

SURVIVAL IN PARADISE

By

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Adapted from Manfred Wolf's memoir  
"Survival in Paradise:  
Sketches from a Refugee Life in Curacao"

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1 AERIAL SMALL GERMAN CITY - MORNING

1

TITLE OVER: Chemnitz, Germany 1937

An old castle, church spires, 19th Century German homes, a few small factories on the outskirts. Sounds of birdsong, distant traffic.

ROLL CREDITS:

2 INT. TEXTILE FACTORY - DAY

2

Throbbing factory sounds like techno music. Cavernous factory, fairly dark. Slanting beams of light from skylights through lint-filled air.

Down a long aisle flanked on both sides by weaving looms and workers, strides MAX WOLF, still distant but headed towards us with a springy gait. He is slim, tall with thick black hair slicked back, 1930s style. He is Middle-Eastern looking, dressed in a business suit.

He stops to chat with a machine operator, signs a clipboard thrust at him, shares a joke. In his palm he carries a small upright shiny white paper bag with pinked edges.

He approaches WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2 in f.g., who both wear cotton coveralls, hair tied up in scarves. They are adjusting large bobbins in a huge rack. Because of the factory throb, all conversations have to be shouted.

END CREDITS.

WOMAN 1

Looking up and seeing Max, shouting,  
Good morning, Herr Wolf.

MAX  
(shouting)  
Good morning, Gertrud. Would you  
like a sweet?

Both women look surprised as he offers the shiny bag to each in turn. Each removes a piece of candy.

GERTRUD  
Thank you, Herr Wolf, so how was  
your family's Hanukkah?

MAX

Wunderbar! It's always a good time for family. I trust your Christmas was the same.

GERTRUD

Ja, Herr Wolf, Thank you.

WOMAN 2

(Shouting louder as Max moves on.)

And thanks for the sweets!

Gertrud holds her hand up to Woman 2's ear as if telling a secret but still shouting over the racket.

GERTRUD

That was Max Wolf, the owner. He came here from Poland only 20 years ago and look what he has built.

Sweeping gesture.

WOMAN 2

Not a bad boss, especially for a Pollock.

They share a giggle.

3 INT. THE WOLF HOME, CHEMNITZ - LATE MORNING.

3

POV: The living room of an affluent European home, looking toward the dining room in b.g. Formal table, large floral centerpiece. Handsome chest against the wall with an ornate sterling silver menorah. Oil paintings adorn the walls.

BERTHA WOLF (20-ish), Max's wife, approaches the chest carrying a cloth and a small bottle. She wets the cloth with the a tip of the bottle and begins polishing the menorah.

The maid, HANNI enters dining room from kitchen door spots Bertha at work.

HANNI

Oh, please, Madame, that's my job! I'm truly sorry. I hadn't noticed it was getting tarnished.

BERTHA

(Smiling, continuing to polish.)

Oh no, Hanni, it wasn't really so tarnished.

(MORE)

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I've had this job since I was a little girl. Somehow it's a way of reminiscing--thinking of all the other little girls in our family who have done this over the years.

HANNI

That's beautiful, Madame. And some day you may have a daughter, so you can pass the tradition on. . . I'm glad it wasn't because I had been shirking.

BERTHA

(chuckles)

No, no, Hanni. . .

A period European Telephone on an ornate side table rings. Hanni goes over to answer it, Bertha follows her.

HANNI

Wolf Residence, may I know who is calling?

(giggles)

Oh, good morning, Herr Wolf, here she is.

BERTHA

Hello Max, how is your day going?  
(faint, filtered response)

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Oh? How late?. . . Well, I may not be here. Remember my friend Ilse Mann from school? Her mother has invited us to tea at her house.

Hanni reacts as if she's forgotten something and darts off.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, actually. . . NO ONE may be home. I promised the boys that Hanni could take them to the park this afternoon.

(filtered resp.)

All right, I'll have her leave out some cold cuts and beer, just in case you do get home before she does.

SIGGY (5), holding a toy airplane over his head, runs into the room, chased by MANNY (2) who is furious.

SIGGY

Mimicking the sound of an airplane in a dive,  
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

MANNY

(screaming)

Mine! Give me! Give me! Mine!

BERTHA

(hand over mouthpiece)

Siggy! Please give him his  
airplane.

Hanni enters with a navy-blue skirt draped across her arm,  
holding a pair of period black and white wing-tip Mary Jane  
pumps.

HANNI

Madame, would you like to wear your  
new pumps to the tea today. They go  
stunningly with your navy-blue  
suit.

BERTHA

(Still covering the  
mouthpiece.)

Just a moment, Hanni. Siegfried!  
Give him his airplane now!

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. FRONT DOOR, AIDLER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON.

4

The home is large, upper middle-class. Bertha pulls the chain  
on a bell suspended on a coiled spring.

She is dressed in the navy blue business suit. She peeks  
around back to make sure the seams of the silk stockings on  
her calves are straight. She wears the new pumps.

ILSE AIDLER MANN, (Bertha's age) opens the door.

ILSE

Berti, please come in. It's been  
ten years since graduation and  
we've probably only seen each other  
twice.

BERTHA

Chuckles.

Well, Ilse, you have three children yourself so you probably understand how that goes. It was nice of your Mutti to have us over to the old house for tea.

ILSE

(Her smile fades slightly.)

Well, come in, come in.

As Bertha enters,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, AIDLER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON.

POV: from behind Bertha, Ilse, FRAU AIDLER on a couch looking toward large, gently flaming fireplace with a portrait of Adolf Hitler above the mantle.

Reverse: from fireplace on women.

FRAU AIDLER

(pouring tea)

I wish it were happier circumstances, Berti, but I'll get right to the point. Gerhard and I are members of the Party. He attends all the meetings and rallies and I'm disturbed by things he tells me.

BERTHA

What kind of things?

FRAU AIDLER

You don't want to know. But I can tell you that you and your family are in grave danger.

ILSE

(blurts)

Mutti thinks you should move to another country!

BERTHA

(aghast)

Why!?

FRAU AIDLER

Listen to me. You practically lived in this house when you and Ilse were in school. I look at you as a daughter. Gerhard doesn't know I invited you.

BERTHA

Now anxious, her teacup and saucer rattling a little,  
But why!? Max and I are part of this community, active in charities, a major employer. How can we just move?

FRAU AIDLER

I can't say much, but I implore you. If you don't voluntarily move to someplace of your own choosing, your family could be arrested and moved to someplace not of your choosing.

C/U Bertha's stunned reaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY OF LARGE HOME - NIGHT

5

The night sky, parting clouds, fiery stars on inky-black. Distant thunder. Trees dripping. The sound of shoes scuffling on pavement. Manny, holding a child's suitcase-handle with both hands, inches toward a large, black sedan with trunk open.

MANNY

Ugh!

Siggy, carrying an adult-sized suitcase with one hand, sets it down.

SIGGY

Here, let me help.

MANNY

(Whining.)

Let go! I do it!

BERTHA

(Tense stage whisper.)

Boys! Remember, we agreed that this  
(MORE)

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
 adventure was a big secret and that  
 we needed to be absolutely quiet.

The chauffer, DIETER faintly grunts as he lifts a heavy  
 valise into the car's open trunk.

6 INT. BACK SEAT OF SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 6

Bertha leaning in, helps boys get settled. Puts stuffed bear  
 and rabbit between them.

SIGGY  
 Mama, why are we leaving in the  
 middle of the night? I heard you  
 talking to Papa about moving to  
 Holland. Why are we doing that?  
 Aren't we ever coming back here?

MANNY  
 We're going to see Oma and Opa,  
 Siggy.

BERTHA  
 Looking at Siggy conspiratorially,  
 That's right Manfred. . . Let's  
 just leave it at that for now,  
 Siegfried.

SIGGY  
 Yes, Mother.

7 EXT. AUTOBAHN - NIGHT 7

--POV: OVER. The black sedan accelerates out onto the  
 Autobahn.

8 --POV: STATIONARY, AUTOBAHN SHOULDER, FROM ROAD AHEAD 8

The sedan's headlights get larger and larger. They streak by  
 the camera with a roar.

9 EXT./INT. BLACK SEDAN MOVING - CONTINUOUS 9

Bertha in the passenger seat, Dieter driving.



10 INT. BLACK SEDAN, MOVING - CONTINUOUS 10

POV: Bertha, Dieter in profile. Beyond him a large open vehicle filled with uniformed men flashes by in the opposite direction. Dieter turns his head to follow them.

DIETER  
Polizei, Madame. Maybe Gestapo.

On The Rear-view Mirror above the dashboard: The taillights of the vehicle flash on. Dieter keeps checking the mirror, Bertha turns in her seat. As the vehicle makes a U-turn over the median and heads toward them.

C/U Bertha, biting her lip.

On the rear-view mirror again. The headlights of the vehicle gain rapidly. It gets within two car-lengths. Blue lights come on.

POV: Bertha, Dieter in profile. The vehicle zooms past them, blue lights flashing and siren in Hi/Lo wail.

On Bertha: She collapses back into the seat with an audible sigh. (a beat) She jerks to attention.

BERTHA  
Pull over. NOW! Quickly!

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. AUTOBAHN, BLACK SEDAN STOPPED ON THE APRON - NIGHT 11

The passenger door hangs open. Interior dome lights dimly show the driver at the wheel and two little boys looking out the back seat window. Bertha stands on the grass of the apron, doubled-over and can be heard retching violently.

DISSOLVE TO::

12 EXT. LEIPZIG TRAIN STATION - MORNING, PRE-SUNRISE 12

The Sedan is parked in front of an ornate building with a large sign "Bahnhof Leipzig". Urban traffic goes by. Sounds of a railway station: Steam trains chuffing, departures and track numbers being announced in German. A RED CAP pushes a luggage cart, Bertha follows with the Boys in tow, all holding hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT ROW, LARGE STREET - MORNING 13

TITLE OVER: "Schevenigen, Holland"

Sunny day with a blue sky and a few white cumulus clouds.

Bicycles go by in both directions. Sounds of faint city noises, a bicycle bell.

14 INT. APARTMENT STAIRS, SCHEWENIGEN - DAY 14

POV: looking down staircase. Boys climbing stairs followed by taxi driver with a large valise on his back.

15 INT. APARTMENT PARLOR - DAY 15

Bertha on couch. Bertha's father (OPA) in a chair puffing a pipe. Boys in f.g. on the rug, in front of coffee table, playing with old wooden blocks.

Bertha's mother (OMA) enters bringing a tray of pastries, a Delft coffee pot and cups. As she places the tray on the coffee table:

OMA

Why didn't you let us know you were coming? What a surprise.

BERTHA

It was rather sudden. We were warned that the Nazis would be arresting people and sending them somewhere...

OMA

And you picked up and fled based on a WARNING? Are you meshuggah? Where's Max?

BERTHA

This was inside information from someone in the Party.

As Oma sits down on the sofa next to Bertha, Siggie reaches for a block held by Manny who whines. Tug-o-war ensues.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Boys!

Siggie immediately lets go and looks at Bertha.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Max has some loose ends to take care of before we just abandon our mill.

OPA

Then isn't he in danger too?

BERTHA

He has moved out of our house and into Fräulein Weiner's basement until he can get things transferred to trusted employees.

OPA

Weiner? A Goy? Can she be trusted?

BERTHA

Absolutely. She has been his secretary since the beginning. Max's first employee.

OPA

Puffs out smoke.

Same stubborn Max. He just never gives in, does he?

OMA

David!

OPA

No, I mean it in a good way. I'm just worried.

BERTHA

So am I. . .

Quietly, indicates boys on rug with a tilt of her head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

16

EXT. BEACH/PROMENADE, SCHEWENIGEN - DAY

16

A few months later. Sunny day. Dutch flags spaced evenly along the promenade flutter lazily.

POV: AHEAD TRACKING, on the FAMILY as they stroll. L to R, Manny, Siggy, Opa, Max, Bertha, Oma in front row, a young couple pushing a stroller in second row.

All are affluently dressed. Bertha is wearing the black and white pumps, seen earlier.

On Siggy, pointing to things and prompting Manny to say the Dutch word.

SIGGY

Look Manny, we're going to be living in Holland so let's go over what we learned at Oma's house. En dit is wat?

Pointing to a seagull perched on the handrail.

MANNY

Möwe

SIGGY

In a pedantic tone.

No Manfred, in Dutch please.

MANNY

Eh, zeemeeuw?

SIGGY

Ja that's better.

On Max and Opa:

OPA

(Chuckling at Siggy's performance.)

Max, we're so relieved that you're finally here. How about the business?

MAX

I transferred as much as I could to trusted German employees. The Nazis have appropriated many Jewish firms. . . . We appreciate your helping us get established here, Papa. Back home, the Nazis seem to be bent on ridding the country of our people.

OPA

Such injustice cannot prevail, Max. This Nazi thing will fizzle out.

MAX

I don't know. There is a deep fanaticism with these Nazis.

OPA

Surely the greater community of decent people won't support the will of a bunch of fanatics. There are still decent people among the Goyim, right?

WIDER, to include Bertha, who has been eavesdropping.

BERTHA

There are decent people even among the Nazis, Papa. Patriotic people. But even their goodness is being swallowed up by this tidal wave of scapegoating.

MAX

(sarcastically)

"The Jews are the cause of all the problems: World depression. Bad politics. Heap it all on their backs."

OMA

(Chiming in, brightly.)

Well, Holland will remain neutral just as in the Great War. Your little family will be safe here.

Oma spots a colorful wagon with the sign:

"Crème de Glace - Softeijs"

OMA (CONT'D)

Oh look, an ice cream wagon! Come on everyone, Opa's treat!

OPA

(Feigning shock.)

It is?

(Relenting, smiling.)

Oh, all right, step up. Form a queue everybody. . . No, no, Manny and Siggy first.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. BEACH, SCHEWENIGEN - CONTINUOUS

17

POV: The sand looking back at the family strung out along the railing looking out to sea, enjoying their ice cream.

Manny and Siggy's heads are looking out from below the rail. They both have ice cream smeared around their lips.

OMA

Leaning back and looking down at the boys.  
So, what do you think of our town  
by now boys?

SIGGY

I definitely like the ice cream.

The whole family laughs.

OMA

Well, there will be many more days  
on the Promenade and many more ice  
cream cones.

C/U Boys faces smeared with ice cream but happy.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

18 EXT. TOP OF STOOP, OMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 18

WIDE: On the boys standing at the building's front door on  
the stoop, looking out.

C/U Boys faces: They are two years older now, cleaned up,  
hair combed, dressed up, very morose.

REVERSE: On backs of Boys in profile. There are a few  
intervening buildings but the ocean can be seen clearly,  
light glinting off, a few blocks away.

Sound of furniture being scraped across the floor, the bang  
of hammers securing moving boxes.

19 INT. OMA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 19

Sound of hammering (continues, louder) Max hammers the lid on  
a wooden moving box. A hissing noise, as Bertha pushes on a  
beach ball to force out the air. She packs it into a box,  
along with a folded beach blanket and some colorful, tin  
sand-buckets and shovels.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT ROW, THE HAGUE - DAY 20

TITLE OVER: "The Hague, Holland"

WIDE: Max and the boys on sidewalk as a large stake-sided truck loaded with household effects pulls up to an apartment building on a tree-lined street. There are window boxes with tulips in the windows, flowerbeds spaced along the curb.

WIDER: on same building from POV within a park across the street. Max talking to the truck driver. The park is a profusion of more foliage, winding sidewalks with bicycle traffic. Flowerbeds, with a riot of flower varieties and colors are everywhere.

C/U on Boys' faces. Hair slightly disheveled from the short trip from Schevenigen to this neighborhood in The Hague. They are mildly encouraged by the scene in the park.

MANNY

I would like to have a bicycle.

SIGGY

So would I, but I already know how to ride one. . . you don't.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. THE PARK - DAY

21

POV: Siggy from the back, on a flower-bordered sidewalk.

Manny is on a small bicycle coming toward Siggy, weaving madly. Siggy jumps out of the way and Manny rides off the trail, through the flower border, onto the lawn and crashes. He is rubbing a skinned knee as Siggy catches up.

Manny is tight lipped, red in the face but holds back the tears—all except for one.

SIGGY

(As he races up.)  
Are you all right?

MANNY

Ja. But my Bicycle isn't.

Indicates bicycle on the ground with bent handlebars.

SIGGY

Ach, that's easy.

Siggy picks up the bike, straddles the front wheel for leverage; straightens up the handlebars. He lays the bike back down then comes and sits down next to Manny.

MANNY  
Thanks, Siegfried.

SIGGY  
You're welcome.

MANNY  
So, Siggy?

SIGGY  
Ja?

MANNY  
How come we had to move from Oma's?  
I miss the beach.

SIGGY  
Me too, but it's not that far. We  
can go to Oma's every weekend, if  
we want.

MANNY  
But why did we move?

SIGGY  
Mama and Papa said they wanted to  
have their own house and not be a  
burden on Oma and Opa.

MANNY  
I guess this is a nice place. . .  
even without a beach. . .But, I  
wish I could ride this bicycle.

SIGGY  
You did fine, Manny. You need to  
get right back on again. Don't  
steer so much this time.

As Manny brings his bike upright. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. UPSCALE FLAT, THE HAGUE - SAME DAY

22

There are still boxes in various stages of unpacking.

Bertha and Max are enjoying coffee on a new couch; boys in  
f.g. on the rug again with new Mecanno construction set. This  
time, they have quite a structure going and they are  
contentedly cooperating.



MAX

(Circumspectly, so the  
boys don't hear.)  
The mill seems to be doing fine.  
The post office box today had our  
"pay packet" from the payroll  
department.

BERTHA

Fräulein Weiner is so dear. It's  
quite a burden on her--I'm sure--to  
have to run the office without any  
help. She's gone from Secretary to  
General Manager without that kind  
of experience. . .

MAX

Oh, don't worry about her, she's  
been making decisions in my absence  
for ages, that was one of our  
little secrets. . .which she was  
kind enough not to share with  
anyone.

BERTHA

(amused)

I suspected as much. At least she  
doesn't have to worry about  
production problems. Friedrich  
takes care of that, right?

MAX

Of course. . .

23 INT. THE FLAT - NIGHT

23

Max, dressed warmly, enters the front door, removes galoshes  
in the foyer. Crosses to couch, sits next to Bertha.

MAX

I was just getting my hair cut.  
Everyone there is certain the Nazis  
are gearing up for an invasion.

BERTHA

But Holland has proclaimed  
neutrality. . .

MAX

Apparently they don't care. Neutral  
or not, they want our ports . .

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

.I think we need to move away from  
the sea. Further inland. Where we  
are less likely to run into  
Germans.

24 INT. THE FLAT - DAY

24

WIDE SHOT: Another scene of packing and nailing boxes  
shut. The belongings of both adults and boys scattered  
about. The boys are morosely packing some of their own toys.

POV: the floor, looking up. Boys in f.g.

C/U Manny, upset.

MANNY

Why do we always move?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

25 EXT. SMALL HOUSE, BILTHOVEN, HOLLAND - DAY

25

TITLE OVER: "Bilthoven, Holland 1940"

A small house on a street of larger villas. Children playing  
in the street. Bicycles pass by.

26 INT. THE HOME - DAY

26

On the front door. Loud knock. The boys get to the door  
first. Siggy peeks through the sheer curtains in sidelight.

SIGGY

It's a police officer!

BERTHA

Get back, please.

Bertha opens door on a very young policeman.

OFFICER

Good morning, Madam. I'm Officer  
Evenhuis with the Bilthoven  
Precinct.

BERTHA

Good morning, Officer. Is there a  
problem?

OFFICER EVENHUIS

Oh no, no, Madam. We found the bicycle you reported as stolen yesterday.

The Boys start to fidget with delight

MAX (O.S.)

What's this I hear? You found Manny's bicycle?

Max joins the family at the door

OFFICER EVENHUIS

Ja, it was half submerged in the pond. . . I'm ashamed to say some of our Dutch children think it's funny to play jokes on the Jewish children.

MAX

Well, it's very good that our local police are so diligent. Could you come in for a taste of Schnapps?

OFFICER EVENHUIS

Oh no, thank you. I'm on duty, it's not allowed, but I thank you anyway.

MAX

Well then, why not stop by after work. I feel like we should show our appreciation and that there are no hard feelings. Boys are the same everywhere, right?

OFFICER EVENHUIS

True. Well, all right, I would be happy to stop by after my shift.

MAX

Good, excellent. Well, we will see you then.

Officer Evenhuis steps aside allowing the Boys to run get Manny's bike

BERTHA

(Closing the door)

It's nice you invited him.

MAX

Well, I like the young man. . . and  
you never know what this kind of  
person can do for you someday.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. CITY PARK BORDERING RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

27

POV: Edge of park looking in. Siggy, Manny and an older  
neighborhood girl, NINA, moving toward the edge of the park,  
playing tag. As they exit the park, there is a bare dirt  
area. There are a couple of garishly painted caravan  
trailers, one with a sign showing a woman with a crystal  
ball, captioned,

"Madame Roma - 20 Guilders"

No evidence of cars or people.

NINA

Stop! What's that noise.

SIGGY

I don't hear anything.

NINA

It's like sobbing. . . Over here!

Nina runs over to one of the trailers, followed by Boys.

SIGGY

It IS sobbing! It's coming from  
that little door.

He points to a utility door, at the bottom edge of the  
trailer. Nina struggles with a handle on the door.

NINA

Here, help me!

Now a loud, mournful cry erupts from behind the door.

NINA (CONT'D)

(now frantic)

Pull, Siggy! For God's sake,  
someone could suffocate in there!

The door suddenly gives way and a young boy (6 or 7) rolls  
out onto the ground. He has black curly hair wears only  
shorts and socks. He has a black eye, and fear on his face.

He jumps up and runs into the wooded park as if being chased by a predator. His back is covered with red welts.

As he disappears. . .

C/U Manny. A look of disbelief.

MANNY

Who would do that to someone? That makes me sad. Maybe it was a troll.

NINA

No, Manny. There are people who do such things. Even some parents.

SIGGY

Someone beat that boy. Why would they beat up a little boy? Why would parents beat their own son?

MANNY

Maybe it was a witch; people don't do that to other people. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. WOLF HOME, BILTHOVEN - DAY 28

A uniformed young man on a bike pedals into scene, sets up the kickstand and goes to the door. He wears a small

leather shoulder bag. The sky above the house is ominous with black clouds. Distant thunder.

29 INT. SAME HOUSE, BILTHOVEN - DAY 29

On front door. There is a loud knocking. Bertha enters, walks toward the door. Manny and Siggy come running, pass up Bertha. She opens the door.

YOUNG MAN

Telegram for Wolf, Madam.

BERTHA

I'll take it.

She reaches up into a porcelain bowl on a knick-knack shelf, removes a coin and hands it to him.

YOUNG MAN

(tipping hat)

Thanks much, Madam.

BERTHA  
It's nothing.

Bertha closes door, opens telegram -nervously- her face drains of color. She starts over to the easy chair where Max sits reading. The boys start to run ahead, she spreads her arms, blocking their path.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
No. Boys, please stay here.

She hands the telegram to Max, his color drains too. He sits staring at it for a long moment, as if reading and re-reading. She turns to boys, squats to their level, whispering.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
The telegram is from Oma Wolf. Opa  
Wolf died last night in the Urals  
where they were living.

The boys both begin quietly crying, but Max, letting the telegram fall to the floor, hangs his head, his black hair falling in front of his face, and begins to wail loudly with grief. It's almost the howl of his namesake, the real wolf.

POV: In front of Max. C/U His black hair hanging down, his fingers obsessively running through his hair, still wailing.

Wider: Bertha nods to the boys and they approach Max, stand at his knees.

MAX  
(Tearfully petting the  
boys one by one,)  
Little sheep. Little sheep.

Max returns to running hands through his hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK/DAYDREAM - HAPPIER TIMES:

30 --INT. THE TEXTILE MILL, CHEMNITZ GERMANY - STILL DAYDREAMING

The throb of his factory, joking with his employees. The boom, boom, boom of the mill turns into three tremendous booms that shake the house.

31 END FLASHBACK

31

Max JOLTS out of his reverie. Another huge boom makes fine plaster-dust rain down from the ceiling.

MAX

Turn on the radio, Bertha!

She switches on a large Grundig console radio and tweaks the tuner dial. A man's voice is heard, caught in mid-sentence. .

RADIO ANNOUNCER

. . . and the German bombers are completely cratering the runways at the Air Base near Utrecht. They are dropping bombs and there are Messerschmitts strafing our fighter planes, destroying them on the ground.

One moment . . . We have reports that there are fallen pilots on the tarmac who never made it to their planes. . . Please stay tuned for a live message from Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina.

MAX

Max walks over to the radio, turns it off.

That's it. They are paving the way for a ground or sea invasion. Holland is lost. Now what do we do? We should talk to your brothers about our next move.

C/U Manny and Siggy clinging to each other, they both grimace upon Max's words "next move."

Back on Max: He stares into space. The self-confident Max we saw earlier, in his factory, is gone forever.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

32 EXT. PUBLIC PARK BILTHOVEN - DAY

32

POV: Center of Park looking toward a boulevard. A group of Dutch children (6 or 7 years old.) in f.g. They sing a children's song as each pretends to ride a horse, holding imaginary reins as they gallop in a circle. Their singing is gradually drowned out by the RUMBLING, ROARING, JANGLING sound of a column of Wehrmacht canvas covered personnel-carriers and trucks pulling artillery pieces seen streaming by in b.g.

CHILDREN

Gradually replaced by noise from the passing vehicles,  
Hop hop hop, Paardje in gallop, Over  
sloten, beken henen, Pas maar op en  
breek geen benen, Hop hop hop hop hop

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. A STEET IN BILTHOVEN - MORNING

33

Two bicycles roll along toward tracking camera. Siggy rides one, Max the other with Manny on a jump seat behind him They roll by a bored-looking German soldier standing guard outside a one-story office building.

MANNY

I wish I could go to school, too.

SIGGY

It won't be long now, Manny. You  
only have to be six.

MAX

Ja, Siggy's right Manny.

Max and Siggy come to a stop in front of a kosher delicatessen across the street from Siggy's school. Siggy walks his bike to a rack on the edge of the schoolyard, parks the bike and runs inside while Manny climbs down from the jump seat and he and Max enter the deli.

34 INT. KOSHER DELI - (CONTINUOUS)

34

Tables occupied with Jewish men having tea, snacks. A few are reading the morning paper. The OWNER, a large bearded man wearing a white dress shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbows and a white paper hat removes a beef roast from the slicer on top of the display case and wipes his hands on his apron.



OWNER

Ahh, Mr. Wolf and little Manny. How are you today?

MAX

Distracted, starring at Siggy's bike across the street.

Good, thank you. . . ach! Siggy left his satchel on the bicycle. Manny, go take it to him, please.

Manny is seen running across, grabbing the satchel and disappearing into the school grounds.

OWNER

The usual for you?

MAX

Ja, thank you. . . and a strawberry soda for Manny.

35 EXT. BRICK SCHOOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

35

Manny is on tiptoes, holding the satchel, peeking through a window, spying on Siggy's Geography class.

TEACHER

Good morning, class. Now, please settle down. Let's continue with the Major Capitals. Hendrik, what is the capital of Japan?

C/U Manny, he whispers "Tokyo"

HENDRIK

Tokyo.

TEACHER

Very good, Hendrik. Siegfried, what is the capital of Bavaria?

C/U Manny, he whispers "Munich"

SIGGY

Munich.

36 INT. THE DELI - CONTINUOUS

36

Manny runs in and joins Max, smiles and grabs his soda. The men don't notice him, but as he sips, he's taking it all in.

OWNER

Max, you're just in time to settle  
the big argument.

A huddle of men at another table all look up.

MAN 1

Oh hello, Max.

MAX

Hello, Rudi, what argument is that?

RUDI

This meshugganer here thinks that  
the Germans will leave us alone if  
we don't give them any trouble and  
we mind our own business.

MAX

Well, I left Germany because they  
were arresting people and deporting  
them. They wanted to get rid of  
Jews; get them out of their sight.

MAN 2

I'm not meshuggah, just practical.  
Why would they care about our  
country? They'll use Rotterdam for  
their purposes then clear out.

RUDI

Oh, yes indeed. Just like Napoleon  
cleared out of the land he  
conquered.

OWNER

Well, Napoleon sure cleared his  
sorry tuchis out of Russia didn't  
he?

All the men laugh heartily until the laughter stops--like  
turning off a switch--when a patrol of Germans walks by the  
plate glass window. When the Germans have moved out of sight,  
MAN 3, at a table by himself, joins in.

MAN 3

I was actually in Rotterdam several  
times a week, truck driving. The  
Nazis are running the whole port.  
Even some of the longshoremen they  
import from Germany.

RUDI  
 Why aren't you driving your truck  
 today?

On Manny, sipping soda.

MAN 3 (O.S.)  
 They took away my identification  
 papers, because I'm Jewish. I can  
 no longer drive into the port. . .  
 I'm out of a job.

At "because I'm Jewish" Manny looks up from his preoccupation  
 with the strawberry soda.

WIDER: on men.

RUDI  
 (waving newspaper)  
 Listen to this.  
 (reading from paper)  
 "Notice from the Government: All  
 persons of Jewish ancestry are  
 hereby directed by the Office of  
 the Commanding General to turn in  
 any and all radio receiving  
 devices, including crystal radio  
 sets, upon penalty of severe  
 consequences for non-adherence."

Faint murmuring among all the men.

OWNER  
 Well, that doesn't affect ME. My  
 old goyish neighbor, van Mill, is  
 so hard of hearing I can listen to  
 the radio at all hours. . . even  
 when I DON'T want to.

Another wave of laughter, fading out as:

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. THE WOLF HOME - NIGHT

37

Bertha's brothers, PAUL and ITSCHO, (both 20-ish, handsome,  
 athletic looking) and Max, stand at the kitchen table, which  
 is laden with maps and open atlases.

Of the two brothers. Paul still has some of the cocky, almost  
 gallant, self-confidence, earlier seen in Max.

Manny and Siggy on the rug at the men's feet with a large stamp album open on the floor, with stamps and stamp-hinges scattered about. Siggy looks through a magnifying glass at a stamp he is holding with tweezers.

PAUL

(Twirling a pencil between his fingers)

Persecution increases. . . Rumors are that the soldiers in Arnhem conscripted young chaps right out of the temple on Shabbos and put them in work-details headed for Germany.

C/U: The Boys, who look up at each other for a short moment.

On Men at Table:

MAX

I think they're trying to eliminate resistance before it starts, Paul. Older men will be next.

Paul snaps a large map open like a blanket and straightens it out over the pile on the table

PAUL

That's why we need to finalize these plans and start executing them. We agreed that going through France would be risky--but the LEAST risky--am I right?

MAX

Yes, I agree.

PAUL

Tracing a line from Utrecht to Belgium with his pencil,

I propose that Itscho and I take the train to someplace near the border and see if the Nazis have that route sealed off. Even if they do, maybe we can find out where their checkpoints are, then do a flanking action around them by entering Belgium on foot.

Max and Itscho nod in agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN STOPPED AT STATION - DAY 38

Paul and Itscho, boarding as the steaming train waits. German soldiers are within the streams of arriving and departing passengers.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

39 INT. THE WOLF HOME - DAY 39

A knock at the front door, Siggy the "sentry" at the window.

SIGGY

It's Officer Evenhuis and he's wearing his uniform.

BERTHA

Well, go ahead and let him in, Siggy.

SIGGY

(Opening door, shouting over his shoulder.)  
It's Officer Evenhuis, Papa!

OFFICER EVENHUIS

(Grim, not smiling, as Max arrives at the door.)  
I'm on duty, but I need to talk to you quickly. The Germans were in the precinct station today asking for the names and addresses of everyone on your block. They've done this before, and the block was cleared of Jewish people the next day. You must leave Bilthoven at once; there is no time to spare.

The reaction from Bertha and Max is silent but both have a look of dejection. Siggy exits, running.

SIGGY (O.S.)

Manny!

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. THE WOLF HOME - NIGHT 40

The living room and entryway are completely disheveled.

Furniture is pushed back and heaped with contents of drawers and cabinets. Four rucksacks, two large and two small along with two suitcases are pushed together in the center of the room.

A knock on the door, this time quietly. Max opens a crack, peers out then swings it wide. Paul and Itscho enter the room with some blowing leaves and paper and begin shedding their jackets.

MAX

Paul! Itscho! You made it. What did you find out?

PAUL

We got to Hazeldonk on the Belgian border. The Germans stationed there come onto every train and check papers before the train goes ahead into Belgium.

ITSCHO

We saw them in the car ahead just as we were leaving our compartment.

PAUL

Then we took a little stroll through the village and down a country lane. We found a farmer whose fields run right up to the border, which is a long hedge row.

ITSCHO

And he's Dutch Reform; he's sympathetic to our situation. When we leave Holland, he agreed to take us to the edge of his fields at night.

MAX

Praise God! Your timing couldn't be better...

BERTHA

(to Paul)

. . . meaning that Officer Evenhuis was here today. He's sure that the Germans will be arresting and deporting our neighborhood tomorrow.

Paul surveys the state of the living room, indicates pile,

PAUL  
Well, it looks like you're not  
wasting any time. Just go get  
dressed like you're going to the  
bank. We can't look like refugees.  
You have just these things?

BERTHA  
And my big purse.

PAUL  
Then let's get going!

41 INT. COMPARTMENT ON A MOVING TRAIN - DAY

41

POV: toward the windows with countryside flashing by.

Sounds of train chugging, the clickety-clack of the rails, a  
high-pitched European train whistle.

Max and Bertha on R. Max next to window, Bertha f.g. Boys on  
L, Manny next to window, Siggie f.g.

The compartment door opens and two young German SOLDIERS  
enter, sitting on L next to the Boys.

SOLDIER 1  
Guten Tag, how are we all today?

C/U Bertha. A flash of worry in her face is immediately  
replaced by a beaming smile.

BERTHA  
Good morning, Gentlemen. Ganz gut,  
danke. How are you today?

Both soldiers nod and smile.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Which city do you call home?

SOLDIER 2  
We're from Berlin.

BERTHA  
Oh, I love Berlin, it's such a  
beautiful city. We're from  
Chemnitz.

Both soldiers smile and nod, then focus on the scenery  
outside.

SOLDIER 1  
 (As he opens a package of  
 hard candies,)  
 Is it alright to offer a sweet?  
 (Indicating Boys with a  
 lift of his chin)

BERTHA  
 Oh, of course.

Soldier 1 hands each of the Boys a wrapped candy.

On Max, shifty eyed, vaguely squirming in his seat. He buries his nose in a magazine as:

SIGGY (O.S.)  
 Thank you.

MANNY (O.S.)  
 Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

42

The scenery flashes by more slowly; the chugging of the train gradually becomes less frequent. The soldiers stand and gather their gear.

SOLDIER 1  
 Nice to meet you, Madam, Sir.

Max drops his magazine, manages a weak smile.

BERTHA  
 Likewise!

SOLDIER 2

Just before he shuts the compartment door behind him  
 Wiedersehen . . .

MAX

As the door shuts, SLAMS magazine down on seat  
 Why do you risk being detected by  
 them!

BERTHA  
 (bristles, slightly)  
 YOU risk detection by looking so  
 guilty. The more normal you act,  
 the less you attract attention.



MAX

Uncharacteristically raising his voice  
Well you don't look Jewish, I do.

They both jump with a start as the door opens again.

CONDUCTOR

Hazeldonk, Hazeldonk.  
(Shuts the door behind  
him)

The sounds of chugging and wheels clicking now slower

43 EXT. MOVING TRAIN. HAZELDONK HOLLAND - AFTERNOON 43

POV: Rear of slowly moving train, looking forward. Train  
nears Station, which is on R.

44 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS. 44

MAX

Still agitated. As he grabs Manny and exits compartment:  
I'm not waiting! I'm getting off  
now.

BERTHA

Max!

45 EXT. MOVING TRAIN, NEARS STATION PLATFORM (CONTINUOUS) 45

Max is standing on the stairs between the moving cars still  
holding Manny. He jumps off while the train is still

moving, hits the platform running, immediately slows down to  
a walk, feigns a casual demeanor and walks around to the  
street side of the station. Bertha and Siggy are seen  
watching this from the train window.

46 EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - (CONTINUOUS) 46

The train is stopped. Bertha and Siggy are collecting the  
rucksacks and luggage from the pile being unloaded off the  
train. Four German soldiers, rifles strapped to their  
shoulders, holding clipboards, exit the station and board the  
train. Bertha and Siggy exchange a knowing look as Paul, and  
Itscho walk up and retrieve items from the luggage pile.

Bertha indicates the soldiers with a toss of her head, Paul nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 EXT. A COUNTRY LANE, HAZELDONK - LATE AFTERNOON 47

The whole family is strung out along the lane, Manny on Max's shoulders. Siggy, wears his own rucksack, carries Manny's. Their breaths are visible in the cold air.

48 EXT. DUTCH FARMHOUSE - TWILIGHT 48

Paul knocks on the door. The FARMER and WIFE answer.

FARMER

Hello, Paul! I see you brought the whole family, as planned. That's wonderful.

WIFE

Welcome all, please come in.

PAUL

Again, thank you for helping us in this way. Allow me to introduce my sister Bertha Wolf, Her husband Max, their boys Siggy and Manny. .

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. DUTCH FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 49

The refugees are seated in the living room as the farmer's wife scurries about bringing refreshments. A picture of Jesus can be seen on the wall.

FARMER

Please, come in; be seated. I'm sure you are tired and cold after that hike from the rail station. It's a new moon tonight, which is a blessing. We don't need light. I know all the obstacles between here and the border.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. THE BELGIAN BORDER - NIGHT 50

The Farmer shakes each person's hand as they duck through an opening in the hedge.

FARMER

Good bye and good luck.

51 MONTAGE - A WEARYING SERIES OF TRAINS, STATIONS AND MORE STATIONS. ONE TRAIN AFTER ANOTHER, GETTING ON. GETTING OFF. 51

52 GERMAN SOLDIERS, WITH GEAR, HERE AND THERE. THE FAMILY BECOMES MORE "WILTED" AND TIRED LOOKING AS THE MONTAGE GOES ON. 52

--INT. Train compartment. Flashing scenery, Max with his nose in a magazine. Bertha knits while the Boys play with toy airplanes.

53 END MONTAGE 53

54 INT. MAIN RAILROAD TERMINAL, PLATFORM, BRUSSELS - DAY 54

55 TITLE OVER: "BRUSSELS BELGIUM" 55

Busy platform amid rushing Red Caps, German soldiers.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. SPACIOUS APARTMENT, BRUSSELS - DAY 56

Max's brother SENDER goes to the door, opens it to reveal the family, looking rather the worse for wear, with all their luggage at their feet.

MAX

Hello, Sender. It's been a while.

SENDER

Max, Bertha. What a shock! What are you doing here? Come in, come in, come in.

He grabs a suitcase and backpack, as the family enters

SENDER (CONT'D)

Well hello, young gentlemen! How you have both grown since I last saw you! Come in everyone, be seated.

(calls to wife in kitchen)

Ella, My brother Max and Bertha are here! Come here and look at these nephews!

He picks up Manny and dances him around the room.

(to Max)

So, tell me, to what do we owe this honor?

MAX

(sits on couch)

The conditions for Jews since the German occupation of Holland are intolerable and getting dangerous. Our goal is to get completely out of Europe.

SENDER

Things aren't much better in Belgium but as you know, we've used a Flemish last name for years. We've maintained a low profile ever since moving to Brussels.

MAX

I don't know if that's enough. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. SAME APARTMENT - A BIT LATER

57

The adults sit sipping tea, Ella nurses an infant. They chat while the Boys play a board game at the dining room table in b.g.

MAX

. . . and we decided that the least risky plan would be to go to Portugal from unoccupied France. Bertha's parents and brothers are on their way as well. We separated to be less conspicuous.

BERTHA

Tell me, Sender, will it be a problem getting over the French border?

SENDER

There is no border. Not where it used to be. We are all part of the "Third Reich" now . . . at least southward through France to the Demarcation Line. Crossing over that into unoccupied France will be an entirely different story though.

MAX

What do you mean?

SENDER

Roadblocks, train searches. Word is that the Nazis have the full assistance of the French Fascists--the Vichy--in trying to stop the flow of fleeing Jews.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. TRAIN, SLOWLY CROSSING THE FORMER FRENCH BORDER - DAY 58

POV: FROM TRAIN LOOKING FORWARD. Tops of Boys' heads in profile. A worker on a ladder goes by. He is putting the finishing touches on a large, freshly-painted sign marking the border. The sign reads:

"État français

Travail, Famille, Patrie"

DISSOLVE TO:

59 EXT. TRAIN STATION, BESANÇON FRANCE - DAY 59

TITLE OVER: "Besançon, France"

The Family is leaving the station on street side. The town is hilly, green with attractive older buildings. Max hails a taxi.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. SMALL HOTEL'S LOBBY, BESANÇON - DAY 60

Max and Bertha registering at the front desk, The Boys in f.g. minding the luggage, rather anxiously scanning the lobby and entrance.

61 INT. SAME HOTEL SHABBY ROOM - NIGHT

61

Max and Bertha sit on a settee with stuffing coming out in places, Manny and Siggy on the bed, reading. A light tapping at the door. Max opens the door a crack, then throws it open, revealing Paul and Itscho.

MAX

Paul, Itscho! What a relief. Did everyone make it here with no problems?

PAUL

No problems that a little fast talking wouldn't solve. . .

(winks)

. .but we'll talk about that latter.

BERTHA

Where are you staying?

PAUL

At the Chateau Suisse, down the street. I'm afraid it's not as luxurious as this fine establishment.

BERTHA

And Mama and Papa are with you?

ITSCHO

Ja, we've been here two days already. What took you so long?

MAX

Some people in Nancy told us there was increased security in Epinal so we had to go the long way, through Dijon instead.

BERTHA

We went to see Ella and Sender in Brussels. They said it will be a challenge getting across the Demarcation Line into Southern France.

ITSCHO

They were right. I'm afraid it's a hike across plowed fields again. . . and we'll need to hire a Passeur.

MAX

What's a Passeur?

PAUL

You mean WHO is a Passeur. They are anti-fascist Frenchmen who, for a price will escort groups of Jews across the Demarcation Line.

BERTHA

What kind of a price?

PAUL

It's not cheap, but they know all the check points and how to avoid the patrols . . .There's no guarantee, of course.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

62 EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

62

On the edge of a large plowed area surrounded by woods, KLEIN the Passeur, an improbably immaculate man, lectures the group of a dozen travelers, the family included.

He is squatting, facing them. They are crouched. Parents hold children against themselves to keep them still. All conversation is in a stage whisper.

KLEIN

The Nazis have constant patrols with dogs in these areas. If the dogs begin to bark, drop to the ground and remain absolutely silent. If they don't hear a repeat of what set them off, they'll lose interest.

In back of Klein there is a glow of bright light which silhouettes the distant woods. There are also far-away sounds of dogs barking and scraps of male voices shouting in German.

MAX

Don't the dogs smell us?

KLEIN

Not unless we fail to be quiet.  
Then the dogs will pull their  
handlers closer, and they might  
pick up our scent. If that happens,  
we're all doomed.

BERTHA

Klein is a Jewish name. You are  
very brave to be risking your own  
freedom to help others.

KLEIN

(off-handedly)

No, frankly, I do it for the money.  
. . . Now, let's all get in one  
straight line. Keep low. When I  
raise my hand, drop to the ground  
and be absolutely quiet until I  
give you the go-ahead.

The group lines up behind Klein. The Family is first in line.  
Max, who holds Manny close to him is just behind Klein.

63 EXT. THE EDGE OF A PLOWED FIELD, A DITCH - NIGHT 63

The group is strung out within the ditch, Klein leading.

The woods are closer. Through the trees, a glimpse of barbed  
wire shimmering in search lights. A dog barks.

Klein raises his hand, everyone drops into the wet bottom of  
the ditch.

C/U Manny, he is looking back at his mother.

C/U Bertha's black and white wingtip pumps, caked with mud.

64 EXT. ANOTHER FIELD, STUBBLE, ALONG A HEDGE ROW - NIGHT 64

Field on L., the line of refugees center, hedge row on R.

Spotlights twinkling through gaps in the hedge.

The group lumbers on. A dog barks frantically, this time much  
closer. Klein raises his arm. The group drops.

Suddenly rain begins to pour, quickly drenching everyone.

POV: Manny, Bertha's usually nicely arranged hair is  
plastered against her head and dripping.



Her smart looking beret is smashed down on her head making it appear that she has no eyebrows.

POV: The Family, toward Klein

C/U Manny, he tugs on Klein's pant leg.

MANNY  
(not whispering)  
It's raining sir.

Klein shushes the child a withering look, holding his finger to his lips.

C/U Manny. Startled. He now exhibits real fear, as if he suddenly realizes the true situation.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. COUNTRY LANE, UNOCCUPIED FRANCE - PRE-DAWN MORNING 65

The group of travelers, spread out along a narrow country lane, lumbers by the camera, matted, wrinkled. Sky is beginning to lighten. A rooster crows. They walk by a small town-limit SIGN reading "Lisle".

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. PAVED HIWAY, UNOCCUPIED FRANCE - DAY 66

The group moves along the shoulder of the highway past a large city-limit SIGN reading "Lyon". Ornate, large buildings L. and R.

67 INT. SHABBY HOTEL ROOM, LYON FRANCE - DAY 67

POV: From empty room, On door. The sound of a key jiggling in the lock.

The door swings open and the entire Family, Max, Bertha Siggy, Manny, Paul and Itscho, enter the room, one by one, tossing their luggage in various directions and falling onto the beds and furniture. The overall mood is exhausted but giddy.

PAUL  
(from his place on a bed)  
We did it. We made it. We're safe.

MAX

I hope so. We came so close to  
being caught a few times.

ITSCHO

That one time--the dogs came so  
close. I was imagining that I could  
pick up their scent.

PAUL

Maybe it was Klein's cologne you  
were smelling.  
(the group shares a laugh)

BERTHA

Well, as for me, I'm more than  
ready for a warm bath.

Murmurs of agreement from all. Bertha begins tidying up some  
of the strewn luggage when she picks up Siggy's rucksack.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

(Hefting the rucksack,)  
What is THIS!?

Opens the rucksack, and extracts Siggy and Manny's stamp  
album,

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Upset but vaguely amused  
Siggy! You lugged this all the way  
here? I told you to leave it in  
Bilthoven. This thing must weigh  
four kilos!

SIGGY

(embarrassed)  
I'm sorry, Mother. . . It's just  
that it was almost complete and. .  
. Manny and I had worked so hard. .  
.

DISSOLVE TO:

68

INT. SAME HOTEL ROOM, LYON FRANCE - EVENING

68

Now the entire traveling group including COUSIN JACOB and HIS  
FAMILY are gathered in Max and Bertha's room. There are  
groceries and open wine bottles on the table. People are  
snacking, sipping wine out of paper cups. There is a buzz of  
conversation.

MAX

One thing about France, you can't  
beat the cheese. This one is  
excellent.

He shouts to be heard above the buzz, waves his piece of  
cheese,

MAX (CONT'D)

How about it Jacob? We sit this  
thing out in the French  
Countryside, buy a few cows and  
become makers of "Le Fromage  
Français."

JACOB

(moving closer)

Sounds idyllic. Let's hope the  
local Vichy would see it our way.

MAX

(grinning)

Well, we could change our names. I  
could be Monsieur Loup. You could  
be Monsieur Jacob de Jacobin.

(to Bertha:)

What do you think, Dear?

BERTHA

(a condescending smile)

Ridiculous.

MAX

Well, how about Monsieur de Volphe  
or Monsieur Wolfus?

BERTHA

(still a faint smile)

Equally silly.

DISSOLVE TO:

69

INT. SAME HOTEL ROOM, LYON FRANCE - MORNING

69

The family is putting on sweaters, gathering umbrellas.

Bertha shoulders her purse strap.

SIGGY

Could we walk along the riverbank  
again? Manny and I like watching  
the boats. . .

BERTHA  
 That sounds delightful.  
 (pulling back the  
 curtains)  
 It looks like maybe the rain clouds  
 are clearing. . .

The door opens without a knock. Paul rushes in, breathless.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
 Paul! What on Earth?

PAUL  
 Our hotel was raided last night. .  
 . It was a razzia. They took all  
 the Jews away. Luckily Melitta and  
 I weren't there.

MAX  
 (shocked)  
 Who took them away? There are no  
 Germans here.

PAUL  
 No, not yet. It was the Vichy  
 French police. These Jews had no  
 papers.

MAX  
 No papers? Where were YOU?

PAUL  
 (beat. Sly smile)  
 Melitta and I were out.

MAX  
 Out?

PAUL  
 Yeah, we were at an all night place  
 called the "Lido". . . Dancing.

MAX Dejectedly plops down on couch, leans forward, stares at  
 his hands for a moment,

MAX  
 How is it possible. . .? No papers.  
 I myself have no papers. Bertha's  
 are better, but still incomplete.

PAUL

Well, let's have a look. These Vichy are nowhere near as sharp as the Nazis in Holland. Let's see what we have.

Max hands a messy stack of documents to Paul, who spreads them out on the table. Shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you're right. These papers won't get you very far. They look false and shabby. We need to bribe consuls, get them to give us something. But it has to be legal-- to look legal--or even the Vichy won't let us out.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 INT. SAME HOTEL, HALLWAY, LYON FRANCE - DAY 70

POV: FAMILY from rear. Entering room from hallway.

71 INT. SAME HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 71

As family gets settled and finishes putting things away:

BERTHA

This thing of having to register as transients with the Gendarmes, every SINGLE day is wearing on me.

MAX

(hanging up coat)

And Lyon is a big city. The people aren't friendly, even to each other, not to mention to Jews.

SIGGY

Some boys threw rocks at us today. One rock hit Manny in the leg.

MAX

We should try moving down to Nice. People say it's quieter. It's certainly a smaller city. . .

C/U Manny and Siggy. For once, they nod in agreement.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

72 AERIAL - THE SEA AND SHORE, NICE, FRANCE - DAY 72

TITLE OVER: "Nice, France - Autumn 1942"

73 EXT. PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE, FRANCE - DAY 73

The weather is clear and pleasant. Palm trees and subtropical plants of Nice, in b.g. The entire family mills about on the sidewalk. Bertha is trying to set up a group photo. A PASSERBY, a NUN in f.g., holds the camera and waits patiently while Bertha directs people into their places. She runs to her place in the group as the nun aims.

BERTHA

Smile everyone!

(all try to smile)

SOUND: "SNAP."

STOP ACTION, BLACK AND WHITE, THE GROUP SHOT AS SEEN IN THE BOOK. A long moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 INT. A PLEASANT HOTEL ROOM, NICE - DAY 74

Bertha is tending a large steaming pot, which is on a hotplate in an alcove. The door flies open and in rush Manny and Siggy.

SIGGY

Mother, you should have been with us! Our new friend Lisette took us all the way up to this beautiful park on top of a hill.

MANNY

You could see all over Nice. The buildings looked tiny from up there.

A Talmudic-looking young man, MOISHE, appears at the open doorway and knocks on the doorframe.

BERTHA

Come in Moishe, you're just in time, they just got back from a walk.

Moishe enters followed by another young man, JAN. They both have leather shoulder satchels, go over to the table, get out books, paper, pencils.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Boys, go wash up so that Moishe and Jan can get started with your school.

MOISHE

(pulling up a chair)

What are you cooking, Madam, it smells good.

BERTHA

Just potatoes, potatoes and more potatoes. At least they are filling and easy to find at the market square. We should thank God for small miracles, eh?

JAN

Well Madam, if you can afford it, there is one restaurant owner in Nice who has a supplier for chickens.

BERTHA

I can't believe it. That sounds wonderful.

JAN

I'll give you the address, if you like.

MOISHE

When your potatoes are done, will you save the water for me?

BERTHA

Don't be silly, we can spare more than the broth for you. Why don't you stay and eat with us?

MOISHE

Oh, no thank you. What I meant was, if you don't need the boiling water, I have some work I need to do.

As Bertha removes the chunks of potato with a large strainer,

BERTHA  
Well, alright. I'm curious,  
whatkind of work?

Moishe removes a stack of documents and a large, gray, goose egg from his satchel.

MOISHE  
I'll show you.

He places egg in boiling potato broth, takes some documents and arranges them in two columns on the table; picks up strainer, shows to Bertha

MOISHE (CONT'D)  
May I?

BERTHA  
Of course.

MAX  
Who has been reading the paper in a chair nearby.  
What's going on?

Arises, edges over to the table.

MOISHE  
(Removes egg with  
strainer, touches egg.)  
Ouch! Okay. . .

He walks the strainer over to the table and gingerly fingers out the egg.

MOISHE (CONT'D)  
. . . now observe.

C/U Moishe's hand as he rolls the egg over the signature on an important-looking document in the left column and then rolls it again over the signature block in a blank copy of the same document, in the right column. The signature magically appears in the blank space.

MAX  
That's amazing! We could use a  
talent like yours around here.

MOISHE  
Oh?



MAX

Mrs. Wolf's brother Paul has been trying to get a "Safe-Conduct Form" somehow. We hear without it you can't cross the border into Spain.

(beat)

I guess you heard about Mr. and Mrs. Stein?

JAN

I heard they held hands and jumped under a train. . .

MAX

Rumor says that it was after two unsuccessful attempts to run the Spanish Border without a Safe-Conduct.

A pregnant silence. C/U Boys, solemn.

MOISHE

If someone can get--or already has-- an original Safe-Conduct, I can probably make a pretty good fake. .

MAX

I don't know. . . maybe that would be too risky. Forget it. Maybe it would be better to befriend or bribe an agreeable official. Paul is pretty good at sniffing out people like that.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. RESTAURANT, NICE FRANCE - NIGHT

75

POV: Behind Family with Maître D' leading them into a large dining room with long tables sprinkled with little family groups. Snippets of Dutch, German and Yiddish conversations can be picked out. The Family is led to a table opposite a COUPLE, MAN 1 and WOMAN 1, with a LITTLE GIRL (about Manny's age) who wears a red bow in her hair.

BERTHA

(As she sits across from the couple,)

Good Evening, I think I saw you across the room, the last time we ate here. I kept thinking you looked very familiar. Are you from Bilthoven by any chance?

WOMAN 1

Close. Utrecht. But we had friends in Bilthoven, or outside Bilthoven, rather.

BERTHA

That's it! I remember your daughter. We met at the Romeel family's home. It was their nephew Izzy's Bar Mitzvah. Your little girl was wearing a similar bow that day and I was impressed by how grown up her manners were.

WOMAN 1

(blushing)

And I remember your boys. Also, very well behaved. It was Manfred and...

BERTHA

Siegfried. What a good memory you have.

WOMAN 1

(to the little girl)

Rachel, say hello to Manfred and Siegfried from Bilthoven. You met them once before.

Lowering her voice so as not to be heard by the children, who are now chatting and laughing,

WOMAN 1 (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to have to tell you, but my sister saw the Romeels in the square with a group of people who had been arrested and were being processed by the soldiers for transit.

BERTHA

(shocked)

I'm so sorry. Last I spoke to her, Mrs. Romeel was so sure the war would be over soon...

(Puts on her famous smile)

Well children, are all three of you good and hungry for chicken?

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. THE WOLFS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

76

Max, Itscho, Paul in the sitting area sipping brandy.

Itscho smokes his pipe, Paul and Max, cigarettes.

MAX

We are just not making any progress with those Safe-Conducts. There have been so many blind alleys. I thought you could have come up with someone by now, Paul.

PAUL

So did I, but I did hear today that the Liberian consul is issuing visas.

MAX

Amazing. No other country is doing so. Will he take money?

PAUL

That's what I heard.

MAX

Just a moment.

He goes over to a suitcase, takes out a child's shoe, opens up a pocket knife and carefully splits the sole, spreads the two layers apart and extracts three US hundred-dollar bills. They are black around the edges.

He presses the bills into Paul's hand.

MAX (CONT'D)

Here... work your magic.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. THE WOLF'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

77

A few nights later. A banging on door. Max arises from chair and goes to door, opening it to reveal a very disheveled Paul. He has a black eye.

MAX

Gott im Himmel, Paul, what happened to you!?

PAUL

I was stopped by Laurel and Hardy, two fascists who demanded to see my papers. Everything was alright until they held them up to the light. There was no watermark.

MAX

(blurts)

Why didn't we think to do that? If we had looked at Moishe's originals we would have noticed that.

PAUL

Then the two of them dragged me down to the Gendarmes. It was an exciting night.

MAX

How did you get free?

PAUL

They let me go, eventually. I acted casual, like it was a big mistake. . . a big joke. They kept trying to break me, even hit me with a chair a couple of times. I kept calm.

(he grins, winks)

I gave them a few packs of my black-market cigarettes when I left.

MAX

(not amused)

This is terrible. What now??

Max impetuously takes his "papers" out of his lapel pocket and begins to tear them into tiny pieces. He scoops up the pieces from the table and stomps into the bathroom.

SOUND: (O.S.) TOILET FLUSHING.

Now there is another knocking at the door. Paul goes to answer. On opening, Itscho walks in, chuckling. Itscho stops and stares.

ITSCHO

(grimacing)

Oy vey, what happened to you?

PAUL

A little encounter with the local  
Gendarmerie. What were you  
chuckling about, when you came in?

ITSCHO

I guess you laugh so you won't cry.  
It's the chicken. That restaurant.

MAX

(walks out of the  
bathroom)

What now?

ITSCHO

I thought that chicken was awfully  
dark. Abe Aaronsohn said that the  
restaurant was closed by the health  
department--for serving RAT MEAT!

MAX

(exaggerated shrug)

Just one more indignity heaped upon  
all the rest.

PAUL

(philosophically)

Well... all of that rat meat has long  
ago passed out of our bodies into  
the city sewer. . .

(turning to Itscho)

So, what happened to me last night  
was that I was. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

78

INT. THE WOLFS' HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

78

PAUL

. . .so, I gave them a couple of  
packs of my black-market Gauloises  
on the way out.

ITSCHO

Again, funny but sad too. You need  
something cold on that eye.

MAX

We all need better documents.

PAUL

Agreed. Saul Rose has a shortwave.  
He picks up the BBC.

(MORE)

## PAUL (CONT'D)

He said the Prince of Monaco did a broadcast from exile in America. The Prince said no Jew would ever be harmed in the Principality of Monaco. If we can just get papers good enough we can all take the bus to Monaco.

79 MONTAGE - THE DOCUMENT CREW GETS BUSY 79

-- INT THE WOLFS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT The whole crew: Moishe, Jan, Paul, Itscho, Max, even Bertha, have an assembly line going. A big mess is spread out on three tables.

-- INT. CONTINUOUS, C/U: Egg-rolling, transferring text and signatures C/U: Affixing foil seals, embossing with a pliers-like tool.

-- INT. CONTINUOUS, WIDER: Max holding a doc up to the light, smiles and nods.

80 END MONTAGE 80

81 EXT. BUS STOP, NICE FRANCE - DAY 81

Two Frenchmen and a Gendarme examine papers then allow each person to climb the stairs to a bus with "MONTE CARLO" in the destination window on front.

Bertha and Max hand their papers to the Gendarme, he gives the papers a cursory look, hands them back then signals them to climb the stairs.

82 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL, A HILL, MONTE CARLO - DAY 82

A large taxi, a 1930s touring car, pulls up, stuffed to the roof with people, luggage on top.

The hotel is a bright white limestone building in the Italian style with a view of the Mediterranean. Pink bougainvillea climbs up the front and out over a trellis covering a large terrace restaurant. Sound: birdsongs.

Bertha, Max, Boys, and others exit the taxi and begin arranging luggage.

83 EXT. HOTEL, FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

83

The Family is being led up the stairs by a bellman. A jolly looking, rotund, JEWISH MAN sits on the stairs, whittling.

JEWISH MAN

Well, look. What a lovely family.  
Welcome. Hello young men.  
(holding out hand to  
Siggy)  
My name is Edelstein.

SIGGY

(shaking hands)  
Siegfried Wolf, Sir. This is my  
brother, Manfred.

EDELSTEIN

Well, I hope we will be seeing a  
lot of each other. I have two  
grandsons about your age . . .back  
in Germany.

SIGGY

(Noticing the family is  
getting ahead,)  
Well, Herr Edelstein, auf  
Wiedersehen. Nice to meet you.

Manny and Siggy scamper up the stairs. Edelstein can be seen chuckling.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MONTE CARLO - DAY

84

The suite is bright, the furniture stylish but not ostentatious. Manny and Siggy burst through the door carrying a small wooden whistle.

MANNY

Look what Herr Edelstein made for  
us with his knife.

He gives the instrument a tweet.

SIGGY

He's a nice man. He said he misses  
his grandsons. He always tells  
funny stories.

BERTHA

It's good you are keeping him  
company.

SIGGY

I wonder why his children and  
grandchildren didn't come with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

85

EXT. THE HOTEL STEPS, MONACO - DAY

85

Manny, Siggy and the hotel bellman sit on the steps where the  
Boys met Edelstein. The weather is patchy the scene is  
alternately in sun, then cloud. Occasional thunder rumbles  
distantly. Both Boys are teary-eyed.

BELLMAN

Oy. . . when they found him he was  
in his tuxedo, hanging from the  
shower bar.

SIGGY

Why would he do this? Herr  
Edelstein seemed like a happy man.

BELLMAN

He was a gambler. He told me he had  
lost most of the money he had set  
aside for escaping. Last night was  
his chance to go to the Casino  
Royale and win some of it back.

MANNY

Siggy and I woke up when the blue  
police car lights were flashing  
into our room.

SIGGY

Why would people rather hang  
themselves or jump under a train  
than get caught by the Vichy?

BELLMAN

We hear things. Things being done  
in the labor camps to the Jews.

SIGGY

Why do people hate us?

BELLMAN

They think we killed Jesus.



SIGGY

But wasn't Jesus a Jew? We killed ourselves, and they hate us? Adults make no sense.

MANNY

Hey, Siggy, remember the poor little Gypsy boy back in Bilthoven? (shaking head, beat) . . . when I thought it was a troll or a witch who beat him?

DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. BOYS' BEDROOM, THE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

86

The boys are sleeping fitfully. The curtains in the open window are stirred by a breeze.

The room is filled with the noise of automobiles idling.

There are blue lights flashing, filling the room, intermittently. Both boys awaken, climb out of bed, and look out the window

SIGGY

It's the police again.

Suddenly there is loud talking, arguing from the parlor.

The Boys venture out the bedroom door and into the parlor.

There are two burly civilians--VICHY--and two uniformed POLICEMEN.

VICHY 1

We have orders that everyone in the hotel must come with us. There will be no more arguing.

VICHY 2

(looking down)  
Ah, here are the children.

BERTHA

As I said, the younger one is near pneumonia. Why can't we come in to the station tomorrow and settle this?

POLICEMAN 1

Madam, these men have orders from the government.

(MORE)

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D)  
 And WE have orders to standby and  
 make sure you people cooperate.

POICEMAN 2  
 No more talking, you will all come  
 with us.

87 EXT. THE HOTEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 87

In addition to the police cars there are two Army personnel trucks with canvas tops stretched over the cargo area, covered-wagon style.

As VICHY and POLICE supervise, men women, children and elders are helping each other into the backs of the two trucks.

88 EXT. THE GRAND CORNICHE HIGHWAY TOWARD NICE - NIGHT 88

POV: OVER. The two covered trucks are following the winding highway in a downpour.

89 INT. THE CARGO AREA OF THE FAMILY'S TRUCK - NIGHT 89

In the dim light from an overhead bulb, the FAMILY is seen huddled close together. Grimly staring, as the truck bounces along, jarring the passengers.

90 EXT. LARGE, PLAIN OFFICE BUILDING, NICE - NIGHT 90

There are four or five army trucks at the curb. SOLDIERS, GENDARMES and VICHY CIVILIANS are supervising the disembarking of people. The people are being directed up a sidewalk and into the building.

91 INT. A LARGE ROOM, GYMNASIUM-SIZED - NIGHT 91

No furnishings except straight rows of backless benches.

Opposite the solitary entrance, in the other corner of the room is an office. Soldiers guard the entrance door and can be seen entering and exiting the office continually.

There are 400 - 500 people in the room all looking every bit like they have been aroused in the middle of the night and carted off to this place.

SOUND: A REPEATED SURGE OF INTENSE WHISPERING FOLLOWED BY EERIE SILENCES, LIKE THE BREATHING OF A GIANT. DURING THE SILENCES, SOMEWHERE A WOMAN WEEPS, ANOTHER MOANS MOURNFULLY.

The Family sits on a bench very near the office.

C/U Manny, who looks over his shoulder and sees Rachel and her parents on a bench next to the entrance door. Unlike her parents, Rachel looks freshly pressed and wears the customary bow in her hair. She and her parents stare blankly, unfocused, but then she sees Manny.

Manny gives her a little, surreptitious wave. She brightens, and waves back. A large, imposing SOLDIER comes

and stands in front of Manny with a stern look on his face.

MANNY

Sir, could I have a glass of water?

Amazingly, the soldier walks away and comes back with the requested water.

An OFFICER with gold braid on his epaulets walks across the room toward the office. Bertha arises, smiling and blocks the officer's path.

BERTHA

Fluent FRENCH with subtitles, in her most casual tone:

Dear Sir, I was trying to explain to the soldiers that a mistake had been made, but I know they have orders. .

OFFICER

(also French with subtitles)

. . .Madam, every one in this room thinks a mistake has been made, so please take your seat.

BERTHA

But I read in the newspaper the order was to round up Eastern European Jews. Here look.

Handing her papers to the officer.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

We are Dutch Citizens, here on holiday. You have no orders to arrest Dutch Citizens, do you?

OFFICER  
 (Giving the papers a quick  
 look.)  
 Come with me.

He leads Bertha into the office and shuts the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 INT. THE SAME ROOM-OF-THE-DOOMED - LATER 92

TIGHT: on Max, Manny and Siggy, still on the long bench.

The Boys are beginning to fidget.

BACK TO ENGLISH:

MANNY  
 It's been a long time, Papa.  
 Shouldn't we go see what's wrong?

MAX  
 No, I think we should just wait a  
 while longer.

Suddenly the office door swings wide. The officer holds the door for Bertha, who looks relieved.

BACK TO FRENCH with subtitles:

OFFICER  
 (Cheerfully, going over  
 the papers once more.)  
 Yes, technically these are in  
 order.

The Officer hands the sheaf of paper to Bertha, who walks directly over to the bench, picks up her purse, widens her eyes to Max and tilts her head toward the entrance. The Boys and Max get up and join Bertha walking toward the door.

BACK TO ENGLISH:

As they walk along the wall, they pass by Rachel and parents. Bertha bends down with her back towards the office, facing Rachel's parents.

BERTHA  
 (whispering)  
 We're being allowed to leave. Let  
 us take Rachel with us.

The parents and Rachel huddle and engage in a brief whispered conversation.

RACHEL'S FATHER

Many thanks, Mrs. Wolf, but we don't want to be separated from each other. We want to stay together, as a family.

C/U Manny, walking out the door, looking mournful.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 INT. ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM, BACK IN NICE - DAY

93

The room is tiny, a bed and nightstand only. Bertha and Max on the bed, Manny and Siggy on the floor, reading magazines.

BERTHA

Saved by a hair's breadth, again.

MAX

I left word at Paul's hotel in Monte Carlo for him to go to our hotel and pick up our luggage from the Bellman. As soon as he arrives we should take the train to Perpignan on the Spanish Border. We need to be poised to strike as soon as we can get a Spanish Visa.

BERTHA

Perpignan. . . that's the end of the line for France. . . and for the Steins, as well. . .

MAX

True, but you can't run the Gates of Hell by brute force. When we go, it will be with the right papers.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 EXT. TRAIN DEPOT, PERPIGNAN, FRANCE - DAY

94

Train sits at the platform, steaming. Sign on building: "Perpignan." The Family climbs down from the car and walks over to the luggage cart.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 INT. HOTEL ROOM, PERPIGNAN - NIGHT

95

A little larger than the last room. Bertha and Max sit in armchairs. The Boys have straight-backed chairs pulled up to a writing desk. They are working with the stamp album.

MAX

. . .then after I paid the consul in Pau, and gave him that nice leather briefcase. He affixed the Spanish Visas to our papers but he reminded me that they wouldn't be any good without a Safe Conduct-- and another hurdle the Vichy have come up with as well. . .

BERTHA

What hurdle?

MAX

Something called an Exit Visa, a Visa de Sortie.

BERTHA

When will this ever end!? We're like little mice in a maze. One blind alley after another.

MAX

Well, there is light at the end of this blind alley, Bertha. Do you Remember reading in Lyon about that Jew, Sally Noach who was posing as a Dutch diplomat, issuing Dutch citizenship papers to people out of a consular office there?

BERTHA

Yes, I read about it. They went to arrest him and he had fled.

MAX

A refugee I met on the train returning from Pau said the place Noach had fled to was Perpignan.

BERTHA

Here?... He's here?

MAX

Ja, he has set up business again. . I guess only until they track him down once more.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

(Removes folded note from  
his pocket)

The man on the train gave me his  
cousin's address and this note,  
asking the cousin to take me to see  
Noach.

BERTHA

Another small miracle.

MAX

A stroke of luck.

BERTHA

We've had so many strokes of luck.

MAX

Apparently Noach is a decent man;  
he does a lot of good but he's a  
bit greedy as well. I'm advised to  
be prepared with a nice gift when I  
get there. This refugee said Noach  
is an avid Philatelist, a stamp  
collector. That gave me an idea.

BERTHA

(blurts)

Surely you're not thinking of  
giving this man the boys' stamp  
album, after Siggy lugged it  
through Hell-- all the way from  
Holland!

DISSOLVE TO:

96 EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM PORTBOU, SPAIN - DAY

96

Occupants of train are all disembarked and in a queue while  
the Guardia Civil checks papers.

Sign on Station Wall:

"PORTBOU

Bienvenue á L'Espagne  
Bienvenidos a España"

Max, Bertha and Boys wait in line as it slowly moves forward.

BERTHA

I can't believe Siggy being willing  
to part with that stamp album.

MAX

He didn't even stop to think for a second. He's becoming a man. . . He said not to tell Manny though--he said that he would handle that later.

BERTHA

I'm not too worried about this checkpoint. Sally Noach did a good job of officiating our papers.

MAX

Good enough for Vichy France to issue our Safe Conduct and Exit Visas.

BERTHA

(Checking to make sure the Boys aren't listening)  
And that activated the Spanish Visas you got in Pau, and now . . . we live instead of die.

MAX

Ja, but even after we get back on the train we have hundreds of miles of Spain to cross before we're in Portugal and free of Señor Franco.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

97 AERIAL - LISBON PORTUGAL FROM THE TAGUS RIVER - DAY 97

TITLE OVER: "Lisbon, Portugal December 1942"

98 EXT. THE DECK OF THE SHIP NYASSA, LISBON HARBOR - DAY 98

The Family is at the rail, watching the longshoremen prepare for departure. On the superstructure, under the huge starboard running-light, text: "NYASSA".

Sound: A great, long bass blast from the ship's horn.

LOUDSPEAKER

(filtered)

Gangplank aboard and stowed. Cast off moorings, fore and aft.

On Ship's screws. Water churning. The ship begins to move.



C/U: Bertha. At first, teary-eyed. Then she puts her hands to her face and begins to sob, the role she's been playing is done. She continues until she is heaving and bobbing. The weeping does not stop. This continues until the audience wonders when it's going to stop.

WIDER: Max puts a hand on her shoulder.

C/U: Manny, he is obviously distressed.

WIDER: He turns and runs across the deck to the seaward rail.

POV: In the ocean looking back at Manny. He stares out to sea.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN;

99 AERIAL COAST OF CURAÇAO, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES - DAY 99

Towering white clouds, a tropical bay with turquoise water. houses in the Dutch Style amid flowering gardens.

TITLE OVER:

"Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles 1943"

100 EXT. WILLMSTAD, CURAÇAO, SIDEWALK NEXT TO SCHOOLYARD - DAY 100

The vegetation is lush and tropical. Blooming plants are everywhere.

TRACKING ahead of Manny, Siggy and Bertha as they walk alongside a chain-link fence, glancing at the students inrecess. There is a cacophony of children shouting, chasing; there is even a fight going on in a far corner.

C/U Manny, looking worried.

101 INT. SCHOOL ROOM - DAY 101

The TEACHER, MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ sits at his desk. He is a light brown Curaçaoan, wearing a white suit and pence nez glasses, a la Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dutch flag is in the corner, a picture of Queen Wilhelmina on the wall. It is an all boys school. The classroom windows are wide open, but the faces of everyone--teacher and students alike--glisten with sweat.

As the camera pans toward the back, classroom order diminishes. In the very back rows, the ring leader, MUNDI and his crew snigger at some private joke. They jerk to attention as THE PRINCIPAL appears at the door with Bertha and Manny.

PRINCIPAL

Excuse us, Mr. da Costa Gomez, I have a new student for you: Manfred Wolf, recently of Bilthoven Holland.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

Oh! Excellent. Welcome young scholar. There's an empty desk right here in the front row. Please have a seat.

(to principal)

Thank you Mr. van Groeningen. We'll get Manfred up to speed very quickly won't we boys?

STUDENTS

(ironically)

Yeah, right. Yes Sir. We sure will. Yes.

MR. VAN GROENINGEN

Excellent. . .Well, carry on.

He and Bertha back out, door gently closes.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

We were just in the middle of our history lesson, Manfred. Hipolito was going to tell us about the Roman occupation of Holland. . .So, Hipolito, when did the Romans come to our country?

HIPOLITO

(A tall Hispanic)

The Romans came to our country in 50 A.D.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

Where did they have a large settlement, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

(A very dark kid of African heritage)

They had a large settlement in the town we now call Nijmegen, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
Hendrik, Why was it easy for the  
Romans to settle in our country?

HENDRIK

A Dutch kid with light blond hair and blue eyes, known to the  
boys as "Henk."

Because there was little resistance  
from the local tribes overwhelmed  
by superior armaments – and only  
the rivers served as a barrier in  
that flat, wet land.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
Very good.

C/U Manny. He smiles. This type of recitation is where he  
excels.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
And what tribes were living in our  
country then, Sigmund?

MUNDI  
They were the. . . eh. . . eh. I  
don't know, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
Have you done your homework?

MUNDI  
No, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
Why not, Sigmund?

MUNDI  
Well, my sister got married, and I  
had to be ring-bearer.

C/U Manny. Concerned

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
What has that to do with homework?  
(A short step toward  
Mundi, who sits up  
boldly.)

MUNDI  
Sir, I didn't have time because we  
had to rehearse.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
 (Voice building to a  
 crescendo)  
 The explanation doesn't correspond,  
 correspond, CORRESPOND to the  
 original problem.

C/U Manny. Eyes widen.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
 Do you hear me, Sigmund?  
 Correspond, correspond, CORRESPOND.

MUNDI  
 Yes, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
 (Loudly)  
 Do you understand what I mean by  
 correspond, Sigmund? Correspond is  
 an important word not enough people  
 pay attention to.  
 (Turns around, looks out  
 window)

Mundi crosses his eyes, lets his tongue dangle, jerks to  
 attention when Mr. Da Costa Gomez turns back around, just in  
 time.

MUNDI  
 Yes, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
 Sometimes people search for the  
 word, but it doesn't spring to  
 their lips. I warn people who  
 haven't done their homework. I have  
 a new stick. And you know what I  
 call this stick?

Staring at the class over those glasses

STUDENTS  
 (In unison, as if  
 expecting a joke,)  
 No, sir.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
 I call it the Pir-lala.

STUDENTS  
 The Pir-lala, the Pir-lala

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

Yes, that's what I said, the Pir-lala. Now let me show it to you, especially to people who do not find the time, or have the energy, or possess the intellectual wherewithal to study. . .There should be a correspondence, a clear correspondence, a transparent correspondence, between homework and the Pir-lala. Do you follow me, Sigmund?

MUNDI

Yes, I do, sir.

Smirks at the boy next to him.

C/U Manny. A slight grimace, like 'boy is he gonna get it'.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

Now, let's unveil the Pir-lala.

He ceremoniously opens the closet with a flourish. His eyes glitter, his voice is soft, almost soothing.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Yes, I see my collection of other sticks: the Sparkling Fire-Giver standing there quite contentedly, alongside the Teacher's Ultimate Aid,

(beat, rummaging)

But where, where now is the Pir-lala, which a good friend cut for me on the wild northern shore of this beautiful but harsh island? Where is that gorgeous stick? I do not see it

(wheels around quickly)

Do you, Frank?

FRANK

No, sir

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ

It was here yesterday.

WILMOO

A light-skinned Curaçaoan kid, grins excitedly,  
Sir, I saw the Pir-lala yesterday.

MR. DA COSTA GOMEZ  
 Yesterday, Wilmo, you saw the Pir-  
 lala yesterday. Where did you see  
 the Pir-lala yesterday?

WILMOO  
 Sir, I saw it on a car

BENJAMIN  
 And so did I. I saw it on a car  
 too, tied with twigs to the front  
 bumper.

C/U Manny. Puzzled look.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT. WILLEMSTAD, SIDEWALK, SCHOOL IN BACKGROUND - DAY 102

Manny and Siggy leave the school grounds and turn up the  
 sidewalk.

MANNY  
 . . . and then he went on and on  
 about a non-existent stick called  
 the pir-LA-LA. . . is he crazy?

SIGGY  
 Of course not. How can a teacher be  
 crazy?

MANNY  
 He seems so strange. . . This isn't  
 school; not like school in Holland.

SIGGY  
 Well, Manny, that's the way they  
 are here. If you do your homework,  
 you'll like school.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 EXT. PUBLIC PARK, CURAÇAO - DAY 103

A complete blur with V.O. sounding far away and then  
 gradually closer.

VOICE  
 (with a Caribbean Accent)  
 Manny! Manny! What are you staring  
 at?

The blur slowly resolves to an extreme CU on, Mundi's copper-complexioned face.

MUNDI

Oh, there you are. Where 'you been, man?

WIDER: Manny sits leaning against a coco palm with his legs drawn up to his chest. Mundi is standing, leaning down with his face in Manny's. The park is resplendent with Hibiscus, Bougainvillea, Plumeria, even a large Mango tree, laden with fruit.

TIGHTER:

MANNY

Oh! . . .Sorry, I was just daydreaming.

MUNDI

About what, girls?

MANNY

No, just about Holland. Why we had to leave. How we got here. All that.

MUNDI

(a bit irritated)

Again!? Man, that stuff was bad, yeah, but you're here now! Quit living in the past. Enjoy Curaçao, the beach, the sunshine. Why would you EVER want to go back to Holland? You'd freeze your ass off. And the worst part--it's got more Dutch people than we do here.

MANNY

What's wrong with Dutch people, I'm Dutch.

MUNDI

You're also a liar. You are a Jew, a Polaco. You are not a tight-ass Dutchman. If you were I wouldn't be hangin' out with you.

MANNY

Well, I lived there since I was two. Siggy and I had fun there. I was about to enter school there. Then the Nazis came.

MUNDI

Screw the stupid Nazis! That's thousands of miles away. The Americans are in it now; they got bombed by the Japs. Pretty soon they're gonna go over to Europe and clean house. . . Just be glad you're here.

MANNY

Yeah, I guess you're right. . .

MUNDI

I know I'm right. In the meantime, the other kids are way on up ahead of us. . .The beach man! The beach! Come on!

Mundi turns and heads off at a trot. Manny hauls himself up and trots after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 INT. LIVING ROOM WOLF HOME, CURAÇAO - DAY

104

BERTHA is rummaging through shopping bags, taking out items, utensils--trying to find a place for each of them.

MANNY enters, slamming the screen door with a bang. He throws a bundle of books onto the sofa.

BERTHA

Hello, dear. How was school?

MANNY

All-right. . . well, it's kind of strange. . .But at least I've made a friend, Mundi. Today, after school, he took me to the beach with some other kids.

BERTHA

A friend is a good start, I'm glad. But, a new school is always strange.

(beat. trying to smile)

But you like it, don't you?

MANNY

Yes, I like it. But,

(beat)

Do you think we'll move back to Holland after the war?



BERTHA  
Sure. That may well be.

MANNY  
(demanding)  
When?

BERTHA  
We've moved around so much.

MANNY  
But this would be different. We  
would be moving BACK.

BERTHA  
True. We wouldn't be fleeing, but  
if you consider all the countries  
we've already lived in, Germany,  
Holland, France. . .

MANNY  
But once we return to Holland we  
won't EVER have to move again.

BERTHA  
(trailing off, looks away)  
How can anyone be sure of that?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

105 EXT. WILLEMSTAD, CURAÇAO - DAY 105

POV: Up, a gorgeous blue sky with towering, blazing-white  
columns of puffy clouds. Camera slowly pans down revealing:

106 EXT. WILLEMSTAD PUBLIC LIBRARY, STEPS - DAY 106

A noticeably older Siggy and Manny exit the front door and  
begin to descend the library steps. Both are burdened with  
checked-out books.

In f.g. Mundi, at the curb, joking with three girls, quickly  
hides a smoldering cigarette, tosses it into the gutter and  
grinds it out with his foot.

MUNDI

Breaking away from the girls,  
Hey, Water Pricks. What's going on?  
Are you trying to get smart or  
(MORE)

MUNDI (CONT'D)

something?

(Meeting Siggy and Manny  
half-way up the steps)

Hey, when you check books out, they  
only give you two weeks. You Water  
Pricks can't read all those books  
in two short weeks.

SIGGY

Maybe YOU couldn't read them in two  
weeks . . .

MUNDI

(bristling)

Why would I want to? That's the  
point. Why don't you guys do  
something: sing or make noise or  
bother some girl? . . . Or would you  
rather just read about it? Why  
don't you two have an adventure —  
be Curaçaoan for one day in your  
life!

SIGGY

(sternly)

There's nothing to do BUT read in  
your . . . Curaçao.

MUNDI

That's why you guys are so dumb.  
Let me explain what a water prick  
is. .

SIGGY

(scowling)

No, don't bother.

The girls at the bottom of the steps began to disperse.

MUNDI

Turning toward the girls before Siggy even completes his last  
sentence

Ladies, ladies, did I say you were  
excused?

(Returns to his little  
tête à tête.)

MANNY

(to Siggy)

Why did you say that to him?

SIGGY  
I don't want you to be around that  
guy.

MANNY  
Why not?

SIGGY  
He's a wild kid.

MANNY  
'Wild' is one of Papa's favorite  
words; do you think you're my  
father?  
(now shouting)  
Don't tell me what to do!

SIGGY  
Why shouldn't I? You're my little  
brother. I have to protect you from  
types like him.

MANNY  
You DON'T have to. And I don't WANT  
you to.

SIGGY  
Well I want me to. He'll get you  
into trouble.

MANNY  
At least he has fun. I wish I were  
like him.  
(turns and walks on)  
I don't want to be protected  
anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 EXT. DOWNTOWN WILLEMSTAD - DAY

107

There is a joyful chaos. City busses join private cars  
driving around and around the downtown area, horns blaring.

Tinny-sounding calypso music blares from two large  
loudspeakers on a storefront. A bus pulls up to the curb next  
to Manny, Mundi and the other boys. The bus looks stuffed to  
the gills with celebrants but the driver opens the doors.

MUNDI  
What's all the racket?

## BUSDRIVER

The war is over! The Germans have surrendered! Unconditional surrender! Hop in, boys. Today, everyone rides for free!

The gang of boys boards the bus. As the last two boys make it to the bottom step, they can go no further. They hold on to the open doors and the bus roars off. The sound of car horns and church bells fades as. . .

DISSOLVE TO

108 INT. THE WOLF HOME - NIGHT

108

Siggy and Manny at the dinette, their recently checked-out books stacked between them, reaching some two feet high.

Max and Bertha, are on the sofa and armchair in f.g., chatting. A large, mahogany Crosley console radio plays softly in the corner, it's large, circular dial glowing yellow-orange and shedding a cozy, almost fireplace-like ambiance into the room.

## MAX

Now that it's over, I'm wondering if we'll find out about our family back home.

## BERTHA

Can we find out more? Maybe your brothers survived. Maybe the Red Cross or The Joint. . .

## MAX

The Joint?

## BERTHA

Yes, you know, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. They may know how many of your brothers survived.

## MAX

(looking blank)  
Survived? . . . I should be happy but I'm in despair. I want to know, but I'm afraid to know.

Manny and Siggy look up from their reading. Siggy's book has a yellow cover and a bold black title and subtitle in DUTCH in caps:

"THE GREEN YEARS  
Een nieuwe roman van A.J. Cronin"

On Manny's book jacket we get a glimpse of children riding bicycles along a levee bank with Dutch windmills in the background.

BERTHA

What is that you're reading, Siggy?

SIGGY

It's a translation of a new novel by A.J. Cronin, the Scotsman. It's about a Catholic boy sent to grow up amongst Protestant relatives and his unhappiness at not fitting in. His aunt sews him a ridiculous green suit, which he has to wear to school. He feels like a total outsider.

MANNY

That's how I feel on this island.

BERTHA

Manfred! You certainly can't mean that.

SIGGY

Manny, you should read THIS book, instead of reading children's books about Holland. Always Holland. We're never going back to Holland, so why don't you face the facts?

MAX

Boys, boys! We need to support each other. . . We four may be all we've got left. Holland was fine but, Manny, you wanted to go to school so badly and then the Nazis banned the Jewish children. Aren't you glad you can go to school now?

MANNY

Yes, but I want to be in school in Holland.

MAX

Oh, maybe some day.

MANNY

You're just saying that.

MAX

What?

MANNY

(raising his voice)

You always just say things. It doesn't mean anything.

MAX

Don't be upset, Manny. . .

MANNY

Why can't we ever be like other people?

MAX

Other people didn't go through what we did.

MANNY

(voice quavering)

Then Siggy's right isn't he? We'll never move back, will we? We're never, NEVER moving back!

MAX

Move back, move back. What do you mean?

MANNY

(now shouting)

What have we been talking about? I mean, move back, MOVE BACK TO HOLLAND!

MAX

What's wrong with Curaçao?

Manny is already running toward the door.

MANNY

It's not HOLLAND!

Exits, slamming the door so hard a cloud of dust flies off the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE WOLF HOME - NIGHT 109

A while later, in the moonlight, Manny walks slowly up to the screen door and enters, quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. THE WOLF HOME - DAY 110

Siggy and Manny enter, plop their school books onto the dinette table. Max sits in his chair, a Life Magazine in his lap but just looking at his hands. Bertha stands behind him with a hand on his shoulder.

SIGGY

We're home . . . what's going on?

BERTHA

A letter came from The Joint. Your Aunt Ella and the baby are fine . . . but Uncle Sender perished.

Manny and Siggy solemnly sit down on the couch.

MAX

And look what else came today.

Folds open the copy of Life Magazine to a page showing a photograph of grim-faced American GIs looking at hundreds of naked bodies stacked on top of each other outside a wooden shed.

C/U Manny, tightlipped, grim.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

111 EXT. STREET CORNER, WILLEMSTAD - DAY 111

Manny, Mundi--now in high school--along with HORACE, HENK and KRISHNA, hang out on the corner ogling girls. All now wear long pants, white short-sleeved shirts with the sleeves rolled up. Mundi has a pack of Camel Cigarettes rolled up in the left sleeve of his thin shirt.

MUNDI

Man, I can't wait for the Queen's Birthday Fiesta. It'll be non-stop dancing, drinking and carousing.

He swivels his hips and does a few steps.

MANNY

Maybe the dancing part, but where are you going to get liquor? And how much carousing can you do when your mommy makes you get home by ten p.m.?

Other TEENS guffaw

MUNDI

(trying not to smile)  
Shut up "Weird-Wolf." I have my sources for booze. And it's YOUR mother who has "little Manny" tied to her apron strings. . .

HORACE

(A very dark Curaçaoan kid.)  
Oh, my! Look at that! A perfect specimen of Homo Sapiens Curacaoensis, female variety.

A beautiful, copper-skinned teenager sways by, her colorful sheath dress alternately revealing and hiding the appropriate curves as she moves along.

HENK

Blond kid seen earlier, very Dutch, but known as the "Cool Macamba".

What I wouldn't give to play house with her!

HORACE

What a dreamer. She wouldn't get near your white-ass.

KRISHNA

(A Hindu kid.)  
Oh, is that right? Well she had no problem with me last year and I'm a lot whiter than you, slave-man.

MUNDI

Krishna, you are a, curry-slurping liar. You never made her, did you? I know her brother. I see you still have all the fingers on both hands.

MANNY

Come on, jerks. I know her from school, Melinda. She's a nice girl.  
(MORE)



MANNY (CONT'D)  
 You jerks talk like she's on  
 display in the window of the  
 butcher's shop.

MUNDI  
 Easy for you to say. Maybe it's  
 just that she's not Kosher meat, eh  
 Polaco?

MANNY  
 (supressing a smile)  
 Enough of you malingerers and your  
 crude, vapid conversations. I've  
 got to finish my paper for the  
 Dutch Competition.  
 (strolls off)

MUNDI  
 (shouting after him)  
 Better go buy a bottle of 20 Volume  
 peroxide! That's what a Polaco will  
 need to win the Neerlandia Prize--

DISSOLVE TO:

112 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, WILLEMSTAD - DAY

112

The auditorium is filled to capacity. The students from the girls school occupy one side of the auditorium. On the dais is the PRINCIPAL, the SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS and the COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

In their accustomed place, in the last row, are the rowdy boys, Mundi and crew, now adult-sized, still up to their sardonic mockery. One has his cheeks puffed out, mimicking the obese principal, as he approaches the lectern.

As the principal touches the mike, a bit of screeching feedback, then the hollow sound of the P.A. system . . .

PRINCIPAL  
 Your Excellency, Mr.  
 Superintendent, faculty and  
 students. The eagerly anticipated  
 moment has come: the awarding of  
 this year's Neerlandia Prize for  
 excellence in the study of the  
 Dutch Language. His Excellency, our  
 Governor, the Queen's  
 Representative in our Islands will  
 announce the winner.

The principal steps aside, remains standing as the governor rises and approaches the lectern, waiting for applause to dissipate.

GOVERNOR

It is my pleasure to announce that the winner of this year's Neerlandia prize, is Manfred Wolf of Willemstad.

On the rowdy boys: (vigorous applause O.S.) They come to a full stop, with wide-eyes, in the midst of a big laugh as they hear Manny's name called. . .when they recover they begin congratulating each other, taking ownership of Manny's victory.

Manny, seated with his class, arises and walks down the long aisle, mounts the steps. As the applause fades he bows to the Governor, who hands him a handsome leather-bound volume.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Cherish this. Congratulations, young man.

He shakes Manny's hand. More applause. The Governor returns to his seat and the Principal steps to the lectern.

PRINCIPAL

And now, Manfred has prepared a reading of one of the Netherlands' most revered poems. . . Manfred?

Manny steps up to the lectern. His voice quavers on the first two lines, then firms up.

MANNY

"He gazed and said, Farewell, oh mother, never to return, never more. And over dusty roads she saw him go . . ."

DISOLVE TO:

113 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

113

Max, Bertha and Siggy in f.g. waiting, as, in b.g, the doors to the auditorium swing open. It's Manny surrounded by the rowdy boys who are backslapping him and generally overjoyed.

TIGHTER: on Mundi's crew and Manny.

MUNDI

(he's giddy)

Score one for the good guys! The Macambas lose one! What do you know? I can't believe it! Congratulations, man, I knew you could do it!

MANNY

(eyes widen)

Yeah, I did it. Even with no peroxide, eh?

MUNDI

Come on man. . .that was just man-to-man bullshitting. You didn't think I meant it did you?

MANNY

No, but I didn't do it to beat the Macambas. I may be a Polaco but I'm Dutch inside. . .or at least I try to be. Jews are a minority too, you know. I hope this prize shows you that the Macamba try to be fair.

MUNDI

Okay. I get it. . . Now get down from your stupid soapbox and go greet your parents.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 EXT. THE STREET CORNER IN WILLEMSTAD - DAY

114

Mundi, Krishna, Henk, Horace and two of Mundi's female entourage, GIRL 1 and GIRL 2 stand on their favorite corner, downtown. Manny appears in the next block, headed their way.

MUNDI

Here comes the professor, and he looks to be in a hurry.

GIRL 1

Oh! Is he your friend who won the Neerlandia? He's sorta cute.

MUNDI

Hey Girl, don't you be looking at other guys with me standing right here.

GIRL 1

Shut up Sigmund, you don't own me--  
not yet anyways. I don't hear you  
asking me to marry you.

HENK

Girl, are you a dreamer or what?  
This Mundi will do nothing but  
break your heart. He's a free  
spirit. . .

MUNDI

Hey Macamba, mind your own  
business, what do you people know  
about matters of the heart?

Manny gets within ear-shot.

MUNDI (CONT'D)

Hey Manny, I heard that your  
sixteenth Birthday is in a few days  
and that you've been accepted at a  
college in America.

MANNY

(stopping)

Where did you hear that? Okay, yeah  
it's true. But listen, I'm late for  
work. My father's store manager  
will give me hell.

HORACE

That grumpy woman is the manager?  
If you're already late then what's  
the difference? Does she adjust the  
degree of hellishness based upon  
the number of minutes late?

Chuckle from the group.

GIRL 1

Yeah, Manny, stay and talk for a  
while.

MUNDI

Nah, let the professor go. He  
wouldn't be interested in the  
"crude, vapid" conversation we were  
having about Campo Alegre.

MANNY

Yeah, you're right. I wouldn't be. You guys have been jawing about that bordello since we were about ten years old. What have you ever done about it?

MUNDI

Well, that's what we were talking about. Me and Henk went. We finally went. Hey, Polaco, how about a birthday and going-away present?

MANNY

No thanks. Hey, I told you, I need to get going.

HORACE

Come on, Manny. It's a right of passage in Curaçao. It's legal. It's safe.

KRISHNA

Yeah, Wolf. Don't you wanna be a man?

GIRL 1

Shut up, Krishna! That's a low blow. Leave him be.

MUNDI

Come on Wolf. How 'bout this: the day of your birthday. Our treat. We'll buy the beer and pay the eleven guilders for the lady.

MANNY

Trying not to lose face in front of the girls  
I'll think about it. Now I've  
really gotta get going. See you  
guys.

HORACE

(shouting)

Hey Manny, tell that dragon lady  
that you're the son and heir, so to  
get off your back!

MANNY  
 (Over his shoulder,  
 sarcastically,  
 Right, I'll be sure to do that.

DISSOLVE TO:

115 EXT. THE GATE AT CAMPO ALEGRE - DAY 115

sound of music in b.g. tinny, filtered. "Drinkin' Rum and  
 Coca-Cola"

There is a filigreed wrought-iron gate with the name "Campo Alegre" inscrolled in one side. Mundi's entire crew, Manny in the middle, arrives at the gate. A guard in common street clothes sits on an orange crate, occasionally checking IDs. Mundi slips him a bank note instead.

A winding, paved street goes from the gate up a hill. Along the street are small tiled-roof bungalows, each with a front porch upon which men and a few prostitutes sit, chatting, drinking beer or Coca Colas. It doesn't have the feel of a slum, but rather that of a grubby but quiet residential street.

116 EXT. THE WINDING STREET, CAMPO ALEGRE - CONTINUOUS 116

MUNDI  
 (Pointing out the features  
 of the establishment.)  
 If the girls are out, they're  
 available. Damn! Lupita's not on  
 her porch.

HENK  
 (Looking up the hill.)  
 But Carmen is. See you later.

Henk takes off at a trot, up the hill.

On the first porch not occupied by lounging men, sits a rather worn looking Hispanic girl, 30ish, a little heavy.

MANNY  
 What about her? She looks nice.

MUNDI  
 Are you kidding, me? There's much  
 better pickings up the hill.

MANNY

No, I'm going with her. See you later.

HORACE

Okay, Wolf. We'll meet you back here.

Manny hesitantly walks up to her porch. The woman looks a little surprised, but extends her hand to Manny.

WOMAN

Hello, my name is Alonda. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. ALONDA'S PORCH - DAY

117

The entire crew is milling around as Manny exits the screen door followed by ALONDA. Manny spots them, reddens, turns back to Alonda.

MANNY

(softly)

Thank you. . .

MUNDI

(a high cackling laugh)

Thank you?

(more cackling)

Thank you!!

HORACE

Shut up, low-life. C'mon Wolf, let's go get that beer we promised you.

THE CREW

Yeah, Sigmund knock it off. . .yeah he's right. . .yeah . . . yeah the brew. . . c'mon.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 EXT. SMALL BISTRO, DE ROUVILLEWEG, WILLEMSTAD - DAY

118

The crew is seated at three outside tables, drinking Heinekens out of the bottle. GIRL 1 and GIRL 2, strolling along spot the crew, are welcomed, sit down at same table as Mundi, Manny and Horace just as the WAITER approaches.

MUNDI

Excuse me, my good man. Please  
bring Cokes for the ladies,  
(to girls)  
My treat, ladies.

WAITER

(sarcastic tone)  
Certainly, kind sir. Obviously a  
man of great discrimination and  
generosity.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 EXT. THE BISTRO - DAY

119

Visibly getting near the bottom of the coke and beer bottles.  
There is muffled conversation, laughter from the crew.

On Manny, Mundi, Horace, Girls.

GIRL 1

So, you all really went to Campo  
Alegre today?

MUNDI

What do you mean? We didn't say  
anything like that.

GIRL 1

I heard Henk say something at the  
table next door.

HORACE

Okay, we admit it.

GIRL 1

Manny, too?

MANNY

(reluctantly)  
Yes, me too.

GIRL 1

That's good Manny. Nothin' wrong  
with that. Happy Birthday, man.

MUNDI

(starts that cackle again)  
Thank you!  
(more cackling)



GIRL 2  
What's that all about?

MANNY  
(flushed, rises)  
Nothing. C'mon guys, my parents  
have a party planned. Good to see  
you ladies.

GIRL 2  
What so funny about "Thank you"?

120 EXT. THE SIDEWALK, DE ROUVILLEWEG - CONTINUOUS 120  
Manny walking. Bistro now in b.g. as Mundi catches up,

MUNDI  
(still giggling)  
Sorry, man. I couldn't help myself.

MANNY  
Shut up and go walk with the other  
guys.

MUNDI  
Aw, c'mon man. . .

MANNY  
(pulling ahead of Mundi)  
Some friend you are. Go walk with  
the others. And don't bother coming  
to my party.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, WOLF HOME - DAY 121  
Bertha busies herself setting out plates of refreshments. A  
box of decorations sits on the dinette as Manny, Horace and  
Henk enter.

BERTHA  
Here comes the birthday boy. Just  
in time to help me set up for your  
party. Hello Horace, Henk. Thanks  
for coming. Where's Sigmund, I  
thought. . .

MANNY  
He couldn't come, chores.

BERTHA

Oh? Too bad, I always enjoy. . .

MANNY

Right. Well, what do you want us to do?

DISSOLVE TO:

122 EXT. CURAÇAO AIRPORT - DAY

122

The Airport building is a small one-story affair in the Dutch style. The sign says "WILLEMSTAD". At the edge of the tarmac is a waist-high chain-link fence with a frame around the gate bearing a sign: "GATE 3".

The whole family is assembled, including Oma, Opa, Henk, Horace and some girls Manny's age. Manny is already beyond the fence, leaning toward the group. There are lots of animated conversations, hugs. Manny is dressed in a nice suit and tie.

On Bertha and Manny. She is holding both of his hands.

BERTHA

Now, you will go see Siggy, right, Manny? M.I.T. is not far from Waltham is it?

MANNY

It looks to be quite a bus ride. He's the one with a car. He should be coming to see me.

BERTHA

Then you'll invite him, won't you dear?

MANNY

Yes, Mother, I'll invite him to the open house for parents next month. He should fit right in.

BERTHA

(amused)

Now, stop it. We all know you're all grown up now, and you also know that Siggy's "mother hen" role saved your skin a few times, growing up.

MANNY  
 (small chuckle)  
 Yes, I agree. And I WILL invite  
 him, I promise.

MAX  
 Good luck, son, maybe we can come  
 to Boston one of these days.

MANNY  
 I hope so, Papa.

They hug. Bertha kisses him. He carries his two large suitcases over to a luggage cart parked near the Douglas DC3 that serves Willemstad. Every now and then he looks back at the crowd, searching the faces, subtly frowns, then returns to getting his luggage onto the cart.

Suddenly there is a great commotion as Mundi bursts through the swinging doors of the terminal building at a full run and makes it to the edge of the low fence. Manny brightens up then trots over to the fence.

MUNDI  
 Krishna gave me the message, Wolf.  
 I didn't know you was leaving the  
 island already.

MANNY  
 And I didn't know if you would even  
 come. . . after the crap I said  
 last time we met. But, I didn't  
 want to leave it that way.

MUNDI  
 No sweat, man. We aren't ones to  
 hold grudges here.

MANNY  
 I'm glad.

MUNDI  
 Hey! I brought you a snack for the  
 plane.

He produces a rather wrinkled paper sack.

MANNY  
 (Shaking hands with Mundi)  
 Thanks, Mundi. I'm gonna miss you,  
 man.

MUNDI  
Yeah, and you're also gonna miss  
the dance tomorrow.

He wiggles his hips and does a few steps, hands around the  
invisible girl. Bows to her.

MUNDI (CONT'D)  
But, why are you leaving us?

MANNY  
You know. There's no university  
here. I want to continue my  
education.

MUNDI  
You colonials! You just leave here  
when you're done with us. Take a  
plane and get out. Without  
appreciating what's here. But  
America. . .?  
(a sly look)  
In America the girls are hot, hot,  
HOT.

He sketches out a full female outline with his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

123 EXT. THE TARMAC - LATER 123

POV: In back of the bon-voyage party but ZOOMED to frame  
Manny in the plane's window smiling and waving, then ZOOM OUT  
to include the back of the entire party, still waving and  
shouting good-byes, as the DC3 taxis away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

124 EXT. BUS STOP, FRONT OF BRANDEIS U., WALTHAM, MASS. - DAY 124

TITLE OVER: "Waltham, Massachusetts 1951"

Taxi pulls up, door opens, out steps a 17 year-old Manny and  
the DRIVER, who opens the trunk and extracts two large  
suitcases.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 EXT. INSIDE THE FRONT GATE, BRANDEIS - DAY

125

POV: Following Manny up a wide, sweeping driveway that climbs gradually away from the city street. Along both sides are the sign-up tables, groups of loudly chatting students and other signs of a typical Ivy League College during orientation. Manny slowly "runs the gauntlet," lugging his heavy suitcases up the hill, around groups of chatting students, through the lines of card tables. Manny ducks an errantly thrown football. He questions a group of girls, showing them a piece of paper. One points up to the right. He lugs his suitcases up the hill in the direction indicated.

126 INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY BRANDEIS - DAY

126

Manny, slip of paper in-hand checks room numbers as he walks down the hall. Knocks on a door. MARVIN, Manny's roommate opens the door.

MARVIN

Hi.

MANNY

Hello. I think I'm assigned to this room.

MARVIN

You're that guy from Caracas then.

MANNY

If you mean Curaçao, then I'm "that guy."

MARVIN

Yeah Curaçao; that's it. I knew it was someplace down in the tropics.

MANNY

Well, you weren't too far off. The Dutch Antilles aren't that far from Caracas--right off the coast of Venezuela.

(extending his hand)

Manfred Wolf. Everyone calls me "Manny."

MARVIN

I'm Marvin Levin. Everbody calls me "Marv." The girls call me "Marv-A-lous."

(smirk)

Well, come on in.

MANNY  
Thanks, Marvelous. . .

127 INT. DORM ROOM, BRANDEIS - CONTINUOUS

127

The room is sparse. Bunk beds on opposite walls, desks side-by-side under high, leaded windows. Armoires stand on either side of entry door. The crown moldings, hanging light fixture and glass doorknobs hint at 19th Century.

MANNY(CONT'D.)  
. . .maybe you can show me around later.

MARVIN  
I'll do more than that. You and I are going to paint the town red, man! Well, welcome to our den of iniquity. Sorry I forgot to make my bed. But this is it. Your side is the neat one. Your closet is that fancy upright box by the door. There's a room down the hall for luggage.

MANNY  
(kidding)  
Well, your side does look well lived-in.

MARVIN  
(mock anger, then  
relenting)  
Easy Pal. Why don't you leave the luggage here for now? Let's go across the road to Mulligan's and have a brew, maybe shoot some pool. After that, we can go to the pep rally.  
(holding the door open)

128 INT. HALLWAY, DORM, BRANDEIS - CONTINUOUS

128

POV: Ahead of Manny and Marvin, tracking.

MANNY  
What's a pep rally?

MARVIN  
We go to the football field, sit in the bleachers.  
(MORE)

MARVIN (CONT'D)

You know football, right? Not the one we call "soccer," the real football.

MANNY

Yeah, I know your football. I've seen newsreels of your college games at our local movie theater.

MARVIN

Well, Brandeis has a team. Even though we're a new school, our team is actually not too terrible. The rally is to teach us the yells, so we can support the team.

A couple of girls approach from the opposite direction.

GIRL 1

Hey, Marv, who's your friend?

MARVIN

This is my new roommate, Manny from Caracas. Karen! Come here. Long time no see.

(kisses her on the mouth)

KAREN

You're so fast you make my head spin, Marv.

MARVIN

Yeah, any more of this and I'll be spinning out of control. We'll see you girls at the rally.

Manny and Marvin walk on for a moment.

MANNY

I don't know. I'm a little travel-weary. You go to the rally after Mulligan's and I'll go on back to the room.

MARVIN

There'll be some cute cheerleaders in short skirts, leading the yells.

(Exaggerated look of expectation, a beat,)

Well, okay suit yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

129 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

129

Manny, at his desk, writing a letter. The luggage is gone. Bed not slept in yet. Quick close up over his shoulder as he writes:

"Dear Mother and Father, I have arrived safely at Brandeis. I'm now settled in my dormitory room, which is quite comfortable. . ."

DISSOLVE TO:

130 INT. CLASS BUILDING, HALLWAY, BRANDEIS - DAY

130

POV: Hallway, a door. The door opens and students begin streaming out. Manny and a CO-ED come out.

TRACKING with them down the hall. One of the male students slaps Manny on the back.

MALE STUDENT

Man you sure stopped the old man in his tracks.

MANNY

Oh? . . . Well, thanks.

CO-ED

(turning to Manny)

Look, we only have this one class together, but You did seem to come out of your shell a little today-- although I agree with Professor Lewisohn.

MANNY

I just couldn't sit there and listen to him saying, that because of the holocaust, we need to embrace Judaism even more strongly, become even more religiously Jewish.

CO-ED

But revenge, Mr. Wolf? I agree with him that revenge breeds more revenge.

MANNY

Call me Manny.



CO-ED

Okay, Manny. I'm Carol

MANNY

(thin smile)

I know.

CAROL

I'm on my way to the library. Do you have a class?

MANNY

No.

CAROL

Then walk with me. . . . So. . . I don't really understand how revenge is going to help anything.

MANNY

There has to be justice. Have you heard of the Palestine Brigade? Young guys from Israel, fighters, before it was even Israel. A few years ago, they went to Germany and started killing Nazis. There has to be some justice.

CAROL

Justice? They can't just go there and kill Germans. They're likely to kill the wrong ones. Forget it, Manny. There'll never be justice for what happened.

FADE-OUT:

FADE IN:

131 INT. QUIET CORNER OF RESIDENCE HALL PARLOR - NIGHT

131

Manny on couch, Carol in occasional chair, their knees nearly touching.

CAROL

...so, all during your childhood in Curaçao you were obsessed with returning to Holland?

MANNY

Yeah, in the younger years, especially.

CAROL

Sounds like you were trying to  
rewind the film--edit out all the  
bad stuff.

MANNY

Maybe,  
(beat)  
too bad it isn't that easy.  
(beat)  
It was less of an obsession in high  
school. But I still gravitated  
toward Dutch culture and Dutch  
friends.

CAROL

So, why didn't you go back to  
Holland for college?

MANNY

I probably would have, but my  
parents were afraid the Russians  
might start World War Three over  
there.

CAROL

(smiling)  
Well, I'm glad they did think that.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 INT. SAME CORNER OF RESIDENCE HALL PARLOR - NIGHT

132

Carol is now seated next to Manny on the couch, holding his  
hand.

MANNY

(choking back tears)  
So there we were in that big room  
full of people bound for Auschwitz  
and suddenly we were released. As  
we left, there was the little girl,  
Rachel, with the bow in her hair,  
waiting. . . I'm sorry . . .

Takes glasses off, wipes tears with back of hand.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Compared to the others, nothing  
terrible happened to us.

CAROL

You cry for what you feel. But sometimes I don't know what you feel.

MANNY

Sometimes I don't know either.

CAROL

You want something. But, what?

MANNY

Brandeis is a Jewish place. Why would explanations be needed here?

CAROL

Maybe they shouldn't be, but you have to provide them.

MANNY

I know I do. But I don't know how. I thought I would be so happy to leave all that behind. But now I sometimes feel like my father — always brooding about what happened.

CAROL

Well, that's a start. So what are you doing Thanksgiving? Would you like to come to our house in Maynard?

MANNY

Really? That's nice of you, and I'd love to, but the administration has parceled us "foreigners" out to families in the local Jewish community. It's sort of a command performance, I guess.

CAROL

Well, good. I suspect that it will be good for you and them both. I'm glad. Maybe Hanukah?

MANNY

Maybe so. Sounds great.

Carol places her hand on his knee.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. UPPER-CLASS HOME, NEWTON, MASS. - AFTERNOON

133

It's Thanksgiving Day. The house and furnishings are sumptuous. STANLEY, the host, a local surgeon chats with the guests while CEIL, his wife finishes meal preparation, buzzing back and forth to and from the kitchen.

CEIL

(a drive-by)

So, Manfred, I hear this is your first Thanksgiving ever.

MANNY

(Louder, as CEIL disappears into the kitchen)

Yes, it is. We celebrated Jewish and Dutch Holidays in Curaçao.

CEIL

(O.S. Echoing from the kitchen)

You poor dear. Well, we'll try to make it up to you today, won't we Stanley.

STANLEY

Yes, Dear, we sure will.  
(winks at Manny)

DISSOLVE TO:

134 INT. SAME HOME, FORMAL DINING ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

134

Stanley parades in carrying a large silver tray with a perfectly browned, 20 lb. Turkey aboard, followed by Ceil, carrying a beautiful set of bone-handled carving tools. The guests remain reverently standing until the bird rests on the damask table cloth, then--as if on cue--they take their seats.

CEIL

Well, what do you think Manfred?

MANNY

(pondering)

I almost think someone should be blowing the Shofar.  
(all laugh.)

CEIL

(Sounding formal, her Boston accent evident.)

(MORE)

CEIL (CONT'D)

And now, Stanley, deah. . . will you please cahve the turkey?

STANLEY

(Ritualistically accepting the carving knife and fork.)

Yes Ceil, I will now carve the turkey.

CEIL

Still standing, her hand on Manny's shoulder, leaning down with her face even with his.

Now Stanley is carving the turkey. My father, may he rest in peace, always, but always, carved the turkey. He was a small boy when he came to this country from Russia.

MANNY

Oh, your family adopted the American holidays early-on then?

CEIL

When my father came, there had already been Jews—Sephardim--here in New England since 1634. That's only fourteen years after the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

FREDERIC

(A young but worn-looking man, 20ish.)

They actually came by way of Curaçao, like you did, Manny.

CEIL

(Picking up a sterling silver serving fork.)

Do you prefer white or dark meat, Manny?

MANNY

Uh, I don't know. . . maybe a little of each?

DISSOLVE TO:

135 INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM/LIBRARY - THAT NIGHT

135

Manny, Stanley, Fredric, WALTER & SANDRA along with LIBBY, a middle aged Jewish woman, all relax on a cream colored couch and settee, enjoying after-dinner drinks, chatting.

Ceil stands behind the couch her hand on Stanley's shoulder.

CEIL

Frederic was in Europe not long after you left, Manny, fighting on our side.

SANDRA

He was a hero. 'got a Bronze Star in the Battle of the Bulge. His division came home to New York Harbor on the Queen Mary, to a fireboat welcome, all spraying. . . Kate Smith was on a barge singing "Good Bless America."

FREDERIC

Mother, please. I was no more a hero than anyone else. The real heroes are still there. . .

WALTER

Oh don't be so modest, son. You did your part and now the Nazis are history.

(to Manny)

Manfred, I'm curious. Why didn't your people come to America earlier, before the Nazis took over Holland?

MANNY

(scoffs quietly)

The U.S. wouldn't admit us. We had no Visa, no papers.

WALTER

Papers? Oh, like documents.

STANLEY

But still, Roosevelt was a great president.

MANNY

Yes he was, I used to listen to his speeches on Radio Curaçao.

CEIL

(Putting her hand on  
LIBBY's shoulder.)  
Libby here, is a member of Hadassah  
and active in other local  
charities.

Libby is blond, attractive, stout but not fat. Her beautiful  
dress hints "wealth." She extracts a cigarette from a gold  
case, inserts it into a long jade cigarette holder.

LIBBY

(Lighting up with a gold  
plated Ronson.)  
So, Manfred, tell us about your war  
experiences. I imagine it was a bit  
of a challenge, getting out of  
Holland right under the noses of  
the Germans.

MANNY

More than a bit. During the entire  
flight we were nearly. . .

LIBBY

(expansively)  
You know, I have friends who  
escaped Europe. I forget now if  
they left before or after the war.

MANNY

(bristles slightly)  
That makes rather a lot of  
difference. . .

LIBBY

Oh, really?  
(sighs)  
These friends lost everything they  
owned. Gorgeous furniture, clothes,  
jewelry. Everything. They lost  
everything.

MANNY

But they got out. They survived,  
right?

LIBBY

Well, yes. . .  
(“so what” look)

MANNY

(Face reddens, holding  
back.

(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)

Finally, voice quaking,  
leans forward,)

When you've faced death a few times  
you no longer worry about the  
silver menorah you left back in  
Germany.

FREDERIC

Manny's got a point. I was not at  
all prepared for what I saw. . .

CEIL

Now gentlemen, let's not dwell on  
the past. Let's talk about your  
future. Manny, what's your major at  
Brandeis?

MANNY

(Reluctantly settling back  
in his chair again)

Psychology.

CEIL

Psychology? How nice. I wish  
Stanley had studied psychology.  
Stanley, I wish you had studied  
psychology.

STANLEY

No, Ceil, psychology isn't for me.  
I like something a little more  
exact.

CEIL

Oh, Stanley. Exactness, always  
exactness. That's not how the world  
turns.

LIBBY

You know, World War Two was no  
picnic here either. We had  
shortages. Sometimes we couldn't  
get soap or sugar or butter or even  
underwear--at least with elastic.

(Sticking a fresh  
cigarette in her holder,)

For some reason we couldn't get  
elastic. . .You know, a lot of  
material was put in parachutes. . .

C/U Manny, gives up. Closes eyes, brow furrows. . .



136 FLASHBACK, ETHEREAL: 136

--The little Gypsy boy tumbles out of his tiny prison, flees into the woods.

--(for a half-beat) the black and white Life Magazine photo of Jewish bodies stacked like firewood.

137 END FLASHBACK 137

DISSOLVE TO:

138 INT. THE FOYER OF STANLEY AND CEIL'S HOME - NIGHT 138

The guests are milling about, putting on coats, saying their goodbyes. Manny and Frederic are next in line to say goodbye to the hosts.

FREDERIC

Hey Manny, I'm going right by Brandeis on my way home to Weston, can I give you a lift?

MANNY

Thanks, that would be great. The busses don't run very often at this time of night.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. FREDERIC'S BUICK, MOVING, NEWTON, MASS. - NIGHT 139

Manny's POV in passenger seat. Frederic in profile. The new Buick smoothly negotiates the winding streets between Newton and Waltham.

FREDERIC

You know, Manny, I can understand your feelings tonight, these people can't even imagine what you and your family have been through.

MANNY

I myself can barely imagine what some of the unlucky ones went through. Only hearsay,  
(beat)  
and pictures in magazines.

FREDERIC

But these people tonight are good people. Mother said during the War, Libby put in 40 or 50 hours a week working for The Joint, helping relocate displaced persons.

MANNY

I know they're nice, and kind; just ignorant of reality. But both their ignorance and my own good fortune seem to be such an affront to those who truly suffered.

FREDERIC

Some wrongs just can't be righted, Manny.

MANNY

(Staring at the fleeting scenery,)

I guess so. . . You sound like my girlfriend, Carol.

FREDERIC

(Chuckle)

DISSOLVE TO:

140 EXT. MANNY'S DORMATORY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

140

The Dorm is three stories high, Victorian, mostly dark, a few windows are lighted. Ornate balconies jut out at intervals. The Buick pulls up to the front walk. Manny gets out leans in before closing the door.

MANNY

Thanks a lot, Frederic. . . for the ride and for the conversation. I would have you come up and meet Marv, but he may be asleep by now-- Okay, you too. Bye.

Slams door, Buick rumbles away, its exhaust streaming into the cold air.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 EXT. BRANDEIS CAMPUS - SATURDAY NIGHT

141

Manny and Carol stroll hand-in-hand, dressed in overcoats and scarves. They walk by a frozen pond and several campus landmarks. They sit down on a park bench.

MANNY

. . . so, this woman, Libby was kvetching about how hard the War was for Americans—she couldn't get sugar, soap or decent underwear. I had a hard time keeping even a veneer of civility.

CAROL

But, all in all, Thanksgiving was a positive experience?

MANNY

On balance, yes.

CAROL

(Gently and briefly brushing her lips against Manny's,)

Let's walk.

POV: Ahead, tracking as they stroll

MANNY

During the meal, every time I felt uncomfortable I would compulsively check my pocket to make sure my passport was there . . . We had no passports on the way out of Europe, just some improvised, forged papers that at any time could have been rejected.

CAROL

So feeling a real passport in there gave you comfort?

MANNY

I guess. But the ambiance in that home, the relaxed atmosphere, the soothing words of my friend Frederic as we drove back to campus, even the ignorance of those people to the awfulness across the ocean, made me realize, nobody needs a passport here.

CAROL

(smiling)

Unless you go away and come back again. . .

MANNY

So, yesterday, I took a stroll over to downtown Waltham, went into a bank, and rented a safe-deposit box. In that room they lock you in, I had a funeral service for that passport.

(chuckle)

Surprisingly, the little steel box looked like a coffin.

CAROL

Progress. That's good.

MANNY

And I felt relieved . . . more positive than I can ever remember feeling since I left Bilthoven as a five year-old. . . But this afternoon, the ghosts of the past were back.

CAROL

(frustrated)

Why?

MANNY

I dunno. Unease came over me. Something pulled at me, called out to me, distressed me. I felt a weight in the pit of my stomach.

(beat)

After so looking forward to being in America, I sometimes find it hard to enjoy it.

CAROL

I just don't get it.

MANNY

To be here in America, to have survived - isn't that a betrayal of the dead?

CAROL

Manny, . . . would it really have been better for Hitler to have one more victim?

MANNY

I know, but I just can't think that we were more deserving than anyone else.

CAROL

(shaking her head)

This sounds like guilt, Manny. Why on earth should you feel guilty?

MANNY

No reason. But there's more to it than guilt: One part of me wants to forget--to be relieved of the memories because the past seems like some monster rising up to devour me. But the other part of me refuses to forget because it doesn't want to diminish what those poor people went through.

CAROL

The key for you, is focusing on the future.

MANNY

But facing the future requires being oblivious, courting coldness and denial.

CAROL

I said focus on the future, not forget the past. You're studying psych'. . .repression leads to bad things, right? All that stuff happened. You said yourself: it shouldn't be denied.

(beat, resumes walking)

But, you can't drive a car always looking at the rear-view mirror, you'll crash.

On the other hand, if you never look at the rear-view mirror someone might "rear-end" you. . . . Looking forward doesn't mean ignoring the past.

MANNY

(returns the earlier kiss)

Let's walk back toward the dorms.

An icy wind blows harder, they begin running, past another frozen pond, holding hands. As they round the last corner, Carol comes to an abrupt stop, pulling Manny to a stop by his arm. A crowd is assembled in the courtyard of Manny's distant dorm looking up at the building.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Why are we stopping?

CAROL

Let's just go. It's that boy from your dorm. You don't want to see this.

MANNY

No, let's see.

Standing on the balcony outside his room, curtains billowing in the icy wind, is a tall, pale young man in the grayish green uniform of a Nazi officer, complete with military cap. He stands stiffly, distantly, as if not present in his body, and he does not gesture or speak. The crowd is silent.

MANNY (CONT'D)

He's the one with the girl friend in Germany who committed suicide recently. He must be distraught.

C/U Manny's face. He is obviously distraught himself, holding his breath. Then Manny smiles, when,

142 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE DORM - CONTINUOUS

142

TIGHTER:

On the young man as he silently turns and disappears beyond the billowing curtains. As the crowd of students disperses we track ahead of Manny and Carol.

143 EXT. PATH TOWARD THE DORM - CONTINUOUS

143

For a long moment both are silent, pensive, as they walk. Finally:

CAROL

Are you smiling?

MANNY

Huh?

CAROL

You have a faint smile on your face.

MANNY

I do? . . . Well, I guess I was thinking, "I'm not the only one who is haunted by ghosts of the past."

CAROL

Misery loves company, eh?

MANNY

No, it's not that. Maybe American Jews aren't as oblivious as they had seemed on Thanksgiving.

CAROL

Not all of us are oblivious, Manny. I think some of us find it hard to talk about the atrocities--even to think about them.

(beat)

Okay, it's a form of repression. .  
. I admit it.

MANNY

I don't understand the Nazi uniform, but maybe some little lump of undigested experience had risen to the surface for him and--In that weird way--he was expressing it.

CAROL

Maybe . . .

MANNY

I guess each of us chooses our own form of silence. . . each breaks it in his own way.

CAROL

And you're relieved?

MANNY

My biggest relief is just realizing that the ghost has finally appeared--that ghost I could never talk about. What I had dreaded is now in the past. . . Done.

CAROL  
(suspicious)  
So, that's it? Voila, finished,  
cured?

MANNY  
Of course, not. But you're right:  
The past can't be ignored. . . or  
wished away. . . and the future. .  
.

CAROL  
(grabs his arm)  
Oops, careful; is that a patch of  
ice ahead?

C/U MANNY, FAINT SMILE,

MANNY  
Nope. It's my life. . . waiting to  
be lived.

FADE OUT:

THE END