

"Love & Darkness"

by

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EPISODE #1

EXT. FOREST - UKRAINIAN STEPPES - DAY

A dense forest thick with pine and spruce. A pair of doves take flight just as a SAIGA ANTELOPE bursts from the trees. The Antelope scans the area, locates a patch of foliage to supper on.

Mid-gnaw... the Antelope's ears pop back, nose sniffs sensing danger. Quickly, he clambers off as...

...a column of UNIFORMED MEN, 200 in number, under the watchful eyes of HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS on horseback, march into frame.

OVER WHICH a CHYRON appears; HUNGARIAN/RUSSIAN BORDER - JUNE 25, 1941.

The Uniformed Men are Hungarian Jews. Some wear Yarmulkes. All carry pickaxes and shovels. They are members of the HUNGARIAN ARMY'S Forced Labor Battalions -- conscripted Hungarian Jews no longer allowed to serve in combat due to Hungary's Anti-Jewish laws. The Jewish Men are exhausted and worn down, but will themselves to keep moving.

EXT. UKRAINIAN FOREST - NIGHT

WITH OUR column of Jewish Men marching up the side of a hill. BEN, 40s, turns to MOSHE, 70, struggling to keep up --

BEN

Ten Pengo they'll have us digging
in a coal mine. Ukraine's rich in
coal.

MOSHE

March me to the gates of hell as
long as there's bread and soup --

The REGIMENT COMMANDER, 28, baby-faced aristocrat, passes the column on horseback.

REGIMENT COMMANDER

Settle yourselves. The encampment's
just on the far side of this hill.

FIND AVRUM KATZ, 47, imposingly tall and handsome; father, leader, Rabbi (*A non Orthodox Rabbi -- no pe'ah side curls, no beard. Avrum's a Neolog Rabbi.*)

A beat as Avrum barely notices Ben sidle up next to him --

BEN

Do you think it's a coal mine,
Rabbi?

AVRUM

I think no matter where they march
us, there won't be bread and soup
at the end.

Avrum shoots a glance over at Moshe as Ben takes this grim
fact in. The column continues to march. After a moment.

BEN

I heard you recently became a
grandfather. Mazel Tov.

AVRUM

My oldest son had a boy. Janos.

Moshe interjects --

MOSHE

He chose a Hungarian name? The
boy's a Jew.

AVRUM

He's also a Hungarian.

MOSHE

Not to them.

Moshe indicates the Regiment Commander who spurs his horse
and rides to the front of the column.

AS THE JEWISH MEN REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL the POPS and
THUNDER of EXPLOSIONS can be heard. They exchange frightened
looks as their destination becomes clearer. What the men see
in the valley below sends a chill down their collective spines.

-- Thousands of jittery SOLDIERS are formationed behind
COLUMNS of TANKS, JEEPS and MOTORIZED BICYCLES. We recognize
their uniforms as the same uniform worn by our Labor
Battalions' Regiment Commander.

BEN

That's the 2nd Hungarian, Karpát
Division. We're at the front.

THE JEWISH MEN LOOK BEHIND THE HUNGARIAN LINES as... HUNGARIAN
ARTILLERY COMMANDERS SHOUT barely audible instructions to
SUBORDINATES while assessing the range of the Russian Army
positions five kilometers away. BLAST after BLAST of incoming
Russian artillery fire checkers the field.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL ON AVRUM, BEN AND MOSHE as they quietly take in the scope of the conflict. All three are clearly shaken, though Avrum for his own reasons. Avrum and Ben exchange a look --

AVRUM

I had forgotten the sound of battle.

A blast EXPLODES a supply truck turning it into a smoldering fireball -- sending flame shards at the HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS within its proximity. The soldier's uniforms catch fire; dozens burn alive. Their desperate SCREAMS echo.

BACK TO AVRUM, BEN and MOSHE as they gasp at this horrid sight --

AVRUM (CONT'D)

(in Yiddish)

Fear G-d, be wary of man.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Avrum's Labor Battalion marches behind the Hungarian lines as Russian artillery continues its onslaught. A DEAFENING EXPLOSION pops overhead. The Jewish Men take cover.

YOUNG HUNGARIAN SOLDIER

On your right! Out of the way!

The Jewish Men step aside as two HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS carrying a stretcher rush toward the rear of the column. Avrum sees a wounded OFFICER on the stretcher, clocking bloody stumps where his legs should be.

Tense whispers among the scared Jewish Men. *"What's going on?"* The Regiment Commander rides back to the group and rears to a halt converging with a RUNNER, 20, to discuss orders. From their HEATED EXCHANGE, and the look on the Regiment Commander's face something's wrong.

REGIMENT COMMANDER

Company, attention.

The Jewish Men brace themselves --

REGIMENT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Drop your tools. We march for the right flank. Double step.

BEN

(scared)

We don't need our tools?

Avrum and the others toss their tools aside.

TRACKING with AVRUM, BEN, MOSHE and two companies of the Labor Battalion as they march through a forest in DOUBLE TIME toward the Hungarian right flank. After a brisk jaunt, the Jewish Men reach their destination; the forest's tree line where a group of HUNGARIAN OFFICERS commiserate over a set of battlefield maps. Beyond the tree line is a field of tall grass, untouched by combat.

REGIMENT COMMANDER

Company halt!

Avrum, Ben and Moshe watch the Regiment Commander confer privately with a HUNGARIAN MAJOR. Avrum then begins reciting a Hebrew prayer to himself --

MOSHE

Will prayer put food in your belly
or save you from dying tonight?

AVRUM

I don't pray for myself, I pray
for my sons. And their sons.
That they may be well and I see
them once again. We can pray for
your children if you wish.

MOSHE

A waste of prayers. My sons --
bad seeds. Every one of them.

AVRUM

There are no bad sons, only bad
fathers.

Moshe laughs off the insult, Ben listens closely --

MOSHE

My oldest boy's a coward. I
should pray for him?

AVRUM

He's still your first-born.

MOSHE

His mother took her own life. She
was sick. The doctors called it
schizophrenia, yet he blames me.

(beat)

Prayers weren't heard for that
woman, Rabbi, and prayers, for your
sons or mine, are the hollowest of
words to a sour G-d.

The Regiment Commander gives a stiff salute to the major then turns his horse toward the company. The Regiment Commander handpicks five men from the front of the column of the Jewish Labor Battalion. Ben turns, face ashen --

BEN

The Commander just ordered five labor men to march forward.

AVRUM

March... that's it?

ON AVRUM, BEN and MOSHE slowly making their way up to the front of the column to see --

-- five JEWISH MEN, shoulder to shoulder, tentatively walking into the field. Avrum pans to the field and sees...

Ten yards into the field lies the destroyed remains of the wounded Officer's horse (the one carried on the stretcher)... and THE SOLDIER'S MISSING legs.

Avrum realizes just as...

BOOM!! A landmine explodes, killing one of the Jewish Men -- sending his lower body and torso in opposite directions. Another man breaks into a run, but only makes it a few feet before he too steps on a mine; the explosion launching his body further into the field and detonating a second mine upon its landing. Then one after the other, the remaining three Jewish Men die in mine explosions leaving an eerie SILENCE --

The rest of the Jewish Men GULP and AGITATE, now realizing they're being ordered to clear a minefield. The Hungarian soldiers level their rifles at the group to settle the growing panic --

REGIMENT COMMANDER

Next...

(points out)

...one, two, three, four --

Avrum steps out of formation --

BEN

(whispers)
Rabbi, no --

AVRUM

Commander, please...

REGIMENT COMMANDER

(points to Avrum)
...five.

AVRUM (CONT'D)

...don't do this.

REGIMENT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

(tense)

The Russians are breaking-through our center and we've been ordered to clear this field for the German 1st Panzer Army.

(beat)

You Jews wish to be treated like Hungarians, Rabbi? Now's your chance to fight for your country --

AVRUM

Fight? Most of us did fight in the Great War when Hungary was mother to us all. This... is not fighting. It's madness.

(off the Regiment Commander's look)

You're a young man, would you have such deaths on your conscience?

The Regiment Commander's demeanor appears to soften, then --

REGIMENT COMMANDER

You think too highly of my conscience. Line up!

Avrum doesn't move. Instead, closes his eyes to pray.

REGIMENT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

I said line up!

MOSHE

Allow the fool his prayers. I'll march in his place.

Avrum's eyes snap open, ready to protest Moshe's gesture, but Moshe shoves him aside and steps forward.

REGIMENT COMMANDER

Suit yourself, Old Man, but this field is wide and the Rabbi will march. No exemptions.

As Moshe takes his place with the other four men he turns to Avrum --

MOSHE

Perhaps it's best I can't save you.

(wry smile)

I know it must infuriate you to be in debt to a man like me.

Then -- Moshe and the four other Jewish Men begin tentatively walking forward into the field. Moshe stops for a moment, turns back to Avrum, eyes filled with tears.

Bullets fired from an OFFICER'S side arm WHISTLE through the grass. Moshe puts up his hands -- "okay, okay".

STAY ON MOSHE as he takes a few steps. OFF SCREEN we hear the POP of a mine detonating, then another and another and finally the last one; signaling the death of the four other Jewish Men walking with Moshe.

Only Moshe's left... he might reach the other side of the minefield. He might live. Might. Then --

BOOM!! The explosion throws Moshe backwards in a cloud of smoke and blood. He lands out of sight in the tall grass.

ON AVRUM -- eyes tearing, hit with a wave of EMOTION.

An eerie silence sets in as Avrum looks out into the mine field...

AVRUM
Good-bye... Father.

SLAM TO BLACK

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF A BABY CRYING --

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - NIGHT

Absent are its bales of hay and farming equipment in favor of party decorations and trays of Hungarian/Jewish delicacies. Dozens of well-dressed regular FOLK gather around a table. At the head of the table we find --

...Avrum, wearing a Tallis, standing next to his first born ISAAC, 24; loyal, consistent and reliable. Next to Isaac is his wife BELA, 20, a simple farm girl with dreams of being a bon-vivant. Their son, eight-day-old JANOS, rests on a white pillow, crying profusely.

As Avrum recites a HEBREW PRAYER, Isaac pins down Janos' flailing legs.

ISAAC
Janos stop crying. I'm sorry he's so finicky, Papa. He barely slept last night.

AVRUM
Would you? Knowing tomorrow someone was going to cut your schmekel.

ANGLE ON SARI KATZ, 40, and EDEN KATZ, 14. Sari is Avrum's wife. She runs their house with a doting, yet firm hand. Eden's one of their daughters; a gifted musician with a gentle spirit. Sari checks the barn door, then turns to Eden --

SARI

Where's Dov?

EDEN

He said he was going in town to pick up a gift.

BACK TO AVRUM and ISAAC as Avrum draws the kveller (bris knife). But as Avrum inches the sharp blade closer... ABOUT to cut -- Isaac's nerves set in; he grows woozy, keels over and vomits. Isaac attempts to gather himself under a CHORUS of good-natured laughs from the guests --

AVRUM

It appears the father's finicky too.

As Isaac regains his legs, he looks to Avrum, bewildered.

ISAAC

As you say it I realize -- I'm a father now. How will I know what to do? I barely know what to do for myself.

AVRUM

Some of your children will be timid, some strong, some wild things. Be a good man and you'll be a good father.

Isaac considers his crying son. The room falls magically silent as he lifts the boy into his arms and sings him the classic Hungarian Lullaby "*Tente, Baba, Tente.*"

ISAAC

Sleep, baby, sleep, Close your eyes. Sleep, tilting-lilting, little rose bud. The violet is sleeping.

UNDER WHICH Janos has fallen fast asleep. Isaac places Janos gently on the white pillow; Avrum cuts the foreskin.

AVRUM

Mazel Tov.

The guests respond "*MAZEL TOV.*" ROZA, 30s, the family's NURSE, wearing a Rosary Bead bracelet, walks over, takes Janos and nods to Avrum --

DOV (O.S.)
Mazel Tov.

At the barn's entrance we find DOV, 22, Avrum's third oldest. Dov is the family darling, the one who excels at everything he does. Sari approaches Dov --

SARI
No gift could be so meaningful as
to miss your nephew's bris.

DOV
That would depend on the gift.

A STOCKY MAN, enters the barn holding a small duffel bag. This is WOLF, 23, Avrum's second oldest son. Wolf's gruff, less polished than his brothers. He's a rebel, but a rebel WITH a cause: Zionism. Sari covers her mouth as tears of joy emerge -- his presence tonight was hoped for, but not expected.

SARI
Wolf...

Sari runs over to Wolf, hugging him as only a mother could. Wolf breaks the embrace then makes eye contact with Isaac... who, like his mother, is in complete shock at his arrival --

WOLF
Forgive me, Brother...
(sniffs; charming)
I smell like petrol and cow shit.

Isaac LAUGHS as he and Wolf converge for an emotion-filled hug. Avrum looks to Wolf and smiles. His boy is home. His sons... reunited.

PRELAP: BENNY GOODMAN'S "IN THE MOOD."

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - NIGHT

The post-Bris reception; music, food, dancing. Sari, Isaac, and Dov surround Wolf. Sari's tears continue to flow --

WOLF
Anyu (Pronounced Anu), stop crying.

SARI
Let me be a mother.

WOLF
(to Isaac)
The last time you were keeled over
in such a state, we were outside
that swing bar in Pesh.

ISAAC

Fatherhood breeds nerves. And as I recall you were right beside me in that same sorry state.

Bela, Isaac's wife, approaches and hands over Janos to Isaac.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Say hello to your nephew... Janos.

WOLF

I see his Papa's eyes... and ears.
(smirks)
Handsome, like his Uncle Wolf.

ISAAC

And on pace to be as chubby.

SARI

(biffs Isaac in the shoulder)
My grandson's appetite is perfectly healthy for a newborn.

DOV

(to Wolf)

Then what's your excuse, Brother?

Wolf smiles, considers Janos affectionately --

WOLF

Janos. May G-d bless him from Torah to horah.

DEVORAH (O.S.)

Where is he?

SLAMMING into Wolf with an aggressive hug is DEVORAH, 18, Avrum's oldest daughter with her younger sister Eden in tow. Devorah's beautiful, whimsical and wild. A force of nature. As she pats Wolf's belly --

DEVORAH (CONT'D)

I missed you so. And it appears there's more of you to miss.

Isaac and Dov shoot a look to Wolf --

WOLF

The only food left in the South of France is mutton.

DEVORAH

Eww... mutton's too gamey.

WOLF
(turns to Eden)
Eden. I stumbled across this in
Lyon. Judy Garland sings on it.

Wolf presents a 78 RPM record to Eden -- "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

EDEN
I love her. I can't wait to
listen--

Devorah grabs Eden by the arm --

DEVORAH
Eden, come-on. Dance with me.

EDEN
Not now I'm talking--

DEVORAH
--Eden!!! Talk to him later. This
is my song.

EDEN
(to Wolf)
Every song is her song --

Wolf studies Devorah as she drags Eden away. The sisters
cross out as Avrum approaches. Wolf stiffens, nervous --

WOLF
Papa.

Avrum warmly considers his son, then draws Wolf in for a
hug; a sense of relief washes over Avrum. As they separate --

AVRUM
Six months not a single letter?

WOLF
I intended to write --

AVRUM
-- then why didn't you?

WOLF
Perhaps... I didn't want my
penmanship or my politics chastised.

AVRUM
It's not your penmanship that can
get you killed.

Wolf redirects the conversation, indicates Dov --

WOLF

This one's beginning Debrecen in the fall. Admiral Horthy allows a Jew into medical school. The right must be screaming progressive!

DOV

Wolf...

WOLF

(takes the hint; looks to Avrum)
There'll be a Doctor in the family.
You must be proud.

AVRUM

I'm proud of all of my sons, Hushika.

Wolf allows himself a smile. Approaching now is UNCLE YEHUDA, 43, a butcher by trade, and his dutiful wife RUTH (35). Uncle Yehuda is Avrum's younger brother. He's carrying a giant gift box with a blue bow -- it's an unassembled crib.

UNCLE YEHUDA

My boy.

WOLF

Uncle Yehuda, Aunt Ruth --

Uncle Yehuda slides the box over to Isaac --

UNCLE YEHUDA

Isaac, take this. Mazel Tov.

ISAAC

What a lavish gift, Uncle.

UNCLE YEHUDA

It's from Grandpa Moshe. My gift was schlepping it all the way from Budapest. I hope your wife likes it.

ISAAC

It looks expensive -- I have no doubt she'll love it.

UNCLE YEHUDA

(nods him away)

Avrum...

Uncle Yehuda leads Avrum off to the side, out of the family's earshot.

UNCLE YEHUDA (CONT'D)
(re their father)
He asks for you.

AVRUM
His first great grandchild and he
doesn't attend the bris?

UNCLE YEHUDA
The old man knows he's not welcome,
but he sends his words.

Uncle Yehuda presents an envelope; Avrum's hesitant to accept it.

UNCLE YEHUDA (CONT'D)
Take it so I can have a glass of
wine.

Avrum grabs the envelope and considers it as Uncle Yehuda moves off. Avrum looks up, sees Sari staring back at him with an uneasy look.

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - NIGHT

Behind a serving table, Isaac cube-cuts a loaf of challa as Wolf holds court with Dov and Sari --

WOLF
Ceux de la Résistance, Libération-
Sord. Our group smuggles them
submachine guns, grenades, pistols,
anything we can get our hands on.
They pay well. Same thing in
Poland with the Polish Home Army.
But we don't take money from the
Poles. Them... we trade with --

ISAAC
Trade for what?

Under which Isaac tosses Wolf a piece of challa. Wolf tastes it... *delicious!* He nods approvingly to Sari, then answers Isaac --

WOLF
Guns for Jews. Those who've
escaped from the ghettos.

Dov checks his watch, nervously, then --

DOV
I hear Germany's advanced almost
two hundred miles into Russia.

ISAAC
Where did you hear that?

DOV
(smiles)
The BBC.

As Avrum walks over --

WOLF
Hitler caught them completely by surprise. Whole armies are surrendering. There's a joke on the front -- the only Germans dying in Russia are from Gonorrhoea.
(off Isaac's snicker)
Rumors speak of Hungary invading Russia from the south.

AVRUM
Invade Russia? Impossible.

WOLF
It's already begun. The 2nd's mechanized Karpat Division is being moved into the Ukraine as we speak.

AT THAT MOMENT Sari notices an attractive young woman, 22, we'll come to know as INGA, standing at the barn's entrance --

SARI
Isn't that the carpenter's daughter?

DOV
Inga.

Inga's eyes land on Dov sending him a powerful romantic gaze. A gaze he noticeably returns. Dov steps away to greet Inga. Avrum turns to Isaac --

ISAAC
The girl shopped in the store once -
- she bought a wedge of brie.

WOLF
Thank Hashem his taste's improved.
Remember his high school sweetheart?

Isaac makes a face -- she wasn't attractive, but under the weight of Avrum's scrutinous stare Isaac reverts from being a playful brother to his father's son...

ISAAC
(counterpoint)
She was Jewish.

As this notion echoes, Sari, Isaac and Wolf look to Avrum on how best to proceed.

AVRUM
(to Sari; neutral)
We should welcome her.

Avrum takes Sari by the hand and leads her toward Dov and Inga. Isaac and Wolf exchange a look -- then Wolf pulls out a flask from his breast pocket and takes a swig. Isaac indicates the flask -- Wolf passes it over.

WOLF
Polish whiskey.

Isaac takes a long swig himself --

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dov ushers Inga into the party; she's a bundle of nerves.

INGA
(stumbles the words)
Is this dress appropriate for a...

DOV
... Bris. It's perfect.

Avrum and Sari approach, all smiles --

DOV (CONT'D)
Inga, these are my parents, Avrum
and Sari Katz.

AVRUM
Thank you for coming.

INGA
Rabbi Katz, Mother Katz.

SARI
That's a beautiful dress.

INGA
I made it myself. I wasn't sure if
it was appropriate for a... Bris.

AVRUM
So you're a dressmaker?

INGA

No, my fingers are too thin for sewing -- I just finished my first year of nursing school.

An awkward moment of silence. Then --

DOV

I want her to try your challa.
(to Inga)
She and my Aunt Ruth make the dough from scratch.

INGA

Sounds delicious.
(Dov nudges her away)
It was nice finally meeting both of you.

Dov leads Inga away; Avrum watches them go.

SARI

At least she's tall.

AVRUM

She said "finally." Finally... has it been that long under our noses?

A long beat as both Avrum and Sari take in Inga's presence and what it ultimately means. SANDOR, 12, one of Avrum and Sari's younger children, comes over --

SANDOR

Papa, can I taste some wine?

Avrum, distracted by his anger toward Dov, delivers it hot.

AVRUM

No, Sandor. You're too young.

Sandor nods, then mopes away, hangdog. Avrum turns to Sari --

AVRUM (CONT'D)

One night my sister Miriam met a Christian boy at a town dance. The next morning... morning, my grandfather called him to the house and told him "*if she betrays her religion, she'll betray you.*" And this was at thirteen.

SARI

Don't you dare say anything so cruel to that poor girl.

AVRUM

It's just a story.

SARI

It's not just a story, Avrum.

Sari summons a host's smile and approaches Uncle Yehuda leaving Avrum alone to contemplate. As he does he spots young Sandor sitting alone, glumly staring down at the floor. Avrum walks over -- lifts his young son's face up with his index finger and smiles --

AVRUM

One sip.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SIMULTANEOUSLY

An IDLING car engine cuts through the silence of the warm summer night. The Car's DRIVER wears A ROYAL HUNGARIAN GENDARMERIE'S UNIFORM. We'll come to know him as CAPTAIN TIBOR, early 30s, deep blue eyes, military bearing.

Tibor shuts off the ignition, cups his ear and smiles as he hears the faintest echoes of the song *BEI MIR BIS DU SCHON* by the Andrews Sisters. The Captain steels himself, adjusts his cap and turns on the ignition --

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - SIMULTANEOUSLY

UNDER *BEI MIR BIS DU SCHON* -- Dov and Inga as they dance Inga's mouthing the words to the song.

INGA

*I could say 'bella, bella' even
'sehr wunderbar'
Each language only helps me tell
you how grand you are...*

Wolf approaches, puts his arm around Dov --

WOLF

Can I borrow him?

INGA

By all means --

Wolf ushers Dov away --

WOLF

(re Inga; in Yiddish)
Well done, Brother.

DOV
(in Yiddish)
*Stay in town long enough and you'll
meet her nursing school friends.*

WOLF
(nods; indicates Devorah dancing)
Devorah seems more... hyperactive
than usual. Has Papa taken her to
see Doctor Stein?

DOV
(nods sheepishly)
They believe she may have a
precursor to what grandmother had,
but there's no way to tell for
sure. Truth is, I'm also worried
for her.

As Wolf and Dov watch Devorah dance with a carefree rhythm,
they hear a series of melodic CLAPS from off screen --

FIND SARI pointedly strutting into the center of the barn
CLAPPING in a specific; CLAP... CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
pattern, as if guided by a beat that is unknown to us, but
everyone in the room is joyously familiar with. Soon the
entire party is CLAPPING in complete harmony, until...

...Uncle Yehuda STEPS INTO FRAME as he blows the opening bars
of Klezmer version of HAVA NAGILA on his clarinet. Wolf and
Dov exchange a smile as the party ERUPTS with excited ROAR --
it's a HORA! Guests SING and continue to CLAP as...

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Dov, Wolf and Isaac circle up and begin whirling fast.

-- Guests form a concentric circle around the brothers
running counterclockwise.

-- Avrum and Isaac dance. Then Avrum and Dov.

-- Dov dragging Inga into the circle with his family. Avrum
shooting Sari a glance, but Sari judiciously grabs Inga's
hand and the circle continues turning.

-- Isaac and Bela dancing. Isaac raising his son above his
head. Bela turns to Isaac --

BELA
I love that crib your grandfather
sent us. So lavish, he must have
bought it on Vaci Street.

Isaac smiles tepidly; there's something about his expression that tells us Isaac may not love Bela as much as he should.

SUDDENLY... the outer circle stops dancing and Uncle Yehuda's clarinet play trails off. Something's caught their attention --

WHAT THEY SEE -- At the barn's entrance stands Captain Tibor. His deep blue eyes embedded within a stoney expression unmoved by the celebration.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Echoes of the Andrews Sisters and
Yehuda's clarinet can be heard from
up the road.

The room's silent; the atmosphere icy. Captain Tibor's presence creates an air of tension. Avrum approaches him.

AVRUM

We're celebrating, Captain Tibor.
It's my grandson's Bris --

Isaac, carrying Janos, presents the baby to the Captain --

ISAAC

Captain, my first son, Janos.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

A fine looking boy.

AVRUM

Allow us to fix you a plate.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

I would do well with a plate, but
first --

Captain Tibor indicates Inga --

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

Inga, your father wants you home.

INGA

(embarrassed)

My father mistakes me for a child --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

A fact you might discuss with him
in person.

DOV

Captain... she's my guest.

Captain Tibor pointedly measures Dov for a beat --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Then... Young Katz, allow me to
return her to her father. To
alleviate the old Magyar's worries.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dov sees Wolf has drawn a buck
knife. Dov ever-so-slightly shakes his head "no," a signal
to his brother -- "stand down."

AVRUM

The Carpenter has no worries -- his
daughter's among friends.

INGA

I am. Thank you for your
diligence, Captain, but the night's
still young, there's music and my
escort will see me home.

Captain Tibor processes this, knows he can't press further
and forces a wobbly smile --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

It appears my work here is done.
Rabbi, I will take that plate of
food -- as long as Mrs. Katz's
challa is on it for gravy dipping.

Isaac and Avrum lead Captain Tibor toward the food table.
Avrum shoots a stern glance to Wolf -- somehow, perhaps it's
a father's omniscience, he knew Wolf's violent intentions.

As Dov and Inga watch Captain Tibor stack his food plate --

INGA

Tibor's a liar. My Father would
never have asked him to come here.

DOV

How do you know?

INGA

Because my Father doesn't know
about us.

Off Dov, this news coming as a surprise.

THE CAMERA pulls back, taking in the entirety of the party.
FIND young Sandor, huddled in the corner, drinking a glass of
wine.

FADE OUT.

INT. AVRUM & SARI'S BEDROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOME - LATE NIGHT

Avrum sits on the edge of the bed -- Dov and Inga's courtship weighing on his mind. Sari combs her hair in the mirror.

AVRUM

When I was younger, when the empire was strong, they said "*Jew, be a good Hungarian.*" And as a good Hungarian, even though I was Rabbi, I raised our children to be good Hungarians. That meant attending Gentile schools, having Gentile friends, in all ways they'd be Magyar except... in their faith.

SARI

And you believe you were wrong? 24 years of parenting undone because Dov brings home a *shiksa*?

AVRUM

If it opened the door for him to stray from our traditions, from G-d, then yes. They were intimate, Sari.
(off her surprise)
I saw the wild look in his eyes when Tibor spoke her name.

SARI

I know that look. There's nothing you can do to stop him. No more than my father could stop you. He's a man now, Avrum, he's just following his heart.

AVRUM

If he's truly a man... perhaps it's not his heart he's following.
(off Sari's laugh; beat)
I never thought it would be him.
Wolf, yes... *Devorah* -- not him --

Under which, Sari, feeling the stress resonate from Avrum, approaches him -- maneuvering herself in between his legs and *kissing* him on the lips. It's tender --

SARI

(gentle)
Turn down the light.

AVRUM

What? No... not now.
(continuing his train of thought)
(MORE)

AVRUM (CONT'D)

If he's following his heart, Sari,
I have to follow mine.

SARI

Avrum... attempt to take away his
happiness and he'll hate you
forever. Once a son turns on his
father, the wound never heals.
You of all people know that.

Avrum considers his father's LETTER resting ominously on his
night stand. The envelope still sealed -- the letter unread.
Sari steps away from Avrum, walks to her side of the bed --

SARI (CONT'D)

Turn down the light. I'm tired.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - EARLY MORNING

FIND Avrum, alone, standing at the bimah (pulpit) donning a
Tallis, facing the ark of the Torah. He davens -- rocking
back and forth as he recites HOLY PRAYERS aloud. A few
RABBINICAL STUDENTS walk through the sanctuary, careful not
to disturb him. They stop and listen; tears leak from their
eyes at the power of Avrum's prayer. After a beat, one
student nudges the others for them to move off. They do.

At the conclusion of Avrum's prayer he pulls out the envelope
containing Moshe's letter. It's time. He removes the letter
and slowly reads; his facial expression turning grim. What
did it say? OFF WHICH WE...

END EPISODE ONE

EPISODE TWO

EXT. CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Children rush to enter before the morning bell's peal. FIND Eden, among them, a massive cello case strapped to her back. Falling into stride with Eden is Ferenc, 24, teacher's aid and Katz family friend --

EDEN

Good morning, Ferenc.

FERENC

Ready your cello, Eden. Today, in class, Herr Shulner will make the most amazing announcement!

EDEN

Not even a hint? Perhaps I'll find another stomach for this challa my mother sent you.

FERENC

I shall not tell. My lips are sealed!

EDEN

Then handing you a loaf of bread would truly be a waste.

Eden smiles, then hands over a bag containing the challa --

INT. ORCHESTRA CLASS ROOM - HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The instructor is HERR SHULNER, 70s, a relic from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. FIND Ferenc sitting at the piano. STUDENTS file in, carrying their instruments; strings, brass, woodwind and percussion.

HERR SHULNER

Take your seats. Quickly.

Herr Shulner TAPS his desk with a conductor's baton.

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Attention, Class. A representative from Franz Liszt school of music is choosing students for a special program to study music in Budapest for their summer session.

Eden and Ferenc exchange a look while the students gush with excitement.

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Reserve your enthusiasm, only thirty-four children from across the country will be chosen. Most if not all of you will be rejected. This is where you learn the difference between having talent and having a gift. Tonight's homework is to select a two-minute solo, which you will submit to Herr Ferenc for approval. No Beethoven. He will be overplayed by your contemporaries. Now... ready your instruments --

As LACI, 14, readies her flute, she turns to Eden --

LACI

I hear your brother's wife birthed a son and your father chopped off his... thing.

A few STUDENTS within earshot snicker...

EDEN

It's called a Bris, Laci. Nothing's taken off but the foreskin.

LACI

It sounds barbaric.

MIKLOS, 14, class bully, chimes in --

MIKLOS

Like most Zhid customs.

Herr Shulner watches the exchange, has seen enough.

HERR SHULNER

Quiet you chatterboxes. Chopin's Revolutionary Etude. Herr Ferenc --

Ferenc plays the intro, then Herr Shulner cues the students to harmonize in. Dissatisfied with the intonation, Herr Shulner SLAMS his ruler on the desk.

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Horns, did you leave your ears at home today? Play the high C sharp. Again!

The students roll their eyes, Herr Shulner is a taskmaster --

EXT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - MORNING

Located on the corner of a busy shopping street in the middle of town. Outdoor cow pens feed into a small slaughterhouse in the back of the butchershop.

INT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - MORNING

Bare light bulbs hang from the ceiling. SKINNED CHICKENS dangle from meat hooks in a window already filled with SIGNS in both German and Hungarian offering Kosher specials. Isaac stacks canned goods, wipes down the meat scale. Uncle Yehuda wheels in a barrel of garlic-dill pickles.

Dov steps out from the back-room, putting on his apron. Wolf relaxes with his feet up on a chair at a little corner table reading the newspaper. A number of customers gather at the door waiting eagerly for the shop to open --

WOLF

A line's already forming.

ISAAC

Don't help.

(to Uncle Yehuda)

Can of pike.

Uncle Yehuda nods.

WOLF

I wasn't meant for the apron.

ISAAC

(to Uncle Yehuda)

Brisket --

(to Wolf)

Neither was I, but I have a son now, with hopefully more on the way.

As Uncle Yehuda nods then heads into the storeroom --

WOLF

(to Dov re Avrum)

Did you see him this morning?

DOV

He was gone by the time I woke up.

Uncle Yehuda enters from the storeroom with a can of pike --

UNCLE YEHUDA

He went to pray.

Dov takes this in with a sigh --

DOV

This is ridiculous. It's 1941, I shouldn't need my father's permission to court a woman.

WOLF

(sarcastic)

Just... courting, huh?

Dov shoots him a look, Wolf shrugs. Isaac stays on point --

ISAAC

Don't look at the world as it should be, Brother, but as it is.

(beat)

To make her a bride and mother is a sin against G-d. Papa must turn his back on you -- as if you were dead to him. You know this.

DOV

Yes, I remember "the speech" he gave us all on the first day of school --

WOLF

(random)

Remember Yitzhak Cohen? From futbol club? When his father learned he kissed a *shiksa*, he smacked him so hard at the dinner table he fell a chair and broke his arm. He was our goalie.

DOV

I don't care about Yitzhak Cohen! I'm leaving for Medical School in a month -- I'm an adult now --

ISAAC

-- yes, and as an adult you're still a Jew and she's still... one of them. Your children will never know their Grandfather. Is that a life you wish for your sons? For yourself? A life bereft of family?

DOV

Sounds like it's not only Papa who'll turn his back on me.

ISAAC
(lowers his head; beat)
It's a sin against G-d. Nothing
good will come from this.

WOLF
(interjecting; playful)
I won't abandon you, Brother.

ISAAC
Said the brother who can't wait to
leave home the moment he arrives.

Wolf nods this away --

DOV
Isaac, I'm sorry your marriage was
arranged and you've never loved by
choice. If you did, you might
understand how I feel.

WOLF
It also might remove that large
stick up your ass.

Wolf exchanges a glance with Isaac -- he's right. Dov takes
a beat, then approaches Uncle Yehuda --

DOV
Uncle? You're too quiet --

UNCLE YEHUDA
Silence is wisdom. Open up.

Isaac unlocks the front door; CUSTOMERS rush the counter
yelling their orders --

CUSTOMER
Two chops.

Dov retrieves then hands over the order, the customer
presents money --

DOV
(indicates Uncle Yehuda)
No, pay at the register.

Isaac sees the mid-wife/nurse, Roza enter --

ISAAC
Roza --

ROZA
Did Janos sleep through the night?

ISAAC

As did his mother. You ordered a leg of lamb?

Roza nods. Uncle Yehuda carries over a large leg of lamb wrapped in brown butcher's paper and hands it to Isaac --

UNCLE YEHUDA

This is a beautiful cut. Great for stewing.

ISAAC

Is Gyorgy outside with the cart?

Roza nods, hands Isaac money --

ISAAC (CONT'D)

No, no, no, Roza, you never pay. I'll carry it for you.

Roza exits with Isaac behind her.

EXT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - MORNING

Roza steps up onto the horse drawn cart piloted by her husband GYORGY, 40s -- a simple farm hand who married way up. Isaac places the leg of lamb in the cart's cab and bids them farewell. When they're a good distance away --

GYORGY

Why must we always buy from them?

ROZA

Don't be a fool. They have the best meat in three counties.

BACK TO ISAAC, his heart heavy as Dov's words resonate.

INT. INGA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The heavy CHUKA CHUKA CHUKA of a sewing machine -- Inga's hemming a dress. Her Father, 40s, last night's booze still on his breath, enters. She stops sewing, mid-stitch.

INGA'S FATHER

There's a man here to see you.

Off Inga's nervous look -- could it be Dov?

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Inga enters the kitchen behind her father to discover it's not Dov, but Captain Tibor --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

I wanted to confirm with my own eyes that you arrived home safe last night.

INGA'S FATHER

The Captain says you refused a ride from him after the movie ended?

INGA

The night was still young, Father. May I speak to the Captain outside?

Inga's father nods. Captain Tibor and Inga walk outside --

EXT. INGA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As they exit the cottage, Inga whips around, furious --

INGA

Last night was a shameful display -- what lies you told.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Lies, which would have been the truth, had your father known the truth.

INGA

What my father knows is my business. State the purpose of your visit, Tibor. I'm sick of your games.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

It's as I said, I wanted to make sure you arrived home safe.

INGA

Your concern is touching, but I am not your concern.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

You know my feelings go beyond concern.

INGA

And you know I'm in love with someone else.

Which strikes Captain Tibor like a dagger to the heart --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

You talk of this love as if it has any hope of a future.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

They're Jews -- they'll never
accept you, and I can offer you a
better life...

INGA

...please stop...

CAPTAIN TIBOR

...in two years I'll make
Lieutenant. On a Lieutenant's
wage, I'll purchase a cottage twice
the size of your father's.

INGA

In two years I'll be working in a
hospital with no desire for farm
life. Tibor, I'm only a shadow of
what you'd wish for in a wife.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

So Dov Katz wins your heart?

INGA

My heart is not a prize to be won.

Captain Tibor aggressively steps toward her, invading her
personal space, making her nervous...

CAPTAIN TIBOR

(menacing)

Of course it is.

Captain Tibor heads for his car. Inga walks over to the
mailbox, withdrawing a stack of letters. As she thumbs
through... her hands tremble.

EXT. HUNGARIAN COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Rays of golden sunlight accent an isolated meadow of lush
green -- somewhere in the Hungarian countryside. Over this,
in the tall grass, we hear the MOANS of passionate sex.

THE CAMERA FINDS Dov and Inga, their bodies intertwined and
writhing under a blanket. After climax they settle into a
post-sex calm. Inga lays her head on his chest and the two
stare into each other's eyes. After a long silence --

DOV

(playful)

You seem quiet. Reconsidering
Tibor's offer?

INGA

Only the tone in which it was presented. He frightens me --

Dov sighs, puffs out his chest --

INGA (CONT'D)

--not enough for you to confront him. He knows I'm yours, the matter's settled.

DOV

And your father? How long before that matter's settled?

INGA

My father's an old Magyar with deep opinions of Jews.

(off Dov's look)

I'll tell him, when you tell me this is forever.

Dov leans in and kisses her... passionately... desperately. As they roll over into each other's arms --

INT. KITCHEN - KATZ FAMILY HOME - LATE NIGHT

Sari's cleaning the dinner plates. Avrum enters, tosses down his father's letter on the kitchen table --

AVRUM

Moshe invited me to Budapest.

SARI

Will you go?

AVRUM

(thinks)

No. What needed to be said was said years ago.

SARI

Oye, Avrum... your mother was sick. You yourself said it many times, how she'd have conversations with the walls or sleep in the basement for days. It was the sickness that put the gun in her hand not your father.

AVRUM

But it was his infidelity that pulled the trigger.

SARI

And now he seeks your forgiveness --
as you might one day seek from Dov
if you turn your back on him.

AVRUM

Perhaps. But Moshe doesn't only
seek forgiveness in his letter.

(beat)

He seeks advice.

The CLOMP and WHINNY of a horse approaching. Avrum's face
turns pale as he sees through the window it's Dov. Sari
reads him. Avrum steels himself for what must be done --

SARI

Avrum, no --

AVRUM

I'm a Rabbi, Sari, I can't have him
in my house.

INT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dov ties down the horse's reins and tends to it. After a
beat he realizes there's someone else in the barn with him.
Dov slowly turns around to find Avrum standing there, his
face inscrutable. Dov knows what's coming next, but Avrum
struggles to find the right words. A long beat of silence,
broken by --

DOV

I intend to marry her, Papa.
(off Avrum's look)
I'm sorry if--

AVRUM

--Anyu made beef for supper. The
plate's... still warm if you hurry.

Avrum quickly retreats out of the barn. Dov opens his mouth
to speak, but then closes it wordlessly --

EXT. KATZ FAMILY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Avrum exits, looks up to heaven, eyes tearing --

AVRUM

(to G-d; in Yiddish)
Forgive me.
(beat)
He's my son.

FADE OUT.

INT. HALLWAY - CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

In-between classes. Students hurry to class. PICK UP Eden, cello strapped to her back, briskly walking past Laci and her friends who commiserate in front of the orchestra room. Laci scrutinizes Eden from head to toe and notices something that disturbs her -- she and Eden are wearing the same red socks with yellow flowers as part of their skirt outfits. Eden enters the orchestra class --

INT. ORCHESTRA ROOM - CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The students slowly trickle in and take their seats --

HERR SHULNER

Such lethargy from aspiring
musicians. Take your seats --

The students uncase their instruments --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

A debate rages in the high halls
about Bach's Suites. Is it the
substance of his heart's passion?
Or the pure calculations from the
rhythms of a didactic mathematician.
No dead hands today... Bach's
Courante in C major.

Ferenc leads the complicated piece in with the piano, then the students follow -- sounding marvelous.

ANGLE ON LACI -- blowing into her flute, distracted. She repeatedly peers over to Eden, examining her socks to confirm if they are indeed the same exact pair -- *How could she have the same pair of socks as a Jew?* Herr Shulner takes note of Laci's deficiency in concentration and rumbles over --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Pay attention flutes! Enough --

The music dies out --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Laci, you're overhanging the keys.

LACI

I wasn't, Herr Teacher.

HERR SHULNER

So my ears deceive me? Perhaps I
am mistaken.

(MORE)

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Perhaps you are a prodigy equal to
Lilli Boulanger, or... Bellini or
Franz Liszt himself?

Laci shakes her head "no."

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Stand.

Laci nervously rises out of her chair --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

If the emissary from Franz Liszt
were here, in this very room, would
he select you for scholarship?

LACI

No, Herr Teacher.

HERR SHULNER

No.

(to Eden)

Eden Katz... based on your
performance would you be chosen?

EDEN

I can only hope, Herr Teacher.

Minor chuckles from the other students. Miklos blurts --

MIKLOS

Like they'd pick a Jew.

HERR SHULNER

More inward timbre of the D string
and almost avoiding the open A,
today, your play was precise and
unerring.

Then Herr Shulner maneuvers her face to face with Laci.

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

(to Laci)

Extend your palms face down.

Laci slowly does this. Ferenc realizes Herr Shulner's
intentions, stands defiantly --

FERENC

Herr Teacher --

HERR SHULNER

Sit down, Herr Ferenc. You are
only here at my whim.

Ferenc deflates into his chair. Herr Shulner turns to Eden, hands her the conductor's baton --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Ten raps upon the knuckles. A lesson she'll not soon forget coming from you.

Eden's frozen...

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Strike now.

FEMALE STUDENT

Look, they're wearing the same socks!

The students check to confirm --

HERR SHULNER

Enough chatterboxing. Eden... commence.

Eden tears up, looks to Ferenc who nods his approval. Eden strikes Laci's knuckles. ONCE. TWICE. A THIRD TIME. As Laci's eyes register the pain --

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Harder!

Eden raises the baton above her head -- ready to pounce, but then freezes --

EDEN

(beat; thinks)

I cannot do it, Herr Teacher.

HERR SHULNER

Complete the punishment... or be expelled.

Eden considers this, but then lowers the baton and tosses it on the desk in front of her.

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

Miss Katz, you are dismissed for the remainder of the semester.

EDEN

Please, Herr Teacher, what about my audition?

HERR SHULNER

Auditions are held for students enrolled in orchestra.

(MORE)

HERR SHULNER (CONT'D)

(to Miklos)

Miklos. Seventeen lashes.
An additional ten for the Jewess'
disobedience. Count aloud.

Miklos rises, swipes the baton and strikes Laci mercilessly.

MIKLOS

One... two... three...

The haunting THWACK of the baton connecting over Laci's
knuckles is all we hear as Eden packs up her cello. Before
Eden exits Laci glares daggers at her --

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO THE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Eden sits on the ground, back against the wall. She's
watching a FEMALE BEGGAR hassle pedestrians for a hand out.
Ferenc enters the alley, sits down next to her --

EDEN

Seven more taps is all it took.
Yesterday, she made a comment, as
she always does. In that moment...
when I stopped hitting her... it
wasn't because I was afraid of
hurting her, it was because I was
afraid of how much I wanted to.

FERENC

Which makes what you've done all
the more brave.

EDEN

No, I'm a weak, sentimental girl
and the world tramples us.
(indicates her cello)
He held my future in his hands.

As he considers this... he has a eureka moment --

FERENC

There still may be a way for you to
audition.

Eden turns to him in disbelief --

FERENC (CONT'D)

As Herr Shulner's assistant I'll
have contact with the emissary once
he's in town. I could tell him
your story and if he agrees, arrange
a private concert to hear you play.

(MORE)

FERENC (CONT'D)

But only you, me and your family
are all that can ever know.

EDEN

I won't tell a soul.

FERENC

Good. You'll need to practice.
Everyday. My house. After school.
Bronka would love to hear you play.

EDEN

Why risk your position with Herr
Shulner just to help me?

FERENC

All people have dreams, but few
possess the gifts to achieve them.
You do. And I don't wish to see you
waste it becoming the most
celebrated teacher's assistant in
town.

And we realize Ferenc doesn't want Eden to end up like him --

INT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Business is winding down. Uncle Yehuda, Isaac and Dov begin
cleaning up as GENDARMERIE OFFICER ALARIC, 26, enters --

ISAAC

Alaric...

OFFICER ALARIC

Apologies for missing the Bris.
(lying)
Katarina... came down with a flu.

DOV

(to Uncle Yehuda; in Yiddish)
*Many of his friends wives were
struck with a illnesses since he was
"released" from the Gendarmerie.*

Uncle Yehuda smirks; Isaac covers --

ISAAC

They ask how's she feeling.

OFFICER ALARIC

Still with a fever and sore throat.

ISAAC

My mother's matzo ball soup is the perfect cure all.

OFFICER ALARIC

Then I'll take a litre.

Isaac fills a container of soup from a heated chafing dish and hands it to Alaric. Alaric pulls out money for recompense.

ISAAC

Pay at the register.

Alaric turns, but then stops; his face filling with dread -- something terrible weighing on his mind --

OFFICER ALARIC

Isaac -- I'm sorry.

AT THAT MOMENT a caravan of police cars lumber to a halt in front of the shop. Stepping from the lead vehicle... Captain Tibor. Isaac, Dov and Uncle Yehuda exchange uneasy looks.

ISAAC

Tibor?

Isaac whips a furious glance to Alaric as Captain Tibor enters, air thickening. Captain Tibor turns to Isaac --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Step out from behind the counter, Old Friend.

Isaac warily does this, Captain Tibor presents him with an official-looking document displaying state seals --

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

This shop is being closed until further notice.

ISAAC

(reads aloud)

The Office of the Health Inspector needs proof we're conforming with the new animal safety regulations.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

There've been rumors of code violations. Kashrut law is not Hungarian law.

Uncle Yehuda comes from around the counter. Dov remains silent, simply staring down Captain Tibor --

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

If you're found serving any beef or poultry on the premises until the health department inspects you, you're subject to arrest and forfeiture of property.

UNCLE YEHUDA

Captain, fourteen years we've been in operation, no violations --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Then you should have nothing to fear. An inspector will contact you within the week.

Captain Tibor shoots Dov a glance. The glance is just smug enough to allow Dov insight into the true purpose of the shop closing -- payback for Dov's relationship with Inga.

Captain Tibor and Officer Alaric exit (Alaric still holding the soup) leaving Uncle Yehuda, Dov and Isaac to confer.

ISAAC

So the shop's closed for a few weeks until an Inspector certifies our compliance.

UNCLE YEHUDA

Don't be a fool. No inspector will ever come.

As Isaac considers this, Dov's blood boils... until he can no longer ignore his rage and charges out of the shop in pursuit of Captain Tibor --

EXT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

As Captain Tibor opens his car door --

DOV

Captain...

He SLAMS the door shut, turns to see Dov approaching, the veins in his head bulging. As Uncle Yehuda and Isaac hurriedly exit the shop --

ISAAC

(in Yiddish)

Come back inside, Brother.

Dov ignores him, steps closer to the Captain --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Feel free to protest through
official channels, young Katz.

DOV

This isn't about Hungarian law or
how we slaughter our fucking cows.
(off Captain Tibor's look)
This is about her.

CRAAACK! Captain Tibor EXPLODES with a sucker punch to Dov's chin, spiraling him to the ground. Uncle Yehuda and Isaac jump to, but Tibor's Officers, including Alaric, draw their revolvers, keeping them at bay.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

He speaks a man's words, Isaac.
Let him accept a man's beating.

Captain Tibor GUT KICKS Dov -- POPPING the very air out of his lungs. Dov struggles to draw breath --

UNCLE YEHUDA

(in Yiddish)
Stay down.

But, Dov's tough and defiantly stands up, signaling Tibor for round two. Isaac, Uncle Yehuda and the growing crowd of TOWNSFOLK gasp knowing Dov's overmatched.

A left hook. An uppercut. A shot to the abdomen. Isaac winces as Dov's back on the ground, face swelling. Dov desperately crawls for the safety of the butchershop.

ISAAC

The fight's over, Captain. The
boy's learned his lesson.

Captain Tibor YANKS Dov up by the hair, whispers in his ear.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

He knows how to end this.

The subtext; *"give up seeing Inga"* --

DOV

(through the pain)
She'll never love you.

Captain Tibor flattens his nose with another hammering right. Back on the ground, Dov continues crawling toward the butchershop -- determined to reach the porch.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

(to Isaac)

He scurries away like a rat. I
thought you Katz boys were made of
sterner stock --

But Dov wasn't crawling to escape, he was crawling to find a
weapon. Dov slowly rises to his feet, clutching a piece of
firewood. He swings for dear life SLAMMING Captain Tibor
across the face, dropping him to the ground --

Dov tosses the firewood, jumps on top of Tibor, pummeling him
with rights and lefts. The fight devolves from punches to
each man attempting to choke out the other.

The Police Officers run over to pry Dov off of their Captain.
Isaac and Uncle Yehuda help -- grabbing hold of Dov, pinning
his arms back and dragging him away. Officer Alaric helps
Captain Tibor to his feet --

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

Arrest him for striking an Officer.

OFFICER ALARIC

No --

(off Tibor's look)

Tibor... you'll look weak.

Captain Tibor knows he's right which infuriates him even more.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as the two men are restrained by their
respective supporters yet still desperately clawing and
reaching for one last punch.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The whole family is present except for Eden; Avrum, Sari,
Uncle Yehuda, Isaac, Wolf, Devorah and Bela. Dov is on the
couch, eyes-closed, popping in and out of sleep. Avrum sits
at his side, watching him. Devorah turns to Wolf --

DEVORAH

Why do men think with their fists?

WOLF

Fists settle matters words can't.

Avrum stands, turns to the family --

AVRUM

Tibor's rage is clear --

WOLF

Then let him suffer and remember.

AVRUM

How? By unsheathing your knife?

WOLF

He lost the fight, Papa -- this is far from over.

AVRUM

If a mind of violence is what you've learned from those Zionist friends of yours --

WOLF

Unlike you, those friends and I have walked the streets of Krakow, Warsaw and Lodz. Jews forced into ghettos like animals. Thousands living on top of one another slumped within a few square blocks.

AVRUM

(not being insensitive)
That's Poland. It's not here.

WOLF

Not yet. This is how it starts. First it's shop closings and beatings, then it's ghettos and yellow stars. Allow me to end this before it begins.

AVRUM

By killing him you will ensure that it does begin.

Wolf rolls his eyes, dismissing his father's warning. Frustrated, Avrum steps in his face... it's intimidating...

AVRUM (CONT'D)

I may not have walked the streets of Krakow and Lodz, but I've stood face to face with my enemy... close enough to feel his warm blood run down my arm. Close enough to see the look in his eyes as he wondered how much deeper I'd drive my bayonet into his stomach.

Which frightens Wolf and freezes the rest of the room --

AVRUM (CONT'D)

You know nothing about killing men,
Hushika, and I pray you never do.

A KNOCK at the front door tenses everyone further. Isaac opens the door -- revealing Inga. Her face fraught with worry.

INGA

Can I see him?
(beat; to Avrum)
Please...

Avrum nods approval. Inga rushes to Dov's side, grabbing his hand. Avrum and Sari are touched --

AVRUM

(in Yiddish)
From envy grows hate.

INT. BATHROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF HANDS WASHING OFF BLOOD AND DIRT.

PULL OUT TO FIND Captain Tibor, shirtless, hovering over a first-aid kit balanced on the sink, now dabbing iodine on his contused cheek. A gold cross dangles from his neck. He takes a long pointed look at himself in the mirror. Eyes moving from his bruise to the cross and back again.

He raises his left arm revealing two INCH-LONG SCARS, appearing like HORIZONTAL ROMAN NUMERALS II, under his armpit. He unclasps his cross's chain from around his neck and using the cross's sharp edge, digs into his skin, cutting a third mark underneath the two previous ones. His hand shakes as blood oozes from the self-made wound. This action taken by Tibor seems to be some measure of self-inflicted penance.

When he's finished, Tibor goes back to staring at himself in the mirror, then FLARES UP, knocking the first aid kit on the floor scattering its contents.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Main room where UNIFORMED OFFICERS MINGLE. Captain Tibor exits the bathroom to find his OFFICERS laughing amongst themselves. The laughs die out when Captain Tibor's presence is realized. Whether he's the butt of their joke or not, it's his perception that he is -- fueling the growing rage within him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOME - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Only a few moments have passed since we last saw our family. Sari turns to Devorah --

SARI
Bring out cookies for everyone, in
case they want to nosh.

Devorah heads to the kitchen as Bela chimes in --

BELA
Without the shop how can we afford
to live?

ISAAC
(chippy)
Now is not the time to discuss
money.

BELA
Don't yell at me!

UNCLE YEHUDA
If worse comes to worst, we would
sell the cows.

Devorah, carrying a tray of schnecken, offers the cookies to
everyone present, except Inga, bypassing her completely --

DEVORAH
Father, I can pick up an extra day
at the salon --

Avrum nods, Inga stands --

INGA
Rabbi, I love your son so much
that I would end our affair if it
means peace for your family.

AVRUM
Sweet Girl, the Captain's a bully.
Bend once and you'll bend forever --

ISAAC
If we don't fight back and we don't
give in, what option's left?

AVRUM
B'ezras Hashem.

Inga doesn't understand Hebrew --

AVRUM (CONT'D)
G-d will provide.

A long moment of silence --

SARI

He already has. Go to Budapest,
Avrum. Go see your father.

Sari indicates Moshe's letter still on the kitchen table --

SARI (CONT'D)

Bela's right. Without the store
our family has nothing, but a dozen
mouths to feed and a shortage of
food in the pantry.

Avrum looks to Uncle Yehuda to weigh in --

UNCLE YEHUDA

(in Yiddish)

*Moshe has the connections to get
the ban lifted. There's no shame
in asking for his help.*

Roza enters, with her husband Gyorgy.

AVRUM

Roza, thank you for coming.

She rushes over to the couch where Dov's napping, nudges him
awake. As Dov slowly awakens --

ON DOV, as he wipes the sleep from his eyes...

DOV

They shouldn't have called you.
Sleep is the best doctor.

GYORGY

Captain Tibor did this?

SARI

(nods)

Gyorgy, there's some nice schnecken
on the kitchen table. Help
yourself.

Gyorgy seats himself; takes a bite of a schnecken and notices
Moshe's letter sitting on the table.

Roza listens to her stethoscope, the drum over Dov's chest --

ROZA

Bruised, but not broken. I'll need
to clean those cuts before
infection sets.

Roza grabs a bottle of Iodine from her bag. ISAAC and AVRUM approach, watch as Roza as cleans Dov's cuts with a swab of iodine. Dov looks up to Avrum --

DOV
Why didn't you send me away?

AVRUM
Because I'm weak.

ISAAC
(to Avrum)
So, Papa, what's your decision?

As Avrum considers his options, he looks to Sari, who nods.

INT. RAZI'S HAIR SALON - MORNING

The chaos of a women's hair salon bustling with activity. At six or seven workstations, hair's either being washed, cut, colored, styled or dried. FIND Devorah, at her station, sitting in the barber's chair, swiveling it back and forth, while the crabby salon owner, RAZI, 40s, sweeps the floor in front of her. We join their conversation mid-stream --

DEVORAH
One extra day a week is all I ask.

RAZI
(mulling)
One extra day? Half your earnings must come back to my pocket.

DEVORAH
Half???? Razi, please, my family needs the money.

RAZI
You only cut Jewish hair -- Jews pay less.

DEVORAH
Fine, I'll take my "Jewish hair" to Crosha Street. Then you get bupkis.
(off Razi's look)
Yiddish for shit.

RAZI
Crosha Street will be worse. That red-headed hag will take half from all of your days.
(beat)
(MORE)

RAZI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Devorah, I can't afford taking someone else off a station and giving it to you for less than half. My family has to eat too.

Frustrated, Devorah leans back in the chair, staring ominously at Razi as the woman continues sweeping --

INT. STUDY - FERENC'S HOUSE - DAY

Eden's rehearsing with Ferenc, playing her solo. His wife, BRONKA, 25, enters, carrying a tray of tea.

FERENC

More Adagio. Bach's Cello Suite No.4 is a lyrical melody, not "*Swing Time in the Countryside.*"

EDEN

I'm sorry. My wrist is tender.

Ferenc is unmoved. Eden takes the hint and continues playing. Ferenc's still displeased --

FERENC

You're rushing, stay on tempo --

As Eden continues, Bronka looks to Ferenc who shakes his head "no" as if to say "*she's not playing well.*"

INT. CAR - DAY

Isaac's behind the wheel. Avrum in the passenger seat. The road they're driving on -- the E-71, snakes through the rolling hills of the Hungarian countryside.

The car speeds past a sign that reads 146 kilometers to Budapest.

The HUMMMM of a fighter plane engine can be heard overhead. It's a HUNGARIAN MAVAG HAWK... headed east. Avrum notices this -- it's a somber note of things to come.

EXT. MOSHE'S HOUSE - DAY

Known among realtors as "Luxury on Andrassy Street." A huge three floor villa in the heart of Budapest.

Avrum and Isaac pull up to the front gate, park. As they step out -- Isaac's impressed by the sheer size of the residence. He's a country boy at heart.

ISAAC

It's bigger than I ever imagined and
I imagined big. I cannot believe
you grew up in such a place.

Avrum half-nods, distracted; he's experiencing a rush of
memories -- both good and bad.

INT. FOYER - MOSHE'S HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OPEN ON a huge oil painting of Moshe's family. Their pose;
Moshe next to Avrum's mother, both of them standing behind
Avrum and his five siblings. The painting was commissioned
when the children were in their teens. Isaac indicates each --

ISAAC

You, Uncle Saul, Uncle Gil, Yehuda,
Aunt Miriam and Aunt Frida.

AVRUM

I was thirteen.

MOSHE (O.S.)

The painter scolded him repeatedly
for his constant fidgeting.

Isaac turns to see Moshe standing atop the balcony --

ISAAC

Grandfather.

While Moshe walks down the staircase, Avrum and Isaac spot a
naked girl, 23, squirreling out of an upstairs room and into
the bathroom. Avrum's repulsed... if not surprised. Moshe
and Isaac greet each other, hug --

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Thank you for such a crib.

MOSHE

It's hand-carved from Istanbul.

ISAAC

An unnecessary extravagance.

MOSHE

Nonsense. My first great grandchild
receives the world on a platter.

AVRUM

What's his name? Your Great
Grandson?

Moshe tries to recall --

MOSHE

I was told in passing --

ISAAC

It's Janos --

MOSHE

Janos, very... Hungarian. Isaac, why don't you go upstairs and rest. You look exhausted as a new father should.

Isaac looks to his father for approval, Avrum nods. As Isaac heads upstairs --

MOSHE (CONT'D)

How nice -- the devotion of a first born.

Off Avrum's look --

INT. MOSHE'S STUDY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Moshe sits behind his desk, Avrum in a tall chair across from him. The "naked girl" seen earlier is now fully clothed, wearing a maid's uniform. She refills the ice-bucket at Moshe's mini-bar then leaves. As Moshe walks to the mini-bar and pours himself a drink --

AVRUM

It must be hard finding one who can actually do housework.

Moshe ignores this as he presents an empty glass to Avrum. Avrum nods "yes" --

MOSHE

Ice?

(Avrum shakes his head "no")

I'll call The Minister of Trade and Commerce regarding your problem with the butcher shop. He's sympathetic to Jewish businesses in the villages.

AVRUM

Thank you.

MOSHE

Don't thank me yet. The wind is changing in Budapest. Or did you not read my letter?

AVRUM

You spelled conscience wrong --

Moshe delivers a "whatever" look as he hands Avrum his drink --

MOSHE

Parliament's considered lengthening
Forced Labor Units terms of service
from three months to two years.
Banning marriage and fornication
between Jews and non-Jews.

AVRUM

For a thousand years this country
has been tough on Jews, from the
1200s and Ladislaus IV to the White
Terrors twenty years ago. Our
course always rights itself.

MOSHE

But never enough for them to
consider us true Hungarians.
The council's drafting a list of
grievances for President Horthy and
I'd like you to be a part of it --
the Neolog perspective.

AVRUM

This city's rooted in Neologian
Rabbis, why me?

MOSHE

You're my son, Hushika.
(off Avrum's look)
There was a time when these hands
fed you, clothed you and bathed
you. I was G-d in your eyes.

AVRUM

I remember... I was still a child.
But children grow up and I realized
you were not G-d. You're just the
son of a goat farmer who sees the
people of his life in terms of
their value in getting him the
things he wants. You don't care
about Jewish rights. Two years for
Labor Units instead of three months
means less cheap labor for your
factories. Interracial
fornication, forces you to hire
your whores instead of publicly
fawning over them.

MOSHE

Doesn't it wear you out? Believing
you're so much better than everyone
else? Was your life so damaged
with me as a father?

Avrum won't even touch this --

MOSHE (CONT'D)

Don't turn a blind eye because you
hate me. The war on Jews is coming
to Hungary and it will be the end
of us.

AVRUM

What would you have me do with
three hot-blooded sons? One of
whom already draws his knife at the
slightest whim. How would they
survive such a war?

MOSHE

(shakes his head disgusted)
When you were a child you'd always
hide behind your mother. As a young
man it was G-d and the Yarmulke.
Now, you hide behind your sons.
(beat)
Coward.

EXT. CROSHA STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON A SIGN -- CROSHA STREET. PULL OUT TO FIND a hub of
activity as residents frequent their favorite shops and cafes.
We're looking through the store window of The CROSHA STREET
HAIR salon; inside we see Devorah speaking with the RED-HEADED
FEMALE SALON OWNER, 50s...

...by their animated hand gestures we gather it's some type of
negotiation. The Salon Owner extends her hand for Devorah to
accept terms, but Devorah defiantly shakes her head "no." The
Female Salon Owner shrugs, then turns away while Devorah exits
the salon, frustrated.

As Devorah gathers herself, she notices something in the
storefront window of a TRAVEL AGENCY next door to the Salon
that catches her eye. Whatever it is, it seems to hold her
attention for a moment until... on her peripheral, she spots
a woman, CLARA, 30, Aryan features, exiting the market,
carrying a large bag of groceries while trying to discipline
her two unruly CHILDREN. A boy, HANS, and girl, HEIKE, eight
and five, respectively. Hans is disabled, wearing a leg
brace on his right leg. Devorah runs over --

CLARA

Hans, no.

DEVORAH

Here... I can carry the bag.

Devorah reaches out. Clara considers, then hands it over --

CLARA

You're a darling, thank you. I'm Clara. This is Hans and Heike.

DEVORAH

Devorah. How far are you going?

CLARA

Two streets over -- the Hotel Lennox if it's not an imposition.

DEVORAH

None whatsoever. It's on my way.

INT. HOTEL LENNOX SUITE - DAY

Devorah, Clara and her children enter the hotel suite. Clara turns to Hans --

CLARA

Read your sister Der Struwwelpeter.

Hans grabs the book from the coffee table and begins reading.

CLARA (CONT'D)

In the bedroom.

Hans ushers his sister into the bedroom; Clara rolls her eyes --

DEVORAH

My youngest brother and sister are five-year-old twins. It's like wrangling cats.

CLARA

Mine are restless. We've been moving around quite a bit. My husband's an engineer. He was hired by the Hungarian Telephone Company so we left Munich.

DEVORAH

I love Munich.
(in German)
Walking along the Isar at night...

CLARA

Ah, you speak German! Why were you in Munich?

DEVORAH

My brothers and I spent two summers with our Uncle Saul and his family.

CLARA

Are they still there?

DEVORAH

No, somewhere in Denmark.

CLARA

We left just in time.

DEVORAH

Are you Jewish?

CLARA

We had many Jewish friends. And our podiatrist was Jewish. Do you work?

DEVORAH

I cut hair at Razi's Salon.

CLARA

Oh good. I was thinking about coming in and getting a pompadour.

DEVORAH

A pompadour wouldn't fit your face. It wouldn't fit mine either. We're cursed with flat cheek bones. I'd make you look like a star -- Vali Rasz or Greta Garbo.

CLARA

(realization)

You really enjoy what you do.

DEVORAH

I'd enjoy it more if the Salon owner gave me another day's work.

CLARA

I used to be an accountant's assistant. Now, I've mastered the art of doing nothing. I miss being important --

DEVORAH

(reflective)

-- I've always been pretty, never important.

(refocuses on Clara)

Why not go back to work? A German woman with high credentials is like Queen Sheba in Hungary.

CLARA

What would I do with my children?

DEVORAH

Pay a housemaid to watch them.

CLARA

(thinks; smiles)

Perhaps... one who speaks German.

DEVORAH

Me?

CLARA

You. You're perfect... and I'd pay generously. Do say yes, Devorah, I like your nature. You speak your mind with no restraint.

DEVORAH

(nods in agreement)

That's probably why I'm not married.

As the two have a good laugh --

INT. MOSHE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Avrum glances out into the hallway, watching Moshe on the telephone long enough to see -- Moshe ping ponging between nodding/listening and repeatedly... smelling his palms.

Avrum, then turns his attention back into the study -- his eyes locate a stretch of carpet, underfoot, in the room's center. This parcel of rug has some special significance.

ON MOSHE -- he hangs up and enters to find Avrum's EYES and attention fixated on the carpet. Moshe knows the what and why of Avrum's fascination. He SIGHS, partly to shake Avrum out of his reverie, partly out of utter disappointment that he's still touched by this memory.

MOSHE

It's done. The Minister sounded optimistic, but from my lips to G-d's ears?

(MORE)

MOSHE (CONT'D)

It helps that we switched your business license to a Christian name a few years ago. He'll contact you in a few days.

AVRUM

Thank you.

MOSHE

I know it must infuriate you to be in debt to a man like me.

AVRUM

As much as it pleases you to know I am in your debt.

Avrum nods then turns his attention back to the carpet.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOSHE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on the framed PHOTOGRAPH of a WOMAN standing under a oak tree. It's the same woman from the family painting downstairs; Avrum's mother.

FIND Isaac -- fascinated by it. No doubt since she's the source of the rift between Father and Grandfather. Isaac walks down the hall -- examining other family photographs hanging on the wall.

-- Avrum with his brothers and Moshe in front of one of Moshe's first furniture stores.

-- Avrum with his mother eating ice-cream on the beach.

Isaac continues down the hall and enters the Master bedroom --

INT. MOSHE'S MASTER BEDROOM - MOSHE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Isaac enters, eyes widen; it's grandiose. Italian lamps, baroque wardrobe, etc. Atop Moshe's dresser rest bottles of French cologne and an expensive Jaeger LeCoultre gold watch. Isaac spritzes his wrist with cologne' and sniffs -- fancy.

ON MOSHE'S NIGHT STAND rests the room's only photograph -- Avrum and Moshe after Avrum returned home from WWI. He's in uniform, adorned with medals -- Moshe's arm is proudly draped around him. Isaac realizes... despite their animosity, Moshe still cares for Avrum deeply. ALL OF A SUDDEN...

...SCREECHING tires skid to a halt outside. Isaac moves to the window -- sees POLICE VEHICLES parking in front of the house and OFFICERS streaming through the gate --

ISAAC

No --

Isaac's face is full of fear -- absolutely terrified as the police are about to enter his Grandfather's house and we...

END EPISODE TWO

EPISODE #3

INT. SECOND-FLOOR BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Isaac reaches the banister as Avrum and Moshe rush into the foyer downstairs --

ISAAC
The police are here!

AVRUM
Isaac, I love you and your siblings very much. Go hide. Hurry!

MOSHE
Even now you have to be a better Father than me, Avrum?

THOOMP, THOOMP. The door BUSTS off its hinges as members of the Royal Hungarian Police Force flood in. They're led by an older HUNGARIAN CAPTAIN, 60s, --

MOSHE (CONT'D)
Those doors were custom made French Villa.

The Captain approaches Moshe and WALLOPS him in the GUT. Avrum moves to retaliate, but the other Officers draw their sidearms --

POLICE CAPTAIN
Stand down.

Avrum complies. The Police Captain looks to his men --

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Search the house --

As the Officers quickly charge up the stairs --

INT. MOSHE'S MASTER BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Two Officers enter, sweep the room -- check under the bed, the closet, etc. One of the Officers pockets Moshe's Jaeger LeCoultre watch before leaving --

INT. FOYER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The two Officers approach their Captain --

HUNGARIAN OFFICER
The house is empty except for the maid.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(nods)

Avrum Katz, Moshe Katz... you're
under arrest for inciting rebellion.

Moshe and Avrum are escorted out of the house --

INT. MOSHE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON -- The Baroque Wardrobe -- as its doors slowly swing
open revealing Isaac's hiding spot.

ON ISAAC, tip-toeing over to the window in time to see; his
Father and Grandfather led into the back of a military truck.
Then -- the Police Captain shakes hands with a UNIFORMED
MILITARY OFFICER whom we recognize as the REGIMENT COMMANDER
from Avrum's Jewish Labor Unit.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FERENC'S HOUSE - DAY

Bronka opens the door... it's Eden, lugging her cello.

BRONKA

Eden. Ten minutes, tardy.

Eden steps in; sheepishly --

INT. STUDY - FERENC'S HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Eden enters... unpacks her cello. Ferenc sits next to her --

EDEN

Mathematics held our class because
of a fire drill --

FERENC

-- Herr Shulner received word
today. Alfred Halsz of the Franz
Listz institute will be arriving
into town two days from now.

EDEN

So... two days to be flawless.

FERENC

Two days to be flawless. A lifetime
to regret if you fail. Ready
yourself. It will be a long night.

Ferenc nods. Eden begins playing a few chords then stops
herself: it's clear she's distracted.

EDEN

Sorry --

FERENC

A professional musician learns to turn a deaf ear to anything that could cause inattention or distraction. You're no longer a child playing a winter recital. You're a young woman striving to reach her creative potential.

His hand pats then cradles her knee.

FERENC (CONT'D)

Again...

Eden begins playing again, and the once neutral hand on her knee now slowly, ominously, creeps up her thigh. Eden doesn't stop him... nor does she stop playing. He keeps going... higher now, past the hem of her skirt. This she stops; whips an angry look to him.

FERENC (CONT'D)

Look at Herr Halsz, don't look at me.

Eden then slowly spreads her legs and Ferenc's hand continues exploring north... ..inching higher up her skirt, until he finds her crotch. Eden WINCES. It's the first time she's ever been touched --

Eden immediately stops playing and removes his hand from under her skirt. Silence, until --

EDEN

How could you. I thought you were my friend.

FERENC

I am. But I can be so much more if you let me.

Ferenc leans in and tries to kiss her. This time a little rougher -- forcing her to shove him off.

EDEN

I will not let you. I will never let you.

Which freezes Ferenc. As Eden packs up her cello --

FERENC

Please forgive me. Don't leave.

Ferenc blocks the door --

FERENC (CONT'D)

Few people have mastered the cello
as you have.

EDEN

Let me go.

Ferenc moves. As she opens the door --

FERENC

I will regret this moment forever,
but...

(beat)

...where else will you go for help?
Herr Shulner will not have you.
The students all hate you.

Eden tears up then leaves, SLAMMING the door behind her --

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Eden briskly walks out, passing Bronka setting the table --

BRONKA

Eden, what's wrong?

Eden ignores her. Off Bronka, clueless --

INT. LIVING ROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Benny Goodman's "*Moonlight Serenade*" plays over the radio.
Wolf is in the kitchen doorway; Dov and Inga on the couch.
All three watch as Devorah paces, energized --

DEVORAH

I'd be nanny to their children --
young ones, not much older than
Guri and Sarah.

DOV

The extra money would be a G-dsend.
Will you quit the salon?

DEVORAH

I'll shift my days to the weekends.
Unlike Razi, that old hag, Clara
has an amazing sweetness to her.

Under which... the front door SWINGS opens... it's Isaac.

ISAAC

Is Anyu in the kitchen?

WOLF

She's putting down the twins for a
nap. How was Budapest?
(sniffs)
Are you wearing cologne?

Isaac waves him off, SHOUTS --

ISAAC

Anyu?

WOLF

Where's Papa?

Still hampered by his injuries, Dov slowly rises off the
couch. As Sari enters --

SARI

Shhh, the twins are asleep.
(looks for Avrum)
Is your father outside?

DOV

Isaac, where is he?

ISAAC

--he and grandfather were arrested.

Sari's jaw drops; the rest of the family's in shock.

DOV

What's the charge?

SARI

When can I see him?

ISAAC

I have no answer for either.

DOV

This was Tibor.

Isaac nods. After a beat --

DOV (CONT'D)

(in Yiddish)

*Go ahead brother, say how I brought
this on. That it's my fault.*

Isaac lowers his head, refusing to answer -- opting to take
the high road. Sari, in an almost fugue-like state, crosses
the room and into her bedroom --

DEVORAH

Mother? Mother?

But Sari ignores her; SLAMS the door shut.

INT. SARI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sari covers her mouth as tears pour out, absorbed in grief.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The siblings hear Sari's crying through the door. After a moment --

DEVORAH

Why's Tibor doing this?

WOLF

A Jew beat him in the middle of the town and in front of his men. The same Jew who stole his woman.

INGA

I was never "his" woman.

Dov begins to walk away --

INGA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

DOV

To the police station. To make peace.

WOLF

It's not peace he wants.

As they all look to Inga --

DOV

What he wants, he'll never have, but I should try regardless.

Sari opens her bedroom door and stares pointedly at Inga for a long uncomfortable moment, then --

SARI

Our world has turned to mud since you came into our lives.

DOV

Anyu stop...

SARI

I want her out of your father's house now.

(to Inga)

Get out --

Inga is mortified, but tries to keep her composure.

INGA
It's okay, Dov, I'll go.

As Inga heads for the door --

INGA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your husband.

SARI
(to Dov; in Yiddish)
She was a whore in her mother's belly.

Sari retreats back into her bedroom -- SLAMMING the door. As Inga exits, Eden crosses in, clearly upset --

EDEN
Where's Anyu? I need to speak to her.

DEVORAH
Not now, Eden!

INT. KITCHEN - KATZ FAMILY HOME - LATER

Sari's chopping carrots into rough chunks for a dinner soup. Still unable to cope with her emotions, she lays down the knife taking deep breaths to calm herself. The phone RINGS.

INT. DEVORAH & EDEN'S BEDROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Eden lies on her side atop her bed, cradling a pillow, eyes puffy with tears, listening to Judy Garland's "Jitterbug" from the Wizard of Oz album.

SARI (O.S.)
Eden...

Eden wipes her eyes, gathers herself --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eden enters, Sari is at the counter chopping carrots. Sari stops chopping, turns --

SARI
Ferenc called.
(off Eden's look)
He told me everything... about your dismissal from orchestra, the summer scholarship. He also mentioned there was a misunderstanding between you?

Eden stiffens...

EDEN

It was... nothing. Compared to
Father's arrest all of it's
nothing.

SARI

Ferenc's been a good friend to our
family. If he can help you --

EDEN

-- he can't. No one can.

Sari measures her daughter's dejection, adjusts --

SARI

When I was your age, or a year older
perhaps, I was a dancer. Ballet.

(Off Eden's surprised look)

My teacher called me a young Anna
Pavlova. At our opening of Giselle
I received eleven curtain calls.

(points to herself)

Weak ankles. To a dancer that's
death.

(beat)

If your father were here, he'd tell
you to "*find a way to be heard.*"
To trust in your talents.

Eden nods, it's the hope she needs --

SARI (CONT'D)

But he's a man, and men are always
optimistic that unwinnable battles
can be won. And while men dream of
"one day when..." it's the women
who're left alone, after the battle's
fought when the men are gone, waiting
for a day that will never come.

(beat)

My dear, you are a woman and a Jew.
Set aside your dreams. Life will
no doubt squash them -- as it
already has.

Flush with disappointment, Eden watches the ease in which her
mother returns to slicing carrots. HOLD on Eden, wheels
spinning --

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Dov approaches the police station. Nervous. Scared.
Determined. He squares his shoulders and enters --

INT. CAPTAIN TIBOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

FIND Captain Tibor at his desk, about to eat his dinner; a whole chicken, side of pickled cabbage. Officer Alaric enters, indicates Dov in the squad room --

OFFICER ALARIC
He's asking to speak to you.

Captain Tibor considers this...

CAPTAIN TIBOR
Check him for a weapon.

Captain Tibor rises, yanks off a drumstick and heads into the squad room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Uniforms fall silent as Captain Tibor approaches Dov. Tibor takes a bite of the drumstick; Officer Alaric pats down Dov, he's clean --

DOV
May I have a word in private,
Captain?

CAPTAIN TIBOR
(food in his mouth)
A private word isn't necessary.

DOV
(beat)
Our dispute shouldn't extend to my family. My father and grandfather were arrested in Budapest -- I assume under your orders.

CAPTAIN TIBOR
"Inciting Rebellion" is a crime too serious to ignore.

DOV
Captain, remember the love you have for your father and grandfather --

CAPTAIN TIBOR
-- my father was my world --

DOV

-- I'm here to secure mine's release
and put an end to our hostilities.

Captain Tibor takes another bite of his drumstick -- drawing
out each chew and chomp to make Dov wait for his response.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

How do we accomplish such a thing?

DOV

I thought you might suggest the
proper course --

CAPTAIN TIBOR

An apology's in order.

DOV

Name the slight --

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

-- only one comes to mind.

Dov anticipates it having something to do with Inga...

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

During our fight, a fight meant for
fists, you wielded a weapon. It
was an act of cowardice --

DOV

(nods; beat)

It was. I'm truly sorry.

CAPTAIN TIBOR

An apology is more genuine when a
man is truly humble. Lower your
pants --

DOV

Excuse me?

CAPTAIN TIBOR

Humble yourself. Show contrition.

Dov undoes his belt buckle then slowly, shyly, slides his
pants down to his ankles... it's humiliating.

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)

All of it.

Dov complies... lowering his underwear too.

CAPTAIN TIBOR (CONT'D)
I've always heard how you people
cut yourselves, it's like a
skinless sausage.

Officers WHOOP and HOLLER. All except Alaric.

DOV
Captain... I apologize for not
accepting defeat at your hands.

CAPTAIN TIBOR
And wielding a weapon...

DOV
And wielding a weapon.

Captain Tibor finishes off the drumstick; tossing the bone at
Dov's feet.

CAPTAIN TIBOR
Consider our feud at an end.

Captain Tibor heads toward his office --

DOV
What about my father and
grandfather... Sir? Can I bring
them home?

CAPTAIN TIBOR
Yes, you may. If it were in my
power. Sadly, it is not.

Crushed and humiliated, Dov pulls up his pants. Off which --

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Dov exits to find Isaac and Wolf leaning against the car
waiting for him. The look on his face says it all.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Isaac's driving. Dov's in the front seat, Wolf the back.
After a few beats of silence, Isaac turns to Dov --

ISAAC
It's clear what you're thinking,
but I assure you -- killing a
Police Captain because he shamed
you is madness.

Dov's eyes shift, opts not to respond. Wolf leans forward --

WOLF

He's not you. The world wrongs him
and he can't accept it.

ISAAC

I accept it because I must. I have
a family --

WOLF

You were police officer and they
took that away. You were butcher,
they took that away too. Soon
there'll be nothing left.

ISAAC

Except that stick up my ass...

Silence for a few moments, then Dov turns to Isaac --

DOV

Wolf's right. The only peace with
Tibor comes from the end of a
knife. It's not just for what he's
done to me, or to Papa, but what he
will continue to do to all of us.

ISAAC

If Tibor's killed -- no matter
which one of us wields the blade,
it will be you who is arrested...
or worse.

DOV

I'll be dead to you soon anyway,
Brother. Why should that bother
you?

As Isaac absorbs this dig, a SPEEDING car driving behind them
fires off a flurry of HONKS --

ISAAC

What the --

The car pulls alongside them... it's Alaric --

OFFICER ALARIC

Do you know the old Padic house?
(Off Isaac's nod)
Meet me there in an hour. It's
about your father --

Alaric speeds ahead. Off the brothers, wary --

EXT. OLD PALIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Isaac slowly creeps the car to a park then he and his brothers get out. Wolf draws his knife --

INT. OLD PALIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Dilapidated. No one's lived here in years. Isaac, Dov and Wolf enter, find Alaric waiting. Alaric sees Wolf's knife's unsheathed --

OFFICER ALARIC

You won't need that.

(Wolf keeps it out)

Isaac, this has gone too far. I don't support how Tibor's pressing your family. You were one of us.

ISAAC

It all began over a girl.

OFFICER ALARIC

Love can madden a man's heart --

WOLF

So can pressing a man's family.

ISAAC

Alaric, we only want our Father and Grandfather released --

OFFICER ALARIC

I know, but Tibor wasn't lying to Dov -- he no longer has the authority to do so.

DOV

Why not?

OFFICER ALARIC

(grim)

They were assigned to a Labor Battalion on the Russian front.

ISAAC

How can such a punishment be legal?

OFFICER ALARIC

Tibor found the proof he needed in a letter your grandfather wrote to your father.

WOLF

The letter's still on the kitchen table. Anyu was reading it over coffee this morning.

OFFICER ALARIC

He doesn't require the letter, only someone to have read it and have knowledge of your Father's trip to Budapest. Do you know of someone who'd betray your family?

Isaac nods slowly as the answer comes in a eureka moment.

ISAAC

Thank you, Alaric.

Alaric exits, Isaac looks to his brother --

WOLF

Gyorgy. The letter sat on the kitchen table while he stuffed his fat-face with schneken.

(beat)

He's informing on Jews, Brother, he has to answer for this.

(off Isaac's contrarian look)

...and he's no fucking police Captain.

Isaac considers this; Dov is on his own train of thought --

DOV

Peter Laslo's father was sent home from his labor unit in Yugoslavia. He tells a story of a man he knew -- the guards made him into an ice sculpture. He was stripped, hosed down with water and left out in the cold to freeze. Papa will die and it's my fault --

Isaac looks at Dov, forgiveness and mercy in his eyes --

ISAAC

No, it's not. The world shouldn't be this way.

DOV

Don't look at the world as it should be, Brother, but as it is.

ISAAC

If this is the world as it is, then
we will make it as it should be.

(in Yiddish)

Let him suffer and remember.

Isaac nods to Wolf who realizes Isaac's intention --

WOLF

(nods; in Yiddish)

Let him suffer and remember.

They both look to Dov --

Dov

(in Yiddish)

Let him suffer and remember.

INT. ISAAC & BELLA'S BEDROOM - KATZ FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Isaac stands over Janos asleep in his crib, the one gifted to him by Moshe, admiring the delicate craftsmanship. Isaac then turns his focus to Janos, gently caressing the curvature of his face. As Roza enters --

ISAAC

His fever spikes, but then he's
cool to the touch. Will you stay
the night?

ROZA

Of course. Anytime.

Isaac and Roza share a look. He considers her kindness, his heart grows heavy --

EXT. KATZ FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Isaac, Dov and Wolf walk out of the house with RIFLES cradled in their arms, hats pulled low, scarves wrapped around their necks. Headlights wash across the house and barn as a truck pulls up to the farm. The driver gets out...

It's Uncle Yehuda, carrying a coil of ROPE. Determined nods are exchanged. They throw the weapons in the truck bed. Isaac sits in front, Dov and Wolf in the truck cab. As the truck barrels through the night down a winding country road, we TIME CUT TO:

EXT. GYORGY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Gyorgy stumbles half-drunk out of his cottage, buttoning up his coat as he does.

A loud WHINNY from a horse in the barn seems to be sounding an alarm, but Gyorgy seems more annoyed than concerned -- grumbling "Goddammit" under his breath. Gyorgy shuffles to the barn, pulls the door wide, enters --

INT. GYORGY'S BARN - NIGHT

Gyorgy stops in his tracks. He finds a lantern on the chopping block backlighting Dov and Isaac --

GYORGY

Who's there? Show yourself...

Dov and Isaac step into view, level their rifles at Gyorgy. Gyorgy's face wans -- no doubt why they're here.

GYORGY (CONT'D)

You.

Gyorgy backs up toward the door, turns to escape, but... THWACK -- he runs into a MEAT CLEAVER coldly wielded by Wolf. Gyorgy collapses, SCREAMING and WRITHING in pain --

GYORGY (CONT'D)

Filthy fucking Jews.

Wolf quickly draws his knife, nods to his brothers, who...

...MOVE WITH A DETERMINED FLUIDITY; Isaac pins down Gyorgy's legs (*similar to the way he did Janos's during the bris, which he realizes as he does it*). Dov pins Gyorgy's arms. Wolf grabs Gyorgy by the hair and yanks his head back exposing his neck. Then...

...in one smooth motion... Wolf slices Gyorgy's neck open like a cow to slaughter. The brothers release their hold on Gyorgy and watch as his body convulses until ultimately bleeding out.

Isaac, Dov and Wolf exchange a dark look of no return, then Dov moves back to Gyorgy's body, kneels --

AS THE CAMERA PANS OVER EACH SIBLING we hear Avrum's voice.

AVRUM (V.O.)

Dov Solomon. Isaac Nathaniel.
Wolf Adam.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD/TREE LINE - NIGHT

BACK TO THE MINEFIELD. AVRUM'S STORY. We're picking up a short time later after Moshe's death.

ON AVRUM as he repeats the names of his sons to himself.

FIND The Regiment Commander as he selects the next five Jews to walk the mine field.

REGIMENT COMMANDER

It's time, Rabbi.

Avrum reluctantly lines up with four other Jewish men at the edge of the minefield. The look in his eyes-- the fear of a man staring down the end of his life. He startles as --

REGIMENT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Forward!

Avrum takes a halting, hesitant steps forward.

AVRUM

You were given the name Janos Isaac
and you are the blessed son of
Isaac Nathaniel, who is my son...

Then another step... and another and another, then -- BOOM!! A landmine EXPLODES to Avrum's left, sending debris and blood into the air. Avrum keeps walking, focusing on a faint path in the grass and following it...

AVRUM (CONT'D)

And I am the son of Moshe Abraham,
and he is the son... of...
Mordechai Yusef...

Avrum trails off as the bloodied body comes into view -- it's MOSHE. The old man lies on his back, arms held open at his side, peaceful eyes looking to the sky...

Avrum wills himself to look away and walk on. He resumes his prayer, a frantic edge creeping in --

AVRUM (CONT'D)

Janos Isaac. Devorah Judith. Eden
Sarah. Sandor Ben-Yaakov.

Avrum searches the ground for any sign of a wrong step, but the grass is thick. Each step may be life. Each step may be death. He pauses to the chagrin of the Hungarian Officers who can be faintly heard egging him on.

Avrum looks to his right and there across the field is a Saiga Antelope. The same one we saw in the opening. Avrum and the antelope hold their gaze. Not even a whistling bullet in the grass break their uncanny connection in this moment. Then --

The moment ends as the Antelope spooks and runs into the trees, disappearing from view.

Avrum looks down and reacts to what he sees in the grass before him -- his next step had the animal not caught his attention.

A LANDMINE

Avrum CAREFULLY steps over it, trying not to be obvious and continues on. Step after step. He closes his eyes. Continues walking until... he successfully reaches the tree line. He's alive.

AVRUM (CONT'D)

B'ezras Hashem.

(G-d will provide.)

Avrum breathes a sigh of relief. He turns to see... the Regiment Commander on the opposite side of the field cease sending Jews into the minefield and call for a "runner."

INT. DEVORAH & EDEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devorah's at her desk, drafting a letter. WE WATCH as she cursively writes her last lines -- "*yes, I accept your offer. I am so grateful! Devorah.*" She skims the letter once, then folds it in half, scribbling "*Clara*" in its center.

INT. HOTEL LENNOX LOBBY - NIGHT

THROUGH the entrance's GLASS-PANED DOUBLE DOORS we see Devorah hop off her bicycle then enter. She pulls up to the front desk, presents the letter to the HOTEL CLERK, 60s, male.

DEVORAH

Please deliver this to one of your guests -- Clara, I don't know her last name. Blonde, German.

HOTEL CLERK

A German hasn't stayed here since December 1939. Are you sure she's at the Lennox?

DEVORAH

Yes, I was in her suite this afternoon. She has two children, her son limps in a leg brace.

The Hotel Clerk checks over the registry --

HOTEL CLERK

Sorry, Miss, there's no Clara staying here.

(spins around the book)

Take a look... Halsz, Kovaks.

(MORE)

HOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

Two gentlemen from Budapest --
having no wives and no children.

Devorah skims the book, looks up, dumbfounded and confused --

EXT. HOTEL LENNOX - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Devorah walks toward her bicycle, mind spinning. Suddenly, a rush of panic glosses over her as she comes to a realization --

EXT. CROSHA STREET - NIGHT

Vacant of all pedestrians. FIND Devorah, getting off her bike, something gnawing at her; she's now standing in front of the Crosha Street Salon. She looks next door to the Travel Agency's storefront window, and examines the item that held her attention earlier --

...it's a poster advertising international travel -- a mother, CLARA, leading a young boy, Hans (the boy's disabled), and girl, HEIKE, up air-stairs onto a plane destined for Munich. Devorah's eyes widen, begins piecing it together.

DEVORAH

Oh no.

Devorah realizes the frightening truth... she had some kind of episode and her conversations with Clara and her children never happened; they stemmed solely from her subconscious imagination. Devorah falls to her knees, crying.

THE SOUND OF A CELLO PLAYING SLOWLY RISES THAT TAKES US INTO --

INT. DEVORAH AND EDEN'S ROOM - MORNING

THE CELLO'S TUNE CARRIES OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Eden styling her hair in the mirror.

-- Eden putting on a fancy dress.

-- Eden tuning her cello.

INT. ORCHESTRA ROOM - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Herr Shulner and Ferenc flank HERR HALSZ, plump, 65, presenting him to their class --

HERR SHULNER

It is our deepest privilege to have you as our guest Herr Halsz. You'll find our orchestra students a most adept bunch.

Herr Halsz takes an empty seat among the students. The fact that he chose Eden's seat is not lost on us. Laci anxiously walks to the front of the class, flute in hand --

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Eden walks into the middle of the street, cello strapped to her back, carrying a small stool. She unloads her instrument from its case, takes a seat and ready's her bow. Her eyes like ice; a picture of concentration.

Eden begins her solo, *playing into the cello piece we've heard thus far throughout the scenes.*

EXT. GYORGY'S FARM - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Officer Alaric salutes Captain Tibor now bee-lining from his vehicle to Gyorgy's house. He passes Roza, leaning on a fence in front of the farm's cow pen; WEEPING hysterically, being consoled by a NEIGHBOR.

ROZA

Bastards.

Captain Tibor SWINGS open the front door to find -- Gyorgy, hung by his arms from ropes tied to the rafters...
...with a message scrawled on old parchment pinned to his chest. The message reads -- "**Hurt Jews.**"

But that's not the only message left behind by the perpetrators. Gyorgy's pants and underwear have been lowered to his ankles. That message is specifically left for Captain Tibor from Dov.

INT. COW PENS - KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- a melancholy moment grips Dov, Isaac, Wolf and Uncle Yehuda as they scrub down their cows in preparation for sale. Each silently contemplating last night's events.

THE CAMERA LOCATES a photograph hanging on the wall of Avrum, Uncle Yehuda and Avrum's sons standing in front of the shop.

EXT. UKRAINIAN MINEFIELD - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Avrum's seated on a fallen log, sipping a bowl of soup along with what's left of his labor battalion. He's destroyed inside. He looks out across the field to where Moshe's body can barely be seen in the grass.

THUNDERING FORWARD, through the narrow mine-free expanse of terrain, is a column of NAZI PANZER Tanks. The PANZER CAPTAIN, regaled in MILITARY UNIFORM, with a crisp swastika armband on display, sits atop the lead vehicle surveying the Hungarian lines.

As the Panzer Captain passes Avrum, he smugly, halfheartedly, salutes him. Avrum stares blankly in return, spilling his soup on the ground -- appetite lost.

While the NAZI war machine of Army Group South rolls on, Avrum looks into the forest, more specifically to the anointed area where he saw the Antelope... the Antelope has long since fled, but Avrum considers the forest itself --

He considers his distance from it.

He considers his distance from the Regiment Commander.

In Avrum's eyes we see a plan forming. A plan... to escape.

INT. ORCHESTRA ROOM - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Laci completes her flute solo.

Herr Halsz glares, unimpressed. However, his disappointment soon fades as he hears the PLUMING of a melody that does impress.

OUT THE WINDOW -- he spots Eden concerting in the street.

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Herr Halsz, Herr Shulner and Ferenc navigate themselves through a gathered crowd of BYSTANDERS to find Eden feverishly DRAWING and SLICING her bow across the cello strings. Herr Halsz studies the tranquility of her motion, the sound of her play; this is the artistry he's looking for.

Laci, Miklos and the rest of the orchestra students now arrive. Laci's blood boils; Eden's flawless performance plus an enthusiastic grin from Herr Halsz further fuels her jealousy. So much so...

...she picks up a CLUMP of MUD from the street and tosses it at Eden; striking her in the face. Eden stops playing for a moment, but then continues on. She won't be stopped.

Miklos and the other children follow suit, balling up CLUMPS OF MUD and HEAVING them at Eden.

Mud bombs SPLATTER her face, arms and cello. But she remains undeterred. Shrugging off all detractors. She glances at Ferenc, who can barely meet her gaze -- lesson learned.

EXT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- Dov, Isaac and Wolf along with Uncle Yehuda lock up the store, hop in their truck and drive off.

FIND Captain Tibor staking out the butchershop from his car parked in a nearby alley.

INT. KATZ BROTHER'S BUTCHERSHOP - DAY

Captain Tibor SHATTERS the glass door with a FIREMAN'S AXE. He steps into the shop, raises the axe; destruction on his mind. Glass jars of pickles, the meat scale SMASHED. Then -- he spots the door to the slaughterhouse cow pens --

INT. COW PENS - CONTINUOUS

Tibor steps in. Axe. Cows. *We know what comes next.* As he raises the axe -- the photo of Avrum and his sons on the wall catches his eye, stirring a memory --

FLASHBACK to a long dining room table, the seats filled with children of varying ages 6-18. At the table's head stands a rough and tough fellow (55). Tibor's Father. Key on a BOY we can assume is Tibor, 12, deep blue eyes, listening closely.

TIBOR'S FATHER

...the fact is Jews are born of a low cultural level. They impersonate normal citizens, but their genetic deformities make them visibly and scientifically inferior. They're comparable to rats, they infest a society, bringing diseases like Typhus and Cholera.

BACK TO TIBOR as he swings his axe down cleaving into a cow's neck. The animal crumbles to the floor, then Tibor maniacally HACKS AWAY at the rest of the cows, slaughtering the lot. Blood SPLATTERS on the walls, floor and Tibor himself. But something other than anti-Semitism is provoking this level of violence. The memory goes deeper --

RESUME FLASHBACK to Tibor's father.

TIBOR'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Morally, the Jew is prone to hoarding his money on behalf of the communist banking consortium.

(Young Tibor laughs)

Tibor, listen carefully, these things I've said are what the world believe about... our people. Jewish people.

FUCK. Captain Tibor is Jewish.

RESUME ON CAPTAIN TIBOR - standing in a pool of cow blood. He runs his index finger along the puddle then scrawls out a message on the wall; **KILLERS**, accompanied by a JEWISH STAR.

INT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

UNDER THE CELLO -- MUD IS still being HURLED at Eden as she continues to play. When her SOLO reaches its crescendo... the mud projectiles become few and far between, until stopping altogether. Perhaps the students' arms grew tired; perhaps she's won them over; or perhaps they realize this is a battle of wills they can never win.

After Eden thunderously bows the last chord... the crowd of onlookers remains silent. No one dares move a muscle. Herr Shulner, Ferenc, Herr Halsz and Laci all frozen, watch as...

...Eden stands hauntingly over her cello -- head to toe, drenched in mud. She's no longer a girl. She's a symbol.

A powerful display of strength, courage and defiance.

END OF STORY