

THE BELIEVER

by

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Story by

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Final Shooting Script

BLACK SCREEN

RAV ZINGESSER

"And God said to Abraham, 'Take your son, your only son, whom you love, Isaac, and go into the land of Moriah and offer him there for a sacrifice upon a mountain that I will show you...'"

INT. YESHIVA CLASSROOM -- DAY

A run-down place. A dozen 12-year-old BOYS sit at old-fashioned desks. These are not Hasidim, but Orthodox Jews: normal American kids in yarmulkes. The teacher, RAV ZINGESSER is young, overweight, acnescarred, good-humored.

RAV ZINGESSER

And why did the Holy One -- blessed be He -- do this? Why did he ask Abraham to sacrifice his only son, whom he loved?

Two boys off to one side: AVI (a smart, tough, brownnose) and DANNY (the eternal dissident) argue under their breath....

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

Isaac wasn't his only son. Ishmael was his son, too.

12-YEAR-OLD AVI

The only son he loved.

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

Oh, they only kill them when they love them...?

12-YEAR-OLD STUART

(up front; answering Zingesser)
It was a test of Abraham's faith. Of his devotion to God.

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

It's not about Abraham's faith. It's about God's power. God says, "You know how powerful I am? I can make you do anything I want, no matter how stupid. Even kill your own son. Because I'm everything, you're nothing."

TITTERS. Danny looks around at his classmates: nerds, wankers, nose-pickers. Two kids in back furtively read the racing form under their desks. He hates them for their indifference as much as he despises Stuart's piety or Avi's ass-kissing.

RAV ZINGESSER

But, Danny, if HaShem is everything, and we are nothing how are we to judge His actions?

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

We have free will and intelligence -- which God allegedly gave us....

AVI

Anyway, God never lets Abraham kill Isaac. He provides the ram so that --

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

Personally, I think that's a lie. I think he did kill him.

RAV ZINGESSER

You think?! Based on what?

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

There's midrash supporting this. My father read a book by Shalom Spiegel that -- Isaac actually died and was reborn.

RAV ZINGESSER

No one follows that midrash.

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

I do; I follow it. But okay, say God provided the ram. So what? Once Abraham raised the knife, in his

heart it was as if he'd killed him.
He could never forget that. And
neither could Isaac. Look at him:
he's traumatized, he's a putz for the
rest of his life. By the end he can't
tell Jacob from Esau....

The kids laugh. Zingesser CRACKS a ruler against a desk.

RAV ZINGESSER

Watch your language....

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

(rising impassioned)

I think the whole Jewish people were
permanently scarred by what happened
on Mt. Moriah, and we still live in
terror....

12-YEAR-OLD STUART

Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

Fear of God makes you afraid of
everything. All the Jews are good at
is being afraid. And being sacrificed.

Oooo. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK. Even the guys with the sports
pages are shocked by that one.

12-YEAR-OLD STUART

Don't you believe in God?

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

I'm the only one here who does
believe. You say he's mysterious, yet
merciful. I see him for the power-
drunk madman He is. And we're
supposed to worship such a Deity?? I
say Never! I say...fight him. I say --

The ruler has been CRACKING from "power-drunk" on.... Now
Zingesser grabs Danny, yanks him out of his chair.

RAV ZINGESSER

Avi -- ask Rabbi Springer to come
remove Danny from the class....

Avi rises, grinning, as...Danny struggles wildly to get free.

RAV ZINGESSER

And you, if you had come out of Egypt,
you would have been destroyed in the
desert with those who worshipped the
Golden Calf.

12-YEAR-OLD DANNY

Then let Him destroy me now. Let Him
crush me like the conceited bully He is.

(to the ceiling)

Go ahead. Kill me. Here I am. Do it!!

The class sits frozen in terror, waiting for God to kill
Danny. But nothing happens.

INT. YESHIVA STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Danny runs down the steps alone.

EXT. RUN-DOWN COMMERCIAL AREA -- TWILIGHT

Danny walking home alone. He sees TWO KIDS (older, tougher,
blonder) coming toward him. He slips off his yarmulke and
slants across the street. The kids slant that way. He hears
a RUMBLING, looks up at an ELEVATED TRAIN entering a station.
He runs up the steps toward the SHRIEKING train....

INT. 7 TRAIN -- 1998 -- DAY

TITLE: 13 YEARS LATER

The train passes above used car lots, discount furniture
stores, residential side streets...finally pulls into a
station. The doors open. People file on, the CAMERA letting
them go by until it spots a tall, thin COLLEGE STUDENT in a
YARMULKE. Danny grown up?

PAN with him as he sits, opens an organic chemistry text. The
doors close. The train starts up, but the Jewish boy hardly
notices; he is already reading. He sways with the motion of
the car, half-hidden by other passengers. We realize he is
being watched.

REVERSE ANGLE: another YOUNG MAN, standing -- a "SUEDE-HEAD"
(his hair cut so short it's like a fine fabric).

SUEDE-HEAD'S POV: THE JEWISH BOY pushes his glasses back up
his nose, wipes the nose with a handkerchief, puts the
handkerchief away, and all the time his eyes have not left
the page. Suede-head steps between passengers and stands
directly over the Jewish boy. He looks down at the yarmulke
pinned to the stiff, wavy hair, at the oversized shirt

collar, scrawny neck, prominent Adam's apple, pimples, dandruff, ingrown facial hair...

He steps closer, crowding the boy's knees. The boy shifts a little without looking up. Subtly but relentlessly, Suede-head pursues him along the bench until, unable to slide farther, the boy flattens his legs against the seat. Suede-head presses into the boy's knees.

The boy accidentally bumps a BUSINESSMAN to Suede-head's left. The man (late 30s, *Wall Street Journal*, African-American) looks from the boy to Suede-head and understands at once what is going on.

Suede-head stares right back -- and the BUSINESSMAN returns to his paper. Suede-head eases him aside and steps on the boy's shoe.

SHOES -- A HEAVY BLACK BOOT PINS A BROWN WINGTIP TO THE FLOOR

The wingtip wiggles back and forth, finally working free. The boy still hasn't looked up.

SUEDE-HEAD & THE JEWISH BOY

swaying, locked in a strange, silent intimacy. Suede-head forces the boy into ever more contorted postures, increasingly ridiculous denials of what is happening. And the boy not only never stops reading the chemistry text, he keeps highlighting relevant passages.

The train slows. The boy closes the book, caps the highlighter, gathers his things and manages to stand up, wriggling awkwardly around Suede-head. The doors open, he gets off.

INT. STATION -- DAY

Looking up a long escalator, the Jewish boy riding down toward us.

Suede-head arrives on the run at the top, races down a flight of stairs, vaults the bannister, slides down a metal slope....

Lands on his feet and comes to stand at the foot of the escalator.

The boy rides inexorably down. At the bottom, he tries to go around Suede-head who blocks this way, then another, driving him into a corner.

The boy realizes he has nowhere to go -- finally turns to face his tormentor. Their eyes meet for the first time. He is actually bigger than Suede-head, but not nearly as strong. He won't fight, is simply acknowledging what he can no longer deny. There is even an odd relief that disgusts Suede-head more than all the rest.

SUEDE-HEAD

Fucking kike.

He slaps him in the face. He stumbles backward. As Suede-head goes to hit him again, the boy holds his books in front of him. Suede-head punches the books straight into his face. The boy falls, curls into a fetal position. Suede-head kicks him....

SUEDE-HEAD

Get up.... Get the fuck up....

He won't budge. Suede-head punches him repeatedly until he hears VOICES approaching. He runs back up the stairs to the train and only as we FOLLOW him do we realize that he is our protagonist. This is Danny grown up.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Like his brain, the room is at once crowded and tidy and has, so far as we can see, neither windows nor doors. Shelves of books, CDs, magazines, videotapes loom over a neatly made bed.

Danny, in briefs and boots, is lifting weights. The phone rings. A machine picks up: no outgoing message, only a BEEP. Then:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Is this working? I'm trying to reach Danny Balint...Danny, it's Vicki, we met at Happy Jack's last month...?

He keeps doing curls.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I was hoping maybe we could...get together again... Give me a call -- 718-555-0193.

She hangs up. A moment later Danny finishes the set, gasping for air, heart pounding, muscles throbbing.

INT. SAME -- NIGHT

A radio is playing the news. Danny sits at a small desk, on the phone and browsing the Internet, a take-out menu beside him.

DANNY (INTO PHONE)

...Is it completely vegetarian?
...What do they make the stock
from?... Not chicken, you're sure?...
And no dairy... No, no cheese I don't
eat cheese... Yeah, all right. And
the tropical fruit shake... How long?...

Over this we see: COMPUTER SCREEN: GLIMPSES OF PASSING PHRASES:

...ZIONIST OCCUPATIONAL GOV'T CONTROLS 78% OF THE SENATE, 62%
OF THE HOUSE...DYNAMITE CAN BE STOLEN FROM CONSTRUCTION
SITES & ROAD CREWS, PARTICULARLY IN MOUNTAINOUS AREAS...
CURTIS ZAMPF IN NYC 5/18...JEWISH PIMPS, DRUG DLRS &
ABORTIONISTS HAVE AS THEIR MAIN GOAL...CONVERTING THE GLOCK
901 TO FULLY AUTOMATIC IS RELATIVELY SIMPLE. FIRST, REMOVE
THE FIRING PIN...

He HIGHLIGHTS the item about Curtis Zampf...

EXT. VOMPADINK -- TWILIGHT

A tough working-class Queens bar.

INT. VOMPADINK -- TWILIGHT

Men drink in clusters, including a group of skinheads....
Danny takes a place alone at the bar, drawing furtive
attention from the regulars. When the BARTENDER finally
comes over...

DANNY

Vodka tonic.

A strange call for this place. As he waits, Danny turns and
watches the skinheads enough to make them aware of him.

The girls watch him, too. The skins don't like that. One of
them (Billings) seems ready to do something about it. The
others try to calm him, and when they look back, Danny has
left. He barely touched the drink.

The skins are puzzled, but one indicates his watch: time to
go. They gather their stuff....

EXT. CITY/INT. 7 TRAIN -- EVENING

Looking out the front of the train as it rushes toward Manhattan. A dramatic sky rises above the skyline.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The three skins -- O.L., CARLETON, BILLINGS -- walk up an East Side street. Billings is telling a story....

BILLINGS

...So she takes the pants in back -- where they try them on? And I think fuck it....

CARLETON

Are you shitting me?? Right in the store?

BILLINGS

She's been giving me the eye. She's hot. So I wait till the owner goes up front....

During this, O.L. starts to SPRAY PAINT a crude SWASTIKA onto a BUS KIOSK. A VOICE startles them....

VOICE

What are you doing??

They jump, turn. Danny steps out of the shadows.

DANNY

(indicating swastika)

What do you think you're doing?

BILLINGS

Who the fuck are you?

DANNY

(coming toward them)

Who am I?? Who are you, you schmucks, you can't even make a decent swastika.... Give me the paint.

(O.L. looks to his friends)

Give it to me.

Danny's will is stronger; O.L. hands over the spray can. Danny shakes it, critiques O.L.'s rendering....

DANNY

(gruff but avuncular)

It's too squared off. You got to orient it up and down, diamond-shaped, like this....

(sprays an excellent swastika)

...The arms go clockwise.

(hands the can back)

You're going to Curtis Zampf; me, too. Let's go?

They exchange looks: how did he know about Curtis?

CURTIS ZAMPF (O.S.)

...Where I grew up in South Boston twenty years ago, when a kid walked down the street, everyone knew who he was...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Grand but threadbare. The skins enter: O.L. like a child, Carleton like a sardonic adolescent, Billings like a revolutionary, Danny like an uncrowned prince.

CURTIS ZAMPF is addressing a dozen or so guests. He is 40 but appears younger; with rough good looks, longish hair and a leather jacket, he seems more like an aging rock star or sexy novelist than a standard-issue American Nazi.

CURTIS

...If he ran out in front of a car, some old Mick'd yell at him, "Jimmy Dunne, get back on that sidewalk and stay there...."

He does the Boston Irish accent so well, everybody laughs. Up front we notice the only WOMAN in the room. She is in her 40s, regal, beautiful, forbidding. Her name is LINA MOEBIUS.

CURTIS

...The day he graduated high school, he'd go see his uncle down at the gas works, or the priest's brother in the shipyard, get his apprentice papers, eight years later he'd be making \$16.50 an hour, have four kids, play ball on Sundays in Columbus Park, and when he died, the whole town'd get drunk and cry over him....

The crowd -- nonunion electricians, white taxi drivers, unemployed bookkeepers, failed academics, off-duty cops --

listens quietly.

During this, a young woman (CARLA) appears from the rear of the apartment, heading for the kitchen with a coffee cup and a history book. She glances into the living room.

CURTIS

...Today, when that kid walks down the street it's full of trash and half the faces are black. The shipyard's closed, all the jobs at the gas works are set-asides, and by the time he drops out of school, he can barely get a job at Burger King. So he drinks, smokes crack, and when he hangs himself on the front porch at twenty-three, the only people at his wake are a couple of buddies and his mother. The boy's father won't find out he's dead till six months later.

(beat)

The soul of this country is being destroyed, and all the government can offer is free trade, mutual funds and IPOs.

GUY DANIELSEN

You sound like a leftist.

CURTIS

I used to be one.... No, seriously, I called myself an anarchist. I stood up for the oppressed. I opposed state power.

AN OLD COOT

Don't you still?

CURTIS

I oppose the present state because it's weak. It has been ever since the left emasculated it over Vietnam. But I think the average man is crushed less by accumulated capital than the loss of community or real leadership, the personal emptiness he simply cannot fill on his own....

(matter-of-fact)

That's why I'm a fascist. It's the only form of government that

addresses our deepest needs.

Silence. Danny -- who has spotted Carla -- begins to clap, a few others join in. Danny raises his hand; Curtis nods to him....

DANNY

What do you think the fascism of the
twenty-first century will look like?

Everyone -- including Carla -- turns to see who asked that.

CURTIS

More cultural than political.

DANNY

Obviously.

CURTIS

Decentralized, nonviolent,
increasingly mainstream. We'll see
antiabortion, anti-immigration groups
form alliances with the gun lobby,
Christian identity types, tax resisters
and even some libertarians....

The crowd seems impressed, but restless and bored.

OLD COOT

What about race?

A stirring: many share the concern. Lina watches closely.

CURTIS

This isn't the time for that.

Murmurs of surprise, disappointment.

DANNY

I disagree.

(glances at Carla)

I think race is central to everything
we're talking about.

(murmurs of agreement)

Spiritual life comes from race. From
the blood. Without that, we're no
better than the Jews....

The magic word. The whole room comes alive. Zampf grimaces.

CARLA

What's wrong with the Jews?

MRS. MOEBIUS

Carla...

DANNY

Have you read Toynbee? Spengler?

CARLA

Nobody reads that stuff anymore.

DANNY

Too difficult?

CARLA

Too Christian. You know Jameson? Paul Virilio?

DANNY

The point is, the modern world is a Jewish disease.

CARLA

Disease? What disease?

DANNY

Abstraction. They're obsessed with abstraction.

That stops the conversation. But Carla is intrigued; here is someone whose mind moves in strange and interesting realms.

VOICE (GUY DANIELSEN)

What would you propose?

The questioner is a young man (GUY DANIELSEN), better spoken than the others. Danny feels all eyes on him.

DANNY

Killing Jews.

A tremor of fear and excitement ripples through the room. Zampf glances at Mrs. Moebius; she is watching Danny intently.

CURTIS

That would be a catastrophic mistake.

DANNY

People hate Jews. Do you agree?

CURTIS

They used to. Today it's not an issue.

DANNY

No, but deep down, beneath the "tolerance" they learn on television, nothing's changed. The very word makes their skin crawl.

(around the room people nod)

It isn't even hate, really. It's more the way we feel when a rat runs across the floor. We want to step on it. Crush it. We don't even know why. It's a physical reaction. Everyone feels it.

GUY DANIELSEN

Which ones would you kill?

DANNY

Prominent Jews. Who are either symbols in themselves or who represent aspects of the Jewish character people despise.

GUY DANIELSEN

Such as?

OLD COOT

Barbra Streisand.

Mutterings: "Who's she?" "Yeah, her..." But Danny says:

DANNY

Too obvious.

VOICES

Kissinger...Dershowitz...Roseanne...

DANNY

Yes. And Larry King...

OLD COOT

Is he Jewish?

DANNY

...Leona Helmsley, Michael Eisner, Bob Dylan, Phillip Roth, Ruth Bader Ginsberg, Steven Spielberg, Winona Ryder, Beverly Sills, Alvin Toffler, Katherine Graham. All of them. But not yet. We don't want celebrity

obscuring the issue.

CARLA

Which is what?

DANNY

At first, no one will know why the victims are being killed.

CURTIS

You wouldn't announce it?

DANNY

I'd say nothing. After two or three, people will try to find a pattern. A reason.

CURTIS

But when it comes out, the public will be outraged. It will look like Germany all over again.

DANNY

Isn't that what we want? Germany all over again? Only done right this time...

The crowd feels a deep atavistic thrill. Zampf glances at Mrs. Moebius....

DANNY

Without speeches or political parties. A movement without leaders so that no one can stop it...

The room is stunned to silence. Mrs. Moebius signals Curtis.

CURTIS

Okay, let's break this up for now....

(to Danny)

Could you wait a minute...?

INT. SAME -- FIVE MINUTES LATER

Danny -- flushed with triumph -- stands looking down at the city.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- MRS. MOEBIUS & CURTIS ZAMPF

CURTIS

(low)

...I thought we agreed, no anti-

Semitism...it's exactly what we're trying to put behind us.... Trash the blacks, fine; but...

MRS. MOEBIUS

Did you see how they reacted to him?

CURTIS

Yes, of course. But that only plays in this room, with people who aren't embarrassed to call themselves Nazis. If you want a modern fascism, you don't mention Jews.

MRS. MOEBIUS

It's a romantic movement, Curtis. It always has been.

CURTIS

Lina, the Thousand-Year Reich barely lasted a decade.... Do you really want to go down that road again? In America of all places, where obedience and discipline are not exactly the national virtues...

She looks over at Danny, now chatting with Carla....

LINA

He's very bright.

CURTIS

He speaks well. But what do we do with him?

LINA

Let's find out who he is.

CURTIS

You mean who he really is.

ON DANNY & CARLA

CARLA

You're not in school? What do you do?

DANNY

I work at the Big Boy warehouse. In Queens. I drive a fork-lift.

CARLA

Where'd you read all that stuff?

DANNY

I just read it....

LINA

Young man...

He turns. She's beckoning to him. He gives Carla a look, then crosses to her, sitting in a chair she indicates. Curtis offers him a drink; he declines. Carla takes one.

LINA

Lina Moebius. And you are...?

DANNY

Daniel Balint.

LINA

Balint?

DANNY

It's German.

LINA (IN GERMAN)

What part of Germany are you people from?

DANNY (IN GERMAN)

From the Rhineland originally.

LINA (IN ENGLISH)

Are you with the FBI, Mr. Balint?...
Or any other law enforcement agency?

DANNY

I was going to ask you the same thing.

Smiles, laughter. Everyone seems to relax.

LINA

So what are you really after,
Daniel?... Do you just want to kill
Jews, or do you have something larger
in mind?

Carla watches, silent. Danny is aware of both mother and daughter.

DANNY

Without blood -- a willingness to
spill it -- there's no real power, no

authority.

LINA

(pleased by this)

Curtis is afraid you'll marginalize us.

DANNY

We're already marginal. We are saying what no one else has the guts to say. Isn't that precisely our appeal?

LINA

So what Jew would you kill first?

DANNY

Ilio Manzetti...former ambassador to France. Managing partner at Damon, Schwarzchild.

CURTIS

(to Lina, explaining)

An investment banking house.

MRS. MOEBIUS

He's Jewish? Manzetti?

DANNY

Totally. The family emigrated from Bulgaria when he was eleven.

CURTIS

How would you kill him?

DANNY

I'd have to research it, study his routines, his security.... But ideally on a New York street at midday, using a small-caliber automatic without a silencer.

CARLA

Why no silencer?

DANNY

You want it to be an event.

Lina stands, takes a sherry. Everyone else rises with her.

LINA

Danny, why don't you come visit us in the country. We have young men with

lots of energy and no ideas. Maybe
you could give them something to
think about.... Bring your friends,
if you like....

As Curtis leads him toward the door, Danny looks around for
Carla, hears WOMEN'S VOICES arguing in German. Frustrated,
he goes down the stairs....

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Danny and the other skins walking down the middle of the
street, drinking beer, oblivious to traffic.

BILLINGS

Bring your friends.... We're not his
friends.

DANNY

Then I won't bring you....

The others laugh. Someone HONKS behind them. Billings turns:

BILLINGS

FUCK YOU.

BLACK VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, bonehead...get your moon ass off
the street.

Billings turns and throws his beer at the voice. A CRASH,
BREAKING GLASS, a screech of BRAKES, CAR DOORS open and shut...

BILLINGS

Why don't you go back to Rwanda and
give each other AIDS.

That does it. The skins run out of frame. SOUNDS of a fight.
Danny watches, indifferent, then finally joins in.

INT. PRECINCT LOCKUP -- NIGHT

The skins in a cell. O.L., head bloody, moaning and vomiting.

O.L.

I can't see....

Carleton comforts him. Billings paces, looks at Danny,
sitting against the wall, relaxed for the first time.

BILLINGS

What, do you like it here?

DANNY

Read *Mein Kampf*? Hitler had all his best ideas in prison.

OFF-SCREEN VOICE

Daniel Balint?

Danny looks up: a JAILER unlocks the cell. Carla appears behind him. Danny stops without stepping through the open door.

DANNY

I'm not leaving without them.

The other skins are surprised, moved. Carla and Danny stare at each other. Finally she turns to the jailer....

CARLA

Can I use a credit card?

EXT. STREET CORNER, SUBWAY ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

A Mercedes pulls up, Carla driving. The skins climb out, Carleton guiding O.L., who cannot see.

CARLA

He should go to a hospital.

O.L.

I'm okay.

Billings turns back, sees Danny still in the car.

BILLINGS

You coming?

DANNY

(glances at Carla, stays
in the car)

We'll go to the country sometime, okay?

Billings nods grudgingly. The car drives off. Carleton grins.

CARLETON

Fucking Danny, man...

BILLINGS

He's an asshole.

INT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT -- TWILIGHT

Carla leads Danny through the darkened apartment.

INT. CARLA'S ROOM -- TWILIGHT

An old bookcase full of leather-bound German volumes...Danny opens one marked Hofmannsthal. He tries to read a marked passage.

DANNY

"...und die Worte zerfielen mir im Munde wie modrige Pilze..."

CARLA

"And the words fell apart in my mouth like moldering mushrooms..."

DANNY

How come so many of the books are in Spanish?

CARLA

They're my father's. He's from Argentina. My mother's family went there during the war. That's where they met.

DANNY

Are they still together?

CARLA

He's in a mental institution.... He's been there for ten years, off and on. Mostly on.

DANNY

Is he a Nazi?

CARLA

I guess. His parents are. He doesn't care about that.

DANNY

What's he care about?

CARLA

Killing himself.

They look at each other. There's that gulf between them that they have to cross, but they're not sure how.

DANNY

You think people ever commit suicide
out of happiness?

CARLA

That's stupid. Why would they?

He shrugs. She takes his hand, rubs the bruised knuckles.

CARLA

You're not like the others, are
you?... Your friends.

DANNY

Yes, I am. Basically I am.

She leans close, whispers....

CARLA

Hurt me.

He's surprised, but not very. He grabs her wrist, twists it.

CARLA

Ow! That's too hard.

He pulls her out of frame. She starts to say something, but
it's cut off by another CRY OF PAIN. We keep looking out the
window....

INT. SAME -- LATER

The light has shifted across the city, and we hear only a
muffled sobbing.

The CAMERA TURNS to look at...Carla and Danny naked on the
bed. He lies back, reading the German book. She's curled on
her side, weeping abjectly. Still sobbing, she rolls over,
buries her face in his chest. We see that his neck is
scratched up.

CARLA

Do it again....

She begins to fondle him. He ignores it until he finishes
the poem, then turns to her.

INT. SAME -- LATER

The light has shifted again. Danny sleeps alone, his face
strangely innocent. Carla drops onto the bed, shakes him.

CARLA

Get up...you gotta go.

He opens his eyes. She's dressed, her hair wet from the shower, a faint puffiness around her mouth. He pulls her down to him.

CARLA

No, you have to leave. I've got to write a paper.

(slaps his stomach hard)

Out!

He looks up. Her face is cold, indifferent. He gets to his feet.

INT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT -- DAY

Danny on his way to the door, hears something, turns...CURTIS ZAMPF is coming out of a bedroom in his underwear. From within...

LINA MOEBIUS (O.S.)

Bring the paper, too.

Curtis now sees Danny. A look between them. Danny goes out.

EXT. QUEENS, STAIRS TO ELEVATED TRAIN -- DAY

Once a Jewish neighborhood, now occupied chiefly by blacks, Latins and more recent immigrants.

As Danny (wearing headphones) comes down the steps... TWO BLACK KIDS (big, menacing, boombox) are coming up, blocking his way. Danny walks right between them, forcing them apart.

They turn, glare after him. He turns, glares back. They scoff and keep going up. He walks on.

EXT. OZONE PARK HOUSE -- DAY

He lets himself into a row house. We barely notice the mezzuzah on the door post.

INT. OZONE PARK HOUSE -- DAY

A nearly vanished world of lower-middle-class Jewish life, though the "Jewishness" (menorah, kiddush cup...) is restricted to one dusty corner behind a secular chaos of books, newspapers, half-empty cups, half-filled glasses...

Danny's FATHER, 55, sits on a faded chair, an oxygen mask on a cart beside him. Danny's sister, LINDA, 30, is cutting his hair with a scissors. When Danny enters, they both look up at him in surprise, alarm, possibly even love. For a moment no one knows what to do.

The father begins to wheeze, puts the mask over his face and breathes deeply. Linda tells him to lean back; resumes cutting. On the wall we see Danny's BAR MITZVAH PHOTO.

Meanwhile, Danny has found a stack of mail, all addressed to him. His father and sister are visible behind him in a mirror. Without speaking, he goes down the hall, and we hear him DESCEND STAIRS to:

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT -- DAY

Danny has taken off his coat (revealing a black T-shirt with a red swastika), and is going through a number of cardboard boxes marked "D," pulling out comic books, baseball gloves, martial arts gear, drawings of voluptuous women, morbid gothic figures, gun magazines, books about Hitler, Nazis...and finally a .22 AUTOMATIC stuffed in a blue sock.

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

He removes the clip, checks the slide, while nodding to the MUSIC coming through his earphones. He looks up, sees LINDA at the foot of the stairs, pulls off the headset.

LINDA

I knocked, you didn't answer.

It's too late to conceal the gun; he places it beside him. She does her best to ignore the swastika shirt....

LINDA

What are you doing here?

DANNY

I just came to get some stuff. I'll be out in five minutes.

(off her)

He doesn't want me around.

She looks down as if that were not true, or the way in which it is too complicated to go into.

LINDA

He's going to die.

(as Danny looks away)

He won't take his medicine. He eats dairy. He probably still smokes when I'm not around.

(off Danny's helpless gesture)
I asked him to come live with us. Alex offered to share his room, unsolicited.... But he didn't want to be any trouble.

DANNY
Then he couldn't be bitter about living alone.

LINDA
Why deprive him of his greatest pleasure?

They exchange what are almost smiles. But then the subject she's been trying to avoid -- the only subject -- suddenly erupts...

LINDA
Ah, Jesus Christ, Danny, how can you wear that thing?... You know what it means? To your people...

DANNY
They're not my people....

LINDA
Tell it to Hitler.

DANNY
Oh, he decides? Hitler's the chief rabbi now?...

LINDA
Is this because of those kids who used to beat you up?

DANNY
What kids?...

LINDA
The Polacks? From Sacred Heart?

DANNY
Nobody ever beat me up.
(as she sighs, turns to go)
Look, Linda, there're fifty reasons. Even if you knew them all, there'd be another fifty you didn't know.

LINDA

Do you know them?

(off him)

I made him some noodles for dinner.

You can heat them up and --

DANNY

I've got to get back to the --

LINDA

You can heat them up and eat with him.

INT. LIVING ROOM, QUEENS HOUSE -- NIGHT

Danny (now wearing a plain white T-shirt) bends over the coffee table eating a noodle casserole and reading the *Post*. His father eats off a TV table. He finishes, cursorily wipes his mouth, picks up a remote and turns on the television.

DANNY

It's Friday....

FATHER

(a hoarse rasp)

Do I give a shit?

Danny holds up both hands: he's not arguing, simply informing.

FATHER

The Torah says not to light a fire on the Sabbath, because it's work, correct?

(Danny sighs)

But if alternating current's running through the wires every second of every day, and I throw a switch, send it here instead of there, how is that lighting a fire?

DANNY

"Do chickens give milk?"

FATHER

Exactly.

He channel-surfs until he comes to a stand-up COMIC doing a routine. They both watch.

TV: the COMIC is funny in a brutal, compulsive way. Lots of pop references, implicit postmodern nihilism. The routine

reflects what Danny (and the Shiites, the Unabomber, Timothy McVeigh, T.S. Eliot, et al.) have against the modern world.

FATHER

Who's this?

DANNY

Dennis Leary.

FATHER

Leary?

DANNY

No.

The father grunts with grim satisfaction, he suspected as much.

DANNY

(offering consolation)

Howard Stern.

FATHER

Obviously.

Danny sighs: why bother. But adds...

DANNY

Adam Sandler.

FATHER

Funny?

DANNY

Not like Mr. Dorfmann.

FATHER

He was funny.

As they watch, apropos of nothing:

FATHER

After your mother died, that's when you stopped going to shul. Doing your homework. Everything.

DANNY

And that's when the Mets started to stink.

FATHER

'Cause they got rid of Johnson. He

knew how to deal with the assholes.
Dallas Green, please...

DANNY

Valentine...

The father snorts. On TV the comic gets off a line, and they both laugh. Their laughs are quite similar; they glance at each other.

FATHER

There's some maple walnut in the freezer.

DANNY

Linda says you're not supposed to have dairy.

FATHER

Just a little... What's the difference?

Danny goes into the kitchen. The father extracts a pack of Salems from between the cushions, lights one, takes a desperate drag... The phone RINGS. He curses, stubs it out, grabs the phone.

FATHER

Yeah?... Hold on.... It's for you.

Danny gives his father a dish of ice cream, takes the phone.

DANNY

Hello...?

VOICE

Daniel Balint? My name's Guy
Danielsen. I'm a reporter with the
New York Times.

DANNY

(impressed, suspicious)
New York Times...?

His father looks up. Danny takes the phone into the kitchen.

VOICE

I'm doing a piece on right-wing
groups, post Oklahoma City. I hear
you're an important figure in those
circles. You have a lot of interesting
ideas....

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

DANNY

Who told you that?

VOICE

Isn't it true?

DANNY

No, it's...yeah, it's true, but...
how'd you get this number?... No, not
here... Maybe Sunday? There's a place
off Queens Blvd. Near the courthouse...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, QUEENS -- DAY

A HIGH-ANGLE view of the coffee shop. After a moment, Danny enters frame, starts toward it....

INT. COFFEE SHOP, QUEENS -- DAY

Danny enters, looks around. To his surprise he sees GUY DANIELSEN from the Nazi meeting rising, extending his hand.

GUY DANIELSEN

Danny...Guy Danielsen...

DANNY

(sardonic, now he gets it)

You...

Guy shrugs, smiles apologetically.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- DANNY & GUY WITH COFFEE

GUY

Milk...?

As Danny declines, Guy gets out a small cassette recorder, is about to turn it on, when he notices Danny's reaction....

GUY

Is it okay if I record this?

DANNY

No... Yeah, fine, go ahead... So
what's this about? Is this about me?

GUY

I'm trying to figure out where the
radical right is going to next....I

thought you were the most interesting person at that meeting.

DANNY

What about Curtis Zampf?

GUY

Curtis is a politician -- and a bit of a hustler. He's not a thinker.

DANNY

I agree.

GUY

The other night you said the modern world is a Jewish disease. Could you elaborate on that?

DANNY

In the movement -- the racialist movement -- we believe there's a hierarchy of the races. Not just in IQ, but in the civilization, the art, the forms of government, the civilizations that each race produces... Why are you writing this down if you're recording it?

GUY

It helps me concentrate.... So does that mean you're a white supremacist?

DANNY

What should I be, a white inferiorist? A multicultural Zulu egalitarian? Let me ask, where are your people from?

GUY

My mother's family is French, my father's was German, originally.

DANNY

German. Mine, too. So who do you think's given more to the world, the Germans -- Beethoven, Goethe, Nietzsche -- or the entire continent of Africa? Ibos, Bantus, Mandingos...

GUY

Danny, what about the Jews?

Danny shifts in his seat, growing more interested....

DANNY

The Jews are different.... Blacks are disgusting and inferior, but it's like criticizing a retarded child. The Jews are...a poison in the human well....

GUY

A poison...?

DANNY

Let me give you an example.... Sexuality.

GUY

Sexuality??? What do you mean?

DANNY

You ever fuck a Jewish girl?

GUY

What??!?

DANNY

Did you ever fuck one, Guy?

GUY

(laughing, embarrassed)

What's that go to do with...I've gone out with a, with Jewish women. Why?

DANNY

And? WHat did you notice?

GUY

Notice? Like what...?

DANNY

Jewish girls like to give head, right?

GUY

I don't know. Is that right?

DANNY

And Jewish men like to get it.

GUY

Everybody likes to, don't they?

DANNY

Yes. It's very pleasurable. But the Jews are obsessed with it. You know why?

GUY

Why?

DANNY

Because the Jew is essentially female.

GUY

Female...

DANNY

Real men -- white, Christian men -- we fuck a woman. We make her come with our cocks. But the Jew doesn't like to penetrate and thrust -- he can't assert himself that directly -- so he resorts to perversions. Oral sex is technically a perversion, you know that, don't you?

(as Guy nods)

After a woman has been with a Jewish man, she never wants a normal partner again. A normal man.

GUY

Does that mean the Jew is the better lover?

DANNY

You're not listening. He isn't better. He gives pleasure, but that's actually a weakness.

GUY

Danny, what makes you think you know all this?

DANNY

Let's just say I've done due diligence.

GUY

So, fine, it's not that the Jew, the Jews own the media and the banks. It's that they're sexually corrupt.

DANNY

The Jews clearly control the media and the banks. Investment banks, not the commercial ones. But the point is

they carry out in those realms the same principles they display in sexuality. They undermine traditional life; they deracinate society.

Danny leans over to make sure Guy's getting it right.

DANNY

Deracinate... Tear out the roots. A people -- a real people -- derives its genius from the land: the sun, the sea, the soil. This is how they know themselves. But the Jew doesn't have soil.

GUY

He has Israel.

DANNY

Those aren't Jews.

GUY

Of course they're Jews.

DANNY

Notice the Israelis: a fundamentally secular society. They no longer need Judaism because they have soil. The real Jew is a wanderer, a nomad. He has no roots, no attachments. So he "universalizes" everything. He can't hammer a nail, plow a field. He can only buy and sell, invest capital, manipulate markets. He takes the life of a people rooted in soil and turns it into a cosmopolitan culture based on books, ideas, numbers. This is his strength....

(pumped; this is what
he loves)

Take the great Jewish minds: Marx, Freud, Einstein. What have they given us: communism, infantile sexuality and the atom bomb. In a mere three centuries since these guys emerged from the ghettos of Europe, they've taken us from a world built on order and reason and hurled us into a chaos of class warfare, irrational urges and relativity, a world where the very existence of matter and meaning

is in doubt. Why? Because it is the deepest impulse of the Jewish soul to unravel the very fabric of life until nothing is left but thread, nothing but nothingness. Nothingness without end...

GUY

Are all Jews the same?

DANNY

Differences exist, of course, but they're irrelevant. For the Jew, his Jewishness dominates everything. Even the ones who renounce it, who hate it, who want to cut it out of their hearts a knife...can't escape. They're still just Jews.

Guy finishes writing that and looks up.

GUY

Danny, this is great. You're incredibly articulate. One more thing... How can you believe this when you're a Jew yourself?

A beat. Danny smiles at the mistake....

DANNY

What? Excuse me?...
(Guy says nothing)
You're kidding, right?

GUY

Do you know Rabbi Stanley Nadelman? He used to be at Congregation Beth Elohim in Ozone Park...?

DANNY

Who? How would I know him?

GUY

He says you were bar mitzvahed there, in March 1988.

DANNY

You believe that? And you call yourself a reporter?

GUY

So you're saying it's not true.

DANNY

Look at me. DO I look Jewish? Look...

He indicates his hair, turns sideways to show his profile?

GUY

Were you ever bar mitzvahed anywhere else?

DANNY

Do you know who you're fucking with here?

GUY

That's what I'm trying to find out, Danny. Who am I fucking with here?

DANNY

(sputtering, unsure
what to say)

Listen to me....

GUY

Why would Nadelman lie?

DANNY

To discredit me. Because I know who they are. Look, I thought I explained it to you. Those people can say or do anything. And they will. It's all narrative to them, it's... Are you going to print what this guy said?

GUY

Give me a reason not to.

DANNY

It's slander. It's reckless disregard. I'll sue you and your fucking Jew paper.

GUY

Does that mean you deny what he says is true? Yes or no.

GUN: pulled from Danny's pants, slammed down on the table...
Guy sits back abruptly. Danny picks it up, cocks it....

DANNY

Look at me. Look at me, Guy.... Oh, now you can't look at me? Look at me,

you schmuck. Look at me....
(pokes the gun in Guy's face)
You print that shit in the *New York Times*...I'll kill myself.

Everyone in the place is staring. Danny walks out, stuffing the gun in his pants, shoving a man aside to get to the door.

EXT. COUNTRY -- DAY

Traveling through low, tree-covered mountains listening to the overture to *Tannhuser*.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Carleton driving; O.L. (one eye bandaged) riding shotgun. In back: Billings and Danny (flipping through a *Times*.)

BILLINGS

Do we have to listen to this shit?

DANNY

Yes.

BILLINGS

Why'd we have to leave so fast?

O.L.

Nobody made you go.

CARLETON

Danny's running from the law.

BILLINGS

O.L., how come your mother gives you a car when you're too fucking blind to drive?

O.L.

(cackling)

She says 'cause now I can't crack it up.

CARLETON

Hey, O.L., assholes at four o'clock.

O.L. leans out the window, giving dual "birds" to an empty street.

O.L.

FUCK YOU, ASSHOLES. SUCK MY DICK!

The others laugh.

EXT. DEFUNCT MOTEL -- TWILIGHT

The van stopped in front. All of them out of the car. No one's around except the noisy CRICKETS. The city kids are uneasy.

CARLETON

I thought there were people here....

DANNY

I'll go look....

He walks toward the back. Billings decides to go with him.

O.L.

I better stay with the van....

CARLETON

Yeah, you better stay here and guard it.

O.L. gives him the finger. Carleton laughs -- but he stays back, too.

EXT. REAR OF MOTEL -- TWILIGHT

Danny and Billings see PEOPLE in back. Now NINE YOUNG MEN and a bulldog come to greet them: survivalists, speed-freaks, skinheads...and one blank loner (DRAKE) with a blue swastika tattooed to his lips like a tiny kiss. A case of STEROID EXCESS fixes his gaze on Danny.

DANNY

We're from New York. Curtis Zampf invited us.

WHIT

Who?... Curtis who?

Are they in the wrong place? Then someone laughs, they all relax, exchange greetings, obscure handshakes. Everyone's just getting comfortable when, for no apparent reason...

STEROID EXCESS

slugs Danny in the face.

He stumbles backward. The others crowd around, keep him from falling, also from getting away. Billings starts to help, but people grab him: this is Danny's problem.

Steroid comes at him.... Danny steps inside the charge and goes to work on the bigger man's body. We barely see what happens, but we hear it and feel the crowd's shock. Danny is stronger than we realized and much more vicious. In seconds, Steroid sinks to his knees, face bloody. Danny holds up him, leans close:

DANNY

Enough?

Steroid mumbles in the affirmative. Danny nods -- then hits him four more shots to the face. Even this crowd winces. Steroid drops with a wet thud.

As Danny straightens up, wiping the blood off his hands, people instinctively step back.

DANNY

Which was his room?

KYLE

(ferrety, glasses)

Number ten.

On the end: has an extra window. Danny walks into the room. Steroid's stuff starts flying out the door.

EXT. MOTEL PORCH -- NIGHT

Danny on a pay phone.

DANNY

Yeah, I'm trying to reach Carla, is she?... Did she get my other message?... No, I'll call back....

EXT. MOTEL PORCH -- NIGHT

Danny hangs up the phone, glances into a room where we dimly glimpse Nazis taking drugs, drinking beer, screaming...

VARIOUS VOICES

Fucking niggers... Fucking niggers?
Fucking gooks!...

Then incomprehensible shrieking rage, a fight, breaking glass...

Danny sighs, bored. He spots two nerdy Nazis, KYLE and WHIT, playing some battle re-creation board game and rehashing WWII....

WHIT

...Look, if Hitler had knocked out the RAF in '39, which he could easily, easily have done, he'd have taken England, and the U.S. wouldn't have had --

KYLE

...A staging ground for the invasion, yeah. But he blew it going after civilian targets. Just like he blew the Russian front, diverting supplies to Auschwitz....

Danny looks up the hill toward a farmhouse perched above them. One light burns inside.

DANNY

Where's Mrs. Moebius?

KYLE

Her place is down the road. But she just comes out for weekends sometimes.

Danny squats to look at the board game.

DANNY

What is this, Stalingrad?

WHIT

Gettysburg. But we're refighting it with World War I technology. It's a fucking bloodbath.

He grins maniacally. Danny smiles. Kyle is emboldened by Danny's unexpected friendliness, lowers his voice....

KYLE

That was unbelievable what you did to Lucas. The guy's an animal.

DANNY

You could do it.

KYLE

Get out of here....

DANNY

You look right through him. He's there, but there's something on the

other side of him that you want. It's all you want. And whatever's in the way doesn't matter.... Then it's easy.

As Kyle and Whit contemplate his wisdom...

DANNY

Either of you know anything about explosives?

They both look up, very interested.

TWO FAMILIES IN TABLEAU -- WOODEN CUTOUTS -- DAY

Jews: MAN (black hat, beard), WOMAN (sheitl, shawl), BOY (kippah, twerpy), GIRL (fat, ugly), even a DOG, a Star of David on its side.

Blacks: MAN (watermelon, pitchfork), WOMAN (fat, fried chicken), BOY (syringe, 9mm), GIRL (twins, welfare check), DOG (black).

VOICE (O.S.)

Take a breath, let out a little, relax, then squeeze.

(a RIFLE SHOT;
nothing's hit)

Again...

Another SHOT. A bullet hits the Jewish boy in the rear end. Sunlight streams through the hole. We are:

EXT. REAR OF MOTEL -- DAY

Danny peers down the barrel of an M-16. Kyle squats beside him.

KYLE

Which one were you aiming at?

DANNY

The mother.

Kyle nods, patient, is drawing Danny's attention back to the target when...

DRAKE

Sets up beside them, begins squeezing off rounds so fast, it sounds like an automatic weapon.

TARGETS: the bullets chew up and knock over all four Jews.

And selectively: shooting the man's face, the woman's breasts, the boy and girl in the groin. The dog he merely flattens.

Drake looks at Danny without expression, drops the clip, shoves in a fresh one and riddles the black family in similar fashion.

EXT. MOTEL PORCH -- NIGHT

Danny, pay phone to his ear, flipping through a *New York Times*. He throws it aside as a voice comes on the line....

DANNY

Carla?... It's me, Danny...Danny
Balint...? We met at that...[meeting
at your house.]

CARLA'S VOICE

Yeah, I remember.... Kill any Jews yet?

DANNY

I didn't realize you cared.

CARLA'S VOICE

I don't. I was just curious how full
of shit you were.

DANNY

Did you know that there was a *New
York Times* reporter there that night?

CARLA'S VOICE

Really, which one? I bet it was the
guy with the Prada shoes.

DANNY

I didn't notice his shoes.... Did
your mother know he was there?

CARLA'S VOICE

I doubt it. How did you find out?

DANNY

He called me up. He wanted to talk to
me about my ideas.

CARLA

I bet. He didn't realize that nobody
who talks such a good game ever plays
one.

DANNY

You weren't complaining about my play last time.

CARLA'S VOICE

That's a much easier game.

DANNY

Why don't you come visit, we'll have a rematch.

CARLA

Too many good players down here. I'm with one right now.

DANNY

Oh, really?

CARLA

Bigger and better.

DANNY

Then how come you're talking to me?

CARLA'S VOICE

I'm not.

Click. She's gone. He hangs up, walks straight into...

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Nazis sprawled about, drinking beer, impassively watching TV. The bulldog pants on the floor. Carleton calls to it:

CARLETON

Gas Chamber...

It trots over, receives a scrap of food. Everything desultory:

DANNY

(to the whole room)

When are we going to do something?

People glance up wearily: give us a break....

EXT. TOWN -- DAY

Danny, Billings, O.L., and Drake walk through the town, looking for trouble. A couple of local TEENAGERS watch them, impressed by the swastikas, tattoos, swagger.

INT. DELICATESSEN -- DAY

Two WAITERS (Jewish college students, athletic, confident) watch the Nazis come in. One indicates to the other that he'll handle this. He brings menus, water; he's carefully polite.

FIRST WAITER

You know what you want?

BILLINGS

We sure do.

The Waiter ignores the innuendo, readies his order pad.

BILLINGS

Ham and cheese on white.

FIRST WAITER

(forbearance)

We don't have ham. We don't have cheese.

BILLINGS

What the hell do you have?

FIRST WAITER

That's what the menus are for.

He smiles. Billings glares.

O.L.

Roast beef and Swiss.

FIRST WAITER

I said: no cheese.

O.L.

What's wrong with cheese?

FIRST WAITER

This is a kosher restaurant. We don't serve meat with dairy.

DANNY

What about chicken?

FIRST WAITER

That's meat.

DANNY

The Bible only says don't seethe a kid in its mother's milk. But chickens don't give milk.

FIRST WAITER

Look, you want cheese, go someplace else.

DANNY

But it's stupid, right? You admit it's stupid.

FIRST WAITER

No, I don't admit it's stupid.

DANNY

You can have chicken with eggs but not with milk. Why is that?

FIRST WAITER

I'm not here to talk about religious law, if you don't like --

DANNY

But you already talked about it: you said it's not stupid. Why isn't it stupid?

FIRST WAITER

(calling the other Waiter)

Steve...

DANNY

Steve's going to explain it.

Steve approaches, a sawed-off broom handle over his shoulders.

STEVE

We have a problem here?

BILLINGS

We sure fucking do. We don't understand why you can't eat chicken with milk. It doesn't make sense.

STEVE

(an intellectual)

Religion isn't about making sense. It's about --

DANNY

It's about the incomprehensible,

Steve, not the idiotic.

STEVE

Fuck you.

DANNY

That explains it! Now we understand!

The Nazis laugh. Steve swings the broom handle at Danny...who ducks it, grabs it, slams it back at him.... GAVEL RAPS...

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

A JUDGE (white-haired, red-faced, blue-eyed, well-meaning) peers down at the four NAZIS, still bruised from the fight.

JUDGE

...As the altercation appears to have been instigated equally on both sides, prison terms strike the court as excessive.

The Nazis are relieved. Spectators disappointed.

JUDGE

However, the defendants' political views suggest that they might profit from contact with members of our community whose experiences differ from their own....

INT. A SOCIAL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBERS TATTOOED ON AN ARM...a thumb steadily smooths the skin as:

RUMANIAN WOMAN (O.S.)

(Rumanian accent, uninflected)

...When I refused to have sex with him, the warden had my sister, Esther, executed in front of the entire block....

The Nazis, accompanied by a "HATE COUNSELOR" (male) sit in plastic chairs opposite five elderly JEWS. The speaker is in her late 60s, still something of a beauty.

RUMANIAN WOMAN

...Everyone considered it my fault. After that, of course, I did anything he wanted.

BILLINGS

Why didn't he just rape you?

SNICKERING among the Nazis, a whispered crack:

O.L.

Who'd want to fuck her anyway?

HATE COUNSELOR

I hear one more remark like that, we go back to the court for resentencing.

RUMANIAN WOMAN

He was a pig, like you, so perhaps he had no taste.

The Nazis laugh. The Jews try to calm the woman, though she has spoken without any evident emotion. Billings gets up restless.

HATE COUNSELOR

Sit down, please.

(as Billings sits)

Thank you, Mrs. Cohen. Mr Liebowitz, you indicated you had a story you wanted to tell....

INT. SAME -- LATER

Nazis are dozing, staring out the window. O.L. threads a piece of dental floss through the zipper pull on his trousers. Danny is visibly disgusted by the whole business. Over this we hear:

POLISH MAN (O.S.)

...The man was afraid to let us hide on his farm any longer, but he agreed to take us to a more remote place. On the way he was stopped at a checkpoint, and when the soldiers found us in the hay, one of them grabbed my son out of my arms. He began to cry, so I reached for him, not to take him back, simply...

THE MAN: mid-70s, tall, stooped, a crushed spirit.

POLISH MAN

...simply to assure him I was there. But the sergeant became enraged.... He stuck his bayonet in my son's

chest, and lifted him up, impaled on it. My son was three years old....

Billings is muttering, "What a load of crap..." The Hate Counselor looks over sharply. The other Nazis are stunned by the story. Danny can barely contain himself, though we are not sure why.

POLISH MAN

...He held him up so that the blood spurting out of him fell on my face.... The soldiers were laughing.

FLASHCUT: EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

A horse hitched to a hay wagon; FARMER driving. THREE NAZI SOLDIERS have discovered a Jewish family hiding in the hay. A sergeant is holding up something unseen on the end of his rifle.

The Polishman who has been telling the story looks up at whatever it is. Blood falls on him. The Nazis are laughing.

POLISH MAN (O.S.)

When the blood stopped, the sergeant pushed my son off the bayonet and said, "There, you can have him now...."

BACK TO SCENE: INT. A SOCIAL ROOM -- DAY

The room is silent. The Nazis faces blank, shaken. Until...

DANNY

And what did you do?

HATE COUNSELOR

What are you trying to say?

DANNY

What did you do while the sergeant was killing your son?

BILLINGS

Forget it, Danny, it's all bullshit.

HATE COUNSELOR

Wait a second...

DANNY

(to Billings)

Shut up.

(to man, mid-70s)
What did you do?

RUMANIAN WOMAN
What could he have done?

DANNY
What could he have done?? You fucking
kikes...

HATE COUNSELOR
You can't say that....

DANNY
The Nazi's killing his kid. He
could've jumped the guy. He could've
gouged his eyes out, grabbed the
bayonet and gutted him.... What would
you have done if they were killing
your son?

The counselor is briefly confused....

RUMANIAN WOMAN & OTHERS
...They'd have shot him on the
spot.... He would have been dead in
two seconds.... Who are you judge?

HATE COUNSELOR
(to Danny)
Please sit down.

DANNY
SO THEY SHOT HIM! SO HE WAS DEAD. SO
WHAT. HE'S WORSE THAN DEAD NOW. HE'S
A PIECE OF SHIT...

HATE COUNSELOR
Okay, that's it. You're going back to --

DANNY
(over him, to Polish man)
What do you think you should have done?

POLISH MAN
And you, you think you know what you
would have done? You have no idea.
You can't even imagine what that was
like. And you never will....

BILLINGS

Don't listen to them, Danny. It's all a bunch of crap.

ANCIENT JEW

What is crap?

BILLINGS

The so-called Holocaust. It never happened. It's the hoax of the twentieth century.

DANNY

(disgusted with this idiocy)
Oh, please...

BILLINGS

Danny, it's true. There were no six million. At most, two hundred thousand Jews died in the camps. And the majority of them were from disease and --

The Jews are shouting about historical records, the disappearance of families, whole towns.... But Danny is louder:

DANNY

Where did you read this? Robert Faurisson?

BILLINGS

(surprised he knew)
Yeah. He's a respected scholar. Even No-am Chomsky says he --

DANNY

Billings, if Hitler didn't kill six million, why is he your hero?... Concentration camps all over Europe, and he only gets rid of a measly two hundred thousand.... He's a putz.

Some surprise that a Nazi is arguing against a denier.

ANCIENT JEW

Hitler was not a putz. Hitler was real. God created him to punish the Jews for abandoning God.

The other survivors are embarrassed by this, but the Ancient Jew ignores them.

ANCIENT JEW

It is you who are putzes. Little
pishas with your dreams of hatred and
killing...

Danny scoffs, gets up to leave.

HATE COUNSELOR

Where do you think you're going?

DANNY

...We have nothing to learn from
these people. They should learn from us.

As Danny walks out, the Ancient Jew catches his eye.

ANCIENT

And what should we learn from you,
Daniel?

Her use of Danny's name feels knowing, slyly invasive. All
SOUND VANISHES for a beat, and Danny barely manages to say:

DANNY

Kill your enemy.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Kyle opens the trunk of his car, shows Danny inside: two
bags of shotgun powder and several lengths of metal piping
with screw-on caps.

DANNY

What is it?

KYLE

Green dot -- shotgun powder. For pipe
bombs.

(off Danny's reaction, smiles)

A guy in a lumberyard gave it to me.
A donation to the cause.

CARLETON (O.S.)

Hey, Danny.... Guess who's here....

(as Danny quickly slams
the trunk)

Your girlfriend... She's up at the house.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE -- DAY

In the driveway: Carla's Mercedes, a Triumph motorcycle.

Danny peers in through the windows, goes to the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Danny sees Carla sitting on a green sofa wearing a white sundress and leafing through a magazine. Curtis is mixing drinks. Lina is practicing with her stylus on a new electronic organizer.

LINA

My L's keep coming out as C's....

CURTIS

(spots Danny)

The prisoner returns....

Danny greets them all. Carla barely looks up.

LINA

Danny, get a drink and come talk to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Danny talking with Lina and Curtis but watching Carla.

CURTIS

...Insulting people who were in the camps. ...What's the point?

DANNY

They're liars and cowards.

CURTIS

I'm sure they are. But what do we accomplish by pointing it out?

DANNY

It's the truth....

Curtis rolls his eyes. Lina signals him to lay off.

LINA MOEBIUS

Danny, what do you think of our troops?

DANNY

(trying to be diplomatic)

They have guts. And they know what they hate...which is good. But they have no idea why; they don't think, they don't read.... They're on beer and crank half the time....

A phone RINGS in another room.

LINA

The young people in this country...
They're like pigs; all they want is
happiness.... But one needs pigs
sometimes.

(as it RINGS again; to Carla)

Liebchen...

Carla puts down her magazine, goes out to the kitchen.
Danny's eyes follow her, and Curtis's follow his.

LINA

Do you feel you're making progress here?

DANNY

You mean Ilio Manzetti?

LINA

Forget Manzetti.... Take on something
simple. Something you can actually
accomplish.

(to Curtis)

Maybe he'd be more valuable in the city.

CURTIS

An urban type.

Danny is stung. Carla calls from the kitchen.

CARLA (O.S.)

Danny...telephone.

He starts: who could be calling him here? As he goes into
the kitchen to take the phone, Curtis says quietly...

CURTIS

He's mad, Lina, you know that.

She hears him but doesn't respond.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Danny picks up the phone; there's a *New York Times* beside it.
Carla busies herself about the kitchen.

DANNY

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

You know what today is?

DANNY

Linda... How did you get this number?

LINDA'S VOICE

It's Mom's yartzeit.

Danny starts to hang up, sees Carla watching, turns away keeping his voice low.

DANNY

How did you get the fucking number?

LINDA'S VOICE

I want you to say kaddish for her.
It's the only thing she asked from us....

DANNY

I don't do that.

LINDA'S VOICE

You do it on the inside....

DANNY

Don't tell me what I --

LINDA'S VOICE

...I want you to do it on the outside,
too.

DANNY

No!

LINDA'S VOICE

Yes!

He hangs up. He grabs the *Times*, looks through it quickly.

CARLA

Who's Linda?

DANNY

(dropping the *Times*)
Why won't you talk to me?

CARLA

I'm talking to you right now. Who's
Linda?

He tries to kiss her. She pushes him away.

DANNY

When can I see you?

CARLA

You can't.

LINA (O.S.)

(in German)

Carla, it's time to leave.

CARLA

I have to go visit my father.

DANNY

Your father??

CARLA

He's at a home out here.

She starts to walk past. He grabs her arm.

DANNY

I'm coming to your room tonight.

CARLA

No.

She tries to pull free; he won't let her go.

LINA (O.S.)

Carla!

CARLA

Just after midnight. Five past... But don't come through the house, they'll hear you. I'm in the back bedroom, second floor. Climb onto the kitchen roof, I'll leave the window open.

He tries to kiss her, but she ducks away and goes out.

EXT. STREET/INT. O.L.'S VAN -- EVENING

Danny is parked opposite a fortresslike building of soiled brick. For a long time he cannot bring himself to get out. Finally he opens the door....

INT. AHAVAT TORAH, FOYER -- EVENING

A LARGE WOMAN, about 40, her body barely contained by a brilliant magenta dress, greets him with a smile the size of a wedding cake. She holds out a prayer book stuffed with flyers.

LARGE WOMAN
Shabbat shalom.

She speaks quietly, not wanting to disturb the service, yet even so her voice is huge, and her flashing eyes clearly expect some kind of enthusiastic response. Within we hear the ALENU being chanted.

Danny ignores her and the proffered siddur. A basket of yarmulkes seems to infuriate him, but he snatches one anyway and, conveying a helpless disgust, puts it on his head. From within he hears...

CONGREGATION (O.S.)
(in rough unison)
Ba-yom, ha-hoo, ba-yom, ha hoo...(etc.)

He stands with his hand on the door, but not opening it.

RABBI'S AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.)
On that day, the Eternal shall be One.
And His Name shall be One....

The organist plays a brief decrescendo....

RABBI'S AMPLIFIED VOICE
The mourner's kaddish can be found on
page 187....

LARGE WOMAN
Is anything wrong?

DANNY
Shut the fuck up.

She's startled but not intimidated, is about to respond, when Danny simply turns and walks out of the building.

EXT. AHAVAT TORAH -- EVENING

He stops beneath an open window through which he hears...

RABBI'S AMPLIFIED VOICE
...Grant us peace, thy most precious
gift, O Thou Eternal source of peace.
We recall with loving memory those
whom Thou hast summoned unto thee.

And we mention by name...Sophie
Budnitz...Bernard Schwabb...Milton
Lifter...Aaron Lustig...Minnie Baum...

Danny closes his eyes, but at the end adds, under her breath:

DANNY
...Harriet Kantor Balint...

A half dozen VOICES, including Danny's, recite in unison...

DANNY & OTHERS
Yis-ga-dal v'yis-ka-dash sh'may ra-bo...

The body of the congregation joins in on certain phrases, producing a subtle and solemn music. Danny chants the entire prayer, and the moment it ends, and the rabbi begins the benediction....

RABBI'S VOICE (AMPLIFIED)
May the Lord bless you and keep you....

EXT. AHAVAT TORAH/STREET -- EVENING

...he starts toward his car. But the Rabbi's VOICE seems to follow him, unnaturally loud and clear:

RABBI (O.S.)
May He cause the light of His
countenance to shine upon you and be
gracious unto you....

DANNY
(to himself)
Eat shit....

RABBI (O.S.)
...May you be blessed in your going
forth as you were in your coming....

DANNY
(shouting to the empty street)
EAT SHIT, ASSHOLES....

RABBI (O.S.)
And let us say...

RABBI & CONGREGATION
(with organ; singsong)
Ah -- ah -- ah....men....

As Danny reaches the van, he sees the LARGE WOMAN silhouetted in the open doorway....

LARGE WOMAN
YOU EAT SHIT.

Danny realizes he's still wearing the kippah. He throws it at her, but it only goes a couple of feet. He catches it, throws harder. This time it floats back toward him, and he has to jump out the way to keep it from hitting him. He gets in the car and drives off.

A WRISTWATCH: 12:05. We are:

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Danny hoists himself onto the kitchen roof. Above him is an open window, candlelight flickering. He starts into the room, stops....

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla sits on the bed, straddling Curtis, who lies beneath her. She is looking right at Danny. Curtis, unaware of him, keeps thrusting into her from below.

Danny starts to leave, but on second thought stays. Carla stares expressionless, yet more attentive to him than to Curtis. Indeed, their eyes never leave each other, so that when she becomes aroused, we understand that it is Danny she is responding to, Danny she is really making love to.

Gradually her face loses its aloofness and seems to reach out to him, to reveal feelings that she can no longer deny. She holds her gaze until, at the final instant, she shudders out a series of stifled cries.

When she looks again, the window is empty.

INT. DANNY'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Danny reading. A KNOCK at the door. He looks up, Curtis comes in. Danny stiffens at the sight of him, but Curtis is friendly.

CURTIS
What are you reading?

Danny tilts the book to show him: *History of Political Philosophy*.

CURTIS

Leo Strauss...

(nods approvingly)

I've got to go to Boston. I came to say goodbye.

DANNY

What about Mrs. Moebius and...?

CURTIS

They left an hour ago.

(off Danny's disappointment)

You mind some personal advice? Forget Carla. That's not the side your bread's buttered on.

(off Danny's silence)

How soon can you get back to the city?

DANNY

A week or so. There's something I want to do here first.

CURTIS

What's that?

(off Danny's silence)

Okay. Surprise us...

INT. DARKNESS -- NIGHT

The sound of SPLITTING WOOD. Then VOICES in a cavernous space...

CHAOS OF VOICES

Ow, shit... You're stepping on my fucking -- ...Get off me...Goddammit...

(sounds of PUNCHES, a SCUFFLE)

Stop it!... Where's the light?

One appears, illuminating nothing, dissipating into the still vaster darkness. A SERIES OF LIGHTS bang on in ecclesiastical bursts, illuminating: a vaulted ceiling... stained glass panels... We are:

INT. SYNAGOGUE SANCTUARY -- NIGHT

A dour, ornate place built in the early decades of the century. The sight of it silences everyone for a moment. Then...

CARLETON

Jew World...!!

Drake, Billings, Carleton, O.L. and Steroid run wild...

kicking over benches...spray-painting swastikas...hurling prayer books...urinating from the balcony...

...Danny looks around like someone revisiting his childhood home: slides his hand along a pew back...leafs through a chumash...gazes up at the eternal lamp behind its red glass...the gilded doors of the ark... A hint of Kol Nidre MUSIC haunts him....

DANNY

(to himself, barely a
whisper)

Shut up. Fuck you....

KYLE (O.S.)

What...?

Danny turns; Kyle is right behind him.

DANNY

Nothing. Where is it?

(as Kyle hoists a
sports bag)

Okay, let's take one of these panels
off so we can get under the bema...the
stage.

As they unscrew a panel, Carleton runs past. A football flashes overhead. We hear GLASS BREAK...LAUGHTER.

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- NIGHT

DANNY WATCHES KYLE attach a bomb (four sticks of dynamite wired to a digital timer) to a 2x4 with a bungee cord. He hooks the ends, cautiously lets go. The cord springs free. The bomb falls.

Kyle gasps. Danny catches it.

Frozen, they look at each other. Kyle exhales, takes the bomb and, with Danny holding it, carefully restrings the bungee. A MECHANICAL NOISE overhead:

STEROID (O.S.)

Wow, look at this shit....

DANNY

What are they doing?

Kyle has no idea and doesn't care. Danny scrambles out.

INT. SANCTUARY -- NIGHT

Straightening up, Danny is stunned by a vision:

THE OPEN ARK -- THE TORAHS

...their silver crowns and breastplates, velvet robes. And Steroid Excess, lifting one out. Danny reacts with an instinctive horror.

DANNY

What are you doing? Put that down!

...Put it back in there.

Steroid -- cowed by Danny -- starts to obey, but before he can...

BILLINGS

What do you care?

DANNY

I don't, but...

BILLINGS

(vaults onto the stage)

Let's look at the fucking thing.

Each CURSE makes Danny wince, but he just hovers about nervously as Billings and Steroid try to unwrap the Torah while others gather, some comically wrapping themselves in tallises.

DANNY

Put it there, on the...

He indicates the bema, stepping back as if to deny any involvement, yet at the same time trying to monitor everything they do.

DANNY

(indicating crowns, the yod...)

Just be careful with the...

O.L.

(puts a crown on his head)

"If I were king of the forest...not Prince, not Duke, not Earl..."

Danny cannot endure this desecration, but everyone else laughs, so he keeps his mouth shut.

KYLE

Open it up.

DANNY

(impulsively taking over)

Here...

He shoves his way in and, gripping the handles, unrolls the Torah. Low MURMURS at the sight of the broad columns, the mysterious calligraphy, the CRACKLING parchment. Danny himself is struck by the sudden immediacy of the sacred text. OVER this...

VOICES

Oooo... Weird... You read it from right to left.... The letters look like squashed bugs.... What kind of paper is that?

DANNY

It's not paper, it's parchment. It's made from sheepskin. And all the letters are drawn by hand.

KYLE

Neat calligraphy.

Danny nods, then, as if against his will....

DANNY

It's called the flame alphabet. It's supposed to be the word of God written in fire.

BILLINGS

Fire...

DANNY

The mystics tried to read the white spaces around the letters. They thought there was a whole alternative language hidden there, with secret, alternative meanings.

KYLE

Cool.

Danny sees Drake watching him, smirks to express his disgust.

BILLINGS

How come you know all this shit?

DANNY

How come you don't know it?

(pressing the advantage)

How can you say you hate the Jews
when you don't know anything about --

BILLINGS

Fuck you. I hate the Jews at least as
much as you do.

DANNY

No, you don't.... If you hated them,
you'd study them, so you'd know why
you hate them. You know what tefillin
is? Tsitsis? Shotness? You know the
kaddish from the kiddush?

(obviously not)

Eichmann? He went to Israel. He
studied the Torah, the Talmud, the
Mishnah, the whole bit. He hated Jews.

CARLETON

Who's Eichmann?

DANNY

Who's Eichmann?!?!?

Danny's incredulous, though it's not clear how many of the
others know why Eichmann was.

KYLE

He was head of the Gestapo's Jewish
sector. He deported people to the camps.

CARLETON

(reaching toward the parchment)

Can we touch it?

DANNY

Yeah, but not on the letters.

BILLINGS

Why the fuck not?

DANNY

(warning finger)

Just don't.

Billings bristles at Danny's authority; Carleton says to him...

CARLETON

Didn't you see *Raiders of the Lost Ark*?

BILLINGS

What??

CARLETON

That was an ark, man. That was a Torah. They fucked around with it, and the Torah melted their faces.

BILLINGS

That's a movie, you moron.

CARLETON

Fine, go ahead. Touch the letters.

The others are gathered around, delicately touching the sheepskin.

BILLINGS

Let me see.

He pushes through, looks at the Torah. He runs his fingers over the crinkled parchment, the smooth black letters.

DANNY

I said not on the --

Suddenly Billings grabs the parchment in both hands and tries to tear it. It's tougher than it looks.

DANNY

Stop it! What are you doing?

He tries to stop him, but -- accidentally or not -- Drake gets in the way, and before Danny can do anything else, Billings crumples it and finally tears a long gash into the scroll.

This produces a strange effect on the others. Some (Kyle, Steroid, Drake) join in. They knock the aitz off the bema, it rolls out, exposing ten feet of Torah. They stamp on it, spit on it.... Others (Carleton, O.L.), though less troubled than Danny, are surprised (and embarrassed) by their own revulsion at these acts.

Danny watches helplessly, like the survivor who did nothing as his son was murdered.

Finally the Torah lies torn and soiled on the stage. A strange silence.

KYLE

Let's get out of here.

...Danny kneels by the Torah. With a tallis, he attempts to clean the parchment. Carleton and O.L. help him roll it onto the aitz. [Echo "Christ taken down from cross" with Torah as Christ.] They replace the cover, the yod, the crowns....

Finally Danny lifts it up, holds it to him as if it were his dead child. He closes his eyes, murmurs to himself....

DANNY

Shema yisrael adonai elohenu adonai
echod.

CARLETON

What'd you say?

DANNY

Nothing. Let's go....

He starts to walk out, carrying the Torah.

CARLETON

Why are you taking that?

DANNY

I'm stealing it.

EXT. AHAVAT TORAH -- DAY

A VIDEO IMAGE:

NEWSCASTER VOICE (V.O.)

...Tragedy was barely averted today at Temple Ahavat Torah when a bomb planted under the bema failed to detonate....

KYLE (O.S.)

Shit!

NEWSCASTER VOICE (V.O.)

...Authorities say that if it had, injuries and loss of life could have been in the dozens....

INT. DANNY'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Danny, Kyle and others watching the TV.

NEWSCASTER VOICE

Channel 8's Cindy Pomerantz spoke to
Rabbi Malcolm Weiss.

ON TV: Cindy (sleek, sexy) and the rabbi (handsome, vain).

CINDY (ON TV)

Rabbi, how is it that disaster and
tragedy were averted here today at
Ahavat Torah?

RABBI (ON TV)

Apparently the power cell in the
timer gave out precisely thirteen
minutes before the device was set to
go off. So we can only conclude that
once again God has intervened to save
the Jewish people....

DANNY

(giving the finger to
the TV)

Oh, fuck you...

RABBI (ON TV)

As you know, Cindy, thirteen is a
mystical number in the Jewish faith.
We believe that God has thirteen
attributes...

Danny is beside himself.

RABBI (ON TV)

...Of which the highest is ein sof,
which means "without end," or,
sometimes, "nothingness without end...."

CINDY (ON TV)

Nothingness without end.... That's
very interesting.

RABBI (ON TV)

The purest form of spirit...

ON DANNY. Sound fades. He's haunted: "Nothingness without
end" was what he'd told Guy Danielsen the Jews were obsessed
with. He seems to hear the cello playing "Kol Nidre" again.
Then...

DANNY

Okay, everybody out. Get out.

He switches off the TV. Shoves them out the door, slams it.

INT. DANNY'S MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Alone he sits at the desk, finds himself gazing at the Torah, standing in a corner of his closet, draped in the tallis.

He slams the closet door, it bounces open. Slams it again, making sure it latches.

He sits down, looks at the closed door until, in bitter resignation he gets up and opens it again.

He unrolls the Torah on the bed...Scotch tapes the tear closed...attempts to clean the stain with a moistened cloth.

INT. DANNY'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Danny is in the bathroom in front of the mirror, holding his shirt up with his chin as he wraps the tallis around his torso. When he lowers the shirt, the fringes hang out like the tsitsis that Orthodox men wear.

He feels a weird loathing for this, but he smooths and arranges the tsitsis to look just like a Hasid's. He clicks his heels together and gives a Nazi salute.

DANNY

Alenu l'shab'ach la'adon hacol...

Another Nazi salute. A KNOCK at the door. He hides the fringes under the shirt, throws a blanket over the Torah.

DANNY

What?

STEROID (O.S.)

Phone, Danny.

EXT. MOTEL -- PAY PHONE -- DAY

GUY'S VOICE (PHONE)

Danny Balint...Guy Danielsen, *New York Times*.

DANNY

(tucks in the tallis

fringes)
What do you want? What happened to
your article?

GUY'S VOICE (PHONE)
I couldn't get my editor to run it,
but I bet he will now that you've put
a bomb in a synagogue. That was you,
wasn't it, Danny?

Danny hangs up. Stands there. A VOICE makes him jump....

VOICE (DRAKE)
Hey, Danny, want to kill a Jew?

Danny turns: it's Drake. These are the first words he's spoken.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/INT. CAR -- DAY

Danny and Drake pass a low-slung modern synagogue. A sign
announces: AMBASSADOR ILIO MANZETTI Friday, August 31. Danny
reacts, startled...Drake smiles.

DRAKE
Park up there, we'll walk back.

EXT. CONGREGATION BETH SHALOM -- TWILIGHT

The building is lit. Within we hear an AMPLIFIED VOICE,
presumably Manzetti giving a speech. We can't make out the
words. Danny and Drake are hidden among the rhododendrons
flanking the parking lot. Danny is watching a door in the
side of the building and eating a sandwich as Drake loads a
scoped rifle.

DRAKE
Lie on your stomach and come up on
your elbows.

DANNY
Why me?

DRAKE
You want to kill a Jew. I already did.

Danny assumes the prone position, Drake sets the rifle in
his hands.

DANNY
Who'd you kill?

DRAKE

Four. But no one this important.

We hear APPLAUSE within as the speech ends.

DRAKE

Okay, it's over. He'll take a couple questions, then come out.... Sight down the rifle toward the door.

THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE: Danny pans from the side door -- where TWO MEN are smoking -- to a waiting limousine.

DANNY

How did you know they were Jews?

DRAKE

I can tell....

DANNY

How?

DRAKE

I was a Jew in a previous life.

Before Danny can respond, Drake gestures toward the synagogue.

DRAKE

Here they come.

Danny puts his eye back to the scope.

SCOPE POV: stirring at the door. The men put out their cigarettes. Three figures emerge: a MAN and a WOMAN on either side of an older, distinguished-looking man (MANZETTI). They walk this way.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Shoot him in the head. Always shoot a Jew in the head.

DANNY

I'm a bad shot. I don't think I can --

DRAKE (O.S.)

Just get him in the cross-hairs. With those shells, anywhere you hit him, it'll bounce around, rip his insides all up.

SCOPE POV: the TRIO walking this way, cross-hairs on Manzetti.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Right there! Just squeeze the trigger.
Slow... Do it!

Danny FIRES, misses. Everybody hits the ground.

DRAKE

You missed on purpose.

DANNY

I didn't. I told you, I can't --

DRAKE

What's that?

Danny looks over his shoulder. His shirt has ridden up his back, revealing the tallis wrapped around his waist.

DRAKE

I knew it.

Drake pulls a .45 from the duffel.... Without thinking, Danny rolls over, fires the rifle. Drake is blown backward, dropping the .45.

Danny leaps up.... Drake's on his hands and knees, his trousers quickly darkening with blood. Danny's upset.

DANNY

Oh, Jesus...Drake, are you okay...?

FOOTSTEPS, coming this way. Danny runs. We hear voices, "Get down.... Stay down.... He's got a gun...." Drake picks himself up, stumbles away, bent over....

EXT. QUEENS -- DUSK

Danny parks the van in an abandoned lot near the river. Quickly wiping down the wheel with his shirt, he tosses out his duffel bag and the scoped rifle. He climbs out, wipes down the door, throws the rifle into the water, grabs the duffel and hurries away.

DANNY (V.O.)

Kyle, it's me Danny. How you doing?...
I had to come into the city to see
Mrs. MOEBIUS... No, I gave Drake the
van, didn't he bring it back?

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Danny's on the phone, whipping through several newspapers.

DANNY

...Since when?... Really? And he
didn't call?... No, I don't know...

He finds a tiny item: "Gunfire Reported at Synagogue." He
scans it: no mention of Drake or himself.

DANNY

Sure, come on down.... Can you bring
my stuff?... Thanks...and if Drake
shows up, let me know right away....
Good...

He hangs up. From behind some books, he extracts the small
caliber handgun he found in his father's house earlier.

INT. MRS. MOEBIUS'S APARTMENT -- TWILIGHT

Danny alone, waiting, nervous. He hears FOOTSTEPS approach,
he touches the gun in the back of his trousers. Lina and
Curtis enter.

LINA

How have things been going?

DANNY

(how much do they know?)
Fine.

LINA

(indicates a chair)
We want to talk to you about
something....
(as they sit, Danny nervous)
We're about to launch an aboveground,
intellectually serious fascist movement.

Danny is relieved and intrigued. Lina nods at Curtis to go on.

CURTIS

We want to build bridges to certain
positions in the political mainstream:
works like *The Bell Curve*,
Sociobiology, anti-Zionism, anti-
immigration, the com-munitarian
issue.... We'll hold conferences:
invite liberals, blacks, Jews.
Chomsky, Cockburn, Stanley Crouch,

Shahack....

DANNY

I've been waiting all my life for something like this.

MRS. MOEBIUS

We want you to help run it. Give speeches, lead seminars... Handle the fund-raising.

DANNY

(slapped in the face)

Fund-raising??

MRS. MOEBIUS

We think you'd be good at it.

OFF-SCREEN we hear the front door. FEET come up the stairs....

DANNY

What about...Manzetti, the synagogues....

CURTIS

That doesn't seem to be happening, does it?

DANNY

I've been stuck out in the country with those guys who just want to paint swastikas and heil Hitler. How am I supposed to -- (get anything done there?)

He stops short as Carla walks into the room for shopping. She glances at them, puts down her bags, goes into the kitchen....

CURTIS

Danny, the night we met, you said the name Ilio Manzetti. We were impressed. We were excited. But here it is September, and Mr. Manzetti is still walking around breathing the air.

MRS. MOEBIUS

We need intellectuals, we have enough thugs already.

Danny's watching Carla go down the hall toward the back, can barely bring his attention back to the conversation at hand.

DANNY

I'm not an intellectual.... I mean, I read, but... Fund-raising isn't what I...

MRS. MOEBIUS

Look, if you want to kill Jews on your free time, fine. We need you to raise money. Will you do that for us?

He nods but cannot look at her.

MRS. MOEBIUS

Thank you.

He's dismissed. He rises.

MRS. MOEBIUS

Do you have a suit?

(off Danny; to Curtis)

Let's get him one.... And a cell phone too.

(as Danny turns to go;

a joke for her own amusement)

And if you insist on blowing up a synagogue, make it that big one on Fifth Avenue, would you?

DANNY

Beth Shalom? It's Reform.

MRS. MOEBIUS

So what?

DANNY

They're not that Jewish.

MRS. MOEBIUS

I don't care what they are. I know those people, and I don't like them. The rest are just a bunch of kikes, aren't they?

She smiles. He manages a smile back and hurries away, face burning with shame.

EXT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT, STREET -- NIGHT

Danny comes out of the building, squats between two parked cars and vomits, retching spastically until, gasping for breath...

VOICE

Here...

He turns. Carla walks over to him, wipes his mouth with a crumpled tissue. When she moves to kiss him, he holds back, shy about the smell, but she kisses him anyway, on the mouth.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carla, naked, browsing the books, sees something in the closet. It's the Torah Danny took from the synagogue. She unrolls it on the bed, her gaze moving over the mysterious, glossy script. Danny, coming out of the bathroom, sees what she is doing, and stops short.

CARLA

Where'd you get this?

DANNY

I stole it. From a synagogue.

She looks at the broad printed columns....

CARLA

How come there's no punctuation?

DANNY

That was a later invention, it's not in the scrolls.... Anyway, the Jews know where the sentences end. They know the whole thing by heart. Every word. Every letter.

CARLA

Do you know it like that? By heart.

DANNY

No.

CARLA

But you can read it, the Hebrew....
Right?

DANNY

What do you care?

CARLA

'Cause I want to know.... What is
this word? This one here...

Danny looks at the word, then back at her. He's torn between competing desires, but finally...

DANNY

Va-yomer... And he said.
(she moves her finger
to the left)
It goes the other way.

CARLA

(she knew that)
Oh, yeah...
(moves finger right)

DANNY

Va-yomer adonai el Avram: lech lecha
mayartzcha oo-mimohlad-tcha oo-m'bayt
avaycha el ha-ertez asher arecha...

CARLA

What's it mean?

DANNY

And God said to Avram, take yourself
away from your land and from the
place you were born and from your
father's house into the land -- a
different land -- and I will show you....

Danny remains silent a moment, affected by the passage....

CARLA

I want to learn to read it.

DANNY

Why?

CARLA

Know your enemy.... 'Cause it's a
basic text of Western culture. I want
to read it in the original. Okay?

DANNY

Hebrew's very difficult. It would
take years.

CARLA

I'm good at languages.

He looks at the smooth expanse of her back, the articulations of her spine. He finds her very beautiful.

DANNY

Put something on. You're not supposed to be naked in front of it.

CARLA

Why not?

DANNY

They think it's the word of God, and it's holy, and the flesh isn't....

CARLA

That's stupid.

DANNY

Yeah, it's stupid.

(indicating her T-shirt)

Put it on, or I won't teach you.

She grudgingly pulls on the shirt as he gets a pencil and paper.

DANNY

See, the Jews love to separate things: the holy from the profane, milk from meat, wool from linen, the Sabbath from the week, the Jew from the gentile.... As if one little scrap of this was going to completely contaminate that.

CARLA

What assholes.

DANNY

You can't curse in front of it either.

He shrugs as if indifferent to these rules, yet compelled to point them out.

CARLA

Who gets contaminated, the Jews or the gentiles?

DANNY

Good question. Both.

(draws a letter)

Aleph...

CARLA

It looks a little like a swastika.

DANNY

It's silent. It holds a place, takes a vowel. The vowels are little dots that go under the letters.

CARLA

Where are they?

DANNY

They don't put them in the Torah. I'll get you a chumash, they'll have them there...Bet...Gimel...Dalid...Hay...

(as she repeats the names)

How come you're here instead of with Curtis? Besides the Hebrew lessons...

CARLA

The sex is better.

DANNY

Even though his dick is so big?

CARLA

With you there's a tragic dimension.

DANNY

Vuv...Zayin...Chet...Tet...

He writes each letter as he says it, and she repeats after him.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE -- DAY

Danny and Kyle.

KYLE

This will be a different kind of device.

DANNY

That damn thing. You know how it made me look...?

KYLE

I'm sorry, Danny. It won't happen again. I'm going to use a brand-new power cell. Plus we'll have a back-up timer.

DANNY

I've gotta kill some Jews, Kyle. I'm serious. I'm always talking about it.

This time it's gotta happen.

KYLE

It will.

Kyle's confident, and the prospect of this really happening gives Danny pause. He feels a brief chill, escapes it with...

DANNY

What about Drake, did he ever show up?

KYLE

No, it's weird, man. Nobody knows where he went.

Danny nods, gestures for Kyle to split. Kyle looks around, walks away. Danny waits a moment, then heads in the opposite direction.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG -- DAY

Danny walking behind a Hasidic family (MAN, WOMAN, 3-year-old BOY, STROLLER)...watching them. At a corner, the father takes the boy's hand, and as they cross the street, the boy glances back at Danny.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY, 1943

TWO NAZI SOLDIERS have just discovered a JEWISH FAMILY hiding in the back of a hay wagon. The POLISH MAN is holding the little boy.

As a soldier tries to take the BOY out of his arms, the child panics, clings to his father, screaming, "Papa... Papa..." It is the scene the survivor described in the meeting with the Nazis. But now the father is DANNY'S FATHER....

FATHER (IN POLISH)

...Hush, come on, don't cry.
Everything will be all right....

A Nazi sergeant comes over, irritated. *The sergeant is Danny.*

DANNY/NAZI SERGEANT

(in German)

What's the matter here?

FATHER

(to the Sergeant, in German)

Excuse me, I'm sorry, just a moment...

The sergeant rips the child out of his arms. The kid becomes hysterical. The father manages to take the boy's hand.

FATHER

(in Polish)

Please, sweetheart, you have to go.

I'll see you soon.

In an access of disgust, the sergeant sticks his bayonet into the boy -- or rather, into something offscreen. We hear a terrible sound, the child grunts. The family gasps in horror.

Danny/sergeant lifts the (unseen) child into the air. Its SHADOW darkens the father's face. Drops of blood run down his cheeks....

Danny/sergeant stares into the father's face, enraged at the man's passivity.

DANNY/NAZI SERGEANT

Fucking kike.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

DANNY'S FACE -- sweating, haunted, as if he's just woken from the previous.

He's still walking down the street, but now, as if to flee his thoughts, he steps through a door into...

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

A Jewish bookstore. He grabs the first book that comes to hand, reads for a moment, throws it down in disgust. Picks it up again, is still reading when...

VOICE

Hey, Danny...Danny...

He looks up at a young man about his own age; wearing a yarmulke, but otherwise normal, hair clean, beard neatly trimmed.

YOUNG MAN

It's Stuart. Stuart Schoenbaum.

DANNY

Shlomo?

STUART

Yeah...

Danny puts down the book, trying to conceal that he's been reading it. He offers a hand. Stuart manages to restrain the impulse to embrace him, but takes the hand warmly.

STUART

Jeez, it's been since, what, Kenny's wedding.

DANNY

Yeah, uh... So how are you? What's going on?

STUART

I'm in the rabbinic program at JTS...

DANNY

JTS...?

STUART

What about you? What are you doing? Something strange, I bet.

DANNY

I'm in a kind of...underground...thing.

STUART

(impressed, excited)

Are you an artist?

DANNY

No, no... Not that kind of... underground. More a private... business. Private.

Meaning he can't talk about it. Stuart nods. Danny notices a young woman: dark, curly hair, sharp eyes.

STUART

You remember Miriam....

DANNY

Yeah, hey, how're you doing...

MIRIAM

Hey...

An irony to her. They certainly remember each other.

STUART

She's at Yale Law -- interning with the district attorney...

(Miriam makes a face)

We're getting married next spring. In Israel.

DANNY

Wow, that's uh...great...

He glances at Miriam; but she has picked up the book he'd been reading, is leafing through it. It makes him uneasy.

STUART

It's great seeing you....

MIRIAM

Maybe Danny'd like to come to the minyan for the holidays....

Danny gives her a dirty look, but Stuart's thrilled:

STUART

Oh, good idea. We're davening with this group from the seminary. Interesting people, very open-minded, you might like them. And guess who comes...Avi! You guys could go at it again like the good old days.

As Stuart scribbles an address...

STUART

Danny and Avi used to argue about everything. Torah, Talmud, politics, girls. It always ended in a fistfight.

MIRIAM

I remember.

DANNY

I always won.

MIRIAM

The arguments, anyway.

STUART

(hands Danny the address)

It's a K.I. on 101st. In the little chapel. Try to make it. It'd be fun.

Danny smiles. He has no intention of going. Once they leave,

he picks up the book and resumes reading.

INT. AN EXECUTIVE SUITE -- DAY

ROGER BRAND, a high-powered CEO, sits behind a big desk, speed-reading something through half-glasses. He finishes, removes the glasses. A *New York Times* is on the desk.

BRAND

You write that?

(as Danny nods)

Come work for me. You've got a lot to learn; I can teach it to you.

DANNY

I have a job.

BRAND

This? This is a joke.

(tossing down the pages)

I'll give your group a thousand bucks.

DANNY

You gave fifty thousand to that college magazine.

BRAND

Fifty's an exaggeration. Anyway, that was a different moment. Things were possible that aren't now.

DANNY

Actually, I think this moment has possibilities that --

BRAND

Yeah, I read your piece. It's very smart. And very wrong.

Brand's phone beeps, he touches a button, continues.

BRAND

Forget the Jewish stuff. It doesn't play anymore.

(over Danny's)

There's only the market, now, and it doesn't care who you are.

DANNY

People still need values, beliefs....

BRAND

No, they don't. Not the smart ones.

(because he likes him)

Look, I'll give you five grand if you can document your tax-exempt status.... But when you fall off this horse, come see me. I can show you how to make a lot of money.

DANNY

I don't care about money.

BRAND

You will.

DANNY

You're a Jew. Maybe you don't realize it, but you are.

BRAND

(smiles, uninsulted)

Maybe I am. Maybe we're all Jews now. What's the difference?

On Danny, troubled by this.

INT. A SMALL LECTURE HALL -- EVENING

A half-dozen white lumpen sit at desks. Danny writes "ANTI-SEMITISM" in large letters on a blackboard. He turns....

DANNY

How many of you think of yourselves as anti-Semites?

(All the hands go up.)

Good. Actually, the term is a bit imprecise since technically Jews are only one of the Semitic peoples.... In fact, Arabs are Semites, as are the Eritreans, the Ethiopians, and so on.... But for our purposes an anti-Semite is someone who hates or is against Jews.... Now, why do we hate them?

He looks around. The room is silent.

DANNY

Let me put it another way. Do we hate them because they push their way in where they don't belong? Or because

they're clannish and keep to themselves?

Murmurs of "Yeah. Both." But some are confused by this.

INT. SAME -- ANOTHER DAY

Slightly bigger crowd, a few middle-class-looking people.

DANNY

...Because they're tight with money,
or because they flash it around?
Because they're Bolsheviks or because
they're capitalists? Because they
have the highest IQs, or because they
have the most active sex lives?

The audience, confused...

DANNY

Do you want to know the real reason
we hate them?...

INT. SAME -- DAY

...More people: white collar workers of both sexes, nurses,
artists. Lapel buttons, bumper stickers, backpacks: "FIGHT
NEW WORLD DISORDER" "STOP THE WTO" "EARTH FIRST!"

DANNY

...Because we hate them.
(as people exchange
puzzled looks)
Because they exist. Because it is an
axiom of civilization that just as
man longs for woman, loves his
children and fears death, he hates
the Jews.
(smiles)
There is no reason. If there were,
some smart-ass kike would give us an
argument, try to prove we were wrong.
And of course that would only make us
hate them more. In fact we have all
the reasons we need in three simple
letters: J-E-W. Jew. Say it a million
times. It is the only word that never
loses its meaning: Jew Jew Jew Jew
Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew....

EXT. NEW JERSEY MEADOWLANDS -- DAWN

Danny and Kyle sitting in the tall grass across the marshlands toward the Manhattan skyline shimmering in the distance.

KYLE

(sings, looking at watch)

"My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land
of liberty, Of thee I..."

He points sharply and an explosion occurs thirty yards away. They run over, pick up the mangled timer. They're pleased.

EXT. JCC (ANSCHÉ CHESED) -- DAY

A couple of stragglers hurry through the door as we hear...

VOICES

B'Rosh Hashanah yika-teyvun, uv'yom
tsom kippur yey-chateymun...

INT. SMALL CHAPEL -- DAY

Rosh Hashanah services. A woman is davening....

WOMAN

And it came to pass after these
things that God tested Abraham...

DANNY...sitting with Stuart and Miriam...

WOMAN (O.S.)

...And said to him, "Abraham." And he
said, "Here am I..." And God said,
"Take your son, your only son, whom
you love..."

DANNY

(to himself)

It's not his only son....

ANOTHER VOICE

The only one he loves.

Danny looks at AVI (athletic, smooth-shaven) who grins sardonically and fakes a punch as...

DANNY

They only kill them when they love them?

AVI

(sliding into a seat)

next to them)
What are you doing here, I thought
you were a Nazi.

STUART
Come on, Avi...

AVI
You know what this guy told me once:
Islam and Judaism both start with
Abraham murdering his son: first
sending Ishmael into the desert, then
sacrificing Isaac....

VOICES
Shhhh... Can you please be quiet?

DANNY
And Christianity's the same, with
minor variations.

AVI
Ridiculous.
(to the people around them)
Folks, don't listen to this guy. He's
a well-known anti-Semite.

MIRIAM
Avi, please...

AVI
(snatching off Danny's hat)
...Look, he's a skinhead.

VOICES
It's just a style, Avi.... There are
antiracist skins.

AVI
(laughing)
Believe me, Danny's the racist kind.
Are you a fascist, Danny? Yes or no.

DANNY
What's a fascist?

AVI
I rest my case. He's a Jewish Nazi.
He always was.

DANNY

Whereas Avi's a Zionist Nazi.

AVI

The Zionists aren't Nazis.

DANNY

They're racist, they're militaristic,
they act like bullyboys in the
territories....

AVI

They don't have extermination camps.

DANNY

They had Sabra and Shattila.

MIRIAM

Do you hate them because they're
wimps or because they're bullyboys?

Danny's startled by the question, but before he can react...

AVI

(over her, to Danny)

That was the Lebanese, that wasn't --

VOICES (O.S.)

The Israeli Army knew about the camps.
Sharon encouraged the falangists to
go in there and murder all the --

AVI

You don't know that. There's no --

DANNY

Read the early Zionists on European
Jewry; they sound like Goebbels.

AVI

They sound like you.

DANNY

The Nazis did everything the f,hrer
told them. You do everything the
Torah tells you. Or the rebbe.
Identical slave mentality.

Avi lunges at him. They begin pounding each other. Chaos.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Miriam and Danny walk down West End Avenue together. He's oddly relaxed with her?

MIRIAM

Why did you come tonight? To see me?

DANNY

(after a beat)

To hear them read Torah.

MIRIAM

I thought you hated Torah.

DANNY

That doesn't mean I don't like hearing it.

MIRIAM

Point out all the lies and fucked-up thinking.

She smiles and even he smiles a little. They walk together, oddly companionable.

MIRIAM

You know the joke: a Jew's shipwrecked on a desert island. When they rescue him, they see he's built two synagogues. They say, for what do you need two synagogues? He says, vun to pray in, and vun I'd never set foot in so long as I live, so help me God.

(he nods, he's heard it)

You pray in the one you'd never set foot in...and vice versa.

DANNY

I can't help what I think.

MIRIAM

This is me.

She stops in front of a nice doorman building. He's impressed.

MIRIAM

Tell me about Lina Moebius.

DANNY

(startled)

How did you...?

MIRIAM

I work in the DA's office. You go to those meetings, half the people there are informants.

DANNY

You mean the *Times* guy?

MIRIAM

Which *Times* guy?

DANNY

With the shoes... There was more than one?

In an excess of paranoia, he walks away. She calls after him....

MIRIAM

Danny...Danny...
(he doesn't look back)
Shit...

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sweltering heat. A fan ruffles Carla's hair as she lies on the futon going back and forth between Hebrew/English Torah and a Hebrew grammar. Danny is on the floor lifting weights.

CARLA

(slowly, laboriously)
Payn tash-chiton v'ashiytem...

DANNY

(correcting her)
V'asitem...

CARLA

V'asitem lechem pessel to-monat. And make no graven image of the Lord, or the form of any figure, or of man or woman, or beast or fowl or fish or anything that looks like anything. Because He's not like anything. Not only can't you see Him or hear Him, you can't even think about Him. I mean, what's the difference between that and Him not existing?

DANNY

(still exercising)
No difference.

CARLA

Christianity's silly, but at least there's something to believe in. Or not believe. Judaism there's nothing.

DANNY

(to himself)

Nothing but nothingness...Judaism's not about belief.

CARLA

What's it about?

DANNY

About doing things. You light candles, say prayers, keep the Sabbath, visit the sick....

CARLA

And belief follows?

DANNY

No. Nothing follows. You don't do it because it's smart or stupid or it saves your soul. You're not saved. Nobody's saved. You do it because the Torah tells you do. You submit to the Torah.

CARLA

Fuck that.

DANNY

Don't curse in front of it.

CARLA

(flips the book closed)

Why should I submit?

DANNY

You shouldn't.

CARLA

You think I should just because there's no reason?

He looks at her without answering.

DANNY

No, I think you shouldn't.

CARLA

Judaism doesn't even need God. You have the Torah, the law. That's your fucking God....

(anticipating his objections)

The book's closed.

In an access of something, she bites his arm, hard. He winces, pushes her away. She kisses the place she bit. He starts to play with her hair....

DANNY

You're learning the Hebrew really fast.

CARLA

I told you, I'm good at this.

DANNY

Plus you have nothing else to do all day.

CARLA

Oh, am I learning it faster than you did? Maybe I'm smarter.

He laughs, likes her arrogance. But she misunderstands:

CARLA

Is that funny? You think Jews are the only smart ones?

As they make out, grow aroused...

DANNY

What...? You think I'm Jewish?

CARLA

It's all you talk about. Jewish, Jewish, Jewish. Nobody talks about it that much except the Jews.

Danny's taken aback by the simple logic.

DANNY

Nazis talk about it all the time.

CARLA

Do they?

And, of course, she has grown up among Nazis.

DANNY

The real Nazis. Hitler, Goebbels,
they talked about Jews incessantly....
You ever read their diaries?...

CARLA

Is that why you became a Nazi? So you
could talk about Jews incessantly?

DANNY

Believe me, Adolf Hitler couldn't
possibly have hated the Jews as much
as I do. Not in a billion years. You
know why?

CARLA

'Cause he wasn't a rabbi.

DANNY

You want a punch in the mouth?

CARLA

Okay...

(he doesn't hit her)

Why don't we light candles on Friday?
Let's light candles.... And say the
kaddish.

DANNY

Kaddish is the prayer for the dead.

CARLA

I mean kiddush. Let's say kiddush.
And shave my head, fuck through a
sheet, all that stuff...

(as he walks away)

Come on, just for fun. To see what
it's like...

INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL -- NIGHT

Packed with a well-dressed crowd, very different from the
crowds we've seen here before.

DOWN IN FRONT: Mrs. Moebius and Danny talk in low tones.

MRS. MOEBIUS

Half the right-wing money in New York
is here tonight. They came to see you.
If you impress them, if you do what I
know you can, this movement will be

up and running by tomorrow. And on the front page of the *New York Times* in six months.

She straightens his tie, directs him toward the lectern. He hesitates....

DANNY

We tested the new bomb.

MRS. MOEBIUS

What?

DANNY

We redesigned the timing mechanism. It can't possibly malfunction.

MRS. MOEBIUS

Danny, please. Just give your speech.... And nothing about Jews, okay?

She walks away.

INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL -- STAGE -- NIGHT

Danny steps to the lectern. The CROWD QUIETS. He stands silent for a long moment, then closes his eyes and chants with feeling:

DANNY

Shema yisroel adonai elohenu adonai echod.

General confusion. Mrs. Moebius and Curtis exchange wary glances.

DANNY

Who knows what that is?

VOICE

A Jewish prayer.

DANNY

Can anybody imagine why I would say a Jewish prayer?

ANOTHER VOICE

Because you're a Jew.

Nervous laughter. Danny laughs with them.

DANNY

That could be one reason. What's another?

(no response)

Let me put it this way...who here would like to destroy the Jews?

(murmurs of approval)

Who wants to grind their bones into the dust?

A scattering of applause, growing more sustained...

DANNY

And who wants to see them rise again, wealthier, more successful, powerful, cultured and intelligent than ever?

Silence. No one wants that.

DANNY

Then you know what you have to do... You have to love them.

Puzzled mutterings: "What?... What's he talking about?..."

DANNY

Did he say love them? Love the Jews? It sounds strange, I know, but with these people nothing is simple. The Jew says that all he wants is to be left alone to study his Torah, do a little business and fornicate with his over-sexed wife.... But it isn't true. He wants to be hated. He longs for our scorn. He clings to it as if it were the very core and mystery of his being. If Hitler had not existed, the Jews would have invented him. For without such hatred, the so-called Chosen People would vanish from the earth....

People react with confusion, uncertainty, suspicion.

DANNY

...And this reveals a terrible truth, the crux of our problem as Nazis: the worse the Jews are treated, the stronger they become. Egyptian slavery made them a nation; the pogroms hardened them, Auschwitz gave

birth to the State of Israel.
Suffering, it seems, is the very
crucible of their genius. If the Jews
are, as one of their own has said, a
people who will not take yes for an
answer, then let us say yes to them.
If they thrive on opposition, let us
cease to oppose them. The way to
annihilate them, utterly and
completely, is to open our arms, take
them into our homes and embrace them.
Only then will they vanish into
assimilation, dilution...and love.

(a warning finger)

But we cannot pretend. The Jew is
nothing if not clever. He will see
through condescension and hypocrisy.
To destroy him, we will have to love
him sincerely.

ON THE AUDIENCE, befuddled. A HAND goes up. Danny nods to it.
The man steps forward, and we see that it's Guy Danielsen of
the *Times*. Danny is shaken....

GUY

But if the Jews are strengthened by
hate, wouldn't this "destruction" you
speak of -- by love or by any other
means -- in fact make them more
powerful than they are already?

DANNY

(after a beat)

Yes. Infinitely more. They would
become as God.

Murmurs of confusion, outrage... "God??!!!" Danny notices
the TALLIS crawling out from under his shirt, stuffs it back in.

DANNY

It is the Jews' destiny to the
annihilated so that they can be
deified....

(the murmurs swell)

Jesus understood this perfectly. And
look what was accomplished there with
the death of just one enlightened Jew.
Imagine what would happen if we
killed them all!!

(over the rising outrage)

So, let us say together... Shema

yisroel...

One or two voices respond, but must people shout him down. Mrs. Moebius is outraged. People are throwing things, shouting. The meeting degenerates into chaos.

INT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT -- DAY

Danny talks to Mrs. Moebius. Offscreen we hear a TV.

MRS. MOEBIUS

Are you out of your mind?!

DANNY

I was just trying to make a point. If --

CARLA (O.S.)

Oh, my God...

(calling)

Lina...

MRS. MOEBIUS

I'm relieving you of all duties. I don't want you working for us anymore....

DANNY

You can't. Do you know how many people I've brought into...the movement...?

CARLA (O.S.)

Lina, come here!

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Carla watching a small TV on the kitchen counter. Danny arrives, followed by Lina and Curtis as we hear...

REPORTER (O.S.)

According to police, he had just left the restaurant and was walking the block and a half back to his office, when the gunman stepped out of this doorway, fired seven times at point-blank range...then fled on foot.

DANNY

(a terrible premonition)

Who was it?

Mrs. Moebius impatiently signals him to silence.

REPORTER (O.S.)

...Paramedics arrived within ninety seconds, but Mr. Manzetti was declared dead at the scene.

At the mention of Manzetti's name, Danny goes white.

ANCHOR'S VOICE

Ilio Manzetti was one of the respected and influential men in New York. As an investment banker, diplomat, adviser to presidents and mayors, he helped shape public policy and private finance for more than three decades. He'll be missed, Phil. This is Michael Port with New York 1.

Danny's knees are weak, his hands cold, his stomach rises.... He becomes aware of the others, staring at him in amazement.

DANNY

(stunned)

Do you think I...

MRS. MOEBIUS

Danny, please, we don't want to know.

She and Curtis walk out of the room. Stunned, shaken, Danny leaves in a different direction. The TV plays to an empty room...

ANCHOR'S VOICE

The assailant is described as a white male in his late 20s....

EXT. MOEBIUS BUILDING/STREET -- DAY

Danny wanders out the door in a daze. His cell phone RINGING. He has to search his pockets, then fumbles to turn it on....

KYLE'S VOICE (PHONE)

You finally killed a Jew, man. How's it feel?

DANNY

Kyle...I can't talk right now....

He hears a CAMERA SHUTTER and MOTOR DRIVE. He turns....

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET -- DAY

GUY DANIELSEN & A PHOTOGRAPHER.

They're coming toward him.

GUY

Did you kill Ilio Manzetti?

DANNY

No.

Suddenly Danny runs after the photographer, they struggle....

PHOTOGRAPHER

Not the camera, don't hurt the camera...

Danny opens the camera, rips out the film, exposing it.

GUY

Did you kill him?

Danny glares at him without answering, walks away. Guy hurries after him....

GUY

Two days ago you addressed a Nazi rally. Last week you went to a Torah study group.

DANNY

What were you, following me?

GUY

How do you reconcile the two?

DANNY

I don't. Look, stay out of what you don't understand.

GUY

Explain it so I can.

DANNY

You work for the *New York Times*. Your whole job in life is not to understand things like me.

GUY

I don't think you know what you are.

DANNY

(walking on, fast)
Yeah, and what are you? A *Times* man?
A Presbyterian? Impotent? A prick?

GUY
Who killed Manzetti?

DANNY
If I tell you, will you pull the
story? Not write about me?

GUY
It's too late.... If I didn't,
somebody else would.
(as Danny just snorts)
Yom Kippur starts at sundown. Will
you go to synagogue?

DANNY
(turns on him, threatening)
Get the fuck away from me.

Guy backs off. Danny crosses the street.

VOICE
Hey, Danny, just one more!

He glances back. It's the PHOTOGRAPHER who has reloaded and
now SNAPS a shot AS DANNY TURNS AWAY and keeps going....

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN -- DAY

Danny and Miriam walking together among the trees.

MIRIAM
You're telling me you killed him? You?
Killed him? Bullshit. What kind of
gun did you use?

DANNY
(guessing)
A forty-five.

MIRIAM
It was a nine millimeter.

DANNY
You're lying.

MIRIAM
So are you... But they'll believe

you....

(as they walk)

Lina Moebius is saying the whole thing was your idea. That you proposed it in a meeting at her house.

(when he doesn't deny it)

Ah, Jesus, Danny... What were you thinking? Are you glad Manzetti's dead? Do you really want to kill Jews? You want to kill me?

DANNY

I was just talking. I -- look, I can't help what I think.

He doesn't know how to answer, walks away from her to the railing overlooking the water. He stares into the current flowing past. Finally Miriam joins him....

MIRIAM

All right, what if all along you were actually infiltrating the Nazis -- to expose them....

DANNY

But I wasn't.

MIRIAM

And only talked about killing Manzetti to convince them you were an anti-Semite. If you'd had any idea somebody would take it seriously, you never would have said it.

DANNY

I can't say that.

MIRIAM

Think about your father. Your sister.

DANNY

The truth doesn't mean anything to you, does it?

MIRIAM

Danny, I'm trying to -- save you.

DANNY

(over her)

Fucking kike.

Miriam is stung. She can't believe he said that. Still, she gets a small tape recorder out of her purse, hands it to him.

MIRIAM

Try to get Lina Moebius on tape,
telling you to do something.
Something violent... That's right, I
don't care about truth. I care about
you.

(looks at her watch)

Kol Nidre's at six-thirty. I've got
to meet Stuart. We'll be at the
minyan tonight and tomorrow. If you
need me, come there....

Danny watches her walk away, then turns to the railing.
Ideally a FERRY is pulling away from its slip and heading
out across the harbor. He watches it, then looks down at the
current moving past. He reaches a decision, throws the tape
recorder into the water, turns and walks away....

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

Danny stops just inside the door. The place is spotless. The
desk has been pulled out from the wall, covered with a snowy
cloth and set for a Sabbath meal: brass candelabrum, challah
under a satin cover...and two place settings.

Carla is pouring wine into the kiddush cup. She's wearing a
modest dress, her hair is pinned up with a piece of lace.

DANNY

What's going on?

She turns, startled; she hadn't heard him come in.

CARLA

It's erev Yom Kippur.... We'll have
dinner, then go to shul. Atone for
our sins.

He grabs a couple of olives off the table, eats them as he
goes through his closet, stuffing a couple things in a bag....

CARLA

Come on, we can be like Eichmann. He
studied Torah. He hated Jews.

DANNY

(in the closet, looking)

Is it like Eichmann? Are we goofing?

CARLA

I don't know. I just want to try it.

DANNY

Shit...

(looking in other places)

Did you talk to your mother today?

CARLA

No. What are you looking for?

DANNY

Nothing.

(indicates table as he
keeps looking)

Why are you doing this?

(back to the closet)

I thought God didn't exist.

CARLA

He commands it whether He exists or
not...

(off his silence; with
difficulty)

Look, we can fight him and be crushed.
Or we can submit.

DANNY

(from the closet)

And be crushed.

CARLA

Yeah, okay. But what if...what if...
submitting...being crushed, being
nothing, not mattering, what if
that's the best feeling we can have?

He finds it (a kittel), stuffs it in the bag.

CARLA

Look, just light the candles with me.
Then we'll eat. You have to eat.

DANNY

You eat first, then you light.

(exasperated, he has to
explain)

Once you light, it's Yom Kippur,
which means you're fasting, so you
can't...eat.

He trails off, looks at her. She's everything he ever wanted, and he's already lost her.

DANNY

A woman of valor, who can find her?
Her price is above rubies....

He walks out, leaving the door open. Carla starts to call after him, but then doesn't. She turns back, lights the candles and awkwardly reads the prayers....

EXT. STREET/PAY PHONE -- SUNDOWN APPROACHING

Danny on a phone. Behind him, Jews hurry home for the holiday. He hears a BEEP...

DANNY

Miriam, it's me, Danny.... Come on, the holiday hasn't started, pick up the --
(as someone does)
...Is Stuart davening Ne'ilah tomorrow at the minyan... 'Cause he always does... Tell him I'm doing it instead....

She argues (we hear her VOICE not her words)...Danny cuts her off.

DANNY

Miriam, I'm davening.... He gives me any trouble, I'll beat the shit out of him right there in the room. I'm serious....

She's still talking when he hangs up and walks away.

INT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Lina and Curtis with Billings and Drake, who looks bad...

LINA

Why didn't you tell us?

DRAKE

(never considered it)
I was hurt. I just...

BILLINGS

He went to his friends' place and I

laid up there 'til he was better.
Then he called me.

CURTIS

You should've gone to the police.

LINA

I don't think Drake wants to talk to
the police. Do you?

DRAKE

I'll take care of him myself.

The phone RINGS. Curtis answers, listens, covers the mouthpiece.

CURTIS

Daniel Balint.

She takes it with a dramatic gesture.

LINA

(takes the phone)

Hello...?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PAY PHONE, 65TH STREET -- NIGHT

DANNY

Lina... It's happening. Tonight.

LINA

What is happening?

DANNY

Beth Shalom. Like you wanted.

LINA

Beth Shalom? What are you talking
about? Who is this...?

DANNY

Lina, you said if I was going to
plant a bomb, I should --

A CLICK as she hangs up. He's pleased. He steps away from
the phone. He's carrying a grease-stained bag and is across
from...

TEMPLE EMANU-EL...KOL NIDRE being sung by a soprano within;
and ORGAN accompanying her.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE AND 65TH STREET -- NIGHT

In the synagogue across the street we hear KOL NIDRE being sung by a soprano; an ORGAN accompanying her. Danny looks up at the temple.

FLASHCUT: EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY, 1943

Looking up as the Nazi sergeant holds the boy on the bayonet over the father's head. But now Danny is the father, and the father is the sergeant.

He lunges at the Nazi, knocking him down, tearing at this throat. The sergeant screams....

NAZI SOLDIER
(in German, to his fellows)
Kill him!

Danny bites through the Nazi's jugular as bullets rip into him.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE AT 65TH/INT. KYLE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Kyle's car is parked on the Central Park side of Fifth....Danny gets in the passenger side. Kyle is behind the wheel, wiring an explosive device. Danny hands him the grease-stained bag.

DANNY
How're we doing?

Kyle holds up a solitary pipe bomb.

KYLE
That's all we've got left.

DANNY
It'll be enough if we use it right.
(checks his watch)
Okay, the service'll go about another hour. Say an hour for the janitors, then one more just to be safe...
We'll go in at midnight.

Kyle has extracted a cheeseburger and shake from the bag. As he starts in on them, he realizes Danny isn't eating.

KYLE
Didn't you get anything?

DANNY

I'm not hungry.... Come on, let's
drive around.... We don't want to be
spotted here.

Eating, Kyle starts the car, pulls away....

INT. MOEBIUS APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

LINA

(white with fury)

He is trying to set us up.

Curtis picks up a cell phone and dials.

LINA

(to Drake and Billings)

I want him dead by tomorrow night.
That lies within your capacities,
correct?

Billings nods. Drake unconsciously licks the center of his
lower lip. As they leave, we see that he limps horribly.
When they're gone...

CURTIS

(into phone)

Yes, I believe that a bomb is going
to be planted tonight at Temple
Emanu-el on 65th Street.... By the
same man who killed Ilio Manzetti...
His name is Daniel Balint....

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE/INT. KYLE'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

POV inside van. Fifth is quiet. Temple Emanu-el again,
straight ahead. But now we see SECURITY GUARDS near the door.

KYLE (V.O.)

Oh, what is this shit?

DANNY (V.O.)

Keep driving. Don't slow down.

KYLE (V.O.)

Christ...

POV speeds up, whips past the synagogue.

DANNY (V.O.)

Not too fast.

KYLE (V.O.)

You said they didn't have night guards.

DANNY (V.O.)

They don't. I checked twenty times....
Somebody must have talked.

KYLE (V.O.)

Who even knew?

DANNY (V.O.)

Mrs. Moebius.

KYLE (V.O.)

Why? Why would she?

DANNY (V.O.)

The Manzetti thing must have scared
her. She thinks she'll get implicated.

KYLE (V.O.)

So what do we do with the device?

The Plaza straight ahead...

DANNY (V.O.)

Take a right on 59th...
(as the car turns)
We'll put it someplace else.

KYLE (V.O.)

Where?

ON DANNY'S FACE

DANNY

I have an idea....

INT. A DARKENED BLDG (JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER) -- NIGHT

A pencil-beam flashlight moves through the darkness. We
follow it. The light enters a space where SOUND ECHOES....

DANNY (V.O.)

Over here.

INT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM -- NIGHT

A PENCIL BEAM shows Kyle on his back attaching the bomb to
some kind of wooden floor cupboard. He's worried about the

paltry amount of explosives.

KYLE

It's all reinforced in here. It's not going to blow out the way we want it....

Danny is too preoccupied flipping through a machzor to answer.

KYLE

If I went back to the lumberyard, the guy'd give me all the dynamite I wanted. Untraceable, you wouldn't -- need to...

DANNY

No, it has to be tomorrow. You won't get this many of them in here for another year. It'll be fine.

KYLE

It's not going to be fine. It's --

DANNY

Just do it.

Kyle sighs, goes about doing it, he HEARS SOMETHING and freezes.

KYLE

What's that?

Danny clicks off the light. A SILHOUETTE on the windows...

DANNY

It's just somebody on the street.

Light on. Relieved, Kyle turns his attention back to the bomb.

KYLE

When do you want it to go off?

DANNY

Seven-thirty tomorrow evening.

KYLE

So that's what? Nineteen thirty minutes...what time is it now...

Kyle checks his wristwatch, sets the timer to eighteen hours eighteen minutes. It begins counting down.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE -- NIGHT

Kyle and Danny come around the corner, get in Kyle's car parked near the side door.

EXT. EIGHTH AVENUE NEWSSTAND -- NIGHT

A stack of papers, the early edition of the *Times*. As Danny grabs one, he notices a stack of tabloids....

FRONT PAGE: The Manzetti crime scene with screaming headline: "MANZETTI SLAYER JEWISH NAZI." Next to this another tab: "JEW KILLS JEW?"

Danny grabs a *Times*, flips it over... We see only his face: registering this, unsurprised. He opens the paper....

INSERT: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

The sweet-faced bar mitzvah boy we saw at his father's house... And a BLURRY PHOTO of Danny walking away from Guy Danielsen and the photographer outside Mrs. Moebius's house. Danny's face is not clearly seen.

TILT UP TO DANNY

Calm. He tucks the paper under his arm beside the machzor and crosses Eighth Avenue toward a cheap hotel....

CHEAP HOTEL -- NIGHT

Carrying the papers, Danny goes through the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Danny at the window, staring out. The TV plays behind him.

On TV -- A REPORTER INTERVIEWING MRS. MOEBIUS

REPORTER

...You're saying that when he first appeared at your house, you had no idea he was Jewish....

MRS. MOEBIUS

None whatsoever. But I have to admit, I'm not terribly surprised.

REPORTER

What do you mean?

MRS. MOEBIUS

I think anti-semitism today is largely a Jewish phenomenon. Wouldn't you agree?

Danny can't help smiling at her audacity.

REPORTER

In the Third Reich, weren't a number of high-ranking Nazis of Jewish origin?

MRS. MOEBIUS

Yes, and they were said to be the most virulent proponents of the Final Solution. Really, who but a Jew would want to kill Ilio Manzetti simply because he was Jewish? Who thinks about such things?

REPORTER

The papers are going to report tomorrow that your colleague, Curtis Zampf, has been a federal informant for the past two years. Do you believe that?

MRS. MOEBIUS

(enigmatic smile)

Curtis is always more complicated than he seems. Even now.

REPORTER

(to the camera)

And so, on this, the most solemn day of the Jewish year, a former yeshiva student is being sought in connection with a monstrous hate crime that --

The set is CLICKED OFF with the remote. In the darkened screen, we see Danny take his bag off the bed and go out the door.

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER -- LATE AFTERNOON

As Danny approaches, a STOCKY YOUNG MAN on a folding chair outside the front door checks him out.

DANNY

Gamar tov.

The Stocky Young Man beckons him on. As he passes, Danny spots a gun and shoulder holster inside the man's zippered

jacket.

INT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

Several Yom Kippur services are going on in different rooms. And we hear different groups of VOICES. And one reading...

VOICE

...They cast lots, and the lot fell
on Jonah...

Danny puts on his kittel -- a white prayer coat.

INT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, 2ND FLOOR/INT. SMALL
AUDITORIUM -- DAY

About forty WORSHIPPERS, most in their 20s and 30s. Danny slips into the back, spots Carla up front with Miriam and Stuart. He's shocked, appalled....

CARLA -- trying to follow along the prayer book, suddenly Danny is leaning over her shoulder from the row behind.

DANNY

(desperate whisper)

What are you doing here?

People sitting nearby HUSH him; he ignores them.

CARLA

Miriam called, looking for you. She said you might come, so I...

DANNY

You gotta get out of here.

CARLA

You don't own this place.

STUART

Listen, Danny, you can't just barge in and --

DANNY

Shut up...

MIRIAM

You shut up. Who do you think you are?

DANNY

(to Carla, low, urgent)

There's a bomb here. It's going to go off at seven-thirty.

CARLA

Oh, please...

The SHUSHING becomes louder.... She turns away.

VOICES

It's Yom Kippur.... People are davening.... Can you take it outside.... You have some nerve....

Danny looks around at the scolding, angry, pious faces.... He hates them. He sits back and closes his eyes.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY, 1943

The Jewish father (played by Danny's father) is ripping open the Sergeant's jugular as the soldiers shoot him. One of the soldiers (who is now Danny) says:

DANNY/NAZI SOLDIER

Kill them. Kill them all.

The soldiers begin firing.... But now, three Israeli commandos appear, Danny, Avi and the security guard we saw outside. They fire Uzis at the Nazis, who fire back.

Danny the Nazi soldier and Danny the Israeli commando fire at each other at point-blank range. The SOUND fades and we hear SCRAPING CHAIRS, MURMURS, VOICES....

INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM -- SUNDOWN

Danny wakes with a start. People are about to resume after a break, but there's some confusion. People are talking to Stuart, who keeps glancing toward Danny.... Danny finds his machzor and gets up...as he approaches the bema, Stuart comes to meet him.

STUART

Danny, listen, people expect me to daven; they don't want someone they don't know -- leading their prayers.

DANNY

Get out of my way.

Stuart backs down. Danny steps onto the bema, opens the machzor.

MURMURING VOICES

What's going on?... Who is this?...I
thought Stuart was davening....

DANNY

(to the room)

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He glances at a clock at the back of the room: 6:14.

DANNY

Yis-gadal, v'yis-kadash sh'mey raba...

People join in, but one man, in back, is outraged.

ENRAGED MAN

Jesus Christ, you know who that is?...
You see the paper?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(gently teasing)

You're reading the paper on Yom
Kippur, Barry?

Chuckles.

ENRAGED WIFE

I saw the paper. That's not him, that
guy was darker.... This is somebody else.

VOICE (O.S.)

That guy wouldn't go to shul, Barry...

ENRAGED MAN

You want to bet? I'll bet you
anything...

(he's SHUSHED, "Could
you, please...")

Let's go, we're leaving....

ENRAGED WIFE

Oh, for God's sake, you leave.

ENRAGED MAN

I'm going to get a cop.

He stalks to the door but doesn't leave, turns back as if
compelled to watch this outrage...as....

DANNY

Da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen...

He begins the silent amidah, taking three steps backward, then three forward, bowing as he prays so that he sees the watch on the lectern.... It says: 6:16....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A ROOM -- SUNDOWN

Kyle on hands and knees, gasping for breath, his face bloody. DRAKE sits in a chair, injecting methamphetamine into the vein of his forearm. Billings comes through the door with a newspaper.

BILLINGS

I got one....

He squats beside Kyle, shows him the *Times* story about Danny.

KYLE

Are you kidding me??

BILLINGS

Now do you know where he is?

Kyle thinks, glances at a watch: 6:47.

KYLE

Yeah, I bet I do.

INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM -- TWILIGHT

The windows have darkened. The congregation is on its feet chanting the AVINU MALKENU, the climactic prayer of the day.

Danny, leading the prayers, looks up at Carla, Stuart, Miriam...near the front, chanting with him. He looks at the clock: 7:21.

Suddenly it seems impossible to go through with this. He stops praying, but no one notices....

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER -- TWILIGHT

As Kyle, Drake and Billings approach, the place seems to glow with an inner radiance. Drake and Billings hold weapons at their sides.

The stocky security guard sees them coming and gets up, reaching for his gun. Billings and Drake stop. Kyle wishes he weren't here.

Everything suspends for a moment as, within the building, three distinct GROUPS OF VOICES can be heard, each chanting the AVINU MALKENU at a slightly different point in the prayer.

Drake raises his gun and fires.

INT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER -- SMALL AUDITORIUM -- TWILIGHT

People are chanting AVINU MALKENU so fervently that the GUNFIRE outside seems only a faint POPPING. No one particularly notices. Danny, freaking, doesn't hear the gunshots. He tries to address the people in the front rows....

DANNY

Wait a minute...

But the praying is too loud, too strong. No one stops or listens. He steps down off the bema....

DANNY

Stop praying. You've got to get out of here.... All of you...

A few people in front are puzzled by his strange behavior, but the rest keep chanting. Stuart comes up to Danny....

STUART

You wanted to daven. Now daven....

Danny glances over people's heads at the clock: 7:25. He doesn't notice...

THE DOOR

BANGS open. DRAKE stands there, .357, bleeding profusely from the head, the swastika on his lips. At first, only a few people notice, they stop praying.

PEOPLE

(panic, confusion)

Who's that?... What is he...oh, my God...

Avi is the first one out of his chair, walks right at Drake.

AVI

(calm, forceful)

Put down the weapon. Put it down....

Drake shoots him. Avi goes down, writhing in pain. Screams, panic. People come at Drake, but he grabs an 11-year-old

girl, puts the gun to her head.

DANNY

Drake! Up here...

Everyone turns, including Drake -- who's blinded by the blood in his eyes, but recognizes the voice.

ENRAGED MAN

See, he knows him. The Nazi bastard...

Drake moves unsteadily toward the front, pulling the girl with him. A WOMAN (a doctor) goes to tend Avi, who is still conscious. People begin to slip out the back, taking children. Others stay, looking to jump Drake, but he keeps the .357 on the little girl.

DANNY

(to Carla, Miriam, Stuart)

Get everybody out of here. Fast.

He steps back onto the bema, separating himself from the others and drawing Drake's attention. The clock reads 7:28. Outside we begin to hear SIRENS....

DANNY

Drake...

Drake refocuses, pulls the girl on.... From the hall, we hear OTHER GROUPS in the building, chanting....

VOICES

Avinu malkenu, choney-nu v'aneyenu...

Avinu malkenu, choney-nu v'aneyenu,

ki eyn banu ma-asim...

(Our father, our king, graciously
answer us though we are undeserving...)

-- nu va-aneynu...

At the front, Drake wobbles. People start forward. He cocks the gun against the little girl's head. She's weeping silently.

DANNY

Drake, I'm right here....

Drake looks. Danny reaches out a hand. Drake points the .357 at him and FIRES, missing. A HAND grabs the little girl, pulls her to safety.

The room is nearly empty now, save Miriam, Carla, Stuart, a few others. The AVINU MALKENU can still be heard from the

hall....

ENRAGED MAN

(from the door)

Let them kill each other. They're animals.

ENRAGED WIFE

Barry, for God's sake...

Drake wobbles from loss of blood. Nearly drops the .357.

Danny glances at the clock: 7:30. What is it, another dud??

Drake FIRES again, hits Danny in the shoulder....

CARLA

Danny!

She runs forward. The shoulder hurts; he calls to the others....

DANNY

GET HER OUT OF HERE!

Miriam, others, grab Carla, pull Carla toward the door.

Drake comes toward Danny, trying to lift the .357 for the kill.

VOICES

Cha'nainu v'anainu, ki ain baw-nu
ma'ah-seem...

Danny grabs Drake's gun hand, forces it up in the air. The gun goes off. Plaster rains down on them.

Drake dies. Danny catches him under the arms.

He looks at the watch: 7:32. He relaxes.

VOICES

(fervent)

...Asey imanu tz'dakah va'chesed...
Asey imanu tz'dakah va'chesd, v'ho-
shi --

The instant before the prayer ends...it's cut off by a sudden silence. Then a FLASH of light...

The SCREEN GOES WHITE...

CARLA'S VOICE

Danny, no...

INT. STAIRCASE, YESHIVA -- DAY

Where we saw Danny leave the school as a 12-year-old. Now LOOKING DOWN, we see Danny as an adult, coming up them two at a time.

FOLLOWING DANNY as he races up. His old teacher, RAV ZINGESSER, appears on a landing above....

RAV ZINGESSER

Danny, good to see you...I wanted to take up that discussion we were having...

(as Danny hurries past)

...about Abraham and Isaac.

DANNY

I can't right now....

But as he nears the NEXT LANDING, there is Zingesser waiting for him again...

ZINGESSER

You remember what you said, that Isaac actually died on Mt. Moriah? I've been thinking maybe you're right... Died yet was reborn in olam ha-bah....

Danny goes past once more....

But now, LOOKING DOWN at Zingesser as he appears above Danny yet again. As Danny nears the landing...

ZINGESSER

Danny, stop...

(as Danny goes by,
calling after him)

...Where are you going?... Don't you know, there's nobody up there?

As Danny passes the camera we PAN to watch him still racing upward. beyond us into the darkness....

THE END

