

THE MUSIC BOX

By Joe Eszterhas

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GAVRIN

Produced by Irwin Winkler

Directed by Costa-Gavras

FADE IN:

INT. ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH BASEMENT - CHICAGO - DAY

TITLES BEGIN as we see a crowded, festive church basement jammed with people. A gypsy band dressed in brocaded outfits plays a rousing csardas in a corner. Along the walls, food stands are selling Hungarian specialties -- kolnasz, pogacsa, szalona, palacsinta. The walls are decorated with huge blown-up black and white photos of Budapest landmarks: Among the photos we see several of the Chain Bridge over the Danube.

We FOCUS, gradually, on the crowded center of the basement, the dance floor, and on couple dancing the csardas. MIKE SZABO is 69 years old, a big man with a twinkle in his eye. ANN TALBOT dances with him -- she is in her mid-30s, attractive. He wears an old sportcoat. She wears a festive red and white Hungarian outfit. As they dance the csardas, they look at each other, smiling, their eyes never veering from each other: they are clearly two people who love each other very much.

As the dance ends, they laugh -- he hugs her close, she throws her arms around his neck.

MIKE

I step on you' feet!

ANN

You did not!

MIKE

Bullshit, I break you' feet!

She laughs.

Arm in arm, they head off the floor toward the sides of the hall as another csardas starts.

MIKE (grins)

I gotta eat -- I gotta eat some the szalona Johnny Szalay makin'!

KARCHY SZABO joins them -- he is 42, overweight, florid. He wears a sloppy sportcoat with an open collar.

KARCHY (to Ann)

When am I gonna dance? When you gonna dance with me?

MIKE

When her feet no broke no more.

KARCHY (not getting it)

What'd you do to your foot, Annie?

Ann shakes her head, laughs.

MIKE  
I broke the damn foot!

Karchy doesn't get it, looks at her foot.

KARCHY (to Mike)  
You did?

They get to the szalona stand. JOHN SZALAY, a totally bald man in his 60s, stands there grilling the bacon. He puts the bacon on pieces of bread and ceremoniously drips fat onto the bread.

MIKE (to John)  
I want a lotta the grease, Johnny!

MIKEY TALBOT joins them. He is eleven, a gangly kid -- he wears a Gotcha T-shirt and baggy pants, but he's put a decorated Hungarian vest over the T-shirt.

MIKEY  
Can I have some, Grandpa?

MIKE  
Hell ya, you gonna have some -- healthy body make a healthy spirit, right, Mikey?

MIKEY (grins)  
Right, Grandpa.

Mike gets the greasy bacon sandwich, breaks it in two, chomps his half, hands the other to Mikey, who chomps his.

Ann watches them gobble it.

ANN (smiles)  
Disgusting.

MIKEY  
It's great, Mom!

MIKE  
Gimme five more, Johnny. Lotta the grease.

ANN (rolling her eyes)  
God.

KARCHY (grins)  
It's nigger food, Pop, that's what it is!

MIKE

It's Hungarian food, it's szalona!

JOHNNY (to Mike)

The soul food! The soul food! He right, Mishka. Niggers come inna my shop, eleven o'clock, no more szalona, they eat all up, the soul food they call it.

He hands them new sandwiches -- Mikey really scarfs his.

KARCHY (watching him)

You're gonna grow up to be Super Nigger, kid.

MIKEY

So -- what's wrong with that?

A beat, and then they all laugh.

MIKE

Ya, what the hell wrong with that? Gimme five more of 'em, Johnny! More grease!

They all laugh again. Ann laughs too, watches them stuff themselves, affection in her eyes.

INT. MUNICIPAL COURT - CHICAGO - THE CORRIDOR - DAY

She is dressed very pro. A maelstrom of people -- pimps, bondsmen, hookers, court officials. She walks down the corridor with her law partners, SANDY LEHMAN and MACK JONES, their investigator, GEORGINE WHEELER, and a YOUNG MAN who looks like the perfect Yuppie and is a drug dealer.

YOUNG MAN

He began the Miranda, but then the other agent, the one with the pigtail, he said "Cuff him" and first one never finished the Miranda.

LEHMAN (smiles)

Bingo.

Lehman is in his 40s, dapper, balding.

ANN

They won't cop to it.

JONES

Fuck 'em. You twist their nuts, they yell ouch, the jury'll hear.

Mack Jones is in his early 50s, a graying black man.

GEORGE

Two witnesses. One's a hype, the other's solid gold.

George is a big black woman in her early 50s.

ANN

We dirty the hype, rub some off on the gold.

YOUNG MAN

Just exactly how are you going to do that?

LEHMAN (smiles)

She'll do it.

YOUNG MAN

You must be a very foxy woman.

He puts a casual arm around Ann.,

ANN (casually)

Remember who you are, scumbag.

The young man looks at her a beat, takes his arm away quickly.

COURT GUARD (yelling to

Ann)

Hey, Hunky!

She grins, goes up to him with her fist clenched. He is a slob of a guy.

ANN (grins)

I'm gonna biff you, Kaminski.

She throws a light punch to his midsection. He grunts, grins.

COURT GUARD

Your secretary's been trying to reach you. Call your dad.

EXT. MIKE SZABO'S HOUSE - CHICAGO - DAY

It is small, on a little side-street on the West Side, a neighborhood of well-tended lawns, little houses, now integrated, but for years a white island.

She gets out of her Volvo. It is a cold winter day. She sees Mike sitting on the front porch in this cold, wearing only a T-shirt, staring at some papers in his hand. She hurries up to him. She looks very concerned.

ANN

Papa, are you crazy? You're going to catch pneumonia! What are you doing --

MIKE (almost crying)

They say I -- kill people? I -- they say I -- torture --

ANN

What? What are you talking about, Papa? What is the matter with you?

MIKE

They say -- in the paper here --

ANN

Come on, let's go inside, Papa. Right now, come on --

MIKE (staring at papers)

Me? I kill somebody? How can they --

ANN

We're going inside, Papa! Now!

He looks up at her, the papers still in his hand.

ANN

Give it to me.

He hands them to her after a beat and then goes inside the house. She looks at the pages for a long beat. She can't believe what she is reading, turns back to the first page suddenly, then keeps reading. Eyes still on the papers, she goes into the house after him.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM

Decorated with old furniture, pictures, a crucifix on a wall.

MIKE (upset)

I don't know nothin' about... I work in the mill, I raise kids, this my country, now they say...

ANN (as she reads)

They say they want to take your citizenship away.

MIKE

They can no do that. I citizen. I here 36 year, I...

ANN (as she reads)

They must have you mixed up with another Michael J. Szabo, it's a common name...

MIKE (upset)  
How can they do somethin' like this --  
mix up! How can they mix-up?

ANN (as she reads)  
This Michael Szabo must have lied when  
he got his citizenship. He's accused  
of war crimes --

MIKE (emotionally)  
I was farmer! What I know war crime?  
I don't do nothin' like that. I no  
like that.

He is almost crying.

ANN (gently)  
Papa, it's not you. It's somebody  
else. They made a mistake. We'll go  
see them. Tomorrow. We'll see them  
tomorrow. We'll clear it up.  
(she smiles)  
Don't worry.

She looks at him affectionately. He looks at her a long  
beat.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in a Chicago suburb overlooking the lake; it is  
big, upper-middle class.

She walks in.

ANN  
Mikey?

There is no answer. She hears the NOISES of a video game  
from another room.

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bears football posters, Rambo posters. He sits on the  
floor, playing a Mike Tyson Nintendo game with his father.  
DAVID TALBOT, Ann's ex-husband, is in his mid-40s, a good-  
looking man.

MIKEY (not looking at  
her)  
Hi, Mom.  
(to David)  
I didn't know you were coming over.

DAVID  
Hi, Ann.

She doesn't say anything; they keep playing.

DAVID  
It's okay, isn't it?

ANN (evenly)  
Yes, of course it is.

Mikey's Nintendo figure delivers a series of punches to David's.

DAVID  
Oh-oh!

MIKEY  
I'm gonna get you, Dad, I'm gonna get you!

She watches them.

DAVID (not looking at her)  
I thought maybe I'd take Mikey down to McDonald's after we're done.

MIKEY  
Yeah! That's neat, Dad!

ANN (after a long beat)  
Not tonight.

MIKEY  
Aw, Mom!

DAVID (after a beat, resigned)  
Oh - okay.

he doesn't look at her. They keep playing. She watches them.

ANN (finally)  
How much homework do you have?

MIKEY (after a beat)  
Not much.

ANN (after a beat)  
Well, maybe you'd better get started on it soon.

The boy stops playing, turns, and stares at her. She looks at him a beat, then turns and walks out the door.

After she's gone, David turns to the boy:

DAVID (gently)  
Hey, it's okay. We'll do McDonald's  
tomorrow.

He puts his arm around him - the boy won't look at him -  
looks at the ground.

DAVID (gently)  
Okay?

A beat, and the boy nods.

INT. A WAITING ROOM - THE FEDERAL BUILDING - CHICAGO

Ann sits with her father. He looks nervous. He wears an  
old suit, a white shirt and tie. He looks bulging, uncom-  
fortable, not the kind of man who wears suits.

ANN  
You look nice, Papa.

He shows no response, looks nervous.

RECEPTIONIST  
Mrs. Talbot --

She starts leading them back.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

There is no table. Floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the  
city from the 37th floor; a living-room arrangement. JOE  
DINOFRIO waits for them. He is in his mid-30s.

They walk in.

ANN  
I'm Ann Talbot --

DINOFRIO  
I'm Joe Dinofrio. Hello.

ANN  
This is my father.

MIKE  
Mike Szabo.

He puts his hand out; Dinofrio hesitates a second, then  
shakes it. (Note: When he pronounces his name, he pro-  
nounces it "Subbo;" when Americans pronounce it, it is  
"Sabo.")

DINOFRIO  
Are you here as Mr. Szabo's attorney,  
Mrs. Talbot?

ANN

No, I thought we could clear this up --

JACK BURKE comes into the room. He is 45, a weary-looking 45.

DINOFRIO

This is Jack Burke. He's from the Office of Special Investigations. I'll be helping Jack prosecute the case. Mrs. Talbot, Mr. Szabo.

Jack looks at them a beat. Mike puts his hand out to shake hands. Jack just looks at the hand.

JACK

What do you want? You want to cop a plea? We don't cop pleas in war crimes cases.

Ann stares at him a beat, then --

ANN

Look. This is a mistake. You've got the wrong Michael J. Szabo --

JACK

Like hell we do.

They look at each other, an immediate, palpable electricity between them.

MIKE

I don't do none of this! This not me! I good citizen in old country, I farmer --

JACK

No you weren't.

MIKE

Ya, I farmer --

JACK

You killed people. You tortured them. You have no business being in America --

MIKE

I citizen. I good American --

JACK (smiles)

If you're a good American, Mr. Szabo, then this whole country's fucked.

MIKE (facing him)  
I know why you do this to me! I know why!

ANN  
Papa, please, calm down --

MIKE  
The communist do it to me, Anna. They get back at me --

JACK (grins)  
Because you threw three bags of shit at the Hungarian National Folk Dancers five years ago?

MIKE  
They stop tour, they go back Hungary -- I go on TV, talk to newspaper --

JACK  
That's what I expected you to say. You're an anti-Communist, Mr. Szabo, swell, so was Hitler.

They look at each other a long beat.

ANN (to Jack)  
I don't believe this. You're charging a man with something that happened --

DINOFRIO (smiles)  
Allegedly happened.

ANN  
Allegedly happened 44 years ago? Why wasn't he charged earlier? He's been here for 36 years.

JACK  
We're not charging him with anything. This isn't a criminal proceeding. We're just going to take his citizenship away.

DINOFRIO  
The witness reports were locked away in the basement of the United Nations until last year.

MIKE (suddenly)  
Bullshit! All bullshit! The Communist make all up! How you can do this to me? You America, you govment, you my govment, my America, you help them do this to me? Cuz I throw shit at communist? It wrong do that?

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You say -- No more American, you, cuz you do that? You say I kill Jew? You go down mill, talk to foreman, he Jew. He tell you I got nothin' with Jew. I don't kill nobody. I don't hurt nobody. I raise boy, girl. My boy American soldier, he fight Vietnam. My girl she American lawyer. You listen to the Communist --

JACK (grins)

I don't know why you hate the Communists so much, Mr. Szabo, they're as anti-Semitic as you are, look what they've done in Russia. You should be on their side.

MIKE

You! You laugh at me? You son-the-bitch! You do this to me -- you laugh at me?

ANN

Papa, don't.

She is holding him back. He looks like he's going to hit Jack. A long beat -- then, quietly --

MIKE

Come on, Anna, we go from here.

They start out.

DINOFRIO

The Hungarian government will file for extradition this afternoon.

MIKE

What? What that mean?

DINOFRIO

It means that if your citizenship is taken away, you'll be sent back to Hungary for trial.

MIKE

You send me back to them? To the Communist? You send me back to die?

A pause, then --

JACK (grins)

Maybe that's why you threw those bags of shit. To give yourself an alibi if this ever blew in your face.

Mike just stares at him.

ANN (looking at Jack)  
No one's going to take your citizenship  
away, Papa.

And they start out of the room. Mike suddenly looks years older.

INT. HER VOLVO - DAY

She drives; he sits next to her. Nothing is said a long beat, then --

MIKE  
What we gonna do?

ANN  
I don't know.  
(a beat)  
We'll get you a good lawyer. We'll get  
you the best lawyer.

MIKE  
You gonna be my lawyer.

ANN  
I don't know anything about  
naturalization. We've got to find the  
best immigration lawyer. I'm a  
criminal lawyer, Papa.

MIKE  
They say I criminal. They say I worst  
kind of criminal, Anni.

She looks at him. (NOTE: "Anna," the Hungarian endearment  
for Ann is pronounced "Unni.")

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY - DAY

They walk up the hillside to a grave. He is carrying a  
bouquet of flowers. The stone says: Ilona Szabo, 1917-  
1954. He puts the bouquet down, stands there a long beat.  
She watches him.

MIKE  
First time you kiss boy, he touch you,  
we come here. I no know what to say,  
we come here, words easier here; your  
mama help me. What I know about to  
raise girl?

He smiles sadly to himself, a long beat.

MIKE  
You remember, Anni?

ANN (slight smile)  
I remember, Papa.

A long beat; he stares at the grave, doesn't look at her.

MIKE  
We were in refugee camp, after war, Kellerberg, Austria. I meet your mama there, Karchy just born, it was bad, no food, they give us soup from pine needle, needle of pine tree, pine soup. They come around to camps, Hungarian Communist official from Budapest, look for anti-Communist. They know you anti-Communist, they put you name on list, they send you back to Hungary, say you war criminal, hang you from tree. Repatriation, that's what they call.

She watches him. He is turned away from her.

MIKE  
We got to come out, get away, Karchy was sick, your brother got the ricket from food. Everybody know I anti-Communist. Everybody know you say you farmer, you come America quick, America got quota for farmer.

He looks at her.

MIKE  
I say I farmer. We come here quick.

ANN  
You weren't a farmer?

MIKE (looks away)  
Ya, I farmer... when I boy.

ANN  
What were you?

He looks at her.

MIKE  
I policeman.

He turns away from her.

MIKE (quietly)  
I gendarme. I csendor.

She stares at him. He looks at her. A long beat. He looks away.

MIKE

You no look at me like that, Anna.

He starts to adjust the flowers on the grave.

MIKE

I no do nothing bad. Crazy Nazis, Hungarian Nazis, Arrow Cross, take over, I gendarme. I say them --I wanna be clerk in office, no hurt nobody, I got nothin' against Jew.

(a beat)

That what I do. I clerk in office. Don't hurt nobody.

She stares at him, says nothing. He looks at the flowers and the grave.

MIKE (quietly)

Anni, you see the legal paper, what they say I done. You think I do that, Anni?

ANN (after a beat)

No.

A long beat, as she looks at him.

ANN

No. No, Papa. No.

She hugs him. He holds her, tears in his eyes.

INT. HER LAW OFFICE - LEEMAN, JONES AND TALBOT - DAY

She walks in. She sees a group of people around a TV set -- we see Lehman, Jones, George, others. On the set, we see a photo of Mike Szabo.

THE TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

He retired from Republic Steel four years ago. The 69-year-old West Side resident was in the headlines ten years ago when he was arrested for hurling bags of excrement onstage during a performance of the Hungarian National Folk Dancers.

We see film footage of Mike approaching the stage -- throwing the bags, pandemonium in the auditorium. Mike being dragged out by policemen.

## THE TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The incident sparked an official protest from the Hungarian government and forced cancellation of the troupe's national tour.

She stands there, watching the footage, and then sees that they are all watching her, looking at her with shocked looks on their faces. She looks at them a beat, and then turns and heads back out.

## EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

She is heading for her car. Mack Jones comes behind her.

JONES

Annie!

She stops, looks at the black lawyer.

JONES (after a beat)

There's a guy in Buffalo, he handled that Demjook guy, Demjoke, whatever that sucker's name was, the one got sent back to Israel. I hear he's good.

ANN

He wants me to represent him.

JONES (after a beat)

Aw, man.

(a beat)

What the fuck do you know about what happened half a century ago in some goddamn part of the world you never even been in?

She says nothing.

JONES

What the fuck does anybody know about their parents?

ANN

I know. I know him. He raised me, Mackie. I never knew my mom -- He was my mom and my dad and my best friend -- always. We never had any secrets between us. Never.

JONES (after a beat;

quietly)

It's crap, girl. Crap. Nobody knows. Nobody. You're gonna have to treat him like a client, Annie. What are you gonna do? You gonna grill him? You gonna have George dig into him?

ANN

No.

JONES (after a beat,  
smiles)  
Well, you sure as shit better. 'Cause  
this ain't some shuck Miranda bullshit,  
Annie. This is Uncle Sam's truck  
comin' full bore.

INT. TALBOT AND TALBOT LAW OFFICES - NIGHT

It is the heaviest corporate law firm in town. Their  
offices are very fancy.

She walks down the corridor. There is no one here. She  
gets to Dave Talbot's office. Her ex-husband's door is  
open. He's at his desk, alone, working.

DAVE

I tried to call you.

(he smiles)

I didn't know I'd married into Dr.  
Mengele's family. Jesus, I'm glad you  
divorced me.

She gives him a look.

DAVE

Okay, fuck me, you don't like my jokes.  
You never did. What else is new?

He goes to a bar, starts making her a drink.

DAVE

How's everything with Mikey?

ANN

Fine.

He gives her a look. The look says he doesn't believe it.

ANN

I don't want to talk about Mikey, Dave.

He brings her her drink. HARRY TALBOT comes in behind them.  
He is in his mid 70's, a good-looking, bluff, white-haired  
man.

HARRY (to Dave)

You still don't have any sweet  
vermouth, do you?

ANN

Hello, Harry.

She kisses him on the cheek. He goes to the bar, makes a  
drink.

HARRY (to Dave)

How can you make a fucking martini  
without sweet vermouth?

(to Ann)

How's Mishka holding up? You're going  
to handle his case, aren't you?

ANN

It's an immigration case, Harry.

HARRY

Oh yeah?

(he smiles)

It's a war crimes trial 45 years after  
the fact, a de facto criminal trial,  
except it's going to be staged under  
the guise of a civil proceeding. What  
he needs is a good, gutter criminal  
lawyer who's not gonna flinch at using  
elbows and fingernails to impeach  
white-haired witnesses and yellowed  
pieces of paper.

He tastes his drink, grins.

HARRY

Your elbows and fingernails'll do just  
fine, Ann.

ANN

I appreciate that endorsement very  
much.

HARRY

You're not gonna have a prayer, you  
know that, don't you? You know what  
the Holocaust really is? What it  
really is? It's the world's sacred  
cow, that's what it is. Those people,  
the Holocaust survivors, they've got  
haloes around their heads. They're  
fucking global saints, that's what they  
are. You'd be better off pissing on  
the cathedral floor at high mass like  
my grandfather did than cross-examining  
one of them.

He drinks more, smiles.

HARRY

You're not gonna have any jurors to  
dally with, either. You'd have a much  
better chance with jurors, sweetheart  
-- I know that. You could unleash your  
entire black bag of courtroom theatrics  
and the notion of a daughter defending  
her father would strike some people as  
heart-rending.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Christ, it almost strikes me as heart-rending.

(he looks at his watch)

I've got to get out of here. How's my grandson?

ANN

Fine.

HARRY

That's all you ever say about him.

Fine. Fine. Is he playing with himself yet? You find any dirty pictures in his wallet?

ANN (exasperated)

I don't know, Harry. I haven't looked in his wallet.

HARRY

Well, look. I'm his grandfather, I want to know all that stuff. By the way, Mishka didn't do it, did he?

He waves and he's gone, smiling.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

She is sitting in her Volvo; Dave is standing by her door.

DAVE

If it were my dad, I wouldn't represent him. What if he did it, would it make any difference?

She stares at him.

DAVE

He'd still be your dad. You'd still love him.

She says nothing.

DAVE

Blood is thicker than spilled blood, that's the bottom line.

She looks at him; he is smiling; a beat, then --

ANN (quietly)

What happened to you?

He looks at her.

DAVE (after a beat)

Maybe I grew up. Maybe you refuse to.

ANN

Did you? It's funny, that sounded like something Harry would have said, not you.

DAVE (after a beat)

Hey, I'm not the person taking on his father as a client, am I?

ANN (after a beat)

Goodnight, Dave.

And she drives off.

EXT. HER DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She stands on the porch, knocks on the door. We hear a RADIO with a football game going inside. She knocks again, then tries the door. It is open.

MIKE (yelling)

Just goddamn minute!

He comes to the door.

ANN

How many times to I have to tell you to lock your door, Papa?

MIKE

What the hell for? Gypsies ain't gonna bother me. They bother me, I hit a home run on 'em.

INT. HIS HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM

He puts the baseball bat he's got in his hands down.

MIKE

You want coffee, I go make 'em.

She shakes her head. A beat; she looks at him in his T-shirt. We hear the football GAME louder.

ANN

I'll be your lawyer, Papa. I'll represent you.

MIKE (simply)

Good.

ANN (smiles)

Just "good," that's all?

MIKE

You my girl. I got trouble, you help.  
You got trouble, I help.

ANN

I'm going to have to know everything about you, Papa. I have to know everything they might know.

MIKE

You know everything. You don't know me, then nobody know me.

She looks at him a long beat, then goes to the window, stares out.

ANN

It's not going to be easy, Papa.

MIKE

We got old saying -- Nem minden papsajt... you understand?

ANN (staring out window)

Not everything...

MIKE

Ya, ya. Not everything priest's cheese -- van papszar is -- priest shit, too.

He smiles; she stares out. And we see two figures in the darkness near his Chevy in the driveway. He sees her startled expression.

MIKE

What'samatter?

He goes to the window, sees two men running from his car.

MIKE

What the goddamn --

He grabs the baseball bat by the door and goes running out.

EXT. THE HOUSE, THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The two men run to a car. He runs down the driveway in the darkness, bat in hand. Their car SCREECHES away.

And at that moment, his Chevy EXPLODES. The force of it knocks him down.

She runs to him, around the flames, as the car burns. He is on the ground, bloody, unconscious. She holds him in her arms.

ANN (desperate)

Papa? Papa!

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

He is lying down, conscious. A young DOCTOR is with him.  
So is Ann.

THE DOCTOR (to Ann)  
It's all superficial. He's going to be  
fine. We'll clean these cuts up.

Karchy runs into the little room. The Doctor keeps working  
on him throughout.

KARCHY  
Jesus Christ, what the hell, Annie --

MIKE  
It's nothin'. Don't go gettin' no  
heart attacked, Karchy.

KARCHY  
Fuckin' Jews! Cryin' all the time,  
playin' picked on! They do somethin'  
like this, they're worse than the  
fuckin' Ay-rabs!

MIKE  
Shut you dumb mouth, Karchy! No talk  
like that!

ANN  
We don't know who did it, Karchy.

KARCHY  
The niggers didn't do it, they just  
beat you over the head! You think the  
Ayrabs did it?

A DETECTIVE comes into the room.

THE DETECTIVE (to Ann)  
Two men turned themselves in downtown.  
They're members of some group tied into  
the Jewish Defense League.

KARCHY (to Detective)  
No shit, Sherlock.

A long beat.

MIKE  
Now the Jews wanna kill me. Communist  
wanna kill me, Jews wanna kill me.  
Alla sudden everybody wanna kill Mike  
Szabo.

He sits up. A beat, then.

THE DOCTOR (smiles)  
I'm Jewish, Mr. Szabo. I don't want to  
kill you.

MIKE (grins)  
That good, Doctor. I don't wanna kill  
you either...

INT. HER HOUSE ON THE LAKE - NIGHT

She and Mike walk in, Mikey is there, watching TV. He looks  
at them, sees Mike's face.

MIKEY  
What happened?

MIKE  
L'il accident, that's all.

MIKEY  
What happened, Mom?

ANN  
Grandpa's gonna be staying with us a  
while.

MIKEY (excited)  
That's rad!

MIKE  
Rad. What is this rad?

MIKEY (smiles)  
Radical.

MIKE  
Who radical? Me radical? Now I  
radical? We gonna make the popcorn --  
lotta salt, lotta salt, garlic,  
paprika, okay, Mikey?

MIKEY (excited)  
Yeah!

MIKE  
Come on, we go find salt. Your mama,  
hide salt from me. Come on.

He leads the boy into the kitchen; she smiles. She listens  
to them in the kitchen.

MIKE (O.S.)  
Who won game?

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Bears, 21-20. The Fridge got a  
touchdown!

MIKE (O.S.; happily)  
Son-the-bitch, ha!

MIKEY (O.S.; happily)  
Yeah! Son of a bitch, Grandpa!

MIKE (O.S.)  
Shhh, your mama gonna get piss.

Ann smiles.

MIKEY (O.S.; after a  
beat, different one)  
Hey, Grandpa, I saw you on TV.

The smile freezes on Ann's face.

MIKE (O.S.; easily)  
Aw, we talk later, all bullshit, big  
crock of the bullshit. You got the  
paprika?

INT. MIKEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike comes in. He wears an old robe. He sits down on the  
boy's bed. Mikey is in bed.

MIKE  
You sleepin'?

MIKEY  
No.

MIKE  
You say you prayer?

MIKEY  
Yeah.

MIKE  
Good. I say always prayer. Say the  
prayer, do the push-up. Maybe it do  
good, maybe no, you gotta pass, run,  
try everything for the touchdown.

The boy smiles. A long beat.

MIKE  
Lemme see you muscle.

The boy flexes his bicep.

MIKE (grins)  
Good, gettin' big. How tough?

He squeezes the boy's bicep gently.

MIKE

It hurt yet?

MIKEY

No.

It's starting to hurt a little.

MIKE

Good. Muscle get big, Mikey get strong.

He squeezes harder; the boy yelps a little bit; the old man laughs.

MIKE

Now you feel Grandpa muscle?

He makes a bicep. The boy squeezes it.

MIKE

You squeeze harder.

The boy squeezes with both hands and then he starts beating on the bicep with both fists as the two of them start to laugh.

MIKEY (admiring)

God, you're strong, Grandpa.

MIKE

Gettin' weaker every day.

MIKEY (laughs)

No you're not!

The old man laughs with him. A long beat, then --

MIKE

You wanna talk about the TV?

MIKEY (after a beat)

Yeah. Okay.

MIKE

It no me they talkin' 'bout.

(with difficulty)

They make mistake. It no me. I don't do nothin' wrong. Don't kill nobody, hurt nobody. That no you grandpa.

MIKEY

I know, Grandpa.

MIKE (smiles)

Naw, hell, you don't know nothin' yet. Your mama, she good lawyer, she gonna prove, you know? Prove. You got good mama, the best, you know?

## INT. ANN'S BEDROOM

She lies on the bed in the darkness. She can hear every word.

MIKE (O.S.)

Somebody say somethin' about you  
grandpa, one you friend, you say --  
Fuck you, jump in the lake --

MIKEY (O.S.)

I can say that? The "F" word?

MIKE (O.S.)

Ya, you no tell mama, though, secret,  
okay?

Ann smiles.

## INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

They hug. Mike heads out of the room.

MIKEY

Grandpa?

The old man stops, looks back.

MIKEY

Love you.

MIKE (after a beat)

Grandpa love you, too, Mikey.

## INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is touched.

## INT. HER OFFICE - LEHMAN, JONES AND TALBOT - DAY

She is with Sandy Lehman and Mack Jones.

LEHMAN

I don't get it. This is your office.  
This is our firm. We're partners.

ANN

Sandy, you belong to the Temple, to the  
Anti-Defamation League. You contribute  
to the Wiesenthal Foundation, for God's  
sake.

LEHMAN

So?

ANN

So, I don't want to put you in a  
difficult position by working out of  
here on this case.

LEHMAN

What difficult position -- he's innocent until proven guilty, I know that.

ANN

I know you know that, Sandy. I just want to make it easier for you, that's all.

LEHMAN

I still don't get it. Have you got some problem working out of here because I belong to the Wiesenthal Foundation?

ANN

Come on, Sandy, just let me do you a favor, okay?

They look at each other for a long beat.

JONES

Maybe she afriad somebody gonna be goin' through her drawers.

LEHMAN (after a beat;

looks at her)

Nobody can get into those drawers, it's that goddamn Catholic upbringing.

Jones laughs.

ANN

Very funny, Sandy.

She turns and starts to walk out.

LEHMAN (to Jones, smiles)

I'm not laughin'.

And then the smile fades.

INT. THE PEWTER MUG - LUNCH

The lawyer's hangout in town. Jack sits at the bar, drinking. He looks like he's had a couple. He sees, across the room, Ann talking to George, the black woman investigator. He watches Ann. She glances at him briefly across the room. He smiles. She looks away.

GEORGE

I don't know nothin' about this stuff, darlin'. The only Hongarian I ever know besides you was a grocer, he tried to sell us squirrel meat. My mama hadda go after him with a broomstick.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You don't know what you're askin' me to do, darlin'.

ANN

I have to know everything they know, George.

GEORGE

You want me to play devil's advocate on your daddy, you're gonna wind up tellin' me to go diddle myself.

ANN

It's his life, George.

A beat, as they look at each other, and Jack Burke is suddenly there.

JACK

You found him a lawyer yet?

ANN (very cool)

Yes.

JACK

Who?

ANN

Me.

JACK (smiles)

I'll send the case file to your office tomorrow.

He starts away.

ANN

Don't send it to my office. Send it to Talbot and Talbot.

JACK (laughs)

Harry Talbot? The distinguished Harry Talbot?

He isn't drunk, but has had a few.

JACK

It's perfect. I love it. Did you know Harry Talbot used to be in the O.S.S. after the war? Then the O.S.S. became the CIA and they set up their first spy apparatus in Europe by putting a bunch of the old Gestapo on the red, white, and blue payroll. Word is Harry used to sip his bourbon with Klaus Barbie.

ANN

Are you going to charge Harry with  
being a war criminal too?

JACK

There's an idea. I hear we're going to  
get a good judge.

ANN

Who's that?

JACK

Haven't you heard? Sam Silver. He's  
Jewish, you know.

He smiles a big, beaming smile. Ann stares at him.

JACK

You don't have any problem with Sam  
Silver, do you?

(he smiles)

How about papa? I wonder how he's  
gonna take it.

He walks away.

GEORGE

Now that man believes in what he's  
doing.

ANN

So do I, George.

INT. TALBOT AND TALBOT - DAY

Harry Talbot's office -- ornate, old-fashioned, wood-  
paneled. She walks in. He is on the phone. He hangs up.

HARRY

You all settled in? I'll give you one  
of my secretaries. I don't have  
anything to do up here anymore, anyway.

ANN

It's going to be Sam Silver.

DAVE (behind her, laughs)

Sam Silver? Are you kidding me?

ANN (to Harry)

All I know about him is that he's fair.

HARRY

Sure he is. He's a fine, decent man.  
There's none better on the federal  
bench.

ANN

I don't care that he's Jewish. I care that he's fair.

HARRY

Sure, I care that he's fair. And sure, in this case I care that he's Jewish.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

DAVE

He'll probably bend over backwards, though. He'll have to.

A long beat, then Harry smiles.

HARRY (to Ann)

You think you can claim bias and have his verdict put aside.

(a beat)

Maybe. It's risky, though.

ANN

I wasn't thinking that at all.

HARRY

Sure you weren't.

INT. REPUBLIC STEEL - DAY

Ear-splitting NOISE -- men working all around them -- a distance from the blast furnace -- Ann is with Karchy, talking to a man in his 60's. Charlie Goldman was Mike's foreman here at the mill. All three of them are wearing hardhats. We see the blast furnace in the b.g.

GOLDMAN

Listen, you want me to go into court, I'll go into court for you. You shittin' me? That ain't Mishka they're talkin' about, I know that. I ain't been Jewish all my life for nothin', you know.

He grins. He nods toward Karchy.

GOLDMAN

Now this one. All I hear from him is nigger this and nigger that --

KARCHY (upset)

What? What? I'm kiddin', you know, I'm kidin'. Who's the one bet Ali in all his fights? Who's the one got a big poster of The Fridge right on his kitchen wall? Me, that's who.

GOLDMAN (laughs)  
That's 'cause The Fridge looks like  
you.

KARCHY (upset)  
Bullshit! He's fatter than me.

Ann and Goldman laugh.

KARCHY (upset)  
Well, fuck you, Charlie, he is!  
They laugh.

ANN  
Thank you, Mr. Goldman.

GOLDMAN (nods)  
You tell Mishka we miss him around  
here.

Ann smiles and walks away, Karchy with her.

ANN  
Who else should I talk to?

KARCHY  
What the fuck you doin? Investigatin'  
him? I thought you was supposed to be  
his lawyer.

ANN  
I do it with all my cases, Karchy.

KARCHY  
He ain't a fuckin' case, he's Pop.  
She stops, looks at him a beat, then keeps walking.

KARCHY  
(a beat)  
Jesus. We know what he's like. Come  
on, Annie, he never had no trouble with  
Jews, not even the niggers. You were  
away in school, we had riots, he went  
out on the street with his bat, him and  
some jigs. The jigs kept the jigs  
cool, he kept the hunkies cool.

Ann keeps walking. He puts his arm on her, stops her.

KARCHY  
You're gonna get him outta this, Annie,  
ain't you?

ANN (after a beat)  
Yes.

KARCHY

You better. It was a barfight and he needed me, I'd slice some nuts. He busted his gut on that thing --

He points to the blast furnace.

KARCHY

For thirty years. He didn't do it for hisself, Annie.

ANN (after a beat;

quietly)

I know that.

EXT. HER DRIVEWAY - LAKEFRONT - DUSK

It is a cold winter day. She drives in. She sees Mike and Mikey coming up from the lake dressed in heavy winter gear with fishing rods in their hands. Mikey holds two fish.

ANN

What is wrong with you? It's freezing out here.

MIKE

Baloney. We no cold.

MIKEY (excited)

We got dinner, Mom!

INT. HER KITCHEN - NIGHT

She is washing the dishes with her dad. We hear the SOUNDS of the Nintendo from the other room.

MIKE

You like my fish? I cook it in the szalona.

She makes a horrible face, smiles.

ANN

Yes.

A long beat. They keep doing the dishes.

ANN

How would you feel if we had a Jewish judge?

He keeps washing, shows no reaction. She watches him.

MIKE

You think it good idea? Funny idea, that sure.

ANN

He's very fair. He's a good judge.

He says nothing, keeps washing. A long beat, then --

MIKE

You do what you think. If you think, it okay.

He looks at her. She looks at him a beat, then nods, and they continue washing. She doesn't look at him.

ANN

Why didn't we ever have any Jewish friends?

MIKE (after a beat)

How we gonna meet? Our friend, we see at church. On the West Side. Jews live North Side. We don't got Polish friend, neither, they live South Side. At mill I got Jew friends. Charlie Goldman.

ANN

I met him. He's a nice man. Why didn't you ever invite them to come over?

MIKE

They no invite me come over. Mill friend, you friend at mill, at bar after work, that's all.

A long beat, they wash the dishes.

MIKE

You go out Jewish boy?

She looks at him, says nothing.

MIKE

University, you date the Jewish boy?

ANN

No.

MIKE

How come?

ANN

I don't know.

MIKE

I tell you no date Jewish boy?

ANN

No.

MIKE

Then how come? You date lotta other boy. How come you no find nice Jewish boy like David.

She says nothing, stops washing the dishes, looks disturbed.

MIKE

Jewish boy ask you go out?

She nods, doesn't look at him.

MIKE

Then how come you no go out with him?

She says nothing, keeps washing dishes. He watches her. A long beat, then --

MIKE

It don't mean nothin'. People stay own people, that's all. Nothin' wrong with that.

INT. HER OFFICE - TALBOT AND TALBOT - DAY

She walks in. She sees four massive trunks, spread around the room.

GEORGE

It just got here, U.S. government express.

She stares at the trunks, then goes to one, pops it open. She takes a thick manila folder out. She stares at the cover.

CLOSEUP: The top of the cover says "United States Department of Justice." Underneath -- "The United States vs. Michael J. Szabo."

GEORGE (heading out)

There's a bottle of Stolli in the bottom drawer. Them communists got good taste.

Ann sits down with the folder. A long beat, and then she opens it.

And George leaves.

INT. HER OFFICE - LATER

She has five or six of the thick manila notebooks piled up in front of her. She is taking notes on a yellow legal pad. She reads from the notebook. Then she stops suddenly and stares off. Her eyes are far, she looks like she's in shock -- and then she leans down and resumes reading.

## INT. HER OFFICE - DUSK

Her desk is piled high with manila notebooks and folders now. She leans back, stares away, and then she goes to the window. She stares out. She closes her eyes.

## INT. THE PEWTER MUG - NIGHT

Jack sits at the bar with Joe Dinofrio and another man. He looks like he's had a few.

DINOFRIO

Are you kidding me? Immigration had four guys for the entire state of New York. The FBI had whole battalions going after anybody who ever went to a Party meeting.

JACK (grins)

Hoover was kinky for Nazis, Jo-Jo. Everybody knows that. It was all that fucking leather, you know?

They laugh. As Jack laughs, he sees Ann, alone, at a back booth, a drink in front of her. She is staring down at the table. She looks like she is in shock. He takes a long look at her.

## INT. THE PEWTER MUG - HER BOOTH

JACK (stands there)

I see you got my package.

(a beat)

I'll buy you another drink, you look like you need it.

She says nothing. He signals to the bartender with two fingers, sits down. She looks at him, her eyes dead.

JACK

You mean you never even suspected? It comes as a kick in the ass to you? I thought the family that hates together stays together. I thought maybe you read a few pages from The Elders of Zion before you sat down to your goulash at night.

ANN (quietly)

You've got the wrong man.

JACK

That's the perfect camouflage, isn't it? You raise some good, all-American kids, you avoid even any shadow of suspicion. You're his best alibi.

The bartender puts the two drinks down. He sees she wants to drink it but doesn't.

JACK

Come on. Drink it. It's not every day you find out Papa's a werewolf.

He smiles. She gets up. She takes the drink and suddenly throws it in his face. A beat, and then he recovers his smile.

JACK

Maybe violence runs in the family.

ANN (quietly)

Fuck you.

JACK (smiles)

Great. I'll bring the rubbers.

She swings at him. He grabs her arm and holds it. His smile is gone now.

JACK

When you see him tonight, think about that trick he did with the wires. You remember that part, don't you?

She yanks her arm away from him roughly, turns, and walks away.

INT. HER HOUSE ON THE LAKE - NIGHT

She walks in. Mikey is in front of the TV. She looks empty.

MIKEY

Hi, Mom.

ANN (flat)

Hi.

(a long beat)

Where's Grandpa?

MIKEY (watching set)

In the kitchen.

A beat, and then she heads for the kitchen. She sees him cooking, his back to her. He doesn't hear her. She watches him as though she is looking at a stranger. He feels her behind him.

MIKE (grins)

Where the hell you been, I burn the pork chop, lookit --

He turns and looks at her.

MIKE

Whatsamatter?

She looks at him, and then, finally --

ANN

Nothing.

EXT. HER BACKPORCH - NIGHT

It is glass-enclosed; it overlooks the snow and the lake. She sits in the darkness, a drink in her hands. He comes out, stands there looking out at the wintry setting, doesn't look at her. She has the bottle next to her.

MIKE

I go home tomorrow.

ANN

You can't. It's not safe.

MIKE

Just gonna pack clothes, bring here.  
Gotta meet George, give her stuff.

She doesn't say anything; he sits down.

MIKE (gently)

Whatsamatter? I always tell somethin'  
matter, even when you no tell me.

ANN (after a long beat)

I read their case.

He looks at her, says nothing.

ANN

Tell me about the Special Section,  
Papa.

MIKE

Special Section?

ANN

Yes, Papa. In the gendarmes. There  
was a Special Section.

MIKE

Ya.

A beat; she looks at him.

MIKE

Nobody know too much about it. How  
many there are. Who is in.

(a beat)

They Jew killers, close to SS,  
Einsatzkommando. I got nothin' to do  
with them. I clerk in office.

They look at each other a beat.

ANN

They have a photostat of a Special  
Section I.D. card with your signature  
and picture on it.

He stares at her a long beat; she watches him.

MIKE

It no possible.

She watches him -- he looks stunned.

MIKE (upset)

I no got nothin' do with them. How  
they can have I.D. card? It no  
possible.

ANN (after a beat)

They don't have the I.D. card. They  
have a photostat of it.

MIKE (after a beat)

Photostat?

A beat, and she nods. A long beat, then --

MIKE

Where they get photostat?

ANN

The Hungarian government turned it over  
to them.

MIKE (after a beat)

Why they no give real card -- why  
photostat -- if they got the real?

ANN

I don't know.

MIKE

I know. Fake. Photostat easier make  
fake.

ANN

Papa, this is your picture, isn't it?

She takes something out of her purse, hands it to him.

He puts the porchlight on, puts it close to the light, looks  
at it. We see it is a Xerox copy of something, but we don't  
see it clearly. It looks like an I.D. card with a photo.

MIKE (after a beat; looks at it)  
Ya. My picture. Gendarme picture.  
Look like my write. Card fake, Anna.  
They put my gendarme picture, my write,  
to fake card.

He gives it back to her.

ANN (with difficulty)  
They've got witnesses, Papa.

MIKE  
What kinda witness?

ANN (quietly)  
Witnesses who identify you... killing  
people... shooting --

MIKE  
Witnesses know me before? They say we  
know it Mike Szabo cuz we know Mike  
Szabo.

ANN  
No. They identified that photograph of  
you from a series of photographs.

MIKE  
Bullshit. Communist say to them --  
better for you if you identify.

ANN (after a long beat)  
Is there anyone who can testify that  
you were never in the Special Section?  
That you were a clerk in the gendarmes?

MIKE  
Nobody here, in America. No "csendor"  
I know here. In Hungary, don't know.  
They no gonna let you find 'em.

ANN  
Weren't there any records -- there had  
to be some records about your  
assignment as a clerk.

MIKE  
They gonna tell you they no got, lost  
in bombs.

He smiles ruefully to himself.

MIKE  
You know who drop bomb? American drop  
bomb. I American and I no can prove  
nothin' cause American drop bombs.  
Funny, ha?

He gets up. He looks at the lake a long beat.

MIKE

You upset yourself read this case.

ANN

Yes.

MIKE (looks at her)

You upset at me, Anni, or you upset at case?

A long beat, as they look at each other.

ANN (emotionally)

It makes me sick, Papa. It makes me want to throw up.

(a beat)

Papa, they took those people, women, children, they lined them up at the riverbank --

MIKE

That's why I come America, Anni. America good country --

ANN (in a whisper)

It makes me ashamed to be... Hungarian, Papa.

MIKE (after a beat)

You no Hungarian, Anni. You American, Anni. We American.

INT. ANN'S JEEP - DAY

It is her other car. We've seen it in the driveway. Mike drives. He wears a Bears' cap, Mikey sits next to him, wearing his Bears' cap.

As Mike turns off a main road into his street, he stops. We see a large group of picketers in front of his house carrying signs.

MIKE

Maybe we oughta forget, go home.

MIKEY

I'm not scared, Grandpa.

MIKE

Me either.

He turns the Jeep around.

EXT. AN ALLEY BEHIND HIS HOUSE - DAY

They get out of the Jeep. George is already there, waiting beside her own car. As they head toward the backdoor of the house --

MIKE (to George)  
I gotta sneak in my own house like robber.

GEORGE (smiles)  
It's white folks like you, who ruin a nice integrated neighborhood. Hi, Mikey.

MIKEY (smiles)  
Hi, George.

MIKE (smiles; to George)  
Okay, Gypsy. You piss on the poor man -- everybody piss on the poor man. Gypsy piss too.

INT. THE HOUSE

MIKE  
Don't go near window, Mikey.

MIKEY  
I'm not afraid, Grandpa.

He peers from behind a curtain. As soon as he does, the picketers outside start chanting -- "Kill-er! Kill-er! Nazi! Kill-er!" Mike watches them from behind the curtain with the boy. It is a large, angry crowd. The signs say: War Criminal Go Home! Nazi Killer! Six Million Died!

MIKE (to George)  
I gonna get stuff you want --

At that moment, a rock CRASHES through a window.

MIKE  
Son-the-bitch!

He goes for the baseball bat by the door.

GEORGE  
Stay cool.

Another rock breaks another window.

GEORGE  
Where's your phone?

MIKE  
Kitchen.

She runs to the kitchen. He puts his arm around Mikey. The CHANTING outside gets louder, louder. He peers out from behind a curtain with the boy. People are raising their fists. The crowd grows more threatening.

Then they hear things BREAKING at the back of the house. They run to a window in a back room, see people around the two cars in the alley. George comes out of the kitchen, looks out the window with them, sees her car and the Jeep being trashed. Then some of them start coming toward the back door of the house.

GEORGE

I never been in no white riot before.

The front window SHATTERS suddenly, then other windows, the place is being bombarded. Mikey winces with each crash as broken glass flies all around. And then he suddenly runs from Mike for the front door.

MIKE (screaming)

Mikey!

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH

Mikey is on the front porch, facing the crowd. The crowd freezes.

MIKEY (screaming)

Leave him alone! Leave him alone! He didn't do nothin'! Leave him alone!

Mike is suddenly behind him, the baseball bat in hand. The crowd ROARS. A few rocks are thrown at them. Mike lifts the bat, holds it high with one hand, the other around the boy, squeezing him close to him.

MIKE (roaring)

Get outa here! Get the hell outa here!

The boy starts to cry.

Ann's Volvo comes SCREECHING up. She jumps out of the car. From her POV, we see the old man, the bat held high, his arm around the sobbing boy.

She goes running to the porch, throws her arms around Mikey as police cars with SIRENS come SCREECHING up. The cops move in on the crowd roughly and herd them away from the house.

She holds the sobbing boy and then he breaks away from her to the edge of the porch.

MIKEY

I hate them! I hate them!  
(to the crowd, yelling)  
You Jews! You dirty Jews!

A beat, and then she slaps him hard across the face. He stares at her. She slaps him again and then he goes running inside, sobbing.

She stands, stares for a long beat, very shook, at the scene: More cops arriving -- the crowd being herded roughly away -- some of the cops using their night sticks now, some of them clearly enjoying what they are doing. She goes inside the house.

INT. THE HOUSE

Broken glass is all around. The boy is huddled against the wall, crying. Mike looks like he is going to cry. George stands at a window, watching the cops, her face expressionless.

MIKE (quietly)  
Why they do this to me?

ANN  
Papa, six million Jews died! Two million children! Entire families! Five hundred thousand in Hungary, Papa!

MIKE  
It was no me! You know it no me!

ANN  
They don't know!

They look at each other, and then she turns to Mikey, who is huddled against the wall, crying.

ANN (hard)  
You don't ever say anything like that again, you hear me?

He looks at her, says nothing.

ANN (quietly)  
You hear me?

MIKE  
Your mama right, Mikey.

Mikey and Ann look at him.

MIKE (to Mikey)  
These people. They think I bad man. They angry, wanna get even. They throw rock at me. With me, they throw at wrong man. But they right to throw.

The boy listens to him. She watches her father.

MIKE  
They no bad people out there, Mikey. They good people.

Mikey says nothing, looks at him.

MIKE

You understand, Mikey?

The boy looks at him, nods.

MIKE

We come this country, everybody call us name. Greenhorn, dirty greenhorn. D.P. Dirty D.P. We people. Jews no dirty, Mikey. Jews people.

A long beat, as the boy looks at him, then --

MIKEY (to Mike)

I'm sorry, Grandpa.

The old man goes to the window, looks through the broken glass at the crowd chanting "Kill-er! Kill-er! Nazi! Kill-er!! at a distance now, surrounded by cops. He stands there a long beat. Ann puts her arms around him from the back, puts her head against his neck.

MIKE

It my fault, I no should bring boy.

ANN

I'm glad you did.

He stares at the picketers chanting. His face is stone.

EXT. TALBOT AND TALBOT - MORNING

She is walking toward the building; she sees Harry Talbot being helped out of a Mercedes limo by an elderly black chauffeur.

HARRY (as soon as he sees

her)

You must be creaming yourself this morning.

He walks with her. He hands her a copy of that morning's Tribune. On the front-page is a large photo of Mike, holding his baseball bat, his arms around Mikey facing the crowd.

HARRY

An old man in a Bears' cap with his arm around his grandson being threatened by a screaming mob? Your jury'll love that, even though I think he should be shot for taking Mikey over there.

ANN

What jury? I won't have a jury.

HARRY

Sure you will. You won't have any jurors, but the world's gonna be your jury. Judges don't live in a vacuum. Not even federal judges. Not even paragons of virtue like Sam Silver.

INT. THE BUILDING'S LOBBY

They walk toward the elevator.

HARRY

I did some checking on your prosecutor.

ANN

I didn't ask you to do that.

HARRY

He was a federal prosecutor in Philadelphia, a good one. He never lost a case. Four years ago he walked away and went to California, did Legal Aid work if you can believe that. Nine months ago he walked into Justice in Washington and volunteered for Special Investigations. I can make some calls to Philadelphia and see what happened there.

ANN

I can handle my own cases, Harry. I don't need any help.

HARRY (smiles)

From what I hear, with this particular case you're going to need all the help you can get.

ANN

What does that mean? Hear from who?

HARRY

Whom. Hear from whom. Hell, I thought you knew the English language.

He smiles. Her eyes are daggers.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

They are alone.

ANN (innocently)

How many lawyers are in this firm?

HARRY

Thirty-four, not counting you.

ANN

How many of them are Jewish?

Harry looks at her a long beat, no smile now.

HARRY

How do I know? I don't know how many Episcopalians we have, either. You know what, Ann? You gotta be careful not to lose your balance during all of this.

The elevator opens and they head out.

ANN

Are any of them Jewish?

HARRY

Some of them probably are. I don't know. I'll make those calls for you.

INT. HER OFFICE - NIGHT

She is slumped over, reading a law book. It is late at night. She looks exhausted. George comes in carrying a stack of books.

GEORGE

Don't you got a boy at home to take care of? I got your books for you.

She puts the stack down on Ann's desk.

ANN (excited)

It happened before, George. In Detroit. They put a man on trial, prepared this elaborate case, brought a bunch of witnesses over here. A man named Narik, accused of war crimes in Lithuania. And they had the wrong man. The witnesses were all mistaken. They simply had the wrong man. The judge found him innocent.

(she smiles)

So tell me about my dad, George.

GEORGE (shrugs)

He goes to church, to the cemetery, to the corner bar, the bowling alley. He buys strudel at the bakery. He plays checkers in the park -- never loses, from what I hear.

ANN

I couldn't ever beat him, either.

GEORGE

He makes a few bets on the Cubs and Bears games.

ANN

I didn't know he made any bets! Wait til I tell Karchy! He's always after Karchy about betting.

GEORGE

Do you know an Irma Kiss?

ANN

Who?

GEORGE

Irma Kiss, Mrs. Irma Kiss, a widow, she's 61. She lives three blocks from him --

ANN

Mrs. Kish. It's Kish in Hungarian. Yes, I know Mrs. Kish, she makes donuts at the church.

GEORGE

Well, that ain't all she makes. Maybe it's Kish, but he's kissin' her.

ANN (astounded)

What?

GEORGE

Off and on, for about ten years now -- three, four times a month.

ANN

I don't believe it!

She starts to laugh. A beat, and then she starts to laugh harder.

ANN

Oh, my God, I don't believe it!

GEORGE

You gonna listen to me, or you gonna keep giggling at me like a teenager. He doesn't spend a lot of money, but outside his savings account, he doesn't have anything to spend. He doesn't even have any credit cards. He doesn't believe in 'em.

ANN (still smiling)

I wish I didn't. Mrs. Kish!

GEORGE

He spent a little more for while a couple years ago, but then he learned to stick to \$10 bets. Who's Tibor Zoldan?

Ann starts sorting through some of the books George brought her. We see some of the titles: "The Holocaust in Hungary," "The Final Solution," etc.

ANN

I don't know. It's probably one of his friends.

She keeps sorting through the books.

GEORGE

He wrote him a check for \$2,000 three years ago. That's the biggest check he's ever written. This group he belongs to, the Committee to Free Hungary, it's just a bunch of old guys who get the picket signs out whenever some dimwit honky diplomat makes the mistake of coming here. They don't do it a lot, lately, though, 'cause they're all gettin' too old to hold the signs up.

Ann smiles, opens one of the books.

GEORGE

Honest to God, darlin', there ain't no devil here to advocate.

Ann looks at the book she has opened. It is a photo book about the children of the death camp. Her smile dies as she stares at the face of a child -- a boy about Mikey's age.

INT. HER HOUSE ON THE LAKE - MORNING

MIKEY

Goodbye, Grandpa.

MIKE

You watch yourself, okay? Have good time.

He hugs the boy.

MIKEY

'Bye, Mom.

And he starts heading out.

ANN

I didn't get a hug.

He pretends like he hasn't heard, is out the door. She watches him out the window as he gets into Harry Talbot's limousine. The black chauffeur helps him in. There is a sadness to her as she watches him. She turns away. Mike is sitting in the living room.

MIKE

What the hell I gonna do now? Satday  
Mikey and me watch the cartoon. I  
gonna watch cartoon anyway.

He turns the TV ON with the remote -- a Road Runner cartoon.

ANN (smiles)

I didn't know you made bets.

He says nothing, watches the cartoon, then little-boyish,  
looks at her.

MIKE

Don't tell the Karchy, though.

ANN

We're gonna do some work this weekend.

MIKE

I don't wanna do no work, I wanna watch  
the Bip-Bip, Bip-Bip.

ANN

Where did I put my tape recorder?

She goes into the other room.

ANN (from other room)

Hey, Papa, who's Tibor Zoldan?

MIKE (watching set)

Friend from refugee camp. Then he go  
back to old country. Then he come from  
old country out here. Give him some  
money, get start. Then he get himself  
killed, car accident. Then I no get  
money back.

She's back, with the tape recorder.

ANN

Are you ready?

He looks at her a beat, then back at the cartoon.

MIKE

I don't wanna do this, Anni. I spend  
whole life tryin' forget what I see.  
Now I gotta remember.

ANN (gently)

We have to, Papa.

MIKE (after a long beat)

Ya, I know.

She puts the tape recorder down, turns it on. A beat; she  
doesn't know how to begin.

ANN (deadpan)  
How's Mrs. Kish?

MIKE  
Who?

ANN (trying not to  
laugh)  
Mrs. Kish, Papa. Irma.

MIKE (after a beat)  
Irma? Jesus Christ, Anni --

He shuts the tape recorder off quickly and she breaks out laughing. He looks at her, flustered, then he smiles gradually and starts to laugh himself. They look at each other as the laugh dies.

ANN (coyly)  
Papa, I'm surprised at you.

MIKE (half-smile)  
Damn lawyers, they find out everything.

Ann laughs a little again and then she turns the tape recorder back on. A beat, then --

ANN  
How did you join the gendarmes?

Mike stares at the recorder for a long beat, and then his face gets very serious.

MIKE (slowly)  
Papa was peasant. He got friend in gendarme. He say to Papa -- You want boy in csendor, he don't gotta go Army. I like csendor. Got nice uniform. Feather on hat.

INT. HER OFFICE - TALBOT AND TALBOT

She faces a group of reporters, cameras. Bags of envelopes and money are dumped on the table in front of her.

ANN  
They're from all over the world. Most of them are scurrilously anti-Semitic. We've also received \$12,432 in contributions, most of it in small denominations. My father has decided to contribute this money -- and whatever future monies we receive -- to the Holocaust Memorial Foundation.

INT. JACK BURKE'S OFFICE - THE FEDERAL BUILDING

He sits there with Joe Dinofrio, watching the TV set.

ANN (on TV)

My father is financing his defense himself, from the money he earned at Republic Steel and the money that I've earned in my law practice.

DINOFRIO

It's transparent, fucking grandstanding!

JACK

It's beautiful, Joe. That's what it is. She's a real piece of work.

An INTERCOM buzzes.

THE SECRETARY (O.S.)

It's Ann Talbot for you on line two.

Dinofrio looks at him. Jack smiles.

INT.. A HUNGARIAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT

She sits at the bar, a drink in front of her. She is dressed very nicely, looks beautiful. Jack Burke comes in, goes up to her.

ANN (smiles)

Hi.

JACK

You wanna throw another drink at me, or did you decide to take me up on my offer?

ANN

Look. I'm sorry. We got off on the wrong foot. I've always had a working relationship with the other side.

JACK (smiles)

So the night before we go to court you decide to work on your working relationship. You're full of shit, lady, I don't believe it for a minute.

(a beat,; then seriously)

What do you really want?

ANN

The chicken paprikas.

They look at each other a beat. He smiles, sees how attractive she looks, and then smiles with her.

INT. THE RESTAURANT

They are eating, drinking wine. The place is candlelit; gypsy VIOLINISTS are at a nearby table.

JACK

My dad was on the force but I knew I didn't want to be a cop. I got my degree, went to work for the city as an assistant D.A. and after a while Uncle Sugar came after me.

They look at each other with smiles.

JACK

So how did a Szabo marry a Talbot?

ANN

We met in school. Some differences aren't that important on hayrides and gin jugs.

JACK

You went on a gin jug? I can't see you on a gin jug.

ANN

I went on a lot of gin jugs. I went on a lot of hayrides, too.

JACK

So what happened?

ANN (smiles)

On the gin jugs and hayrides, you mean?

JACK (grins)

Yes. No.

ANN (smiles, looks away

from him)

I don't know.

JACK (smiles)

I'll bet you do.

A beat, as they look at each other.

ANN (reflectively)

Maybe I wanted to become too American ... and then I realized I was trying to become too American.

(a beat)

Maybe the man I married wasn't the same man who became my husband.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

ANN (quietly)

See. I told you I didn't know.

A long beat as he looks at her, feeling in his eyes. He drinks more wine.

JACK  
What is this stuff? It's good.

ANN  
It's Bull's Blood. It sneaks up on you, then it clobbers you. It's a Hungarian trait.

He smiles -- they look at each other a long beat.

ANN (gently)  
I'm sorry about your wife and kids.

He takes a long look at her, then he looks away, shrugs.

ANN (gently)  
You must have felt very guilty.

He stares at her a beat.

JACK (with difficulty)  
It was an accident.

ANN  
The police report said you were drunk, Jack.

He stares at her a long beat, then --

JACK  
You fucking bitch.

ANN  
I hear it wasn't easy to cover up.

JACK  
You're really something, you know. You're as ruthless and deceptive as your old man.

ANN (gently)  
I didn't mean to upset you.

JACK (getting up)  
Yeah, you did. You find the soft flesh and you twist the knife -- isn't that the way the game is played? You shove the other side off balance.

ANN  
Didn't Legal Aid get you off? What if going after war criminals doesn't do it, either? What are you going to do then, Jack? Get yourself born again? Find Jesus?

He looks at her.

JACK

You enjoy it, don't you? You enjoy seeing the pain.

(a beat)

I liked you. I misjudged you. You are your father's daughter!

(a beat)

Is that what you think? Do you really think you need a self-serving reason to prosecute a war criminal? How about what they did? Isn't that good enough for you?

He walks away from the table. She smiles for the tiniest moment, and then she leans her head back and the smile fades.

INT. HER VOLVO - DAY

George drives; she sits next to George. Mike sits in the back, wearing the same old suit we saw him wear. He looks very nervous.

ANN

Smile, Papa. I want them to see you smile.

MIKE

How I can smile? I scared I gonna pee my pant.

ANN

Talk to George a lot. Smile at George a lot. I want them to see you being very friendly with George.

GEORGE

I'm not Jewish.

ANN

You're the next best thing, George.

George gives her a look.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up in front of the Federal Courthouse. A huge sea of reporters and cameramen wait for them on the courthouse steps.

They get out of the car -- the media swoops down on them. Mike looks scared, nervous.

They start making their way through the swarm of cameras -- and we see a police line now, separating two large groups of protesters.

On one side, we see "Nazi Killer" signs and signs about war criminals and the Holocaust. On the other side, we see signs saying "Mike Szabo" is innocent and signs about justice and communist conspiracy.

The two groups are screaming at each other and as they walk through, the police stiffen and keep the protesters away from them. Mike looks scared and nervous.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

Wall to wall people. Policemen surround them now as they make their way to the courtroom. They pass reporters doing on-camera setups. We see one in French, one in Spanish, and one in German. We see people being checked at a metal detector.

INT. THE COURTROOM

It is a gleaming old mahogany chamber with a raised platform for the judge. They walk in, go to the defense table. Mike looks around nervously. The vast courtroom is filled with reporters, spectators.

Ann looks at him, sees his nervousness. She puts her hands on his affectionately. He looks at her.

Karchy comes over to them. He is dressed in jeans and a windbreaker, looks very ruffled.

KARCHY (grins)  
Hey, Pop, can I sit up here?

ANN  
Give him a hug, Papa.

MIKE  
What the hell for?

ANN  
Give him a hug, Papa. Smile.

He hugs Karchy.

ANN  
Talk to George, Papa.

He looks at George, doesn't know what to say.

GEORGE  
Listen here, Mike, you think the Bears got a chance?

At the prosecution table, Jack Burke watches as he smiles with George. He sits next to Joe Dinofrio.

THE CLERK (quietly, on  
microphone)  
The United States of America versus  
Michael J. Szabo, the Honorable Samuel  
T. Silver presiding.

JUDGE SILVER comes to the bench in his robe. He is in his 70's. He is a distinguished-looking man with a quiet gravity. He is not the kind of judge who has ever had to really bang a gavel. He looks the large crowd of spectators over. They quiet immediately.

JUDGE SILVER (quietly)  
I will tolerate no outbursts,  
disturbances, or interruptions. If any  
of you have problems with your  
headsets, please bring your problems to  
the clerk's attention. You may make  
your opening statement, Mr. Burke.

(NOTE: Throughout the courtroom testimony, at various appropriate times, we will see, among the spectators: Karchy, Harry Talbot, Dave Talbot, Sandy Lehman, Mack Jones, reacting to the testimony. We will also see the reaction of the principals.)

JACK  
Thank you, Your Honor.

He approaches the bench. He walks around as he speaks.

JACK  
The issue in this case is simple.  
Michael J. Szabo lied on his  
application for American citizenship  
and was granted that citizenship under  
false pretenses. His citizenship,  
consequently, must be taken away. He  
lied to hide the fact that in the  
latter months of 1944 and the early  
months of 1945, he was a member of an  
SS-organized Hungarian death squad  
called the Special Section, a unit of  
the Hungarian gendarmes. He committed  
crimes so heinous that the mind boggles  
trying to comprehend them. We are not  
speaking here of the banality of evil  
-- of an anonymous bureaucrat sitting  
in an office giving orders. We are  
speaking of a man who committed these  
heinous crimes with his own hands. We  
are speaking of evil incarnate.

(a beat, then)  
Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE SILVER  
Mrs. Talbot.

She approaches the bench.

ANN (simply)

Your Honor, the issue here is not whether my father lied on his application for American citizenship. That is a smoke screen.

(a beat)

Yes, my father did lie.

There is sudden pandemonium in the courtroom. Some reporters run for the exits. Judge Silver bangs his gavel once, lightly.

JUDGE SILVER (calmly)

I will bar from this court anyone, including any member of the media, who disrupts these proceedings.

ANN

If the United States denaturalized everyone who lied on his citizenship application, we'd be depopulating our urban centers. The issue here is whether my father is a war criminal. My father lied because he did not want to be repatriated by a Communist government that either executed or sent to Siberian work camps all those who opposed it.

(a long beat)

Yes, he was a gendarme in Hungary.

Another outburst among the media -- Judge Silver stares it down.

ANN

But he was not a member of the Special Section. He was a clerk in an office. He requested that assignment at a risk to himself because he could not tolerate the brutalities he witnessed his fellow gendarmes commit in the streets of Budapest. My father is, simply, an innocent man unjustly accused. He has lived in the United States for almost 40 years, a model citizen who raised two children by himself and worked in the steel mill. He is a man who is being punished by proxy -- by a Communist government for an action he committed against the representatives of that government five years ago.

(a long beat)

My father is not an evil man. I know that and before this trial is over, I will prove it to you, too.

(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE SILVER

You may call your first witness, Mr. Burke.

INT. COURT - LATER

JAMES NATHANSON sits on the stand. He is in his 60's.

NATHANSON

I am employed by the United States Department of Justice, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, at the forensic document laboratory in Bethesda, Maryland. I am a senior forensic document examiner.

JACK

Approximately how many questioned documents have you examined and rendered reports on, Mr. Nathanson?

NATHANSON

Well over a hundred thousand.

JACK

Your Honor, at this time I offer James Nathanson as an expert witness in the area of questioned documents.

JUDGE SILVER

He may testify as an expert.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

A screen has been set up. On it we see two images of two identification cards. Both of them have photos -- headshots only. There is not much difference between the two photos. They are clearly the same man. Both cards have dates and signatures.

JACK (pointing to it)

What is the date of the Special Section identification card?

NATHANSON

November 1, 1944.

He points to the other card.

JACK

What is the date of the immigration card issued upon arrival to the United States, the so-called green card?

NATHANSON

February 12, 1952.

JACK

What is your conclusion concerning the two documents?

NATHANSON

My conclusion is that the photographs are of the same man and the signatures are of the same man: Michael J. Szabo.

NOISE in the courtroom.

JACK

Did you conduct an examination as to the authenticity of Government Exhibit One, the Special Section Identification Card?

ANN

Objection, Your Honor. Government Exhibit One is not a Special Section Identification Card. It is a photostat of an Special Section Identification Card.

JUDGE SILVER

Sustained.

NATHANSON (to Jack)

I conducted a full-phase examination of the photostat I was provided to determine whether there had been alteration in any form.

JACK

What methodology did you use?

NATHANSON

I studied the document under low power stereoscopic microscope to determine background tone. In addition, I did a photo study using different filters, different types of film, different lighting conditions looking for alterations.

JACK

And what is your conclusion?

NATHANSON

There is no alteration of any kind. The exhibit is authentic.

JACK

Your witness.

He sits down; Ann goes up to him.

ANN

Mr. Nathanson, when you say you did a photo study -- you mean you did a photo study of a photostat, don't you?

NATHANSON

Yes.

ANN

Did the fact that Government Exhibit Number One is a photostat of a document and not the document itself hinder you in any way?

NATHANSON

I felt I was not restricted by the photostat.

ANN

Would you have felt more confident in your conclusions if you were dealing not with a photostat but with the identification card itself?

NATHANSON

I feel just as confident in my conclusions without it.

ANN

Mr. Nathanson, in analyzing a photostat to authenticate the document itself, is it possible to consider the texture of the document itself?

NATHANSON

The photostat, examined microscopically, would show any alterations in the paper.

ANN

Can you authenticate the age of the paper itself, the document itself, with a photostat of it?

NATHANSON (after a long beat)

Indirectly, yes.

ANN

Indirectly.

NATHANSON

Yes, using the stereoscopic equipment.

ANN

But the only way to authenticate it directly is by having the document itself.

NATHANSON (after a beat)

Yes.

ANN

Mr. Nathanson, the conclusions that you reached here today are not conclusive, are they?

NATHANSON

I don't know what you mean.

ANN

A fingerprint, for example, matched against another fingerprint -- using that as a basis for conclusiveness -- the conclusions you have reached as a result of your tests are not on an equal par with fingerprints, are they?

NATHANSON

In my opinion, they are.

ANN (smiles)

Your opinion.

NATHANSON

Yes.

She walks to her table. A long beat; she is thinking about something, then --

ANN

Are you Jewish, Mr. Nathanson?

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom. Jack leaps up.

JACK

Objection, Your Honor! His religion is not relevant here.

ANN

It relates to the witness's objectivity, Your Honor. He just said he was offering his opinion!

JACK

He offered conclusions based on years of --

JUDGE SILVER

Overruled.

BUZZING in the courtroom.

JUDGE SILVER (to Nathanson)

You may answer the question.

NATHANSON (after a beat)

I am Unitarian... but I am part Jewish, on my father's side.

ANN (smiles)  
No further questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE SILVER  
We will adjourn 'til tomorrow morning.

He strikes his gavel. Loud NOISE, BUZZING in the courtroom.

JACK (to Dinofrio)  
First witness and that's her bottom  
line: Are you Jewish?

He looks at Ann and Mike, smiling at each other.

INT. ANN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Ann drives; George sits next to her.

ANN  
Find out where the witnesses from  
Hungary are staying. I want to know  
who they see. I want to know what they  
talk about.

GEORGE  
How'm I gonna find that out?

ANN  
You've got your ways, don't you,  
George.

They look at each other a beat.

GEORGE  
They're gonna be talkin' Hungarian.

ANN  
I can understand Hungarian.

She turns to Mike in the backseat. He looks drained.

ANN  
Call Karchy, Papa. Tell him to wear a  
suit tomorrow. I want both of us  
sitting next to you.

He just looks at her.

ANN (smiles)  
We're doing just fine.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - ANN'S HOUSE - DUSK

She and Mike are walking away from the car. Mikey is playing in the driveway, shooting baskets, all bundled up.

MIKEY  
Hi, Grandpa. Hi, Mom.

He's got a black eye, badly bruised and puffed.

Mike stands there, staring at him.

MIKEY

It'll be okay. It doesn't hurt, it really doesn't.

ANN

Come on, let's put something on it.

She touches his face tenderly, starts hurrying toward the house.

MIKEY

It was just a fight, mom, that's all.  
Hey, Grandpa, you wanna play my  
Nintendo?

And the old man suddenly, violently, smashes his fist against the car.

MIKE (with cold fury)

Goddamn 'em to hell! Son-the-bitches!  
Goddamn 'em to fuckin' hell!

They stare at him. He is shaking slightly.

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He is lying on his side, an ice pack up against his eye.  
She comes into the room.

ANN

How's your eye?

He says nothing, then --

MIKEY

Can I go to the trial?

ANN

You've got school --

MIKEY

I know all about that stuff anyway.  
Grandpa told me all about it.

ANN (smiles)

What did he tell you?

MIKEY

It's a secret, just between him and me.

ANN

You can tell me, can't you?

MIKEY (after a beat)  
He said it was all a big exaggeration.  
The Holocaust and stuff. The Jews made  
it all up.

ANN (stunned)  
He said that?

MIKEY  
You're not gonna say anything, are you? .

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

She goes into his room. His back is to her. He is on the  
floor, doing push-ups. She looks at him a long beat.

ANN (quietly)  
How could you say that?

He looks at her a beat, sees her expression, gets up.

MIKE  
What I say?

ANN  
To Mikey. About the Holocaust. You  
said --

MIKE  
I don't say nothin' to him.

ANN  
Don't lie to me, Papa!

MIKE  
I no lie to you. I say nothing.

ANN  
Yes you did. He told me!

They stare at each other a long beat.

MIKEY (behind her)  
He didn't, Mom.

She looks at him.

MIKEY  
Grandpa Talbot.

He and Mike look at each other a beat.

ANN  
Go to bed, Mikey.

MIKEY (accusingly)  
You said you wouldn't say anything.

And he goes out. She and Mike stand there a long beat.

MIKE (emotionally)  
You think I lie to you, Anna?

ANN  
No, Papa.

He looks at her.

ANN  
I'm sorry, Papa. I'm sorry.

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY

Mike sits with Ann and Karchy, who is wearing an ill-fitting suit. Judge Silver is up on the bench.

JUDGE SILVER  
You may call your next witness, Mr. Burke.

JACK  
May we see you in chambers, Your Honor?

JUDGE SILVER  
You may.

MIKE  
What goin' on, Anna?

ANN (disturbed)  
I don't know.

INT. JUDGE SILVER'S CHAMBERS

Nothing ornate about it; very simple. They walk in, Judge Silver sits down.

JACK  
I have some good news, Your Honor. The Hungarian government has turned over the Special Section I.D. card to the Justice Department labs in Washington.

Ann looks stunned, says nothing.

JUDGE SILVER  
Well, that's going to simplify everything.

They look at her. Jack smiles at her. She doesn't look happy.

JUDGE SILVER  
Do you have a problem with that, Mrs. Talbot?

ANN

No, Your Honor.

(a beat; to Jack)

As soon as I score some points on one of your witnesses, they throw something into the pot from Budapest. Are you prosecuting this case, or are they?

JACK

Come on, we've been working for months through the embassies to get it. You've been carrying on so much about the photostat you should be jumping for joy.

(he smiles)

Unless you know the I.D. card is authentic.

They look at each other a beat.

JACK

Why don't you make a motion to exclude it from the evidence, that'd look real good, wouldn't it?

They look at her a beat. She's trapped. She glares at Jack.

JUDGE SILVER (to Ann)

I'll let your forensic documents man examine it first. Will a week be sufficient?

ANN (nods)

Thank you, Your Honor.

JACK (smiles)

I have no objection to that.

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY

JACK

We call Istvan Boday, Your Honor.

An OLD MAN, stooped over, with difficulty walking, comes to the stand with a cane. Ann watches him. The courtroom is hushed.

THE CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

BODAY

Ya, I do.

He speaks very quietly. He sits down.

JUDGE SILVER

Mr. Boday, do you speak English?

BODAY

Little.

JUDGE SILVER

We can use the headsets if you'd like to speak Hungarian.

BODAY

I try English, good language.

The judge smiles.

JACK

Where do you reside, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Budapest (pron: Budapesht) Hungary.

JACK

In December of 1944, Mr. Boday, where did you reside?

BODAY

In Budapest ghetto. Our family -- we must go the ghet-to, it order.

JACK

Mr. Boday, can you describe to us the events of December 14, 1944?

BODAY

Ya.

He looks down, says nothing a long beat. He has difficulty continuing. Then he clears his throat and continues, speaking quietly, slowly.

BODAY

Night. Seven o'clock. One room we in. My mother, father, my brother, my wife, my Clara, my boy.

JACK (gently)

How old was your boy.

BODAY

He seven year old.

(a long beat)

They come.

JACK

Who came, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Special Section. They come in, machine gun, uniform.

JACK

How were they

BODAY

Black. All black. On arm, how you say? Insignia. Cross. Arrow cross.

JACK

Did you know about the Special Section before?

BODAY

Ya. We see. Ghet-to no permit inside soldier. Officially. They come anyway. Special Section come before.

JACK

How many of them were there, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Four. Two leader. One, have scar on face. Other -- big boss. Mishka.

JACK

His name was Mishka?

BODAY

Ya, they call to him Mishka.

JACK

What does Mishka mean in Hungarian?

BODAY

Mike. Name for Mike.

BUZZING in the courtroom.

JACK

What did they do, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

They say -- You Jew, you filthy Jew, you die.

JACK

Who said that, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Mishka. He do most talk. They say -- You got jewel, diamond. All you Jews got gold. You give. My father say -- We got nothing.

JACK (after a long beat)

What happened then, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Mishka -- he take my wife, my Clara -- he say "Open mouth, pig." She scared, cry. He take her mouth, open mouth with hand. He look at teeth. He

More BUZZING in the courtroom.

JACK

What did he mean?

BODAY

They take, steal, everything. Teeth, jewel, painting, furniture, box with the music inside, everything.

JACK

What happened then?

BODAY

They take us from ghet-to. Very cold. Snow. We march in street. My mother fall. One of them, not Mishka, he beat her on head with rifle. We keep march. We no see Mama again. She stay in street.

JACK

Where did they march you?

BODAY

They march us to the Duna, riverbank, Dunube. By bridge, Lanchid. To field. Many people there, Jews. Mishka laugh we march. He say -- Dirty Jew, you get bath. Water cold, kill fleas.

JACK

What happened on the Danube riverbank, Mr. Boday?

A long beat, then with great difficulty --

BODAY

They tell us -- stand close, front each other. Three and two. My father, me, my boy. My brother, my Clara. We stand close. They take wire -- they wrap wire around us, two group. Very tight. We can no move.

A long beat -- absolute silence. He drinks some water. A long beat, then quietly --

BODAY

They move us to edge of bank of river. Mishka say -- Sorry, we no got enough the bullet. He laugh.

He stops again. A long beat.

BODAY

He take pistol. He go behind my Clara. He say -- One for you, Jew pig. He shoot.

A long beat.

BODAY

He come behind us. He put pistol my father head. He shoot. Then they push us in Duna.

JACK

He shot your father in the head and dumped all three of you in the river?

BODAY

Ya. He push from edge. We wire together. We can no move. Duna very cold. They think we all die.

JACK

How did you survive, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

In river ten, fifteen minute. I feel I dead. Can no move. We got sweep to bank. I get hand out, take wire off. Father dead. Boy dead. I no see Clara and brother. They dead too.

JACK (after a pause)

Mr. Boday, is that the man who shot your father and your wife and dumped you in the river?

We see Mike's photo on the Special Section card flashed up on the screen in the courtroom.

BODAY (looks at it)

Ya, that is Mishka.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom. Judge Silver stares it down.

JACK

Is there any doubt in your mind that is the man, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

I see him forty-four year every night I close eyes. Every night, forty-four year. I no forget. It is Mishka.

JACK

No further questions, Your Honor. Your witness.

She goes up to him. She looks nervous.

ANN (gently)

Would you like to take a short recess before we begin, Mr. Boday?

He shakes his head. looks at her.

ANN (gently)

Mr. Boday, how did you identify my father as the man who did this to your family.

BODAY

They come to me six month ago, show me photograph.

ANN (jumping on it)

They brought you his photograph and you said that was the man.

Some BUZZING in courtroom.

JACK

Objection, your honor. The witness is mis-speaking himself.

ANN

He's coaching the witness, your honor!

BODAY

Photographs -- my English not so good. They show me photographs. Many photographs. Of many people.

ANN

Who showed you the photographs, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Four of them come. Mr. Burke -- man from American embassy, man from Hungarian Interior Ministry, and translator.

ANN

What did they tell you?

BODAY

Mr. Burke, he say with translator he investigate war criminal. He find in United Nations my affidavit what happen. He say they think they have man.

ANN

And then they showed you some photographs?

BODAY

Ya.

ANN

How many photographs were there, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Many.

ANN

How many? Ten, twenty, a hundred, two hundred?

BODAY

Twelve or fifteen.

ANN (sharp)

Which was it, twelve or fifteen?

JACK

Objection, Your Honor. She's badgering the witness.

JUDGE SILVER

Sustained.

BODAY (after a beat)

I no remember.

ANN

You don't remember. How were the photographs displayed to you?

BODAY

Display? I no understand.

ANN

Shown to you, Mr. Boday.

BODAY

They put on table.

ANN

And of these twelve or fifteen photographs, where was my father's picture on the table.

BODAY

I don't remember exactly.

ANN

You don't remember that, either. Well, was it among the others, was it placed separately, was it on top?

BODAY

No, it among them. One of the many.

ANN

Were the photographs all the same size, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

Ya.

ANN (a little taken aback)  
All of them were the same size?

BODAY

Ya.

ANN  
 Were the men in the photographs shown  
 you the same age?

BODAY

Ya, they all young.

ANN

Every one of them was the same age?

BODAY

Ya, every one young like Mishka.

Jack smiles.

ANN (after a beat)  
 How long did it take you to recognize  
 the photograph, Mr. Boday?

BODAY

How long?

ANN

Yes.

He shrugs his shoulders.

ANN

You said you'd dreamed about him every  
 night for 44 years. You said you  
 couldn't forget. So how long did it  
 take you?

BODAY

I don't remember exactly.

ANN

You don't remember that, either. Can  
 you give us your best estimate, Mr.  
 Boday?

BODAY

About five seconds.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom. She looks stunned. A long  
 beat, then --

ANN

Are you a member of the Communist Party  
 in Hungary, Mr. Boday?

Loud BUZZING. Jack leaps to his feet.

JACK  
Objection, Your Honor! Irrelevant and immaterial! --

ANN (hard)  
It relates to his credibility as an objective witness, Your Honor --

Before Judge Silver can answer --

BODAY  
No. I no like Communist. They know I no like them. What they can do to me? I old man, no have family. Nobody can no hurt me no more.

A long beat, as Ann stares at him, then --

ANN (weakly)  
No further questions.

JUDGE SILVER (bangs his gavel)  
We will recess for one hour.

JACK (to Dinofrio, grins)  
She walked right into it.

INT. A ROOM AT THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Small room with a few chairs.

ANN (on the phone)  
Georgine Wheeler, please.

She looks nervous.

KARCEY (eating a sandwich)  
This is good salami. Hey, Pop, you want a salami sandwich? I got an extra.

Mike just shakes his head, sits on a chair, stares off.  
Harry Talbot comes in.

HARRY (smiles)  
Hello, Mishka. How you holding up?

MIKE  
Okay, Harry.

Harry slaps him on the back gently.

ANN (on phone; to herself)  
Come on, George.

HARRY (to Ann)  
I thought you did great... considering everything.

She says nothing to Harry.

ANN (on phone)  
Georgine Wheeler.

KARCHY  
Hey, Harry, you want a salami sandwich?

HARRY (smiles a little)  
Are you kidding?  
(to Mike)  
The trouble is, these clowns in  
Washington today are so full of shit  
and glasnost and building Hilton Hotels  
over there -- this would never have  
gotten into a courtroom in the 50's.

Mike just sits there, says nothing.

ANN (holding phone, to Harry)  
How could you say that to Mikey?

HARRY  
What did I say to him?

ANN  
About the Holocaust. You know what you  
said to him.

HARRY  
I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about.  
(he smiles)  
Mikey and I don't discuss politics.

She looks at him a beat. Mike stares, poker-faced. Then  
George comes in.

ANN (hanging up)  
I've been trying to find you.

She rushes to George. They whisper together. We don't hear  
what they say. Karchy starts eating the other sandwich.

KARCHY  
I love salami. You like salami, Harry?  
Here, come on, I'm not gonna eat all of  
this, take it --

He forces the half-chewed sandwich on Harry. Harry takes  
it, forces a smile, looks like he's touched a piece of shit.

HARRY (holding it)  
Just what I needed.

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY

JUDIT HOLLO is on the stand.

She is an old woman in her 70's with a wonderful, weathered face. She is dressed all in black, with a black babushka. She is trying her headset on.

JUDGE SILVER

You just speak in Hungarian. The questions will be translated to you and your answers will be translated to us. Am I being translated to you now?

A beat, and then the old woman smiles and nods.

JUDGE SILVER (smiles)

Good.

As she speaks, we see subtitles. She will speak in Hungarian throughout.

JACK

Where do you reside, Mrs. Hollo?

HOLLO

In Kispest, Hungary.

JACK

Mrs. Hollo, where were you on the afternoon of January 17th, 1945?

HOLLO

I was at work. I worked at the dry cleaner's. I left work early that day because the bombings were especially heavy. My home was only about a half mile from the shop. I was walking down Kerendi Street. Many buildings were on fire. There was smoke everywhere. The air raid sirens were on. I was at the corner of Kerendi Street and Javor street when I saw them.

JACK

Who did you see?

HOLLO

There were three men in black uniforms. All in black. I knew they were Special Section. They were talking to a woman and a child, a boy about ten years old. The black uniforms were looking at their papers. They were shouting. I was frightened. I ducked into a doorway.

JACK

Did they see you?

HOLLO

No.

JACK

How far were you from them?

HOLLO

About four stores away.

JACK

What happened then, Mrs. Hollo?

HOLLO

One of them said to her -- You Jew whore, what are you doing here, you should be in the ghetto.

JACK

What did the woman say?

HOLLO

She said -- No, I am not a Jew. They shouted at her. They said they knew she was a Jew. She insisted she was not. Then the one who did most of the talking said -- "You are not a Jew? Then tell your boy to say the Our Father."

JACK

What happened then?

HOLLO

She started to cry. He yelled at the boy: "Say the Our Father, Jew!" Then the boy started to cry, too.

JACK

What happened then, Mrs. Hollo?

HOLLO

He said to them, the one who did most of the talking, he said to the woman -- "Take off your clothes." She started crying more. The others laughed. She couldn't say anything. She was crying very hard.

A long beat, then --

HOLLO

He took a revolver out and put it to her head.

A long beat.

JACK (quietly)

What happened then?

HOLLO (quietly)

He shot her in the head.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom.

HOLLO (quietly)

The boy... The boy threw himself atop her.

(a beat)

He shot the boy in the head.

Loud NOISE in the courtroom.

HOLLO

One of them said -- "Come on, Mishka, let's get out of here."

(a long beat)

They just walked away.

JACK

Mrs. Hollo, is that the man who shot that boy and his mother on the 17th of January, 1945?

We see Mike's photo on the Special Section card flashed up on the screen in the courtroom. She looks at the screen a beat, nods.

HOLLO

That is the man.

JACK

Are you positive it is him?

HOLLO

He walked right by me when they left. He was so close, I could have reached out and touched him.

JACK

Your witness.

Ann goes up to her.

ANN

Mrs. Hollo, did you make a phone call to Budapest from your hotel room last night?

JACK (leaps up)

Objection, Your Honor! That is irrelevant and immaterial. This woman is not on trial here!

ANN

It relates to her state of mind, Your Honor.

JACK

Her state of mind is not at issue here!

JUDGE SILVER (after a  
long beat)  
I will allow it, but you'd better show  
me quickly how it relates.

Jack looks upset, sits down.

HOLLO  
Yes, I made a call.

ANN  
Who did you call?

HOLLO  
My son.

ANN  
What does your son do in Hungary, Mrs.  
Hollo?

JACK (leaps up)  
Objection, Your Honor. It is not  
relevant! Her son's private life has  
no bearing on --

JUDGE SILVER  
Overruled.

ANN  
What does your son do in Hungary, Mrs.  
Hollo?

HOLLO (after a beat)  
He works in the Agricultural Ministry  
in Budapest. He is deputy to the  
Assistant Agricultural Minister.

ANN  
He is a Communist official?

JACK (leaps up)  
This woman is not on trial here, Your  
Honor! Her son is not on trial here.  
This is Red-baiting, Your Honor.

ANN (heated; to Judge)  
Your Honor, this woman is here as  
an objective witness. I must be able  
to ask questions regarding her  
motivation --

JACK  
How the hell did you know she called  
anyone?

There is a very loud NOISE in the courtroom.

JUDGE SILVER (evenly, to both)  
Will you approach the bench, please?

They approach the bench. Jack looks furious. She is calm.

JUDGE SILVER (quietly)  
How did you know she called someone?

ANN  
I didn't. I was fishing.

JACK  
Bullshit!  
(to Ann)  
What the hell did you do? Wire her room?

ANN  
If Mr. Burke is accusing me of an illegal act, Your Honor, he should do it formally.

JACK  
Sure. And allow you to turn this into a three-ring circus!

JUDGE SILVER  
I'm going to allow you to continue this line of questioning but I'm not going to allow it much longer if you don't reach your point.

ANN  
Thank you, Your Honor.

JACK (angry)  
My objection stands for the record.

JUDGE SILVER  
Your objection is overruled for the record.

(to Clerk)  
The objection is overruled.

ANN (to Mrs. Hollo)  
He is a Communist official?

HOLLO (after a beat)  
He is an official of the government.

ANN  
He is a member of the Communist Party?

Jack looks disgusted.

HOLLO  
All officials of the government are members of the Communist Party.

ANN

After you identified my father's photograph in Budapest, did you speak to your son about it?

HOLLO (after a beat)

Yes.

ANN

What did he say to you?

HOLLO

He told me I should tell the truth about what I saw.

ANN

Did he tell you that my father was once arrested for disrupting the American tour of the Hungarian National Folkdancers?

JACK (from his chair)

Objection.

JUDGE SILVER

Overruled.

HOLLO

He did not. I did not know it was the man I identified until the newspaper in Budapest printed it last week.

BUZZING in the courtroom. Jack closes his eyes.

ANN (smiles)

I see. But you are aware of it now.

HOLLO

Yes. But it doesn't have anything to do with my testimony.

ANN

Doesn't it? No further questions, Your Honor.

Mrs. Hollo looks at her a long beat, then at Mike.

JUDGE SILVER (kindly)

You may step down, madam...

She steps down, walks away. Jack sits there, upset.

JUDGE SILVER

You may call your next witness, Mr. Burke.

JACK

We call Geza Vamos.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

GEZA VAMOS is a thin man in his 60's. He is nervous throughout, he has a nervous smile which appears all the time. He wears his headset as he testifies, though he speaks in broken English much of the time. When he speaks Hungarian, we see subtitles.

JACK

Mr. Vamos, where were you between December of 1944 and March of 1945?

VAMOS

In Budapest, forced labor.

JACK

You were a forced laborer?

VAMOS

Ya, they take me out of ghetto to labor.

JACK

Where did you work, Mr. Vamos?

VAMOS

At bank of Duna, Danube River, Lanchid Interrogation Center.

JACK

What were your duties there?

VAMOS

Clean-up.

JACK

What was the Lanchid Interrogation Center?

VAMOS

Two building, warehouse, field lead to river.

JACK

What was it used for?

VAMOS

Interrogate Jew by Nyilas --

Subtitle: Arrow Cross.

VAMOS

Gendarmes and Special Section.

JACK

Where were these interrogations conducted?

VAMOS

Inside warehouse, outside field.

JACK

Did you meet a Special Section man there known as Mishka?

VAMOS

Ya. Everybody know Mishka. Everybody 'fraid. Mishka worst there. Everybody said, Mishka worst.

JACK

Why was that?

VAMOS

Mishka enjoy.

JACK

What did you see Mishka do at the Interrogation Center that you observed him enjoying?

VAMOS

Mishka liked kill Jew. Not just Jew. Mishka liked kill Gypsy more than Jew. Mishka tell everybody -- Gypsy come here, you give me. He get -- how you say this?

(in Hungarian)

-- He hated the Gypsies so much, he even called the dark-complected Jews Gypsies. He'd say -- "Hey, Gypsy" even to Jews.

At the table, George glances at Mike. Ann sees the glance -- we see a flash of fear in Ann's eyes. Mike sits there without expression.

VAMOS

Mishka like game. Inside, they ask Jew -- you have gold, diamond? Jew not say anything, Mishka take outside, play game.

JACK

What was this "game" like?

VAMOS

He put bayonet in earth. He tell Jew -- you get on earth -- you exercise.

JACK

How do you mean?

VAMOS

Body over bayonet, arm and leg on earth  
-- push up and down --

JACK

Push-ups?

VAMOS

Ya, ya, push-up. Mishka like push-up.  
He do push-up, too.

(he smiles)

No bayonet.

We see fear in Ann's eyes as she stares at Vamos. She looks disturbed.

JACK

So he would have them do push-ups over  
the bayonet --

VAMOS

Ya, ya. Till fall into bayonet. We  
throw in Duna. Clean-up.

(he smiles)

I do clean-up.

A long beat; the horror and shock in the courtroom is palpable.

JACK

Did you ever have occasion to speak to  
Mishka?

VAMOS

No can speak. We speak, Mishka hit  
with gun. No can look, how do I say --  
(in Hungarian)

We were not permitted to look into his  
eyes. We cast our eyes down whenever  
we were around him.

JACK

Mr. Vamos, was there an ammunition  
shortage while you were at the  
Interrogation Center?

VAMOS

Ya.

JACK

What effect did that shortage have on  
the center?

VAMOS

Big trouble. They no can shoot. No  
got bullet. They play game with  
bayonet. They take wire, wire people  
together, shoot one, dump all into  
Duna.

JACK  
Did you ever see the man known as  
Mishka do that?

VAMOS  
Ya, many times.

JACK  
How many times, Mr. Vamos?

VAMOS  
Twenty, thirty.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom.

VAMOS  
River red. Ice on side of river red.  
Bodies -- how you say -- corpse on side  
of river blue.  
(he smiles)  
Duna blue. Blue Danube.

A long beat; utter silence in the courtroom.

JACK  
Mr. Vamos, is that the man you knew as  
Mishka at the Lanchid Interrogation  
Center?

We see Mike's photo on the Special Section card flashed up  
on the screen in the courtroom.

VAMOS  
Ya.

But he doesn't look at the screen.

JACK  
Will you look at his picture, Mr.  
Vamos.

VAMOS  
Ya.

But he still doesn't look at the screen, keeps his head  
down.

JACK  
Please, Mr. Vamos, can you look at his  
picture?

A long beat; he finally glances up quickly, then down.

VAMOS  
It is him.

JACK  
Your witness.

Ann gets up, looks at him a long beat. She still looks disturbed.

ANN

I'm sorry to have to ask you these questions.

Vamos gives her that out of place, nervous little smile.

ANN

Mr. Vamos, do you know Istvan Boday?

JACK (whispering, to

Dinofrio)

We've got her; she's going up the wrong tree.

VAMOS

I know he witness. I read in Budapest newspaper he witness.

ANN

Did you know him in Hungary?

VAMOS

No. I no meet.

ANN

You never spoke to him in Hungary.

VAMOS

They tell us no speak to each other, no meet.

ANN

Why is that, Mr. Vamos?

VAMOS

They no want us talk each other about case. What we say -- clean.

ANN

So you never spoke to him in Hungary.

VAMOS

No. I no meet.

ANN

You never spoke to him on the plane over here.

VAMOS

They have us come different plane.

ANN

You never spoke to him in your hotel.

VAMOS

They have us come different hotel.

ANN (smiles)

I see.

(a beat)

Mr. Vamos, do you lie often?

JACK (leaps up)

Objection, Your Honor, she's insulting --

JUDGE SILVER (sharply)

Sustained....

VAMOS

No, I no lie --

ANN

Then why don't you tell us about your meeting in your hotel room last night with Mr. Boday?!

Loud NOISE in the courtroom. Jack suddenly looks sick.

JACK

Your Honor, this witness just said he's never met Mr. Boday --

ANN (hard)

You met with him in your hotel room last night, didn't you, Mr. Vamos?

He starts to shake his head --

JUDGE SILVER

Mrs. Talbot --

ANN (hard)

Didn't you!

JACK (on his feet)

She's badgering this witness, Your Honor --

VAMOS

Ya, he come to my room.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom. Jack sits down.

JACK (to Dinofrio)

Jesus Christ.

ANN

So you were lying before when you told us you'd never spoken to him?

VAMOS (after a long beat)

Ya, I lie.

ANN

Do you lie often, Mr. Vamos?

Jack closes his eyes.

VAMOS (almost crying)

Boday come to my room. He want to know about wife and brother. He don't never know what happen to wife and brother. He ask if --

ANN

Did you and Mr. Boday go over your stories, Mr. Vamos? Did you compare notes?

VAMOS

Boday ask me if I remember. He show me wife's picture.

ANN

No further questions, Your Honor.

VAMOS (to Judge)

Please, how you can do this? I come here, I tell truth.

JUDGE SILVER (sadly)

You may step down, Mr. Vamos.

VAMOS (to Judge)

How it can be wrong? A man ask about his wife? That wrong?

JUDGE SILVER

You may step down.

A long beat, and then Vamos gets down. Mike watches him. Vamos has to pass him as he goes out. His head down, he starts going near the defense table, and then he stops. He looks at Mike quickly, then down again. He freezes, just stands there, staring at the floor. The courtroom is hushed. Everyone stares.

JUDGE SILVER (quietly)

Go on, Mr. Vamos.

He just stands there.

JUDGE SILVER (gently)

No one will hurt you here, Mr. Vamos.

A beat; he looks back at Judge Silver. Their eyes meet for a moment, and then he nods and with his face averted, passes Mike and heads out. Ann stares. Jack whispers to Dinofrio.

JUDGE SILVER

Considering the lateness of the hour,  
we will adjourn till tomorrow morning.

JACK

Your Honor, we have one more witness.

Ann looks startled. She looks at some pages in front of her.

ANN

I show no other witnesses, Your Honor.

JACK (approaches bench)

She has just arrived from Hungary and  
would like to return as soon as  
possible.

ANN

Your Honor, I have to object. There is  
no mention of any other witness in my  
case file.

JACK

We located the witness yesterday. She  
took the first plane from Budapest last  
night.

JUDGE SILVER

You may call your witness, Mr. Burke.

JACK

We call Eva Kalman, Your Honor.

Ann looks upset. She watches as a well-dressed, very poised  
woman in her early 60's, walks to the stand. Mike stares at  
her.

MIKE

Who she, Anna?

ANN (disturbed)

I don't know.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

MRS. KALMAN uses the headset throughout.

JACK

Mrs. Kalman, what is your occupation in  
Hungary?

KALMAN

I am a psychiatrist specializing in  
rape trauma.

JACK (looking at Ann)  
Are you a member of the Communist Party  
in Hungary?

KALMAN

No.

JACK (looking at Ann)  
Do you have any family members who are  
members of the Communist Party?

KALMAN

No.

JACK  
Have you spoken to any of the other  
witnesses in this case?

KALMAN

Your investigator came to see me  
yesterday morning. Eight hours later I  
was on an airplane I arrived two hours  
ago. I have spoken to no one.

JACK

Mrs. Kalman, can you describe to us the  
sequence of events that began on the  
16th of February, 1945?

KALMAN

I was returning home from a piano  
lesson. It was early evening. A car  
stopped in the street. There were two  
men inside. They were wearing the  
uniforms of the Special Section. They  
asked me for identification. I had  
left my purse at the piano lesson. I  
had no papers.

(a long beat)

One of the men, he had a long scar on  
the left side of his face, he said --  
"Look how pretty this pig is, Mishka."  
They said I was a Jew. I told them I  
was not.

JACK (looking at Ann)  
Are you Jewish, Mrs. Kalman?

KALMAN

I am Roman Catholic.

JACK

How old were you when this happened to  
you?

KALMAN

I was seventeen.

JACK

Please continue, Mrs. Kalman.

KALMAN (after a long beat)

They told me I was under arrest and put me in the car. They drove over the bridge, the Lanchid, and turned into the buildings on the riverbank. They were quite friendly, actually, in the car. They asked me about playing the piano. They took me into the building.

(a beat)

They took me into a little room.

She hesitates a long beat. We see it is almost impossible for her to go on, but she overcomes it and continues.

KALMAN

There was nothing in the room but a mattress on the floor.

A long beat, then quietly --

KALMAN

They told me to stand against a wall... They told me to take my clothes off... I started to cry... I told them I was a virgin... They laughed... Mishka said, "We will teach you to play us like you play the piano." Mishka took out a revolver and he... forced it into my mouth... into my throat. The other one tore my clothes... He lighted a cigarette... He put the cigarette against my...

Ann stares, her eyes huge. Mike looks like he is in shock, shaking his head. His head is down. It is hushed in the courtroom.

KALMAN

They took turns... I passed out... There were others... Men who came into the room... and left... and came back... I lost track of time... They burned me... Someone took my picture... The flash... would awaken me.

She starts to cry, but continues.

KALMAN

Then... I don't know how much later... it was Mishka again...

She can barely talk.

KALMAN

"Pig," he said, "you have learned to perform very well." And he started again.

A long beat.

KALMAN (choked)

Their spit... the semen... blood...

A long beat, and then in a voice of quiet, choked outrage --

KALMAN

They turned me into a spittoon.

A long pause. Ann closes her eyes. Mike is shaking his head, there are tears in his eyes.

KALMAN

"You are tired, pig," Mishka said.  
"You need exercise." The other was there. He laughed. They stood me up. I couldn't walk. They carried me... outside.

A long pause; she is recovering now, an amazingly strong woman.

KALMAN

It was cold. It was so cold. On the ground, in the snow, there was a bayonet.

The horror in the courtroom is palpable.

KALMAN

They told me to get down on my hands and feet over the bayonet. They told me to exercise. The bayonet was at my... stomach. I pushed myself up once and then I fell... onto the bayonet.

We see some of the spectators in the courtroom crying.

KALMAN

I heard them laugh. Mishka said, "A healthy body makes a healthy spirit."

It is the same phrase we heard Mike say to Mikey in the first scene. We see Ann's face. She looks like she is in shock. Mike is shaking his head, crying, his head down. Ann just stares at the woman, won't look at him.

KALMAN

I remember nothing else. I was told I was found on the bank of the river.

JACK

Mrs. Kalman, is that the man known to you as Mishka?

We see Mike's photo on the Special Section I.D. card flashed on the screen in the courtroom. She looks at the screen.

KALMAN (simply)

Yes. That is the man.

JACK

Your witness.

Ann just sits there a long beat, frozen. Then she gets up.

ANN (after a beat)

No questions.

The courtroom is stunned. Jack looks at her in disbelief. Mike still has his head down.

JACK

The government rests.

She just stands there, staring at the woman. There is a continuing UPROAR in the courtroom, and then --

MIKE

No! I did not do this!

He gets up. He is very emotional, his voice choked. Everyone stares. Ann won't look at him, she just stands there. He starts to cry.

MIKE

I did not do this!

He goes up to Mrs. Kalman. In the b.g., his photo on the Special Section I.D. card is still on the screen.

MIKE (crying)

I did not do this to you! I am not a beast! I am a father! I was a husband! I loved my wife... I could not do these things.

He is crying hard now, very emotional. He goes up very close to her.

MIKE (in Hungarian)

Please, tell them! I did not do these things!

She looks at him a long beat as he stands in front of her, broken, crying.

KALMAN (quietly)

Yes. You are the beast.

He looks at her. A beat. And then she spits into his face.

He stands there a long beat, in shock, as there is PANDEMONIUM in the courtroom, and then he collapses to the floor. Karchy runs to him, holds him as the place is in CHAOS.

Ann stands there, staring at him in Karchy's arms. In the b.g., his photo on the Special Section I.D. card is still on the screen in the courtroom.

JACK (to Ann)

Great timing. What do you wanna bet there's nothing wrong with him?

She just stares at her father in Karchy's arms and then she looks at Mrs. Kalman. Mrs. Kalman is looking right at her. There is a smile on her face.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM

She sits there, smoking, alone, staring. A DOCTOR comes out. She looks at him, in a daze.

THE DOCTOR

His blood pressure's sky high. He has a slight arhythmia -- not uncommon for his age. I don't see anything immediately life-threatening.

(a beat)

Look, I know the pressure he's been under. I don't know how much more pressure his system can take.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM

She walks in, sees him lying on a cot, Karchy next to him. They look at each other.

MIKE

I want talk to Anna, Karchy.

Karchy looks at the two of them, then steps out. She stands there, says nothing.

MIKE (with difficulty)

I know what you think, Anni. They say things -- it make it sound to you...

She says nothing, stares at him.

MIKE (with difficulty)

I see your eyes, Anni.

(a beat)

You gotta answer question: My father... this beast?

ANN (quietly)  
Papa, I know...

MIKE  
No! In your heart, Anni. You gotta answer.

A long beat, then --

ANN (quietly)  
Let's go home.

MIKE  
I go my own home. I don't care what happen to me. I go my own house. I no hide no more.

She looks at him a beat, and Mikey comes running into the room.

MIKEY  
Grandpa! Grandpa!

The old man holds him. The boy starts to cry. Ann watches them. Dave comes in, stands next to her.

EXT. HER HOUSE - NIGHT

She is out on the dock in the cold, sitting, star. at the lake. George comes up behind her, takes a long look at her.

GEORGE (quietly)  
Hello, darlin'.

She says nothing, stares out.

ANN  
What do you think, George?

GEORGE (after a beat)  
About what?

ANN  
You know what I'm asking you.

GEORGE (after a long beat)  
I think I got me a devil to advocate.

She says nothing, stares out. George takes something out of an envelope, hands it to her. She glances at it.

We see it. It is the photo of a smooth-cheeked, balding man in his 60's.

GEORGE  
Tibor Zoldan.  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That traffic accident wasn't just a traffic accident. He was run over by a hit and run driver on the West Side.

Ann says nothing, stares at the lake.

GEORGE

For nine months, from the time he wrote this guy that \$2,000 check three years ago, his monthly cash spending ran a thousand over what it'd always run. It stopped running over the month this guy got run over.

Ann says nothing, stares at the lake.

GEORGE

He's gonna say it was the bets he made. If I was you, I'd put him on the polygraph.

ANN (quietly)

I'm not going to do that.

(a beat)

I don't care. I don't care who says what. I don't care what it sounds like. I don't care what it looks like.

(a beat)

He's not a monster, George. I'm his daughter. I know that better than anyone.

She gets up, the two of them look at each other.

ANN

I never thought you'd let me down.

GEORGE (quietly)

I'm never gonna let you down, darlin'.

Ann walks off the dock; George watches her, the pain in her eyes.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She knocks on the door. He comes to the door, wearing his T-shirt. They look at each. She puts her arms around him and holds him.

ANN

I love you, Papa.

She has tears in her eyes. He holds her, tears in his eyes, too.

## INT. HARRY TALBOT'S ESTATE - DAY

A formal, large dining room. Servants stand on the sides of the room. A birthday cake is on the long table with twelve candles. They are finishing singing "Happy Birthday" -- Ann, Mike, Harry Talbot, Dave Talbot, and Mikey. The boy laughs; they clap.

DAVE

Make a wish, Mikey, make a wish.

HARRY

When I was twelve years old, I wished for the maid. I got my wish, too.

MIKEY (smiles)

You're sick, Grandpa.

HARRY

Of course I am, but it's our secret, boy, don't tell anyone.

The boy blows the candles out. They clap.

HARRY (to Mikey)

Come on, we better hurry, we're going to miss the train!

He takes the boy's hand and starts leading him out quickly.

MIKEY

What train, Grandpa?

He takes the boy's hand and starts leading him out quickly.

## INT. THE RECREATION ROOM - DAY

It is huge, wood-paneled. As they step inside, we see the largest electric train set in the world -- very elaborately done, with mountains, lakes. It is the real thing -- an antique from a bygone world.

MIKEY (staring)

Oh, Grandpa!

And he goes running to the train. Harry follows him.

MIKEY

Is it really mine, Grandpa?

HARRY

It sure is. Here, let's see if it runs.

MIKEY

It's beautiful.

HARRY

Are you just gonna stand there or are you gonna run her?

A beat, and then the boy hits the controls -- and the entire room comes alive with a blaze of lights and train NOISES. It is a wondrous sight.

MIKEY

Thank you, Grandpa. Thank you, thank you.

And he hugs Harry. Harry holds the boy a beat with feeling, then --

HARRY

Hey, Mishka, come over here and help me teach this grandson of ours how to run a train. You people have a lot of experience with trains, don't you?

He smiles a little to himself when he says that. Mike goes to them. Ann and Dave watch the two grandfathers with Mikey.

ANN (to Dave, smiles)

You'll spoil him.

DAVE

What's wrong with that?

ANN

You were very spoiled, weren't you?

DAVE (smiles)

I wasn't the apple of my father's eye; my father was always too busy.

ANN

Is that why you still try so hard to please him?

They look at each other a beat.

ANN

Don't you miss you sometimes, Dave?

DAVE (after a beat,  
evenly)

I know what my father is, Annie. I know what I am. I've made my peace.

He smiles at her slowly; a beat.

ANN

Yes. You surrendered.

A beat; he looks at her and then he smiles.

DAVE

And you haven't. Right, Annie? Hell  
no, not you.

A beat, as they look at each other, and then he goes over to  
Harry, Mishka and Mike, by the train. She looks after him.

INT. THE RECREATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

In the b.g., Mikey with Mike and Dave by the train -- laugh-  
ing, having fun. Train NOISES fill this large, cavernous  
room. Harry sits with Ann at the other end of the room -- a  
servant brings them drinks. Harry watches Mikey.

HARRY

You should let him go to the trial, you  
know. He wants to go.

ANN

He's too young.

HARRY

The hell he is.

(a beat)

It wouldn't hurt to have him there,  
especially after that woman's  
testimony.

ANN

I'm not going to use him.

HARRY

I'd look at it as letting him do  
something he wants to do.

ANN

I'm not that cynical.

HARRY

Sure you are. You're a lawyer, like I  
am.

A long beat. She looks at him, then away.

ANN

Did you really drink with Klaus Barbie,  
Harry?

HARRY (smiles)

Nope. I never met him.

(a beat)

I drank with a lot of others like him,  
though.

She looks at him.

HARRY

What the hell do you think happened after the war? The Russians had been our allies. We weren't prepared to spy on them. The Nazis had the best anti-Communist spy apparatus in the world. We needed them. It was self-defense.

ANN

How could you sit down with... monsters?

HARRY (smiles)

None of the men I knew were monsters. They were all salt-of-the-earth types like your old man.

A SERVANT

Telephone call for you, Mrs. Talbot.

She gets up, follows the servant.

INT. THE DEN

It is filled with Harry Talbot's memorabilia -- much of it military. She is on the phone.

ANN

Thank you.

She hangs up. She looks shaken. She stares out the window. Harry Talbot stands in the doorway, she notices him.

ANN

My forensics man says the I.D. card is authentic.

HARRY

Yeah. I know.

She turns to him. How does he know?

HARRY (smiles)

I've still got friends in Washington.

(a beat)

That I.D. card doesn't mean as goddamn thing.

INT. A COURTHOUSE WINDOW - DAY

Harry Talbot watches from a courthouse window as Mike gets out of the car with Ann and Mikey. The little boy is dressed like a little boy -- in a sweater and a jacket. Reporters swarm all over them. Mike puts his arm on Mikey's shoulder and the three of them make their way up the steps through a gauntlet of protesters, both for and against Mike Szabo. Mikey looks scared; Harry smiles.

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Silver is on the bench; Mikey sits next to Mike and Ann. He looks around at all the people here, looks a little afraid.

JUDGE SILVER

You may call your first witness, Mrs. Talbot.

ANN

We call Vladimir Kostov, Your Honor.

JACK (to Dinofrio)

Who the hell is Vladimir Kostov?

(to Judge Silver)

I have no such witness on my list, Your Honor.

ANN

May we approach the bench, Your Honor? Your Honor, Mr. Kostov is a reluctant witness. We served him a subpoena last night on the basis of information received two days ago.

JACK

Who the hell is he?

ANN

He is a KGB defector. He serves as a consultant to the Central Intelligence Agency. He is under federal protection.

JACK (taken aback)

I don't believe this. You subpoenaed a CIA consultant in a case brought by the government? How the hell did you find him? How the hell did you even know about him? What does he have to do with this case?

ANN

That will become apparent during his testimony, Your Honor.

Jack is speechless; nervous.

JUDGE SILVER

You may call your witness.

THE CLERK

We call Vladimir Kostov.

An impeccably-dressed MAN in his 50's approaches the stand.

THE CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

KOSTOV

I do.

He speaks English well but with a Russian accent.

ANN

Mr. Kostov, when did you defect to the United States?

KOSTOV

July 7, 1987.

ANN

And where did you reside previously?

KOSTOV

In Moscow, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ANN

And what was your occupation there?

KOSTOV

I was lieutenant colonel, counter-intelligence section, KGB.

ANN

While you were with the KGB, were you familiar with Operation Harlequin?

KOSTOV

Yes, I was.

ANN

What was Operation Harlequin, Mr. Kostov?

KOSTOV

It was program to assassinate character of those living in West considered enemies of socialist state by means of falsified documents.

Loud NOISE in the courtroom.

JACK (to Dinofrio)

Jesus fucking Christ!

ANN

When was this program put into effect?

KOSTOV

November, 1982.

ANN

How was it put into effect?

KOSTOV

Scientist from Soviet Union and other socialist countries were put into special department in Moscow. It was their mission to scientifically devise ways to forge documents in such manner no amount analysis would reveal it falsity.

Loud NOISE in courtroom; Jack just stares.

ANN

How many scientists were involved in this program?

KOSTOV

130.

ANN

Did they devise ways to forge documents that no amount of analysis would reveal to be false?

KOSTOV

Yes.

ANN

Were forged documents used by the KGB against anyone?

KOSTOV

Yes. To my personal knowledge they were used against television commentator in West Germany.

ANN

What was the document which was formed in the case of the West German man?

KOSTOV

It was an Einsatzkommando identification card.

Loud BUZZING in the courtroom.

KOSTOV

Einsatzkommando exterminate Jews. German courts accepts card as authentic.

ANN

What happened to that man, Mr. Kostov?

KOSTOV

He commit suicide.

Loud NOISE in the courtroom.

ANN

Mr. Kostov, did the KGB share its forged documents expertise with the security agencies of other Communist countries?

KOSTOV

Yes.

ANN

Did you share it with the Hungarians?

KOSTOV

Yes. The Hungarians showed great interest in Harlequin.

Loud BUZZING.

ANN

No further questions, your witness.

Lots of NOISE in the courtroom. Jack finally gets up.

JACK

In light of this new testimony, Your Honor, may we adjourn until tomorrow morning?

ANN (smiles)

I have no objection, Your Honor.

INT. HER OFFICE - TALBOT AND TALBOT

She walks in, very high. As soon as she does, the SECRETARIES are all over her --

A SECRETARY

The New York Times called, Sixty Minutes wants to talk to you, George called --

THE OTHER SECRETARY

Judge Silver called. He wants to see you right away.

ANN (after a beat)

What? Now?

THE SECRETARY

He said right away.

She looks puzzled.

INT. JUDGE SILVER'S CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

She walks in. Jack Burke is sitting with Judge Silver.

JUDGE SILVER

Sit down, Mrs. Talbot.

Jack looks like he's enjoying this.

JUDGE SILVER

The government has uncovered a witness who allegedly served with your father in the gendarmes and allegedly can identify him as a member of the Special Section.

ANN (to Jack)

You uncover him now? How very handy for you.

Jack says nothing.

JUDGE SILVER

He is in Budapest. He is terminally ill and unable to travel. We will hear his testimony in Budapest.

She stares.

JUDGE SILVER

It will be at government expense. Your father's expenses will be covered as well if he decides to come with us.

She looks at the judge, and then at Jack. Jack smiles.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

MIKE (very disturbed)

I gotta go Hungary?

ANN

No. Only if you want to. I have to go.

MIKE

Lies don't stop, Anna. We get KGB guy, say card false, they suddenly get witness.

(a beat)

I no go. I go, they gonna kill me. It trap. They put somethin' in food, I have some accident maybe.

ANN

That's paranoid, Papa.

MIKE (upset)

Paranoia? They do all this? They make up all this? No paranoia. I no go, Anna. You careful. Anni. I no can win without you. I know that. Communist know, too.

ANN (smiles)  
Don't worry, Papa.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is packing; a suitcase is on the bed. Mikey is watching her.

MIKEY  
How long are you gonna be gone?

ANN  
I don't know. Not long.

MIKEY  
How come you have to go?

ANN  
I told you, it's part of the trial.  
You can stay at your dad's.

MIKEY  
Can I stay with grandpa?

ANN  
No, your dad wants you to stay with  
him.  
(a beat)  
I'll bring you a souvenir.

MIKEY  
I don't want a souvenir.

She stops packing, looks at him.

ANN  
Mikey, what do you want from me? I've  
got to go.

MIKEY  
Nothin'. Go.

And he turns and goes out of the room. A beat -- she looks like she is going to go after him -- and then she continues to pack.

INT. THE AIRPORT - DAY

She hurries toward her gate. George is waiting for her there. She sees George, keeps walking. George holds a large envelope out.

GEORGE  
Just take it. Read it.

Ann hesitates, looks like she won't take it.

GEORGE (gently)  
Annie, we've known each other a long  
time. Take it. Read it. Please.

A beat, and then Ann takes it and heads for the plane as  
George watches her.

INT. THE PLANE

She sits by a window, looking out, the envelope in the seat  
next to her. She looks at it a beat, then picks it up and  
opens it. It is a manila folder. She opens the page. We  
see Tibor Zoldan's large, glossy photograph, the same one we  
saw earlier.

INT. THE AIRPORT - BUDAPEST - NIGHT

She is walking off the long ramp to the ground. As soon as  
she gets down -- a YOUNG MAN in his 30's stops her. There  
are two uniformed, machine-gun-carrying policemen with him.

THE YOUNG MAN (with an accent)  
Ann Talbot?

ANN  
Yes?

THE YOUNG MAN  
Come with us, please.

The two policemen get on either side of her, start walking  
with her very quickly, led by the Young Man. She looks  
scared.

ANN  
Where are you taking me?

THE YOUNG MAN  
Custom, then Hotel Gellert. I am  
sorry. Andras Nagy, from Magyar  
Turista Agency. You -- how I say? Ve-  
Ee-P, Very Important People. We give  
special service, welcome to Hungary.

A beat, she half-smiles, looks very relieved, but still a  
little suspicious.

INT. A LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

A chauffeur drives; Andras sits next to him in the front.  
Ann sits in the back. She is looking out the window at  
Budapest. It looks like a well-lighted, modern, cosmopoli-  
tan city, nothing threatening about it.

ANDRAS  
You in Hungary before?

ANN  
No.

ANDRAS

Beautiful country. You like. Have nice big suite at hotel. We check, everything in order.

ANN

Do you work for the government?

ANDRAS

No -- I tell you: Magyar Turista Agency.

(he smiles)

Nobody like work for government. No money.

(a beat; he smiles)

Tomorrow, eight o'clock, we drive Fokorhaz, hospital.

She looks out the window, see a huge, wall-sized poster of the Hungarian National Folkdancers.

ANDRAS

You speak Hungarian?

ANN

Not very well.

ANDRAS (smiles)

You get better here.

INT. HER SUITE - THE GELLERT

She stares out the window at the city, the file George gave her open near her to Zoldan's photo. A gift box of chocolates from the hotel is on the table near the file. She looks at the file again, stares at Zoldan's photo. Lost in her thoughts, she opens the chocolate box. There are two folded sheets of paper there, with her name written on top. The name says: Anna Szabo.

INT. FOKORHAZ, BUDAPEST - DAY

Andras leads her down the corridors to a hospital room. She walks in. Judge Silver sits there with Jack, a TRANSLATOR, and a videotape operator. PAL HORVATH, a very gaunt, ill man lies in a bed.

ANN

Good morning.

JUDGE SILVER

Good morning. Did you have a good flight?

ANN

Yes, I did. Thank you.

She and Jack give each other a look.

JUDGE SILVER

Are we ready?

The videotape operator nods, puts the tape on.

JUDGE SILVER (to tape)

The United States of America vs.  
Michael J. Szabo, case number 260-224.  
We are at the Fokorhaz in Budapest,  
Hungary with government witness, Pal  
Horvath. Mr. Burke, are you ready to  
begin?

ANN

Your Honor, I move to bar this  
witness's testimony. He is an  
unreliable witness.

JACK (in disbelief)

Objection, Your Honor!

JUDGE SILVER

On what basis do you question his  
reliability?

ANN

May I address the witness, Your Honor.

JUDGE SILVER (after a beat)

You may.

JACK

Objection, Your Honor. He's my  
witness.

JUDGE SILVER (to Ann)

You may address him as to his  
reliability, not to the facts of his  
testimony.

ANN (after a beat)

Mr. Horvath, did you, on the 15th of  
April, 1952, in an affidavit given to  
the Hungarian Security Police, claim  
that a man named Michael Szanadi was  
the man known as Mishka who allegedly  
committed war crimes at the Lanchid  
Interrogation Center?

Jack stares. The Translator translates. Horvath speaks in  
Hungarian.

THE TRANSLATOR

No I did not.

ANN

Mr. Horvath, did you, on the 18th of November, 1973, in another affidavit to the Hungarian Security Police, claim that a man named Michael Bato was the man known as Mishka who allegedly committed war crimes at the Lanchid Interrogation Center?

Jack stares. The Translator translates. Horvath speaks in Hungarian. He looks upset.

THE TRANSLATOR

I don't know what you're talking about!

ANN (to Judge Silver)

Your Honor, I have here copies of both of Mr. Horvath's affidavits identifying those two other men as Mishka.

She takes the two folded pieces of paper out of her purse and hands them to Judge Silver.

JACK (very upset)

Can I see them, Your Honor?

ANN (to Judge Silver)

Can the translator translate and read these affidavits for the record, Your Honor.

Jack stares at the papers in disbelief.

JUDGE SILVER

Mr. Burke?

A beat, and then Jack hands the Judge the papers. He looks defeated.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

THE TRANSLATOR (finishing)

-- I have no doubt in my mind that the man I saw involved in these activities was Michael Bato -- signed, 18 November 1973, Pal Horvath.

JUDGE SILVER

Mr. Burke, did you have prior knowledge of these affidavits?

JACK

I did not, Your Honor!

JUDGE SILVER

How did you find this witness?

JACK

He went to the Hungarian authorities a week ago. The Hungarian authorities notified us. He picked Michael Szabo out of a photo spread.

ANN

If I could find copies of these affidavits, Your Honor, then why couldn't the government?

JACK

We don't have access to Hungarian Security files!

ANN (to Jack)

You mean I could get them and you couldn't? They're cooperating with you, not with me.

A long beat -- Jack glares at her.

ANN

Your Honor, the Hungarian authorities must have known about these previous affidavits. They were in their own files.

(to Jack)

They knew they were giving you an unreliable witness. They used you.

JACK (to the judge)

That's absurd, Your Honor. The Hungarian authorities didn't investigate this man. He walked in to them; them simply handed him over to us. There's no conspiracy here. Most of the records here aren't even computerized.

A long beat, and then Horvath says something in Hungarian.

JUDGE SILVER (to Translator)

What did he say?

THE TRANSLATOR

I have no doubt in my mind that it is Szabo.

A long beat, then --

JUDGE SILVER (to Ann)

The motion is granted.

(to Jack)

Mr. Burke, you've brought me here on a wild goose chase at great government expense. I resent that both in my official capacity and as a taxpayer --

JACK  
Your Honor, please --

JUDGE SILVER (hard,  
evenly)  
Please let me finish, Mr. Burke. I  
have yet to see any evidence that Mr.  
Szabo committed these heinous crimes.

JACK  
He lied on his immigration application,  
Your Honor. He admits it. That's what  
we're charging him with.

JUDGE SILVER (quietly,  
controlled)  
Please. Don't insult my intelligence  
any further.

He gives Jack a long, cold stare -- Jack finally looks away  
from him.

The judge gets up and starts out.

JUDGE SILVER (as he  
exits)  
I hope you have a pleasant flight back,  
Mrs. Talbot.

And he's gone. Ann and Jack sit there with the others,  
looking at each other. Then we see just a glimmer of a  
smile from Ann and she gets up and walks out.

INT. THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

She is walking away. Jack comes after her.

JACK (angrily)  
You think the Hungarians used me?

She stops, looks at him.

JACK  
Well, who the hell is using you, lady?  
Tell me that -- besides old Riverbank  
Mike. Who got you those affidavits?  
The same people who found that KGB guy  
for you? The same people who dug out  
my accident report?

ANN (after a beat)  
Maybe there are a lot of anti-  
Communists left in the world, Jack.

JACK  
Maybe there are a lot of anti-Semites.  
Let me tell you something. The world  
is changing; Communism is changing.  
(MORE)

JACK

There is a revolution going on here -- Gorbachev, this guy Grosz here, if we let them finish what they've started -- then what are your anti-Semites going to hide behind? Oh, they'll hide behind something else, bet on it, but it won't be anti-Communism anymore.

ANN

I'm sorry. I don't have time for this. I have to go.

She starts walking away. He starts after her.

JACK

Go. This old country you've heard about all your life, right? You should feel real at home here.

She stops, looks at him.

JACK

The war was over. We were in Germany. The Russians were crossing the Hungarian borders -- it was all over! -- and the Hungarians kept killing their Jews, turning their fucking romantic Danube into their own shade of blue. Why don't you go down to the river? Check it out. Look into the water. Maybe you can see your face.

A long beat, and she walks away from him.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

Driver, Andras up front. The car is moving through traffic on a bridge. The Driver is the same one as before. He is in his 50's.

ANDRAS

Back to hotel?

ANN

Yes.

She looks out the window, sees the Danube. It is a clear, sun-kissed winter day. She stares at it a long beat.

THE DRIVER (thick accent)

You like choklat?

He holds a box of chocolates out to her. It is identical to the one that contained the affidavits. She looks at him. He smiles. She opens the box. It is a musical box -- it PLAYS a Hungarian csardas. She stares at the box as the song plays. Then she looks at the driver; she doesn't take any of the chocolates.

THE DRIVER

You like choklats, no?

ANN (evenly)

Yes.

He turns back around. She looks at the river again.

ANN

What bridge is this?

ANDRAS

Lanchid. In English, Chain Bridge.

She stares at the river as the limo pulls off the bridge.

ANN

Can you pull over, please?

Andras looks at her.

ANN

I'd like to take a walk.

ANDRAS

Of course.

EXT. THE RIVERBANK - DAY

She walks across a field to the riverbank, stands there, staring at the water a long beat. Then she looks around. She sees a warehouse, buildings near the river.

There are couples walking here, kids playing. She watches a little boy, about seven, run toward the water. His parents run after him playfully. They hug the boy, and then they stand there, looking at the river, one behind the other, a row of three, the little boy in front, their arms around each other.

She watches them a long moment, and then she turns. She sees the limo, parked up by the bridge. She starts walking down the riverbank, away from the limo.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

She walks up to the street, sees the limo parked far away down the street. A taxi is going by. She stops it, gets in quickly.

EXT. A WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - BUDAPEST - DAY

She gets out of the cab, looks at a slip of paper, then walks to an apartment building. She looks at the mailboxes, finds the name: Zoldan.

INT. AN APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

She knocks on the door. A WOMAN in her 60's answers it. She is very overweight, sloppily dressed.

ANN

Magda Zoldan?

THE WOMAN (in Hungarian)

Yes?

ANN (in Hungarian)

I'm from the United States.

(she smiles;

in English)

Do you speak English?

(As she speaks to this Woman in a very broken Hungarian, she will occasionally revert to a few words in English, then struggle to find the Hungarian.)

Magda shakes her head to the question.

ANN

I was a friend of your brother's in America.

Magda just looks at her, says nothing.

ANN

A friend of Tibor's.

(a beat)

Can I come in?

Magda shrugs, stands aside, lets her in. The place is very poorly furnished.

ANN (in Hungarian)

I can't speak Hungarian very well.

MAGDA (THE WOMAN)

I understand you.

ANN

Can I sit down?

MAGDA

(nods)

What do you want?

ANN

Nothing, really. I just wanted to see you.

(a beat)

Tibor spoke so much about you.

MAGDA (angrily)

He sent me nothing. He wrote and said he was going to be rich. He had a rich friend. But he sent me nothing. Even when they sent me his body, I got nothing but his box of cameras. Are you his rich friend?

ANN

No.

(a beat)

He had a friend named Mike Szabo. Maybe that's who he was talking about.

MAGDA

I don't know that name. What's your name?

ANN

Ann Talbot.

MAGDA

He did not write about you, either. What did Tibor do over there -- in America?

ANN

Not much, he --

MAGDA

I told him he was a fool to go. "I have found my angel," he said. I had to pay to bury him. Can you give me some money? You must have much money.

ANN

I'm sorry.

MAGDA

They sent me his wallet in the box. No money.

(she laughs)

It only had a ticket. Here. I'll show you.

She gets the wallet out of a drawer, gets a ticket out of it, hands it to Ann.

MAGDA

Is this money in America?

Ann looks at it. It is a pawn ticket, we see, to a place on West Side in Chicago.

ANN

I don't know. It's a pawn ticket -- he gives them something valuable and borrows money on it.

Magda thinks about that, takes the ticket back.

MAGDA

If I give this back to them, then do they give me what's valuable?

ANN (eyes ticket)

Yes.

MAGDA

If I give this to you, will you send it to me?

ANN (after a beat)

Yes.

Magda nods, hands her the ticket back suspiciously.

ANN (gets up)

Well, thank you. It was nice meeting you.

MAGDA

You won't steal it?

ANN

No.

They look at each other a beat, and then Ann starts heading out. As she is near the door, she sees a framed photograph of two people. It is a young Magda, holding hands with a man in his 20's. The man has a long, deep scar going down the left side of his face. Ann stares at the picture.

MAGDA

You don't recognize Tibor?

(she laughs)

Surgery he had. Three times. Skin grafts. He spent every forint he had on it.

Ann just stares at the photo, then turns to the woman. There is panic in her eyes.

ANN

What did he do in the war?

MAGDA

He was in the Army, like everyone else. Why do you ask me that?

INT. THE AIRPLANE - DAY

She looks out the windows as it sweeps over Budapest, over the Danube. There are tears in her eyes as she stares at the city.

STEWARDESS

Would you like a Herald Tribune?

She turns to her suddenly, startled.

STEWARDESS (SMILES)

Would you like a Herald Tribune,  
madame?

A beat, and she nods. The Stew hands her the paper. She stares at the big headline: JUDGE IN SZABO TRIAL -- "NO EVIDENCE OF GUILT."

INT. A PAWNSHOP - WEST SIDE, CHICAGO - DAY

She walks up to the counter. She wears the same clothes she was wearing in Budapest. She looks exhausted, shaken. She hands the MAN the ticket.

THE PAWN GUY

Jesus Christ, lady, it took you a while  
to come back.

She forces a smile, stands there, very stiff. The Guy goes in the back. He finally comes back.

THE PAWN GUY

\$88.90.

He puts an ornate, carved wooden Hungarian box down on the counter. It looks very old. There are two ceramic dancing figures on top -- a man and a woman, both dressed in native costumes. Ann looks at it. She digs the money out, gives it to the Guy, grabs the box, almost runs out of there.

THE PAWN GUY

Hey, listen, I got some nice diamond  
rings.

EXT. THE PAWNSHOP - THE STREET

A beat, and then she opens the box. It is empty. She stands there a long beat.

INT. HER VOLVO

She gets in. She puts the box down on the seat next to her. And when she does, the two figurines on top start moving around and around and we hear a Hungarian CSARDAS -- it is the same csardas to which she and Mike danced in the first scene of the movie. She picks the box up and stares as the figures go around and around.

A long beat, and she pulls the drawer open slowly. An old photo appears as she opens it. We see the faces last as it opens.

It is a photo of Mike Szabo wearing his Special Section uniform, with a rifle at the head of a man. The man is holding a woman and a child. The three are wired together. Mike Szabo is smiling.

Ann stares -- her hands start to shake. She takes the photo out -- there is another one underneath it -- and another and another.

She starts to make a strange, keening sound as she looks at the photos.

The last photo shows a young girl, naked, terrified. Mike Szabo has his arm around her. He is smiling.

A long beat, as she stares and then, still making the keening sound, she leans over in the front car seat and pushes her head down into the seat. We don't see her face. She makes a gagging, convulsive SOUND.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She stands at the door a long beat, the box in her hand. then she knocks on it. She looks destroyed. A long beat, and then Mike opens it. He hugs her immediately.

MIKE

Anni! Where you been? I been waitin' all day! Anni, we won, Anna! They call me all day! They say trial gonna be over! Anni, come in here, you gonna catch cold!

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He pulls her inside -- she stands there, a statue.

MIKE (smile)

When you come back, Anni? You tired, I got some coffee.

ANN (simply)

No.

Mike looks at her.

MIKE

What'samatter with you? We won, Anna, we beat the Communist, Anna!

ANN (quietly)

I know, Papa.

A long beat, as he looks at her.

MIKE

You know?

(a beat)

So why you no happy, Anna? We win.

He smiles.

ANN

I know everything, Papa.

A long beat as he looks at her.

MIKE

What? What everything?

ANN

Tibor.

MIKE

What Tibor? Who Tibor?

ANN (quietly)

Tibor Zoldan. He was killed.

MIKE (after a beat)

Ya. Traffic accident. I tell you.

ANN

By a hit and run driver. Driving a yellow car.

MIKE

So.

ANN

Your car.

MIKE

My car? What you say? I no got yellow car. I had old blue Chevy.

ANN

You rented it, Papa. The day before he died. A yellow Honda. In Evanston. Ninety miles away. George got the rental slip.

A long beat.

MIKE

We had meeting. Committee Free Hungary. Chevy broke down. I remember now. I get fixed. I rent car, take back when Chevy fixed.

ANN (quietly)

He was blackmailing you.

MIKE

Blackmail? He friend from camp --

ANN (quietly)

I saw the scar, Papa.

MIKE (getting upset)

Scar? What scar? He no have scar --

ANN

Yes he did, running down the left side  
of his face, just like that witness  
said.

MIKE (very upset)

You think I --

ANN (quietly)

Yes. You killed him.

MIKE (very upset)

You think I --

ANN (quietly)

Yes. You killed all of them.

MIKE (very emotional)

No! No, Anni! No, Anni! No!

She watches him -- and then she reaches for the music box  
on the table, opens it and picks the photos up.

ANN (calmly)

Look, Papa.

She starts putting them down on the table. He looks -- he  
starts to shake. He looks quickly away.

ANN (hard)

Look, Papa!

MIKE

No! They fake! Communist fake!

ANN (screaming)

I said look at them!

He turns away from the table, his back to her, shaking.

ANN (quietly)

How could you have --

MIKE

No. I no do nothing --

His back is to her -- he is shaking.

ANN (quietly)

How could you have... done those  
things, Papa?

He says nothing; he is crying, shaking, his back to her.  
She starts to cry.

ANN (emotionally)

Answer me.

MIKE (quietly; after a  
long beat)  
Nothing. I do nothing.

A long beat as she watches him.

ANN (crying)  
Papa, answer me. I have to have some  
kind of an answer, Papa.

She is quiet, but emotional when she says it. A long beat,  
he is half bent over, near a wall, his back to her.

ANN (quietly)  
Please.

MIKE  
I do nothing... that answer. You my  
girl, Anni, my daughter --

ANN  
No.

He turns to her, his shoulder up against the wall.

ANN  
You are not my father, Papa.

He looks at her a beat, then turns around -- shaking,  
crying, and collapses, huddled up, his back to her.

She stands there, a long beat, staring, and then, as if  
she's sleepwalking, she walks over to him. She leans down  
and she turns him over. He is dead. His eyes are open. A  
long beat, and she closes his eyes.

Another long beat, and she picks his hand up and holds it in  
both of hers. She is not crying. She looks at his hand a  
long beat then she brushes it against her cheek. She holds  
it there and then she puts it down.

She gets up and stands. A mantel catches her eye. She goes  
to the mantel, still as if sleepwalking. It is filled with  
photographs. Her father and her mother; her father holding  
her; her father with her and Karchy; her father with her  
son, smiling, hugging. She stares at them a beat and then,  
suddenly, with one hand, she sweeps them off the mantle and  
the framed photos shatter.

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY - DAY

A bleak, grey winter day. Many people, lots of cameras,  
reporters, old Hungarian faces -- Karchy, Harry and Dave  
Talbot -- Mikey wears a black suit; he looks totally  
destroyed. So does Ann. She wears a black hat and veil in  
the old Hungarian manner.

They are finished lowering the casket into the grave. Mikey is crying. Ann has her arm around his neck. The priest does the final blessing and, as everyone turns to walk away --

HARRY

I'd like to say a few words, if you don't mind, before we leave here. I loved Mishka. He was one of the most decent men I've ever known. And he was murdered just as surely as if he'd been killed with a gun. They took an old man and they put him through the kind of strain his system couldn't stand. That's wrong. It's just wrong. and we're not going to go on to allow other innocent men to be murdered the same way.

A long beat as some people here grumble their agreement and as cameras WHIRR away. Ann watches without expression.

HARRY

I'm not saying we should forget the horrible things that happened during a war a half a century ago. No one's saying that. But I am saying we must not add other innocent victims. Two wrongs don't make a right. Killing other innocent men trashes and degrades the memory of the Holocaust itself. We don't want to do that. Nobody wants to do that. We have to remember Mishka and we have to say -- Never again.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Ann sits next to Dave Talbot on the back seat; Harry sits with Mikey on the jumpseat as the limousine moves. Ann wears her hat and veil.

ANN

"Never again" -- that was an interesting choice of words, Harry.

HARRY

Injustice always gets my dander up, you know that. Mishka was an innocent man. They killed him anyway.

ANN (after a beat)

He was as innocent as you are, Harry.

She looks at him. He looks at her a beat, then glances at Mikey, who is still crying a little, not paying much attention.

HARRY

You're damn right he was.

ANN (evenly, looking  
at him)  
That's what I said, Harry.

He looks at her a beat.

HARRY (friendly)  
You should be careful. You're under a  
terrific strain yourself. You don't  
want to break down. You don't want the  
court to take another look at your  
custody arrangement, you know.

DAVE (to Harry)  
Dad --

HARRY (hard)  
What? I'm just looking out for her,  
that's all.

ANN (after a beat)  
I'll keep that in mind, Harry.

HARRY  
You do that. Whatever you need, Dave  
and I are always there to help, you  
know that, don't you?

She looks at him. She nods.

HARRY  
Mikey, why don't you come over and stay  
with us tonight?

MIKEY  
Okay.

He is dispirited, still crying a little.

HARRY (smiles)  
I'll help you run that train of yours,  
okay?

MIKEY (quietly)  
Okay.

HARRY (smiles)  
That a boy. That's my boy.

And he hugs the little boy. Ann watches the two of them.

ANN (emotionally)  
Mikey, why don't you come home tonight,  
Mikey?

The little boy looks at her.

HARRY

It'll do you good to get some rest, Ann.

She looks at Harry a long beat, as he wraps his arm tighter around the little boy.

INT. HER ROOM - NIGHT

She sits at her desk. The music box in front of her. A long beat, and she opens the box. She takes one of the photographs out, then another, then another. She lays them out next to each other on the desk and stares, her face expressionless.

INT. HER ROOM - MORNING

She sits in the same position, staring at the photographs. It is daylight. Her hair, we see, has turned grey.

INT. HER ROOM - NIGHT

She lies on the couch, her eyes wide open. The room is dark.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Mom?

ANN (flat)

Yes.

We hear the little boy coming up the stairs. He comes into the room. He can't see her face in the darkness.

MIKEY (spiritless)

Hi, Mom.

ANN

I love you. I love you so much.

She sits up on the couch. He sees her.

MIKEY

What happened to your hair?

She says nothing, then puts her arms out to him. A beat, and he goes to her. She holds him.

MIKEY (quietly)

Why did they have to kill him? He didn't do anything. I hate them.

ANN (holding him)

Who? Who do you hate, Mikey?

She looks at him. For a second, he looks like he is going to say something else, but then --

MIKEY (quietly)

All of them.

A long beat, as she looks at him and then holds him close again. Her eyes are on her desk, on the figures atop the music box.

INT. MIKEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is tucking him in.

ANN

Good night, sleep tight.

She kisses him, then heads out. As she is almost out the door --

MIKEY (quietly)

Grandpa Talbot's going to buy me a pony.

She turns back to him.

MIKEY

We're going to keep him at his house.  
I can go over there to ride him  
whenever I want.

She says nothing, looks at him.

MIKEY

Isn't that neat, Mom?

ANN (after a beat)

Yes.

(a beat)

Good night.

She turns, heads out again.

MIKEY (quietly)

I love you, Mom.

She looks at him a beat, smiles slightly, heads out.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

She is heading away toward the stairs when she hears a NOISE from his room. She stops, hears it again. She turns, goes back slowly toward his room. The door is open. She sees him. He is on the floor, doing pushups.

She watches him a long beat as he does them. He is aware of her, but doesn't look at her, keeps doing the pushups.

## MIKEY

Healthy body makes a healthy spirit,  
right, Mom?

She stares as he does the pushups.

## INT. HER ROOM - NIGHT

She sits at her typewriter. A long beat. And then she puts an envelope into the typewriter. She stops again. And then she starts to type, very slowly. This is the most difficult thing she has ever done.

## CLOSEUP - THE TYPEWRITER

We see the letters -- Mr. Jack Burke, Office of Special Investigations.

## EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mikey is shooting some baskets. A newspaper boy comes by on a bike, throws a paper onto the driveway, keeps going. Mikey shoots once more, makes the basket, grins. He starts toward the house. On the way to the front door, he picks the paper up. He continues toward the house, then stops. He stares at the newspaper.

CLOSEUP -- A huge, glaring headline -- Michael Szabo -- War Criminal. Underneath it, another headline -- Justice Department Releases Atrocity Photos. A very large photo on the front page shows Mike Szabo with his rifle at the head of the man wired together with his family. There are other photos around the page.

## EXT. THE DRIVEWAY

A long beat, and then --

MIKEY (yelling)

Mom?

He starts running for the front door, the paper in his hand.

MIKEY (screaming)

Mom!

It is a cry that is wounded, desperate, denying.

## INT. THE HOUSE

She is by the door; he runs right into her arms.

ANN (tenderly)

I'm here, Mikey. I'm here.

She holds him tight, as we --  
FREEZE FRAME and...

FADE OUT.

THE END