

Renaissance

FADE IN:

EXT. BLEAK FIELD - DAY (BLACK & WHITE)

It is a gray morning and a line of children stand on the side of the road. Behind them is a pit filled with bodies.

A crew of Nazi soldiers stands on the other side of the road, machine guns leveled at the children, who scream and cry, but do not move.

The commander of the group gives a signal. The machine guns tear into life, and the small bodies fall backwards into the pit.

The other Nazis walk up to the edge and, with Lugars, finish off those who still live.

A group of adults, weeping, dressed in the same rags as the children, approach with shovels and begin to fill in the ditch with dirt.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1992

SHALOM, an elderly man with a black patch over one eye, sits up in bed. He looks down at his hands. They are shaking. He is bald, his scalp mottled with long-healed burn scars.

His wife, EMMA, is sleeping next to him. She rolls over and sits up. She has long gray hair and is younger than Shalom, though not by much. She has a kind face.

EMMA

What's wrong?

SHALOM

Nothing. Just a dream.

EMMA

I never met anyone who dreams as much as you do.

Shalom gets out of bed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

SHALOM

I am going to make some tea.

EMMA

You're going to be up all night.

SHALOM

I'll be up all night anyhow.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Shalom pads from the stove to the sink and fills a kettle with water. He sets it on the stove to boil and sits down at the kitchen table to wait.

On the table is a pencil and a piece of paper. He absently begins to doodle on the paper. We see the beginnings of a sketch of a lake. Mountains stand proudly in the background.

He frowns and begins to draw again, this time with more concentration. He fills in the rough drawing with degrees of shading that add more and more detail.

The tea kettle begins to WHISTLE. He does not seem to hear. He just draws, totally absorbed with what he is doing.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Emma shuffles in, wearing a battered robe, her gray hair down around her shoulders. She sees the smoking kettle, the bottom burned black. She rushes over and turns off the heat.

She notices Shalom, asleep at the table. She walks over to him and picks up the sketch he was working on the night before.

It is a highly detailed landscape of a mountain lake. The sky is reflected in the lake - in fact the picture is so detailed it might have been a black and white photograph.

In the center of the lake, a small figure is fishing off of a boat.

EMMA

Goodness . . .

EXT. TEL AVIV MARKETPLACE - DAY

Emma shops at the open stalls. The cries of hawkers ring through the air. She passes one stall where a seedy-looking merchant sells various odds and ends. On one table she sees a set of oil paints. She pauses and picks it up.

EMMA
I'll take it.

The merchant wraps it up and hands it to her. Emma turns to go, but her attention is drawn to the next stall where two older men play chess. She watches intently as a pawn is slid forward . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARN - NIGHT - 1945

Silence broken only by distant crickets. Candlelight flickers ghostly through a cracked window.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

On a makeshift chess board, a young girl's hand pushes a chipped pawn forward.

Four sickeningly thin people huddle around an oil lamp. They are shivering and their breath forms plumes as they speak. They are all dressed in rags, and their heads have, in the recent past, been shaved, though it is starting to grow back in.

We recognize Emma, though she is younger, in her twenties. She blows in her hands to keep them warm.

BARUCH, an elderly man who barely seems strong enough to be alive, reads silently from a battered black, leather-bound book. The two chess players - MIRIAM (8), and KURT (32), a hawklike man with beady eyes - stare intently at the chessboard.

Kurt moves his queen across the board until it is next to Miriam's king.

KURT
Checkmate.
(startled)
Did you hear that?

BARUCH
It was just the wind.

KURT
This is foolish. The light will draw attention.

EMMA

The lights were out in the farmhouse.
It's so cold - we need some heat.

BARUCH

The Lord will protect us, if it is his
will.

KURT

Like he did in the camp.

(beat)

Someone's coming! Quick, Baruch. Blow
out the light.

Baruch leans over and blows out the candle, plunging the
group into darkness.

FOOTSTEPS are heard coming closer to the barn. The door
CREAKS open.

A BEAM OF LIGHT cuts the darkness.

A GERMAN FARMER bearing a shotgun waves a flashlight around
the dark room. The beam catches Baruch hiding, terrified in
a corner, like a frightened animal.

GERMAN FARMER

Juden!!

He lifts his shotgun. Emma SCREAMS!

We hear a heavy THUD, followed by the CRACK of the shotgun.

Baruch hits the ground - the shot goes wild.

The farmer drops his flashlight and falls to his knees. In
the shadows, Emma rushes to Baruch and helps him to his feet.
Kurt runs and grabs the gun from the farmer's hands, who
looks up at Kurt blankly and falls down at his feet.

The back of the farmer's head is bashed in.

Behind him, silhouetted by moonlight, a SHADOWY FIGURE
stands, holding a heavy rock that is coated black with the
farmer's blood.

Emma relights the lamp.

The middle-aged man standing in the doorway is in frightful
shape. His hair is gone, obviously burned away. His face
and arms are also blotched with burns.

One eye is gone - his eye socket is a gaping wound. Blood flows from a small wound in his forehead.

It is SHALOM.

He collapses on top of the dead German Farmer.

INT. BARN - DAY

Emma, Baruch, and Kurt hover over the unconscious Shalom. He breathes lightly, his head bandaged by a rag of cloth that also covers his empty eye socket.

BARUCH

Do you think he will wake?

KURT

What difference does it make? We have to leave him.

EMMA

How can you say that? He saved our lives.

KURT

He will slow us down. We can't afford that.

EMMA

But he will die if we leave him.

KURT

After all that has happened, what is one more life? We must concentrate on keeping ourselves alive.

BARUCH

Do you think he's from the camps?

EMMA

His arm is burnt. I can not tell if there was a number.

Shalom stirs. Wearily, he opens his eye and gazes into the three gaunt faces staring down at him.

BARUCH

Be still. You are badly hurt.

SHALOM

I . . . I am alive.

EMMA

Yes. You are alive.

Shalom lays his head back, relieved.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What is your name?

Shalom stares at her, blankly. He thinks for a moment.

SHALOM

I . . . I don't know.

KURT

What do you mean you don't know? Who are you?

EMMA

Kurt! He's been injured.

(to Shalom)

Do you mean you don't remember who you are?

Shalom looks into her eyes. He nods.

SHALOM

I don't remember. I don't remember . . . anything.

BARUCH

We will help you. But now you have to rest. Rest. We won't leave until you are well enough to travel.

Kurt shoots Baruch a black look.

KURT

What kind of man forgets his own name?

INT. BARN - DAY

Shalom is trying to stand, aided by Baruch. Kurt plays chess with Miriam.

BARUCH

Easy now. You've only had a few days of rest. You're still weak.

(beat)

You know, I never got a chance to thank you.

SHALOM
There is no need.

BARUCH
You saved my life.

SHALOM
I took that farmer's.

BARUCH
Sometimes we must sin to save ourselves.

KURT
We have been here too long. We must get moving.
(to Miriam, lecturing)
No ... that is a poor move - you are open to my queen. Remember, the queen is the most powerful piece on the board. You must always watch her.

BARUCH
It is too early yet, Kurt. He does not have the strength.

KURT
Others will come looking for the man he killed. We must move soon.

BARUCH
Kurt, my friend. It's only been five days . . . even God needed a week to perform his miracles.

KURT
This man is not God. He will never be able to keep up in the condition he is in.

Shalom falls back into the hay. Baruch tries to help him up, but he waves them away.

Slowly, but with great dignity he rises to his feet.

SHALOM
I will not slow you down. If I do, then leave me behind.

Kurt and Shalom lock eyes.

The door CREAKS open and Emma comes in, carrying a lumpy bundle in a dirty cloth.

EMMA
I found food!

The others gather around as she dumps the cloth, full of radishes, to the ground.

KURT
Radishes! How can we cook these?

BARUCH
We don't.
(beat)
Thank you Emma.

KURT
Oh . . . yes . . . thank you, Emma.

Kurt puts an arm around her and begins to lead her toward a makeshift seat in the hay but she quietly breaks away. She picks up two radishes and sits next to Shalom.

Kurt's face hardens.

EMMA
Here.

She gives Shalom a radish and tries to take a bite out of the hard vegetable. It is too tough.

Shalom reaches into his pocket and pulls out a SMALL SILVER POCKETKNIFE.

SHALOM
Here . . . let me help you.

He cuts the radish into thin slices that they share.

EMMA
I never thought a raw radish would taste good.

SHALOM
It doesn't. We have to eat.

EMMA
Where did you get that knife?

Shalom regards the knife curiously, as if it is the first time he has ever seen it.

SHALOM
 I don't know.
 (beat; to Miriam)
 Miriam, come here.

Shyly, Miriam approaches.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
 Let me cut those for you.

She stands there, looking frightened by the strange man.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
 Don't be afraid. Come, hand me the
 radish.

Miriam retreats to the back of the barn, where she sits down next to Baruch and hides her face in his shirt.

Kurt also sits down next to Baruch, and speaks softly to him so that Shalom and Emma will not hear.

KURT
 We know nothing about him. What man
 forgets everything about who he was?
 (beat)
 He could be one of them. He's hiding
 something.

BARUCH
 You have to have faith, Kurt. He saved
 us.

KURT
 We're not saved yet.

Kurt watches Shalom and Emma eating radishes. We close on Shalom's face as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUTTERED OFFICE - DAY - 1992

. . . a photo of a middle-aged Shalom sitting in an open folder filled with papers and newspaper clippings.

DAVID REUBENS (32), in a white linen shirt and dark slacks, stands in front of CHAIM SAMUELSON (57), an older, portly man wearing a cheap polyester tie.

Both men look very comfortable with each other, though Reubens is obviously respectful of the older man, standing formally in front of his desk while Samuelson reads over another file.

Neither is paying attention to the folder with Shalom's photo in it. They are obviously discussing another case.

SAMUELSON

So the Nazi was hiding in Brazil after all. Very clever, leading us on a chase through Canada, yes?

REUBENS

He is a very clever man. Or - he was.

SAMUELSON

His suicide - it bothers you?

REUBENS

I wanted to bring him to justice.

SAMUELSON

You made it public. You dragged him kicking and screaming into the light of the public eye. His final years were spent fleeing you. He was a monster that you dragged from its lair.

REUBENS

But somehow, it's as if he won, eluding us at the very last.

SAMUELSON

And now he will face God's judgment.

Reubens shrugs.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Ah yes - the agnostic. You're young. You'll learn.

(beat)

So now you're back. Your wife must be happy to see you. How does she feel about you spending months chasing old men across the globe?

REUBENS

She understands.

SAMUELSON

Does she? Mine never did. She must be a good woman.

Reubens nods. He hands Samuelson the file with Shalom's picture in it.

REUBENS

Sir, have you had a chance to review my request?

Samuelson opens the folder and leafs through it.

SAMUELSON

Right - your refugee. What exactly is your reasoning on this case?

REUBENS

Sir, from 1942 to 1947, thousands of people crossed into what was then British controlled Palestine without authorization of the British customs authorities. If they hadn't, they would have been turned back.

SAMUELSON

And?

REUBENS

Over the years, through various censuses, we have traced the background of most of these emigrés. But some remain . . . how shall I say . . . suspicious of origin.

(beat)

We look into these cases and the vast majority turn up as sad stories of destroyed lives. Painful but traceable pasts.

SAMUELSON

And what makes this man so special?

He carelessly tosses the file onto his desk.

REUBENS

Sir, this man has no past.

We glance down at the file, where the picture of Shalom stares back at us.

SAMUELSON

You are aware you are talking about a war hero?

REUBENS

I'm sorry?

SAMUELSON

1948. War for Independence. Carried twelve men out of the line of fire. Just kept going back and back until he got them all out. Received the Medal of Supreme Bravery. First one, I believe.

REUBENS

With all due respect, Sir, I don't believe this man is a hero. I think he is covering up something . . . something from his past.

Samuelson grabs the file again and studies it.

SAMUELSON

OK, Reubens. We'll consider it. I'll let you know.

REUBENS

Thank you sir.

Reubens leaves the office. Samuelson studies the file a little longer, then puts it aside, shaking his head.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

The elderly Shalom sits in the middle of his living room - an easel set up before him. Deep in concentration, he lays down brush stroke after brush stroke.

We can see that he is painting the figure of a woman - not Emma, not anyone we have seen before.

Emma walks in, carrying a bundle of wildflowers in her arms. As she walks around the room, she opens windows, letting a fresh breeze rustle through the curtains. She places flowers in vases throughout the room as Shalom paints.

EMMA

She is beautiful. Who is she?

SHALOM

(frowns)

I don't know. She looks . . . familiar.

EMMA

(laughs, teasingly)

You have such an imagination for an old man!

SHALOM

It is not imagination. It feels like . . . memory. But it's not connected to anything. I've seen these images before, but I don't know where.

Shalom shakes his head, frustrated, and stands.

EMMA

Are you done?

SHALOM

I am tired, Emma.

(beat)

I need to rest.

Shalom walks from the room. Emma goes over to a corner where a stack of canvases lean against a wall. The images are all quite different from one another: two children holding hands, a landscape, a meticulously designed building, a young, slightly plump, nude woman.

EMMA

. . . like a memory.

EXT. TEL AVIV STREETS - DAY

The streets are busy with cars, bikes, and pedestrians. Formally-dressed Chassidim with black hats and long sideburns shop side by side with young girls in short sleeves. Crumbling, graffiti-marked walls lie among beautiful new buildings, the white stone nearly blinding in the bright sunlight.

Shalom passes a newsstand and picks up a paper. The headline reads:

SS LEADER SUICIDES IN BRAZIL

A voice cries out, distracting him from the newspaper.

VOICE

Shalom!

Shalom looks up and sees an attractive, middle aged woman approaching him. He looks confused, then his face lightens with recognition.

SHALOM

Miriam! Is that you?

It is Miriam, the once young girl with whom he escaped Germany so many years before. She runs to him, her arms open.

MIRIAM

It's been so many years!

SHALOM

But look at you - you're all grown up!
The last time I saw you, you had just
gotten married.

MIRIAM

Time passes.

SHALOM

Come - let us get a cup of tea.

EXT. SMALL OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

The two sit at a small table, Shalom nursing a cup of tea, Miriam with a cup of coffee. She appears very happy and excited.

MIRIAM

So now my oldest, Shlomo, is getting married. She's such a nice girl. They talk about moving to the United States, but I don't know . . . it's so far away.

SHALOM

I'm so glad you've found so much happiness. I have thought about you . . . and the others over the years. The only one I managed to stay in touch with was Baruch, until he died.

MIRIAM

I hear he finally made it to America.

SHALOM

He moved there when he was ninety. He said to me, right before he left, "It is never too late to start your life again." He was remarkable.

(beat)

He was so happy when he found his son - and his grandson. The boy is 20 now, in some big university in Washington, D.C.

(MORE)

SHALOM(CONT'D)

He's coming to visit Emma and me before his classes start.

MIRIAM

And Emma . . . how is she?

SHALOM

As beautiful as when I married her.

MIRIAM

I named my daughter after her. She is the strongest woman I have ever met.

(beat)

And you . . . a national hero. No one believed me when I told them I knew you. Our country owes so much to you.

Shalom waves modestly.

SHALOM

I just helped make the plans. There is no bravery in that. I'm just an old chess player.

Miriam smiles.

MIRIAM

So, now what do you do? Are you still a military advisor?

SHALOM

I retired from that life a long time ago. I now take long walks, spend time with my wife, paint. The life of an old man.

MIRIAM

I would love to see some of your paintings. My husband works for the museum . . . he collects paintings done by contemporary Israeli artists.

SHALOM

I'm no artist . . .

MIRIAM

(laughs)

Neither are some of the people who claim to be. But he collects their paintings anyhow. He says that the key to forming a national identity is to encourage an artistic culture.

(beat)

He's from Boston, originally.

(MORE)

MIRIAM(CONT'D)

Sounds like something an American would say. Come to dinner next week. Bring Emma. I would love to see her. And your paintings.

SHALOM

All right. I will.

MIRIAM

(looks at watch)

I have to go.

She pulls a piece of paper from her purse and scrawls her address.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

I will see you Thursday - at seven?

Shalom nods and smiles. Gathering her belongings, Miriam leaves.

As she goes, a MAN, his back turned to us, walks toward Shalom.

MAN

Excuse me. Do you have a cigarette?

SHALOM

I don't smoke.

The man nods and walks away. We follow him as he turns a corner. He reaches into his coat. As he does, we see his face for the first time. It is Reubens, the Nazi hunter.

He pulls a small tape recorder out of his pocket and rewinds it. He presses "play."

RECORDING

I don't smoke.

He walks over to a phone booth and dials a number.

REUBENS

Lebowitz . . . I have a voice sample I need you to check out. I'll be over tonight - wait for me.

Placing the phone in its cradle, he walks off.

EXT. SMALL OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Shalom is still sitting at the table by himself. He takes the last sip of his tea and leans his head back, his eyes closed.

SHALOM
(to self)
Miriam . . . so many years . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT - 1945

Miriam and Kurt play chess by candlelight. The others lie asleep in the hay. Miriam, studying the board intently, goes to make a move.

KURT
Think, Miriam. It is important to think
before each move.

Miriam reconsiders and slides a bishop across the board.

KURT (CONT'D)
And you must not rush. Impatience leads
to carelessness.

Kurt jauntily captures her bishop with a pawn.

KURT (CONT'D)
Carelessness leads to defeat. Now think
about your next move, Miriam. See if you
can determine the best method of attack.
I will be back.

Kurt stands and quietly leaves the barn. Miriam glares after him, then returns her full attention to the board. She studies every piece, every angle, and shakes her head, frustrated.

She feels eyes on her . . . turns . . . finds Shalom staring at her. She is too startled to look away.

SHALOM
Distract with your pawn, Miriam.

The girl blinks, scared and uncomprehending.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Move your remaining pawn ahead to threaten his queen. His attention is always lost on his queen.

The girl looks to the board to consider this.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

He will slide his queen out of the way, thinking you have made a harmless error. And then you slide your rook two spaces to the right.

(beat)

Checkmate, Miriam.

Her concentration on the board is suddenly broken by the return of Kurt.

KURT

OK, Miriam. Your move.

Miriam pretends to study the board, then carefully moves her pawn one space ahead.

KURT (CONT'D)

Well, well, my little attacker. We are truly pitting David against Goliath!

Kurt slides his queen out of the pawn's reach and smiles complacently at Miriam.

With visible excitement, she quickly slides her rook two spaces to the right.

Kurt, snapped out of his smirk, stares down at the board. He frantically studies every angle.

Realizing there is no escape, he looks up angrily at Miriam but swiftly gets his emotions under control.

KURT (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Good. Very good. I . . . I didn't expect that.

(beat)

Why don't you go to bed, Miriam. It's getting late.

Miriam jumps up cheerfully and finds her space in the hay. She lies down, too excited to sleep.

Kurt studies the board, wondering how the little girl beat him.

KURT (CONT'D)
Good night, Miriam.

Miriam turns to look at Shalom in the candlelight. He looks back at her and smiles.

MIRIAM
Good night.

And, for the first time, she smiles. Kurt blows out the candle.

CUT TO:

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY - 1992

Shalom opens his front door and BRIAN GOLDSTIEN (21) steps inside, extending his hand. He has longish-shaggy hair and wears silver spectacles. He carries a backpack, stuffed to capacity.

SHALOM
Brian, Brian! Welcome! We've been
looking forward to your visit.

Shalom ushers him into the house.

BRIAN
My grandfather told me so much about you.

SHALOM
Baruch's family is always welcome here.
We loved him very much.
(beat)
Come, tell me all about America.

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The two men sit opposite each other, each with a cup of coffee.

BRIAN
(excited)
. . . and so I was studying the formation
of the state of Israel. I showed my
grandfather your picture in the book. He
kept insisting that he knew you. He was
almost a hundred years old by now.
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We knew he was a Holocaust survivor, but he never spoke about it.

(beat)

He told me how you escaped from the camps together.

SHALOM

That was a long time ago.

BRIAN

Is it true you remember nothing from before the war?

Shalom points to a small scar on his forehead.

SHALOM

The medics said there was a bullet lodged in my head. I've seen it. Such technology these days. It's a little gray shadow that has become a part of my mind. I rarely think of it anymore.

Emma walks into the room and begins to open windows.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Emma. It is Brian. Brian Goldstein.

EMMA

(curtly)

It is good to meet you. I have left fresh towels on the guest bed upstairs.

Shalom regards her curiously.

BRIAN

Thank you, Mrs. . . .

EMMA

Emma. Call me Emma.

A strange moment of silence passes.

SHALOM

Come. I'll take you upstairs. You must be tired.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Shalom walks ahead of the young man.

BRIAN

I have to tell you, there is another reason that I'm here . . .

(MORE)

BRIAN(CONT'D)

(beat)

I didn't even know I had a grandfather until I was almost ten. My father assumed he had died in the camps, just as my grandfather had thought my father had died. By the time I met my grandfather, he was already an old man. He was always so happy just to be alive. He never talked about the camps, or the war. My father . . . well, he never speaks about them at all. He gets really angry if I ask questions.

(beat)

I guess I am just trying to find out about my own history - where it is that I come from. Can you understand that?

SHALOM

I understand that more than most.
You are welcome here as long as you like.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shalom and Emma lay in bed, the lights on.

EMMA

I don't like him. He seems rude.

SHALOM

He's a perfectly polite young man. And he's Baruch's grandson.

EMMA

I think he's rude.

SHALOM

What are you so upset about?

EMMA

Nothing. Good night.

Emma rolls over and shuts off the light. The room is pitch black. We barely see the outline of Emma's face.

SHALOM

Emma?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

SHALOM
(whispering)
Emma. Emma wake up.

Shalom is shaking Emma, but she just puts an arm over her head and continues to sleep.

We realize that he is surrounded by the Survivors, yet he is elderly and they are their correct ages for 1945.

We hear FOOTSTEPS outside, men in boots, coming closer.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
Wake up! Someone's coming.

No one so much as stirs. The door to the barn bursts open. Shalom stands there, his arms impotently by his side as three SS SOLDIERS rush through the door, Lugars raised.

They fire into the sleeping figures on the floor, who jerk under their thin blankets, and then lie still again, blood oozing through the cloth. The last to die is Emma. She flops over on her back, her lifeless eyes fixed on Shalom.

The Nazis smile at Shalom and walk out of the barn. One starts to sing a German drinking song.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shalom sits up, his mouth agape. It's all been a dream.

EMMA
What is it? What's wrong?

SHALOM
It's just a bad dream.

EMMA
Again? About what?

SHALOM
The past . . . I think.

Outside, it THUNDERS and begins to rain.

Shalom lies back in his bed and closes his eyes, listening to the sound of the sudden storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - 1945

It is pouring rain. The Survivors have taken shelter in the lee side of a muddy embankment, a tattered tarp stretched over them. They are wet and cold, huddled near each other for warmth. An occasional PEAL OF THUNDER shakes the earth.

EMMA

It's like it will never end.

Baruch COUGHS. His small frame shakes.

SHALOM

Listen . . . do you hear that?

KURT

How can you hear anything over this rain?

SHALOM

It sounds like . . . children.

We can hear, over the sound of the storm, the faint sound of children. As they get closer, we hear them crying.

SURVIVOR'S POV

Coming up the road is a BAND OF PEOPLE, two adults, three children. One of the adults, RAMI (31), a tall, sturdily built man, huddles the children near him, trying to extend the tails of his long coat over their heads. The other, SARAH (29) leans on a stick and hobbles along, trying to keep up. She appears to be in pain.

From their position under the embankment, the Survivors are not visible to the road.

SHALOM

We must help them.

KURT

What can we do? We're barely able to keep ourselves alive.

(beat)

What are you doing?

Shalom pulls himself out of the mud and waves at the Band of People. He shouts for them and they hurry toward him. As they approach, Shalom turns to Kurt.

SHALOM

Come, make some room for them.

KURT

There is not room in here for all of us.

SHALOM

I know. Get out of the shelter. Make room for the children.

Kurt doesn't move. Suddenly Shalom grabs Kurt by the collar trying to pull him out. Kurt struggles and pulls free, falling back into the mud. Shalom is about to go after him when Emma stands up and joins Shalom outside the shelter.

EMMA

Kurt they're children.

Sullenly, Kurt rises to his feet, glaring at Shalom. Baruch makes to get up.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No . . . you will become too sick. Stay inside with Miriam.

SHALOM

She's right. Stay as warm as you can. We need you well.

The Band of People approach. Shalom addresses Rami.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Quickly, get the children into the shelter. They look frozen.

RAMI

Thank god we found you. I don't think we would have lasted the night.

The children and the woman huddle in the shelter with Baruch.

RAMI (CONT'D)

I am Rami.

(nodding toward shelter)

My wife Sarah. The children were in the camps with us.

The rain comes down harder and harder on Shalom, Emma, Rami, and Kurt who huddle closely together outside the inadequate shelter.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

The Survivors and the Band of People relax around a small fire. It is a starry night and Emma warms her hands over the dying blaze.

Emma walks over to a shivering Sarah and hands her a shirt.

EMMA

Here. This is almost dry. Change into it before you catch cold.

SARAH

Thank you.

Emma walks away from the fire. Kurt watches her go deeper into the meadow, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. DEEPER IN THE MEADOW - NIGHT

Emma sits on the ground, looking up at the stars. Tears are in her eyes.

She looks down at her open hand. Resting in the palm is a simple GOLD WEDDING BAND.

EMMA

(softly, to herself)

Oh Leonard, Abigail . . . I miss you both so much.

She does not hear Kurt approach.

KURT

Is everything alright?

EMMA

(startled)

Oh . . . Kurt. I didn't hear you. Everything is fine. I just . . . just wanted to be alone.

KURT

Are you cold?

EMMA

No - I'm fine.

KURT

Here. Let me keep you warm.

He sits down next to her and puts his arm around her shoulders.

KURT (CONT'D)
Isn't this better?

He leans over to kiss her. She pulls away violently.

EMMA
No! What are you doing? I'm married.

KURT
Not anymore.

She SLAPS him. Hard. The sound of the slap echoes in the silent night. She stands up and quickly walks back toward the others.

KURT (CONT'D)
(coldly)
Good night Emma.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

Back at the fire, Baruch is telling Miriam and the two other children a story. Shalom stands nearby, listening.

BARUCH
And then Kade wandered off into the night. Did he ever find the woman he loved?
(beat)
I like to think he found her.

Emma walks up and stands next to Shalom. As they listen to the old man speak, she moves closer to him.

We close in on the campfire and we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHALOM'S KITCHEN - DAWN - 1992

A brilliant sunrise.

Shalom sits sipping a cup of coffee, watching the sunrise. Brian comes downstairs, wearing jeans and a tee-shirt.

BRIAN
My grandfather always woke up this early. He always said that days are too precious to spend in bed.

SHALOM

I just like the sunrise. But he is
right, as usual.

Shalom stands. He picks up a light jacket that is draped
over a chair.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

I will be back in a few hours.

BRIAN

Where are you going?

SHALOM

It is the Sabbath.

BRIAN

Are you going to synagogue?

SHALOM

No - not really. Would you like to come
with me?

BRIAN

Where?

SHALOM

It is something your grandfather taught
me.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - DAY

A modern building with an extensive playground out front.

INT. LARGE ROOM - DAY

Shalom sits on a small stool in front of a large room full of
children. The children stare in rapt attention as he recites
a story. Brian stands at the side of the room, watching.

SHALOM

And then Kade wandered off into the
night. Did he ever find the woman he
loved?

(beat)

I like to think he found her.

INT. LARGE ROOM - DAY

The children have left and Brian and Shalom prepare to leave.

BRIAN

How long have you been doing this?

SHALOM

I don't know. Twenty, twenty-five years.
Who counts?

(beat)

Baruch taught me that the best way to
worship was to help others. I was never
much for prayer. Prayer is just words.
I prefer action. I always have.

INT. REUBENS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Reubens sits at his desk, the window open, moonlight
streaming in. His shirt is unbuttoned and his tie is
loosened. He takes a deep draught from a cup of coffee and
looks down at the file in front of him.

Several photos of Shalom, taken at different points in
history are scattered on the desk. He looks at his computer.

At the prompt, he types: UNRESOLVED. A screen filled with
pictures of Nazi officers greets him, each with a date
underneath labeled as "LAST SEEN." He compares the pictures
of Shalom to the pictures of the officers on the computer.
Nothing even remotely matches.

Samuelson pokes his head into the office.

SAMUELSON

Burning the midnight oil again?

REUBENS

There is something about him that is so
familiar. I know that I have seen him
before.

Samuelson looks at the folder.

SAMUELSON

He is a very important man, Reubens.
We've gone out on a limb here giving you
permission to pursue this. Are you sure
there is something to it?

REUBENS

Yes. I know it. I just can't prove it.
Have you ever heard of someone who has
fifty years worth of amnesia? It doesn't
hold water.

(beat)

(MORE)

REUBENS (CONT'D)

It is the perfect cover, really. What better than to marry a camp survivor and live a life right under the noses of those who would hunt him. Most of the obvious distinguishing characteristics have been burned away. Too convenient.

SAMUELSON

Fine. Just make sure you don't harm more people than you help.

REUBENS

What do you mean?

SAMUELSON

If you don't find any real evidence, I'll have to pull you off the investigation. This could be too high-profile and could embarrass us. Plus, I can't afford to have you waste so much time on a bad lead.

REUBENS

(nods)

Good night.

Samuelson leaves. Reubens goes back to his pictures, patiently comparing Shalom's photos to the computer. The phone RINGS. Reubens answers.

REUBENS' WIFE (O.S.)

Just wanted to know when you are coming home. I have some food waiting in the oven.

REUBENS

I'll be home soon.

REUBENS' WIFE

I love you.

REUBENS

Goodnight.

He hangs up and returns to his work. He obviously has no intention of returning home anytime soon.

INT. MIRIAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Miriam and her husband MICHAEL (53) greet Shalom and Emma in the foyer. Miriam and Emma hug tightly. Michael pumps Shalom's hand eagerly.

MICHAEL

Hello, Shalom. I'm Michael. It's such an honor to meet you! I've read so much about you. You're a legend! A hero.

SHALOM

A pleasure to meet you, Michael.

MICHAEL

I moved here from Boston after I heard your speech before the Six Day War. "Never should a man fear to lay down his life before the crushing machinery of evil." You're the reason I came here. Miriam never mentioned that she knew you. She never talked about you at all.

MIRIAM

Michael - please.

MICHAEL

How often do we have a national hero in our house? A real hero. I'm so honored! Come in! Come in! Dinner is on the table - there is so much I want to ask you.

Michael continues to chatter as Miriam leads him into the other room, a look of amused tolerance on her face.

SHALOM

(whispers to Emma)

To think, we wanted to go to America.

Emma stifles a chuckle.

INT. MIRIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner is over and the two couples sit around the living room, chatting amiably. Miriam, Michael, and Emma sip wine. Shalom sips a glass of water.

MICHAEL

Are you sure you wouldn't like some wine, Shalom?

SHALOM

Thank you. I don't drink.

MIRIAM

I am so happy to see you. I had wanted
to get in touch with you for so many
years . . .

SHALOM

You should have. We are practically
neighbors.

MIRIAM

I wanted to . . . but at the same time . . .
(beat)
I think about those times, and I get very
cold, like the time we were in the rain . . .

EMMA

It was easier to let the past slip away.
I understand.

SHALOM

But here we are now. A million miles
away from all of our nightmares. Safe.
Warm.

MIRIAM

Safe? It's funny, every day I go through
the motions of life. I have raised three
children, I am married to a wonderful
man.

She puts her hand on Michael's knee. He smiles.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

But every so often, when I am alone, I am
suddenly terrified, to the point that I
want to cry, but I am afraid to make a
sound.

Emma stiffens. She knows this feeling.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

But it is a little better now. I
thought, if I ever ran into one of our
group, I might just let them walk by.
But when I saw Shalom I was happy. I
think, after forty years, I have started
to heal a little.

Michael, the outsider in this group cuts in loudly.

MICHAEL

So, Miriam tells me you are an artist.

SHALOM

I paint. I wouldn't call myself an artist.

EMMA

My husband is too modest. His paintings are very good. He just doesn't like to show people.

MICHAEL

Well, let's see them.

Shalom reaches behind the sofa and pulls out his portfolio. He looks oddly nervous, like a young man rather than a scarred old one. Michael flips through the pages of paintings.

We see Shalom's first landscape, which he had originally sketched in the kitchen of his home, featuring the lone man in a rowboat, with a backdrop of mountains behind him.

We see the full figure of a nude woman, sprawled on a red blanketed bed.

We see pale faces peering from behind a barbed wire fence.

We see a line of scarecrows stretching hundreds long to an unseen point on the horizon, where a thin trail of smoke creeps into the sky like a black snake.

MIRIAM

My god.

MICHAEL

These are . . . amazing.

SHALOM

(uncomfortable)

No . . . they are just . . .

MICHAEL

You forgot to sign this one.

He hands over a painting. Shalom frowns.

SHALOM

Sometimes they just don't look right with my name in the corner.

He signs *Shalom* in the lower right corner.

MICHAEL

I would like to feature these in my gallery. Would you be interested?

SHALOM

I don't know . . .

EMMA

Yes. He would.

Shalom shoots her a startled look. Her gaze remains firmly fixed on Michael. She avoids looking at the actual paintings.

MICHAEL

That's great. It will be such a great success. It is so important for a culture to produce its own artists, it adds legitimacy to . . .

Michael continues to babble. Miriam smiles indulgently, in love with this preposterous, well meaning man. Shalom gazes questioningly at his wife, but her face is impassive.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emma and Shalom walk home on a sparsely populated street, lit only by the bright desert moon. They walk in silence, not touching.

SHALOM

I always thought you didn't like my paintings.

EMMA

Your paintings are brilliant.

SHALOM

That's not the same thing as liking them.

EMMA

Your work needs to be seen. It's important.

SHALOM

I keep thinking that painting should give me some idea about my past, but all it does is raise more questions. Everything looks so familiar, but I can't put my finger on it. It's like painting a life that was lived by another man.

(beat)

(MORE)

SHALOM(CONT'D)

Sometimes I want to just stop. But I
can't. Even though it leaves me feeling
. . . guilty.

EMMA

I know you have to keep doing this. And
it has to be done. But . . . it scares
me.

Shalom holds her hand. They walk the rest of the way in
silence.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Emma collects wildflowers in a basket. For a moment she just
looks up, her face to the sky, as if soaking in the heat of
the warm sun.

Brian approaches her while her eyes are closed, startling
her.

BRIAN

It is a beautiful day.

EMMA

(flatly)

Yes. It is.

Brian watches her work as if he were not there. Finally, he
speaks.

BRIAN

I want to find out why you dislike me so
much.

EMMA

I don't dislike you.

BRIAN

Here, let me help you.

He reaches, meaning to help carry her basket. She yanks it
away.

EMMA

I've got it.

Brian steps back, not understanding.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Thank you, but I've got it. I'll be
fine.

Without looking at him, she stomps off, back through the field.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Shalom is painting in the living room. Emma storms in and opens all the windows.

EMMA

How can you sit in here cooped up when it is such a beautiful day out?

SHALOM

What's bothering you?

EMMA

That Brian is a nuisance.

(beat)

How can you keep the windows closed?
It's so . . . claustrophobic!

SHALOM

He's interested in my stories. And our stories. If you think about it, our stories are his as well.

EMMA

They're not stories. They're just endings. They're just the past.

(beat)

What are you painting?

Almost guiltily, Shalom lets her see his painting. It shows a barbed-wire fence under a soot-choked sky. Bodies lie in a pile at the base of the posts, blood leaking from bullet wounds. The thin bodies are naked, hair shaven. In the foreground, an arm is draped casually. Our attention is drawn to the number etched in blue ink on the death-pale arm.

Emma pales. She drops her flowers to the floor. Abruptly she turns and runs from the room.

Shalom stares at the flowers spilled across the floor.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Emma sits, surrounded by wild flowers, weeping uncontrollably. Shalom, searching, sees her and rushes to her.

SHALOM

I'm sorry, Emma.

EMMA

Your painting was so real . . .

SHALOM

I didn't mean to frighten you.

EMMA

I'm not frightened of anything. After what I've been through nothing can scare me anymore - not even death. But seeing that reminded me of all I have lost and I can not bear that.

SHALOM

But think about what you have found.

She looks at him, her eyes red and puffy. Her hair is the color of steel and her face is etched with lines; she has seen too much of the world to ever lose that look of care. But in the sun, and framed by the backdrop of wildflowers, she is beautiful.

Shalom leans in and kisses her gently on the lips. She responds tentatively at first, then more passionately. They embrace and fall back on the ground.

A breeze rustles the wildflowers and the camera pans across the empty field, the colors fading to BLACK AND WHITE as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE)

A line of people, emaciated, shaved, dressed in rags of paper uniforms are marched across the field by German soldiers who ride behind in a Jeep. The Jeep stops and one of them BARKS an order.

The weary line stops and dully faces their tormentors. One soldier moves up and down the line, pointing randomly at people and motioning them to stand along the other side of the road.

The soldier passes a young Emma but points to the MAN next to her - tall, thin, handsome. He holds a YOUNG GIRL's hand. Emma is startled, but the man just grips her hand . . . and then lets go. He says something, but the wind picks up and we miss it.

The little girl looks at Emma as she is led by her father to the other side of the road.

GIRL

Mama?

They are led across the road where we can see a long trench has been dug. As they line up next to the trench, we can see layers of bodies piled one atop another. The soldiers line up, their guns trained on the line of people.

SOLDIER

Fire!

The guns sound surprisingly flat in the open field - almost like a firecracker. The people in line slouch into the trench.

EMMA

No!!!

SOLDIER

(gestures with gun)

Move!

The line, now significantly shorter, staggers sluggishly forward.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

I said move!!!

He pulls a revolver and fires it into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma opens her eyes in the darkness, the dream still fresh. She reaches over and finds Shalom, sleeping. She touches him, closes her eyes, and goes back to sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Emma is washing dishes as Brian approaches. The window in front of her is open and a breeze blows through her hair. She gives no impression that she hears Brian enter the room, but she speaks, as if to herself.

EMMA

We slept on bunks that were no more than a foot high. The person next to me was pressed so close that I could not move my arms. It was like being in a grave.

BRIAN

Emma, you don't . . .

EMMA

You would think, that after so many years, the memories would fade. But they don't. I wake up every morning expecting to feel the hard board beneath me, the press of strangers around me.

She turns to him, tears in her eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I just want to forget, don't you understand?

BRIAN

I'm sorry. I should have thought . . . I should have been more considerate.

EMMA

I'm sorry too.

She places her hand over his.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - 1945

A younger hand clamps down on another. It's Emma's and she is trying to placate Kurt.

The Survivors and Band of People stand in a cluster, obviously at odds. Kurt looks furious, Emma distraught. Shalom's face is impassive, hiding whatever emotions he might be feeling.

KURT

We should travel east, back to Poland. We have homes! Our families may have gotten away, they could be waiting for us there.

EMMA

Our families are dead. We must look to the future.

SHALOM

We've seen that the trains are still running. We should travel to the south. We can get a ship there.

RAMI
To where?

SHALOM
Anywhere.

KURT
Are you saying we should abandon our
homes? Our families have lived here for
generations. We can rebuild.

SHALOM
There is nothing left to rebuild.
We are dead here. The future lies
elsewhere.

Kurt stands very still, his face full of rage.

KURT
Running away, deserting your homes.
After all we've been through, are you not
willing to fight to regain what you have
lost?

BARUCH
(gently)
We could fight for a thousand years and
never regain what has been lost.

KURT
Then we must vote. All of us, even the
children. Who will stay and fight for
what is ours?

Kurt raises his hand; no one else does.

KURT (CONT'D)
Cowards.

He takes Emma's hand.

KURT (CONT'D)
Come Emma, come with me and let's build a
new life here, together.

She pulls her hand away and walks over to Shalom, taking his
hand in hers.

EMMA
Kurt, he's right.

SHALOM

Kurt, please, we must escape this place.
It is a fight we could never win. But we
can find happiness elsewhere.

KURT

(motions to Emma)
You have stolen my chance at happiness.

EMMA

No one stole me, Kurt. I was never
yours.

SHALOM

Kurt, this is the only way . . .

Kurt LUNGES at him, catching him with a blow to the jaw.
Shalom reels backwards, the punch opening the wound in his
head, which begins to bleed.

Emma catches him in her arms and helps him to the ground.
With her shirt, she blots the blood coming from his head.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Kurt, we are going this way. You can
join us and help us, or you can go your
own way.

(softly)

Come with us, Kurt. We have been through
too much to part ways now.

Kurt stands silently, the tension melting. He takes a deep
breath.

MIRIAM

Please come with us, Kurt. Who else will
play chess with me?

Kurt pauses, looking around.

KURT

I will come with you as far as the ship.

(beat)

To be sure that Emma is safe.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The group makes its way slowly through the deserted
countryside. Shalom and Rami lead, a little ways ahead.

RAMI

I'll miss most the garden. The roses were just coming into bloom. My wife and I would sit out there and talk for hours. Just talk. We could do that. We had no threats, nothing to fear.

(beat)

And you? What will you miss?

SHALOM

I don't know.

RAMI

There is so much.

SHALOM

No, no - there is nothing.

(off Rami's confusion)

I have no memory of the past. I don't know where I've been or who I was with.

RAMI

Sometimes that's best.

SHALOM

Yes, like Emma. She's lost so much. For her, there is only future. Forgetting the past is a blessing.

RAMI

And you?

SHALOM

It will be a curse.

(beat)

I want to know who I am.

Shalom and Rami stop and the group comes up behind them. They look into the distance, apprehension mixed with hope.

GROUP'S POV

shows a makeshift camp in the distance, an American flag flying over the entrance.

RAMI

Such a long journey. Finally we've come to the end.

Shalom shakes his head and steals a glance at Emma.

SHALOM

No. It is the beginning.

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - NIGHT

The Survivors sit around a campfire with American soldiers, ravenously eating Spam from open cans. Kurt sits away from all of them, staring into the fire.

Shalom, Emma, and Baruch sit with a black soldier named BARNEY who speaks with a thick southern drawl.

BARNEY

We saw lots of you folks when we was back in Birkenau. Whole camp full of folks like you. I was holding this child . . . this baby. You can tell she hadn't eaten in weeks. She died while I held her. Most terrible thing I ever saw in my life. And I've seen a lot of terrible things the last few months, believe you me.

SHALOM

We don't know where to go next.

BARNEY

That's easy - go to America - land of opportunity. My folks came there as slaves from Africa if you can believe it. Now my Pa owns a little shop down in Atlanta. Sells things he fixes up. I'm gonna go into business for myself when I get back home.

SHALOM

These people . . .
(motions to the Survivors)
We need a new life. A place to start over.

BARUCH

Out of bondage . . . he's bringing us forth with an outstretched arm.

Kurt stands up and stalks from the fire.

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - DAY

A MEDIC examines the wound on Shalom's head. He probes delicately with his finger and shakes his head, puzzled.

MEDIC

I can't say for sure, but it looks like a gunshot wound. Only there's no exit wound, which means the bullet's lodged in there somewhere. Probably what's causing your amnesia.

SHALOM

Can you take it out?

MEDIC

No. If I did, it would kill you. I'll be honest with you - it still may kill you. But you're alive now.

SHALOM

Will my memory come back?

MEDIC

There's no way to tell. Obviously the bullet has damaged a portion of your brain. Sometimes when part of the brain is damaged, other parts pick up the slack. Sometimes . . . but not always.

Shalom nods grimly.

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - NIGHT

Emma sleeps very close to Shalom now, though still far enough away that intimacy is not suggested. The two lie awake looking at the stars.

EMMA

I can't remember the last time I felt full.

Shalom leans over and kisses Emma lightly on the lips. She smiles and moves a little closer to him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I can't wait to see America.

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - DAWN

The soldiers are packing up to leave. Barney, Shalom, and Emma examine a map.

BARNEY

There are railroad cars running from here to Italy.

(MORE)

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Some of the tracks are gone, so there are parts you're gonna have to walk. Make for Naples. There are transport ships there.

(beat)

There's a lot of people that are looking for folks like you. The world's heard what you've been through. You've got some friends that you don't even know about. Good luck in America.

We close in on the battered map as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REUBENS' HOUSE - DAY - 1992

. . . a map, covered with pen marks, most directing various routes from Europe to Israel.

Reubens sits at his kitchen table pouring over the details of the map. A briefcase is open on the table, overflowing with papers.

REUBENS' WIFE (28), a busy, distracted woman, feeds a baby in a high chair.

REUBENS' WIFE

What are you looking at?

REUBENS

(distracted)

Routes.

REUBENS' WIFE

Routes to where?

REUBENS

Not to where. From where.

(beat)

Never mind. It's nothing.

He folds the map up and puts it into his briefcase.

REUBENS' WIFE

Will you be home for dinner tonight?

REUBENS

I may need to work late.

REUBENS' WIFE

Again?

REUBENS
What I do is important.

REUBENS' WIFE
We're important too.

REUBENS
I'll try to be home early. I promise.

EXT. REUBENS' HOUSE - DAY

His wife watches as he pulls away from the driveway. Her expression betrays the fact that she does not believe him.

INT. REUBENS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Reubens scans through Shalom's file. He looks at old pictures of the man. Then he looks at a recent one - one taken of Shalom and Brian at the coffee shop.

He pulls out a black covered book. We can not read the writing on the cover, but can see the bold graphic - a Swastika.

He leafs through the pages, then stops at a picture. It shows three Nazi officers hovering over plans laid out on a table. He pulls out a magnifying glass and studies the picture.

Through the magnifying glass, we see an object on the table. It is the SILVER POCKETKNIFE. Reubens looks up from the book, then opens a drawer and rifles through it.

Finally, he finds what he wants - the SILVER POCKETKNIFE of Shalom. He sets it on the desk next to the picture. A determined look crosses his face.

REUBENS
You're no hero.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Brian has spread out several prints of Shalom's work on a table by a busy street corner. He points to one, a graphic depiction of a pile of bodies left in a frozen field.

BRIAN
What made you think to paint that?

SHALOM

I've told you. I don't think about it.
It just happens. I don't know where the
images come from.

BRIAN

What does this image make you feel?

SHALOM

I don't want to talk about this.

BRIAN

Why not? What do you feel?

SHALOM

Guilty. For some reason I feel guilty.

BRIAN

Well, anyway, I can't wait until your
opening.

SHALOM

I don't know if I should do this.

BRIAN

What your art has to say is important.

SHALOM

It feels like I'm robbing a grave.

INT. SAMUELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Reubens rushes in, carrying the black book. He plunks it
down on Samuelson's desk.

REUBENS

There!

SAMUELSON

What?

Reubens opens the book and points to the picture.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

This is about Shalom?

(Reubens nods)

We have to talk about this. Your
investigation is taking too much time.
We have limited resources.

REUBENS

Notice that knife on the table. Himmler gave these knives to his closest friends for Christmas in '43. Goebbels had one on him when he was found. Supposedly, Mengele had one too.

SAMUELSON

(angrily)

What are you showing me, Reubens?

Reubens reaches into his pocket and pulls out Shalom's SILVER POCKETKNIFE.

REUBENS

Look familiar?

SAMUELSON

Where did you get that?

REUBENS

It was given to me.

SAMUELSON

What does this have to do with Shalom?

REUBENS

It was his.

(beat)

He has done something. I know it. I look at his pictures and that face . . . it is so familiar, but I can't discover why! The knife . . . it proves . . .

SAMUELSON

It proves nothing.

REUBENS

I have a sample of his voice. Even it sounds familiar. I just don't know why.

SAMUELSON

(dryly)

Maybe you are the one with amnesia.

(beat)

Give this one up. You are following the wrong scent. You made a mistake - everyone does. Have the good sense to move on.

REUBENS

I can't. I know I am right.

SAMUELSON

I am warning you. We can not have any embarrassing situations here. Anything that you do in this investigation will not be allowed to affect our reputation. Do you understand?

REUBENS

Are you threatening me?

SAMUELSON

(coldly)
Do you understand?

REUBENS

I understand.

There is a long pause as the two men stare at each other.

SAMUELSON

David, where did you get that knife?

REUBENS

It was his. A long time ago.

SAMUELSON

Can you prove it?

Reubens turns to leave. He pauses by the door for a moment and turns to face Samuelson.

REUBENS

If you met the devil on the street, do you think you'd recognize his face?
(beat)
Or do you think you would just feel it, on a gut level, catching just a whiff of brimstone in the air?

He exits.

INT. REUBENS' HOUSE - DAY

Reubens' wife is asleep on the couch, his baby in her arms. He walks over to her and kisses her on the forehead. Her eyes flutter open.

REUBENS' WIFE

You're home?

REUBENS

You sound surprised.

REUBENS' WIFE

I am.

REUBENS

Put Natalie to bed. Let's go upstairs.

INT. REUBENS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The couple is making love, hard and fast. The wooden headboard bangs against the wall.

REUBENS' WIFE

Oh . . . I've missed this. I've missed you.

Reubens groans and thrusts against her, harder. He collapses on top of her. They hold each other, exhausted.

REUBENS

I'll be around more. I promise.

REUBENS WIFE

I love you. I've missed you.

INT. REUBENS' BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in through the window. Reubens' wife wakes up and languidly lays one arm across the bed, looking for him. He is not there.

She sits up and looks around the bedroom, as if expecting him to be standing there. He is not. She slumps against the headboard and silently cries.

She continues to weep as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOXCAR OF A TRAIN - DAY - 1945

Inside the crowded box car, a woman dressed in rags weeps. A young boy sleeps against her side.

We pan across the boxcar and see the Survivors and Band of People, sitting against one wall of the car. Shalom stands up and looks out of the open door.

SHALOM'S POV

We see a montage of scenes: a farmer stop his planting to watch the cars pass . . . a burned out truck . . . children waving from a playground . . . the sunset over a field.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train screeches to a halt.

INT. BOXCAR OF A TRAIN - DAY

The Survivors and Band of People, jolted awake, look around. Baruch glances out the open door.

BARUCH
It's an orchard.

The others follow Baruch's gaze.

BARUCH (CONT'D)
Apples.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Rami and Shalom cut several apples from a small tree. The others call to them from the train - it is leaving again. They rush to catch it.

Suddenly, Shalom notices something is missing. He runs back amid the calls of the others to find his SILVER POCKETKNIFE on the ground. He grabs it securely and hurries to the train.

INT. BOXCAR OF A TRAIN - NIGHT

Emma lies exhausted next to Shalom in a pile of hay. She lazily turns to gaze at the countryside flying by through the open boxcar door. Her eyes droop as she falls asleep in Shalom's arms.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station. Ships clutter the nearby port.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

The shipyard is a bombed-out ruin. The wreckage of military ships litters the harbor. Several of the piers are burnt and mangled.

Several British and American destroyers patrol the waters. A few piers are still active. The ships that are docked look like the orphans of the maritime world. Decrepit steamers that somehow, surprisingly remain afloat, belch black smoke into the air.

The group, without Shalom, wanders through the mangy crowd, occasionally stopping to address a sailor.

EMMA

We're looking for passage to America.

The sailor shakes his head and moves on. She grabs the arm of another.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Please - can you take us to America?

Again, no response. She turns to another sailor.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We would like to go to America.

The sailor looks over the dishevelled group.

SAILOR

Sorry. Can't do it.

Emma turns away, exhausted. Shalom approaches.

SHALOM

It is no use, all the ships cost money - we have none. We must come up with another plan.

KURT

(sarcastically)
Giving up already?

SHALOM

No.

(beat)

I spoke to a man, a captain. There are Jews in America who are paying him to take as many camp survivors to Palestine as he can.

BARUCH

The holy land . . .

SHALOM

The British control Palestine. They are not letting many people in. But there are Jews there who are trying to build a Jewish state.

KURT

You would be fleeing from nothing into nothing.

EMMA

But we would have a chance to build something there - a homeland.

BARUCH

Every year, we always sing - Next Year in Jerusalem. This could be the year.

RAMI

But going against the British, is that not dangerous?

SHALOM

Everything is dangerous, my friend. Everything that is worth anything.

EXT. SHIPYARD - EVENING

Emma and Shalom stand on the dock in front of a small ship, a rusty hulk with black lettering across the bow that reads WANDERER. The ship is a fishing vessel with enormous, winch-driven lines mounted off the stern. It is docked on one of the few functional piers.

Shalom and Emma speak with the Captain, a surly, bearded man named HUMPHREY (54) who speaks with a heavy Irish accent. He wears a battered pea coat and keeps his heavy hands thrust in the pockets.

HUMPHREY

How many?

SHALOM

Eight all together. Three men, two women, and three children.

HUMPHREY

She's mainly for fishing, but we've started hauling freight into Palestine. Crews four, barely berth for that. You'll be in the hold. It won't be an easy trip. Especially for the children. It's damp down there.

EMMA

That's all right.

HUMPHREY

There are rats.

EMMA

We've seen worse. Much worse.

HUMPHREY

(thoughtfully)

Aye. That you have.

(beat)

Then it's arranged. We set sail at six tomorrow. Be here then or we leave without you.

EMMA

Thank you. Thank you so much.

HUMPHREY

Don't thank me yet. You haven't been on board. You may still turn around when you see where you're to be berthed.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

The group sits on the shore around a small campfire. Baruch has his arm around Miriam, who is shivering. Emma sits close to Shalom, her arm touching his.

Kurt sits as far from the others as the circle will allow, staring listlessly into the fire. From time to time he looks up and sees Shalom and Emma sitting so closely together and frowns.

BARUCH

It looks as though the Lord has heard us at last. It has been so long.

KURT

He has heard nothing. Wherever we go, we will still be hunted. The world blames us for all that has happened. These are just the final moments until the end.

Miriam whimpers. Baruch holds her closer.

BARUCH

You're scaring her.

Suddenly, Emma stands up. She is furious.

EMMA

(to Kurt)

My husband did not die for nothing! My daughter did not die for nothing! We owe it to them to survive. This is not the end.

An eerie silence descends upon them.

SHALOM

(softly)

The first memory I have is seeing the light in the barn. I remember - I didn't know what it was. All I knew was that it was a light in the darkness. So I followed it.

(beat)

We are in the darkness now. But there is a light. It is dim and distant, but we can see it. It is hope. It is the future.

(beat)

This is not the end. This is the beginning.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

The group sleeps on rusted cots thrown together in a tiny shack. Baruch snores loudly, a contented smile on his face. Kurt lies awake. With a heavy sigh, he throws off the blankets and walks quietly to the door.

Kurt's POV shows the quiet port where boats rock peacefully on the dark water.

Suddenly, there is a hand on his arm. He looks over as Emma steps beside him to share the scene.

EMMA

It's very peaceful.

Kurt stays silent. Emma turns to him, but his gaze remains steadfast on the water.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come with us, Kurt. Please. You are part of us.

He turns to look at her intently.

KURT

There is only one reason for me to go.

Emma looks down, lightly shaking her head.

EMMA

I'm sorry, Kurt. It can't be.

KURT

Emma, he's not who he says he is. I have been surrounded by men like him for the past three years - men who would destroy you, who say one thing and do another. He is dangerous, Emma. I can not tell you what lies in his past.

(beat)

But it is unforgiveable.

EMMA

I'm sorry, Kurt. I think you are wrong.

KURT

(snorts)

You love him?

(beat)

One day you will learn the truth about this man you love. And it will destroy you.

Emma continues to look down as tears fill her eyes. Without a word, she turns back into the barracks.

Kurt walks off towards the ships.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

Kurt walks along the docks, past many seedy bars. He hears SHOUTING coming from an alley. Curious, he follows the source of the sound.

A man is cornered in the back of the alley. Four American soldiers surround him.

SOLDIER #1

Nowhere to run now, is there? How do you like it?

The man looks wildly from side to side.

One of the soldiers notices Kurt. His eyes are drawn to the number tattooed on Kurt's arm. He motions to one of the other soldiers.

SOLDIER #2
(to Kurt)
Hey . . . hey you. Come here.

Cautiously, Kurt approaches.

SOLDIER #2 (CONT'D)
We caught this rat trying to escape.
He's a Nazi - SS.

The Nazi glares at Kurt defiantly. The American Soldiers smile at each other.

SOLDIER #2 (CONT'D)
(to Kurt)
He's all yours.

Tentatively, Kurt approaches. He stands before the Nazi who spits in his face. One of the American Soldiers drives a huge fist into the Nazi's stomach.

Kurt reaches into his pocket. He pulls out Shalom's SILVER POCKETKNIFE. He opens the short blade.

The Nazi looks at the knife, stunned.

NAZI
Where did you get that?

KURT
You recognize it?

The Nazi tries to make a break for it, but the soldiers hold him back.

SOLDIER #1
C'mon. Let him have it!

NAZI
(to Kurt)
That knife is defiled in your hands, Jew.

Kurt regards him calmly, then thrusts the knife into the Nazi's belly. Staring into his eyes, he pulls the knife from one side of his stomach to the other.

He steps back as the man collapses to his knees. Kurt's hand and lower arm are covered in blood.

NAZI (CONT'D)
Where did you get that . . .

He collapses to the ground, dead.

The Americans crowd around Kurt, cheering drunkenly. Kurt can only stare at the knife in his hands. As if in a daze, he wipes the bloody blade on his shirt.

Then, suddenly, he thinks of something.

KURT
(to himself)
Emma . . . Emma!

He breaks through the crowd of Americans.

EXT. SHIPYARD STREETS - DAWN

Kurt runs frantically through the streets as the sun rises.

EXT. SHIPYARD, DOCK OF THE WANDERER - DAY

The battered fishing boat, the Wanderer, slips out of its pier, slicing smoothly through the water. The sun is coming up and the ship makes for the horizon.

Kurt, breathing hard, runs onto the pier.

KURT
Emma! Emma! He's not who you think!

But it is too late. The ship is out of hearing range. She is gone.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out Shalom's SILVER POCKETKNIFE. He stares at it.

KURT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I know what you are.

Kurt stands alone on the dock. He looks up as a tear rolls down his gaunt cheek. His jaw is set, resolutely.

KURT (CONT'D)
Goodbye Emma.

The ship fades into the night as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1992

A painting of the distant ship sits on an easel. We pull back to find Shalom, dressed in a tux, sitting in front of it. Emma enters the room, wearing a long, cream colored dress.

EMMA
Are you ready?

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Very formally, they walk away from the house, arm in arm.

SHALOM
I am glad you are coming with me. I
could not do this alone.

INT. REUBENS' CAR - DUSK

Reubens watches the couple leave. He waits until they are down the street and then gets out of the car.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens. Reubens walks in holding a lock-pick. He looks around furtively.

EXT. TEL AVIV STREETS - DUSK

Emma and Shalom walk, arm in arm.

EMMA
This is so exciting.

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Reubens opens drawers and pulls books off their shelves. He places everything back, very carefully. He pauses at Shalom's easel. There is an unfinished painting there of a gaunt man, numbers tattooed on his arm, standing naked in the snow.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Formally-dressed guests wait in line to enter a modern building in an upscale section of Tel Aviv. A sign stretches across their heads: "SHALOM - A HERO'S WORK."

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

It is the opening of a show featuring Shalom's work. The gallery is small, yet elegant. Several people, well dressed and wealthy looking, admire the graphic paintings on the wall.

Emma and Shalom enter. All eyes turn to them. A single person begins to applaud. Then, gradually, others follow suit, until the room is awash in applause. Shalom looks stunned. Emma beams proudly.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reubens picks up a small sketch pad on the table next to Shalom's bed. He leafs through it. Suddenly he stops, focused on one page.

REUBENS

Dear god.

He closes the sketch pad and slips it into his coat. He leaves the room.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Michael is beaming as he introduces Shalom and Emma to the attendees.

MICHAEL

This is going over so well. I knew they'd love it.

Shalom smiles wanly. Michael walks over to greet some newcomers. A waiter approaches.

SHALOM

May I have a glass of ice water? Please.

EMMA

Are you all right?

SHALOM

Yes. I'm fine.

EMMA

There is a difference between liking something and understanding it. Is that it?

SHALOM

Let's go home.

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reubens creeps back down the walkway, cloaked in darkness. He gets in his car, starts it and drives away, just as:

Emma and Shalom return, walking slowly. They go up the walkway into the house.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are undressing, getting ready for bed. Shalom puts on an old pair of pajamas. He sits down on the bed and takes off his wristwatch. He looks at his night stand and notices that the sketch pad is missing. He roots around looking for it.

SHALOM
Where is it?

EMMA
What?

SHALOM
Have you seen my sketch pad?

EMMA
No.

Shalom rummages anxiously through the drawer. After not finding it, he gets up and goes through the top drawer of his dresser.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You were drawing in the living room the other day. Maybe it's down there.

SHALOM
I always put it back here.

EMMA
It will turn up. Go to bed.

Looking distinctly unsettled, Shalom climbs into bed and turns out the light. He lies awake staring at the ceiling.

INT. TEL AVIV STREETS - DAY

Shalom sits at an outdoor table at a coffee house. He sips a glass of juice and reads a newspaper. Reubens approaches, casually dressed.

REUBENS

Excuse me? Are you Shalom . . . I'm
sorry, I can't remember your last name.

SHALOM

Neither can I. What can I do for you?

REUBENS

I was at your opening last night . . .

SHALOM

I don't recall seeing you.

REUBENS

I came late.

SHALOM

No. You didn't. I don't forget faces.
So I ask again - what can I do for you?

Reubens pulls Shalom's sketch pad out of his pocket and
places it on the table. It is open to a picture of a Nazi
officer.

REUBENS

How do you know this man?

Shalom stares at the sketch pad, then looks up at Reubens.

SHALOM

(furiously)

How did you get that?! What were you
doing in my house? How DARE you!

REUBENS

(changes tone - all business)

This man is Oskar Janssen - a Nazi war
criminal. I arrested him four years ago
in Buenos Aires. He was hanged last
year.

Shalom glares at him.

REUBENS (CONT'D)

His picture was never released to the
papers. And yet, here he is in your
sketch pad.

(leaning in)

I have reason to believe you are a Nazi
war criminal.

Shalom laughs.

SHALOM

This is a joke, yes?

REUBENS

This is no joke.

He pulls out credentials. Shalom scans them, the smile dropping from his face.

SHALOM

How dare you make that sort of accusation! You accuse me of this thing from a picture?

Reubens pulls out the SILVER POCKETKNIFE and lays it down on the table. It glimmers in the sun.

Shalom, shocked, pushes back from the table.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

My knife . . .

Shalom looks up at Reubens, mouth agape. Reubens stares back, unblinking.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Where did you find this?

REUBENS

Things might go better for you . . . if your memory should happen to return.

(beat)

Before you meet someone who remembers for you.

Shalom is stunned. He clamps his hand over the knife.

SHALOM

I have not seen this for decades. Where did you get this?

REUBENS

From someone who knew the truth about you from the beginning.

(beat)

Kurt Reubens.

(beat)

My father.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Shalom storms into the house, furious. Emma is stunned at his unusual burst of temper.

SHALOM
How could he?!

EMMA
What?

SHALOM
I'm going to file a complaint! How dare he?!

Shalom is suddenly short of breath. Gasping he sits down on the couch.

EMMA
Are you all right?

SHALOM
An agent - a government agent accused me of being a Nazi war criminal. Right out in the street.

EMMA
What?! Where did he get that idea?

SHALOM
From his father.

He pulls out the knife and shows it to Emma. She GASPS.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
It's Kurt's son.

Emma puts her hand over her mouth, shocked.

EMMA
Kurt . . .

SHALOM
I should have known. I should have known he would find a way to get at me, even after all these years.

EMMA
This is my fault. He thinks you stole me from him. This is all my fault . . .

SHALOM

It is no one's fault. He was bitter
about our love and he poisoned his son
against us.

(beat)

Telling his boy I was a Nazi. Ungrateful
degenerate!

Shalom is getting very worked up.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

I saved his life! If it hadn't been for
me, that farmer would have shot him,
along with all of you. And he calls me a
Nazi. I should have killed him myself!

EMMA

Shalom! Stop that right now!

(beat)

Calm down. It's not good for you to get
so upset. I can't believe this.

SHALOM

He thinks I'm a Nazi!

EMMA

How could he think that?

SHALOM

I have no past. I have no way to protect
myself, no way to answer his question.
My god - what can I say to him to defend
myself?

EMMA

You do not need to defend yourself.
Imagine, after all you have done for this
country. That man will be fired. It is
so . . . irresponsible . . .

Shalom sits back on the couch, his eyes closed. He regains
his composure.

SHALOM

(softly)

Emma?

(beat)

What if he is right?

Emma pales.

EMMA

That's impossible.

SHALOM

I don't know what happened before I met you. I could have been . . . a monster.

EMMA

No. That's impossible. You are the kindest man I have ever met.

SHALOM

What if it is true?

EMMA

It is not.

SHALOM

If I were . . . what he says. Would you still love me?

EMMA

(yells)

That's impossible! You are being foolish. This is nonsense.

SHALOM

But could you forgive me?

She storms out of the room. Shalom puts his head back on the couch and closes his eyes again.

INT. SHALOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Brian listens as Shalom rants and paces the floor.

SHALOM

He came into my home without any authorization. He clearly respects no authority.

BRIAN

Then he will be arrested. We will report him. He had no right . . .

SHALOM

I can't prove anything. What will I say?

BRIAN

He just can't make an accusation like that.

Shalom faces him.

SHALOM

He wouldn't have much trouble making the accusation stick.

BRIAN

Don't be ridiculous.

SHALOM

How could I even defend myself? It is ridiculous even to me . . . a half of a life, obliterated. How convenient.

BRIAN

You have a bullet in your brain! That is a fact.

SHALOM

One I could have used to my advantage. But, even if I convince him that I truly do not remember anything before the war, this still does not prove him wrong. In fact, it still leaves me unable to defend my actions before I was found.

BRIAN

He's not right.

(beat)

And if he is, what difference does it make? What matters is the man you are now. The man you have become.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Emma listens to Brian and Shalom talking.

SHALOM (VO)

There are some things that are so evil that no man can redeem himself.

EXT. REUBENS' HOUSE - DAY

Reubens' wife is throwing a bag full of belongings into a pickup truck. Reubens' car pulls up as she is getting into the cab. She stops and waits for him, remarkably calm and composed. Reubens storms out of his car.

REUBENS

Where are you going?

REUBENS' WIFE

Isn't that obvious? I'm leaving.

REUBENS

You can't do that! What about our life . . .
our marriage? What about Natalie?

REUBENS' WIFE

We have no life. We have no marriage.
You are never here. You are married to
your work. You don't have time for two
wives.

REUBENS' WIFE

What I do is important!

REUBENS' WIFE

You keep saying that.

Her truck screeches away from the house, kicking up dust
behind it.

Reubens watches her go, impassively. He stands outside
watching the truck disappear down the street.

INT. REUBENS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Reubens sits down on the couch and loosens his tie. He sighs
heavily. Abruptly he stands up and goes to a desk. He lays
his briefcase down and flips on the light. He opens the
briefcase and pulls out Shalom's file.

REUBENS

I'm on to you.

We pull up to the light, which begins swinging back and
forth, as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WANDERER - NIGHT - 1945

A light swings back and forth on the deck of the ship.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

The Wanderer cuts through the open sea, black smoke pouring
from her stacks. The crew is working off the stern of the
boat, baiting and then paying out the steel fishing cable,
which is obviously hundreds of feet long. We can see the
line, stretching out off the back of the ship and cutting
into the water.

EXT. DECK OF THE WANDERER - NIGHT

Emma and Shalom lean on the front rail. For the first time, Emma looks perfectly relaxed.

SHALOM
There may be trouble getting into
Palestine. Many things can happen.

Suddenly, Shalom looks concerned. He reaches into his pockets.

EMMA
What's the matter?

SHALOM
I can't find my knife. It's not in my
pocket.

EMMA
Maybe you dropped it.

SHALOM
I wouldn't have dropped it.

He searches his pockets again.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
It's gone.

EMMA
It's all right. It's only a knife.

SHALOM
It's all I have of my past.

EMMA
It doesn't matter.
(beat)
We have the future. That is enough.

Shalom noticeably relaxes.

SHALOM
Am I part of that future?

Emma raises her hand and touches his face. In the twilight, we can see the numbers tattooed on her arm. Her hair has grown in significantly - a luxuriant chestnut color. Her face has filled in and we can see what a beautiful woman she was before her life took such an evil turn.

Shalom looks better as well. He is still bald - permanently, due to the burns on his scalp. He keeps a patch of cloth over the ruins of his eye. He is not handsome - even before his injuries we can see that he was not a handsome man. But his face is etched with unmistakable character and his lone eye is dark and soulful.

EMMA

They stood us along the side of a road.
My husband and daughter were told to
stand on the other side. That was the
last time I saw them.

(beat)

They marched us away and then . . . then
. . . I heard the shots.

(beat)

I thought that my life had ended there as
well. When I looked into the future I
saw only blackness.

(beat)

Now I see light.

(beat)

You are my light.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The Wanderer rocks wildly on the Mediterranean as sheets of rain come down on the deck. The crew of the Wanderer, dressed in foul weather gear, are bringing in their lines. As the lines come up, the men pull huge fish off the multiple hooks, and behead and disembowel them on the deck of the ship. They work quickly and efficiently.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

The Survivors are moaning, holding their stomachs. Baruch leans over a makeshift latrine in the corner of the hold. Emma is pale. Shalom tries to comfort her. Suddenly, Rami moans out in agony.

RAMI

Oh God, I wish I were dead.

Emma stands up and steadies herself. She stumbles over to Rami and SLAPS him in the face. He stares at her, stunned as she carefully returns to her seat. Rami turns to Shalom with a surreptitious smile.

RAMI (CONT'D)

That's a tough one you've got there.
She'll do well in the new world.

Shalom smiles in agreement.

In one corner, Baruch begins to pray, chanting the words to the Sh'ma. The others join in, one at a time, chanting, rather than singing. Shalom listens quietly.

EXT. OPEN SEA - SAME TIME

The ship rocks on the choppy waves. Over the sound of the storm, we can hear the voices of those praying inside:

VOICES (O.S.)
Sh'ma yisroel adonoi elohenu . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - 1992

A small group surrounds an open grave. Emotional voices chant the Sh'ma.

VOICES
Sh'ma yisroel adonoi elohenu . . .

Shalom and Emma stand next to an elderly woman we recognize as Sarah, Rami's wife. Her eyes are red, but she maintains her composure. Emma puts a consoling arm around her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Shalom, Emma, and Sarah walk from the gravesite to the car.

SHALOM
Rami was a wonderful man, Sarah.

SARAH
He was, Shalom. Thank you. Thank you
for coming.

She kisses Shalom and Emma on the cheek and walks away. Emma turns to Shalom.

EMMA
She will be so lonely . . .

Shalom gazes around the cemetery.

SHALOM
It is peaceful here. He will have a good
rest. She knows that.
(beat)
I would like to rest here, too.

EMMA
Shalom! Enough . . .

SHALOM
(holding her)
Later, Emma. Much much later. Nothing
can come between us now.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is on the bed, weeping. Shalom enters and sees her crying. He sits down next to her and puts his arm around her.

SHALOM
What's wrong?

EMMA
Nothing. I'm all right.

SHALOM
Please, tell me.

EMMA
It's just that . . . We had not seen Rami
in over twenty years. And now he's gone.
(beat)
But today . . . it just brought
everything back. Seeing Sarah,
remembering when we met them, back in
that field. I never wanted to think
about those times again.
(beat)
Will I ever be able to forget?

SHALOM
Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe that is the
great reward that comes at the end of
life - the forgetting of pain and sorrow.
(beat)
Maybe that's what happened to me.
Whoever I was before we met . . . maybe
that person is dead.

EMMA
It is better that you can not remember.
The things we've seen . . . it's better
to forget.

SHALOM
Sometimes I wonder about that. You know
the things that happened to you.
(MORE)

SHALOM(CONT'D)

You can face them, or hide from them.
But they are part of you.

(beat)

I often wonder what made me who I am. I dream, and I never know if the dreams are memories of things that happened, or if they are reflections of what people have told me. Images stare back at me from paintings, and I don't know if they come from my imagination or my soul.

EMMA

But there is no pain. These dreams, these visions, are simply ghosts of a life led by another man.

SHALOM

But we learn from our pain. And we grow from it. What have I learned? Who am I? Who was I? I have been thinking . . . wondering . . .

(beat)

Emma . . . that man, Kurt's boy, what if he is right?

EMMA

Stop talking foolishness.

(beat)

Why are you saying this? You were not a Nazi. It is impossible. You could not have done the things that they did.

SHALOM

Emma, I could have done anything. I just don't know.

(beat)

But if it did come out, that somehow I was . . . involved with the Nazis, could you forgive me?

EMMA

You could not have been one of those beasts who killed my daughter, my husband.

SHALOM

You don't know that . . .

EMMA

Stop saying that! Why do you keep saying that? You were not one of them. Some things may never be forgiven!

There is a silence in the room. Emma composes herself.
Shalom takes her hand.

SHALOM

We have been married for forty years, and
you have rarely mentioned your life
before the war. You never speak of your
first husband . . . or your daughter.

Emma stiffens.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Tell me about them.

EMMA

There is nothing to talk about. They are
gone. That part of my life is over.

SHALOM

But they live - in your memory.

EMMA

I don't want to remember! I don't want
to remember anything. I have nothing
left of them! Nothing! They are dead!

She sobs against his shoulder. He holds her as she cries.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't have anything . . . No letters.
No photos. There is nothing left. When
I think about them now I can't even
picture their faces. So many years . . .

SHALOM

(softly)

Come with me.

He stands up and offers her his hand. She looks at him,
doubtfully.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Please.

EMMA

Where?

SHALOM

Trust me.

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shalom gets his easel out of a corner and pulls out a fresh piece of canvas. He selects a piece of charcoal. Emma sits on the couch, watching him doubtfully.

SHALOM
(gently)
Describe her for me.

EMMA
Who?

SHALOM
Your daughter.

Emma is shocked.

EMMA
I can't. I can't remember . . .

SHALOM
Yes you can. She is a part of you.
Close your eyes. Remember.

EMMA
I can't . . .

SHALOM
Try.

Skeptically, Emma closes her eyes. She does not know what to say.

SHALOM (CONT'D)
Describe her hair.

EMMA
She had long brown hair. Down to the middle of her back. It was beautiful.

SHALOM
Was it light brown, dark brown?

EMMA
It was light brown. Auburn. And her eyes . . . she had perfect almond shaped eyes. Blue, like her father's. When she laughed, they would turn up at the edges, as if her eyes were laughing.

As she describes her daughter, Shalom draws, his charcoal flying over the canvas.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She was thin . . . a little too thin.
She had high cheek bones and such a full
mouth. She used to kiss me on the cheek.
I can still remember the way her lips
felt . . .

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma is asleep on the couch. Shalom puts the finishing touches on the picture. He lays down one final stroke of charcoal and puts it down, flexing his gnarled fingers. They are stained black.

He sees Emma asleep on the couch, walks over and kisses her cheek. He leaves the room.

Emma wakes up and sits up on the couch. She walks over to the easel. She is nervous. Her hands shake.

She walks around the easel and sees: A YOUNG GIRL, heartbreakingly beautiful and innocent. Her eyes seem to catch the light from somewhere across the room.

EMMA

(softly)
Hello Abigail.
(beat)
You're as beautiful as I remembered.

She sits down in a rocking chair, still staring at the picture.

As she rocks back and forth, we hear CREAKING and we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK OF THE WANDERER - DUSK - 1945

Shalom and Humphrey watch the smooth sea ahead of them. The ship CREAKS restlessly in the mild night.

SHALOM

It will be a good night.

HUMPHREY

Aye.

SHALOM

Can I ask you a question?

Humphrey nods, still looking out at the sunset.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

When you found out our group came from the camps, you gave us free passage. You're a businessman. There is no profit in transporting exiles. Why did you help us?

HUMPHREY

My boy, Roger. He was 17, lied about his age to get in the army. Bastards killed him when our guys landed in Normandy. Ain't right, that's all I'm saying - all the people killed, so much destroyed.

(beat)

Man is a cruel animal and one thing I've learned in my years on this earth is that you ain't gonna change that. But you have got to try. You've got to pick something that is wrong, something the world is turning a blind eye to. And then you try to fix it. That's what Roger did. That's what my boy taught me.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The seas are quieter now and the survivors sit, leaning against boxes and walls, listening to the sounds of the ship.

Baruch moves to sit next to Shalom.

BARUCH

I have never been to sea. My whole life I have lived near the water, but I have never before been on a ship. I am seventy-five years old, and here I am - on a ship bound for a strange land.

SHALOM

(smiles)

And how does that make you feel?

BARUCH

(slaps Shalom on the knee)

Young!

(beat)

(MORE)

BARUCH (CONT'D)

I have seen so many things in my life,
but nothing rivals the horror of the last
four years. And yet now I am happier
than I have been in . . . oh, I don't
know how long.

(beat)

I have often thought that the purpose of
evil in this world is to make us
appreciate the rare moments of pure good.

(beat)

I never asked you - it doesn't matter,
really. Are you Jewish?

SHALOM

Maybe. I don't know.

BARUCH

Do you think you were in the camps?

Shalom holds out his burnt arm. Any marking that may have
been there is gone.

SHALOM

I would like to learn, though. I want to
be like you . . . like Emma.

BARUCH

I will teach you. Or I will help you
relearn, if you would like.

SHALOM

I would like that very much.

EXT. THE WANDERER - NIGHT

Emma stands alone on the deck of the ship. She reaches into
a pocket in her skirt and pulls out a BATTERED BLACK AND
WHITE PICTURE of a handsome man and a young girl who we
recognize from Shalom's painting as Emma's daughter, Abigail.

She stares at the picture, her eyes filling with tears.

She tosses the picture into the wind and watches it flutter
away.

EMMA

Goodbye.

She reaches behind her head and unties the string around her
neck. She pulls it free from inside her shirt, revealing the
GOLD WEDDING BAND. She holds it in her hand, contemplating
it. Slowly, deliberately, she pulls her arm back to toss it,
too, into the sea until, at the last moment, she hesitates.

She lowers her arm and stares at the ring. A tear drops onto it and she clasps it tightly in her hand. She turns away from the railing.

In the distance, the picture continues to be tossed by the wind as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - 1992

. . . leaves blowing across an open field.

Emma sits in the field, surrounded by her precious wildflowers. She sits very still, letting the wind blow her hair. Brian approaches her, walking very softly.

BRIAN

Emma?

She turns to face him.

EMMA

Oh. Brian. I was just listening to the wind. You ever take the time to do that?

Brian sits down next to her.

BRIAN

Sometimes.

EMMA

It's the freest sound I have ever heard. Nothing can keep the wind from doing what it wants to do. Even indoors, when it is windy, the whole house creaks and groans.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, Emma. I'm sorry I've made you so unhappy.

She touches his face.

EMMA

You look like your grandfather, you know. He was a brave man. His faith - it's what got us through. Did he ever tell you how we met?

BRIAN

No. He never talked about the camps. He said his real life began afterwards.

EMMA

I was working in the potato fields we had in the camp. It was horrible work, the ground was so stony. And the guards would stand over you with guns. If you slowed down for a second . . . This one woman, her name was Sylvia, started to cry because her hands were bleeding so badly. She stopped digging. She was shot - with me right next to her. Her blood covered my arms. I nearly stopped digging. I would have been killed too.

(beat)

Your grandfather - he was on my left. He could read on my face that I was about to stop working and he whispered to me to keep digging. He kept whispering, which was dangerous, because if they heard us talking, they would have killed us both. He kept talking until my panic was gone, and then supported me back to the barracks.

(beat)

When the camps were liberated, I could only stand in one place - stunned. I was overwhelmed. All I could think about were my husband and daughter. I knew they were dead. Baruch found me again and led me away, despite my fear. And now, I've been so afraid again. Afraid to face . . . that part of my life.

BRIAN

And I've made it difficult. I'm so sorry.

EMMA

No - don't you see? It's your grandfather looking out for me again. It's as if he knew how afraid I was . . . I have so many stories to tell. I don't want to remember any of them. It hurts me. It scares me. But I have to tell them because I can. Before I die, and no one remembers what happened, and how people allowed it to happen. Do you understand?

Brian nods. She holds his face with both hands. She is crying.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You just have to promise me one thing.

BRIAN
What? Anything.

EMMA
Never forget.

INT. SAMUELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Samuelson sits corpulently behind his desk, reading over a letter. His face is red and angry. Reubens walks in, looking as if he has not slept in days. His face is unshaven, his clothes disheveled.

SAMUELSON
Do you know what this is?

He motions with the letter.

REUBENS
No.

SAMUELSON
It is a letter from Arthur Deckelbaum,
personal attorney for Shalom. Do I need
to read you what it says?

REUBENS
That won't be . . .

SAMUELSON
". . . the agent in question, one David
Reubens, has engaged in a line of
investigation that is not supported by
any evidence, and is criminally
slanderous. Please cease this
unwarranted investigation or" - and this
is my favorite part - "we will take
action against your organization both in
the courts and in the media. My client,
please remember, is a citizen of high
standing."

REUBENS
He's bluffing.

SAMUELSON
Are you willing to cease your harassment
of this man?

Reubens says nothing.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

I can't have you endanger the credibility of this agency on an unfounded investigation. I'm going to have to ask for your resignation.

REUBENS

What?! You can't be serious!

SAMUELSON

I'm sorry.

REUBENS

But I'm right. I know it!

SAMUELSON

Then where's the proof?

Again, Reubens says nothing. Samuelson shakes his head.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

As of now you are suspended from duty. I expect your resignation on my desk in the morning.

REUBENS

Please . . . this is all I have left.

SAMUELSON

I'm sorry.

Reubens turns and storms out of the room.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Shalom sits on a chair in the room. He hears a sound behind him, like several people trying to tiptoe while stifling laughter. He whirls around and sees a young girl standing there. It is Abigail, Emma's daughter.

ABIGAIL

Where's my father?

SHALOM

He's . . . he's not here.

ABIGAIL

Is he dead?

SHALOM

Yes. He died a long time ago.

ABIGAIL
Did you kill him?

SHALOM
What?

ABIGAIL
Did you kill him?

SHALOM
I never even knew him.

ABIGAIL
Did you kill him?

SHALOM
I don't know.

Abigail hangs her head. She is crying.

ABIGAIL
Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE DESOLATE FIELD - NEITHER NIGHT NOR DAY (BLACK AND WHITE)

The ground is black and stony, as if burned in a great fire. A hot wind sweeps across the huge plain. Shalom looks down at Abigail.

SHALOM
Where are we?

ABIGAIL
Your past.

As she looks up to him, her features become frozen, her skin dark and cracked. Shalom gazes in horror as a wind picks up, blowing away Abigail, who has now turned to ash.

Suddenly, the great field begins to churn. Hands and arms protrude from the ground, turning into corpses that are pulling themselves from the bleak earth. How many corpses are there? Hundreds? Thousands? Millions? It is impossible to tell.

Shalom SCREAMS, and SCREAMS, and SCREAMS.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shalom sits upright in bed. Tears stain his cheeks. His pillow is wet. Emma sleeps next to him - he does not disturb her.

Silently, he climbs out of bed and leaves the room.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Shalom creeps down the steps, hardly making a sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shalom sits down in front of his easel and begins to draw in charcoal. We can see that it is the bleak landscape that he has seen in his dreams. In one corner stand a man and a young girl holding hands, looking out over the vast plains of Hell.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A haggard looking Shalom drinks a cup of coffee while Emma fixes him breakfast. Brian sits across from him, looking uncomfortable.

EMMA

There is no need to worry. The lawyer said so.

SHALOM

That Reubens - he did not seem to be the sort of man who is afraid of a lawyer.

BRIAN

There is no evidence. They can't come at you without evidence.

SHALOM

He'll find a way.

EMMA

Since when did you become such an old man? You worry too much.

She smiles, which makes the two men smile. She is a lot more at ease now, and seems much less tense.

SHALOM

You are my strength, Emma. I love you.

EMMA

(to Brian)

Will you listen to him? He's getting senile. Take him out for some air. It's getting too sticky in here.

The two men leave, Brian supporting the shuffling Shalom.

After they leave, Emma suddenly grimaces, as if in distress. She sits down at the kitchen table, holding her stomach.

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian walks, supporting the old man. Shalom has grown noticeably more feeble. He shuffles when he walks.

SHALOM

Why does this man chase me? What have I ever done to him?

BRIAN

He is not chasing you. He is chasing who you may have been.

SHALOM

He is chasing ghosts. How can I fight a man who chases ghosts?

BRIAN

He is crazy.

A low MOAN pierces the air, coming from Shalom's house.

SHALOM

Emma!

The two men rush toward the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Emma lies on the floor, unconscious. Shalom and Brian rush to her. Shalom kneels and cradles her head.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Shalom and Brian wait in the hallway, not speaking. Shalom's face is haggard. Brian stares up at the florescent light fixture.

DR. LEBOWITZ (45) with distinguished gray hair, strides confidently down the hallway, his white coat billowing around him. Shalom staggers to his feet.

SHALOM

Doctor. What is wrong? Have you any word?

DR LEBOWITZ

Can we go to my office? I would like to talk to you in private . . .

SHALOM

You can say anything you need to say right here.

The doctor nods curtly.

DR LEBOWITZ

Your wife is suffering from a very aggressive type of cancer. She's had some . . . some damage done to her reproductive system. I noticed the numbers on her arm. I assume this happened in the camps.

Brian holds his head in his hands. Tears streak his face.

BRIAN

Yes. It did.

Shalom stares at Brian, stunned.

DR LEBOWITZ

The cancer is related to that damage. Apparently some chemicals were introduced . . . She is very sick, Shalom.

SHALOM

Emma . . .

DR LEBOWITZ

We have no way of telling how far the cancer has spread until we run a few more tests. She's going to have to stay here for at least a week.

Shalom stares at him, uncomprehending.

Brian stands to support Shalom, who looks as if his feet are about to fail him.

BRIAN

Thank you doctor.

SHALOM
Can I see her?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Shalom sits by Emma's bed. She is awake, but lethargic. Her hair is pure white now, and disheveled.

SHALOM
You will be all right. You are the
reason I am alive.

EMMA
(weakly)
Of course I'll be all right. You worry
too much.

SHALOM
I need you with me.

EMMA
I'll always be with you. Just sit here.
Hold my hand.

Her eyelids slowly close.

Shalom sits and watches her, the moonlight coming in through the window illuminating her still face. Her chest moves slowly up and down.

Shalom cries softly.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian stands by Shalom's door, his backpack slung over his right shoulder. He looks uncomfortable.

BRIAN
I hate to leave . . . especially now.
Are you sure I shouldn't stay? You need
me.

SHALOM
You have to begin school. You must go.
It's what your grandfather would have
wanted. Don't you worry about me. Or
Emma. We've survived much worse.

BRIAN
Call me if anything happens, all right?
Anything. Let me know. And if you need
me, I'll come back. I promise.

SHALOM

Go back home, Brian. Do well in school. You are the future. Emma and I - we are the past. You will honor us more by making this world a better place.

BRIAN

That sounds like something my grandfather would have said.

SHALOM

It is. He said it to me before he left for the United States. I wanted to go with him. Both Emma and I did. But he said there was much work for us to do here.

Brian hugs the frail old man.

BRIAN

Thank you. For everything.

He walks out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emma lies in bed, a tube running into her arm. Shalom holds her hand.

EMMA

They say the radiation will make me bald . . . again.

SHALOM

It doesn't matter. I fell in love with you that way.

EMMA

The doctor said that the cancer might . . . might have something to do with what they did to me in the camps.

SHALOM

There is no way to know for sure.

EMMA

It's not fair. It's just not fair.

Shalom holds her hand tightly. He doesn't know what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

After all these years, they can still
kill me. They are killing me from their
grave!

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - DAY - 1945

Humphrey is on the Wanderer's radio with BRITISH PALESTINE
(BP).

BP

. . . repeat, all refugees are being
diverted to detention facilities in
Cyprus. Please comply. Over.

HUMPHREY

Aye. I read you. Over.

He switches off the microphone.

HUMPHREY (CONT'D)

This isn't good.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

The Survivors lean against boxes and walls. BARUCH reads from
his leather prayer book.

MIRIAM

If they don't let us into Palestine, are
they going to put us back in the camps?

EMMA

I don't know, dear. I just don't know.

Miriam snuggles closer to Emma, obviously frightened.

BARUCH

Does anyone know the date?

SHALOM

April 13. Why?

BARUCH

It's Passover. I didn't even realize it.
Even in the camps I managed to remember
the date, even if we were not able to
observe the customs. It always gave me
such hope.

He reads from his prayer book.

BARUCH (CONT'D)

"With an outstretched arm he brought us forth. Next year in Jerusalem."

RAMI

Jerusalem. So close, yet a million miles away.

SHALOM

There must be a way. Something we're just not thinking of.

EMMA

I won't let them lock me up again. I'll take my chances in Poland before I do that.

MIRIAM

Maybe we could use our pawn?

Everyone looks at her quizzically.

RAMI

This isn't a game, Miriam.

Shalom frowns, as if deep in thought.

SHALOM

(to Miriam)

So, you think they are watching our queen?

(beat)

You could be right.

He jumps up and walks to the hold door.

EMMA

Where are you going?

SHALOM

(smiles at Miriam)

To play chess.

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

Humphrey is once again on the radio.

HUMPHREY

This is Wanderer. Over.

BP

We read you, Wanderer. State your destination and purpose. Over.

HUMPHREY

Requesting port in Palestine for delivery of engine parts. Over.

BP

Please hold for clearance, Wanderer. Over.

Humphrey glances out the window, where British ships patrol in the distance.

INT. UNDER TARP - NIGHT

The Survivors huddle with the rest of the Wanderer's stowaways. Baruch rocks gently, mumbling prayers.

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

A searchlight suddenly shines on the Wanderer. The radio crackles back to life.

BP

Prepare to be boarded, Wanderer.

Humphrey drops the radio and looks back, worriedly.

INT. UNDER TARP - NIGHT

One of the women whimpers quietly. Emma reaches over and touches her hand.

EMMA

(whispering)

It will be all right, dear.

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

The British ship has pulled aside the Wanderer. MAJOR COOKE steps into the hold, led by LIEUTENANT GAYA.

LIEUTENANT GAYA

I apologize for this intrusion, Captain. We've had reports of refugees entering Palestine and have been asked to check out questionable loads.

Humphrey nods silently. He's cornered.

LIEUTENANT GAYA (CONT'D)
We'll be quick. Make a sweep, Cooke.
Check the cargo hold.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Cooke climbs down the stairs and turns on the light. He scans the hold. Pipes, boxes, trunks. He steps toward a closed trunk.

INT. UNDER TARP - NIGHT

The Survivors try to restrain their nervous breathing. Suddenly, Baruch lets out a muffled sneeze. He slaps a hand over his mouth and grabs Shalom's arm. The Survivors tense.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Cooke, peering into an empty trunk, whirls around. He heard something. He scans the hull again and sees a giant tarp draped over huddled forms. He approaches it.

INT. UNDER TARP - NIGHT

Emma has now grabbed Shalom's arm as well. She closes her eyes tightly.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Cooke grabs the tarp and rips it off its contents. An amused smile crosses his face.

COOKE'S POV

shows a well-organized pile of engine parts.

COOKE
(calling up to hold)
All clear, Lieutenant!

INT. UNDER TARP - NIGHT

Shalom strains to hear, looks around, and decides it's safe. Carefully and quietly he pulls away the tarp and looks out.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

A lifeboat, covered by a tarp drifts in the inky Mediterranean darkness. We see Shalom peering out of a corner of the tarp.

SHALOM

They're still there. Keep quiet.

We see a line tied to the bow of the life boat. We follow it and realize that it is the end of the Wanderer's fishing line. We follow the line, panning up until we see the Wanderer in the far distance, the British boats pulled aside.

EXT. DECK OF THE WANDERER - NIGHT

Humphrey watches as the British patrol boat pulls away. As soon as they are out of hearing range, he shouts:

HUMPHREY

OK, pull in the lines!

The mates fire up the winches and begin to reel in the Survivors.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

With a jerk, the lifeboat suddenly begins to move. The Survivors clutch at the sides, surprised by the sudden motion.

BARUCH

Thank god.

Shalom smiles at Miriam.

SHALOM

Checkmate.

EXT. DECK OF THE WANDERER - NIGHT

Humphrey and his crew help the Survivors back into the boat. They are working fast, as if they know they have only been granted a short reprieve from danger.

Humphrey speaks to Shalom as he is pulled back on board.

HUMPHREY

We have made contact with a Zionist group working out of Lebanon. They have given us a meeting point, one mile from shore. They will take you into Beirut. From there, you will be smuggled into Palestine.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

In the dead of night, the Wanderer is tied up next to another, similarly dilapidated, fishing vessel whose name is painted in Arabic script across the bow. The Survivors are being helped from one ship to the other.

On the deck, Shalom is having a final conversation with Humphrey.

SHALOM

It is a great thing that you did tonight.

Humphrey grunts sullenly.

HUMPHREY

I always think that moments like this will take away some of the pain of losing Roger.

(beat)

It doesn't. Shalom, my friend. Good luck in Palestine.

SHALOM

Shalom?

HUMPHREY

It's the only Hebrew an old Irishman like me needs to know. It means goodbye. It also means hello. But most important, it means peace.

Shalom nods solemnly.

SHALOM

Shalom.

He grimly shakes Humphrey's hand and then allows himself to be helped aboard the boat. Humphrey watches as the boat pulls away into the blackness, until the sound of their engine disappears into the night.

After a moment, he turns sharply and shouts for his crew.

HUMPHREY

Pull up the anchor boys! Time to get this bucket moving.

EXT. BEIRUT PORT - DAY

The Arab fishing boat pulls into a small slip. As the Survivors disembark, they are met by two dark haired YOUNG MEN, who escort them to two waiting Jeeps.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

The jeeps speed along the road, kicking up dust.

INT. JEEP - DAY

The young man driving the jeep turns to Shalom.

YOUNG MAN

We've just crossed the border. You've made it. Welcome to Israel.

SHALOM

I thought we were in Palestine.

YOUNG MAN

One day it shall be called Israel.

Emma and Shalom sit back in their seat, exhausted. She rests in the crook of his arm. As the jeep speeds towards its unknown destination, Emma turns to Shalom.

EMMA

We're home.

Shalom watches the landscape pass from his seat in the jeep. He passes a house with smoke coming out of the chimney.

He frowns and watches the smoke curl into the sky as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1992

A painting of smoke pouring from a smokestack.

We pull back and see Shalom painting a very graphic scene of Nazi soldiers marching a line of children to the ovens.

One young girl, who looks remarkably like Abigail, holds a battered doll. One of the Nazi soldiers looks down at her, smiling. She is holding the doll out to him.

A VOICE startles him. A blotch of paint obscures the soldier's face.

REUBENS

Very nice. And very accurate. All the medals are in exactly the right place. Perfect.

SHALOM

Some things you don't forget. No matter how hard you try.

(beat)

You really don't have much regard for private property, do you? My lawyer will be in touch with your agency. You'll be fired.

Reubens smiles ironically.

REUBENS

What are you hiding, Shalom? What deep secret? What dark, cancerous memories inspire pictures such as this? Why is it, when I look into your face, I see something that makes me shudder?

(beat)

Why don't I just kill you now?

We hear the CLICK of a gun being cocked. Reubens' hand is in his pocket. His face is strained.

SHALOM

(surprisingly calm)

Because that would bring you to the level of the animals you hunt. You are a confused man. Like your father. You are not evil.

(beat)

I have not done anything, David. Please leave me in peace. I am an old man and my wife is sick. She has never done a wicked thing in her life. I am not the man you think I am.

REUBENS

I don't believe that.

SHALOM

(firmly)

Get out of my house.

REUBENS

I'll bring you kicking and screaming into the light.

SHALOM

You're a fool who chases ghosts. You live in the past. Leave my house, or I will call the police.

Shalom turns back to his painting. We hear Reubens' footsteps as he leaves the house.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Brian's roommate, a goofy-looking kid named JASON, opens the small fridge and pulls out two beers. He tosses one to Brian who is stretched out on his bed, reading a book. The cover of the book is obscured by Brian's knees.

JASON

Jeez. Always studying.

BRIAN

You should try it sometime.

JASON

Are you coming to Melissa's party tonight?

BRIAN

If I finish my work.

JASON

You know, you have to have some fun sometimes. You got to live for the present, you know. Seize the day.

BRIAN

Sometimes you have to live for the future. And the past.

JASON

Huh?

BRIAN

Never mind.

Jason smiles, grabs another beer and shoves it into his pocket.

JASON

Catch you later.

Jason leaves and Brian goes back to his reading. Something catches his attention.

He lifts the book up and we see the title - it is a textbook entitled "Art in the Modern World." He looks at the page intently.

He GASPS and looks harder. He slams the book shut.

BRIAN

No . . .

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Shalom shuffles to his mailbox. He looks older than we have ever seen him. He is stooped, as if carrying a large weight on his back. Where before, he looked fit and alert, he suddenly looks all of his age.

He leafs through his mail. One piece catches his attention.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma has been moved back home. Her head is bald from chemotherapy and she looks remarkably like the young camp survivor we met years ago. Shalom shows her the letter. It is an invitation.

EMMA

Read it.

SHALOM

It is addressed to both of us. As survivors, we are invited to the opening of the Holocaust Museum. In Washington DC. It's next month.

EMMA

America. I've always wanted to go.

SHALOM

You'll be well again soon. We'll go together.

EMMA

(shaking her head)

No. I only have one more journey to make.

(beat)

Shalom?

SHALOM

Yes, my love.

EMMA

Do something for me.

SHALOM

Anything.

EMMA

Go to this museum for us both. See the United States. Come back and tell me what it was like.

SHALOM

I can't go without you. I can't leave you here.

EMMA

I want you to. Not just for me.

(beat)

For Leonard. And Abigail. This museum is dedicated to their memory. I need you to do this.

Shalom looks away. He knows she is right.

SHALOM

Promise to be here when I return.

EMMA

I promise.

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

The room is now wall to wall paintings. They clutter the room, leaning against every available surface.

One of the paintings that stands out to us is an oil version of Shalom's first sketch - the man in the rowboat, in front of a detailed backdrop of mountains.

Shalom picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Brian picks up the phone.

BRIAN

Hello?

SHALOM (O.S.)

Brian. It is Shalom. Are you well?

BRIAN

Oh! Shalom . . . Yeah. Yeah. I'm doing great. School's great.

INT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY.

SHALOM

What is the matter? You sound upset.

BRIAN (O.S.)

No. Just busy. Sorry. I'm surprised.
How's Emma?

SHALOM

Much better. She rests a lot now.

(beat)

I have a favor to ask. I have received
an invitation to the Holocaust Museum
opening. Emma is not well enough to
travel. Would you care to join me? I do
not want to go alone.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

BRIAN

Yes.

(beat)

Yeah - I'd love to. When are you coming
in?

He grabs a piece of paper from a notebook and jots down
Shalom's flight information.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Flight 118. Gotcha. I can't wait to see
you.

(beat)

Listen. There's something I need to
speak with you about. It's important.

(beat)

It's about your past. Sort of a clue. I
think . . . well I think I might have
found something out.

He listens to the receiver.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

No listen. I really ought to tell you in
person. It's . . . well I'd rather tell
you in person.

(beat)

Yes. Yes. I'll see you on the twenty-
eighth. Noon. Gotcha. Give my best to
Emma. Yes. Good-bye.

He hangs up the phone and looks over at his bed. "Art in the Modern World" lies on his bed, like a serpent coiled to spring.

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - DAY

An unmarked van is parked outside. It is a light, inconspicuous blue van with no markings or windows.

INT. VAN - DAY

Reubens sits before a bank of recording equipment, listening on headsets. Another man sits next to him, smoking a cigarette.

BRIAN (V.O.)
(static)
It's about your past. Sort of a clue.

REUBENS
The boy knows something.

INT. REUBENS' HOUSE - DAY

Reubens throws a bunch of things into a duffel bag. He leaves all his drawers open as he rushes from the room.

INT. SHALOM'S BATHROOM - DAY

Shalom, wearing a white, sleeveless tee-shirt is shaving. He shaves the sides of his face, moving in towards his mustache. He shaves the ends off his mustache so that only a small dash of hair exists under his nose. He wipes off the shaving cream and regards his reflection.

He violently swipes at the mustache with his razor, cutting himself.

SHALOM
Ahh!!

Drops of blood drip into the sink. He watches as the blood swirls down the drain.

INT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - DAY

Reubens stands at the ticket counter. He looks exhausted and drawn. The attendant eyes him distastefully.

REUBENS
One ticket. Round trip to Washington
D.C.

He slides a credit card across the counter.

EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

A busy airport. Odd, geocentric terminals set the scene for this exceptionally modern airport.

INT. GATE 13 - DAY

Brian waves at Shalom as he exits the plane. Shalom makes to embrace him.

Brian hesitates, then hugs him back.

SHALOM

It is good to see you.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Standing on the sidewalk, watching the cars jostle for spots on the curb, Shalom takes a good look around.

BRIAN

What is it?

SHALOM

I've finally made it to America. It's been a lifetime and I'm finally here.

BRIAN

It's only a place. It's just like Israel in a lot of ways.

SHALOM

It's different. I've always known it's different. That's why your grandfather came here.

INT. CAR - DAY

Brian gives Shalom a tour of D.C. Shalom is a rapt student. He views every monument with a combination of awe and wonder.

BRIAN

There's the Washington Monument. You can see how the stone changes color halfway up. That's because they had to stop construction during the Civil War and couldn't find the same color stone when they continued.

SHALOM

I have only seen pictures. It is amazing
in real life.

BRIAN

And that's the Lincoln Memorial.

SHALOM

What did you wish to speak with me about?
In person.

Brian stares at the road ahead of him. His fingers grip the
steering wheel.

BRIAN

It's nothing. I was mistaken.

SHALOM

Are you sure you're not hiding something
from me?

BRIAN

(unconvincing)

It's nothing. Never mind.

Shalom eyes him skeptically. They pass the Tidal Basin.
Brian points out the window at another memorial.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's the Jefferson Memorial.

EXT. CAPITOL MOTEL - DUSK

A seedy looking motor lodge that looks as if it might rent
its rooms on an hourly basis.

INT. CAPITOL MOTEL - DUSK

Reubens checks in. He gets his key from the front desk and
goes down the hall. As he passes one room, we hear an
ecstasy of moaning.

REUBENS

(to himself)

American pigs.

He opens the door to his room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

The room is cheaply furnished and badly decorated. There is
a giant yellow water stain on the ceiling.

Unmindful, Reubens flings his bag down on the bed. He goes to the night table and opens it.

He pulls out a phone book and leafs through it until he finds "George Washington University." He dials the number.

REUBENS

Hello? Yes. I'd like the address of one of your students, please.

(beat)

Yes. I realize that's your policy. I'm the boy's father. He is expecting a check from me and I can't seem to catch him in his room.

(beat)

His name is Brian Goldstein.

Reubens jots down Brian's address.

REUBENS (CONT'D)

Thank you very much.

He hangs up. Sitting on the bed, he kicks off his shoes. He tries to pick up the television remote control, but finds it bolted to the night table. With a grimace, he pushes the power button.

The television comes on, showing a local news report.

ANNOUNCER

. . . will open its doors tomorrow night with a special dedication ceremony and an invitee list made up predominantly of Holocaust survivors.

He turns the TV off and lies back on his bed, staring at the stain on the ceiling.

INT. MUCH BETTER HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Shalom stands in front of a mirror adjusting the tie of his tuxedo. Brian sees him struggling.

BRIAN

Here. Let me help you.

SHALOM

Thank you.

Brian adjusts the tie. Shalom looks upset and distracted.

BRIAN

What's wrong?

SHALOM

I shouldn't be here without Emma. This
is for her. I don't remember any of this
- this is her story, not mine.

BRIAN

Then go for her. She wants you to.
Honor the memory of her family.

SHALOM

I will try. I will.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The doorman hails a cab for Brian and Shalom and they climb
in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Shalom looks over to Brian.

SHALOM

Well. Here we go.

Brian smiles and pats the old man's hand.

BRIAN

Yes. Here we go.

EXT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

Washington D.C. on a summer night. Hot, humid, sweltering.
The Holocaust Museum stands as mute testimony to the fact
that those who died in the Holocaust, as well as those who
have survived, are not forgotten.

This is the opening of this historical museum. Dignitaries
from all over the world solemnly enter the building to gather
in the vaulted main lobby.

Shalom and Brian stand outside the museum staring at it for a
long time. Shalom looks out of place and uncomfortable in
his tuxedo and leans heavily on Brian's arm.

Brian is unhappy. Whatever news he has for Shalom weighs
heavily on his mind.

SHALOM

So this is it.

BRIAN

What?

SHALOM

My past.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Reubens breaks in. He starts going through everything. He picks up the book that Brian was reading. He opens to a page that has been bookmarked.

Suddenly the door BURSTS open. Jason stands there drunkenly, a young, giddy looking blonde on his arm.

JASON

Hey! What are you doing?

Reubens levels his gun at him.

REUBENS

Get out.

Jason almost drops the blonde. He backs slowly out of the door and then runs down the hall. Reubens turns his attention back to the book.

Suddenly, his hands begin to tremble. He drops the book, looking utterly terrified.

REUBENS (CONT'D)

No. Good Lord no . . .

He looks at the book again, unable to believe what he has seen. He slips out of the room and speeds down the hall, just before TWO CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICERS enter the room, followed by a frightened Jason.

JASON

He was here a minute ago.

EXT. DORM - NIGHT

Reubens hails a cab. As he opens the door he says to the cabbie:

REUBENS

The Holocaust Museum.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Very stealthily, so as not to attract the attention of the cab driver, Reubens checks to make sure his weapon is loaded.

It is.

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

Shalom and Brian are part of a procession of people who wind through the corridors of the museum on a trail that takes attendees through a roughly chronological tour of the Nazi death camps.

We see:

A young girl, naked on a stainless steel table, in tears while a man, in a white coat probes at her with a wicked looking instrument.

A pile of emaciated bodies, lying in a heap.

The crematorium of Auschwitz, roaring with evil life, churning smoke into the sky.

SHALOM

Emma lives with this. Every day she
lives with this. I only imagined . . . I
had no idea.

The tour takes them through an ancient railroad car that had once been used to transport Jews to the camps.

The group then passes through a glass hallway where millions of names etched into the walls memorialize the six million lives lost in the camps.

Shalom searches the walls with his finger. Brian looks at him questioningly.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Look.

Brian examines where Shalom's finger points. He sees two names: Leonard and Abigail Finkle - Emma's husband and daughter.

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Reubens' cab is stuck in traffic. He fidgets impatiently in his seat. Finally, he pulls out a wad of bills and throws them at the driver.

He jumps out of the car and runs down the street on foot.

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

Brian and Shalom follow the procession over a foot bridge which spans a river of old shoes;

shoes that were taken from victims of the camps, both old and young. The sheer number of shoes is overwhelming, with a striking number of baby shoes strewn throughout. Many people moan, as if in actual pain.

SHALOM

So many people. So many lives.

BRIAN

I never imagined it would be like this.

Shalom leans even more heavily on Brian. He looks weaker - drained.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you OK? What's wrong?

SHALOM

I just feel a little light-headed.
That's all. I'll be OK. I just wish I
were back home with Emma.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma sits up in bed. It is dark. She reaches over for Shalom, but then realizes he is not there.

INT. SHALOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The light comes on and Emma, in her nightgown, wearily enters the room. For a moment she looks lost, as if not knowing what to do without Shalom. She looks around the room, cluttered with his paintings.

She walks over to a table and picks up a picture frame. She stares at the picture - her wedding night. She and Shalom, younger and healthier, hold each other and smile at the camera. This is the first time Shalom wears his black eye patch.

She continues to stare, hearing the Jewish folk music rise up as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD OF A SMALL HOME - NIGHT - 1945

Jewish folk music plays in the background.

Shalom sits at a table next to an empty chair, a document unfolded in front of him. He is dressed neatly, in a clean white linen shirt. He wears a yarmulke. Baruch stands behind him, wearing a striking white tallis.

He smiles broadly, like a proud parent. The rest of the Survivors are there as well, all looking exceedingly happy.

It is a beautiful night and the stars shine brightly, enhanced by the dozens of candles that illuminate the yard. Emma enters, dressed in a simple white dress, her face covered in lace.

Shalom stands as she approaches and lifts the light veil. Her face is radiant. They both sit in front of the document.

BARUCH

(to Shalom)

What name are you going to put on the Ketubah?

SHALOM

What do you suggest?

BARUCH

Something that is meaningful to you.

SHALOM

I choose to be called Shalom.

Baruch shows him how to sign the document. Emma signs as well.

EXT. UNDER THE HUPPAH - NIGHT

The happy couple stands under the Huppah, sharing a glass of wine. As they exchange rings, we notice that Emma slips the GOLD WEDDING BAND onto Shalom's finger.

EMMA

(softly)

I gave this to Leonard once. Now you are my future.

Baruch, officiating, takes a glass and wraps it in a napkin and places it on the ground in front of Shalom. Shalom stomps on the glass - shattering it.

CROWD

Mazel Tov!

EXT. WEDDING PARTY - NIGHT

Shalom is whirled around on a chair to the sounds of a band featuring a clarinet and an accordion. Guests dance and clap around him.

GUESTS

Emma! Emma! Get the bride up!

Suddenly, Emma is raised in a chair next to Shalom. She reaches over and they clasp hands, bouncing above the sea of heads.

The crowd also picks up the elderly Baruch, who happily waves a napkin around in the air to the time of the music.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Shalom and Emma walk hand in hand through the garden. In the background we hear the party, still going strong.

EMMA

I still think about him. I know I shouldn't - especially tonight. But I do. I can't help it. I feel guilty.

SHALOM

He would have wished you happiness.

They walk in silence for a moment.

EMMA

I don't ever want to think about the past again. Only the future.

He takes her in his arms.

SHALOM

We will face the future - and the past - together. I promise.

They kiss under the starlight. We pan up to the night sky and hold there for a moment, listening to the music of the party, as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT - 1992

We are still looking at the night sky, but the music fades into a cacophony of traffic noises and other city sounds.

Reubens runs, full speed down the street, pushing people out of his way.

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

A crowd has gathered around the last exhibit, blocking it from our view.

Shalom and Brian work their way through the crowd until they at last are in front of the exhibit, though we still can not see what is being featured.

Suddenly, Brian looks distressed. Shalom's face turns ashen gray. A LOW RATTLING GASP escapes his lips.

BRIAN

Shalom . . . no . . . not this way.

Brian lowers the stricken man to the floor. Shalom's eyes are riveted on the wall before him, at the exhibit that we still do not see.

Shalom lies panting against the wall, clutching his chest. A crowd of people have gathered around.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Somebody - call an ambulance!

EXT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

Reubens rounds the corner, sweaty and red-faced.

An ambulance, with its lights flashing, is parked outside the museum. Police keep onlookers a respectful distance from where EMS workers are loading a person on a stretcher into the vehicle.

Reubens runs towards the ambulance, where he is stopped by Brian, who blocks Reubens with his body.

REUBENS

Let me through.

BRIAN

It's too late - let him be.

REUBENS

But he's . . .

BRIAN

No. That man's been dead for fifty years.

REUBENS
(seeing stretcher)
That's him! Is that him?

BRIAN
The man in that ambulance never did a
thing to hurt another person. Let him
die in peace.

Again, Reubens tries to push past, but Brian blocks him. He
is extremely agitated, then, suddenly, he calms.

REUBENS
Do you believe that? Truly? That this
man had no idea . . . ?

BRIAN
Yes.

Calmly, Reubens nods. He looks up and says softly:

REUBENS
Then you are very, very naive.

In SLOW MOTION, Reubens pushes Brian back and draws his
revolver. He pushes through the crowd toward where Shalom's
stretcher is being wheeled onto the ambulance. He pushes
through the cordon of police officers and levels his gun at
Shalom.

SHOTS ring out.

Reubens suddenly looks surprised and pained. He looks down
and sees THREE BLOODY CIRCLES on his shirt where one of the
police officers, holding a smoking revolver, has shot him.
He slumps to the ground.

THUNDER roars and the skies open.

Brian stands up, looking bewildered. The ambulance is
pulling away and he staggers after it, hailing wildly. His
clothes are plastered to his body.

Reubens' body lies on the sidewalk, rain washing away the
blood.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Shalom is wheeled into the ER, a mask over his face, an IV
running into his arm. Brian runs through the door after him.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian sits in an empty waiting room. The lights are off and he stares blankly at the Johnny Carson show. DR. RISHI (43) comes into the room, looking tired. It has been a long night.

BRIAN
How is he?

DR RISHI
Stable. But not well. He is a very old man. His old head injury - it's been aggravated by the heart attack.

BRIAN
Can I see him?

The doctor nods.

INT. ICU - NIGHT

Shalom lies in bed, IV's in both arms. He wears an oxygen mask and a monitor shows an unsteady heartbeat. He has been weeping. He motions for Brian to remove the mask.

SHALOM
Why didn't you tell me?

BRIAN
I'm sorry - I just couldn't . . .

SHALOM
I'm a monster.

BRIAN
(slowly)
The monster is dead. He has been dead for a very long time.

He takes Shalom's hand.

SHALOM
I don't accept that. I can't . . .

BRIAN
You are not a monster. I know that. Everyone knows that.

SHALOM
No. I am. I am.

BRIAN

You are only responsible for the man you
have become.

SHALOM

I want to go home. I want to go home and
die in my own country.

BRIAN

Will you tell Emma?

Shalom just stares ahead at the wall.

INT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - DUSK

Brian wheels Shalom down the jet way, accompanied by a
doctor. Shalom wears an oxygen tube that goes into his nose.
There is a large tank strapped to the wheel chair.

BRIAN

There is an ambulance waiting outside.

Shalom nods.

EXT. SHALOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian and the doctor help wheel Shalom from the ambulance up
to the house. He is pale.

Emma greets them at the door. She is very thin and, as when
she first met Shalom, bald. This time chemotherapy has raped
her of her hair. She forces a smile and holds Shalom's hand
as he is wheeled in the door.

SHALOM

I'm sorry, Emma . . .

EMMA

We're together now, love. It will be all
right.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He lies in bed. Emma, looking very ill herself, sits by his
bed, holding his hand.

EMMA

I'm so glad you're home.

SHALOM

My life. My love. Here we are again.

EMMA

The bald woman nursing the sick man. But
I would not have done anything
differently.

SHALOM

No, Emma. You don't know . . .

EMMA

What is it, Shalom? What did you see?

SHALOM

I saw the past . . .

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

We're gliding through the dark empty halls of the Holocaust
Museum - a ghost in an eerie, quiet world. The dimly lit
images and displays pass us.

SHALOM (V.O.)

I saw the truth.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma, shaking, holds Shalom's hand. She is scared. She
wants to know, and yet . . .

EMMA

And what is the truth, Shalom? That you
are a good man? That you have made me
happy? That I love you?

Shalom smiles at her. He is visibly weakening.

SHALOM

You are the most beautiful woman I have
ever seen.

EMMA

You once asked me if I would love you if
you had been an evil man before we met.

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

We continue winding through the ghostly halls, following
Shalom's earlier path. We are getting closer to the place . . .

EMMA (V.O.)

Whoever you were before we met - that
doesn't matter.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

You have given me a better life than I
ever would have dreamed possible.
Whoever you were - it doesn't matter.

INT. SHALOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMMA

I love you. The man I met fifty years
ago. The man who gave me my life.

Shalom's frail right hand slowly, shakily removes the GOLD
WEDDING BAND from his left.

SHALOM

I wish . . . I wish that were true.
(beat)

You don't know, you could never forgive . . .

Suddenly, Shalom's breath grows harsh and raspy. He clutches
Emma's hand, hard.

EMMA

No . . . no my love . . . not yet . . .

But it is too late. Shalom slumps back on the bed, his one
eye fixed sightlessly on the ceiling. Emma, distraught,
reaches over to touch his face.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Shalom! Shalom!

Emma places the ring back in his hand and closes it tightly
within hers. She sobs, burying her face in his chest. We
pan up to the wall, where Shalom's first painting hangs. We
close in on the image - the lone man in a rowboat, with a
backdrop of mountains behind him.

INT. HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - NIGHT

And we glide up to the final exhibit, shadowy and foreboding.
We make out the title: THE EARLY YEARS - ART STUDENT. And we
close in on a single image: a painting of a lone man in a
rowboat, with a backdrop of mountains behind him. A ray of
light seems to illuminate the signature in the lower right
corner: ADOLF HITLER.

EMMA (V.O.)

(echoing)
I forgive you.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A simple wooden casket lies on straps above an open grave, draped with a white tallis. A small stone stands at the head of the grave, simply reading "Shalom." Emma stands alongside the grave, supported by Brian. She looks very frail and very old. We can see that she also does not have much time left.

Others stand around the casket as well. We recognize Miriam and her husband Michael. She has brought her children with her. We see Sarah, Rami's wife.

We see several other children there as well - perhaps they are from the orphanage where Shalom spent his Saturday mornings. One girl looks very much like Abigail, but we know that can not be.

Several older men and women pay their respects at the grave as well, some wearing military regalia, some dressed in unstylish suits that look as if they have not been worn in decades.

It is a beautiful morning. The sky is cloudless and brilliant. There is a breeze. The coffin is lowered into the ground.

Emma walks up and places a handful of wildflowers into the grave. The RABBI begins to intone the Mourner's Kaddish.

RABBI

Yitgadal yitgdash sh'me rava . . .

He continues with the solemn prayer for the dead as we

FADE TO BLACK