

Remember

by

Benjamin A. August

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Serendipity Point Films
9 Price Street
Toronto, ON M4W 1Z1

(416) 960-0300

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"Because I remember, I despair. Because I remember, I have the duty to reject despair."

Elie Wiesel

1 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 1

ZEV, 90, opens his effervescent blue eyes with a shudder. He is drenched in sweat. He was having a bad dream. His eyes, a valley surrounded by deep mountainous wrinkles, attempt to adjust to the dim light. With an aged, deep voice, bearing thick traces of an Eastern European accent, the old man mutters a half question:

ZEV

Ruth?

Zev slowly turns his head to the right, expecting to find his wife. However, nobody is there.

He strains his eyes at the slightly creased pillow and tucked in sheet, trying to get a grasp on the situation.

After a moment, he sits up and stares ahead at a mirror. Instead of seeing his aged reflection though, he looks at a white sheet. This room has been prepared for sitting shiva - the Jewish tradition of mourning.

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 2

A PIANO takes up a quarter of the small room. Like in the bedroom, the mirrors are covered with white sheets.

PAULA, black, 40s, heavysset, Senegalese, knits a sweater on a worn-in, reclining chair.

ZEV (O.C.)

Where is my wife?

Paula is startled, but it is Zev -- standing timidly in the bedroom doorway -- who is afraid.

PAULA

Mr. Guttman! You can't be sneaking up on me like that!

ZEV

Where is my wife? Where is Ruth?

Paula stands with a truly sympathetic look on her face.

PAULA

I'm sorry, Mr. Guttman. Your wife passed away about a week ago.

Zev takes in this devastating information. Dead? A week ago? Zev takes a seat on the piano bench and begins to rub his forehead with his arthritic hands.

(MORE)

2

CONTINUED:

2

ZEV

Who are you?

PAULA

My name's Paula. I was Mrs. Guttman's nursing aide. Your family asked me to help out for another week or two.

ZEV

(meekly)

I'm ... a little confused.

PAULA

It's okay, Mr. Guttman. You've been through a lot the last week.

Paula gives Zev the most compassionate smile she can muster, despite this being a conversation she's probably had before. Zev looks around the apartment as if he's a visitor and not the tenant.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Let's get some breakfast. You've been feeling better after breakfast.

Paula approaches Zev and takes his hand. He's as lost as a little child who's been separated from his parents.

3

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

3

There are few places in the world as sterile as the hallways of a senior housing community. The olive green, diamond patterned carpet has been vacuumed every day. The fluorescent overhead lights are without a trace of dust. The flowers on wooden tables by the elevator banks are as fake as the lithographs hanging above them.

Zev and Paula exit the apartment. Zev walks with a slight shuffle but is more than able to get around by himself.

CELE, nonagenarian, walks toward Zev, pushing a walker with tennis balls attached to the bottom. She smiles at him as she gets closer.

CELE

Good morning, Zev.

ZEV

Good morning.

(MORE)

CELE

I hope you're not too hungry.
Breakfast is crummy as usual.

ZEV

That's okay. I'm not too hungry.

Cele continues her journey down the hallway. Zev gives her a second look. When Cele's out of earshot, Paula whispers:

PAULA

That's Cele. She was friends with
your wife.

ZEV

(irritated)
I know who she is.

Like most people suffering from dementia, it's very easy for Zev to become irritated and suffer mood swings.

Zev and Paula sit at a long rectangular table, eating breakfast. The eggs, toast and fruit are separated on a compartmentalized plastic dish on an orange plastic tray.

Most of the SENIORS in the cafeteria, like Zev, reside in the INDEPENDENT LIVING WING of the senior housing community. However, there are others who require full time CARETAKERS and reside in the ASSISTED LIVING WING.

MAX, a feeble old man in a wheelchair, is one such man. He gets pushed up to the table by his AIDE. Max is on the opposite side of the spectrum as Zev; his body has gone to hell but his brain is extremely acute. There's an oxygen tank attached to Max's wheelchair. The necessity of it is quickly apparent as he struggles to breathe as he talks.

MAX

Can you -- give us -- a minute?

Max, like Zev, enunciates every word when he speaks -- an indication that English is their second language.

PAULA

No problem, Max.

Zev shoots Paula an angry look with his piercing eyes.

ZEV

You don't need to tell me
everyone's name.

4

CONTINUED:

4

Paula and Max's aide gossip in their native tongue as they walk away. Max looks around to make sure the coast is clear.

MAX

Tonight is the last night --
sitting shiva for Ruth.

(long breath)

Do you remember -- what you said -
- you would do?

(long breath)

What you said -- you would do --
when Ruth died.

Zev thinks about it but comes up blank.

ZEV

No.

Zev shakes his head in frustration. Max gathers his breath.

MAX

It's okay.

(long breath)

I wrote everything down -- so you
could remember.

Max pats his jacket pocket, as if something is inside. He then starts to cough uncontrollably. His aide walks over and inserts the oxygen nose-clip into Max's nostrils.

MAX'S AIDE

Come on, Mr. Rosenbaum. Time for
a nap.

The aide takes Max away.

5

INT. ZEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

A MINYAN is gathered. It's a big crowd for a small apartment. ZEV'S CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, GREAT GRANDCHILDREN and FRIENDS are all present and being led through the prayers by a RABBI.

Zev wears black slacks, a white button down shirt and an old tweed professor's blazer with patches on the elbows. He is also the only one without their Siddur opened; this is not a man who believes in god.

The adults -- sans Zev -- recite KADDISH. They've all got the prayer committed to memory.

(MORE)

5

CONTINUED:

5

MINYAN

Yit'gadal v'yit'kadash sh'mei
 raba. B'al'ma di v'ra khir'utei.
 V'yam'likh mal'khutei
 B'chayeikhon uv'yomeikhon
 uv'chayei d'khol beit yis'ra'eil
 ba'agala uviz'man kariv v'im'ru.
 Amein...

6

INT. ZEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

The minyan is winding down. Family and friends finish their bagels and lox and say their goodbyes.

Zev sits on the couch, receiving words of condolence as people make their way out of the apartment. His GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER, 8, sits next to him.

Max gets wheeled up to the great granddaughter.

MAX

Do you know -- when that picture -
 - was taken?

Max shakily points at a BLACK AND WHITE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH of Zev and RUTH, 20, beautiful. The photo stands on an end table, amongst family portraits.

The great granddaughter shakes her head no. Max looks at Zev, who also doesn't seem to have a clue.

MAX (CONT'D)

That is from -- their wedding day
 -- in 1946.

GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER

Did you meet Nanny in Germany?

There's recognition in Zev's eyes.

ZEV

No. I met her in America. I met her
 at Coney Island.

The great granddaughter looks transfixed at the picture.

MAX

She was beautiful, -- wasn't she?
 (off her nod)
 Why don't you -- show the picture --
 to your brother?

(MORE)

6

CONTINUED:

6

The great granddaughter excitedly takes the picture and walks across the room to her brother ADAM, who stands next to their MOTHER and FATHER. Zev watches her cross the room with pride in his eyes.

GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER

Adam, look at this!

As soon as she's gone, Max slowly reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an envelope. Zev's name is written across it. Max's hands shake almost uncontrollably as he gives the envelope to Zev as slyly as possible. Zev looks at it, confused.

MAX

Now stand up -- tell everyone --
you're tired -- and go read it.

Zev follows Max's orders. He rises from the couch and announces to the room...

ZEV

I am tired. I am going to bed now.

CHARLES, 60s, Zev's son, approaches and gently helps his dad to the bedroom. It's only a small gesture but you can see how much he loves his father.

CHARLES

It's okay, Dad. It's been a long
week.

7

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

7

Zev sits down on the bed and stares at the envelope. He opens it and pulls out A STACK OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Even if he had control of all his faculties, he'd still be bewildered.

Zev then pulls out a TICKET and a THICK STAPLED LETTER, which he begins to read. He does not read it out loud but the power of the words are clear by the look on his face.

After a beat, he stands up and walks to his closet. He bends down and retrieves a small, black TOILETRY BAG...

8

INT. LIVING ROOM - 3:00 A.M.

8

Zev exits his bedroom, carrying only the toiletry bag.

(MORE)

8 CONTINUED: 8

He shuffles across the room and lets himself out the front door.

9 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

Zev walks down the dark, silent hallway.

10 INT. GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 10

Zev walks toward the lobby. As he gets closer, the glimmering light of security monitors rise from behind the front desk. However, the desk is vacated, with only a guard's jacket draped over an empty chair.

Zev walks past the desk, glances at the monitors and proceeds through the front doors, which gently slide open.

11 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 11

Zev stares into the pitch black parking lot. An early fall breeze blows, sending a slight chill down his spine. After a beat, a TAXI pulls up and Zev gets in.

12 INT. NEW JERSEY TAXI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 12

The TAXI DRIVER already knows where Zev is going...

TAXI DRIVER
Penn Station, right?

ZEV
Yes.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

Max peers through his bedroom window as the taxi takes off and disappears into the night.

13 INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 13

Max, wearing pajamas, sitting in his wheelchair, watches as the taillights fade away. After a beat...

SECURITY GUARD (O.C.)
Got it.

13

CONTINUED:

13

The bedroom door opens behind Max; kneeling there is the jacket-less SECURITY GUARD, holding a PUSH PIN. Max's aide hurries into the room with a glass of water.

MAX'S AIDE

I'm so sorry, Mr. Rosenbaum. I don't know how the door got locked.

MAX

It's okay.

Max turns from the window and looks at the security guard.

MAX (CONT'D)

Thank you.

14

EXT. ROUTE 495 - NIGHT

14

Zev stares out the window at the early morning New York City skyline -- a million lights glow across the Hudson. The taxi wraps around Route 495, toward The Lincoln Tunnel.

15

OMITTED

15

15

CONTINUED:

15

16

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

16

Zev shuffles his way to his train car. Other TRAVELERS -- and their bags -- make their way onboard.

The station puts Zev at *unease*. He's nervous. The sounds of trains coming and going and whistles piercing the air *echo inside his head*, building to a crescendo...

CONDUCTOR

49 Lake Shore Limited! Last call!

49 Lake Shore Limited! Last call!

Zev wipes off his sweaty forehead, gathers his courage, and steps onboard.

ANGLE FROM THE PLATFORM

We voyeuristically watch through the train's windows as Zev makes his way down the aisle and finds his assigned seat. He then takes out the letter and begins to read it again. After a beat, he removes a pen from his blazer and crosses something off the page.

17

INT. TRAIN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

17

TYLER, 12, shaggy hair, plops down in the seat next to Zev. He immediately looks out the window and waves at his MOTHER, late 30s.

ZEV

Is that your mother?

TYLER

Yeah.

ZEV

She's not coming with you?

TYLER

No. I'm going to see my dad.

(MORE)

ZEV

You're traveling alone?

TYLER

No, I'm with my brothers. They're sitting over there.

Tyler points across the aisle at his OLDER BROTHERS.

ZEV

I see.

TYLER

Are you going to Cleveland too?

ZEV

Yes.

TYLER

Why don't you fly? It's faster.

ZEV

I don't know.

TYLER

That's not a good reason.

Zev laughs for the first time. Mood swings.

ZEV

You're a real whipper snapper, aren't you? Why don't you fly to Cleveland?

TYLER

Three plane tickets is too expensive. That's what my mom and dad said.

ZEV

That is a good reason.

(beat)

I am not flying because my friend told me to take the train in the letter he wrote me.

Zev motions at the letter as he folds it up and places it in his blazer's inside pocket.

TYLER

See, that's a good reason.

(beat)

My name's Tyler.

17 CONTINUED:

17

ZEV

Nice to meet you, Tyler. My name's Zev.

TYLER

That's a strange name.

ZEV

It means "wolf" in Hebrew.

TYLER

Cool. I wish I had an animal name.

Zev smiles at Tyler as the train's engine begins to rumble.

18 INT. TRAIN - DAY - LATER

18

Tyler, wearing headphones, plays on a PSP.

Zev sits in his chair, reading the letter again. After finishing the last page, he folds it up and places it in his jacket pocket. He then stares out the window as the train rumbles along, parallel to a highway, watching as houses streak by. He takes it all in...

19 INT. JEWISH SENIOR HOUSING COMMUNITY - DAY

19

It's the shift change. The STAFF cross paths at the entrance, exchanging greetings.

20 INT. ZEV'S APARTMENT - DAY

20

Paula sits on the reclining chair, knitting her sweater; she's made considerable progress since yesterday morning. She checks her watch and then KNOCKS on Zev's bedroom door.

PAULA

Mr. Guttman, time to wake up.

(beat)

It's breakfast time.

Paula knocks again and then opens the door.

21 INT. ZEV'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

21

The room is empty.

PAULA

Mr. Guttman?

(MORE)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Paula looks in the bathroom.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Mr. Guttman?

22

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

22

The DIRECTOR, 50s, wearing a suit and tie, sits across from Charles and REBECCA, Zev's daughter-in-law. Charles stirs in his seat.

DIRECTOR

We've notified the police and they've issued a silver alert and a reverse 9-1-1 for the community. Our staff is doing all we can--

CHARLES

I don't understand how this could happen?

Charles stands and paces the room, anger percolating. Between the death of his mom and now this, it's a lot to deal with.

DIRECTOR

I can't tell you how sorry we are. We try our best to keep an eye on everybody but--

CHARLES

We pay you to do more than try your best.

REBECCA

Is there anything we can do to help?

CHARLES

Besides paying you to lose people?

DIRECTOR

Does your father have a credit card?

(off Rebecca's nod)

You can tell the company to call you if he uses it.

CHARLES

We'll get right on that.

The director takes a breath, ready to deliver even harder news.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR

Your mother's nursing aid told me
your dad's been very confused
recently.

(MORE)

(MORE)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

She said he's been having a hard time remembering people's names and what day of the week it is--

CHARLES

He has dementia. That's why we moved my parents here.

DIRECTOR

I understand that. However, your father's condition might be much further along than we thought. When seniors start to wander--

CHARLES

This is bullshit. You're just trying to cover yourself.

DIRECTOR

I know this isn't easy to hear but it's very common following the death of a spouse for more signs of neurocognitive disorders to emerge. Have you noticed that your father's been having mood swings? Or that he rarely plays the piano anymore?

This floats in the air. Rebecca turns to Charles.

REBECCA

I've noticed a few things, Charles. We were just so busy with your mom that I guess I dismissed them.

Charles sits back down, the truth weighing on him. He runs his hands through his hair.

CHARLES

Me too.

Rebecca reaches out and holds Charles's hand.

DIRECTOR

When we find your father we're going to need to reassess his living situation as he may require the more supervised environment of our assisted living wing.

Charles and Rebecca nod their understanding.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And let me assure you, we'll have him back here before you know it.

(MORE)

(MORE)

22

CONTINUED:

22

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

In these situations, people never
wander too far.

23

INT. TRAIN - DAY

23

Zev is fast asleep in his chair. Tyler sits next to him,
still playing on his PSP, as do his brothers across the
aisle.

The force of a train passing in the other direction SHAKES
the train and rattles the window. Zev wakes up with a
shudder, bathed in sweat.

ZEV

Ruth?

Zev, clearly confused, looks at Tyler.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Adam, where is your grandmother?

(beat)

Adam, where is your grandmother?

Tyler pauses his game and takes out one of his earphones.

TYLER

Were you talking to me, Zev?

ZEV

I asked where your grandmother
is.

TYLER

One is in New York. One is in
Ohio.

Tyler unpauses his game and begins to play again.

ZEV

Where is your sister?

TYLER

I don't have a sister.

ZEV

Stop playing with that thing and
answer me seriously!

Zev grabs the PSP from Tyler; Tyler's a little bit scared.

TYLER

Are you okay, Zev?

Zev looks around. He's just as scared as Tyler.

ZEV
(timidly)
Where are we?

TYLER
We're on a train.

The word "train" scares the hell out of Zev.

ZEV
To where?

TYLER
Cleveland.

ZEV
Cleveland?

TYLER
You're going to see your friend.

ZEV
What friend?

TYLER
The one who wrote you the letter
in your pocket.

Tyler points at Zev's pocket.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Can I have my PSP back?

Zev hands Tyler his PSP as he takes out the letter from his pocket and begins to read it. After a moment, a tear streams down his face...

ZEV
(to himself)
Ruth is dead.

That does it, Tyler is officially creeped out.

TYLER
Zev, I'm going to sit with my
brothers for a little bit.

Tyler gets up and goes across the aisle, lodging himself between his brothers. Zev pays him no attention as he continues to read the letter. After a beat, Zev takes out the pen and writes "Read Letter" on the outside of his left hand.

24 EXT. CLEVELAND LAKEFRONT STATION - DAY

24

Zev exits the station, carrying only his toiletry bag. He looks around, seemingly lost.

TYLER'S DAD (O.C.)

Excuse me.

Zev turns around and sees Tyler's Dad, Tyler and his two brothers.

ZEV

Yes?

TYLER'S DAD

My son said you were sitting next to him on the train and that you seemed a little confused.

ZEV

Yes, I'm sorry about that.

TYLER'S DAD

There's no need to apologize. We just want to make sure you're okay.

ZEV

Yes. Thank you. I'm okay. I appreciate your concern.

TYLER'S DAD

Do you need help getting somewhere?

ZEV

No. Someone is meeting me here. My friend said he will have a sign with my name.

TYLER'S DAD

Well, we'll help you find him. The taxi stand's over there.

The group walks together toward the TAXIES and sure enough, standing there is a DRIVER with a sign: "MR. GUTTMAN"

TYLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

Is your last name Guttman?

(MORE)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ZEV

Yes.

TYLER'S DAD

Looks like you're riding in style.

Tyler's dad gives Tyler a look, meaning everything's okay.

TYLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

Alright, guys, let's hit the
road!

TYLER

Bye, Zev!

ZEV

Goodbye.

25 INT. TOWN CAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

25

The driver helps Zev into the backseat and then gets into
the front.

DRIVER

I was told you've got two stops.

Zev looks at the letter for guidance.

ZEV

Yes, that is correct.

The driver turns on the car and takes off. Zev takes the
pen out of his pocket and crosses something off in the
letter.

26 OMITTED

26

27 EXT. MINI-MALL - DAY

27

The car pulls into the half empty parking lot of a run-of-the-
mill mini-mall.

28 INT. TOWN CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

28

The driver pulls up to a shop; we can't see what it is.

28

CONTINUED:

28

DRIVER

First stop.

The driver gets out of the car and opens Zev's door.

29

EXT. BUDDY'S G & A - DAY - CONTINUOUS

29

Zev exits the car and stands with the driver in front of BUDDY'S G & A (Guns and Ammo). Although this is suburbia, it blends in with the mattress store and Chinese restaurant it's squeezed between. Nobody bats an eye around here when someone wants a firearm.

Zev takes his toiletry bag and walks into the store.

30

INT. BUDDY'S G & A - DAY - CONTINUOUS

30

The GUN SHOP OWNER stands behind a counter, stacking cases of bullets. Inside the glass display case is every type of handgun on the market. On the wall are rifles of different calibers, some with scopes and some without.

The bell on the front door jingles and Zev walks in.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Evening.

ZEV

Good evening.

Zev shuffles his way to the counter.

GUN SHOP OWNER

How can I help you?

ZEV

My friend recommended your shop to me.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Well, tell your friend we appreciate the recommendation. What are you looking to pick up?

ZEV

Just something small.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Sure thing. Can I see your driver's license?

(MORE)

Zev reaches into his pants' pocket and pulls out his wallet. He removes his license, which we can't see, and hands it to the owner who begins to enter Zev's information into a database on his computer:

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
Beachwood. Nice town.

ZEV
Yes. But now we live closer to my son.

The owner continues to type and click on a mouse...

ZEV (CONT'D)
What are you doing with my license?

GUN SHOP OWNER
I'm entering your information into the FBI background check database.

ZEV
What do they look for?

GUN SHOP OWNER
A bunch of stuff. Whether you're a convicted felon. Been involved in a crime of violence. If you've been dishonorably discharged from the army. If you're mentally competent. If you've been convicted of more than one DUI within the last five years. If you're a fugitive or currently charged with a felony.

ZEV
A fugitive?

GUN SHOP OWNER
If you're running from the law.

Zev half grins.

ZEV
Do I look like I can run?

The owner submits the information online. A throbber appears on the screen and starts to circle, processing Zev's information in the NICS database.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Let me show you some of our smaller handguns.

The owner gives Zev the quick run down on guns, while pointing at them through the display case.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

We got everything from Sig Sauers to 1911's to Glocks to single actions to double actions.

(beat)

You know much about guns?

ZEV

No.

GUN SHOP OWNER

I would have guessed that but we get all types in here.

The owner pulls out a Smith & Wesson 22.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

A lot of beginners go with a 22. It's light. Easy to use. Very little recoil.

ZEV

That's what my friend suggested.

GUN SHOP OWNER

In my opinion though, you might as well buy a BB gun if you're gonna go with a 22. Frankly, it's just not gonna get the job done in an emergency. I'm not trying to give you the hard sell but for about five hundred more you could get something with real stopping power.

The owner takes out a GLOCK.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

This is a 9mm Glock 17.

ZEV

Glock? Is it German?

GUN SHOP OWNER

You're in the right neighborhood. It's manufactured in Austria.

(beat)

(MORE)

(MORE)

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

It's the most popular law enforcement pistol in the world. It's only got a little bit of recoil so it shouldn't hurt your hand but it'll definitely hurt an intruder.

The owner hands the gun to Zev. He stares at it, not knowing exactly what to do with it.

ANGLE FROM THE BACK OF THE STORE

We watch Zev from the end of an aisle of hunting gear.

ANGLE ON GUN SHOP OWNER

The owner glances at the computer. The throbber still spins.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

I'm definitely biased toward Glocks. I just gave one to my girlfriend for our anniversary.

ZEV

Is it easy to use?

GUN SHOP OWNER

Simple.

ZEV

Can you please write down the instructions for me?

GUN SHOP OWNER

Sure thing. I can show you how to use it too.

ZEV

That would be good. But please write it down for me. Sometimes I forget things.

GUN SHOP OWNER

We all do. That's no problem.

The owner looks at the computer screen. Zev's been approved by the NICS E-check system. It's that easy.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Alright, you're good to go. Are you a veteran?

Zev has to think about this for a second.

ZEV

No. Why?

GUN SHOP OWNER

We offer a veteran's discount.

31 INT. CLEVELAND HOLIDAY INN - LATE AFTERNOON 31

A CLERK, 40s, Indian, sits behind the desk, surfing the internet. Through the front glass doors we can see the town car pull up. Zev pays the driver with cash from the envelope and then gets out of the car.

After a beat, Zev enters the lobby with his toiletry bag and a Buddy's G & A shopping bag.

CLERK

Mr. Guttman?

ZEV

Yes. How did you know?

CLERK

Your friend called before and said you'd be arriving soon. Your room's all ready for you.

The clerk smiles and holds up the room key.

ZEV

How much do I owe?

CLERK

You can pay when you check-out. Oh, and I booked your taxi for the morning, like your friend asked.

ZEV

Thank you.

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 32

The room is quiet with only faint sounds of a neighboring room's television seeping through the walls. Slivers of neon light beam through the cracks in the curtain.

Zev lays on the bed, reading the letter. The empty box for the Glock and a case of BULLETS is opened next to him. The gun, fully loaded, sits on the bedside table.

The phone RINGS. Zev answers it.

ZEV

Hello?

(beat)

Yes, I'm okay. Thank you, Max.

(beat)

I will. Have a good night.

(MORE)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Zev hangs up the phone, folds the letter and places it under the Glock. He then stands and slowly begins to disrobe. In the room's half light, traces of his once impressive physique can be seen. He removes his shirt and pants, carefully folding them with military precision.

Besides his singlet and briefs, the only thing Zev wears is a wedding ring and a gold, Star of David necklace.

33 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

33

Zev enters the bathroom. He sits down on the toilet seat and looks around the room. His eyes lock on the SPRINKLER on the ceiling; something about it bothers him.

After a moment Zev shakes off the thought, puts down the drain in the tub and begins to draw a bath. As the water comes out, he lets out the slightest sigh of relief.

With his left arm, he reaches out to test the water's temperature revealing a small, crudely written, blue, CONCENTRATION CAMP TATTOO on his forearm. It reads: 98814

For survivors, a shower will always elicit fear, no matter how much time has passed.

34 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

34

Zev is sound asleep in the tub. If his skin wasn't wrinkled from age, it would be now from sleeping in the bath.

Zev's eyes open. He focuses on the white porcelain tub and tries to get his bearings. However, he doesn't know north from south in this unfamiliar bathroom.

ZEV

Ruth?

(beat)

Ruth?!

Silence.

35 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

35

In the darkness of the hotel room, Zev, who has a towel wrapped around his waist, is a silhouette, backlit by the fluorescent bathroom lights emanating from behind him.

(MORE)

ZEV

Ruth? Can you turn on the light?
I can't see. Ruth? Please.
Please, Ruth.

Silence.

Zev brushes up against the wall, looking for a light switch. After a few seconds of flickering, a light turns on. Zev looks around the room, completely at a loss. He sees the Glock on the bedside table. This is the last thing he expected to see.

He approaches the gun and carefully picks it up. He turns it over, examining it. He then notices the message on his left hand -- "Read Letter" -- and sees the envelope on the bed. He sits down, picks up the letter and begins to read. After a beat, a tear streams down his cheek.

He continues to read. After another moment he stops and LIFTS HIS LEFT ARM, examining his tattoo. He couldn't possibly forget about that, could he?

An OHIO TAXI pulls up to the front of a two story, post-war, raised ranch style house, covered by aluminum siding.

Zev exits the taxi and slowly shuffles up the driveway; under his arm he carries his toiletry bag, the only place his Glock could be.

The taxi waits in front.

Zev holds a black metal railing as he climbs the house's six front steps. As he gets closer, he can faintly hear the white noise of a VACUUM on the other side of the door. He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, which has the name "Rudy Kurlander" written on it with the address of where he's at.

Zev rings the bell. While he waits for somebody to answer, he studies the paper. After a beat, he rings the bell again. Finally the vacuuming stops and the front door opens. A CLEANING LADY, 20s, stands there, armed with a Hoover.

ZEV

Hello. Is Rudy Kurlander home?

CLEANING LADY

Yes. He's downstairs.

36

CONTINUED:

36

The cleaning lady motions toward the dark stairs as she holds the door open for Zev.

Zev steps inside and begins to walk down, into the darkness. After a few steps, the vacuum roars back to life behind him.

37

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

37

Zev takes a moment to look at some PICTURES ON THE WALL. He stares intensely at the OLD MAN in all of the photos.

The sound of a television, mixed with a loud, deep belly laugh can be heard from the end of the hallway. Zev grasps his toiletry bag under his arm and walks toward the noise. The television and laughter grow louder. Sweat starts to accumulate on Zev's forehead.

38

INT. TELEVISION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

38

A black and white episode of LAUREL AND HARDY plays on a plasma television. RUDY KURLANDER, 88, fat, sits on a worn-in couch, enthralled by the TV.

ZEV (O.C.)

Are you Rudy Kurlander?

Rudy looks over and sees Zev standing in the shadows, HOLDING THE GLOCK at his side. The light from the TV flickers on Zev's face.

RUDY

(composed)

Yes, I am Rudy Kurlander. Who are you?

Rudy speaks with a very thick Eastern European accent.

ZEV

Please turn off the TV.

Rudy turns off the TV. Without this light source, the room is draped in darkness except for the slivers of light peering through the blinds.

RUDY

Do I know you?

Zev is trying to figure that out.

ZEV

Please stand by the window.

(MORE)

RUDY

I am not going to do anything
until you tell me who you are and
why you're here.

ZEV

Let us not argue. Please, stand
by the window.

Obediently, Rudy pushes himself up off the couch. He picks
up his cane and walks five feet to the window.

RUDY

Now what?

ZEV

I need to see light on your face.

Rudy moves a few blinds to the side. A shard of bright
light illuminates his eyes. He squints as the sunshine
irritates his cataracts.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Turn your head.

RUDY

Who are you?!

ZEV

Please, do not yell.

(beat)

Do as I say. Turn your head.

Rudy turns his head, staring through the blinds at the
Yellow Birches in the backyard. Zev studies the old man's
profile.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Are you German?

After a moment.

RUDY

Ja. Sind Sie Deutscher?

Subtitle: "Yes. Are you German?"

ZEV

Yes.

Rudy talks more confidently in his native tongue. Zev understands the German but continues to speak in English.

ZEV (CONT'D)

How old are you?

RUDY

Achtundachtzig.

Subtitle: "Eighty eight."

ZEV

Were you in the German army?

(off Rudy's nod)

What did you do?

RUDY

Das liegt in der Vergangenheit.

Subtitle: "It's in the past."

Zev shakes his head, irritated.

ZEV

Please speak in English. I don't like German. What did you do?

RUDY

It was almost seventy years ago. I was very young.

ZEV

Answer the question.

Rudy lets this process.

RUDY

Are you a Jew?

ZEV

Yes.

(beat)

Were you at Auschwitz?

RUDY

No.

ZEV

We are too old for lies so please do not.

RUDY

I am not lying.

(beat)

(MORE)

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)

I did not know about Auschwitz
until after the war.

(beat)

I was in North Africa.

ZEV

North Africa?

RUDY

I was with the Desert Fox. I was
with Rommel.

Zev tries to wrap his head around this.

ZEV

Do you have proof?

RUDY

Yes. Over there.

Rudy points at the bar on the side of the room.

ZEV

Show it to me.

Rudy walks behind the bar and, using his cane as a brace,
slowly gets down on his knees -- this is not an easy task
for an old man.

RUDY

When I became a U.S. citizen, the
immigration officer asked me if I
had ever associated with the Nazi
government of Germany or if I
worked at a concentration camp.

(beat)

I told the officer what I'll tell
you. Yes, I served for my country.
I was a soldier. I was a proud
German and that's what the men did.
I'm still proud of my service.

Rudy removes some photo albums from a drawer behind the
bar.

RUDY (CONT'D)

As far as the Jews. I did not care
about the Jews. I thought Hitler
was right. They caused many
problems for the country. However,
I was in North Africa. I thought we
were deporting them or putting them
in work camps...not what they did.

(beat)

(MORE)

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)

That was shameful. But that was not me.

Rudy finally pulls out a weathered album and takes it back to the couch. He then motions for Zev to sit next to him.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Please.

Zev sits down, still clutching the Glock.

Rudy opens the album which has its fair share of dust on it. The pictures inside are sepia toned and frayed at the edges. There's also a few ribbons and medals tucked into the pages. Rudy turns to a picture of his TANK UNIT in Libya and points at A MAN WEARING A KNIGHT'S CROSS around his neck...

RUDY (CONT'D)

That's Rommel.

A proud smile forms on Rudy's face.

RUDY (CONT'D)

History remembers the winners.
Eisenhower, Patton, Montgomery...
(shakes his head,
dismissive)
Rommel was the genius.

A memory flashes across Rudy's face.

RUDY (CONT'D)

One time my division was taking a rest, cleaning the tanks' air filters from the sand and drinking our precious water when we saw Rommel's Storch flying right at us. All of a sudden something dropped from the sky and knocked my canteen right out of my hand, spilling my water. It was a note, wrapped around a rock. I opened it and it said, "If you don't move on at once I shall come down!" And he signed it -- Rommel. So we got back in our tanks and moved on.

(beat)

Nobody could lead like him.

Rudy wipes drool off his lips with the back of his hand.

ZEV

Can I have a glass of water?

38

CONTINUED:

38

Rudy nods and closes the photo album.

RUDY

I can use one too.

39

INT. MAX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

39

Max sits in his wheelchair, staring out the window at the front parking lot. The phone RINGS and Max shakily picks it up and holds it to his ear.

MAX

Hello?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

Is this Max?

MAX

Yes.

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

This is Zev.

MAX

I know.

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

I am in Ohio.

(beat)

It was not him.

Max takes a few deep breaths through his oxygen nose-clips.

MAX

Are you sure?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

Yes.

MAX

Then you must go on.

(deep breath)

You must find him.

(deep breath)

(MORE)

(MORE)

39

CONTINUED:

39

MAX (CONT'D)

You must -- do what -- you said you would.

40

INT. BUS - DAY

40

Zev sits on a charter bus, staring out the window. He takes in the passing cars, rest stops, speed traps and motorcyclists as the bus travels through Ohio and Michigan.

41

EXT. SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN - DAY

41

The bus slows down and merges with other vehicles into a single lane.

42

INT. BUS/SOO BRIDGE - DAY

42

Zev puts down the letter -- which he's reading for the hundredth time -- and watches in awe as the bus crosses the SAULT STE. MARIE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE over St. Mary's River.

It doesn't take long for the bus to reach the dividing line between America and Canada; the point is marked by each nation's flag, waving in the wind.

ANGLE FROM THE ROW BEHIND ZEV

Through the crack between the chairs, we see Zev begin to reread the letter. After a beat, he takes off his blazer and carefully folds it.

43

INT. CANADIAN CUSTOMS - DAY

43

TRAVELERS stand in line, slowly going through customs. The process is orderly. There's a system. The people are compliant, simply doing as they're told.

Despite not wearing his blazer, Zev's sweating. He's nervous. His eyes dart back and forth from one red maple leaf to another. They seem to be everywhere. There's flags hanging from poles, patches on CBSA OFFICERS's uniforms, decals on the walls. The pageantry has him on edge.

OFFICER (ON P.A. SYSTEM)

Please have your documents ready.

(MORE)

Zev's eyes shoot up to the speakers on the wall. He wipes the sweat from his brow and clutches his toiletry bag; we know what's in there.

A CBSA AGENT walks by with a GERMAN SHEPHERD on a leash. Instinctively, Zev steps back. *He's scared of dogs.*

CBSA OFFICER

Declaration card.

(beat)

Sir, can I have your declaration card?

Zev looks up and sees CBSA OFFICER. He opens his toiletry bag and pulls out the letter and his DECLARATION CARD. He hands the declaration card to the officer, who peruses it, making sure it's filled in properly.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)

What's the purpose of your trip?

ZEV

I am visiting a friend.

Thousands of people pass through this border crossing every day, so these questions are rote for the officer.

CBSA OFFICER

What's your friend's name?

ZEV

Rudy Kurlander.

CBSA OFFICER

Where does he live?

Zev looks at the letter for the answer but butchers the pronunciation.

ZEV

Foyer Des Pionniers--

CBSA OFFICER

Can I see that?

The officer holds out his hand for the letter. Zev acquiesces, slowly placing it right in his palm. The officer skims over the page.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)
(in perfect French)
Foyer Des Pionniers Nursing Home.

The officer continues to look over the letter for the answer to his next question.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)
And you'll be staying at the
Queen's Motel in Hearst, Ontario?

ZEV
Yes.

The officer hands Zev back the letter.

CBSA OFFICER
How long will you be in Canada?

ZEV
A couple nights.

The officer signs off on the card.

CBSA OFFICER
Passport.

Zev reaches into the toiletry bag and pulls out his passport. He hands it to the officer who looks it over; it only takes a moment for his expression to change.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sir, your passport's expired.

ZEV
It is?

CBSA OFFICER
It expired in 2002.
(beat)
Do you have a driver's license?

ZEV
Yes. Yes of course.

Zev reaches into his toiletry bag again but can't find what he's looking for. He dumps out the contents: toothbrush, toothpaste and razor. No gun.

43

CONTINUED:

43

The people waiting behind Zev grow impatient as Zev pats his pants' pockets and finally pulls his WALLET out.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Here it is.

Zev opens his wallet and hands his license to the officer.

CBSA OFFICER

Hold on a second.

The officer stands up and walks over to his SUPERVISOR. The men huddle and steal glances toward Zev. After a long, tense few moments, the officer returns.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)

Alright, you're good to go. But, sir, renew your passport.

ZEV

I didn't think I'd need to at my age.

The two exchange smiles.

CBSA OFFICER

Have fun with your friend.

Zev thanks him and walks toward the exit.

CBSA OFFICER (CONT'D)

(to the next traveler)

Declaration card.

44

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

44

Zev gets back on the bus, holding the letter, and walks down the aisle. He finds his seat which is marked with his folded blazer. As discreetly as he can, he removes the Glock from the blazer and places it back in the toiletry bag.

45

EXT. FOYER DES PIONNIERS NURSING HOME - DAY

45

A brick nursing home sits in the middle of a small, picturesque campus. Sprinklers water the shrubs and flower arrangements.

An ONTARIO TAXI pulls up to the front doors. Zev gets out of the backseat, holding his toiletry bag.

46 INT. FOYER DES PIONNIERS - LOBBY - DAY 46

Zev shuffles up to a few NURSES at the front desk.

ZEV

Excuse me.

NURSE

How can I help you, sir?

ZEV

Can you tell me which room Rudy
Kurlander is in?

The nurse looks at a chart and scans for Kurlander's name.

NURSE

Kurlander. Yes, Kurlander. He's
in room 238. Just go down this
hallway and take the elevators at
the end. When you exit the
elevator make a left and then
your first right. 238 will be on
your left.

Zev stares at the nurse -- blanks in his eye.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Did you get that?

Zev shakes his head.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Why don't I just show you where
your friend's room is?

47 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 47

Zev walks down the hallway with the nurse. Between the white walls, the shiny tiled floor, the fluorescent lights, the nurses' uniforms, and the sunshine pouring in through the windows, this place couldn't be brighter. Zev's black toiletry bag is the darkest object, drawing all eyes to it.

48 INT. ROOM 238 - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 48

Standing in the doorway, the nurse motions for Zev to go inside. Zev gives her a thankful nod and then watches as she disappears down the hall. After wiping away some sweat on his forehead, Zev enters the room.

(MORE)

There are TWO MEN lying in separate beds. Both look like they're at the end of life. Zev approaches the first.

ZEV

Are you Rudy Kurlander?

The man stares at Zev, confused. Zev speaks louder.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Are you Rudy Kurlander?

The man shakes his head; it could be a yes or a no.

RUDY KURLANDER #2 (O.C.)

(barely a whisper)

Here.

Zev looks at the other bed where RUDY KURLANDER #2, 90s, skin and bones, motions with his shaky pointer finger for Zev to come closer.

Zev grabs the bunched up curtain next to the wall and glides it along the ceiling track, dividing the room.

ZEV

You are Rudy Kurlander?

Rudy Kurlander #2 gives a barely perceptible nod. To say he is weak would be a gigantic understatement; this man is alive on pure will.

Zev firmly takes Rudy's face in his hands and studies his features. Rudy's eyes are bloodshot and glassy; his cataracts have rendered him practically blind. His cheek bones nearly protrude through his skin. His head is covered in coarse wisps of hair. In a word, he is HELPLESS.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Are you German?

RUDY KURLANDER #2

Yes.

ZEV

Were you at Auschwitz?

Rudy takes a deep breath, disturbed by the question.

RUDY KURLANDER #2

Yes.

Rudy's eyes start to well up.

ZEV

I was in Auschwitz.

(beat)

My whole family was murdered in
Auschwitz.

RUDY KURLANDER #2

I'm sorry.

ZEV

You are sorry?

Rudy nods, sincerely.

ZEV (CONT'D)

What you did is not something you
can apologize for.

Zev opens his toiletry bag and takes out the Glock.

ZEV (CONT'D)

I swore I would kill the man
responsible for the death of my
family.

Zev puts the gun up to Rudy's head and fingers the trigger.

With all his strength, Rudy lifts his left arm over his
face to show his blue CONCENTRATION CAMP NUMBER TATTOO.

Zev puts down the gun.

ZEV (CONT'D)

You are not a Nazi?

Rudy shakes his head and whispers:

RUDY KURLANDER #2

Homosexual.

Zev processes this. He was about to kill a victim, not a
monster.

ZEV

I am sorry.

Zev starts to cry and buries his head in Rudy's chest.

ZEV (CONT'D)

I am sorry. I am so sorry.

Rudy's fingers find Zev's head and gently strokes his hair.

48

CONTINUED:

48

RUDY KURLANDER #2

I understand.

49

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

49

Zev shuffles down the hallway. A PIANO plays in the background. Zev's ear picks up the music and he changes course...

50

INT. FOYER DES PIONNIERS - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An OLD WOMAN plays the piano by herself. Her fingers glide over the keys with the ease of decades of practice.

Zev sits on the bench next to the woman and watches with admiration. The woman pays Zev no heed until she finishes her concerto.

ZEV

Moszkowski.

OLD WOMAN

You know Moszkowski? Nobody knows Moszkowski anymore.

ZEV

My piano teacher used to say that the three greatest composers were Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Moszkowski.

(laughs to himself)

But he was biased. He was a Jew.

Amazing that Zev can remember something so specific from his youth but he can't remember what he ate for dinner the night before.

OLD WOMAN

Do you still play?

Zev thinks this over for a second.

ZEV

I'm not sure.

OLD WOMAN

Well, why don't you give it a try?

The woman slides over, allowing Zev to take the middle of the bench. He flexes his arthritic fingers, closes his eyes and visualizes his music catalogue. He then slowly begins to play Moszkowski's *Piano Concerto, Second Movement*.

(MORE)

50

CONTINUED:

50

ANGLE FROM DOORWAY

We watch as Zev feels his way through the music.

ANGLE ON ZEV

Zev plays the piece carefully but accurately. The woman's head begins to lightly sway with the music. They've both been transported to another place and time.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

(beat)

Very beautiful.

Zev's fingers dance across the keys. His soul is waltzing.

51

EXT. TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY - DAY

51

A bus cruises west on the Trans-Canada Highway through Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta...

52

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

52

Zev changes buses, guided by the letter.

53

INT. BUS - DAY - LATER

53

Zev stares out the window, taking in the beauty of the north. He watches FARMERS on tractors, COWS pasturing and valleys turning into mountain ranges.

54

EXT. COUTTS, CANADA - BORDER CROSSING - DAY - LATER

54

The bus joins the traffic at the Coutts-Sweetgrass border. Through the window we can see Zev taking off his blazer. It worked once, it'll work again.

55

EXT. INTERSTATE 15 SOUTH - DAY - LATER

55

The bus travels south through Montana, passing Great Falls, Helena and Butte...

56

INT. BUS - DAY - LATER

56

Zev reads the letter for the thousandth time. After a beat, he glances out the window at COWBOYS riding BRONCOS.

57 EXT. INTERSTATE 15 SOUTH - DAY - LATER 57

The bus passes in the foreground, a minute spec set against the ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

58 INT. BOISE HOLIDAY INN - DAY 58

Zev enters the hotel lobby. The RECEPTIONIST, cheerful on the verge of annoyance, gives a big warm smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi! Welcome to Boise.

ZEV

Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have a reservation?

ZEV

Yes. The last name is Guttman. G-U-T-T-M-A-N.

The receptionist types in Zev's name.

RECEPTIONIST

Queen bed, non smoking. And I have a note here that you'll be needing a taxi tomorrow at 8 A.M.

ZEV

Yes. That is right.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, our complimentary breakfast starts at 6 A.M. so, if you want to fill up before you hit the road, we'll have plenty to eat.

The receptionist hands Zev his room key.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

If there's anything else we can do for you, please let us know.

ZEV

There is one thing.

(slightly embarrassed)

I forgot to pack extra clothes.

The receptionist smiles at Zev.

(MORE)

58

CONTINUED:

58

RECEPTIONIST

We can help you out with that. Our downtown shuttle leaves every hour on the hour and makes a stop at the mall on North Milwaukee street. I'm sure you can find whatever you need there.

59

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY - LATER

59

Zev, still holding his toiletry bag, stands at the intersection of two perpendicular, glimmering white aisles; viewed from above it would look like he was the nail in the center of a large, shiny crucifix.

He looks around, trying to navigate the store. He begins to walk forward, following the aisle like a runway. He passes the automotive section, then appliances, then wanders through women's lingerie and into electronics where he approaches a KEYBOARD and gently brushes his fingers over the keys...

60

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY - LATER

60

Zev stands in the men's clothing section, looking at button down shirts. A WORKER, 20s, eager to help, approaches.

WORKER

Can I help you find anything?

ZEV

I'm looking for a new shirt.

WORKER

Well, we're having a great sale on short-sleeve button downs. Want me to show you?

ZEV

Yes. Thank you.

The worker leads Zev to the sales rack.

WORKER

You can always get the best deals at the end of the season.

The worker gives Zev a big, friendly smile.

61 INT. DEPARTMENT - CHECK OUT - DAY - LATER 61

A BLACK SHORT-SLEEVE BUTTON DOWN SHIRT, KHAKI PANTS, a pack of WHITE BRIEFS and SOCKS slowly travel down a CASHIER'S conveyor belt.

62 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 62

Zev exits the store, holding a PLASTIC BAG. As he passes the magnetic anti-shoplifting detectors, the ALARM SOUNDS. Zev pays it no heed and continues to walk through the automatic sliding doors. He only gets a few feet outside before a SECURITY GUARD, 30s, overweight, catches up to him.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, sir. You set off the alarm. I need to check your bag.

ZEV

Do I look like a thief?

SECURITY GUARD

It's not my job to say who does and doesn't look like a shoplifter. It's just my job to check anyone who sets off the alarm.

The security guard looks into the bag, pulls out the receipt and verifies the purchases. He then finds a SECURITY TAG on Zev's new shirt...

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

There's the culprit.

The security guard uses a tool to take off the tag.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(re: toiletry bag)

I'm still gonna need to look in your other bag too, sir.

ZEV

It just has my toiletries.

SECURITY GUARD

Then it won't be a problem.

Zev opens the toiletry bag. The security guard looks inside and sees the Glock. He looks at Zev quizzically.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Is that a Glock?

(MORE)

Zev sheepishly nods, ready for a problem.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

That brings back memories. That was
my first gun.

62

CONTINUED:

62

ZEV

I'm sorry for bringing it into the store.

SECURITY GUARD

No need to apologize. You can never be too careful these days.

The security guard zippers the bag closed for Zev.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

The security guard smiles at Zev and heads back into the store. Zev lets out a deep exhale and then walks toward the Holiday Inn complimentary shuttle van.

63

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

63

Charles sits in front of his computer, talking on the phone. He's tired and frustrated.

CHARLES

I've been on hold for fifteen minutes.

(beat)

Like I said to the last person who put me on hold, I'm looking for my father. He's 90-years-old and he went wandering a few days ago. Has anyone been brought into the hospital--

(beat)

I've already called the police.

64

INT. BOISE HOLIDAY INN - RESTAURANT - MORNING

64

Some HOTEL GUESTS pile breakfast food onto their white ceramic plates while others wait for their bread/bagel/muffin to finish its journey on a large toaster conveyor belt.

Some other guests sit at tables reading the newspaper, typing on their laptop or prepping for a work meeting.

TWO KIDS, full of energy, run around playing tag. Their FATHER tries to wrangle them in but it's hopeless.

Zev sits at a table, wearing his new clothing, eating toasted rye bread and drinking coffee. He reads the letter, which rests on the table.

(MORE)

A WAITER walks around, refilling coffee mugs. He approaches Zev...

WAITER

Would you like a refill?

ZEV

Yes. Thank you.

WAITER

You're very welcome.

The waiter starts to pour the coffee in Zev's mug.

ZEV

Can you tell me how far Bruneau is from here?

WAITER

I've never actually been to Bruneau but it's in Owyhee county so I'd say it should probably take you about thirty, forty minutes or so.

(beat)

Watcha doing in Bruneau?

ZEV

I'm going to see someone.

WAITER

Well, I hope you have a nice trip. I heard it's beautiful country down there -- jeez!

The two kids playing tag run by and BUMP the waiter, who accidentally SPILLS SOME COFFEE ON THE TABLE -- THERE'S A SMALL PUDDLE OF COFFEE ON ZEV'S LETTER!

WAITER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry! I got coffee on your letter.

The waiter takes a napkin and tries to soak up the spill, making it worse.

ZEV

Oh Gott. Oh Gott. Please be careful!!! You are ruining my letter!!!

Everyone turns to Zev who is shouting, causing a scene.

64

CONTINUED:

64

ZEV (CONT'D)

This letter is very important!!!

WAITER

I'm sorry. It was an accident.

ZEV

Stop! Stop! Let me do it. You
are ruining it!

Zev sponges up the coffee and does the best he can to save
the letter.

65

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

65

Zev blow-dries the paper; there's coffee stains on the pages
but all the information is still legible. There's just a line
or two that's *smear*ed and a little difficult to read.

66

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

66

Zev sits down at the small desk and, using his pen, traces
over the words that have been smeared. He does this with the
steady hand and detail of a forger. He reads aloud, word by
word, as he traces:

ZEV

Besides - me - you - are - the -
only - person - who - could -
still...

Zev takes a quick break and flexes his arthritic hand.

ZEV (CONT'D)

- recognize - the - face - of - the
- man - who - murdered - our -
families.

67

OMITTED

67

(MORE)

67

CONTINUED:

67

68

EXT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S HOUSE - BRUNEAU, IDAHO - DAY

68

The taxi pulls into the driveway of a run-down house. The paint is chipped, the grass is overgrown and giant piles of dog shit are scattered in the front yard like land mines. The house is on the outskirts of town with no neighbors in sight.

Zev gets out of the taxi and walks to the front door, carrying the plastic bag with his old clothes and toiletry bag inside of it. Before he rings the bell, a DOG STARTS BARKING. This isn't the cute woofs of a poodle but the howls of something big and mean. The killer dog claws at the front door from the inside. This scares Zev, who stumbles a few steps back.

After a moment, Zev builds up his nerve and rings the doorbell. There's no answer except for louder barking and more agitated clawing.

Zev stares at the door as the TAXI DRIVER walks up behind.

TAXI DRIVER

Nobody's home?

Zev turns around and looks at the driver.

ZEV

No.

TAXI DRIVER

Want me to take you somewhere else?

ZEV

No. I will wait.

TAXI DRIVER

I know I'm supposed to stick around but I got a couple other pick-ups this morning.

The driver pulls a business card out of his wallet.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Give me a call when you want me to get you.

(motions at the house)

Or maybe your buddy can drive you back.

(MORE)

ZEV

How much do I owe you?

TAXI DRIVER

Sixty.

Zev opens the envelope and pays the driver, including a tip.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Thanks. Just call me if you need a ride later.

The taxi driver walks back to his car and takes off. With nothing else to do, Zev takes a seat on the front steps and waits.

The sun blares down and fall's winds blow, unhindered by the open dunes.

Zev continues to sit on the front steps, reading the letter and staring at the occasional car that passes in this not-so-trafficked neighborhood. The handwritten message on his hand -- "Read Letter" -- is beginning to fade.

A NORTHWEST COURIERS TRUCK pulls up in front of the house. The COURIER hops out, carrying a small BOX, dodges the dog shit and approaches the front door.

COURIER

'Morning.

ZEV

Good morning.

The courier drops off the box by the front door. The dog, agitated, woofs and scrapes from the inside...

COURIER

(to the dog)

'Morning to you too, sweetie.

The courier then walks back across the dung covered front grass, gets into his truck and pulls away.

When the truck is out of site, Zev stands up and checks out the box. He scans for the addressee - J. Kurlander - and gets verification he's at the right place.

69 CONTINUED:

69

With nothing but time to kill, Zev sits back down on the porch, once again angering the canine.

70 INT. MAX'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

70

Max sits in his wheelchair, oxygen clips in his nostrils, half watching CNN and half watching the telephone. His aide sits on the couch, a few feet away, reading a book.

MAX'S AIDE

It's dinner time, Mr. Rosenbaum.

MAX

Bring me back -- some food.

MAX'S AIDE

Are you sure? You haven't been out of the apartment all day.

MAX

Yes.

The aide shrugs it off and heads out of the room. Max doesn't want to leave the phone.

71 EXT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

71

Zev watches the sunset over the Bruneau Sand Dunes when a blue SUV, sirens on the roof, pulls into the driveway. An official Idaho state logo decal is on the front doors and "STATE POLICE" is printed above the front tires.

JOHN KURLANDER, 50s, slightly overweight, steps out of the SUV wearing his State Trooper uniform, including his campaign style hat.

John nearly makes it all the way up to his front door before he sees Zev.

JOHN

Can I help you with something?

Zev licks his lips, his mouth is completely dried out. He hasn't had a drink since breakfast.

ZEV

I'm looking for Rudy Kurlander.

JOHN

You came to the right place but you're a little late.

(MORE)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

My old man passed away about
three months ago.

Zev attempts to process this information.

ZEV

I didn't know.

JOHN

You been waiting here long?

ZEV

All day.

John can hear the parchedness of Zev's voice.

JOHN

You want a drink?

ZEV

A drink would be good.

JOHN

Come on in. I could use another
drink myself. What do you want?
Beer? Water? Whiskey?

ZEV

Water, please.

John sees the box by the front door. He picks it up, opens
the front door and is greeted by his large GERMAN SHEPHERD.

JOHN

Did Eva miss her daddy?

John bends down and pets the slobbering dog. The screen
door closes behind him, with Zev still on the outside.

ZEV

I am very scared of dogs.

JOHN

Don't worry, Eva's all bark and
no bite.

ZEV

I'm sure that's true but I'm very
scared.

JOHN
Okay, no problem.
(to the dog)
Sorry babe, we got company.

John hangs his campaign hat on a hook, revealing a nearly bald head. He then leads the dog into a back bedroom.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(calls back)
Come on in. There's nothing to be
scared of now.

Zev enters the house which is barren. There's not much for furniture except an old couch, some reclining chairs and a relatively archaic television set. This is the house of someone who doesn't spend much time at home.

There's a couple of pictures on the wall, which draw Zev's attention. He approaches a photo and stares at RUDY KURLANDER #3, who stands with John and a TEENAGE BOY.

JOHN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
That's from my kid's high school
graduation. Dad loved that
picture.
(beat)
Here's your water.

John hands Zev a glass of water; he's got a tumbler of WHISKEY himself. Zev takes the glass and downs it.

ZEV
When was that photo taken? Your
father looks quite young.

John makes himself comfortable by taking off his gun belt and placing it on the TV. He also untucks and unbuttons his uniform top, revealing the front of a sweat stained undershirt.

JOHN
'97. My dad aged well. He always
said that was one of the
Kurlander's good genes.

Zev finishes his water.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(laughing to himself)
Looks like you were thirstier
than Eva.
(beat)
You want another?

ZEV

Please. And then I promise not to bother you for long.

John takes the cup and heads to the kitchen.

JOHN

It's no bother at all. Stay as long as you'd like.

Zev stares at the photo again, deep in thought.

ZEV

(to himself)
1997.

JOHN (O.C.)

Ever since dad died it's been pretty lonely out here. You know, I'm out driving around all day, doing my rounds, with nothing but the radio and the occasional dispatch.

*

John returns with more water for Zev and more whiskey for himself; he's a functional alcoholic.

Zev takes a seat on the couch and places the plastic bag down next to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's nice to have someone to talk to when I get home. Eva's great and all but she's not much for conversation.

ZEV

You're not married?

JOHN

Was twice. The first one took my house, the second one left before the quarry takes this one. That was, hell, about seven years ago already. I wouldn't mind getting another but Bruneau ain't exactly the best singles scene...

(laughs)

...and I ain't exactly the best single.

*

*

*

Zev takes a sip of water.

71

CONTINUED:

71

ZEV

Did your father ever talk to you
about Germany?

JOHN

You kidding? He couldn't stop
talking about Germany.

John takes off his boots.

ZEV

Did he talk to you about the war?

JOHN

Of course.
(beat)
You know he was a collector,
right?

Zev shakes his head. He doesn't know anything.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've still got a bunch of stuff
in his room. You want to see?

Zev nods yes and is lead down the hall by John.

72

INT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

72

John and Zev walk into the dark room.

JOHN

Be careful, there's some boxes on
the floor. Let me just flip on
the lamp.

The bedside lamp turns on, dimly lighting the room.
However, despite the light, one couldn't miss the framed
NAZI FLAG on the wall. Zev stares at the flag, heart
starting to race...

JOHN (CONT'D)

That was dad's pride and joy. The
dealer he bought it from swore it
was flying in Berlin on November
9, 1938.

ZEV

Kristallnacht.

John smiles.

(MORE)

JOHN

Dad always used to say how that flag got to witness the beginning of history.

They both mull this over for very different reasons.

ZEV

What is in the boxes?

JOHN

A bunch of dad's other prize pieces. I sold most of the collection already but these are the things he was sentimental about. I haven't been able to let myself get rid of 'em.

(beat)

You're welcome to take a look.

ZEV

Thank you.

John smiles at Zev. He wants him to look; he wants to show them off. Zev sits down on the bed and opens a box. John proudly watches as Zev removes an Iron Cross and an old weathered copy of *Mein Kampf*.

JOHN

That's a first printing. I had a guy offer me six grand for it but I couldn't part with it.

(beat)

I guess I'm just as sentimental as my old man.

Eva starts to bark in the background.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go ahead and check out whatever you want. I'm gonna give Eva her dinner.

John walks down the hallway, leaving Zev alone with the collection.

Zev slowly removes a few more articles, taking each one in: a Walther P38, a framed map and a black and white candid photo of HIMMLER at his desk.

After staring at the photo for a minute, Zev removes the final article: A WELL PRESSED SS UNIFORM. Zev holds the uniform by a hanger; his hand shakes uncontrollably. His eyes narrow at the haunting memories.

(MORE)

JOHN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Priceless, right?

Zev, startled, looks up and sees John in the doorway. He nods confirmation to John's question.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I know I shouldn't have it stuffed
in a box. My dad would never
forgive me.

John takes the uniform and hooks the hanger on a nail, just above a mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You want another drink?

ZEV
Yes. That would be good.

JOHN
More water or something a little
stronger?

ZEV
Maybe something stronger.

JOHN
Now you're speaking my language.
(beat)
Let's go back in the living room.
This ain't exactly the most
cheery room to talk in.

Zev stands up and catches his reflection in the mirror. With a small gap between the top of the uniform and mirror, it look as if he were wearing the uniform. After the briefest of moments, he follows John down the hallway.

Zev sits back down on the couch, next to the plastic bag. His mind is racing. Is the man he's trying to kill already dead?

John walks back in with another tumbler and a half empty bottle of whiskey. He gives the tumbler to Zev and fills up both their glasses.

JOHN
To Dad.

John taps Zev's glass with his own. Zev doesn't know whether to drink after this cheers.

He processes some inner thought -- probably damning the soul of the man -- and then sips his drink.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know, my father was there that night.

ZEV

What night?

JOHN

Kristallnacht.

(beat)

He told me he used a hammer to bust a bunch of jewelry shop windows. He ever tell you that story?

Zev shakes his head no and sips the whiskey. John takes a big sip himself, starting to get buzzed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's too bad you didn't come here before dad died. Every once in a while he'd have some old buddies come over and they'd tell stories all night long. He loved to talk about the old days.

(beat)

You okay? You're sweating.

ZEV

I feel a little hot.

JOHN

Take off your jacket. Make yourself comfortable.

Zev takes off his jacket. With his new short sleeved shirt on, HIS BLUE NUMBER TATTOO IS VISIBLE. However, John doesn't see it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're also more than welcome to stay here tonight if you don't mind sleeping in dad's old bed.

ZEV

Thank you but I will leave soon.

JOHN

Well, the offer's on the table. A friend of my dad's is a friend of mine.

John finishes his tumbler and refills his glass.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Did you serve with my old man?

ZEV

No.

JOHN

How'd you know him?

Zev contemplates his answer and then responds with the truth.

ZEV

I knew him from Auschwitz.

John freezes for a second and stares at Zev. A thousand thoughts run through his head...

...until he starts laughing.

JOHN

Yeah, right. My dad wished he served at Auschwitz.

(laughing)

You knew him from Auschwitz! Holy shit! That's too funny!

Zev's confused -- not because of the dementia but because of the information John is saying.

ZEV

Your father was not at Auschwitz?

JOHN

You're serious?

(off Zev's nod)

My father was a cook in the army.

ZEV

Your father was not a blockführer?

JOHN

I don't even know what that is but my father was ten when the war started. All the Germans let him do was smash some windows and cook a lot of Wiener Schnitzel.

John laughs to himself. He probably ribbed his old man about this a thousand times.

Zev takes in this information...

ZEV

I am sorry to have bothered you.
I have the wrong Rudy Kurlander.

JOHN

Whoah. Whoah. Whoah. Hold on a
second.

(beat)

Were you at Auschwitz?

Zev nods yes. John's excitement is evident.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No way. You were at Auschwitz?!
None of my dad's buddies actually
served at a camp.

(beat)

Dad would have loved to talk with
you.

ZEV

I must go. I have bothered you
enough.

Zev starts to stand.

JOHN

Bothered? You're not bothering me
at all. Seriously. Please stay.
I'd love to hear some stories if
you don't mind sharing.

ZEV

Thank you for the drink but I
need to rest. I feel very tired.

Zev hands John his glass. John takes it and SEES THE BLUE
NUMBER TATTOO!

JOHN

What is that?

John points at the tattoo. Zev looks at it, petrified.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The fuck is that?

ZEV

Please, I must go. I made a
mistake.

John looks disgusted and nearly spits out...

JOHN

Are you a Jew?

Zev nods yes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're a Jew? What the fuck is going on here?

ZEV

I am sorry. Please I must go.

Zev starts to put on his jacket and stands up.

JOHN

Sit the fuck down.

Using just his index finger, John PUSHES Zev down on the couch. With the commotion, Eva starts going ballistic in the bedroom.

ZEV

I am sorry. Please let me go.

JOHN

I want to know why the fuck you're at my house.

ZEV

I made a mistake. Your father is the wrong Rudy Kurlander.

JOHN

You said you were my father's friend. You lied to me.

ZEV

I did not lie. I did not lie.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

JOHN

Jesus fucking Christ. You said you were my father's friend and you came into my house and drank my whiskey, you dirty fucking Jew.

(calls back)

Eva, shut the fuck up!

John's rage is quickly growing. In the background, Eva has seemingly almost clawed through the door.

ZEV

Please stop yelling! I will go.

Zev stands up but gets pushed down again. A little harder this time.

JOHN

Sit the fuck down! You need to answer some questions for me right fucking now!

Zev pisses his pants in fear.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Did you just piss your pants on my fucking couch?!

ZEV

I am sorry.

JOHN

What the fuck?!

Eva's barking grows louder in response to John's yelling.

ZEV

Stop yelling!

BARK! BARK! BARK!!

JOHN

Are you giving me a fucking order, Jew?

(beat)

Eva, shut the fuck up!

ZEV

I must go. I made a mistake.

JOHN

You're not going anywhere! You know what my father would say if he knew a Jew was in his house. He'd says Heil fucking Hitler.

(yells)

Heil Hitler!

ZEV

Stop!

In the background, Eva is ready to tear the head off a bear. John isn't too far behind.

73

CONTINUED:

73

JOHN

Heil Hitler!

ZEV

Stop! Please stop!

JOHN

Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!

John is all testosterone. BARK! BARK! BARK!

JOHN (CONT'D)

Eva, shut the fuck up!

John marches down the hallway...

74

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

74

John approaches the bedroom door.

JOHN

Eva, what the fuck is your
problem?!John opens the door and grabs Eva by the collar. Eva's
barks turn into GROWLS.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You want to meet a real life
fucking Jew!John lets go of Eva's collar and she flies down the hallway,
toward the living room. She turns the corner and...**BANG!!!!!!**

75

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

75

Zev stands in front of the couch, holding the Glock. Eva,
lays on the floor, twitching in a quickly growing pool of
blood.

John is a step behind...

JOHN

The fuck did you do?

Zev points the gun at John.

BANG!!!!!!

(MORE)

75

CONTINUED:

75

Zev fires off a shot that hits John right in the gut. It doesn't put him down though.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You fucking kike!

John holds his hand to his gut as blood spurts out of the hole. John takes a deep inhale and starts walking toward his gun belt on the TV...

BANG!!!!!!

Zev shoots John in the face - brain, tissue and blood flies out the side of his head onto the wall. John immediately drops to the floor, a puddle of blood pooling around him.

Zev stands, surveying the scene. He gently places down the gun on the coffee table and begins to RUB HIS HAND. The gun's recoil -- albeit weak -- has hurt his arthritic joints. He slowly rotates his wrist, clearly in pain.

Zev takes out *the letter* and shakily crosses out Rudy Kurlander #3's name and writes, "Not him."

Zev puts the letter back into his jacket...

He then stands up, trying to compose himself...

He slowly starts to shuffle out of the room. However, there's a river of blood to cross. Although it's only about six inches in width, it takes considerable concentration and agility to step over it...

Zev doesn't completely clear it. His heel dips into the dark red fluid, resulting in a snail's trail of blood as he makes his way out of the room...

76

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

76

Zev walks into the kitchen and turns on the sink faucet. He wets his parched mouth and splashes water on his face.

Once hydrated, he opens the freezer and takes out an ice cube tray. The tray is empty. As a substitute for the ice it should contain, Zev takes the tray and holds it against his wrist.

77

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

77

Zev walks into the bathroom. He approaches the medicine cabinet and opens it up. In the reflection of the mirror we can see John's bathrobe hanging on the back of the door.

(MORE)

77

CONTINUED:

77

There's not much inside the cabinet except for some Q-tips, a nail clipper and prescription pill bottles that belonged to John's father. Zev finds a bottle of Codeine and struggles to open it; child safety locks are pretty effective on one-handed seniors too. Finally he gets the top open and spills half the pills into the sink and onto the ground. Zev manages to get one in his hand, which he then places in his mouth and washes down with water.

Zev then looks at his urine soaked pants, turns on the shower and climbs in. Behind the thick, *frosted glass*, Zev strips down and scrubs his body, accidentally washing off the message on his hand...

78

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

78

Wrapped in John's robe, Zev, staggers into the bedroom in a Codeine daze. He practically collapses on the bed and crawls to the center of the mattress -- still wet, dog hair sticks to his body...

Zev reaches up for a pillow, pulls it under his head and instantaneously falls asleep on top of the blanket.

79

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Max lays in bed, eyes wide open, staring at the cordless phone on the bedside table, beckoning it to ring. It's been deathly silent all day.

FADE TO:

80

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

80

Zev is sound asleep, perhaps even dead. John's home phone RINGS and RINGS and finally the answering machine picks up.

JOHN (RECORDED)

You've reached John Kurlander.
Leave me a message and I'll get
back to you. Or if it's an
emergency, call my cell phone.

FEMALE VOICE (ON MACHINE)

Where you at? You're a half hour
late and I can't cover your ass
all morning.

(exasperated)

I swear you best be having car
trouble and not sleeping one off
again.

(MORE)

80

CONTINUED:

80

Click. Message over. After a beat...

ZEV

Ruth? Were you talking to me?

Zev opens his eyes; the cloud of confusion is a Cumulo-Nimbus. Zev slowly turns over and sees the room is empty.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth? Did you say something to me? Ruth?!

Zev tries to push himself up but GRIMACES IN PAIN when he puts pressure on his right hand.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth, my hand hurts. Ruth?! Ruth, please come here. My hand hurts. Ruth?!

Silence.

Zev slowly swings his legs over the side of the bed and manages to sit up. He finds himself staring into a full length mirror on the closet door. Confused, he brushes off the German Shepherd hair from his body.

Zev gets to his feet and shuffles his way out of the bedroom...

81

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

81

Zev walks down the hallway...

ZEV

Ruth? Ruth, where are you?

BUZZZZZ.

As he approaches the living room, he can hear a buzzing every few seconds.

BUZZZZZ.

82

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

82

BUZZZZZ.

The sound comes from John's cell phone which, still in his pants, vibrates against the wooden floor.

(MORE)

82

CONTINUED:

82

Zev steps into the living room which is illuminated by sunshine pouring through the windows. Zev sees the carnage. The two circles of blood have congealed and an army of ants march around the edges. A few FLIES hover around the corpses. Although it's only been twelve hours, John's body looks ghostly white.

ZEV

Oh Gott.

Zev starts to cry...

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth!!! Ruth!!!

As fast as he can, bracing himself against walls and on furniture, Zev frantically searches the house.

83

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

83

Empty.

84

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

84

Empty.

85

INT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S BEDROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

85

Zev sees the framed Nazi flag on the wall.

ZEV

Ruth!!!

86

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

86

Empty.

87

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

87

Empty.

Zev spots his soiled clothes in the shower stall.

87A

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

87A

Zev walks back into the living room, nearly defeated. He then spots his jacket on the couch.

(MORE)

87A

CONTINUED:

87A

Halfway out of the pocket, calling to him, is *the letter*. He eyes it, instinctively knowing it contains something important.

88 INT. MAX'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

88

Max sits in his wheelchair, staring out the window. He looks exhausted, barely having slept the night before. In his hand, he holds the cordless phone.

After a long beat, the phone RINGS. Max answers it as quickly as he can.

MAX

Zev?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

Is this Max?

MAX

Yes.

(deep breath)

Where have -- you been?

Beat.

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

I killed a man.

A light sparks in Max's eyes.

MAX

Now is -- the hardest part.

(deep breaths)

You must -- call the police.

(deep breaths)

You must --

Zev cuts him off.

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

He was not the man we're looking for.

Max looks VERY DISTURBED. His breaths become more frequent.

MAX

Who -- is -- he?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

He is a much younger man. I looked in his wallet. It said John Kurlander. He is a Nazi.

MAX

How -- do -- you -- know?

(MORE)

88

CONTINUED:

88

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

There are many Nazi things in the house. Many things.

89

INT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 89

Zev sits on the couch, still in John's robe. The cell phone continues to vibrate against the floor.

BUZZZZZ.

There's a long silence. Max is shaken on the other end of the line.

MAX (OVER THE PHONE)

I am sorry.

(breath)

This is not -- what we set out -- to do.

(long breath)

Do you still -- want to continue?

ZEV

Yes. I must finish.

(beat)

This is the man who killed our families.

(beat)

Goodbye, Max.

MAX (OVER THE PHONE)

Goodbye, Zev.

Zev hangs up the phone. He takes a moment to gather his thoughts and then picks up the Glock from the coffee table. After a beat, he reaches into the plastic bag and begins to put on his old clothes.

90

EXT. RUDY KURLANDER #3'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

90

The same taxi from the day before pulls into the driveway. Zev walks down the front path toward it, wearing his old clothes, once again only carrying his toiletry bag.

He goes on. He perseveres...

91

EXT. INTERSTATE 80 - NIGHT

91

Zev stares out the window as his bus powers past the Great Salt Lake in Utah, the vast deserts of Nevada and into the wilderness of northern California.

(MORE)

91 CONTINUED:

91

Exhaustion begins to tug on Zev's eyelids. He fights to keep them open, knowing he'll have a clean slate when he awakes. However, perhaps forgetting today is for the best.

92 EXT. STREET/RENO BUS STATION - DAY

92

The bus has come to the end of the line. With the help of the BUS DRIVER, PASSENGERS unload their suitcases from the bottom of the Greyhound.

Zev steps off the bus, holding his toiletry bag. From the look on his face, it's clear he just woke up and is extremely confused.

ZEV

Ruth?

Zev weaves through the crowd of passengers, not seeing his wife. But then, in the distance, his eyes lock on someone.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth!

A WOMAN, 40s, brown hair, medium height, on the thicker side, walks on the sidewalk, across the street.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth! Ruth!

Without giving it a second thought, Zev crosses the street, not looking to see if the traffic is clear. A CAR SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, nearly running him over. However, this doesn't hinder his chase.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth!

Another car screeches to a halt and honks at Zev, slightly startling him. He continues to race after the woman until he TRIPS ON THE CURB.

He tries to brace his fall with his right arm...

CRUNCH

...and breaks his brittle wrist.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Owwwwwww!!!!

Zev lays on the ground in pain as a small CROWD gathers. SOMEONE takes out their cell to call 9-1-1...

(MORE)

ZEV (CONT'D)

Ruth!

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Charles, looking emotionally drained, stares at his laptop, surfing the internet for possible leads. After a beat, the phone RINGS. Charles answers it.

CHARLES

Hello?

(beat)

Yes.

Rebecca appears in the doorway.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god. Thank you so much.

Charles listens to the person on the other end of the line. A look of concern slowly comes across his face.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Is he okay?

(beat)

He has dementia.

(beat)

Where are you? I'll come right now.

(confused)

Reno?

Rebecca gives Charles a bewildered look -- Nevada?

Charles grabs a pen and starts to write: "St. Mary's Regional Medical Center. 775-770-3000"

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'll get there as soon as I can.

(beat)

Is it possible to talk to my dad?

(beat)

Thank you again.

Charles is put on hold and turns to Rebecca.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Dad fell. They said he's really confused. They're holding him for observation.

REBECCA

I'll call the travel agent.

Rebecca takes out her cell and scrolls through her contacts.

CHARLES

Book me the first flight out there.
I don't care if I have to connect
five times.

94 INT. SAINT MARY'S REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - RENO - NIGHT 94

Wearing a gown and a SPLINT on his right arm, Zev lays on a hospital bed, mindlessly watching cartoons on his television. He laughs out loud, having a grand old time.

A MAN, 40, hooked up to monitors, sleeps in the bed next to him. Keeping the man company are his daughter, MOLLY, 8, and his wife, MOLLY'S MOM. Molly does her homework, half focused, as she watches the cartoons on Zev's TV.

The phone rings next to Zev. With only one good arm, he struggles to sit up. Once comfortable, he answers it...

ZEV

Hello.

(beat)

Hi, Charles. Yes. Yes. I am fine. I told the doctors not to disturb you. Please don't worry about me.

(beat)

No. No. No. Do not come to the hospital. Your mother will pick me up.

(beat)

Yes, I am fine. Goodbye.

Zev's injury has multiplied the extent of his symptoms. It's not clear where *and when* he thinks he is. He turns back to the cartoons and almost instantaneously starts laughing again. His laugh is joined by a high pitched, giggly one.

Zev glances to his left and sees Molly watching the TV.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Do you like cartoons?

Molly nods.

MOLLY

I like Disney Channel.

ZEV

You like Mickey Mouse?

MOLLY

No. I like Phineas and Ferb.

ZEV

Never heard of them.

Molly's Mom notices a DOCTOR, 50s, in the hallway.

(MORE)

MOLLY'S MOM

I'll be right back, sweetie.

Molly's mom exits the room and quickly catches up to the doctor in the hallway, their backs toward Molly. Their conversation is whispered and can't be heard.

When the commercials come on...

ZEV

Your name is Molly?

MOLLY

Molly Elizabeth.

ZEV

Do you like sweets, Molly Elizabeth?

Molly smiles and nods.

ZEV (CONT'D)

There should be some caramels in my jacket. I always keep some there for my grandchildren.

Molly hops down from her chair, places her textbook on her dad's bed, and walks to Zev's jacket. She fishes around for candy but comes up empty.

MOLLY

I can't find any.

ZEV

If there's none there, I'm sure my wife will have some when she comes.

Molly pulls out *the letter* from the jacket's inside pocket. She looks at "ZEV" written across the envelope.

MOLLY

Are you Zev?

ZEV

Yes.

MOLLY

Can I open your letter?

Zev nods. Molly opens the envelope like it's a gift. As she unfolds it, the last two hundred dollar bills fall out.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Whoah, you're rich.

Zev stares at the money, having no idea why it's there. Molly collects it and hands it to him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

These are yours.

ZEV

Thank you.

Molly examines the letter, turning to the last page.

MOLLY

Who's Max?

ZEV

I'm not sure.

Zev's confusion makes Molly uncomfortable so he tries to put her back at ease...

ZEV (CONT'D)

Would you like to read the letter to me?

Molly nods and turns back to the first page. She begins to read, struggling with many of the hard, unfamiliar words...

MOLLY

Zev, there are some difficult things you must know. Firstly, Ruth has passed away. She had cancer. She loved you and you were with her, holding her hand, at the end.

Zev silently absorbs this horrible news.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Secondly, you have de-men-tia.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Recently you have been forgetting many things...

(looks up)

That's normal. Old people always forget things.

Zev nods. This is a lot to take in.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

...so you must keep this letter with you at all times and never show it to anyone.

(beat)

You and I are both Au-sch-witz survivors.

ZEV

Auschwitz.

MOLLY

Look at your left arm -- you were prisoner 98814.

Zev looks at the blue tattoo. The memories begin to flood back into his dried out brain.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

When the war ended I promised myself I would find the men responsible. Working with Simon Wiesenthal I have helped to capture dozens of former Nazis all around the world.

Molly looks up from the letter.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What's a Nazi?

ZEV

A bad person.

FADE TO:

95 INT. MAX'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

95

Max and Zev sit together at the dining room table. Max holds files close to his chest. They're stamped "CONFIDENTIAL".

MAX (V.O.)

There have been rumors for years that a number of Auschwitz SS officers stole the identities of deceased prisoners near the end of the war.

(beat)

Shortly after my stroke, evidence was found that an Auschwitz blockführer emigrated from Germany in the 1940's and was most likely living under the name Rudy Kurlander.

Max holds up a PHOTOGRAPH which we cannot see.

MAX (V.O.)

His real name is Otto Wallisch.

Zev's face remains stoic, without a hint of recognition.

96 INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

96

With every ounce of his strength, Max carefully writes the letter as if he was scribing a Sefer Torah.

MAX (V.O.)

The Simon Wiesenthal Center has found four Rudy Kurlanders who emigrated during that period. However, there is not enough proof to arrest any of them. Unfortunately, because of my weakened state, I have not been able to travel to identify him.

On the wall in front of Max, above his desk, are pictures attesting to his honorable life.

(MORE)

96

CONTINUED:

96

There's a photo of him with ELI WIESEL. And one at the opening of the HOLOCAUST MUSEUM, and at YAD VASHEM, and lecturing at the MUSEUM OF TOLERANCE.

MAX (V.O.)

But then six months ago, God smiled upon me when you moved to the senior housing community. I immediately recognized you from Auschwitz, although you did not remember me.

97

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - COPY ROOM - DAY

97

Max sits in his wheelchair, eye level to a COPY MACHINE. The neon green light of the scanner glows across his face.

MAX (V.O.)

We are the last living survivors from our prison block. Besides me, you are the only person who could still recognize the face of the man who murdered our families.

(beat)

You must find Otto Wallisch.

FADE BACK TO:

98

OMITTED

98

99

INT. SAINT MARY'S MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT - BACK IN REAL TIME

Molly continues to read the letter to Zev, however it is Max's voice we hear.

MAX (V.O.)

Simon Wie-sen-thal would not condone this mission. He in-sisted that all war cri-minals be given public trials.

Zev nervously glances at Molly's sleeping father, who stirs a little...

(MORE)

MAX (V.O.)

However, we cannot give Wall-isch that op-por-tun-ity. Even if there was enough proof, he, like us, would probably die before he could be extra-dited to Germany. We have agreed that Otto Wall-isch must die.

Max's voice fades back to Molly's...

MOLLY

You must kill him.

(beat)

You promised to go once Ruth died. You promised me and you promised Ruth.

Molly looks up from the letter.

ZEV

You did a very good job.

Zev smiles at Molly with tears in his eyes. But there is more behind those blue eyes -- there is fire. He's been reignited.

MOLLY

Who's Ruth?

ZEV

My wife.

MOLLY

I thought she was bringing me candy?

ZEV

I thought so too.

From afar, the doctor finishes talking to Molly's mom and gives her a comforting smile and a pat on the shoulder.

MOLLY'S MOM

Thank you.

100

CONTINUED:

100

As the doctor walks to the nurse's station, Molly's mom wipes away some tears. She puts on a strong face and heads back into the room...

101

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

101

...where she sees Molly sitting cross-legged on Zev's bed ALONE, watching the cartoons.

101 CONTINUED:

101

MOLLY'S MOM

Molly, you shouldn't be sitting
on the nice man's bed?

MOLLY

It's okay. He had to go kill a
Nazi.

MOLLY'S MOM

What?

MOLLY

He had to kill a Nazi. A Nazi is a
bad person.

102 EXT. SAINT MARY'S REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

102

Zev shuffles out of the hospital, carrying his toiletry
bag. Nobody stops him. Conveniently waiting in front are a
few RENO TAXIS. Zev approaches one and the TAXI DRIVER
lowers the window. Zev reads from the letter...

ZEV

I need to go to the Holiday Inn at
3961 Lake Tahoe Boulevard in South
Lake Tahoe.

TAXI DRIVER

South Lake? That's over an hour
away.

ZEV

I have money.

Zev shows the last two hundred dollar bills to the taxi
driver.

TAXI DRIVER

Hop in.

Zev gets in and the taxi pulls away.

103 EXT. TAHOE - NIGHT

103

The night is perfectly clear. Silhouettes of white-capped
mountains stand behind the depths of South Lake Tahoe.

104 INT. RENO TAXI - CONTINUOUS 104

Zev reads the letter by the faint glow of the interior dome light. We can see lines drawn through the steps that have already been completed.

MAX (V.O.)

I have planned everything for you. You must follow these steps precisely. Cross them off as you accomplish each task. Step 1: Open your closet. On the floor is your black toiletry bag. It's already packed. Step 2: Quietly go outside the housing community at 3:00 A.M. A taxi will pick you up and bring you to Penn Station...

There's no confusion in Zev's eyes. He is sharp and focused and knows exactly what he must do.

105 EXT. TAHOE HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT - LATER 105

The taxi pulls up to the hotel.

106 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 106

Zev walks into the room and sits down on the bed. He continues to read the letter...

107 INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 107

Max lays in bed, reading his PHOTOCOPY OF THE LETTER. He's been following along every step of the way. However, he's once again on an emotional roller coaster, not knowing why Zev's been side-tracked.

The phone RINGS.

Max reaches for the phone on his bedside table and rests it on the pillow next to his ear.

MAX

Zev?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

Yes.

(MORE)

MAX

Thank god.

(beat)

Where are you?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

Tahoe.

(beat)

I read the letter.

Max catches his breath.

MAX

You understand -- what you must do?

ZEV (OVER THE PHONE)

I understand.

Max draws a few deep breaths.

MAX

Good.

Zev shuffles up to the front desk. Nobody is there. Zev rings a bell and a RECEPTIONIST, the snowboarder type, comes out from a back room.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning.

ZEV

I'd like to check out.

Zev places his room key on the counter. The receptionist looks at the bill on the computer.

RECEPTIONIST

That'll be \$106.20.

Zev opens the envelope. It's empty. He takes out his wallet and counts the money inside it...

ZEV

I won't have enough money for the taxi.

The receptionist smiles and motions at the credit cards in Zev's wallet.

RECEPTIONIST

We take credit cards too.

109 EXT. AIRPORT RENTAL CAR LOT - DAY 109

Charles, with his carry-on slung over his shoulder and his cell phone pressed to his ear, approaches a rental car office. He looks exhausted after a long night of traveling.

CHARLES

Hey. I just got your messages.

(beat)

The hell is he doing in Tahoe?

(beat)

I'm about to pick up the rental and I'll head up there. Can you try to find the taxi company that picked him up?

(beat)

Thanks. Love you too.

Charles hangs up and enters the office...

110 EXT. TAHOE/TAXI - DAY 110

A TAHOE TAXI drives along an empty mountain road. Zev rolls down his window and breathes in the fresh mountain air. He looks exhausted but determined.

The taxi turns off the main road and down a smaller one lined with Evergreen trees.

111 EXT. RUDY KURLANDER #4'S HOUSE - DAY 111

A large, wooden, cabin style house is surrounded by trees. There's a stone chimney with a skinny plume of smoke rising out of it. On the ground are traces of frost. If you stayed on this spot long enough, a deer would run by.

The taxi pulls up to the front of the house. Zev gets out, puts the letter in the toiletry bag and makes his way to the front door.

Step by step, Zev climbs the stairs, smoke firing out of his mouth with each hot breath. He grips his toiletry bag a little tighter, ready to potentially meet the man who he's had nightmares about for seven decades.

Zev reaches the door and pushes the bell with his left hand.

DING. DONG.

There is no answer. Zev pushes the doorbell again.

(MORE)

111

CONTINUED:

111

DING. DONG.

Zev looks around and sees a car in the driveway. Someone is definitely home. He pushes the doorbell again.

DING. DONG.

After a moment, the door opens. Standing there is KRISTEN, 40s, wearing an apron over sweatpants and a T-shirt.

KRISTEN

Can I help you?

ZEV

Does Rudy Kurlander live here?

KRISTEN

Yes.

ZEV

Can I speak to him?

KRISTEN

He's still sleeping.

ZEV

Can I wait for him to wake up? It's important.

KRISTEN

What's this about?

ZEV

It's private. I knew him a long time ago.

Kristen looks Zev over and decides he's harmless.

KRISTEN

Come on in. My dad won't be up for a little while though. He's a late riser these days.

Kristen holds open the door for Zev and he enters the warm house.

112

INT. RUDY KURLANDER #4'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 2

This place could be a ski lodge if it wasn't a private residence. There's a pair of skis criss-crossed on the wall next to some stuffed animal heads.

(MORE)

112

CONTINUED:

112

KRISTEN

Do you want some coffee, Mr. --

ZEV

Guttman.

(beat)

Yes, coffee would be nice.

KRISTEN

Take a seat in the living room.
I've got a pot brewing.

Kristen points Zev toward the living room.

113

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

113

Zev wanders into the living room and approaches a PIANO, which has FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on top of it.

Zev's eyes focus on an 8X10 FAMILY PHOTO. The OLD MAN in the picture is clearly the patriarch, father to a HALF DOZEN KIDS and an army of GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT GRANDCHILDREN. Zev's face is perfectly stoic. Is this Otto Wallisch? Is this the man he set out to kill? Does Zev recognize him?

KRISTEN (O.C.)

That's from our family reunion a couple years ago.

Zev turns to Kristen, who stands in the doorway with a mug of coffee.

ZEV

You have a big family.

KRISTEN

Dad likes to say he fielded a soccer team. I'm his youngest.

ZEV

How old was your mother?

KRISTEN

She was a lot younger. It was his second marriage.

(beat)

Can I ask you something, Mr. Guttman?

(off Zev's nod)

Does your being here have to do with Auschwitz?

(MORE)

113

CONTINUED:

113

ZEV

Yes.

KRISTEN

My father's not going to want to talk about that. He's never talked about being a survivor.

ZEV

I understand.

Kristen hands Zev the cup of coffee. Zev's hand begins to shake and he can barely keep the liquid from spilling out. He places the cup and saucer on top of the piano.

KRISTEN

Mr. Guttman, would you like to join us for breakfast? I'm making baked apple pancakes.

ZEV

No. I'm not very hungry. I will not bother you long.

KRISTEN

Are you sure? It's an old family recipe.

Kristen smiles at Zev, trying to tempt him.

ZEV

Yes. I am sure. Thank you though.

KRISTEN

Okay, if you need anything just ask. I'm sure my dad will get up when he smells breakfast.

Kristen leaves the room and Zev goes back to staring at the pictures. After a moment, he takes off his jacket and lays it on the piano bench. His old and new wounds are for all to see -- concentration camp tattoo on his left arm, splint on the right.

114

OMITTED

114

115

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

115

Charles drives, talking on his cell phone as he types an address into the rental car's GPS.

(MORE)

115 CONTINUED:

115

CHARLES

182 Round Hill Drive. Got it.

(beat)

The GPS says I should be there in
about thirty minutes.

116 INT. RUDY KURLANDER #4'S HOUSE - DAY

116

Zev stops looking at pictures and takes a seat on the piano bench, analyzing his surroundings when INGE, 12, half awake, blonde haired, blue eyed, adorable, enters the room in her pyjamas.

INGE

Who are you?

ZEV

I am Zev.

INGE

Can you play the piano?

ZEV

When I was younger I could play
quite well.

INGE

What type of music did you play?

Slowly but surely, Zev begins to play *Wotan's Farewell* from *Die Walküre*. Between his age and bad arm, this is the slowest Wagner's opera has ever been played. Wagner's music is always uncompromisingly serious and intensely Teutonic but played at this tempo, it is extremely eerie.

Inge stares at Zev as he continues to play from memory. How he can remember this and not what he did on most days is the enigma of dementia.

Zev finishes playing an extremely intense stanza when...

(MORE)

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (O.C.)

You like Wagner?

RUDY KURLANDER #4, 90, wearing a robe, wisps of grey hair covering his nearly bald head, sits on a chair behind Zev and Inge. How long he's been sitting there, we don't know.

Zev does not turn around but continues to slowly play. There's something in his eyes though -- RECOGNITION.

ZEV

Yes. I have always loved Wagner.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

My daughter said someone I knew from Auschwitz was here. But a *survivor* should not like Wagner, no?

Rudy laughs to himself. Zev doesn't flinch.

ZEV

You cannot hate music.

Zev continues to play as his words drift in the air.

ZEV (CONT'D)

I didn't recognize your face in these pictures.

(beat)

But Ihre Stimme hat sich nicht verändert.

(beat)

Your voice has not changed.

THERE IS NO DOUBT: THIS IS OTTO WALLISCH. HE REMEMBERS.

THIS IS THE MAN WHO MURDERED ZEV AND MAX'S FAMILY.

THIS IS THE MAN ZEV HAS SWORN TO KILL.

A thousand emotions pour through Zev's damaged mind as he plays the last few notes. His fingers finally come to a rest on the keys. He then turns around on the bench and takes in the sight of Rudy Kurlander #4.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Ich wusste, dass du mich eines Tages aufauchen würdest.

Subtitle: "I knew you would come find me one day."

116

CONTINUED:

116

Rudy slowly stands up, with the aid of a cane, and walks toward Zev. Zev stands up and faces him. They're a mere foot apart.

INGE

Poppy, is Zev your friend?

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Yes. He is a very old friend.

Rudy smiles at his granddaughter.

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

Inge, please go into the kitchen.
My friend and I need to discuss
some things.

Inge gets up and leaves the room. The two men are alone.

ZEV

Ich habe Sie nicht vergessen.

Subtitle: "I have not forgotten you."

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Bitte lass uns rausgehen. Ich
will nicht, dass meine Familie
hört was wir zu sagen haben.

Subtitle: "Please, let us go outside. I do not want my family hearing what we have to say."

117

EXT. DECK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

117

Zev, holding the toiletry bag, and Rudy, walking with his cane, head out through the glass doors onto the large, wooden deck. It's picturesque, overlooking the lake. The wind rustles the trees. Leaves blow at their whim.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Es ist lange her, dass
irgendjemand wusste wer ich
einmal war.

(beat)

Ich kann mich nicht einmal daran
erinnern wann.

Subtitle: "It has been a long time since anyone knew who I was. I can't even remember when."

(MORE)

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

Over the years people have looked
at me and I think they know, but
they never do.

(beat)

Or maybe they were just too scared
to say anything.

117 CONTINUED:

117

118 Zev and Rudy settle at the end of the deck, past a table and chairs, taking in the surroundings. Rudy looks out at the water, avoiding eye contact.

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I come out here and
speak my name.

(beat)

I talk to myself. I remind myself
of who I was.

(deep exhale)

Es ist der einzige Weg um zu
wissen, dass ich existiert habe,
bevor ich der geworden bin, der ich
jetzt bin.

*Subtitle: "It is the only way to know I existed before who I
am now."*

Zev stares at Rudy, who still looks away.

ZEV

Living a lie is not a life.

Rudy turns to Zev. Tears swell in his eyes.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

I always knew you would find me.

(beat)

Ich habe es immer gewusst.

Subtitle: "I always knew it."

Rudy HUGS Zev.

This. Was. Not. Expected.

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

Es ist zu lange her. Wir sind
jetzt alte Männer.

Subtitle: "It has been too long. We are old men now."

NOTE: ATOM WOULD LIKE THE ABOVE LINE SAID IN BOTH LANGUAGES.

The hug lasts a long time. Zev stares into space, not understanding. He doesn't raise his arms from his side.

ZEV

Take your hands off of me, Otto.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Excuse me?

ZEV

I said take your hands off of me!

Rudy looks confused. He takes a step back.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

You called me Otto. I think you're confused.

ZEV

Your name is Otto Wallisch. You
were a blockführer at Auschwitz.
You killed my family!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Are you crazy?

ZEV

Have you lived with a lie so long
that you've convinced yourself it
is true.

Rudy looks bewildered. For his own part, Zev has nothing
but unwavering confidence. He knows this is Otto Wallisch.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

I...I do not understand.

Zev unzips the toiletry bag...

ZEV

Let me help you. You must pay for
what you did.

119 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 119

Kristen and Inge stand in the kitchen, making pancakes. The doorbell RINGS, *not* a gunshot.

KRISTEN

It's like we're running a hotel.

(beat)

Go tell Pop Pop breakfast is ready.

Inge runs out of the kitchen, toward the back porch.

120 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 120

Kristin approaches the front door. She can see the outline of a man through the frosted glass.

KRISTEN

Who is it?

CHARLES (O.C.)

My name's Charles Guttman. I think my father's here.

Kristen opens the door...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry to bother you but I was told that a taxi dropped my dad off here a little while ago.

KRISTEN

Yeah, he's outside with my father.

CHARLES

Thank god. He's been missing for a week.

KRISTEN

I had no idea. Come on.

Kristen leads Charles through the house. She opens the deck doors and Charles steps outside first...

120A EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS 120A

...into an unimaginable scene.

Zev holds the Glock with both hands, shakily pointing it at Inge, who stands next to Rudy.

(MORE)

REMEMBER

Double White Rev (08-15-14)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

CHARLES
(confused)
Dad?

KRISTEN
Oh my god.

INGE
Mommy?!

ZEV
Please do not be scared.

CHARLES
Dad, put down the gun.

(MORE)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

ZEV
(confused)
Charles?

CHARLES
Yes. Put down the gun.

Zev doesn't listen and keeps the gun pointed at Inge.

ZEV
No. Not until he tells the truth.

RUDY KURLANDER #4
Warum tust du das?

Subtitle: "Why are you doing this?"

ZEV
Tell them the truth.

RUDY KURLANDER #4
Bitte hör auf mit diesem Wahnsinn.

Subtitle: "Please stop this madness."

ZEV
Tell them *who* you are.

RUDY KURLANDER #4
Please leave my family alone.

(MORE)

CHARLES

Dad, put the gun down.

ZEV

Tell them what you did!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Lass sie in Ruhe. Bitte. Ich
flehe dich an.

Subtitle: "Leave them alone. Please. I beg you."

ZEV

Speak in English! I want them to
understand what you're saying.

KRISTEN

Dad, what is he talking about?!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Do not listen to him. He is
crazy.

ZEV

You have a very easy choice. You
can tell the truth and she'll
live. Or you can lie and watch
her die. You have three seconds.

(beat)

One.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Please stop. I am telling the
truth.

ZEV

Two.

INGE

Mommy!

CHARLES

Dad, stop!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Please! Just shoot me!

ZEV

Three.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Okay! Okay!

(beat)

Okay.

120A CONTINUED:

120A

Rudy hangs his head and begins to speak quietly. Tears start streaming down his face.

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

During the war I was not a prisoner.

ZEV

Louder.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

During the war I was not a prisoner.

ZEV

Louder!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

During the war I was not a prisoner!

(beat)

I was a Nazi. I was SS.

(beat)

I was a blockführer at Auschwitz.

Kristen looks like she's just been told the sky is pink. Inge doesn't have a clue what's going on.

KRISTEN

Did you kill people?

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Yes.

INGE

You killed people, Poppy?

Rudy nods his head, in disbelief.

KRISTEN

How many people did you kill?

RUDY KURLANDER #4

I don't know. Many.

ZEV

What is your real name?

Rudy fights back his tears.

ZEV (CONT'D)

What is your name!

(MORE)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

RUDY KURLANDER #4

My name is...

(beat)

Kunibert Sturm.

ZEV

No, it is not! Your name is Otto
Wallisch!

Rudy takes a long breath.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

It is Kunibert Sturm.

ZEV

You are Otto Wallisch!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

No...

(beat)

You are Otto Wallisch.

Zev freezes, trying to wrap his head around this.

ZEV

You are lying.

RUDY KURLANDER #4

This is the first time I haven't
lied in seventy years. You are Otto
Wallisch. I am Kunibert Sturm. We
were both blockführers.

ZEV

No! I was a prisoner!

RUDY KURLANDER #4

Look at your arm. You are number
98814.Rudy rolls up his sleeve and shows his blue CONCENTRATION
CAMP TATTOO.

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)

I am 98813. We tattooed each
other. It was our only way to
escape.

Charles looks like he was just punched in the gut.

CHARLES

Is it true?

(MORE)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

ZEV
No, he is lying.

Zev turns the gun and points it at Rudy.

ZEV (CONT'D)
You are lying!

RUDY KURLANDER #4
How could you forget? You took
the name Zev because it means
wolf.
(beat)
You said we were wolves.
(beat)
Du hast gesagt wir wären Wölfe.

Subtitle: "You said we were wolves."

Zev grips the gun a little tighter. There is no shake in
his hand...

RUDY KURLANDER #4 (CONT'D)
Now our families know the truth.
(beat)
That is worse than dying.

BANG!

Zev shoots Rudy in the chest, dropping him to the floor. Inge
screams and runs to her mom and then together into the house.

Charles runs over to Rudy, trying to help. It's useless..

Zev lowers the gun and takes a step back.

Charles looks up at his father, pleading.

CHARLES
Dad, how could you?

It's as if Zev can't hear him. His eyes glow with clarity...

ZEV
(whispers)
I remember.

Zev raises the gun and presses it against his temple.

CHARLES
Dad!

(MORE)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

BANG!

Zev drops to the ground as BIRDS fly out of the trees.

FADE TO:

121 OMITTED

121

122 OMITTED

122

123 INT. COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

123

The room is filled with a dozen SENIORS watching a large HDTV. They're glued to the screen, staring silently as a REPORTER does a live feed from Lake Tahoe, California. The reporter has her finger to her ear, listening to the ANCHOR.

A graphic is displayed on the screen: "90-YEAR-OLD MAN COMMITS MURDER-SUICIDE".

REPORTER (ON TV)

Right now we're still waiting to hear from the Lake Tahoe Police Department. They haven't spoken to reporters or even released a statement. But we're assured we will hear from them, in some way, within the hour. Residents here are stunned. I've talked to some who did not want to comment on camera, but I did have one tell me Rudy Kurlander was everything you'd ever want in a neighbor. He always waved when I saw him, the resident said.

(MORE)

(MORE)

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Kurlander was apparently not only a good neighbor, but he was also a ski patrol officer. It was a job he loved and held for more than 40 years. Right now, an entire community is trying to figure out what happened and more importantly, why.

Someone turns off the television as the seniors shake their heads in disbelief. They're shocked. It doesn't make sense.

Cele, Ruth's friend, sits at a table with three SENIORS, 80s, female. They were in the middle of a MAHJONG game when the report came on.

SENIOR #1

Poor Zev. Poor Zev.

SENIOR #2

Tragic. Absolutely tragic.

CELE

He couldn't have known what he was doing.

MAX (O.C.)

He knew exactly -- what he was doing.

The room falls silent as the seniors slowly turn around to see Max, who sits in his wheelchair with absolute lucidity. His voice, the strongest we've heard it.

CELE

What are you talking about, Max?

Max's eyes burn with clarity as he breathes through his oxygen clips.

MAX

The man he killed -- was named
Kunibert Sturm.

(beat)

And Zev's name -- was Otto
Wallisch.

(beat)

They -- were the men -- who
murdered my family.

Max closes his eyes and draws a few deep breaths...

FADE TO BLACK.

124

NOTE TO READER ON FALSE MEMORY:

124

Dr. John F. Kihlstrom, Distinguished Professor of Psychology at the University of California Berkley, defines False Memory Syndrome as:

[A] condition in which a person's identity and interpersonal relationships are centered around a memory of traumatic experience which is objectively false but in which the person strongly believes...False Memory Syndrome is especially destructive because the person assiduously avoids confrontation with any evidence that might challenge the memory. Thus it takes on a life of its own, encapsulated and resistant to correction.

Dr. Richard W. Shulman, MDCM, FRCPC, one of the foremost experts in the field of psychotropics, read REMEMBER and explained that if a person has lived under an alias for a significant amount of time -- 60 to 70 years -- it would be "plausible that his alias has actually become his long-term memory." Furthermore, Dr. Shulman says that, "when confronted with the truth, [the individual] would be able to retrieve the memory of his true identity and have the ability to reflect on his past behavior."