to her breathing with a stethoscope.

BREUER

Now with your mouth open.

She stiffens against the pressure of the stethoscope on her back. Now Breuer examines her throat.

BREUER

There's no sign of any trouble there. Your breathing is normal. It might be something in the air. Some irritant. Some physical substance. Pollen.

ANNA

In September?

BREUER

There are trees which bloom in the fall.

ANNA

Still -- I think it must be something else.

(suddenly awkward)

Of course I have no right to question your judgment.

BREUER

I suspect it's nothing very serious.

(she nods, in agreement)

Wait a few weeks. See if it goes
away. I expect it will.

Anna gets up, embarrassed.

ANNA

Thank you, Doctor.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer watches as she closes the door behind her. He hears the rustle of her dress in the hallway, then she is gone.

EXT. CAFÉ

Edmund rises as Anna arrives at the table where he has been waiting.

ANNA

No, I won't take anything. I just
came to say that -- I can't meet you
tonight.

EDMUND

Everyone will miss you, Anna. We've
planned it for so long. Are you
sure? I understand that you're
concerned about your father. I want
to help you however I can -- but
can't he spare you for a few hours?

ANNA

I can't tell when he'll need me.
I'm sorry for the inconvenience it
causes you. You won't blame me too
much, will you?

She looks at him with a lively affection; it grieves her to
disappoint him.

EDMUND

No. Forgive me if I insist too
much upon myself. Everything's
so gray when I'm away from you.
I can't follow what people are
saying. I feel as though I were
among strangers.

(taking her hand)

Anna, when will you be mine? Why do
you agree -- engage yourself -- then
hesitate to set a date?

(MORE)

EDMUND (CONT.)

(looking at her engagement
ring)

Let us belong to each other. Let us
make a family and share whatever
comes -- sorrow, joy -- I hardly
care which.

ANNA

It's no reservation about you,
Edmund. There's no one finer than
you. You're all I hope for --
better than I deserve.

She looks at him with gratitude, to think that she is loved so
well. What is this reservation she feels? Why does she refuse
her happiness and his?

EDMUND

What is it, then? Tell me.

She shakes her head.

ANNA'S POVS

A threshold, a winding lane, the dark entryway to a building:
they are frightening to her.

INT. DOOR TO HERR O.'S BEDROOM

Anna listens at the door to her father's bedroom. He is
speaking to someone in a low, angry voice.

His illness has set the whole household on edge. The servants
tiptoe around. No one dares to speak above a whisper.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Frau O. is sitting alone in the living room when nearby she
hears a noise. She looks at the door of a wardrobe. The noise
seems to have come from inside. She decides that her
imagination is playing tricks on her and goes back to her
reading.

When the noise comes to her again it is fainter than before.
This time, however, there is a barely perceptible movement in
the door. She looks up. Could someone be moving things around
in the apartment upstairs? She shuts her book, gets up and
approaches the wardrobe.

INT. WARDROBE

Light falls into the wardrobe as Frau O. opens the door. She
is uneasy enough that she has called on Mai Britt to help her
investigate. Together they peer into the darkness.

They part the winter coats hanging in the foreground. Behind the coats stands a rank of shelves, piled with dishes and linen. The camera peers at them from the darkness. Frau O. asks Mai Britt for a candle. She goes to fetch it.

Anna, in her bedroom, listens with her eyes shut.

Shielding the flame of the candle, Frau O. steps into the wardrobe. As she goes deeper into the darkness a draft seems to come up. Before she can protect the flame, it goes out.

She backs warily out of the closet. A moment later Mai Britt arrives with a gas lamp. Its bright light drives the darkness back, showing Frau O. quite plainly that nothing inside the wardrobe could have caused the strange rattling.

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna opens her eyes at the faint sound of a bell.

INT. DOOR OF HERR O.'S BEDROOM

Anna intercepts Mai Britt at Herr O.'s bedroom door and indicates with a nod that she will see to her father's needs.

INT. HERR O.'S BEDROOM

Anna does her best to cheer her father up.

ANNA
Did you sleep well?

HERR O.
No. What took you so long?

ANNA
Sometimes I don't hear the bell.

HERR O.
You must be very busy amusing yourselves.

Anna is silent for a moment. Music enters, to suggest her anguished love. She would like to contain herself but finally is unable to.

ANNA
(pleasantly, without
recrimination)
Why do I displease you, Father?
Sometimes I feel you don't know the
power of your words. Why do I
displease you so?

HERR O.

It seems to you that we are here to serve you. It seems to you an intolerable claim on your freedom that we should expect anything in return.

(after a pause)

We had hopes for you that you evidently feel you need not take into account.

ANNA

What hopes, Father? Hopes I would do what?

He looks at her mockingly, as though to imply that she already knows the answer to her question. Her heart beats in her throat. The skepticism of his glance fills her with dread.

ANNA

You'll love me better when I have children.

HERR O.

What did I raise you for? Do you ever wonder about that? What did I neglect my own life and prospects for? We had a pact, never spoken: I would make certain sacrifices, you would honor them by your obedience.

ANNA

We know the sacrifices you've made for us. We're grateful to you for them.

Anna feels tears spring up behind her eyes. The music continues, intensifying his words to Anna's ears.

HERR O.

Perhaps you feel I ask too much of you. Love asks what more it can do.

(after a moment)

Your brother has already proven himself a renegade, a failure. He can't keep a job. Can't tell the

(MORE)

HERR O. (CONT'D)
truth. He goes out into the world
and destroys what I spent fifteen
years building up. While you --
you're like someone sitting in front
of a blank wall.

Anna's chest trembles. He does not see that every word is like
the lash of a whip across her face. And still it is his tone
which stings, more than anything he says.

HERR O.
(gazing at his wedding band)
This is what I've wasted my life on.
This is what has bound me, hand and
foot.

ANNA
Wasted your life?

He looks at her with suspicion. It upsets him that he cannot
speak the truth without wounding others. He should not be put
in this position.

HERR O.
You want to feel that you've done
something with your loss -- not
raised a pretty, thoughtless
creature who lives from whim to
whim.

She nods, anxious to reassure him, to minimize his sense of
loss. He plucks at the newspapers that lie spread across his
bed.

HERR O.
It isn't what your children are that
you love in them, but what they will
be. Do you believe I have your best
interests at heart?
(she nods)
Good.

ANNA
I'm sorry that we ever cause you
trouble, Father. I know how much
you've borne. I only wish to make
your troubles lighter.
(with great humility and
indulgence)
I will try to deserve your better
opinion.

He looks at her with a cold skepticism.

INT. HALL

Anna finds her mother in the hall. They speak in whispers.

FRAU O.

How was he? Oh, but he hasn't slept much. We must remember that!

Anna nods.

INT. FRONT DOOR

Anton, the porter, flirts with Mai Britt at the front door of the apartment. He mimics her expressions of outraged dignity: he is an accomplished mime.

MAI BRITT

(in a soft voice)

Have you come to deliver something?

ANTON

Not -- exactly.

MAI BRITT

Why did you ring the bell? You just stand there. You've disturbed everyone for nothing!

Anton shows by his smile that he does not mind. Mai Britt gives him a haughty look and shuts the door in his face.

TIGHT ON ANNA - NIGHT

A soft cry rings out through the darkened rooms, causing Anna to wake up.

INT. THE DOOR TO HERR O.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her heart is pounding in her throat as she listens at her father's bedroom door. She hesitates to turn the handle. She fears what she will discover on the other side. The images flash past in quick succession: her face, the lintel, her silhouette in the doorway, an empty chair standing in the moonlight.

INT. HERR O.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streams in the window. Anna is sitting by her father's bed, her right arm draped over the back of her chair. Herr O. is asleep. Suddenly she looks in her father's direction. We do not see what has caught her attention, only the expression in her eyes of astonished horror. She tries to raise her arm, to protect herself, but it will not obey her. Instead it hangs limp at her side.

She parts her lips to speak. Her mouth is dry, no words come out.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Anna walks down the hall and lights a lamp. She discovers that she cannot move her head except by hunching her shoulders and pressing it backwards between them.

She opens her mouth, but still the words, or cry, will not come out.

INT. FRAU O.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frau O. is awakened from her sleep by a muffled sob.

NEW ANGLE - NIGHT

Frau O. rushes past the servants and takes Anna in her arms.

FRAU O.
What's the matter, Anna? Did you
fall? What happened?

ANNA
I can't move my arm. I can't move
my head.

FRAU O.
Nonsense, precious. Why can't you?
Don't be silly! Look, try. What do
you mean?

Anna frowns in a way that seems to Frau O. peculiar.

ANNA
Don't you -- believe me?

Suddenly Anna turns on her mother with abuse.

ANNA
Leave me alone! Go away! What can
you do? What help can you possibly
be?

And now, to her mother's astonishment, Anna implores her in another voice, in breathless gasps of English.

ANNA (E)
Mother, don't listen! Leave me
alone, for just a minute. Please,
Mother!

FRAU O.
Anna! What are you saying! Speak
German!

Anna pushes her mother roughly away. A vase falls and lands with a crash on the floor. The noise brings Anna to her senses. She has been out of character for only a moment or two. It seems to her mother a fit of bad nerves.

FRAU O.

This isn't like you, Anna! What are you doing with us, you cruel girl?

Anna sees Mai Britt and Eva, the cook, peering through a crack in the door. Something has happened which she is not conscious of. They look away and shut the door.

ANNA (E)

Oh, Mother, forgive me. What have I done?

Anna does not realize that she is speaking English and that her poor mother cannot understand her.

FRAU O.

(taking her in her arms,
horrified)

Don't worry. Don't worry, precious one. Here, put your hair straight!

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE

The disturbing music which accompanied the previous scene breaks off sharply. We are in Breuer's cheerful white office. Frau O. speaks with the doctor while Anna waits outside.

FRAU O.

(in a hushed voice)

This isn't like her, Doctor. She's never done anything wrong. Never said a cross word to anyone. I say cross words, but really I haven't understood a thing she's said since it started. She speaks only English.

(at Breuer's reaction)

Sometimes, yes. For days on end. She understands German, when you speak to her, but she answers in English. Do you know English, Doctor?

(MORE)

FRAU O. (CONT'D)

(he nods)

It seems that she could make herself stop if she really wanted to, but -- I'm not sure she can. Do you know what this is?

(suddenly confident that she knows better than the doctor)

She's just under a strain. That's all. We've never been able to do things like other people! She is willful and capricious, a headstrong girl -- she knows it, too! Now suddenly she's not sure she wants to get married. What's she waiting for? I'm sure she just wants to spite me! Though I shouldn't say that. You'll forget I did, won't you? She really is very sweet. But she keeps everything to herself. I never know what she's thinking. My own daughter!

BREUER

What has your husband's reaction been?

FRAU O.

He knows nothing about it. We spare him any disturbance. Because of his health --

NEW ANGLE - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Anna sits in Breuer's office. Her mother is gone. Breuer holds a book out to her.

BREUER

Would you read this for me, Fräulein?

The camera moves with Anna's eyes over the German text. She gives a spontaneous translation into English. Breuer repeats the experiment with a French text.

BREUER

When you're given a text in German, or in a foreign language, you offer a perfect, extemporaneous translation. But only in English. Are you aware of doing so?

ANNA (E)

No.

BREUER

What is it that you imagine you are
reading off the page?

ANNA (E)

What is there.

WALLS OF THE ROOM - ANNA'S POV (WIDE-ANGLE LENS)

The walls of the room seem to bend in.

BREUER O.S.

She complains that the walls of the
room seem on the verge of falling
in, which I would diagnose as an
affection of the obliquus.

NEW ANGLE

Anna looks earnestly at Breuer.

ANNA (E)

Why did I start coughing when I
heard the dance music?

BREUER

I don't know. Are you fond of
dancing?

ANNA (E)

Oh yes!

BREUER

Perhaps it was a coincidence.

ANNA (E)

No. It was hearing the music that
made me cough.

She states it in a way that allows of no contradiction.

ANNA (E)

(looking away)

I'm embarrassed to trouble you with
such complaints.

BREUER

You needn't be. I'm sure you'll
soon be yourself again.

ANNA (E)

Thank you, Doctor.

BREUER

You may undress behind the screen.

He points to a lacquered Japanese screen in the corner and rings for his secretary, so there might be a third person present for the physical part of the examination. Anna hesitates, as though it were the first time such a request had ever been made of her.

BREUER

Leave on your shift.

TIGHT ON ANNA'S NECK

When Breuer goes to touch Anna, he feels her shrink away, as though from a sense of modesty. He hesitates a moment. When at last he does touch her, he can hear her let out her breath.

BREUER

I would think from what you've told me that you have an area of anesthesia in your neck. I want to see if it is so.

She nods, and Breuer begins to dictate to his secretary, who writes down what he says.

BREUER

Paresis of the muscles of the neck.
Note that the patient can only move her head by pressing it backwards between her shoulders and raising her whole back.

Breuer drops the strap of her shift off her shoulder. Anna gives him a quick glance.

BREUER

Contracture and anesthesia of the right upper extremity.
(to Anna)
Do you feel that?

He runs a silver hammer over her shoulder.

ANNA (E)

No.

BREUER

There is no complete rigidity in the joints of the shoulder. The contracture appears to reach its maximum in the muscles of the upper arms. In the same way, the region
(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)

of the elbows seems most affected,
though I have not been able to make
a thorough test of this.

It seems to make Anna particularly anxious when he goes to lift
her right arm away from her side. He notes this silently and
moves on.

BREUER

And this? Do you feel this?

He runs the hammer over her right calf. She shakes her head.

BREUER

There is equally an anesthesia of
the right lower extremity.

Gripping her foot, he rotates it back and forth.

BREUER

The latter is fully extended,
abducted and rotated inwards.

While examining her foot, Breuer notices two dots on the heel,
like the traces of a bite. He touches the skin, satisfies
himself that it is nothing to be concerned about, passes on.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON ANNA'S BODY (LATER) - MUSIC

Anna holds a ruler over her head, out to the side, at a forty-
five degree angle to her body, etc., as Breuer describes her
symptoms to the secretary.

BREUER o.s.

There has developed in rapid
succession a series of new
disturbances. Notably a left-sided
occipital headache, and a diplopia
or convergent squint, markedly
increased by excitement.

Breuer concludes his examination.

BREUER

I would like you to see an
ophthalmic surgeon. He happens to
be my brother-in-law.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - ECU OF ANNA'S CORNEA, OTHER ANGLES

Anna has come to see Breuer's brother-in-law. Dr. Paul Kleber.
Kleber moves his finger back and forth in front of Anna's eyes.
He notes that her squint requires that she hold a book very

close to her face in order to read it. He subjects her to a number of tests with elaborate ophthalmological instruments. Later he tells Breuer:

PAUL

I diagnosed a paresis of the abducens. I see that I was wrong.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE - LATER

Breuer sits alone with his secretary, who has been taking down his dictation.

BREUER

Patient has developed a macropsia, which altogether prevents her reading. She is obliged to wear dark glasses when she goes out. Paralytic contractures of every type and description continue to appear.

(pausing)

There is something skeptical in your expression, Frau Eckhard. Or am I mistaken?

SECRETARY

She's a girl with a wild imagination.

TIGHT ON BREUER'S HANDS

It seems that with the passage of time Anna has come to trust Breuer and to accept his touch without anxiety.

BREUER

Very well. You may put your clothes on.

Anna emerges from behind the Japanese screen.

ANNA

There's something I haven't told you, Doctor. I should have, but I felt -- it was so foolish.

BREUER

What is that?

ANNA

I can't drink anything. Not even a glass of water.

BREUER

What do you mean? You refuse to?

(she does not seem to hear him)

Is it that you find the taste
repugnant?

(still she does not reply)

Fräulein?

ANNA

(returning from her absence)

No, not exactly. When I put the
glass to my lips, I can't bring
myself to -- to drink it. And the
summer's been so hot, I'm dying of
thirst.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer offers Anna a glass of water. She understands that he
wants her to make an attempt to drink it. She hesitates a
moment, then raises it to her mouth. As soon as it touches her
lips, she jerks it away, as though it contained some hideous
poison.

ANNA

Excuse me. I must be exhausting
your patience.

Some of the water has spilled on the floor. She bends down to
wipe it up with her handkerchief. Breuer stops her.

BREUER

(fascinated)

What did you feel when you put the
glass to your lips? What happened?

ANNA

Nothing. I can't say.

BREUER

Why did you jerk it away?

She shrugs. She acts as though her symptoms showed a weakness
of character.

BREUER

How long has this been going on?

ANNA

Eight weeks. The worst part is
hiding it from others.

BREUER

You mean to tell me that you haven't had anything to drink for two months? How have you survived?

ANNA

(humbly)

By eating fruit. Oranges, melons. They hardly relieve the thirst.

Breuer is silent for a moment.

BREUER

I'm sure they don't. It must be a great inconvenience to you.

He comes over to her with a new glass of water.

BREUER

Would you mind a great deal if I asked you to try again?

At first she does not respond. The same dreamy expression comes over her eyes that he noticed a moment earlier; it is as though she had migrated to another world. Mysterious music enters as she reaches out toward the glass, shuts her eyes and whispers:

ANNA

Tormenting, tormenting.

She repeats the words as though they were a formula. Quälen, Quälen.

TIGHT ON BREUER - MUSIC

Breuer listens, awestruck. He suspects there is some clue here. Yet at the same time he feels a certain fear of going forward. Her beauty causes him to feel this fear more acutely.

TIGHT ON HIS NOTEBOOK - MUSIC

He writes the words down: Quälen. Quälen.

BREUER o.s.

What are you saying, Fräulein? What is tormenting you?

TIGHT ON ANNA

With her eyes still shut, Anna begins to tell a story, so softly that he can barely make out what she is saying.

ANNA

Once there was a little girl who left her father's house and went out in the forest to look for some...The trees were like the columns in a great cathedral, the sunlight slanted through them...She wandered and wandered until she heard a stick snap behind her. She turned around, and there was a dwarf.

EXT. FOREST (ANNA'S IMAGINATION)

Cowering in the forest, Anna sees a pair of wolves pass by. They do not notice her, by sheer accident; she is in plain view. She turns to a dwarf as though to someone trusted.

ANNA (E)

Why are they looking for? What do they want?

The dwarf does not answer but puts a finger to his lips and mumbles something under his breath; a charm, a spell. Over illustrations from a book of children's stories we hear:

ANNA o.s.

Quälen, quälen!

ANNA AND BREUER

Anna wakes up from her trance. She blinks several times and stares at Breuer in utter astonishment.

ANNA

What happened? Where have I been? You weren't sitting there a moment ago!

(Breuer does not answer)

I feel as though I'd lost a slice of time. Now it happens every day. I go away -- somewhere else...There is something beside this -- where we are.

(he still does not speak)

Even now it's as though I were asleep. Something holds me under. A lid. I can't push it back.

(she looks at him, expecting him to stop her)

Sometimes, when I'm with people, I feel shut in. I have to get away.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Like someone in a burning house.
Sometimes I start to dream, with my
eyes open. They think I'm there,
following what they say, but really
I'm somewhere else. Away.

BREUER

When does this happen? At any
special time?

ANNA

Yes, yes -- when the sun is starting
to go down. When everything is
still.

BREUER

And when you wake up from this -- ?

ANNA

Things have changed. My book isn't
where I set it down. Something's
always different. I know I've
been -- away. It's like someone
else had come into the room while I
was gone and moved things around.

BREUER

(after a silence)

You appear as though you were -- in
a trance. A hypnotic state.

Anna nods. Then all at once she takes his hand. She speaks
quickly, in a low voice, as though she were taking advantage of
a moment when someone whom she would not wish to overhear their
conversation had stepped out of the room.

ANNA (E)

Help me, Doctor. There are more
things I could tell you if I dared!
I don't know what's going on. All
my life I've been happy -- nothing
wrong. The sunlight -- the sky, the
clouds -- they were enough to fill
my heart with joy. I never knew
this sort of thing could happen.
Something is wrong!

(struggling)

I know it will pass, that everything
will be like it was before! But --

(she is afraid to speak)

There's a dark -- shapeless thing
ruling my life. Stalking me. It
wants me. I don't know why.

BREUER

What is it -- this thing?

She gives him a wary glance. Her lips tremble. She would like to answer, but somehow she cannot.

BREUER

Say it.

The words will not pass her lips. At last she exclaims:

ANNA (E)

I can't.

BREUER

Is it that you trust no one?

She starts to nod, then shakes her head. She does not know.

BREUER

Weren't you just saying --

She looks at him as though for the first time. She seems to regret having spoken so freely.

ANNA (E)

I was speaking foolishly, Doctor.
I'm sorry. I don't like to talk
about personal matters. It's bad
manners, besides.

He does not press her.

ANNA

Do you think that you can help me?

Breuer looks at her hand. Slender, beautiful, it rests trustingly near his.

BREUER

I will do what I can.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna whispers to her mother.

ANNA

May I speak with Father?

INT. HALLWAY

Frau O. slips out of her husband's bedroom.

FRAU O.
He says that he's too weary for
visitors.

She presses Anna's hand. Anna smiles as though to say she will
outlast his hardness; she will cause it to melt away.

INT. THE DOOR TO HERR O.'S ROOM

The dark oak door of her father's room, shut against her.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer writes in his journal.

BREUER o.s.
She doesn't understand things that
are clear to everyone else. Like a
visitor from a foreign land.

EXT. THE O.S' APARTMENT BUILDING

Breuer approaches the O.s' apartment building.

INT. STAIRWELL AND VESTIBULE

He rings the bell to the O.s' apartment. Mai Britt admits him.
He bows respectfully to Frau O., who leads him to Anna's
bedroom. He indicates with a pleasant smile that he would like
to be left alone with the patient.

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna bows to the doctor. Today her squint is more pronounced.
Breuer examines her, then nods.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Breuer looks through his notes.

BREUER
Fräulein -- when I was last with
you, you repeated some words over
and over again. They intrigued me.
I would like to make an experiment.
Have you ever been hypnotized?

She looks at him a moment, then shakes her head.

BREUER

You may tell me things under a
trance that, even with the best
of will, you would not otherwise
be ready to divulge. You will
speak more comfortably.

(seeing her hesitate)

I promise you an absolute
discretion. Are you afraid?

ANNA

(after a silence)

Not if you aren't.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer swings a silver medal back and forth in front of Anna's
eyes. Presently, he asks:

BREUER

Fräulein, do you hear me?

ANNA

Yes.

BREUER

You will not feel it when I touch
you with this pencil.

(touching her)

Now do you feel it?

ANNA

No.

BREUER

I am going to ask you some
questions. Do you remember when, in
my office, you whispered the word,
"Tormenting"? What was it that
disturbed you then? What were you
thinking of?

ANNA

When people ask me what I think, I
never know what to say. I always
feel like -- I'm making it up.

BREUER

Try. Remember.

Anna is still and composed. Then something causes her to catch
her breath, and she raises her hand as though to protect
herself.

BREUER

Why did you lift your hand just now?
As though to shield your eyes. Like
someone avoiding a branch. What did
you see? Where are you now?

ANNA (E)

I'm going up the stairs to Hilde's.

The faint sounds of footsteps on the stairs, in rhythm with her
heartbeats.

BREUER

Who is she?

ANNA (E)

My painting teacher.

BREUER

What are you doing there? Are you
in her studio now?

(gently)

What do you see? Go back to the
point where your hand flew up. Why
did you raise your hand that way?

Anna speaks in a faint, dreamy voice. Her English is nearly
perfect, beyond the ordinary powers of a foreign speaker.

ANNA (E)

Let me sleep. Why don't you let me
sleep?

BREUER

What was it that startled you?
(when she does not reply)
Fräulein?

ANNA

I went in, I saw her little dog. It
was drinking from her glass. I
didn't say anything.

BREUER

What was it that you didn't say?
Why didn't you say it?

ANNA (E)

I didn't want to hurt her feelings.
But it made me feel sick, seeing it
lap up the water.

BREUER

Tell me, Fräulein, when did the
(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)

dance music first make you cough?
You said that you're fond of
dancing.

ANNA (E)

I was sitting with Father, by his
bed. It was late, and I heard the
sound of music coming from a
neighbor's house.

(in anguish)

For a moment I wished that I were
there. Then I felt selfish, very
sorry -- that I could have any wish
other than to be with Father, to
look after him. That was when it
started.

BREUER

What about your squint? When do you
remember first squinting in this
way?

ANNA (E)

It was when I was with Father. I was
sitting at his bedside, there were
tears in my eyes. Suddenly he asked
me what time it was. I looked at my
watch, but I couldn't see it
clearly, so I brought it up close to
my eyes. I would have wiped the
tears away but -- I was afraid he
would see that I'd been crying and
be upset.

Breuer looks at her in awe: the squint has gone away. It is a
moment before he speaks.

BREUER

Now tell me this -- why do you
sometimes not hear me when I speak
to you, even though there are only
the two of us in the room? When do
you remember first being -- absent
in this way?

Anna answers without hesitation.

ANNA (E)

It was when Father called for a
glass of wine, and I didn't hear
him. Now I listen.

They are silent for a moment. Anna feels that her mouth is
dry.

ANNA.(E)

Give me -- something to drink.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer gives her the glass of water. She drinks it without hesitation. In the act of doing so she wakes up. He watches, amazed. She sets the water down with a trembling hand, spilling it. The water runs over the table.

TIGHT ON ANNA

Breuer smoothes her features out. The squint is gone; there is a new light in her eyes. It is something altogether beyond his experience. It is like a miracle.

NEW ANGLE

Suddenly she takes Breuer's hand and bursts into tears.

BREUER

(very pleased)

I suspect your cough will not recur.

She looks at him in wonder, hope and gratitude.

TIGHT ON BREUER - LATER

Breuer writes in his diary.

BREUER o.s.

Her cough did not recur, nor did her squint. She answered readily when spoken to and drank water as before. None of these symptoms was ever to trouble her again.

Anna reads a book without holding it close to her eyes, drinks water, etc.

INT. BREUER'S DINING ROOM

Breuer sits at dinner with his wife, Mathilde, still marvelling at these mysterious events.

BREUER

I go there every afternoon and
hypnotize her. One by one I trace
(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)

the symptoms back to their first occurrence, and one by one they disappear. Vanish into thin air! She has to move back at her own rate, quietly and steadily, following the thread of her memories without any jump. But once we discover when the symptom first occurred it seems to give up its hold on her and go away. New symptoms crop up, but they can be removed the same way.

(suddenly looking at Mathilde)

Am I boring you?

MATHILDE

(cheerfully)

No. Though lately it seems you talk of nothing else! Tell me, what is her name?

BREUER

My dear, I'm not sure that I'm quite at liberty to say -

MATHILDE

(with good humor)

Of course, of course.

BREUER

You've never asked before.

(after a pause)

I've never seen anything so marvelous, or had such a sense of satisfaction, though really I do nothing at all. I sit by and watch.

MATHILDE

Her family must be very pleased.

BREUER

(nodding)

It's like seeing someone rise from the dead.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE, THEN PAUL'S

Breuer writes up his notes. Paul examines Anna; he is surprised by the disappearance of her symptoms, and unable to explain it. Anna gives him a wary look.

BREUER o.s.

The hysterical phenomena, as often as they occur, disappear as soon as
(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)

the event which gave rise to them is reproduced in her hypnosis. Each individual symptom can be taken separately in hand. The occasions on which it has appeared are described in reverse order, going back to their first occurrence, sometimes far in the past. And so there have been resolved in succession: her convergent squint with diplopia; the deviation of both eyes to the right, so that when her hand reached out for something it always went to the left of the object; the restriction of her visual field: her central amblyopia and macropsia; her paralytic contractures, neuralgias, her tremors and disturbances of speech.

(after a pause)

The patient feels that she has been restored to health, in which judgment I concur.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S BEDROOM

Frau O. listens with Mai Britt to a low growl coming from Anna's bedroom. After a moment Frau O. goes inside. Mai Britt retreats to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

As Mai Britt enters the kitchen two hands reach out and grab her by the waist. She gasps and spins around to see that it is Anton, the porter. He considers that he has played a good joke on her, but he gets a slap for his effrontery.

MAI BRITT

What are you doing here? How did you get in?

ANTON

Will you come out with me -- tonight?

MAI BRITT

(holding the back door open)
Definitely not!

ANTON

Why? I insist on the courtesy of an explanation.

MAI BRITT

Because. You're -- a goat!

ANTON

An unhappy one. Have you no pity?
I never saw this side of you. So
cruel, so heartless!

He reaches back through the door to seize her. She dances out of the way and presses the door shut on his arm.

MAI BRITT

I could lose my position!

She giggles, then looks to see whether she has hurt him.

ANTON

Some night you will!

MAI BRITT

Never! Go away! Never come back
either!

He smiles. He suspects she does not mean it. She closes the door.

NEW ANGLE

Suddenly a shriek rings out through the apartment. A moment later Frau O. appears from Anna's room. She is visibly shaken. Seeing Mai Britt she turns quickly away.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE

Breuer gathers a few papers and heads toward the front door of his office.

BREUER

Cancel my appointments for the next
several hours.

SECRETARY

Herr Rudel is waiting, sir! There
are many I won't be able to reach.

BREUER

Manages as best you can. Say it was
an emergency. Offer my apologies.

INT. FRONT DOOR TO THE O.S' APARTMENT

Breuer rings the O.s' bell. A neighbor cracks open her door, then closes it again. It seems that others may have heard Anna's shriek.

INT. VESTIBULE. THE O.S' APARTMENT

Frau O. whispers to the doctor.

FRAU O.

She walks in her sleep! She speaks English without knowing it. She quarrels with the maid, who can't understand a word she's saying.

(Breuer's eyes have no comforting answer)

She's never done anything like this. She's always been in good health. Always such a happy girl! Never gloomy. Nothing bad has ever happened to her!

(still the doctor does not answer)

What is making her do this? Such a good child?

Breuer indicates that he would like to see Anna before offering any conclusions.

HERR O.'S POV

Through a crack in the door Breuer exchanges a glance with Anna's father.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Anna is very friendly and animated when Breuer appears.

ANNA

I'm afraid I've upset Mother. I don't know why.

Breuer notices that Anna's arm hangs at her side in a peculiar way. He smiles and takes a seat by her bed.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer raises and lowers Anna's right arm. It falls limp when he does not hold it up.

BREUER

It's curious. Your other troubles go away. But this one -- so small -- seems to remain. I didn't ask you about it before.

He squeezes her upper arm.

BREUER

Do you feel that?
(she shakes her head)
It's like an anesthesia.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer hypnotizes Anna. He gazes pleasantly at her while she follows the swinging pendant.

NEW ANGLE

Anna, in a trance.

BREUER

Now, Fräulein, tell me when it was that you first found your arm hanging limp in this way.

She is silent, absent. She does not answer as before.

BREUER

Can you remember?

She does not answer him.

BREUER

I wonder if your sleep's too light. Take a deep breath, close your eyes. Think about loosening, unfolding, every muscle in your body. Begin by letting all the muscles in your face relax. Your jaw. Let your mouth part. Drift and float deeper. Feel a heavy weight being lifted from your shoulders. Imagine a beautiful staircase. There are ten steps, and the ten steps lead to a dark, quiet landing, where the carpet is deep, very deep.

(over images of a staircase)
In a moment I'm going to count backwards, from ten. Imagine going up the steps, and as you take each step feel your body give way, unfold, relax. Just let it drift along, your feet barely touching the floor. Ten...nine...eight...

NEW ANGLE

In a faint voice, Anna begins to speak.

ANNA

I was in the hall...Heard a noise...Early in the morning...Door in dark paint...Rustling...
Gliding...

She seems to flinch at some memory.

BREUER

Go ahead.

ANNA (E)

I know there's a place where you can be safe, where there's rest and peace, where people wish each other well. A valley, a cave...I want to go away. Do you know the way?

As she speaks English the power that had restrained her seems to relax its hold. For a moment she escapes its tyranny, she goes free. She is able to complete her thoughts, without dreading where they might lead her.

BREUER

But you were in the hallway. What did you see? What was it that you heard? Were you afraid?

ANNA (E)

No...Yes. Yes, I was!

BREUER

You seem not to wish to tell me. Why is that? Why would you not want to tell me everything?

(after a pause)

Why do you speak English?

The question causes her to shoot a glance at him.

BREUER

Fräulein?

Anna begins to tremble. Music enters: dark, menacing.

ANNA

Touch...Go back...Through there...
They come...Breathe!

Suddenly she leaps out of bed.

ANNA

Leave me alone! Don't meddle with me!

Her voice has dropped an octave, and her arms have contracted into an odd position. Her soft, virginal beauty vanishes; now she becomes ugly, frightening.

ANNA

Fool! Liar! Hypocrite!

BREUER

Calm yourself, Anna. Sit down.

She starts to sit down. Then, in a sudden outburst of rage, she snatches the cushions off the sofa and throws them at him.

ANNA

(in the second, deeper voice)

Bungler! You don't know what you're getting into, Breuer!

She tears the sheets in two, as easily as if they were paper. Breuer looks over his shoulder, astonished.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

Since I've had to deal with you, my life has been a misery. Leave us, go away -- and I will let her live.

(trailing off, as though in great agony)

Please, oh please!

Other voices enter. They vie with each other. They sneer, they mock, they insinuate. Some are not intelligible at all.

ANNA

(a Babel of voices)

Go away. Leave us alone...Come in here, we'll seize you, too. Yes, yes. If you come ahead, you'll never get back...They come, they come to the mountain, then can't find their way back again!

BREUER

Who are you?

ANNA (2ND SELF)

I am Uta.

(other voices)

We will keep you here. We know your face. We know your voice. Be warned!

Breuer listens, astonished. He wonders if his nerves are playing tricks on him. It might be possible for her to mimic these voices, but at times they appear to overlap each other. How could one mimic this?

ANNA (E)

(hearing a voice like her father's)

It's in me! Am I that! Am I that?

Trembling, she looks up -- as though at a creature a hundred feet tall.

ANNA (E)

What are you? Who made you?

She looks down, and for a moment it seems to her feverish imagination that her hand has turned into a claw.

ANNA (E)

(softly)

Help me!

There is a low murmur, then a silence like the leafy silence of a forest.

BREUER

Whom am I speaking with?

He does not know quite why he should put the question this way. He asks it fearfully, in dread of her reply. He has the feeling of having stumbled upon something profoundly alien and uncanny; something with the power to destroy the foundations of his life, his reason.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

Someone with the strength of an army. Who with a glance, could tear you in two. Blow you out like a candle --

Breuer does put credence in the voice, yet somehow it digs at him with its malicious wish to create fear and confusion. She raises the lamp off her nightstand, as though she had been commanded to strike him. He does not flinch. She throws the lamp at him. He stands his ground.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

Fool!

Now she throws the washbasin at him. The crash brings Frau O. into the room. Suddenly the music stops. Anna wakes up from her trance.

ANNA (E)

Mother!

She looks around. She sees the broken crockery, the astonished expression on their faces.

ANNA (E)

What happened? Who did that?
There's been a gap, I've lost a
piece of time.

FRAU O.

What do you mean?
(badly frightened)
No, no. You're all right, darling.

Frau O. takes Anna in her arms, as Mai Britt picks up the
pieces of the basin.

ANNA

(shaking her head)
What did I say? What did I do?
Won't anyone tell me?

FRAU O.

Nothing, child! Nothing!

Anna's mother does what she can to soothe her, to put a good
face on things. But her trembling hands and voice contradict
her.

ANNA

I'm going mad! I'm going mad!
(in a sudden flood of tears)
What are you doing to me? Why are
you mocking me? Tell me the truth.

Breuer comes up and puts his hand on Anna's shoulder and tells
her, in a low voice, so that she alone can hear:

BREUER

Don't lose heart.

INT. ENTRYWAY

With a grateful bow, Frau O. hands Breuer his overcoat. She
was somewhat wary of him at first, but his patient attention to
her daughter has gradually won her trust.

FRAU O.

You heard it, didn't you?
That...sound.

BREUER

Don't be afraid. It is only a voice
she makes. It isn't real.

FRAU O.

There's something I want to show
you, Doctor.

NEW ANGLE (THEIR POV)

There are cracks in the wall near the ceiling.

FRAU O.

They were never there before. And
look.

There is a stain in the plaster. It vaguely suggests a face.

FRAU O.

Do you see anything?

(Breuer shakes his head)

You think that I'm excitable and
liable to alarms. Am I disgracing
myself with you? I suppose I have
so many times already there's no
help for it now!

BREUER

(with a reassuring smile)

I know this has been a great strain,
Madame.

He presses her hand with sympathy. As he goes to leave, he
asks:

BREUER

How many years of English did she
have in school?

FRAU O.

Two or three.

(as tears come to her eyes)

What has she done? Everyone loves
her. She's always been so good --
so considerate of others!

INT. STAIRWELL

Two neighbors step aside as Breuer comes down the stairs into
the courtyard. From the way they glance at him he suspects
they have heard Anna's cries.

EXT. BUILDING (HIGH ANGLE, FROM BEHIND THE GARGOYLE)

High above, the gargoyle seems to watch him as he goes off down
the street.

INT. ANNA'S ROOM - ANGLE ON FRAU O.

Frau O. trembles at the memory of Anna's transformation.

FRAU O.

Anna, dearest -- dearest child --
have you done anything -- has
anything happened to you -- that you
haven't told us about?

Anna swallows back the hurt she feels at this suggestion.

ANNA

I know you worry about me, Mother,
but I don't want you to. I will be
better soon. Whatever this is -- it
will go away. Everything will be as
it was before.

But she does not believe it, much as she hopes her mother will.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A figure leans over Anna's bed while she is sleeping and
whispers in her ear:

FIGURE

Comfort her with lies -- you will
not escape me -- I am with you now.
Never to depart.

EXT. STREET

Outside, on the street, Anna is gracious and cheerful with
everyone she meets: she is a truly beautiful soul.

ANNA'S POVS

Children at play. Their parents sit nearby. The children look
up when she passes. There is something in her eyes that makes
them feel they have a friend in her. Sounds of laughter,
music.

EXT. BELVEDERE PARK

Anna has come to meet Edmund in the park below the Belvedere
palace. She breaks into a smile the moment she discovers him
walking toward her.

NEW ANGLE

He takes her hand and kisses it.

EDMUND

You're good to see me.

ANNA

If I loved you better, I wouldn't let things go on between us. You're too much to me. I don't have the strength.

She strokes his hair as music enters.

EDMUND

So much lies before us -- so much good. Everything will be better soon. Think how long I've known you, sweetheart -- precious. Ten years.

She sees with joy how well she is loved.

ANNA

Forget me, Edmund. Kind as you are, you will finally see me as I am, and feel a duty to stay by me...And then I think of the children -- I couldn't -- be strong for them. You could never be sure of me.

EDMUND

We won't have children, if you don't wish to. You've always said how much you do, though.

ANNA

(as she looks in his eyes)
I've charmed you -- now I can't break the spell. Really I don't want to. But -- you should do what I can't. I'd rather die than cast a shadow over your life.

(after a pause)

I remember when I was a girl, how happy I thought I'd be -- and make everyone around me.

EDMUND

You'll be well again. Let me strengthen you, clear obstacles from your way, devote myself to your happiness! I want nothing else. You need rest, you need a home. How could you darken my life? You're all that makes it bright.

(looking in her eyes)

What have you seen? Anna, tell me what's happened?

She gives him a quick glance and shakes her head.

EDMUND

You would be no less free than you are now.

ANNA

I won't rob you of the life you deserve.

(after a pause)

I have a fear of not doing what I should. I'm even glad that it can't be.

(with an ardent sincerity)

You don't look ahead. You don't see what would happen. I would wear you out, pull you down -- cause you to despise me. It wouldn't matter what you'd promised. I won't hold you to a careless vow.

(touching his lips)

Please. It's the only way. These meetings only break our hearts -- and keep you from going on to someone -- something better.

EDMUND

They're all that I look forward to. For me there is no better.

Looking at him, she weakens. It is too much to renounce. She has no joy, no life, outside his love.

ANNA

I can't do what I should. I'm not strong enough. You look at me and --

(after a pause)

But I will. I must.

NEW ANGLE

They have talked about it more.

EDMUND

Let us have a waiting period, then. I won't trouble you for seven months. For my sake, for the sake of our past together, put your decision off that long. See how you feel then.

Anna stares ahead of her. After a moment she nods. He takes her hand.

EDMUND

Nothing will change the way I feel.

It is what she fears.

She watches Edmund walk off. The Sphinx looks on from in front of the Belvedere.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer is writing in his journal.

BREUER o.s.

Soon it appeared there were two entirely distinct states of consciousness present in the patient. They alternated frequently and without warning, and in the course of her illness grew more distinct from each other. In the first of these states, she recognized her surroundings and was relatively normal. But in the second she hallucinated, grew angry and lashed out at those around her.

INT. WASH BASIN

Anna has finished washing her hands and face when she notices a tiny black fleck on the side of the basin. She splashes it with water. It does not move. Again she throws water on it, but it continues to cling to the white porcelain as though it had fixed itself there with a will of its own.

FLECK o.s.

(very faintly)

I am all there is.

Overcome with exasperation, Anna takes her comb and jabs at the fleck until it is dislodged. She pours a whole pitcher of water over it. This time, to her relief, it disappears down the drain.

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - FOG - MUSIC

Fog rolls through the streets of Vienna. It rises from the river, from seeps and drains, penetrates the strongest gates, slides off the rooftops, sinks through every street and alley, through the cemetery and palace grounds.

BREUER O.S.

At those moments when her mind was clear she would complain of a profound darkness in her head, of not being able to think or sleep, of fatigue, melancholy, of becoming blind and deaf, or having two selves, a real one and an evil one, which caused her to behave badly. This second self came on toward sunset.

The sun sinks down into the fog as evening approaches.

BREUER O.S.

To avoid its attacks, merely to blunt them, I was obliged to spend the afternoon with her. Every day of the week.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Breuer examines Anna. He notes that her right arm continues to hang limp at her side.

BREUER

(touching her upper arm)

Do you feel that?

ANNA

No.

BREUER

You still can't move it properly. What happens when you try?

ANNA

Nothing. It's as though -- I were asking someone else to do it.

BREUER

Here.

Gently he lifts her arm and holds it out straight. Despite Anna's efforts to keep it extended, it sinks slowly back to her side. She gazes at the shadows on the ceiling.

BREUER

Let's try again to remember when this first happened and what you were thinking about. It's curious to me that the other symptoms go

(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)
away, but this one -- so
inconsequential -- stays on.
Rekurs.

(for in fact it comes and goes)
It's strange that you won't tell me
something so small, so trivial, when
already you've told me so much else.

For a moment the Other lives in Anna's eyes and hears with her
ears. He does not notice, no more than Anna does herself.

Breuer draws the silver pendant from his pocket.

NEW ANGLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Anna raises her soft, innocent eyes from the swinging pendant
to look at Breuer.

ANNA
Thank you, Doctor.

Breuer asks her with a nod to keep her eyes on the pendant.

NEW ANGLE

Anna is under a trance.

BREUER
Tell me now, when was it that you
first discovered you had no strength
in your arm? Was something
troubling you? Where were you?

ANNA
I was asleep, I woke up. It was
very late, and...very quiet...I got
up...I went in the hall, I
looked...I told myself to go
back...I went to the door, I pushed
it open...I went to the door...

Breuer notes her curious way of stopping in the middle of a
sentence, repeating her last words and then, after a short
pause, picking up her previous thought.

ANNA (E)
Aren't you afraid?

BREUER
Of what?

Anna turns to him with a free, open affection and, gazing in
his eyes, asks:

ANNA (E)

Where are we now? It's as though --
we've been speaking through a wall.

She invites him with her eyes; she smiles charmingly at his confusion.

ANNA (E)

Will we always pretend? I want to breathe.

(after a pause)

I want to make a bad mistake. I'm not afraid to suffer. I'm weary of the lies. Of hiding what I am. Playing along in this game no one believes in.

Breuer wonders what she means. Her lips tremble. Her eyes burn into his.

ANNA (E)

This! This is what I am! What was at the bottom of me all the time. No one told me! No one breathed a word!

Anna seems to go free as she speaks English. Her dread falls away. She is as she would always be. A new power has been startled to life within her; liquid, quick. It lies sleeping, yet when it chooses it suddenly leaps up.

ANNA (E)

How long can we hold out -- the other way?

He wonders what she is talking about, and yet he seems to know. They are silent for a moment.

BREUER

Why do you speak English, Anna?

Something in her seems to wince at this question -- to fear that by a sudden rush at freedom she might escape its hold and domination. She struggles to answer, but as she does the other self comes forth again. Her first self cries out for help, as the second seems to rise up over it.

ANNA (E)

Doctor...oh, Doctor...Help
me!...Something hold me...Someone
coming...

Her lip curls back, and the next words she speaks are in the deep, haunting voice of the Other.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Get back! I've warned you once.

BREUER
Why do you trouble her?...Who are you?

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You know.
(first voice, fading off)
Doctor, go away! She'll hurt you.

BREUER
Who are you? Tell me your name.

She gives him a lascivious glance.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
I see what you are. What you've been so careful to conceal. How frightened you are, how alone! How sad you'd be to die in this state!

The voice comes softly to him. The speaker seems close by.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Cast off this dead life of yours.
Rain, rain, the unceasing rain!
Will you not reach toward life because others refuse to? Soon there will be -- the rain only! Sliding down the window panes. I've told you so before --

BREUER
I've never spoken with you before.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Oh, we've talked in our own way. As glances do. We make ourselves understood.

BREUER
No.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You fear where a true honesty would lead you. You, a great teacher of Vienna!

The voice digs into him. It seems to expel his strength, his certainty. He tells himself not to panic, that after all it can only be an invention of Anna's imagination. But it seems to pry his fingers from everything that is sure and familiar. It threatens him without words. It does not seem to come quite

from Anna -- how could anyone so innocent, so simple, conceive such thoughts? -- but from somewhere behind her.

BREUER

Anna, speak with me. This isn't you.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

You've abandoned your destiny.
Now you belong to the wind. A weathervane. You make an excuse of your wife: it is your sacred duty to respect her wishes. You confine yourself to the prison of her whims.

It is cunning and acute, yet stupid with eagerness to accuse. It comes out, strikes, then goes back into the darkness -- to hide, to wait.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

I see you sitting at home in your blue robe, wondering how it came to pass.

(Breuer frowns -- how could she know the color of his robe?)

Are you surprised? Do you think I'm any less present with you there than I am here? I sit like this and watch you. In silence.

(after a pause)

Shall I say more?

BREUER

(unintimidated)

Say what you like. I have nothing to hide.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

Ah, where is there a living man, that I might fall on him? I am starved from feeding on shadows!

(after a pause)

So nervous. So conscious of yourself. You don't let me breathe.

With a stroke of her fingers -- those which she is still able to use -- she tears the buttons away from her throat.

ANNA

No!

She leaps out of bed and, to Breuer's astonishment, springs around the room with the energy of a Maenad.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Life! Give me life!

Her right arm moves freely now; she swings it around, strong with the strength of the Other, drunk with freedom. Breuer looks at her and does not flinch.

She throws her head back and, to Breuer's further amazement, speaks in a stream of verse, in meter and rhyme.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
(afterwards, eyeing him
sharply)
I speak to one who does not
live...You presume to cure me!

Breuer feels himself being drawn along, like someone caught in a fast river. The Other is quick to discover his uncertainty and startles him with further demonstrations of its powers. With a movement of her eyebrows, Anna seems to lock the door. The tumblers click shut; a silence follows.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Your heart is dead. I see if no one
else does. How long will you be
able to keep up the pretense? Why
keep up a pretense for others when
you don't in the least deceive me?

BREUER
I'm not here to talk about myself.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You don't put me off with your
independent airs, your good
judgment. Not with your rectitude,
not with your vice. I go beneath
them. I lay you bare.

BREUER
You have a high opinion of yourself.
(speaking despite his
determination not to reply)
I make a mistake in answering you.
Anna, do you hear me?

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You come to me with empty hands?
Where is your courage? You venture
so little. Ah, courage isn't seen
in this city. Isn't even missed!
You came to help me, let me help you
instead.

Breuer is shaken all through. And yet he does not see why he should feel this way. He refuses to give way to irrational fears.

BREUER

(with firmness)

Why do you oppress her? Let her go.
Leave her her freedom.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

What makes you think she wants it?
Long years, whole ages, I imagined
that I wanted mine, but when at last
the hour came when I could have
reached out and grasped it, I found
that I no longer cared to. Then,
with a horror you no better than a
child are prepared to understand, I
saw that what I had sought so long,
I didn't wish at all. And so I came
into this darkness. Leave me,
Breuer -- don't trouble me. Or I
shall destroy you. You with her,
whom I shall have as I will.

BREUER

You don't frighten me.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

She is mine. She will strike down
whomever threatens me.

BREUER

Go. Go back where you came from.
Anna! Anna! What is it that holds
you? Give me a sign.

Anna makes a quick drawing for him: two lines that converge
toward a vanishing point.

Suddenly there is the sound of a door slamming. Breuer glances
over his shoulder, startled. When he looks back, Anna is
composed. It is as though her true, original self had returned
to the surface.

Breuer wipes the perspiration from her forehead.

BREUER

Anna! Anna!

She opens her eyes and looks at him as though at her deliverer,
with an unbounded gratitude.

BREUER

Don't be afraid.

She begins to weep. He looks at her in anguish, fearful she might slip away forever -- into the shadows.

ANNA

I don't know where I was. Don't abandon me, Doctor. I know I have no right to ask --

BREUER

(interrupting her)

I won't abandon you.

ANNA

As long as -- I can be sure of you
-- I won't be afraid of anything.

The sight of him restores her. His courage gives her hope.

ANNA

There's something I must tell you, though.

BREUER

What is it, Anna?

ANNA

The whole time I'm aware of -- the nonsense that I'm talking. I could stop it -- if I wanted to. I see everything I'm doing, it's like I'm sitting in the corner and watching myself.

(in despair)

I do it -- deliberately. Forgive me! I give you all this trouble.

While she claims to have understood the things she said, she does not measure the effect of her behavior on others; she acts as though it were surely all a dream for them as well, and she expects them to forget it as soon, and as thoroughly, as she does herself.

BREUER

You haven't caused me any trouble. But tell me everything that weighs on you. Open yourself to me without reservation. I worry that I might cause you to hold back.

ANNA

(after a pause)

She told you that, didn't she?

(seeing him hesitate)

How am I, Doctor, when I'm...the other way?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
(he does not answer)
Do you think I can get well?

BREUER
Yes.

They sit in silence for a moment.

ANNA
Why am I getting worse?
(after a pause)
You know I am. Don't pretend. If
you tell me stories I won't trust
you any more...It's getting inside
me. It does what it wants.

Breuer shakes his head.

ANNA
You remove these troubles, one by
one. Then new ones come and take
their place.

BREUER
No, Anna. Don't give up.

He puts his hand on her arm. It is the first time that he has
ever touched her in this way, to reassure her. She is pleased.

ANNA (E)
I thought I could help Father. It's
hard seeing him this way. You can't
be happy apart from each other. If
the ones you love -- if they go
under -- you do too. You can't see
them destroyed and be glad for
yourself, that you escaped.
(seeing how attentive he is)
Let me show you something.

TIGHT ON LITHOGRAPH ("THE HAPPY FAMILY")

Anna shows him a lithograph that hangs on her wall. It shows a
family living together in harmony.

ANNA o.s.
This is the sort of family I always
hoped that we would be. I used to
look at it for hours when I was a
child. It was on the wall at the
foot of my bed.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer's heart goes out to her. Her hopes were so modest, so sincere. How can he make life lovely to her again?

ANNA

You do think -- don't you -- that people can live a happy life?

BREUER

They can always live a brave one.

NEW ANGLE

Anna accompanies him to the front door.

ANNA

Thank you, Doctor. We all respect you immensely.

(with frankness)

Encourage Mother if you can. She needs to believe I can get better. I pretend I'm very confident. But I don't know how much longer I'll be able to hold out. She begins to see how things are. I'm wearing her out with the care I cause her. She already has so little strength to face life with. Even that I pretend not to know. She's always been desperate for us to believe the opposite.

BREUER

She may know more than you think. She may have found the courage to bear it.

Anna shakes her head. He nods: he will respect her wishes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE PARK

Anna walks through a park. The Brahms symphony that we heard earlier comes in again. There is no sign in her face of the passionate feeling which is stirring within her.

HER POVS

The other people. Outwardly, they do not appear to suffer. Children. A stranger, a young man, struck by her beauty and nobility. A dark entryway, which for some reason seems to frighten her.

TIGHT ON WIDOW (ANNA'S POV)

An ugly old woman sits on the stairs outside a dilapidated apartment building. Her thin gray hair goes off in all directions. She does not know quite where she is.

ANNA

Are you all right?

She looks up at Anna as though she were the first person who had spoken to her in days.

Anna helps her home.

INT. WIDOW'S APARTMENT

Anna cleans the widow's shabby apartment. She shudders inwardly at the sight of the disorder in which the poor woman lives.

WIDOW

I'm old lady, can do nothing. They
don't send money now. They stop.

She comes from Eastern Europe; much of what she says is unintelligible to Anna.

WIDOW

Who are you? Mice live there, come
out at night. They my friends. I'm
so lonely. Nobody talk with me.
Nobody know I alive. They turn
against me. They say I don't fit
here. Who I going talk to? Nothing
do but sit here, watch the clouds.
Everybody I know, they dead. How
come I not dead too?

From time to time Anna puts a comforting hand on the old woman's shoulder; she is too sunk in grief to notice.

Cockroaches. The rotten baseboard. The woman sitting with her face hidden in her arms.

INT. BREUER'S HOME - NIGHT

It is late when Breuer returns home. Mathilde glances at him, then looks away. She does not ask where he has been.

BREUER

Good evening.

He smiles pleasantly at her. Mathilde nods in reply. She is withdrawn, sad -- but with his thoughts absorbed elsewhere, Breuer does not seem to notice.

NEW ANGLE - LATER

Once, long ago, their love was passionate. Each seems to hope things will get better of their own accord. Until then they keep their talk light and practical.

MATHILDE

Josef, it's time to fix the gutters.
They're already clogged with leaves.

BREUER

I'll see to it.

Their kitchen. Their closet. Their bed. The silence of the rooms.

Mathilde. Her lustreless hair and care-worn face; this face which no longer draws his eager glances, which over the years has become accustomed to the indifference that all his feigning cannot hide.

BREUER'S POV - NIGHT

Breuer watches Mathilde as she turns and moans in her sleep. If only he could manage so that she would not suffer.

TIGHT ON BREUER - MUSIC - NIGHT

Breuer writes up his notes. His desk, his books and medical drawings, the pool of light around his lamp: the dry order of his life set against romantic music.

BREUER o.s.

I begin to see that each symptom has a symbolic meaning of which she and I alike are unaware. Each is a word, the illness like an obscure inscription whose meaning I must piece out.

(after a pause)

Every evening the products of her "bad self," as she calls it, must be talked away. If this were not done regularly, she would quickly become a hysteric of the malicious type: refractory, lazy and ill-natured. But once her fears and hallucinations are removed under hypnosis, her true character, which is the opposite of these, reappears. At times I seem to see it drifting slowly up like a fish from the bottom of a lake. As long as I come each afternoon, the bad self does

(MORE)

BREUER o.s. (CONT'D)
not appear. She has only to tell
what is in her heart to keep it at
bay. Two months have passed without
incident. She is quickly returning
to health. I am confident that I
shall soon be able to pronounce the
treatment a success.

INT. VESTIBULE, THE O.S' APARTMENT

Breuer and Frau O. smile at each other. Breuer is pleased,
confident.

BREUER
We are very close. Only a great
shock could overthrow her.

Herr O. overhears this remark.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Dawn spreads through the empty streets. A hearse stands with
its doors open.

TIGHT ON FRAU O.

They have been waiting for Anna's brother to appear.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(checking his watch, softly)
Shall we continue to wait?

Frau O. shakes her head. It seems no friend will follow him to
the grave. There are only the servants and a friend of Anna's,
Katarina.

KATARINA
Your brother isn't coming?

Strangers watch as two plumed horses draw the hearse through
the wet, cobbled streets.

Anna and her mother, in mourning dress. Anna holds her mother
by the arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES OF VIENNA - MUSIC

The everyday life of Vienna. The Prater, the shops and outdoor
cafes. Leafless trees and bushes, stiff brown grass.

BREUER o.s.

On the fifth of April her adored father died. During her illness she had seen him rarely and only for short periods. This was the most severe psychical trauma that she could possibly have experienced. A violent outburst of excitement was succeeded by a profound stupor which lasted two days and from which she emerged greatly changed.

INT. ANNA'S ROOM

Breuer performs a series of tests on Anna using a bouquet of flowers, a set of comparative color charts, etc.

BREUER o.s.

She complained of troubles with her vision. It seemed that she was seeing colors wrong: she knew she was wearing a brown dress but saw it as a blue one. We soon found she could distinguish all the colors of the visual test-sheets correctly and clearly, and that the disturbance related only to the dress material.

Breuer appears satisfied; he has laid the matter to rest by the best methods known to him.

BREUER O.S.

There was a high degree of restriction of the field of vision: in a bunch of flowers which gave her much pleasure she could see but one flower at a time. And she could recognize people only by making a deliberate effort, telling herself, "This is A's nose, this is her hair, these are her eyes. The person standing before me must therefore be A."

TIGHT ON MAI BRITT (ANNA'S POV)

Anna fits the features of a face together. She is delighted at last to discover that it is Mai Britt's.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM, OTHER ANGLES

Breuer resumes his tests. His devotion is unwearying.

BREUER o.s.

All the people she saw seemed like wax figures without any connection to her.

(MORE)

BREUER o.s. (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

She was lonely, yet she refused to see anyone. She believed she should always be calm and brave, yet a careless word could put her in a state. The faces of people on the street overwhelmed her. She felt helpless to prevent the disturbance she discovered in them from entering her as well. It seemed that she was saturated with everything she saw, with no reserve of patience or strength, nor any joy that she might give another. She blamed herself as a great egotist.

Elsewhere in the building, Anton mimes for Mai Britt the solemn figures of the O.s' household.

BREUER O.S.

She wanted only to sleep: to be left alone, to rest in her room. She felt that she was being buried alive, yet made no effort to dig herself out. Melancholy has prevented her from doing anything properly. It comes in around her like a fog, closes her off from every cheering sight, forbids her to speak. Except in trance, she obeys its wish. Since childhood she has felt alone, apart. I wonder if in all her years she has known a single hour of peace.

Anna is under a trance. Breuer listens solemnly.

ANNA

I see only what is sharp and hard. I know the fault lies with me, not in the world; I have so little strength, or will. I can't bear a gray afternoon, and think what battles there are still to fight!

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer at his desk.

BREUER o.s.

And so it came about that this lovely young woman -- innocent, true, loved by all -- now lay wasting away. One by one her friends drifted off.

Before he left his journal in his desk. Now he locks it up inside a safe.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE

Breuer's secretary taps at his door. Breuer rises to his feet and bows.

SECRETARY

May I have a word with you, sir?
Alone?

She has brought a ledger with her. Breuer indicates a chair.

SECRETARY

Doctor, forgive me for speaking frankly with you, but we have more and more patients leaving us. I can never give them an appointment in the afternoon, of course, because you're -- away. You must be aware, too -- I think it only fair to warn you -- that our accounts are falling off. With all due respect, sir, you might want to see for yourself.

She holds up the ledger, quite sure she only has the doctor's best interests at heart. With a sigh Breuer waves it away.

SECRETARY

It will tell you plainly what the situation is.

BREUER

Thank you for bringing the matter to my attention.

SECRETARY

Some who used to come to us are cancelling morning appointments they'd already made. They don't tell me why. Several have asked for their records to be transferred.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - SERIES OF ANGLES

Breuer feeds Anna. Further signs of his patience and selflessness. Signs, too, of her growing comfort in his presence. While she rests he sits alone, gazing at the curious drawing she made for him. Outside, spring has appeared.

BREUER o.s.

Now, for hours or sometimes for days at a time, she could not understand what
(MORE)

BRUEUR o.s. (CONT'D)
was said to her in German. Those
around her were obliged to speak
English. Even the maid learned to
make herself understood in this way.
I was the only person whom she always
recognized on entering her room, though
she would never talk with me before she
had assured herself of my identity by
carefully feeling my hands. So long as
I was talking to her she was always in
contact with things, lively and
present...She had eaten very little
previously; now she allowed me to feed
her. As sunset drew closer. I would put
her to sleep, to protect her against its
unsettling effects. Gradually she
improved. She gained strength, took
exercise and began to take more food --
(he offers her bread, but she
shakes her head)
though she never consented to eat
bread.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer, satisfied.

BREUER
Stay out of your bed. Keep moving
around. Sit in a chair if you have
to. But don't lie down. Not until
you go to sleep at night.

Anna nods.

BREUER o.s.
This comparatively tolerable state
did not last long, however, and some
ten days after her father's death a
consultant was brought in, whom like
all other strangers she completely
ignored.

TIGHT ON FREUD

A sympathetic man in his mid-thirties looks on with an eager
interest, almost in awe. It is not Anna's symptoms which
strike him so much as her air of purity and grace, the same
qualities which made such an impression on Breuer when he first
met her in his consulting room.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Breuer is demonstrating Anna's symptoms to his colleague, Dr.
Sigmund Freud. Anna has been reading a French text aloud,

unconsciously rendering it into perfect English. She stops in the middle of a sentence and turns to Breuer, smiling.

ANNA (E)

This is like an examination in school!

FREUD

Do you observe, Fräulein, that you are translating the text into another language?

Anna does not seem to hear him, nor even to realize that he is in the same room. She waits for Breuer to speak.

FREUD

Fräulein?

BREUER

She doesn't hear you.

Anna turns to Breuer and frowns: whom is he talking to? Freud tries to attract her attention by other means. In vain.

BREUER

A true, negative hallucination.

FREUD

I've never seen anything like it.

Freud walks around the chair where Anna is sitting. She does not see him, even when he looks directly in her eyes. He taps his pen against his watch; this she does not notice either.

FREUD

Pardon me, Fräulein.

He lights a piece of paper on fire, shakes out the flame and blows the smoke into her face. This breaks the spell. Anna looks up sharply.

BREUER (E)

Anna, this is my colleague, Dr. Freud.

Trembling, Anna stands up.

BREUER

Anna?

She rushes to the door and tries to take the key from the lock, but before she can, she falls unconscious to the floor.

Breuer and Freud revive her with a cold compress and smelling salts. Anna stares at Freud in horror.

ANNA (E)

What are you doing here, sir?
You're very bold to enter my room
without permission! I'm afraid that
I must ask you to leave.

FREUD

What has alarmed her?

BREUER

Anna!

He works to calm her down. Freud looks at him.

BREUER

I'll have to hypnotize her. It
might be better if you waited for
me --

FREUD

At the cafe.

TIGHT ON BREUER AND PENDANT - MUSIC

Steady, sober, Breuer soothes her. The swinging pendant.

BREUER

Anna -- why did you faint? Why did
you faint when you went to the door?
What did you see?

(when she does not reply)

You remember so much else. Why
don't you remember this?

She mumbles something, then is silent.

BREUER (E)

Be strong. Don't give up. Strive
with all your might. I'm going to
leave you now, but the next time I
see you, show me by touching your
lips that you've understood, and
will.

Her eyes are closed. She does not answer.

INT. STAIRWELL

As Breuer comes down the stairs he runs into Eva, the cook, on
her way home from shopping. When she sees there is nobody else
around, she comes up and tells him quickly in a whisper:

EVA

I've known her since she was a baby.
She is the best girl in the world.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

Now she has such wild rages. They
come all at once. And so sweet a
nature! So shy! So gentle! Help
her get well, Doctor!

She presses some money into his hand: a tip, to win Anna extra
consideration. Before Breuer can give it back, she is gone.

EXT. VIENNA STREET

For no apparent reason Breuer trips and nearly falls. He looks
behind him. The paving stones are smooth, the street is empty.
He does not see what could have caused him to miss his footing.
After a moment, he smiles and goes his way.

EXT. CAFE CENTRAL

Breuer meets Freud at a cafe in the Herrengasse. They shake
hands warmly.

BREUER

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting.

They are devoted friends who never feel as exalted as when they
are in each other's company.

FREUD

(still under Anna's spell, like
someone already half in love)
I've never met anyone like her.
She's from another age. So noble,
so chaste.

BREUER

She's never been in love. She's
never made the least reference to
any romantic subject.

FREUD

She has a fiance, though.

(Breuer nods)

You say that as soon as she can tell
you under hypnosis when her symptoms
first arose, they disappear.

BREUER

In nearly every case.

(after a pause)

There are a few which persist. This
way of speaking English -- now and
then. Often, too, her right arm is
numb.

FREUD

She won't tell you why? They don't inconvenience her in any serious way, I suppose.

(Breuer shakes his head)

She's -- captivating!

BREUER

I'm sure that something happened to her, something she hasn't told me yet, but which might explain the whole of her illness if only she could remember it. She can't, or she refuses to, even in a trance. Something holds her back. As if there were a will in her which acted against her own true interests. It opposes every attempt to free her. It would rather see her die.

Freud listens closely. Breuer is encouraged by his interest.

BREUER

Still there is a voice in her that gives me clues. When I get lost and am ready to give up, it comes back like a bird, encourages me, leads me on. Every time it seems that she is cured and it turns out she is not, she loses hope. I have to work quickly. I'm in a race against despair.

Breuer notes the lengthening shadows on a nearby building; already he is thinking that he must get back to her.

ANNA AND BREUER - MUSIC (LOVE THEME)

When Breuer next appears, Anna touches her lips. They look at each other, with an ardor neither is conscious of.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE

Breuer again finds his wife moody and withdrawn.

BREUER

What is wrong, Mathilde? Tell me.

Mathilde cannot hold out long against his sympathetic gaze.

MATHILDE

You don't know it, Josef, but people are talking about you. You're in danger of losing your reputation. No, I tell you, it's true. I

(MORE)

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

ignored the talk as long as I could.
If this continues you might -- you
might lose your practice. We aren't
invited to your colleagues' homes
any more. So much depends on their
good will. You'll have no
livelihood. All you've worked for
will be lost.

(after a pause)

They say you're using mesmerism.
Magic!

He looks at her. He feels weary thinking of the care he will
have to take not to lie.

BREUER

Dearest, I have a responsibility to
the people whose care I undertake.
You've always understood. Are you
jealous of -- the time I spend away
from you?

MATHILDE

No. Do I have any reason to be?

He shakes his head. She looks at him a moment, then nods.
Whatever their differences she knows him as someone who may be
trusted without the slightest qualm or reservation.

BREUER

Why don't we go out to the country
for a few days? You've wanted to
visit your brother. We could take
walks together. Would that be
agreeable to you?

She looks up, her eyes sparkling with delight.

MATHILDE

Yes! Yes, it would be.

He smiles gently at her.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer tells Anna of his plans.

BREUER

Anna, I am going to leave Vienna for
a few days. But I will be back on
Tuesday.

Anna nods and drops her eyes, lest the apprehension this news
has caused her restrain him in any way.

INT. VESTIBULE, THE O.S' APARTMENT

Breuer bids Frau O. goodbye.

BREUER

I've told her that if she gets panicky, she should hold out and do what she can to help herself. I recommend bathing.

FRAU O.

(anxiously)

Still, you seem concerned.

BREUER

(determined not to tell even a small lie)

She assures me that she will be all right.

FRAU O.

Well, Doctor, I think you're old enough to know that you can't trust any of her assurances! She's a capricious, whimsical girl. I suspect a great deal of all this is just to give us a fright! I see how you look at me, but you are very naive, Doctor. Though I have no degree in medicine, I believe I understand a great many things you don't. Oh, I know I'm difficult and don't know how to behave. I exaggerate, I quarrel. Still, I know a willful girl. It is all my own fault, for spoiling her -- terribly.

Breuer bows, takes his coat and leaves.

EXT. STREET

Breuer walks down the street, preoccupied. A light rain is falling.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Anna's friend Katarina has come to visit her. Anna sits in a chair near her bed.

KATARINA

I'm sorry I haven't been by sooner. I've been very busy. That's not true -- I was afraid. Forgive me, Anna!

ANNA

Afraid of what?

KATARINA

I don't know. Of you. That I
wouldn't -- know what to say.

Katarina is very outspoken. They have known each other since they were children. Anna's solemn expression amuses her. She covers her mouth as she laughs.

ANNA

Why do you hold your hand over your
mouth?

KATARINA

My teeth are so big. Oh, Anna, this
isn't like you. You've always been
so gay. Suddenly you take
everything so seriously. Like a
German. I can't blame you, sitting
in this gloomy room. You should
have flowers by your bed. I'm sure
your mother offered to bring you
some, but you refused. You probably
thought it would be cheating.

(taking Anna's hand)

You never want to come out any more.
You don't like to write letters or
talk about our friends...or have
fun.

(Anna still does not answer)

What do you have to sulk about?
You're beautiful, everyone's devoted
to you. You have so much to be
thankful for. This will go away.
In a few months it will be like a
dream.

(as Anna shakes her head)

How do you know? Whatever is going
on, you're strong enough to bear it.
Keep a good heart.

ANNA

I won't quarrel with you, Katarina.
I know you came to comfort me, but
you make me desperate instead.

Anna looks with longing at her bed. It is the only place she
feels safe. The doctor has told her that she must wait until
evening, however.

KATARINA

You aren't that pleasant to be with
either. I'll bet you don't have

(MORE)

KATARINA (CONT'D)

many other visitors. In fact, I know you don't. Your mother told me so herself.

(suddenly repentant)

Now you've made me speak crossly!

ANNA

Have you ever known -- Horror? Have you ever known anything that made you quake inside -- so that you feared that you might fly apart?

KATARINA

No -- I hope I never do. I'm not going to envy you because I haven't.

ANNA

Your stories will fall apart the first time you have trouble of your own.

KATARINA

What makes you think I'll have trouble? What have I done?

(seeing Anna is upset)

Settle down, Anna! You're going to get yourself worked up. Your mother will blame me!

INT. VESTIBULE

Anna and Katarina kiss each other goodbye.

ANNA

Excuse me.

KATARINA

(softly, glancing over her shoulder to make sure they are alone)

I understand how lonely you must be -- I feel the same way. I wish that I could help you more, but I'm the last person in the world who can.

ANNA

(kissing her again)

You're so warm, so lovely -- how could you ever feel alone?

Katarina shakes her head as she admires Anna's engagement ring.

KATARINA

Friends can't help you. After school they drift away. They have their own troubles. Your brothers and sisters get married --

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Mai Britt sings as she dusts Anna's room. She does not notice that Anna is watching her.

Anna admires her health and good nature. She is so cheerful, so strong and confident. Why, Anna wonders, can't she throw her shoulders back and assume the same spirit?

MAI BRITT

Oh!

ANNA

Did I frighten you, Mai Britt?
Excuse me. You look so pretty today.

MAI BRITT

Thank you, Fräulein. I wish I were as pretty as you.

ANNA

Tell me, where do you come from?
I've never known, except that it was in the mountains.

MAI BRITT

From Zurs.

(laughing)

They are out raking hay today. They all go out together and work as fast as they can.

ANNA

Do you miss them?

MAI BRITT

Sometimes, yes. They wish they were here, though -- in the city!

The sun streams through a fanlight and lies in golden bars on the floor. Evening is approaching.

ANNA'S POV - LATER

Mai Britt waves cheerfully to Anna. She is going out to shop.

MAI BRITT (E)

Goodbye. Your mother will be back soon.

INT. STAIRWELL

Anton has accosted Mai Britt on the stairs.

MAI BRITT

Meet you at night? Outside the building? You're dreaming. You are rude and vulgar. You have insolent eyes.

(when he does not answer)

You're very shy. Except with your hands. Don't you know what to say?...You have no experience.

She turns and goes off, in high spirits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Anna sits alone. The movement of the clock is loud and close. It is late afternoon. The camera looks out at her from underneath a sofa. After a moment she hears the faint, distant ringing of bells. She glances at the clock.

ANNA'S POV

Anna looks around the room. Something we are not conscious of has made her suddenly alert. Then, in a corner, she sees a coiled snake. She looks quickly away, lest the suspicion it has been seen rouse the creature to activity.

She gets up quietly and, keeping well away from the furniture or anything else it might hide under, she goes to her room.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Softly, Anna shuts the door. She takes a towel from her washstand and stuffs it into the crack under the door, sealing herself in.

She steps back to inspect what she has done.

Alarmed, she strips the spread off her bed and stuffs it into the space between her tall chest of drawers and the wall behind it. She suspects that she is being superstitious, but it helps to ease her mind. She sits on a chair in the middle of the room, draws her legs up under her and stares at the door, trembling with fear.

ANNA'S POV

For a moment nothing happens. Then, slowly, the knob begins to turn. Anna gasps. The moment she does the turning stops. It is as though she had the power to control it, though she does not know quite how.

The door remains shut. After a moment she lets out her breath. She looks at her bed. Out of the corner of her eye she notices something move quickly across the room and vanish near her chair.

NEW ANGLE

She springs up and looks underneath the chair. The creature has vanished. She abandons the chair and gets in bed. She makes a conscious effort to breathe evenly. For a moment nothing happens.

Then, as she looks away from the door, she discovers a snake gliding out from underneath her pillows.

NEW ANGLE

Anna leaps off the bed and tears the pillows away. There is nothing underneath them.

Tears sting her eyes as she wonders how long she will continue to be tormented in this way. Now, once again, she detects a vague movement out of the corner of her eye.

ANNA'S POV

Her hands rise away from her body: there is something in her hair, but she dares not reach up to touch it.

She pleads with herself to stay calm.

She picks up a mirror. At first she hesitates to look into it. When she does, she discovers that her hair has become a writhing mass of snakes.

ANNA

(under her breath)

Don't be afraid. Don't be silly.

Don't be afraid.

The more she struggles to control herself, the more the Vision dominates her.

SNAKES o.s.

We are more. Look! Listen! Look!

The voices seem to gossip together. One makes itself better heard than the others.

MORE PRONOUNCED VOICE o.s.

Give yourself to me!

ANNA

Let -- let me -- let -- let me

gggg --

She struggles to speak, but the words will not come out of her mouth. Holding her arms away from her, to keep from being bitten, she slowly opens her mouth to scream.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING WINDOWS

Neighbors come to their windows. A hand lifts a curtain.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Trembling and distracted, Frau O. wipes the perspiration from her daughter's feverish forehead.

FRAU O.

Oh my poor, precious child! Oh,
Anna!

(tenderly)

Oh, my poor baby! Oh, this is too
much! I'll call Dr. Breuer.

ANNA

(suddenly more awake)

No! Don't do that!

FRAU O.

But Anna! We must, we must!

ANNA

No. Tell me you won't. Promise.

FRAU O.

Why not, Anna? What is it?

ANNA

I'll be fine, Mother. I'm -- I'm
always better at night. You've
seen. You know. Don't worry about
me. It will go away by itself. I
will be -- just as you knew me.
Your daughter. Just as before.

The drapes in the O.s' apartment are drawn shut.

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DUSK

Scenes of Viennese life: a market, a cabaret, a christening at
St. Stephen's. Light slants through the streets as the sun
dips toward the rooftops.

Frau O. greets a neighbor on the street.

FRAU O.

Guten Abend, Herr Ehrenfels.

Herr Ehrenfels nods, eyes her coldly and passes on. Frau O. is
astonished.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Anna is alone in bed when she hears a knocking at the door.

ANNA
(softly)

No!

She shudders all over. Then, all at once, she spreads out her arms as though to say: take me, but don't attack me this way.

FRAU O. - ANNA'S POV - LATER

Frau O. has appeared once again. Anna sees that her mother wants to call the doctor, but again she shakes her head, forbidding it.

INT. BATHROOM

Anna plunges into a bath. The water soothes her. It seems to drive the phantoms away. Here at least she is safe.

ANNA'S POV

Afterwards, calm again, Anna is occupied with her toilette when she notices the shadow of a fly moving silently across a white curtain, in silhouette. A healthy person would give it no thought, but to Anna in her weakened state the ordinary has become horrendous, and she falls completely apart.

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna, in a trance, speaks without her habitual care to avoid causing her mother anxiety.

ANNA
Why was I born? For this? Oh
Mother, I saw, I saw...last night
there were flames coming up from
underneath the bed. Why was I made
this way? Where does it come from?
Where?

Anna's mother comes to a decision.

EXT. PAUL'S COUNTRY HOUSE - SERIES OF ANGLES

Breuer and Mathilde have come out with her parents to Paul's country house. Breuer brings Mathilde coffee. He spreads a napkin over her lap, crowns her with a wreath of daisies he has braided and shows her other attentions. Soon she is laughing and talkative.

They are sitting in the orchard behind the house. The trees are covered with nets to protect them from marauding birds. A servant appears.

SERVANT

Sir?

BREUER

Who is it?

SERVANT

She said she wished to speak
directly with the doctor, sir.

With a glance at Mathilde and Paul, Breuer goes around to the front entrance.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE

Anna's nurse has come as a messenger.

BREUER

Yes?

NURSE

The family would be very obliged to
the Herr Doctor if he would be kind
enough to visit Fräulein Anna as
soon as possible.

She speaks in a low voice, as though fearful of provoking a scandal.

NURSE

She hasn't eaten since you left.
Not for three days! She imagined
she saw flames coming up from under
the bed. It's worse than ever. She
acts as though it were all really
happening.

EXT. ORCHARD

Breuer has announced his intention of returning to Vienna.

BREUER

Pardon me.

Mathilde does not meet his eyes.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer prepares to leave. He is alone with his brother-in-law.

PAUL

She may be right, Josef. Is it not extraordinary to devote several hours a day to a single patient? A hopeless one at that. A hysteric!

(when Breuer does not answer)

You haven't fallen in love with her, have you?

(when Breuer does not reply)

People are talking.

BREUER

I'm a physician. I can't be concerned about what others think.

PAUL

I should tell you that I have reason to believe it's your own secretary who's spreading the stories. She who's always been so anxious to protect you. If we're to carry out our tasks, we have to leave others in their pain, to find their way out of it as best they can.

EXT. CARRIAGE, COUNTRY ROAD

Mathilde turns her lips aside when Breuer bends to kiss her, offering her cheek instead. Breuer steps into the carriage which will take him back to the city.

TIGHT ON BREUER

It is unacceptable to Breuer that he should fall in love with a patient. He does not wish it. He is too much the master of himself for such a thing to happen.

TIGHT ON FRAU O.

Frau O. speaks with Breuer before he goes in to the patient.

FRAU O.

Doctor, do you have children?

(he shakes his head)

There is nothing worse than to see your child in pain and be powerless to help. You want so much to, but you can only watch! Now we've discovered -- between us -- that my husband left certain debts. Great debts. We may have to sell the apartment!

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - MUSIC

Breuer finds Anna in despair, pale and weak from lack of food. Her eyes brighten as she turns to discover him standing at the door. Music enters.

NEW ANGLE - MUSIC

Breuer examines her. He notes the strange limpness in her right arm. She looks at him as though only he stood between her and the abyss.

BREUER

Your eyes are feverish. Can you
lift your arm?

NEW ANGLE - MUSIC

He feeds her. His voice expresses hope and confidence. The wish to save her has become an obsession with him.

BREUER

Look up. Don't be afraid. There
might be a clue in these things.
Something which might help us.

ANNA

It closes itself around me, like --
a fish. I feel as though I were
being swallowed.

(after a pause)

The awful thing is never to know
whether you've brought it on
yourself.

Their eyes rest softly on each other. The music grows sweeter. Breuer's face is very close to hers. He feels a sudden impulse to kiss; we suspect it from the music and from their uncustomary proximity. He has only to bend a little closer, to bring his face next to hers.

Were anyone to tell him that he had fallen passionately in love, he would deny it vigorously, with astonishment, perhaps with indignation.

Breuer gets up. He does not know why suddenly he feels so chastened, so wonderfully afraid. The music leaves off.

NEW ANGLE

Anna says goodbye. The moment has passed, is not even remembered .

ANNA

I'm embarrassed to make such a claim
on your time and sympathy. There
are -- so many whose troubles are
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

greater than mine. If I could enter into theirs more deeply, I'm sure my own would seem very small. Why this woman you sent me as a nurse, do you know, her daughter put her head in the oven when she was caught shoplifting! I found out by accident.

INT. BARBER SHOP

Breuer sits in a barber's chair, having his hair cut. The conversation of his neighbors wears on him, more and more, until at last he can bear it no longer. A voice, not one of theirs, comes softly to him:

VOICE o.s.

Will you? Will you?

He leaps up, tearing off the white cloth which is draped around him, and, without a word of explanation, he leaves the shop. The barber and his other clients look at one another, in amazement.

EXT. BARBER SHOP

Breuer has astonished himself. He has never behaved in such a way. He seems to enjoy this new freedom -- not to regret his break with appearances as much as he imagined that he would -- though, of course, there will be consequences.

Really he has made too much of how he seemed to others. He has feared something he need not have feared at all.

EXT. VIENNA STREET

Outside, on the street, Anna keeps up a pretense of strength. She nods to friends, waves gaily. They return her courtesies, but more stiffly than before; she no longer discovers the warm admiration that she once read in their eyes. They do not shun her altogether, but they are wary and make excuses to get away.

EXT. ARCH - MUSIC

A superstitious fear enters Anna's heart. When she comes to a great arch she decides to walk, not under it, though that is the way her path leads her, but around it.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

She is with Breuer, later. She looks at him and reads some reservation in his gaze.

ANNA (E)

You're afraid that you can't help me, aren't you? Sometimes I feel it, too! Things are never going to be the way they were -- are they?

BREUER

I don't know.

EXT. VIENNA STREET

Freud and Breuer walk along the Ring.

BREUER

I'm afraid that she might take her life. She's very proud. She can't bear being a burden to others. At times she wishes she were dead.

(after a pause)

It might be better if she were. This suffering is too great for her. And still I tell her -- sometimes I believe -- that it might lead her somewhere -- open a new life --

FREUD

(shaking his head)

People imagine that suffering makes you deeper. No, you have to bear it patiently, but it's an evil -- it doesn't make men noble, but bitter, envious. They turn cruel from the injustice. They make others selfish by reaction.

INT. INDOOR POOL

The friends carouse in an indoor swimming pool.

INT. STEAM BATH

Now they are in a vast steam bath. Breuer speaks in a low voice, to avoid being overheard by their neighbors.

BREUER

Every day I give her reasons not to despair. I tell her why she ought to feel grateful, glad. She nods, she agrees with all her heart. Then the next day she's the same, I have to start all over. There's something in her that sucks down every consolation, every hope. A maelstrom. She has no power to resist it.

He is silent for a moment.

BREUER

She's so young. Already she's gone into the shadows. I want to bring her out, so she can have a part in life again. I don't know if I'll be able to. The farther I go in to find her, the more I wonder if I myself will get back out.

From time to time the shapes of other bathers appear from the mist, then vanish again.

FREUD

You're an optimist. You want to believe that all things work together for the good -- that pain has compensations -- leads somewhere. In her you see it isn't so. That's why she haunts you this way. She suffers for nothing; in vain. But take heart. You may find the cause of her troubles. And spare others theirs.

EXT. STREET

Breuer sees a stranger staring at him as though he might know something about him that others do not. His gaze is cool and impenetrable; he does not blink.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Frau O. looks in Anna's bedroom.

FRAU O.

I have good news, Anna! Your brother has sent word. He's coming to visit you!

Anna breaks into a smile and takes her mother's hand.

She tidies her room and makes herself pretty.

LAST ANGLE

Anna has been sitting for some time with an unread book when the sound of the doorbell causes her heart to leap for joy. Mai Britt announces Anna's brother Nikolai.

NEW ANGLE

Nikolai sits by Anna's bed. He is a handsome young man, with haughty, suspicious eyes.

NIKOLAI

Do you get outside? Do you take walks?

ANNA

(after a pause)

You always have some prescription to give me.

NIKOLAI

What makes you think you have it so hard? Can't you see beyond your troubles?

ANNA

Oh Nikolai -- have you ever known anything you couldn't mock?

He points to the other room.

NIKOLAI

He was consumed with spite and envy. He was desperate to be independent -- original. He wanted to paint. Did you know that? He told me things he never told you. (And at what length!) But he had to work in an insurance firm to support his family. It was no comfort to him that he fulfilled his duties toward us! That was too small an accomplishment. And did he ever lift a brush in his spare time? No! It was always too late to begin! It offended his pride that there should be any obstacles in his way. The only reason we were able to live in this apartment was because of Mother's inheritance. We could never have done it on his salary alone. It's better you know these things. You're old enough now.

ANNA

I only think of all he did for us. He loved us, anyway. He wished us well.

She cannot bear to hear their father criticized, no matter how much pain he might have caused them.

ANNA

You especially -- you were his hope for the future.

NIKOLAI

He expected me to make up for his failed ambitions. That's what you mean.

He sits and looks at her, wondering how candidly he may express himself. She puts him in this false position; she requires that he say everything in such a roundabout way that she never has to hear the truth.

NIKOLAI

And Mother, whom you're so devoted to --

ANNA

Don't, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI

-- I remember how she left us to him.

Anna stares at the floor. How did things get to this point?

ANNA

I don't agree with you.

NIKOLAI

If you'd listened to me, you wouldn't be in this fix. And now you're causing talk. You're putting us to shame, all over town. Does that surprise you? I didn't mean to tell you, but it's better that you know. I'd think you would do anything before you compromised your family's name!

ANNA

(stricken)

I'm sorry, Nikolai. I didn't know. I've only seen one or two friends. I'll be more careful.

NIKOLAI

More's at stake, than your own moods.

Anna takes Nikolai's hand. She fears he will say things that neither of them will be able to forget. He lets her hold it for a moment, then jerks it away.

INT. VESTIBULE

Nikolai says goodbye to his mother.

NIKOLAI

(still trembling)

I came to help. But she doesn't want it. She only wants the freedom to indulge her nerves. I can't stand people who walk around with illusions and expect you to support them.

FRAU O.

You're too harsh, my son. Why do things go smoothly in every family but ours?

INT. STAIRWELL

Nikolai leaves, with scalding tears of sorrow and humiliation in his eyes.

NEW ANGLE

He clutches his child to his heart.

TIGHT ON FRAU O.

Frau O. trembles. Then we see her speaking with Anna.

FRAU O.

It hurts me that you're distant now.

You could be so much to each other!

(after a pause)

When will you have children, too?

TIGHT ON BREUER'S HAND

Breuer points to a dot on the wall. Anna is to keep her eyes on it.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Breuer has hypnotized her.

BREUER

Anna, I'm going to ask you a question that will require that you search back in your memory. Tell me, then -- make a great effort and tell me what you saw as you went to the door. Why did you faint?

ANNA

(struggling)

I can't -- but I remember -- once before I fainted -- I fell, I fainted.

INT. HALLS, COLONNADE (ANNA'S VISION)

Vast halls, empty rooms, a long colonnade.

ANNA o.s.

(continuing)

Once -- Mother will remember --
last year -- I was still in good
health -- I paid a visit to my
aunt -- I opened a door -- and -- I
fell unconscious.

BREUER WITH FRAU O. - LATER

Breuer is alone with Frau O.

FRAU O.

Oh yes. I remember now. It was a
year ago, at my sister's, in the
country. We hadn't been there in
ages, not since Anna was a child.
We used to go every August. We
stayed in the summer house. That
seems to surprise you.

BREUER

In order to get past this
obstruction, I would like to visit
the house. Do you think you could
arrange it? Just she and I.
Without the present occupants.

FRAU O.

Are you quite sure of what you're
doing, Doctor? -- that you aren't
making things worse? Forgive me for
asking such a question. It preys on
my mind.

BREUER

(with humility)

I wish that I could be entirely
reassuring, Madame. I cannot. Do
be assured that if ever I imagined I
were making things worse, I would
withdraw in favor of another
physician.

She nods, reassured; she will arrange the visit.

INT. STAIRWELL

They are alone in the stairwell when Frau O. has an
afterthought.

FRAU O.

Doctor, don't think she was unhappy before this. I was always very careful, I never let her see anything that might throw a shadow over her life.

(shaking his hand)

You've done so much for us, Doctor. How can we ever repay you? You're so good, so -- honorable!

(after a pause)

They're such mischievous things! They like nothing better than to put a fright in you!

EXT. SUMMER HOUSE

Breuer and Anna have come to the summer house where Anna spent her childhood vacations. It stands on the grounds of her aunt's villa, in the suburbs of Vienna. The windows are overgrown with ivy.

ANNA

It seems so much smaller.

BREUER

Is it much the same?

ANNA

(nodding)

The other families that came with us had lots of children. We'd play together all day long. It's the only place we were ever a family.

BREUER'S POV ON ANNA- MUSIC

Breuer looks at Anna as she walks ahead. How will he breathe faith into her? How will he save her from descending into the shadows?

INT. SUMMER HOUSE

The floorboards creak as they advance through the still, dusty rooms. Anna glances at him over her shoulder.

BREUER

Where was your room?

She looks at him and nods down the hall.

ANNA

We played here in the hallway.
Father wouldn't let us go into the
living room. We had to be very
quiet. He was always working, even
on vacation. Sometimes he would
look in, quickly -- surprise us --
to see if we were being good.

Music enters. Breuer is reminded they are alone.

ANNA

There was a couch here. I'd hide
under it and watch his footsteps as
he went by.

EXT. GARDEN - MUSIC

They go out into the garden. She shows him a tennis court.
Weeds, even a few young trees, have sprung up through it.

ANNA

There were chickens here. I loved
to hold the chicks in the palm of my
hand and feel their feet. My
brother and I would spend all day
here and running through the fields.

BREUER'S POV - MUSIC

Breuer looks at the rusting tools, the broken pots and laths,
washed up like sea-wrack from the ocean of the past. Love
rises in the darkness of his heart.

ANNA

Shall we go back to the main house?

INT. AUNT'S VILLA - MUSIC

They go back inside the main house. The present occupants are
away, as Breuer requested. Anna is just turning down the hall
when she stops.

ANNA

There it is.

BREUER

What?

Ahead of her stands a closed door.

ANNA

Where I fainted.

BREUER

It was when you touched the handle?

(she nods)

Why don't you try touching it again?

She hesitates a moment -- then, gathering her courage, approaches the door. Breuer watches her advance, step by step. His heart beats in his ears.

Anna looks back at him, as though she were being asked to step off the edge of a building.

She hesitates. Then, at last, she touches the door. When nothing happens, she pushes it open.

The instant she does, she falls down in a faint. Breuer rushes to her side.

BREUER

Anna, are you all right? What is it? What happened? What did you see?

(taking her in his arms)

Do you hear me?

He carries her to a sofa and lays her down.

BREUER

Anna!

At the sound of her name she wakes up. She looks tenderly at him, as though no terror could overwhelm her while he was near.

TIGHT ON ANNA - MUSIC

Breuer's heart opens toward her with astonished love.

BREUER

What did you see?

She shakes her head. He sees that her right arm hangs limp at her side, like a broken wing.

BREUER

Can you raise your arm?

She shakes her head.

NEW ANGLE - MUSIC

Anna is sitting up. She has composed herself. For the first time ever they are away from others, alone together.

ANNA

It is strange, isn't it, to have all these things around you that belong to people you've never met.

BREUER

I propose to hypnotize you, Anna. Perhaps you will be able to remember what you saw when you first entered the room. Be brave. Trust me.

Anna turns her eyes from the swinging pendant to Breuer, then back to the pendant again.

At last she speaks from a deep trance.

BREUER

Tell me, Anna. Where are you now?

ANNA

In the hall.

BREUER

Walk ahead. What do you see?

ANNA

Gretchen. Wait, Gretchen.

BREUER

Let her go. Turn away from her. Don't let yourself be distracted. Go down the hall.

(seeing Anna turn away)

Go back to where you fainted. What was it that frightened you, Anna? Did you look in the room?

(she nods)

What did you see?

Anna speaks in snatches, as though some dream were pulling her away from him.

ANNA

Others, sleep. I heard a noise...I came in the room. I saw my face in a mirror, very pale...But it wasn't myself I saw. It was Father! He wanted to tell me -- he told me something.

(as though she were seeing him again)

What? What is it, Father?

She listens; she hears no answering voice. A shudder runs the length of her body. Then, all at once, she is awake.

BREUER

Easy, easy.

She heaves a great sob. Breuer's heart comes to his throat. It is an agony to see her tortured in this way, and be powerless to intervene. He strokes her hair and soothes her and comforts her as though she were a child.

Once recovered, she hastens to tell her doctor something it is very important that he understand.

ANNA

He was strict with us, at times he could be -- very hard. But he loved us!

(with great conviction)

He always had our best interests at heart. You see?

She cannot bear it that anyone should think ill of her father.

ANNA

We can't know the burdens he bore..

EXT. THE O.S' APARTMENT - UP ANGLE - RAIN

Water shooting out of a gargoyle's mouth. Up angle on Anna's third-floor room. Gray clouds.

BREUER o.s.

Her condition once again began to deteriorate. Strong suicidal impulses appeared which made it seem inadvisable for her to continue living on the third floor. She was susceptible to everything around her; to noise, ugliness, to any hint of criticism or bad will. She vowed to be strong, but a careless word could make her cry. Then she would cry for having cried and feel she was back where she had started.

TIGHT ON FRAU O.

Anna's mother pleads with the doctor.

FRAU O.

Oh, Doctor -- don't subject her to this! It is too much.

INT. THE O.S' APARTMENT

Anna walks down the hall like a prisoner to the scaffold. Mai Britt embraces her at the door and whispers something

encouraging in her ear. Anton takes her luggage down to a waiting carriage.

BREUER o.s.

Against her will, therefore, she was on June 7th transferred to a house in the countryside beyond Vienna. I had never threatened her with this removal from her home, but she herself, without saying so, had expected and dreaded it.

Anna looks back at her home. It seems to her that a page has turned and that this must be the beginning of some dreadful new chapter in the history of her sufferings.

EXT. COUNTRY SCENES - ANNA'S POV

Leaves stirring in the breeze. Cows standing in the shadows of a tree. Wildflowers. The cheerful noise of a nearby brook.

Away from the gray, confining city Anna finds that she is calmer, almost at peace.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

Anna surveys the country house where she is to stay. Her nurse watches her with a visible affection.

BREUER o.s.

Just as after her father's death a peaceful condition had set in, so now, when what she feared had actually taken place, she once again grew calmer.

EXT. MOUNTAINS, BAD WEATHER, SWALLOWS - MUSIC

Bad weather moves down from the mountains. The peaks vanish into the clouds. Swallows rush home to their nests, in barns and lofts and underneath the eaves. Anna trembles. The music changes key.

ANNA WITH THE PRIEST

The priest whom Anna visited has come out to visit her.

ANNA

It is worse than it was before. Before I was unhappy, but still I believed there was a remedy. Now I see there's none. No doctor can heal me. Not even you, sir, whose medicine is best of all.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SERIES OF ANGLES

Anna's evening meal stands untouched. Roses. Hedges. Windows being smashed out. Hallucinations. The faithful nurse soothing Anna with unwearying patience. A holiday procession in the local village.

BREUER o.s.

Nevertheless, the move was followed by three days and nights completely without sleep or nourishment, marked by smashing windows, hallucinations and by numerous attempts at suicide; though, as long as she was in a garden, these were not dangerous.

She fills her pockets with rocks at the edge of a river, then kneels down, hesitates.

ANNA'S UNCLE

Anna's uncle, a fat jolly man, has come to visit her.

ANNA

Oh, Uncle, you're always so good to me! Do you have to go? Thank you for the flowers!

UNCLE

Anna!

He presses her hand and shows by his expression that he does not want to leave.

UNCLE

Anna!

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna, aghast at the sight of something we cannot see. A ghost.

ANNA

(in a whisper)

Why have you chosen me? Who are you?

ANCESTOR (E)

Your ancestor. Why shouldn't you be sad -- when all the earth is gone to night -- withered, what was fresh and green?

(he seems to call her into the darkness)

Forget -- come away -- lie down with me -- lie down in the darkness.

ANNA'S HALLUCINATIONS

The sloughed skin of a snake lies on the ground. Anna looks quickly away, pretending she did not see it, hoping that she might forget.

She looks through a mirror into another world -- a desert where a python lies surrounded by the bones of those it has devoured.

She looks down and sees a vulture pecking at her feet.

Before each hallucination a bell sounds, as though her trials were of a piece; part of a foreordained sequence.

Last of all, Anna's father appears. He does not speak, he merely looks at her.

ANNA

(under her breath)

What have I done? I love you. I
want to -- be good. Don't look at
me that way!

ANNA'S POV

Anna looks up sharply. There is a peculiar spot on the wall. It looks almost like a face.

VOICE o.s.

Touch it!

Anna shakes her head. A demon appears.

DEMON

We only ask a little. Won't you
please us just a little? Do you
think we'll go away if you're good?

SERIES OF ANGLES

The nurse feeds Anna. Later she puts out the light and closes the door. Alone in her room Anna tosses and turns on her bed. She can sleep only an hour or two at a time. Nightmares startle her awake, strange fears consume her.

She notices a hole in the baseboard and wonders why there is an opening here. Why hasn't she noticed it before? What might slip in through it? What has perhaps already slipped in and made a home for itself?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAVE OF SLEEP (OLYMPIA RAIN FOREST)

A young man stands over Anna's bed and whispers to her in her sleep. As he is speaking the scene dissolves from her bedroom to a secluded glen or valley.

DREAM (YOUNG MAN)

This is the cave where Sleep lives.
There are no cares here...but rest,
peace.

He points to a cave in the side of a hill, a little above her.

A stream flows out of the cave. It murmurs softly as it winds down through the grass. The air is filled with a light gray drizzle. Every surface is upholstered with ferns and soft green moss. Seeps run down the face of a rock cliff. The wind sighs. The sense of a place so remote that it could never be found by effort or design, where peace reigns undisturbed.

DREAM o.s.

Is this the peace you wish?

Looking out from inside the cave, as though the dream had risen up from its darkness. The glint of trickling water in the foreground.

BREUER o.s.

After this she grew quieter, let the nurse feed her and even took chloral at night...I judged she was too fragile to pursue my former line of questioning and put it off to a day when she would be stronger.

EXT. VIENNA STREET

Breuer runs into the gentleman whom he met at the ball at the beginning of the story, the very one who avowed his undying gratitude. He stops, expecting they will chat for a minute or two. The gentleman makes a weak excuse, however, and shows by a gesture that he must hurry on; he is with two colleagues and seems to fear their disapproval. Breuer is left to wonder at the extent to which his reputation seems to have suffered.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE

Breuer's secretary has again come to speak with him about his financial situation. A ledger lies open on the desk in front of him. He looks at the columns of numbers.

BREUER

No, it is clear, clear -- clear enough.

SECRETARY

It has been three weeks since we've had a referral.

BREUER

These things are seasonal. If necessary I will take out a loan.

TIGHT ON THE SECRETARY

Anguished, amazed.

EXT. BREUER'S FRONT DOOR

Breuer finds Anna's nurse at his front door. He understands immediately why she has come. He nods.

INT. BREUER'S LIVING ROOM

Mathilde and Breuer.

MATHILDE

You can't blame me for wondering.
You've never gone off to the country
to visit a patient. No doctor does.

Breuer nods. Does she doubt him?

MATHILDE

I trust you, Josef -- you always
tell the truth -- but sometimes I
fear you may have fallen into the
hands of something that is stronger
than you are.

Breuer looks at her and shakes his head. His kindly eyes seem to convince her.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer is vaguely aware of putting off a moment when the truth will be revealed. Yet between now and then things might change. There is no sense in giving pain needlessly, especially when he has spent so much of his life avoiding it.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON ANNA

Anna has been weeping. All at once she stops and looks up, surprised. A hand is stretched out over her head in a gesture of peace. Anna cannot see the hand, or make out whose it is -- she does not know quite where to look -- but we see it is a woman's and that she is close by. Anna feels her presence, though she never looks at her directly.

After a moment the music fades out. When she turns around, the figure is gone. She feels lost and abandoned. Then, over her shoulder, she notices some children. They are chasing a rabbit through a vineyard. They smile at her. They seem to want her to join them. Soon she is playing with them. We see that she has a way with them; they trust her instinctively and take a

delight in her company. She feels as though she has come suddenly to life.

NEW ANGLE

Anna starts to walk off, but the children run after her. They act as though they wanted her to follow them.

ANNA

What is it?

They say nothing but continue to nod in their curious way: Come with us!

EXT. PEASANT'S HUT

The children have led Anna to a simple green hut with a thatched roof. A warm light pours out the windows into the yard. Hesitantly, Anna approaches the door.

INT. PEASANT'S HUT

The POV of someone inside the hut, looking at Anna as she bends and peers into the darkness. Then Anna discovers who it is that is looking at her -- a woman with fearful, feverish eyes.

After some hesitation, she touches the woman's forehead. As she does, a subtle light rises into her face and eyes.

EXT. PEASANT'S HUT

Anna sees the children are poor. She looks in her pocketbook to discover that she has no money to give them. She thinks a moment, then takes off her engagement ring and slips it on the youngest child's finger, showing the others by a look that they are not to tell anyone how they came by it.

The children look at the ring with wonder and delight. Again, Anna raises a finger to her lips: tell no one.

EXT. DITCH - OVER ANNA'S SHOULDER - MUSIC

Anna lays her cloak over a drunk lying in a ditch by the side of the road. She goes off, without his ever waking up.

INT. MOVING TRAIN

Breuer sits on a train, watching the fields rush past. The other passengers cannot be seen, but from time to time he catches a fragment of their conversation.

VOICES o.c.

...Never lied to me...tired of
waiting for her to tell me...Why
didn't he marry someone more like
himself?

Breuer opens a window so that the rush of air will drown the voices out. But, though they are fainter now, he continues to hear them. He opens his newspaper and tries to read.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MUSIC (LOVE THEME)

Breuer enters the gate of the house where Anna is staying. The noise of his footsteps is loud in the rural solitude.

Where does it come from, this mysterious tug he feels in his heart and limbs? Where is it leading him? His intention is only to help her, is it not? And what he feels while he is doing so, does it matter, so long as no one is hurt?

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MUSIC

Anna hears his footsteps on the stairs. Her heart races; she feels a wild anticipation. He enters, they look at each other for a moment. He smiles, then sits down.

BREUER

Tell me what's happened while I've been away.

SERIES OF ANGLES

Scenes related to Breuer's account in his diary. Anna plays quoits with her nurse, Breuer watches her at some charming task; she shows him where she walks, the lovely things she has discovered. The local people celebrate Midsummer's Eve.

BREUER o.s.

While she was in the country, I would visit her regularly, to relieve the stock of fears and fantasies which had grown up during my absence. This done, she became perfectly calm; the next day she was easy to deal with, cheerful and industrious. If somehow I failed to appear, however, the picture was very different; she grew moody and unpleasant. No one could get along with her; she suspected their motives and answered them with sarcasm, she who a few hours earlier had been a figure of perfect kindness. By the third day she might be positively nasty, so that when finally I did appear, I would find her in a bad temper, or sunk in grief. It was impossible to persuade her to confide in anyone

(MORE)

BREUER (CONT'D)
else. Little by little she became
known to me as one person rarely
becomes known to another.

ANNA
(interrupting)
Doctor, I have nightmares. They
startle me. I wake up, I can't go
back to sleep.

BREUER
Well, that is very disagreeable.
Tonight I will shut your eyes and
suggest to you that you not be able
to open them until I do so myself
tomorrow morning.

She smiles.

Later, Breuer shuts her eyes and whispers, "Until morning."

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - MUSIC

Breuer slips out the front door as Anna sleeps in peace.

NEXT MORNING - MUSIC

The morning light streams through the windows and breaks in a
thousand rays over Anna's figure. Breuer gazes at her. She is
like a maiden in a fairy tale, lying under a mysterious
enchantment.

Leaning down, he draws his hand over her eyes, and she wakes
up.

ANNA
Thank you.

BREUER
I will do it whenever you ask me to.
But you must ask me.

She nods.

SERIES OF ANGLES

scenes to illustrate the speech which follows: Breuer calls her
down out of a tree, he investigates the anesthesia in her right
arm, etc.

BREUER o.s.
Gradually her physical symptoms went
away. Only the strange anesthesia
in her upper arm persisted, and with
(MORE)

BREUER o.s. (CONT'D)

it the alternation between two states of consciousness. She might enter her second state, or self, in the very middle of a conversation, run away and start climbing a tree.

(as she does this)

If one caught hold of her, she would return to her normal state and quickly take up her interrupted sentence, without giving a thought to what had happened in the interval.

(as Anna smiles)

Her condition improved. She allowed the nurse to feed her.

EXT. FRONT GATE - MUSIC

Anna and Breuer cross the grounds of the country house, go out through the gate and into the country. A strange joy comes over them as they leave the familiar world behind. The nurse watches them go.

BREUER o.s.

Her powers of judgment grew sharper. She had looked after some poor, sick people in the neighborhood, and this helped her greatly, though she could give me only a vague account of what had happened.

EXT. RIVER- MUSIC

They sit together under a tree by a river.

ANNA

I met some children, they were very poor. They led me to their mother. She was sick, she had a fever. I found her lying in a corner, I was afraid of her, it made me almost dizzy to look at her. But when I touched her forehead, I felt as light as air --

She looks at him. Does he understand?

ANNA

I see how I have cared for nothing but to suit myself -- nothing beyond whatever good might fall my way. I imagined life would be like a great costume ball, with lights and music and friends -- the whole world

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
dancing in front of my eyes.

(after a pause)
The children were so lovely. When I
was with them, when they looked at
me, it was like I was forgiven -- I
could start over.

BREUER
You'll have children of your own,
Anna. A normal life. All that you
think you've lost forever. You'll
have your health back and be as you
were before.

She looks earnestly at him. Might it really be true? Music
enters.

ANNA (E)
I don't want it back -- not what I
had before.

She looks at him for a moment.

ANNA (E)
It wouldn't be the same if I were
here alone.

EXT. ROAD - MUSIC

The swaying trees. Skylarks shoot up from a field to pour out
their song from high above.

BREUER o.s.
Her visit to the poor, sick people
in the neighborhood brought her a
new peace, and this peace never
altogether left her. It came not
from anything I had done, nor from
any insight she had gained.

Breuer sees that some leaves have fallen in her hair. He could
merely tell her so, but a sweet, trembling feeling has risen up
inside him. He must not give way to it, but may he not --
as a sort of compensation for his perhaps too scrupulous
restraint -- inspect it more closely, see where it was leading
him?

BREUER
Look, Anna, some leaves have fallen
in your hair. May I -- remove them?
There are just a few.

ANNA
Yes.

He removes the leaves from her hair. On a foolish impulse he tucks one away in his pocket.

TIGHT ON BREUER - LATER

Later, as they are walking home, Breuer sees a group of people working in a vineyard. Do they wonder at his relation to the young woman? A few seem to recognize her. They nod in a friendly way. Breuer looks guiltily away. Yet why? Why should he feel this way? What has he done?

TIGHT ON DRAWING

Breuer glances at the drawing that Anna made for him.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE

They have returned to the house. The moment on the road has passed; Breuer again radiates his usual confidence and cheer. It is late afternoon. In the village a bell is ringing. Anna notices it. He does not.

BREUER

You're so much better now. You're stronger. Shall we try again?

She looks at him. She dreads the upheaval. After a moment she nods.

TIGHT ON A CANDLE

A candle.

BREUER

Watch the flame burn and flicker and keep your eyes on the flame. Watch the flame flicker, keep your eyes on the flame. As you watch the flame burning, your eyes will become heavy, become heavy, and your eyes will grow heavier and heavier... heavier...

INT. ANNA'S COUNTRY ROOM

Anna, in a trance.

BREUER

Now, Anna, walk down the hall. What do you see? What did you see when you looked in the room?

(Anna does not answer)

Stop where you are, go slowly down the hall. Look, Anna -- fix your eyes on the door. Now walk.

Breuer hears the sound of other voices vying with hers, protesting wearily.

BREUER

You approach the door. You push it open. What do you see?
(when she does not answer)
What does he say?

Breuer sees that he will not be able to come at things so directly. Anna's chest heaves, and she speaks in broken phrases.

ANNA

Not going...Thinking...Not speak...Keep hurt...Back, go back...

Her expression resolves itself, and for a moment she is the free, seductive woman he has met once before.

ANNA (E)

Shall we speak through a veil?
Never know the bravest of each other.

(the camera moves in on Breuer's face; we see him cracking, giving way)

Oh Doctor! Doctor! There is something more we are. So much greatly more than we know. It wants to live again, away from lies. Oh, I'm afraid --

(holding him with her eyes)
Now I enter you. Command you. Hear me. Hear me.

He looks at her, astonished. It is such a change from the innocent young woman who came to his office; a Candide. And her eyes say more than her words do.

Breuer trembles. She might at any moment do something which would cause him to sweep her up into his arms. He wonders how it is that she is able to draw him in. Suddenly he catches himself, like a sentry on the verge of falling asleep.

BREUER

Anna!

He gives a start. Then he hears the Other.

ANNA (2ND SELF)

You wish to save her from despair.
You're in despair yourself!
(MORE)

ANNA (2ND SELF) (CONT'D)
(Breuer is silent)
When was it you last drew a free
breath? Knew ecstasy -- truth?
Even cared to?

Anna's mouth, like a ventriloquist's, moves only slightly.
Breuer frowns. Why does he listen to this creature?

ANNA
(reacting to Breuer's
expression)
You can't keep me out. I come in
through the walls...I lie with you
each night.

BREUER
The tone you take is impermissible.
Who are you?
(when there is no reply)
Anna, struggle against this being.
Don't let it --

But Anna does not hear.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Take her. I see how you look at
her. Take her far away. She would
go with you. The train which
brought you here continues on
tonight. Why do you refuse your
joy?

By the power of the Other he sees a wandering road.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Is she the one you should have met?
Did you join yourself to the wrong
companion?

Panic runs through his heart, a fear he might be dissolved into
this chaos, this maelstrom. The threat is very quiet.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
(her voice becoming more
rational)
You would rather drown than ask for
help. You fear where I might lead
you. I give you no assurances...

To Breuer it seems as though he were being called to step off a
high building.

EXT. DARKENED VILLAGE - NIGHT

The window flies up. Suddenly we are outside.

ANNA (2ND SELF) o.s.
You have chosen suicide. And that
not even by your own hand! You, the
physician -- sick!

The voice rings out into the night, through the darkened lanes
of the village. A suspicious dog barks in reply.

INT. ANNA'S COUNTRY ROOM - NIGHT

Breuer, summons his courage.

BREUER
You won't frighten me away.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You hate it that she demands your
love.
(after a pause)
Don't look back. Once she rules
you, you will fly apart.

She speaks like a sybil, the words rising up from her without
her bidding.

BREUER
Anna!

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You thoughtful men are always great
cowards.

BREUER
Anna, I am speaking to - there's
someone else inside you, Anna. I
call on her to leave you in peace.
(trembling, so that his speech
is uneven)
You're in a fever. You don't know
what you're saying.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
Why do you -- smile at me?

He makes a determined effort to stand by his reason, to drive
out of his mind any image of the malign presence. But where
earlier he had no trouble keeping his composure, now he appears
shaken; he has met with a power beyond any that he has ever
known.

ANNA (2ND SELF)
You fear I am your enemy. Prudent
man -- perhaps I am your friend.
Perhaps even now I am looking after
you.

(MORE)

ANNA (2ND SELF) (CONT'D)
Oh, let me forget, let me go back in
the earth and sleep again a thousand
years.

She gasps, or makes some convulsive movement. Breuer rises to his feet and, with a passion we have not seen before, at last cries out:

BREUER
Let her go!

Now Anna is heard among the other voices -- the actual Anna -- gentle, decorous, kind.

ANNA (E)
What have I done? I am here,
Doctor. Out in these waves! It
takes me under. Oh, Doctor! Find
me! Take me from this darkness.
Help me. Here I am.

Breuer listens in awe.

TIGHT ON ANNA - LATER

Anna lies with her eyes closed, exhausted. Breuer gives a note to a coachman.

TIGHT ON BREUER - LATER

Breuer surveys the clean white room which has been made up for him to sleep in. He is ashen from the strain of the long afternoon. He opens the window and looks out at the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAIRCASE AND ELEVATOR

Breuer takes an elevator. The cabin is narrow; his shoulders brush the walls. The elevator as seen from the empty staircase. The working of the cables, gears and pulleys.

TIGHT ON CANDLE

A candle flame burns straight and still.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - MUSIC

Breuer is with Anna in her Vienna bedroom. Anna lies with her eyes closed.

BREUER
Anna, you're asleep. Now try again.

INT. HALLWAY

Anna walks down the hall toward the door at the very end.

BREUER

Good. Don't be afraid. Go closer.

She is apprehensive, but with his encouragement she goes closer. Just before she reaches the door, the floorboards give way.

INT. INNER ROOM

All at once she finds herself in another room; completely dry, with no traces of her passage here. Breuer is with her.

Now a new voice makes itself heard; graver, more solemn than the voice of Anna's second self. It seems to come up from the depths of the earth.

VOICE o.s.

(at first barely perceptible)

You rise against me...You flee
me...My power is greater.

BREUER

She will not obey you.

VOICE o.s.

No? Anna, do you admire Dr. Breuer?

(she nods)

Strike him.

Before Breuer can react, Anna rises from her chair and strikes him across the face. Breuer is astonished, less by the blow than by her prompt, unquestioning submission.

VOICE o.s.

You have gone where you should not.
Get away. I shall destroy you.

BREUER

(surprised that he has the
power, or effrontery, to reply)

I will destroy you first. I will
penetrate you, I will know you. Cut
out your tongue, learn your
language.

Now the voice assumes a more feminine timbre. Breuer recognizes it as that of his wife.

MATHILDE'S VOICE o.s.
Oh, I warned you, Josef. I begged
you. Now look what's happened.
They are taking me away from you.

While the voice seems to come from Anna, her mouth moves only slightly.

BREUER
You're clever at feigning --

VOICE o.s.
-- what I have not heard?

Here the voice repeats something that Mathilde has said earlier, that only her husband was privy to. Breuer does not retreat, though Anna's face is ghastly to see. He wonders if she can return to reason after going so far beyond it.

BREUER
You're a phantom. You can't
frighten me.

There is a deep, low roar. All at once a crack appears in the wall. It is as though some enormous weight were pressing in against the room, like the sea against the hull of a ship.

VOICE o.s.
I am the Horror, the breath of the
earth that makes you bristle, the
Plow that lays it open. All that
might have been instead of Light.
I may break over you at any time.
I was born with the thunderbolt, I
rose from the night! Beware!

Breuer tears his eyes away from the crack in the wall, which seems to lengthen with each syllable. Gathering his courage, he replies:

BREUER
I believe in what is stronger than
you.

VOICE o.s.
Do you think your grip restrains me?
(Breuer does not understand)
You've seen what I may do when it
pleases me to. What do they tell
you as they lie gibbering there?

Suddenly, as though he had been struck across the eyes with a whip, Breuer is transported to a mental institution, where mad, unfortunate men lie raving on the floor. The vision lasts but an instant.

BREUER

Who is it instead of you? That
thing isn't you.

ANNA

It stays -- in there.

She nods at a cabinet, whose door begins to shake, as though someone closed inside were struggling to get out -- not earnestly, however, but in dread of what it might discover on the other side. Breuer grips the sides of his chair.

VOICE o.s.

You have scorned the mighty -- see!
Say after me these words: only I am
great and perfect.

BREUER

Worship you?

VOICE o.s.

You imagine that you worship truth.
Yet by yourself you cannot be
truthful even for an hour.

Once again there is a noise of straining wood and stone, as though the wall were on the verge of buckling.

VOICE o.s.

Look at me!

A basilisk, a sort of dragon, appears before Breuer. We never quite see it whole or unobstructed; instead we look out from behind it. It seems to have the character of a snake, but with the powers of a superhuman being. Breuer himself never sees it directly.

BREUER

(raising his arm to shield his
eyes)
I can't see you.

DRAGON

You move within me, like a fish in
the sea, and still you can't
discover me...Look in the blade of
your knife.

Breuer looks at the image reflected in the blade of a knife that lies on the table in front of him. Never before has he beheld anything beyond the realm of natural experience. He struggles to wake up, to fight free of the appalling vision, but he cannot.

BREUER

You look at me with an unflinching gaze.

DRAGON

In the whole of time I've blinked but once. I am those eyes that gaze at you without ceasing, even if I am not before you. I read what is within you -- know you better than your closest friend. Before my gaze your heart lies open; from me no thought is hidden. You wonder what I see.

(speaking English now)

Like a child, you imagined you could hide. I bring you to the light. I cause you to stand alone.

Breuer gasps at something we cannot see.

DRAGON (E)

You cannot know her, or yourself -- until you know me. Why do you hold back? See what power is yours!

Breuer discovers that he has the power to move the furniture, by directing it with his hand.

DRAGON (E)

Come. Leave the world, know me only. Know me and live.

He does not raise his eyes to look at the Dragon but stares into the blade of the knife. Slowly the image fades away until at last he cannot see it any more.

BREUER

Why do you disturb her? Who is she to you?

A glass of water falls over. The water runs across the table, onto Breuer's lap, raising images in his mind of people and places we have not seen before.

DRAGON o.s.

Drink me!

Now in the spreading sheet of water he sees the Dragon in a new form.

BREUER

No!

DRAGON o.s.
You can no longer delay your birth.
Prepare! It comes!

Breuer throws up his hands.

NERVOUS MAN

A nervous, distractable man sits in front of him. When he blinks, a drawer flies open.

NERVOUS MAN

Mmmm?

BREUER

Why have you taken her -- so
young -- so pure. Give her back
her life. She's just a child.

Where the nervous man's fingers touch the wood of his chair, they leave a dark imprint. He does not use his powers directly against Breuer, but winks at him, smirks, teases him; cannot keep his mind on what Breuer is saying, hopes he will soon be done so that they can talk about something more interesting.

NEW ANGLE

Breuer leans closer. But no word, no voice comes to him. Instead he hears the sound of the wind in the trees, the very sound he heard earlier in the afternoon, on his walk with Anna.

BREUER

I can't --

Now, from the foreground, the nervous man points out the window of the room. Through the window Breuer sees the ocean.

BREUER

I can't hear you. Tell me.

The nervous man is gone. The Dragon has appeared again. There is a faint rumbling, as though of thunder after a storm.

BREUER

(trembling with emotion)

Spare her!

DRAGON

You would have her live forever?
Never suffer pain or death?

(Breuer nods)

Very well. She will not. On one
condition. For a night and a day
you tell no lie. One false word,
she will return to me.

Breuer nods. It surprises him that the condition should be such a simple one. Shrewdly, he shows no sign of satisfaction.

DRAGON

Can you keep your promise?

BREUER

(nodding)

Who will be the judge of whether I have?

DRAGON

You will.

(when Breuer does not reply)

I shall come to you again.

BREUER

When?

DRAGON

When you tell the truth.

The Dragon vanishes. Again, we are with Breuer in his bedroom.

INT. BREUER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Breuer wakes up. Moonlight streams through the window. He strikes a match and lights a candle. There is no one else in the room.

He gets out of bed and paces around. What could have caused him to have such a dream? It seems to him to contain a clue, to reveal something about his present circumstances; something which he has been waiting to hear. And yet with each passing moment the meaning slips away. Soon he will have forgotten it altogether.

He goes to the window, the same one which he saw in his vision.

Below, to his surprise, he sees Anna walking over the moonlit grass.

EXT. LAWN - DAY FOR NIGHT

Breuer approaches her. She is in her nightgown. It seems that she is walking in her sleep.

BREUER

(softly)

Anna!

She does not answer him but walks slowly toward a grove of trees at the back of the garden.

BREUER

Anna, what are you doing?

Still she does not respond. Now she stands very close to him. He would like to touch her, to kiss her. She turns to him with a discerning look. Music enters.

ANNA

Are you in love with me, Doctor?

BREUER

(taken by surprise)

No.

He looks in her eyes. His heart flies up like a startled bird. Suddenly he knows that he is passionately in love with her and has been for a long time; he has always known it and never ceased to love her.

BREUER

Anna!

Then it was true. Despite his assurances to his wife, to Paul, he has fallen in love.

ANNA (E)

What are you thinking?

She seems to guess, and yet she does not trust him less.

ANNA (E)

Where can we go?

Breuer is not sure he understands what she means. He does not move. The night thrums with crickets.

ANNA (E)

I love you.

The music spreads through him like a spirit. At last he answers softly:

BREUER (E)

And I you. Don't remember that I said it. I want you to find happiness.

ANNA (E)

I have.

BREUER (E)

I love you, Anna.

He trusts that as long as she is under a trance, it will not harm her for him to speak openly.

BREUER (E)

I've been waiting my whole life to meet you. When something happens to make me glad, I turn and look for you.

ANNA (E)

What should we do, sir? I feel I might die -- the moment I let go of your hand.

BREUER (E)

Every time you say "sir", you make me love you more.

(taking her hand)

You've washed away all I knew before. This strange new life! How did it happen? I was a sober man -- now I listen to the trees, I speak with ghosts.

(pressing her hand to his cheek)

You're my comfort -- my life -- my revelation. I can't bear to be away from you!

Never before has he spoken this way, so recklessly, or with joy. She is silent for a moment.

ANNA (E)

I'm always with you. Whether you're near or far. Nothing can separate us.

Glowworms creep through the grass. An owl drops out of a tree and glides noiselessly toward the horizon, where the first hints of dawn have appeared. The music continues. He starts to kiss her on the mouth, but hesitates, and kisses her hand instead.

BREUER (E)

Anna! How do we go back to living a lie? It will be harder now than it was before.

ANNA (E)

Oh!

BREUER (E)

Anna, I want you to find a happiness that is more than a dream. I can't live feeling you might be in pain, in want. I see you suffer, and I can only stand by and watch.

ANNA (E)
You're trembling.

He reaches out and touches her hair, contradicting his command. The music opens up, suggesting the wonderful flood of life this disobedience to himself has released in him.

BREUER
Now forget, Anna -- forget the words
I've said! I wish it! I command
it! And understand if, asleep
again, I deny you, flee you --
You're so lovely that I fear
you...Where are we going?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY FOR NIGHT (CLOUDY DAY TECHNIQUE)

A light goes on in the house. Breuer looks around. Ordinary prudence reappears in his eyes. Anna might wake up. They might be discovered in circumstances it would not be easy to explain.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The next morning the birds are singing brightly as they come to take crumbs from Anna's plate at the breakfast table. She looks up casually as Breuer appears. It seems that she remembers nothing from the night before.

ANNA
Good morning, Doctor.

BREUER
Good morning.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - LATER - MUSIC

Breuer talks with friends on a Vienna street. They could never guess the storm that rages beneath his calm exterior.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - AUTUMN

Falling leaves. Vines heavy with grapes. Rowan trees dotted with red berries. The country house is shut up; the curtains are drawn, the shutters bolted.

BREUER o.s.
In September the patient returned to Vienna. Her condition was better. The mysterious numbness in her upper arm reappeared from time to time, however, and she continued to require relief from her fears by nightly recounting the events which had given rise to them.

EXT. VIENNA SCENES

Anna goes to her window and looks out. In the street below Stefan is dancing in the rain. Sensing her presence he stops and looks up. When at last he sees her, he smiles.

BREUER o.s.

Evening after evening she would tell me stories, sometimes four or five together. She revealed all, save what it was that had caused her to faint when long ago she touched the door.

We see some of the other characters in the story as they go about their daily lives: Mathilde in society; Nikolai with his children; Anton and Mai Britt; the old priest working in the monastery garden. At last we come back to Anna again. She is in pain. Now, however, the mysterious hand which soothed her before reaches out to touch the crown of her head.

BREUER o.s.

(against actions illustrating this speech)

Now in her absences, as evening drew on, I saw that she was living in the past, so entirely so that often she would walk into furniture which had been moved from where it stood the year before. A reminder from the past was enough to bring on such an absence and to return her to an earlier time. I had only to hold an orange up before her eyes, and she would fall into a trance -- I suppose because oranges had been her chief sustenance during the first period of her illness.

INT. COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

Breuer, Freud and Paul sit on a dais with the other eminent physicians of Vienna, gathered for what appears to be a graduation ceremony. They wear robes, rich fur stoles and other marks of distinction.

Breuer notices when a colleague does not receive his friendly nod. He looks at Freud, who has noticed it too. We might remember this colleague as one of the many who greeted Breuer on his arrival at the ball at the beginning of the story.

Afterwards Breuer observes Freud and his wife -- how amiable they are together, how satisfied with each other.

TIGHT ON BREUER, OVER ANNA'S SHOULDER

Breuer and Anna.

BREUER

Anna, suppose you merely arrange the furniture the way it was on the day when you entered the room where you fainted. Do you feel strong enough to try it?

Breuer holds up an orange, and Anna goes into a trance.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - MUSIC

Breuer shifts the furniture around as Anna directs him.

ANNA

There -- no, there. Closer to the wall.

BREUER

(moving a chair)

Here?

She nods. She moves a second chair -- first one place, then another. Music enters.

ANNA (E)

(astonished)

This -- this is the room -- this is Father's room! It was Father I saw here!

The memory comes rushing back.

ANNA (E)

Mother had gone away for a few days. I woke up during the night. He had gone to sleep in a fever, and I was anxious. I went into his room and sat down by the bed. I was sitting by the bed -- here!

(she points to a chair beside the empty bed)

It was very still, four in the morning. I had my right arm over the back of the chair. For a long time I sat that way. I don't know what I was thinking, but I fell into a waking dream, and I saw -- I saw a snake coming towards Father from the wall -- to bite him. I tried to ward it off, but my arm -- had gone to sleep. I couldn't move it.

Thinking she has no more to say, Breuer moves to examine her arm. But she continues:

ANNA (E)

Then -- then I turned, I saw -- something -- I don't know how I could have forgotten it! -- Father himself had become a snake. And his head -- it was a skull. There was a skull where his head should have been. The face -- the head of -- Death!

(after a pause)

He wanted to -- he told me --

BREUER (E)

What did he say, Anna?

ANNA (E)

He --

Her heart sinks; she cannot bear to repeat the words.

BREUER (E)

Yes?

ANNA (E)

-- He said that he made me, now he would devour me.

Breuer listens and does not move.

ANNA (E)

His tail went down through the stones, down through the city to the center of the earth. He rose up over me, I couldn't look up high enough to see his face. My neck wouldn't bend. I held out my hands...I always thought he loved me, that he wanted to protect me! No! He wanted to destroy me -- my own father! Not in anger. Calmly. He said it would do no good to struggle or plead with him; that he had done it, already, while I slept -- over the years, without my knowledge.

(she trembles at the memory)

When he was gone I tried to -- the words wouldn't come. My hands were shaking. My tongue refused to move. It seemed that in every language that I knew, I had told lies, or heard them -- that every word was weary from deceiving. Then at last I thought of some children's verse,

(MORE)

ANNA (E) (CONT'D)
in English. In English I could
think. I could -- say what was
true -- and hear it, too. Then
there was the whistle of a train.
I woke up.

NEW ANGLE

Anna seems to wake up.

ANNA (E)
Father! He brought me into the
darkness. He left me there.
(after a pause)
What made life so bitter to him?
Why did he turn on the very people
who could have been a consolation to
him?

When she has finished Breuer looks at her a moment. Then,
reaching out, he lifts her right arm, that until now has hung
limp at her side.

The lovely arm rises by itself. It can move freely again.

BREUER
(touching her shoulder)
You feel it? Here?
(she nods)
The anesthesia is gone.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer smiles, in wonder.

BREUER o.s.
In this way the whole illness was
brought to a close, and the patient
returned to complete health.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE

Breuer writes in his diary.

BREUER o.s.
By rearranging the furniture she was
able to reproduce the hallucination
which was at the root of her whole
illness. During the original scene
she could think and pray in English
only, but immediately after its
reproduction she could once again
speak German, and from now on spoke
nothing else.
(MORE)

BREUER o.s. (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

She complained that where in English she spoke with the angels, now she could only ask prices, quarrel or repeat the news.

NEW ANGLE

Anna is visiting Breuer at his office.

BREUER

I still would like you -- to check in with me from time to time.

(avoiding her eyes, not without awkwardness)

Once a week. Till we are sure.

Anna nods. As Breuer looks at her a voice comes softly to him.

VOICE o.s.

Love in her eyes -- take it!

Then, as Anna is leaving the office, she turns to him and says:

ANNA

It wasn't Father who brought me this trouble.

(after a pause)

Why can't I see beyond the clouds?

That woman in the green house, she did. Her troubles were so much

greater! Why can't I, when she did?

(after a pause)

Father! -- everything was dark to him! When I think he might have perished without -- never have known a moment's peace, only that grinding and gnawing -- when I think of it my heart revolts! You don't know how many tears I spent to --

BREUER

You did what you could.

Tears burn her eyes.

ANNA

He loved us. I'm sure he did!

TIGHT ON SECRETARY (OUTER OFFICE)

Breuer's secretary watches Anna go.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Breuer is sitting at his dining table -- Mathilde has invited some friends over -- when, unable at last to bear their talk any longer, he leaps to his feet, upsetting a plate, and walks out of the room.

Mathilde is astonished.

SCENES OF VIENNESE LIFE - MUSIC

Anna goes back out into society. She takes a friend's child to a concert; she speaks freely with others in a cafe; she takes her sketchbook up again. It seems that she is coming back to life. Scenes from the street: the bows, smiles, whispers and secret glances.

ANTON WITH MAI BRITT

Anton flirts with Mai Britt. At last she allows him to kiss her.

MAI BRITT

That was just to show you what
you'll never have.

She closes the door in his face.

EXT. CEMETERY

Anna has returned to her father's grave. She gazes at the headstone in tender communion. Even now she wishes that she could somehow give him peace.

ANNA

(softly)
Why didn't you tell us, Papa? We
might have comforted you. We
never spoke!

She glances at the other grave markers: a draped head, an angel wrapped in ivy. She sees another mourner, whose grief appears as real as her own.

NEW ANGLE

Now Anna's father appears behind her. We do not see his face, but we recognize his voice.

HERR O. o.c.

(gently)
Forgive me, Anna -- for giving you
so little. My child!
(as she starts to turn around)
No -- don't turn. It's so hard to
have seen what you should do, then
(MORE)

HERR O. o.c. (CONT'D)
not to have done it. To be left to
live, year by year, but half a life;
to seek its poor rewards --

His voice is kind and sincere -- he who before was always so
scathing and contemptuous.

ANNA
What can I do for you, Father? I
know how you...

HERR O. o.c.
Go where I haven't gone. Death
opens your eyes to many
things...Forgive me, child! I felt
you were stealing my life, that I
couldn't get away from you. My own
children! I avenged myself on them.

Anna can bear it no longer and turns around. She does not see
him. She is silent for a moment, then putting her hands
together, she bows to the place where he seemed to stand.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

A platform in a train station, wrapped in a drifting cloud of
steam. Breuer watches the travellers come and go.

Early in the story, Breuer was a cheerful, confident man. Now
he seems dreamy and melancholy; his face is marked with pain.

TIGHT ON LEAF, PIECE OF CLOTH

Laid in his drawer is one of the leaves he took from Anna's
hair.

Breuer looks at a piece of cloth and remembers what Anna said
the night they were together in the country.

INT. WINDOW

Breuer looks out the window of his office with an air of
impatient expectation.

TIGHT ON BREUER

Breuer sits in his chair. There is the faint sound of a
conversation in the outer office. He turns to listen.

Anna appears in the door. His heart leaps inside him. He
stands.

INT. BREUER'S OFFICE - LATER

Anna has been with him for some time. She does not appear to notice his agitation.

ANNA

Last night I went to the opera. I wasn't -- afraid. Not once. I didn't feel on slippery ground.

BREUER

I'm glad to hear it.

ANNA

It was pleasant to see so many old faces.

She falls silent, and they gaze at each other for a moment.

BREUER

How much do you know, Anna -- right now? How much do you remember of what's passed between us?

She frowns, as though she weren't quite sure what he meant. Later, as she is leaving, she looks at him with a strange expression.

ANNA

Shall I return?

He hesitates, then nods.

EXT. VIENNA STREET

Breuer walks along the street, preoccupied.

TIGHT ON MATHILDE

Breuer has arrived home. Mathilde looks at him.

MATHILDE

Josef, you've changed. Is anything wrong?

He shakes his head. She knows that he is not telling the truth, but with a fine sense of discretion she looks away.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE - LATER

Breuer hears a dull moaning, interspersed with sobs, drifting up from down below.

He stands outside the door to Mathilde's room. Through it he hears the sound of weeping.

INT. MATHILDE'S ROOM

He enters to find Mathilde sitting at her dressing table with her face in her hands. The maid is standing next to her, looking frightened and confused. Breuer nods that she can leave, and she does, gladly. Mathilde composes herself.

BREUER

What is it, Mathilde?

MATHILDE

Nothing. I was thinking about -- a cousin of mine.

BREUER

(with delicacy)

Is this a cousin -- I don't know?

She nods. After a moment she smiles a little. Her sadness only seems greater when she does.

MATHILDE

You don't love me any more. You don't know how to tell me.

BREUER

What makes you say that?

MATHILDE

Isn't it true?

He shakes his head, but she reads the answer in his downcast eyes.

BREUER

Have I neglected you, my wife?
Forgive me.

Breuer looks gently at her. He could never have foreseen that things would reach this point. But it is not her fault. There is no reason that she should suffer for his mistakes.

MATHILDE

You've played a fine role, Josef.
But --

BREUER

Darling --

MATHILDE

It is something you can't hide, no matter how much you wish to; not from a woman. You protest, you want to spare my feelings. But I've known it for some time.

BREUER
Something has disturbed you.

MATHILDE
I don't blame you.

He no longer hopes to understand her, or to be happy with her.
And yet he feels a terrible desire to protect her.

MATHILDE
Were you going to say something?

BREUER
No.

MATHILDE
Josef -- tell me anything. Trust
that I am strong enough to hear it.
Do you --

Breuer's heart goes out to her. He takes her face in his hands
and kisses her on the cheek.

MATHILDE
I remember when we first met, how
fresh life seemed! I never knew
that we might have such a journey to
make, such deserts to cross. And
all in the confines of a house -- a
room -- a bed!

BREUER'S POV - NIGHT

Breuer watches Mathilde while she sleeps. He loves her graying
hair, her thickening body, her lips which tremble at some
vision in her dream. He loves her because she cannot keep her
beauty or stay young forever.

The bottles on her dressing table. A covered bird cage. The
broken lace in her nightdress. He comes to a decision.

EXT. THE O.S' APARTMENT BUILDING

Breuer approaches the O.s' apartment building. There is a look
of settled purpose in his eyes.

INT. STAIRWELL

He climbs the familiar stairs and knocks at the front door of
the O.s' apartment. Mai Britt lets him in.

INT. ANNA'S ROOM

He is with Anna.

BREUER

Anna, I've decided to bring the treatment to an end. I can't be of any further use to you. You're healthy now, or nearly so.

Anna listens, humble and composed.

BREUER

I understand that even in health many problems may remain. You will be courageous, I know.

She does not reply but continues to sit with her eyes fixed on the ground.

ANNA

Thank you, Doctor.

They bow to each other, and he leaves.

EXT. VIENNA STREETS

Breuer greets acquaintances as he walks through the streets of the city. Even the sharpest eye could discover no trace of anguish in his expression. There is only the music to suggest it.

INT. THE BREUERS' BEDROOM

Once again Breuer is alone with Mathilde.

BREUER

I couldn't imagine how things might ever get better. I thought it was too late. I've watched this unhappiness close around you.

(after a pause)

And still I love you. Let me show you that I do.

She takes his hand.

MATHILDE

When you speak that way, the world seems so big.

EXT. OLD CITY - MUSIC

Alone, Anna walks through the dark, winding streets of the old city. Suddenly she stops. Music seems to come to her from beyond a tall stone wall. She is puzzled: the wall appears so solid and impenetrable. Warily, she touches it. Then, glancing over her shoulder, she walks away.

She coughs.

Bells ring in the distance. Everything but the tops of the trees has fallen into shadow.

The nurse, seen from behind, as she moves through the city.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE - DUSK

Mathilde and Breuer are dressing to go out. He tightens his cravat as she talks in the background.

MATHILDE o.c.

Paul will be there, but Sophie is staying home. They never go out together. She can't be parted from that child.

There is a knock at the door. A look of foreboding comes over Breuer.

He opens the door to the nurse on the front steps.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE - DUSK

Breuer expects Mathilde to show her displeasure. Instead she comes forward and, without looking in his eyes, kisses him on the cheek.

MATHILDE

Go quickly.

EXT. THE O.S' APARTMENT BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - DUSK

The gargoyle seems to look ironically on Breuer as he approaches the O.s' building. He hesitates a moment before entering.

NURSE

Sir?

With his heart pounding in his ears, Breuer steps through the entryway.

INT. VESTIBULE, THE O.S' APARTMENT

Frau O. has taken the doctor aside. She appears quite shaken, despite her determination not to show it.

FRAU O.

I want to warn you before you go in, she's in a -- greatly excited state. She seems as ill as ever -- and we'd entertained such hopes, such hopes!

(MORE)

FRAU O. (CONT'D)

This time it's something else,
though; something quite strange.
Tell no one! I myself am past
the point of caring about our
reputation, but I feel she might
wish it --

BREUER

(who has been containing his
impatience)

What is it, Madame?

FRAU O.

Why -- she believes she is having a
baby! She said it was "Dr. Breuer's
child!"

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM

Breuer finds Anna straining and writhing like a woman in labor.
He approaches her and feels her belly.

ANNA

(half-conscious)

BREUER

I don't know, Anna. I'm sorry -- I haven't really helped you.

ANNA

You have! Without you...Oh Doctor!

Breuer's heart rises to his throat. He speaks with a sudden urgency; he does not know how much longer she will be awake.

BREUER

It will be hard to see -- to hear -- nothing of each other.

For a moment she does not answer. She seems to look up through the ceiling.

ANNA

Will you -- shut my eyes and make me sleep? You said that I should ask you when I wished it.

TIGHT ON HIS HAND

Breuer's hand moves over her eyes.

BREUER

Excuse me for disturbing you so late.

Freud shakes his hand warmly.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Breuer sits with Freud in the living room. They speak in low voices to avoid waking up the rest of the household.

BREUER

I'm going off to Venice with Mathilde in the morning. It will be a sort of second honeymoon for us.

(after a pause)

I want you to take over the case. She's still not well. You've said that it was interesting to you. I doubt that I myself will deal with this sort of thing again. I mean to return to ordinary medicine.

FREUD

You've come so far. You're breaking a new path. You can't let yourself be turned from your vocation.

BREUER

She was so lovely. At first I felt sympathy for her. Then, before I knew it, I began to love her. I was alive again!

Breuer is silent for a moment. The music goes on.

BREUER

I've lied to my wife. Not in words, but in my heart. It's as real as if I'd done it in fact. I thought -- I hadn't really done anything to blame myself for.

(after a pause)

Forgive me. I have to tell someone the truth.

Freud puts his hand on Breuer's shoulder. They are silent for a moment. Then they hear a child's cry.

INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

They look at Freud's sleeping children. It seems that one of them is having a dream.

Water lapping against dark stone. The rising mists. The boat moving through the labyrinth of canals.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Edmund stands before Anna, handsome and erect.

EDMUND

Seven months have passed. My feelings are unchanged.

ANNA

You don't know what you're asking for.

EDMUND

How could I stop loving you? You can do anything you wish. I won't ask questions. I will put up with anything at all. Don't leave me, though...What will you do -- alone?

Is there something she isn't telling him? They sit and look at each other in silence. Anna sees that he will not be put off.

ANNA

Anna's mother has learned what she told Edmund.

FRAU O.

But you did lie to him! You
purposely made yourself seem cruel.
Why?

ANNA

To give him strength. To find a new
life.

FRAU O.

But what sort of life will you have
now, Anna? Won't you ever marry?
How will you be happy otherwise?

ANNA

I'll find a way, dearest Mother.
And you must believe it, even if
you never have the opportunity to
see it. But -- I can't marry -- no.

FRAU O.

Oh, Anna, I'd hoped you would. I
never had the sort of life that one
expects

FRAU O.

I kept waiting. Really I never knew what it was that gnawed at him. He carried the secret out of this world with him.

(choking back a sob)

I'm sorry, I shouldn't tell you this. A mother should never tell such things to her child! It's a crime!

ANNA

No, Mother.

FRAU O.

Whom could I talk with, though? Even in our home I had to hide, to speak in whispers! I am very disloyal to speak this way. I will be sorry for it! Never blame him! Don't! We can't know what it was! We can't put ourselves in his place!

Anna shakes her head. She will not blame him.

FRAU O.

ANNA

I will be very strong, Mother.

They hug each other.

FRAU O.

(softly)

One marvelous thing I have to tell you. I thought we might have to sell the apartment, but someone has come along and settled our debts. The banker wouldn't tell me who. Only that he was someone who had once known Father! So you see -- he had friends! Good friends, after all!

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - NIGHT

Mai Britt and Anton wander happily through Vienna. But when he takes her hand, she pulls it away with a look of astonishment.

MAI BRITT

What are you doing?

She rushes off ahead of him. Her lovely laughter rings through

Parents with lovely children, friends, flower merchants, shining faces; all the festival of life, the communion of joy, into which it seems that Anna is not permitted to enter.

BREUER o.s.

And so neither her mother nor her friends, neither I nor any of the doctors of Vienna could help Anna or take away her suffering. She was left in darkness.

EXT. PALACE

She walks by a palace near the Herrengasse. Music comes from the high windows; a ball is in progress. Latecomers in evening dress hurry up the front steps.

A black iron gate with strong bars rises between Anna and the palace.

TIGHT ON ANNA - MUSIC

She walks down the street. Everything that her eyes fall on seems to her a gift beyond her wildest hopes: the sunlight, the water flowing over the sides of a fountain, the people passing by.

Stefan, Paul, Edmund, the nurse, the gargoyles, the Sphinx of the Belvedere, the lovers along the Danube embankment.

INT. THE O.S' APARTMENT

Anna's friend Katarina has come to pay Frau O. a

KATARINA

The rest of us, we're still held up
by our hopes. We manage to delay
our disappointment -- sometimes
forever! We consider ourselves very
lucky -- clever, too. Maybe we
aren't!

(after a pause)

Still -- there's no sense in looking
for trouble, is there?

Katarina shows Frau O. her engagement ring. She covers her
mouth as she laughs.

TIGHT ON FREUD, OTHER ANGLES

The camera tilts up from a journal. Now it is not Breuer but
Freud who is setting down his thoughts.

FREUD o.s.

My friend held the key in his hand
when he was called to witness the
phantom birth of Anna's child, but
fearing to use it, he cast it aside.
For all his great mental endowment
he had nothing Faustian about him.
He took flight in conventional
horror and never again resumed this
sort of medicine. He was a Balboa.
He found a new world, but feared to
enter it.

FREUD o.s.

Anna herself did not fare as well as one might gather from our published account. Edmund married. He made his wife very happy. It was made clear to Anna, and she was never able to forget, the sacrifice she had made in renouncing him. Relapses took place, and she was removed to a sanatorium in Gross Enzersdorf, where she inflamed the heart of the physician in charge. She did, however, improve.

MONTAGE: ORPHAN CHILDREN, THE POOR (EASTERN EUROPE)

Poor folk in Russia. Children in Poland and Roumania. Orphans, black with soot. Anna's hands touching them, caressing them. Their delight as she catches them up into her arms. An old man, a drunk, grasped by the shoulder, looking up as though at an angel. Unwed mothers, abandoned wives, outcasts with no home or family. The misshapen, the craven, the insane.

An official follows Anna down a hall, explaining why nothing can be done to help the children whom she has come to see.

OFFICIAL

Madame, they can't be moved! No one will take them in. You can't get through. There are others who could be helped

FADE OUT:

THE END