

Ashes

an original screenplay by

Kevin Stuart Brodie

26 Maple Ave
Old Saybrook, CT 06475
860-849-3825
ksbrodie67@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL FOYER - DAY

A long table covered with books with titles that suggest racist and anti-Semitic content: THE TURNER DIARIES, THE BELL CURVE, PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION, etc.

There are multiple copies of MEIN KAMPF.

Several people browse the books, while others speak to each other with great intensity. They cannot be heard.

There are a few women, but most are males. All of them are white.

RICHARD DAVIES, 35, serious and thoughtful, is one of the browsers.

He wears two pins on his chest: an American flag and a Nazi Swastika.

IN THE CHEAP HOTEL - LATER

Davies, several new volumes in hand, approaches a conference room door.

The sign outside the door reads HITLER AND THE GAS CHAMBER MYTH.

Davies enters...

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Davies finds a seat in the back, sees something, withdraws his cell phone from his pocket.

An intimidating, early 20s SKINHEAD appears.

He wears a PEPE THE FROG badge pinned to his chest.

SKINHEAD

No pictures.

INT. WILLIAM SWEENEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Professor WILLIAM SWEENEY, 53, gathers papers into his briefcase.

He is classically handsome, dressed in an expensive tailored suit. If James Bond was a professor, he'd be William Sweeney.

He stops to look at the clock.

INSERT - THE CLOCK

It reads 2PM.

SWEENEY

He's late.

EXT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A majestic, classic craftsman home, indicative of high income and stature.

A limousine arrives, pulls up to the curb.

Sweeney marches up an empty driveway to meet the limousine DRIVER.

DRIVER

Professor Sweeney?

SWEENEY

Have trouble finding it?

DRIVER

No, sir. There was an accident on route seven--

Sweeney shudders at this remark...

SWEENEY

What happened? Was anyone hurt?

DRIVER

Didn't look like it.

The driver yanks open the door.

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Sweeney climbs in, takes a deep breath, and puts on his seat belt.

His unease, if anything, has quickened.

DRIVER

You all right, sir?

SWEENEY

Let's go.

The car rolls forward...

Sweeney notices a picture of a little girl on the driver's dashboard.

His anxiety appears gone--he is now confident and at ease.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

That your daughter?

DRIVER

Yes, sir. She's five. Just started kindergarten.

SWEENEY

That's the best age.

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

An impressive, expensive school building...

The sign outside reads SAN CARLOS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

SOPHIA SWEENEY, 18, takes notes at her desk.

She is attractive, but doesn't put much time and energy into her appearance.

Her manner is grave and sullen.

A TEACHER lectures inaudibly in the b.g.

The bell rings, and all the students rise...

TEACHER

...that's all for today. I'll see you guys on Wednesday.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sophia and the other students are in matching prep school uniforms.

She makes no eye contact with any of the students, and they all ignore her.

At the end of the hallway she pushes open a door...

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A number of easels line the back wall.

One is covered.

SOPHIA

Mr. Covino?

COVINO (35), the art teacher, emerges from his adjoining office.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Are you going to be here a while?

COVINO

About an hour. Go ahead.
Everything's still unlocked.

He retreats to his office, as Sophia crosses to the covered easel.

She peels back the cover to reveal an unfinished painting of a woman who looks like an older version of Sophia: her mother, CATHERINE.

Even incomplete, the painting is stunning, and technically sophisticated. Compared to the other art on display, Sophia is miles ahead of her peers.

EXT. MONTERREY BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sweeney steps out of the limousine, and is immediately applauded by a crowd of admirers awaiting his arrival. Many grab pictures with their smartphones.

In the book store window is a giant poster of Sweeney and his book, entitled THE NEW AMERICAN INVASION.

He waves and smiles to his audience, like a movie star on the red carpet.

Davies is among the crowd. He studies Sweeney in silence.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

At the front of the room, Sweeney reads from his tome.

The crowd hangs on his every word.

Several record his speech on their phones...

SWEENEY

Slowly but surely, the great American southwest is being conquered by Mexico. These lands--which many Mexicans view as their birthright--are being detached ethnically, linguistically, and culturally from the United States. We are witnessing what is likely the beginning of the end for our culture.

Sweeney puts the book down.

He leans forward, focuses his eyes on the crowd. It's time to hit this one out of the park.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Unless this invasion is halted now, by mid-century, America will be a culture unrecognizable to our parents. We will have become what Theodore Roosevelt called a "multilingual boarding house" for the rest of the world.

IN THE BOOKSTORE - LATER

Sweeney signs copies, responding with great charm to the line of his supporters.

One MAN stands before Sweeney, awaiting the author's signature...

MAN

We need to build a wall.

SWEENEY

That is one idea--

MAN

It will keep them from coming in. Like the one in Israel.

Sweeney smiles, returns the Man's book. The man exits.

The next in line is Davies. Only the American flag pin is visible on his chest...

Sweeney eyes him with vague recognition.

SWEENEY

Were you at my reading last week in LA?

DAVIES

No, sorry. That wasn't me.

Davies pulls out his cell phone.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I take your picture?

SWEENEY

Not at all.

Davies snaps the photo.

Sweeney is naturally photogenic...

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Sweeney leans against the limousine, inching towards the door as he signs autographs.

All of his admirers talk to him at once.

Davies lingers, separate from the crowd. He cradles Sweeney's book.

A FEMALE FAN pushes herself toward Sweeney...

FEMALE FAN

How is your daughter? It must have been so hard for her.

Sweeney appears uncomfortable...

Davies takes a step closer.

DAVIES

How come there's nothing in your book on Lucy Rosenberg?

Sweeney cocks his head towards Davies.

SWEENEY

Writers far better than I have already dealt with her. I don't have anything to add.

DAVIES

Isn't she Jewish?

The Driver, trying to rescue Sweeney, opens the limousine door.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Isn't she a Jew?

Sweeney climbs into the limo, ignoring the question.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

A CANTOR sings.

LUCY ROSENBERG, 50, enters and takes a seat in the back. She is elegant and graceful, her hair a distinguished gray.

AVRAM ROSENBERG, 48, a rabbi, conducts a wedding ceremony.

Avram's son, JOSEPH, is the groom. He and his bride, MILLA, stand beneath a Chuppah.

Joseph STOMPS on the glass, after which the entire audience shouts MAZEL TOV!

Avram spots Lucy, gives her a slight nod.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The wedding party does the Horah.

Lucy lingers off to the side, when Joseph appears and pulls her into the dance.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

Two cable news pundits argue. One of them is Sweeney; the other is an earnest LIBERAL PUNDIT.

The superficial HOST of the show tries, but fails, to project an aura of reasoned moderation.

SWEENEY

...this is not racial profiling.

LIBERAL PUNDIT

It's the definition of racial profiling.

SWEENEY

There is nothing wrong with airport security being cautious when they see an Arab get on an airplane.

HOST

Gentlemen, that's--

LIBERAL PUNDIT

Arab is a linguistic term. You can't "see" an Arab any more than you can "see" a Hebrew or "see" an Aramaic. And it's not just whom you define as "Arabs." It is all central Asian and middle eastern peoples. Sikhs, who are neither Arab nor Muslim, are being humiliated by airport security every day--

SWEENEY

They're not being humiliated. These are random searches--

HOST

Gentlemen, we really need to go to--

LIBERAL PUNDIT
 Did we profile Irish Americans from
 Michigan after Oklahoma City?

SWEENEY
 No. We decided that paranoid mass
 murderers should be executed, not
 profiled.

HOST
 Okay, we really need to go to
 commercial.

The set darkens.

The Host anxiously looks around the set...

HOST (CONT'D)
 I think we're gonna run over tonight.

SWEENEY
 (to Liberal Pundit)
 How you holding up?

The Pundit is taken aback by Sweeney's cordiality.

LIBERAL PUNDIT
 Fine. Thank you.

SWEENEY
 How's your son? Still at UCLA?

LIBERAL PUNDIT
 You remember that?

SWEENEY
 Pre-med, right?

The pundit nods, still thrown. "Who is this guy?"

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The dance is over, and Avram toasts the bride and groom.

AVRAM
 To my son Joseph, and his beautiful
 Milla.

The glasses are raised.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

The room is decorated with Sweeney's diplomas and awards,
 ornate books in expensive barrister shelves with his name
 engraved on the glass.

There is also a dormant fireplace.

On the mantle is an urn, near a photograph of CATHERINE.

Sweeney has passed out in an easy chair, an empty bottle of scotch cradled in his arms.

Sophia enters, spots her father. A mournful sigh.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Joseph and Milla's wedding has mostly cleared out.

Avram and Lucy drink together at a table.

They both speak with refined British accents.

AVRAM

You had enough to eat, then?

LUCY

There were twelve hors d'oeuvres stations, seven courses, and three dessert stations.

AVRAM

I know, but we had to cut back somewhere.

LUCY

I don't remember this much food at your wedding.

AVRAM

Elaine and I paid for it ourselves.
(sighs)
And I kept paying.

LUCY

Did she even send a gift?

AVRAM

She did.

LUCY

Where is she living now?

AVRAM

Calgary. Or so I'm told.

Avram takes a deliberate sip from his drink.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

So...have you been to temple lately?

Lucy taps her finger on the table.

LUCY

No.

AVRAM

I know it's a bit of a drive, but
you're always welcome at mine. Even
if you come late.

LUCY

I know.

AVRAM

You are still my sister.

LUCY

I remember.

AVRAM

Yom Kippur is coming up.

LUCY

I still have the calendar you sent
me.

INT. SWEENEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sweeney and Sophia sit opposite each other in silence.

Sweeney buries his head in the newspaper, while Sophia eats
her breakfast as though it were an act of defiance.

Sweeney gets up and refills his coffee.

He turns and studies Sophia a moment, trying to figure out
what to say.

Finally, he speaks...

SWEENEY

I hope you got your history essay
done.

She gives a very slight nod.

Sweeney waits for Sophia to speak, but he gets nothing else.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

What time will you be home after
school?

She almost shrugs.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Try to be home for dinner.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - HATEWATCH OFFICES - DAY

A number of items line the wall in the office: a list of hate group symbols and their meanings, a map of the USA with dozens of push pins in strategic places, and photographs of several white males.

Also on the wall are plaques and awards for Davies from the NAACP and the Southern Poverty Law Center.

A couple of dozen people work in this office--it is clearly a huge operation. Many are on computers, phones, etc.

Davies types away at a computer terminal...

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A Facebook Page entitled HATEWATCH. Sweeney's photograph appears on the page.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nazi and American flag pins rest beside him on the desk.

JOANNE, Davies' secretary (30) approaches...

JOANNE
Press release is done.

DAVIES
Good. Send it on to the usual suspects.

JOANNE
You have voice mails from Steve at MSNBC and Mary at the Chronicle. They say you promised they'd get it first.

DAVIES
I'll call them back.

EXT. SAN CARLOS UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

A large campus on a hillside.

Modern buildings seem woven into the pine and redwood trees.

Dozens of students mill about, heading to and fro...

INT. SWEENEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Sweeney addresses a class of twenty-five.

He is not the inept father, nor the star author and pundit-- he is now the grave intellectual.

SWEENEY

As some of you may be aware, the quarter lasts ten weeks. Therefore, you are required to read ten books, to go along with weekly papers, a midterm exam, and a final.

There are a few nervous coughs, and one young woman hits her knee on the underside of her desk. She spills coffee all over.

Nobody dares react.

If Sweeney is aware of this, he ignores it. He holds up a book.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

This is our first reading. It contains works by the Puritan leaders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony: William Bradford, Jonathan Edwards and of course: Cotton and Increase Mather.

Sweeney's lip curls into a smile.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You heard that right. Increase was his first name: Increase Mather. Then, he had a son. And named him...Cotton. And you thought naming your kids Apple or Blanket was strange.

Some polite laughter from the students...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe that last one's worse than Increase. But it just goes to show that many things change...and many things do not.

INT. LUCY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

About fifteen students fill the a modest, intimate classroom.

Lucy leans against the desk as she speaks.

A Smart Board projects the words POLITICS 200 behind her.

The students gaze at her with a quiet reverence...

LUCY

Perhaps you are wondering why a Brit is here in California teaching about the American constitution. Well, I would have been quite happy to have become an expert on the British constitution. There is one small problem, however: there doesn't actually seem to be one. Yes, there is of course the Magna Carta and the English Bill of Rights. All riveting stuff, but in typical British style, we don't put our Constitution all in one place: we create a long queue of documents instead. So, if I wanted to be a Constitutional scholar, I had to move someplace that had one I could study. Not only that...

She takes a sip of coffee.

LUCY (CONT'D)

The coffee in England...not good. Not good at all. And please, before any of you ask: no, I'm not faking this accent, this is my natural hair color, and...I have heard all of the Hogwarts jokes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sophia's in a corner booth with a sketchbook.

She seems to be pouring anger and frustration into an abstract sketch. The colors are red, yellow, black...

The steam rises from her coffee.

INT. SWEENEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sweeney sits in a chair reading an academic journal. He smokes his pipe.

The phone rings. Sweeney glances down at the screen...

SWEENEY

What do they want?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The sound of the T.V. in the corner rises.

Sophia glances up at the screen.

ON THE T.V.

A still photograph of Sweeney.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

According to Richard Davies of Hatewatch, a national organization that monitors racist and anti-Semitic groups, Sweeney has made over \$100,000 in donations to the Institute for Historical Revision, a think tank devoted to debunking the Holocaust as a "Zionist lie."

INSERT - BOOK COVER

A text entitled SIX MILLION?...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Davies charges that Sweeney has also written several articles for the Institute, many of which have been compiled into a recent publication.

INSERT - DAVIES IN HIS OFFICE

Davies holds up a document...

DAVIES

This is a copy of a memo from Greg Bryant...

INSERT - GREG BRYANT

A still photograph of GREG BRYANT, 53, white, handsome, a bit heavysset.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

...the Institute's director, giving Sweeney extensive notes on an article that was published under the name David Leuchter.

INSERT - AUSCHWITZ

A stock photograph of the death camp...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The article allegedly written by Sweeney claims that "Auschwitz' horrific reputation cannot be reconciled with the historical facts."

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you look closely at the notes,
Bryant clearly refers to "David
Leuchter" as "Will" and even jokes
about "this is not going to go over
well at San Carlos."

INSERT - DAVIES IN HIS OFFICE

Davies holds up a flier for the Institute's conference...

DAVIES

I was at one of the Institute's recent
conferences. Bryant was the keynote
speaker. And Sweeney was there,
too.

INSERT - SWEENEY ON CABLE T.V.

Stock footage of Sweeney debating on a talk show...

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Simply put, he's been living a double
life.

BACK TO SCENE

Sophia stares straight ahead, trembling.

All the phones in the coffee shop begin to buzz.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A nondescript apartment in Echo Park.

Kids play soccer in the street out front.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

DOUGLAS (52), a paraplegic African American, watches the
news broadcast on his T.V.

He focuses in on Davies...

EXT. SAN CARLOS CAMPUS - DAY

Sweeney meanders a stone path alone until he comes across
Professor GALTHAM MAITRA, 46, an American of South Asian
descent.

Despite the California weather, Maitra is always attired in
a wool blazer with a bow tie.

Maitra is anxious, and annoyed Sweeney isn't as well...

MAITRA

Well?

SWEENEY

Well, what?

MAITRA

What is your plan?

SWEENEY

I don't have one.

MAITRA

You're not telling me this is true...

SWEENEY

Of course it isn't true! What's the matter with you?

MAITRA

What's the matter with me? This accusation is all over the news, all over social media. And your response it to...go for a walk?

SWEENEY

How many times have I been called a racist? A fascist? I don't keep track, do you? Where does that go? It goes nowhere. So, now they say I'm anti-Semite. It's also going to go nowhere. Some big hip hop star will say something about the Jews next week and they'll forget all about me.

Sweeney continues his stroll, but Maitra moves around in front of him.

MAITRA

I don't think that's going to happen this time. This guy Davies is legit. He's the reason Aryan Nations doesn't exist anymore. The FBI uses him as a consultant. You have to respond to him.

Sweeney maneuvers around Maitra.

SWEENEY

I have to teach class. That's the only thing I have to do right now.

Sweeney marches away as Maitra sighs in frustration.

Maitra's phone rings.

MAITRA
 (on the phone)
 Yes?...we have no comment.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Sweeney pauses when he comes across a large, but calm, student DEMONSTRATION.

Hundreds of students, mostly of color, picket outside the BURSAR'S OFFICE.

They hold signs that read: EDUCATION IS A RIGHT, NOT A PRIVILEGE, RESTORE FINANCIAL AID, THE CHANCELLOR CAN AFFORD MY TUITION, BUT I CAN'T, etc.

Sweeney turns to leave, and plows right into Lucy...

LUCY
 Oh, excuse me!

Lucy and Sweeney both look awkward; an entire gamut of emotions from discomfort, hostility, and even regret seem to pass between them.

Lucy nods, puts her head down, and steers around Sweeney.

Sweeney says nothing and watches Lucy approach the demonstration; she is greeted like a rock star strutting onto a stage.

Cell phones snap photos of her.

INT. SWEENEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The class pours over returned essays.

Sweeney writes the collected grades on the board. There are an inordinate number of D's and F's, and only three A's.

SWEENEY
 As you can see, there are many of you who have a great deal of work to do as writers. I took a great deal of time to give you constructive feedback on your essays, to ensure that many mistakes made would not be repeated.

One STUDENT flips through her essay. It's drenched in red ink.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
 You would do well to heed these
 remarks. Making improvements now,
 as freshmen, is only going to make
 your college experience easier.

Sweeney pauses when he notices Davies seated in the classroom.
 Davies is rigid as a statue.

Sweeney is baffled by Davies' appearance. He presses on.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
 Last week, I was discussing the effect
 John Calvin had upon the early
 Puritans...

Sweeney glances back at Davies.

MEMORY FLASH

At the book signing, Davies shouts at Sweeney: "Isn't she a
 Jew?"

BACK TO SCENE

Having recognized Davies, Sweeney is unnerved.

SWEENEY
 ...which facilitated the
 belief...in...um...predestination.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy enters carrying a packed briefcase and a huge pile of
 mail.

As she enters, the light turns on automatically (all the
 rooms in the house do this).

The living room is essentially an overstuffed library.

Lucy places the mail on a Queen Anne chair--the only piece
 of furniture that doesn't hold books.

BEGIN MONTAGE - LUCY AT HOME

--She passes through the DINING ROOM--there is no table.
 Instead, there are several file cabinets, boxes of paper,
 and a photo copier/printer.

Lucy stops at the printer, pulls several sheets from the
 tray.

--In the KITCHEN, Lucy prepares a stir-fry vegetable dish in
 her wok.

A small T.V. attaches to a wall, and she watches and listens while she cooks.

ON THE T.V.

The evening news...

NEWSCASTER

--so far, there has been no comment
from Professor Sweeney--

Lucy shuts of the T.V., closes her eyes, and slowly shakes her head.

--Her BASEMENT is filled with file cabinets, except for a small computer desk where Lucy sits.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have six thousand and seventy-
three messages.

LUCY

Oh, shut up.

INT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sophia moves through a crowd between classes.

She stops and opens her locker.

She fails to see HECTOR approach her from behind the locker door. He's 15, of Mexican descent.

HECTOR

Hey, there she is!

SOPHIA

I'm sorry?

HECTOR

You're Sophia Sweeney, aren't you?

Suspicious, Sophia doesn't reply.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

My name's Hector. You're the artist,
aren't you?

SOPHIA

I...

HECTOR

You win all those awards.

SOPHIA
A couple...

HECTOR
A couple? You win them every year.

SOPHIA
Do...do you like my artwork?

HECTOR
I do. You know who you should paint?

SOPHIA
Who?

HECTOR
Your father.

Defensively, she slams the locker door shut, turns to leave.

Hector follows.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Paint a picture of your dad. Y'know
with a big swastika on his shoulder.

SOPHIA
Please, leave me alone...

HECTOR
Of course, I'd ask you to paint a
picture of my father, but you can't.
You want to know why?

Sophia tries to get away from him, but he keeps pace with her.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
He went to Tijuana to bury my
grandmother. And now he can't come
back. Thanks to assholes like your
dad.

She darts into a classroom, slams the door behind her.

INT. SWEENEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sophia enters, drops her book bag, and goes to the fridge. She frantically searches for something to eat, banging items around the shelves.

Sweeney enters.

SWEENEY
What are you looking for?

Sophia pops her head up from the fridge, glares at Sweeney.

SOPHIA
How about a different life?

SWEENEY
Uh-huh.

SOPHIA
Is that all you have to say? "Uh-huh."

SWEENEY
It's not true.

SOPHIA
Oh, well that makes it all better.

She goes to a cabinet, grabs an entire bag of cookies, tears out of the room.

Sweeney decides to follow.

SWEENEY
Look, this is going to go away, and things will get back to normal--

She stops whirls back to Sweeney.

SOPHIA
You think normal is going to be any better? Do you know it's like to be your daughter? I have people falling all over themselves to tell me how wonderful you are and how you changed their lives. They act like I'm Jesus' daughter. And then the rest think I'm Satan's daughter, and lecture me about how you're ruining America and you're the reason they can't see their father! Why do they think I even care?

She races into her bedroom, slams the door shut.

Sweeney stares at the door a moment, a look of resolve appears on his face.

INT. MAITRA'S OFFICE - DAY

A book lined office.

Maitra sits behind an impressive oak desk, speaks on the phone.

MAITRA

I'm afraid we have no comment.

Maitra hangs up, sighs.

Sweeney enters.

SWEENEY

So, what's this bastard's name?
Davis?

MAITRA

Davies.

SWEENEY

Let's make sure he regrets coming
after me.

Maitra grins. Finally!

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Let's make him...

Sweeney struggles for an idiom...

MAITRA

Rue the day?

SWEENEY

Rue the day? Who the hell talks
like that?

Maitra shrugs.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Ok, fine. We'll make him rue the
day.

INT. ART STORE - DAY

A modest, locally owned establishment, decorated with numerous
samples of Navajo art.

Sophia enters.

She looks around for a moment, before VINCE DANN, 22, a
gregarious Navajo, emerges from the back of the store.

VINCE

Hello!

He races up to Sophia, vigorously shakes her hand.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm Vince.

SOPHIA

Sophia.

Somewhat unnerved, Sophia gestures to the paintings...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

These are amazing.

VINCE

My grandfather's work. This is his store, actually.

SOPHIA

I...uh, thought there was a canvas making class here today.

VINCE

There is.

SOPHIA

Where is everyone else? I thought I was late.

VINCE

Today, you're in a class by yourself.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A large number of hotel EMPLOYEES hold a pro-union demonstration outside an upscale hotel.

They carry placards with messages such as FAIR WAGES FOR ALL and NO HUMAN IS ILLEGAL.

The Employees are mostly Hispanic

Lucy stands with them as she is interviewed by a local T.V. reporter.

LUCY

I think it is time these corporate chains realize that they cannot keep paying their employees so little for their work. It costs \$500 a night to stay here, and they can't pay the people who clean the rooms a living wage? That's unacceptable.

INT. SWEENEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Sweeney delivers a lecture, but some of the students are uncomfortable.

SWEENEY

...the thing that is most important to remember about Roger Williams is that he represents the tradition that is an essential facet of the American character: resistance to what is perceived as illegitimate authority.

Sweeney stops, looks around the room, takes in all of the reactions.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Ok. I think I have a pretty good idea of what's on your mind. And I don't think it's Roger Williams or Mary Dyer. So let me just say: whatever was reported yesterday is not true. Whoever this character is that claims to have "evidence" I'm some sort of Neo-Nazi is lying and distorting the facts. If you want to ask me a question about it, feel free.

The room is as silent as a tomb. Finally, a YOUNG WOMAN in the front row slowly raises her hand.

Sweeney nods at her.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you donate that money?

SWEENEY

Good question. I made--

Sweeney pauses when he sees a STUDENT trying to covertly video Sweeney with his phone.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You don't have to do that. You want to record me, just record me. Any of you can if you'd like.

The Student lifts his phone to get a clearer shot of Sweeney, and a couple of other Students do the same.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

So, I made a donation to an organization called the Conservative Scholars Council. At the time, I had no idea that they funded this Institute for Hysterical Revision or whatever it's called.

(MORE)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I have contacted the organization,
and asked for the money back.

Another STUDENT raises his hand...

STUDENT

What about that book they said you
wrote?

SWEENEY

I don't know anything about it.
It's not my work.

Maitra appears in the doorway.

MOMENTS LATER

The students file out--some give Sweeney an encouraging nod,
others eye him with skepticism. A few others simply ignore
him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Good luck, professor!

Sweeney smiles at her.

Finally...the room is empty...

Maitra gazes down at his cell phone, changes screens as he
talks...

MAITRA

The Conservative Scholars emailed
me. They've agreed to refund your
money. They're suitably contrite.

SWEENEY

Good. I want to donate it to the
Holocaust Museum in D.C.

MAITRA

Media's still waiting for a response
from Bryant.

SWEENEY

Well, if he says he knows me, he's
going to have to prove it. What
about the notes?

MAITRA

Davies is willing to hand over copies.
He's clearly not worried about you
proving him wrong.

SWEENEY

I want a handwriting expert. I want to work on an op-ed tonight and I want to do a TV interview--

MAITRA

You sure? If you come across as hostile--

SWEENEY

You said be proactive. Let's be proactive.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The familiar skyline, with a fog enveloped Golden Gate bridge in the b.g.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Lucy lectures in a large auditorium.

An enormous screen behind Lucy shows images of the Rwandan genocide.

Several audience members record her talk with their phones.

Avram is in the audience...

LUCY

...the response to this on the part of the great western powers of the world, the moral leaders who all vowed "never again" after the Second World War--they could only bring themselves to intervene if it meant saving the lives of Europeans or Americans. Africans were simply left to machete themselves. As the minority leader in the United States Senate said at the time, "The Americans are out of Rwanda, and as far as I'm concerned, we're done with it."

OUTSIDE - NIGHT

An overflow crowd watches Lucy's speech outside on closed circuit T.V..

BACK INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

The images change to victims of Indonesia's invasion of East Timor.

LUCY

Standing by and allowing genocide to happen in one thing. Actively profiting from it, as was done by the enlightened Western powers in the case of East Timor, is another thing altogether. What we conclude from these two examples is simply this: there is no Western concern for issues of human rights unless there is a profit to be made. Nothing could illustrate this more clearly than these two cases.

IN THE AUDITORIUM - LATER

The lecture is over.

Lucy answers questions from the audience.

An AUDIENCE MEMBER stands before a microphone...

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Professor Rosenberg, I have a question about one of your colleagues. What's it like sharing the San Carlos campus with William Sweeney?

Lucy taps her finger on the lectern.

LUCY

I'm not interested in discussing that--

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Isn't it true that he was your graduate student?

LUCY

None of this is relevant to my lecture. Stop.

The AUDIENCE MEMBER opens his mouth to speak.

LUCY (CONT'D)

No. You're done.

She spots ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER with her hand up.

Lucy points to her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Yes?

INT./EXT. AVRAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Avram drives Lucy through San Francisco.

AVRAM

Your crowds get bigger and bigger.

LUCY

I can't imagine anyone would want to sit and listen to someone talk as long as that.

AVRAM

That's because you have something good to say. Now, as for your colleague, Sweeney--

LUCY

I don't want to talk about Sweeney.

AVRAM

You don't think it's important?

LUCY

No, I don't think he's important.

AVRAM

Isn't his the sort of denial you were talking about tonight?

LUCY

No. The kind I'm talking about the denial that's actual government policy. The kind with actual consequences.

Avram doesn't immediately respond...

AVRAM

Soon, there will be no survivors left to tell their stories. What happens after they are all gone?

INT. ART STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Sophia assembles a canvas, under Vince's watchful eye.

He runs his fingers along its edge.

VINCE (CONT'D)

It's a little pinched in this corner, but otherwise--great job!

Vince sets the canvas on an easel.

VINCE (CONT'D)

All right. There you go. Oil or water?

SOPHIA

What?

VINCE

You paint with oil or water?

SOPHIA

Oil, usually.

VINCE

Ever work with charcoal?

SOPHIA

No.

He hands her some charcoal.

VINCE

Go ahead.

SOPHIA

What do I do?

VINCE

Do? You have a brand new canvas. You've got charcoal in your hand.

He moves behind the canvas, peers over the top of it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

This area here is an entire world. The canvas is the window to that world. Open it up.

SOPHIA

I don't know what to draw.

VINCE

Look at it. What do you see?

SOPHIA

A canvas.

VINCE

What do you really see?

She gazes at it, and then closes her eyes.

SOPHIA

I see...

VINCE

Yeah?

SOPHIA

I see...two polar bears in a blizzard.

Vince looks back at the canvas, then back at Sophia.

VINCE

Holy shit! Did you just make a joke?

She grins.

INT. SWEENEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sweeney channel surfs through the cable news shows...

ON THE T.V.

An interview with a KKK GRAND WIZARD. He is dressed in his green cloak and hood...

INTERVIEWER

So it is your contention, Reverend,
that the Jewish people--

KKK MEMBER

Look, there is no documentary evidence
that Hitler even knew about what
happened at Wannsee--

INTERVIEWER

So, what are you saying? That the
Germans at Wannsee were acting on
their own accords, without Hitler's
permission?

KKK MEMBER

What I'm saying is this: there is
no evidence he ordered the conference
or approved of its conclusions.
How, then, can you blame Hitler for
the "Final Solution?"

BACK TO SCENE

Sweeney's phone buzzes.

He mutes the T.V., plays a video on his phone.

ON THE PHONE

An interview with Bryant, who is identified as a HOLOCAUST
DENIER.

BRYANT

I understand perfectly well that the Hitlerian regime was anti-Semitic and persecuted Jews and others. I understand many people experienced unfathomable tragedies in Europe during World War II. Nevertheless, I do not believe the German state pursued a plan to kill all Jews or used homicidal gassing chambers for mass murder.

HOST

I see. Is this a belief shared by William Sweeney?

BRYANT

I have no idea. I don't know William Sweeney. He's certainly never written anything for me. Of course, if it's actually how he feels, I say--welcome aboard!

BACK TO SCENE

Sweeney nods, satisfied, then notices himself on the television...

ON THE T.V.

She turns the sound back up.

SWEENEY

I may not give that impression, but I certainly say it often enough: I am not affiliated with the Institute for Historical Revision, and never will be.

REPORTER

Even though many members of the Institute share your views on immigration--

SWEENEY

I oppose illegal immigration, therefore I'm racist and anti-Semitic? That's absurd. Did you know that the country that sends the third highest number of illegals here is Poland? They're white, and mostly Catholic. And they don't belong here, either.

REPORTER

The thing you have to understand is that Richard Davies and Hatewatch have an excellent reputation for accuracy. They exposed Steven Armstrong, the British historian, and Jean-Luc Fontaine, the computer scientist in Chicago.

SWEENEY

Well, Davies's winning streak is about to end. In some ways, I can't really blame him: accusing me has brought a lot of attention to his organization.

BACK TO SCENE

Sweeney shuts of the T.V. and smiles--that went well.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Douglas watches the Sweeney interview.

His daughter SANDRA (30) enters, picks up the remote and points it at the screen.

DOUGLAS

No. Leave it on.

INT. ART STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Sophia stares at her blank canvas.

Vince watches from the b.g.

SOPHIA

I've never done this before.

VINCE

You're not doing anything.

SOPHIA

I mean, just make up something. Usually I plan it out first, do a mock up.

VINCE

So, when you're going to be spontaneous, do you, like, schedule it ahead of time?

SOPHIA

No. I just...don't paint like this.

VINCE
You're not painting. You're using
charcoal.

SOPHIA
You know what I mean.

VINCE
We could do Polaroids. I've got an
old camera around here somewhere.

SOPHIA
Do what with Polaroids?

VINCE
Take pictures of things. Then we
paint how they look in the picture.
Distortions and all. It's very cool.

Vince rumbles around through boxes and drawers, until he
finds his Polaroid.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Here we go!

He snaps a shot of Sophia. She reacts to the flash.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Have you ever done a self portrait?

She tries to regain her sight, while Vince waves the picture
in the air.

SOPHIA
I can't see.

VINCE
You're not missing anything.

He looks at the photograph.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Oh, we're gonna need another one.

He snaps again.

SOPHIA
Stop it. You're not funny.

VINCE
Yes, I am.

SOPHIA
No, you're not.

He hurls a rag at her. It bounces off of her head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ow!

VINCE

See? That was hilarious.

She picks up the rag and cocks her arm to throw it, when Vince takes another picture.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Excellent! Portrait of the artist
on the rag.

Vince waves the photograph around while Sophia tries to grab it...

SOPHIA

Give me that!

He continues to evade her...

VINCE

I don't think this'll be a self-
portrait. More of a still life.

SOPHIA

Give it to me, you jerk.

Vince looks at it again.

VINCE

You're gonna love it!

Sophia yanks it out of his hand.

INSERT - THE POLAROID

Sure enough, she looks ridiculous--her mouth wide open, her arm cocked to throw the towel at Vince...

BACK TO SCENE

While she looks, Vince snaps another shot.

VINCE (CONT'D)

A Polaroid of you looking at a
Polaroid of you. How meta.

She tries to squint the glare away...

VINCE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Blinded by the light, wrapped up
like a--"

(stops singing)

Is he actually saying, "Wrapped up
like a douche in the granola in the
night?"

SOPHIA

What are you talking about? You're
like the poster child for ritalin.

Vince beams, as if to say: "Hey, you get me!"

HAYWARD, Vince's 85-year-old grandfather, appears in the
doorway. He is frail and disoriented.

HAYWARD

Vince?

Vince turns around. His playful manner disappears.

VINCE

What's going on, Grandpa? Do you
need your pills?

Hayward notices Sophia.

HAYWARD

Who's she?

VINCE

This is Sophia, Grandpa. She's in
the art class.

HAYWARD

Have I met her before?

VINCE

No.

HAYWARD

I didn't think so.

VINCE

I'll go get your pills.

Vince leaves.

Hayward studies Sophia, who squirms, self-conscious.

HAYWARD

You're not an injun.

SOPHIA
Um...no, I'm not.

HAYWARD
Neither was Burt Lancaster.

SOPHIA
Who?

HAYWARD
Burt Lancaster. He wasn't an injun,
either.

SOPHIA
Oh.

HAYWARD
He played Jim Thorpe.

SOPHIA
Who's that?

HAYWARD
Olympic athlete. One who had all
the medals taken away.

Sophia doesn't know what he's talking about.

Vince reappears in the doorway over Hayward's shoulder.

He gestures his instruction to Sophia: go along with it.

SOPHIA
Oh, right. Jim Thorpe.

Vince gives her a thumbs up.

HAYWARD
Know why they took his medals?

SOPHIA
I...I used to.

HAYWARD
'Cause he was injun.

SOPHIA
Wow. That sucks.

HAYWARD
'Course, if they hadn't done that,
a white man couldn't a played him.

Hayward laughs hysterically at his own joke.

Sophia politely laughs with him, not really getting it.

Vince puts the pills together.

VINCE

Which other Indian did Burt Lancaster
play?

HAYWARD

Ira Hayes.

SOPHIA

Was he an athlete?

HAYWARD

A soldier. One of the men holding
the flag at Iwo Jima.

SOPHIA

Oh. Right.

HAYWARD

Johnny Cash sang a song about him.

SOPHIA

Is it any good?

HAYWARD

It was Johnny Cash!

Hayward seems genuinely offended.

Sophia looks again to Vince for help, but he just shakes his
head as if to say, "Don't worry."

Indeed, Hayward's jovial affect immediately returns...

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, you wanna know somethin' else?

Hayward leans forward and whispers...

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

Johnny Cash wasn't an injun, either.

More laughter; Sophia plays along again.

VINCE

Okay, time for your pills.

HAYWARD

I want mine with whiskey.

Vince hands Hayward a glass of water.

VINCE
No more whiskey.

Hayward reluctantly takes the water...

INT. SWEENEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sweeney paces the room.

Sophia enters.

SWEENEY
I really need to talk to you.

SOPHIA
Has it all gone away?

SWEENEY
What?

SOPHIA
I was just wondering since no one is
talking about it anymore.

SWEENEY
Please, listen to me.

She folds her arms, waits.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He takes a breath. He's been rehearsing this all day.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
I just want you to know: I am sorry
how much of this...how much of my
life affects you.

She nods, not really convinced, nor apparently interested.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
This guy, Davies, the one making
these claims. I'm not going to let
him get away that. I'm going to
prove that he is wrong about me,
that he or his sources are lying.

SOPHIA
Well, I am sure that will be a great
day for you.

SWEENEY
It will because that will be it.

SOPHIA
What do you mean?

SWEENEY
I will be done. No more books, no more t.v. appearances, no more podcast interviews, no more conferences or rallies. I'm just going to be a college professor again.

She scoffs.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
I know you don't believe me, and I get that. But that's what's going to happen. I'm going to show the world that he's wrong and then I'm going to walk away. And I hope when I do...you're actually talking to me.

Sophia doesn't respond right away. She's touched more by this than she expected. After a moment...

SOPHIA
Yeah. Me, too.

She heads off to her room.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sweeney, smoking a pipe, regards a book from his collection a moment...

INSERT - THE BOOK

It's a collection of COTTON MATHER's writings.

BACK TO SCENE

Sweeney flips through the pages, replaces the book on the shelf.

INT. SWEENEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sweeney sits behind his desk, Maitra in a chair opposite.

Sweeney reads from his phone.

SWEENEY
(reads from the paper)
"...I have never, not even once, questioned the existence of the gas chambers in Nazi concentration camps.
(MORE)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I have never written or published any articles on this or any similar theme."

MAITRA

Unfortunately, it's one of the few things on-line that's sympathetic to you. I mean, other than the assholes on 8Chan. And half of Twitter.

Sweeney shrugs.

MAITRA (CONT'D)

The Regents are going to be meeting next week. A lot of them find Davies' evidence compelling.

SWEENEY

We'll just have to make sure that truth gets a chance to outweigh compelling.

EXT. COLLEGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A few dozen DEMONSTRATORS have gathered outside of Sweeney's office building. Some hold ANTI-FASCIST signs (Swastikas inside a circle and a line, WE ALREADY BEAT THE NAZIS, etc.), and wear yellow arm bands.

Sweeney exits a taxi, pauses when he sees the Demonstrators.

He takes a deep breath and marches past. Several demonstrators take picture and video of Sweeney with their phones.

He refuses to make eye contact with any of the Demonstrators.

Murmurs of disapproval pinball throughout the crowd.

Off to the side, POLICE OFFICERS record the Demonstrators, while the Demonstrators video the police.

INT. COLLEGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As Sweeney enters, he comes across Lucy exiting.

Another long, uncomfortable stare as they pass...

Sweeney stops, whirls around.

SWEENEY

All right. Let's get it over with.

Lucy stops at the door, and turns.

LUCY

What?

SWEENEY

I know you have something to say to me. Now's your chance.

LUCY

The silent treatment for a quarter of a century, and now you want to have a conversation?

SWEENEY

Look, Lucy--

LUCY

Try Professor Rosenberg.

SWEENEY

I'm sorry. Professor Rosenberg. Go ahead. Let me have it.

LUCY

I don't understand. What makes you think I actually care?

She gazes at him with such hostility, he finds it hard to look her in the eye...

After a moment, he turns away...

SWEENEY

I have work to do.

LUCY

Well, "work makes one free."

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is little more than an art studio with a bed in the corner.

The bed appears mostly slept on, not in. A large stuffed Dumbo rests on the pillows.

Sophia works in a fever on a charcoal sketch--it's a portrait of Vince.

Sweeney appears in the doorway, taps on the door.

Sophia looks up at him.

SWEENEY

I got something to show you. Do you have a second?

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Sweeney, hands trembling, picks up a large, expensive display case.

A ribbon and a certificate are beautifully framed.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

She studies it.

SOPHIA

This is...that's the award I won last month.

SWEENEY

Right. I thought this would be a great way to display it. What do you think?

SOPHIA

Um...it's nice.

SWEENEY

Good. I just...I wasn't there when you got the award, so...

She nods, uncertain how to feel...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Right. I spoke to the headmaster, she says they'll put it up next week.

SOPHIA

Right. Great.

SWEENEY

You keep wining those awards, they might run out of wall.

She nods again, tries to force a smile...

INT. LUCY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lucy's seminar. She stands at the board at the back of the room.

The conversation is dominated by students TREVOR, ARMIDA, MARCUS, and REBECCA.

TREVOR

He shouldn't be allowed to teach. Plain and simple.

ARMIDA

I don't think it is that simple.

TREVOR

I'm sure you don't.

ARMIDA

What's that supposed to mean?

LUCY

Trevor. Armida.

ARMIDA

Sorry.

Trevor shrugs his shoulders, unrepentant.

Lucy scolds him with her eyes. He shrinks a bit.

LUCY

Armida. What did you mean exactly?

ARMIDA

It just seems he should be allowed to think and believe what he wants, y'know?

REBECCA

Even if he denies the Holocaust?

ARMIDA

He's only been accused of it.

REBECCA

Yeah, because he hangs out with deniers and sends them money. Why do you think he does that? Because he loves the Jews?

MARCUS

Those people don't say that there was no Holocaust. They just say it wasn't as bad as everyone else says.

TREVOR

Oh, that's all they're saying. Gee, I don't know what everyone's getting so upset about.

MARCUS

Do you know for a fact that they're wrong?

REBECCA

You've gotta be kidding me. You think he might be right?

MARCUS

Maybe. I don't know.

There is an explosion of indignation in the room.

LUCY

Enough! We have civil conversations in this classroom. No exceptions.

REBECCA

It's really hard. Everyone...is really emotional about this.

LUCY

All the more reason to be respectful. We cannot use our passion as an excuse to suspend rationality. It is times like these when we need to depend on it the most. Otherwise, what is the point of having it?

The class falls silent.

INT. ART STORE - OFFICE - DAY

Sophia is at a computer, doing research on the internet.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

An article entitled WILLIAM SWEENEY: FIRST AMENDMENT MARTYR.

BACK TO SCENE

Sophia touches the mouse, and the article emerges from the printer.

She lifts it out of the tray, and places it in a pile of other articles.

Vince enters.

VINCE

Hey, what's all this?

SOPHIA

Just some research.

Vince picks up one of the files and flicks through it.

VINCE

I thought you were studying Vermeer.

Vince plops down in a chair next to her.

SOPHIA

Did your parents ever take you down to the boardwalk?

VINCE

I grew up on the Res in New Mexico. Not a lot of beaches in Gallup.

SOPHIA

My dad used to take me there. We'd go on the Ferris wheel then to the petting zoo.

VINCE

I hate Ferris wheels. Don't like rides with no seat belts.

SOPHIA

He won me a Dumbo once.

Vince isn't sure how to reply, so he grabs one of the articles, scans it.

VINCE

(reading)

"Who's to say whether the gas chambers existed? I couldn't see them myself. Furthermore, it has been scientifically proven that there are no traces of cyanide in the shower walls of Auschwitz."

He looks up at Sophia.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Do you remember him ever talking like this?

SOPHIA

He doesn't like illegal immigration, or affirmative action, or welfare, or the ACLU. But nothing...like this.

VINCE

Nothing at dinner? "The Jews are evil, pass the butter?"

She lets out a slight laugh.

SOPHIA

He'd never have been able to keep this from my mother.

Vince looks doubtful, but says nothing.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

The temple is empty.

Lucy enters with trepidation, climbs into a rear pew.

She tries hard to relax, but stirs uncomfortably.

AVRAM (O.S.)

I know it's been a while, but you're here about three days early.

Lucy jumps at the sound of his voice.

Avram emerges from a corner, holding a can of furniture polish.

LUCY

Jesus Christ, you scared me.

AVRAM

You should probably pick a different exclamation in here.

LUCY

What were you doing?

AVRAM

Cleaning. They never do it right.

LUCY

In the dark?

AVRAM

There's plenty of light. I was behind the Bimah.

Lucy nods, still rattled.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

It's good to see you here, even on a Wednesday. Were you trying to pray?

LUCY

No.

AVRAM

Were you hired for a speaking engagement?

LUCY

You would know if I was.

AVRAM

I don't think your take on Palestine would be particularly welcome here.

LUCY

We've had this fight many times.

An awkward silence.

AVRAM

You're right. Forgive me. So?

LUCY

I thought it would be nice to see Joseph and Milla. And you.

AVRAM

Then why not come during Shul, when we'll all be here?

She gazes around, uncomfortable...

LUCY

This was a bad idea. I shouldn't have bothered you.

She turns to leave.

AVRAM

Wait.

She pauses, turns back to Avram.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

Let me take you over to see Joseph and Milla.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN CARLOS - DAY

Close to one hundred individuals march down the main street. They carry various signs with phrases such as FIRST AMENDMENT MARTYR and FREE SPEECH IS NOT NAZISM.

Amongst the crowd are white supremacists--some in black shirts, some wearing Hawaiian shirts, others waving Nazi and Confederate flags. There is a heavy police escort.

Members of the march and onlookers take pictures and video of the rally...

They arrive at the town center, and are greeted by a throng of COUNTER-DEMONSTRATORS, many people of color.

Some of the Counter-Demonstrators wear masks and all black clothing.

Their signs and placards show images of Sweeney with a Hitler mustache, with phrases like DO THE REICH THING and KARMA IS A BITCH.

The tension between the sides is palpable...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sophia and Vince approach the shop.

They are stopped by Trevor, who holds a tablet.

TREVOR

Excuse me? Would you be interested in signing a petition calling for the dismissal of professor Sweeney? We're also having a rally--

Sophia tries to pass him, but Trevor refuses to yield.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Are you students at the university?

SOPHIA

No.

TREVOR

Let me ask you a question as taxpayers. Don't you think it's time we eradicated hate speech, anti-Semitism, and racism from our campus?

VINCE

I don't pay taxes. I'm an Indian.

Trevor contemplates this a moment...

TREVOR

Ok. Would you still like to sign the petition?

Sophia storms past Trevor, enters the shop.

Trevor turns back to Vince.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We're talking about Holocaust denial here. No one can afford to be a bystander.

Vince steps toward Trevor, gets right up in his face.

Trevor pretends he is not intimidated.

VINCE

You want to talk about Holocaust denial? What did your high school history book say about Columbus?

INT. JOSEPH AND MILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Avram, Lucy, Joseph and Milla dine together.

AVRAM

I found Aunt Lucy skulking around the temple tonight.

LUCY

I refute "skulking."

AVRAM

What would you call it then?

LUCY

Visiting.

AVRAM

Whatever you'd like.

LUCY

I just came up to see your father, but I thought I'd sit in the temple first.

AVRAM

She finally comes to temple, and there's no service.

JOSEPH

The temple is a good place to find peace. Especially when it's empty.

AVRAM

He didn't want to go to temple after his Bar Mitzvah.

JOSEPH

But I did go.

AVRAM

Yes, you did.

LUCY

I think I've had enough guilt for dinner.

JOSEPH

Dad usually saves some for dessert.

There is some awkward chuckling, then a lull...

MILLA
Lucy, thank you so much for your
gift.

LUCY
You're welcome.

AVRAM
Gift?

JOSEPH
Aunt Lucy sent a cookbook.

MILLA
How to bake breads.

AVRAM
Interesting choice.

LUCY
They met at a bakery. Remember?

Avram nods, embarrassed.

MILLA
What can I say? He had me at challah.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sweeney places a plate of pasta in front of Sophia.

SOPHIA
Thank you.

He pauses, amazed she thanked him.

SWEENEY
Well, that's a start!

Sophia smiles awkwardly.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Do you remember when we used to go
down to Monterrey? We'd go to the
aquarium, and then we'd get some
seafood on Cannery Row?

SOPHIA
Yeah. We used to go there with Mom.

SWEENEY
I was thinking it might be fun to do
that.

SOPHIA
It might...I don't know...that always
reminds me of Mom.

SWEENEY
Right. Of course.

Sweeney takes a thoughtful bite of us food.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
How about some place we've never
been. Never been to Ghiarardelli
square. I know you like chocolate.

SOPHIA
That's true...won't a lot of people
recognize you?

SWEENEY
Oh, yeah. That's...yeah. Hmmm.

Another thoughtful bite.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Tell you what. As soon as this thing
is over. That will be the first
place we'll go. And we'll wear
disguises.

Sophia smirks at this.

SOPHIA
On one condition.

SWEENEY
Anything.

SOPHIA
I do the disguises.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN CARLOS - DAY

There are now hundreds of people gathered in a park, and are
separated into two groups: PRO-SWEENEY and ANTI-SWEENEY.

The two groups face each other. The police have formed a
human wall between them.

One PROTESTER emerges from the crowd completely naked. He
taunts the pro-Sweeney group.

NUDE PROTESTOR
Hey, suck my cock, you Nazi bastards!

A rise in indignation from the pro-Sweeney side, combined with some laughter and discomfort from the other side.

The police drag the Nude Protester away.

EXT. COLLEGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Sweeney marches along the sidewalk, when he spots Davies in his car, parked on the side of the road.

Davies is typing into a tablet.

Sweeney crosses to Davies, taps on Davies window.

Davies turns to Sweeney, rolls down the window.

DAVIES

I know who you are, you know.

SWEENEY

And I know who you are. You're the asshole that's stalking me.

DAVIES

You can't hide. Believe me, I tried for years. I was a White Wolf. I used to think like you. And I used to act on it.

SWEENEY

A White Wolf. How come you're not in jail?

DAVIES

I've paid for my sins. And you know what else? I was honest about it.

Davies climbs out of the car and moves towards Sweeney. He rolls up his sleeves.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Look at this.

INSERT - DAVIES' RIGHT ARM

The traces of a Nazi Swastika tattoo remain on his arm.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Had that done when I was fourteen. It was my first.

He shows Sweeney his left arm.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

On my wrist used to be the acronym
ZOG: Zionist Occupied Government.
On my thumb: two eights. Heil Hitler.
Right here on my chest I used to
have "fourteen words." "We must
secure the existence of our people
and a future for white children."
Sound familiar?

SWEENEY

I don't know what the hell you're
talking about--

DAVIES

Yes, you do. I told the whole world
what I thought. I used to pick fights
with the people I hated. I didn't
lie, try to hide who I was because I
wanted to be rich.

SWEENEY

You don't know anything about me.
Get the hell off my campus!

DAVIES

I don't think it's yours anymore.

Davies climbs back into his car, pulls away.

Sweeney watches him go, seething with anger...

EXT. COLLEGE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Two YOUNG MALE STUDENTS hang around outside the door, study
their texts. They exchange a grave look.

INT. SWEENEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sweeney grades essays with a forced vigor, while a pillar of
smoke rises from his pipe.

The phone rings.

SWEENEY

Hello?

It's a crank call--a loud recording of a Hitler speech.

He slams it back down.

EXT. COLLEGE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Sweeney passes the two Young Men, pays them no attention.

After a moment, the two Young Men get up and follow Sweeney from a safe distance.

Sweeney waits at the bus stop at the end of the parking lot.

He looks at his watch, and peers down the road.

The two Men jump Sweeney from behind, and beat him severely.

After a moment, they scatter.

Sweeney moans, bruised and bloodied.

Lucy, exiting the building, spots Sweeney...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sweeney lays in a gurney, his head and face bandaged and swollen. He is groggy and disoriented.

Maitra stands beside him.

SWEENEY

Lucy?

MAITRA

Lucy Rosenberg. She's the one who found you and called the ambulance.

SWEENEY

I don't remember that.

MAITRA

What do you remember?

SWEENEY

I was in my office. I think I was... Then the next thing I remember is...Here.

MAITRA

You have a concussion, several cracked ribs, and a collapsed lung. You'll be here for a little while.

SWEENEY

Sophia?

MAITRA

She's on her way.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN CARLOS - DAY

The Pro-Sweeney group has a rally, within earshot of the Anti-Sweeney group.

A MALE PROTESTER (40) at a podium addresses the crowd. He wears a suit and tie; a Confederate flag pin is visible on his chest.

Several people record the speech with their phones.

PROTESTER

This is supposed to be a free country. But in this free country, professor Sweeney is vilified for expressing his views. He is threatened with dismissal from his job for expressing his views. He has now been physically attacked—likely by Antifa terrorists. We can now honestly say we no longer live in a free country.

Most of the crowd applauds.

The Counter-Demonstrators "boo."

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sweeney is asleep, while Maitra keeps a vigil.

Sophia enters, with Vince in tow.

Sophia and Maitra exchange a nod of greeting.

After a moment, she finds a seat next to her father.

Vince turns to Maitra.

VINCE

Hello.

MAITRA

Hi. Why don't we...?

Maitra gestures towards the door.

VINCE

I'm with you, Bro.

MAITRA

(to Sophia)

We'll be back in a little while.
Okay?

Sophia nods, as Maitra and Vince exit.

She watches her father sleep. After a moment, he awakens.

SWEENEY

It's good to see your face.

She glances around the room for a moment.

SOPHIA

This is the same hospital.

Sweeney reaches out to try and touch her hand.

She pulls away from him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Several members of the Pro-Sweeney group are now assembled across the street from the hospital.

The contingent of Anti-Sweeneys gather nearby. The usual police line keeps them separate.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A muted news report on the protests plays on the t.v. in the b.g.

Douglas watches as Sandra paces the room...

SANDRA

Why don't you call the cops? Tell them what he did to you?

DOUGLAS

The cops? You kidding me?

SANDRA

No. You can press charges--

DOUGLAS

What do you think the cops are gonna do for someone who looks like me?

SANDRA

Dad, it's not always like that.

DOUGLAS

Only people who scare me more than him are the fucking cops. Hell, some of them probably on Sweeney's side of the protest if they weren't working at it.

Sandra sighs heavily...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Maitra looks outside at the group gathered in the park.

Many hold lit candles.

SWEENEY

Where's Sophie?

MAITRA

Vince took her home to get some sleep.
She'll be back later.

SWEENEY

What's going on out there?

MAITRA

Apparently, some sort of vigil.

SWEENEY

For what?

MAITRA

For you.

SWEENEY

You're joking.

MAITRA

It's an interesting mix. There are
free speech advocates, white
supremacists, even some men's rights
groups. That one's a little odd.
There are also some ACLU signs. Too
bad irony's dead.

THE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Sweeney sleeps, while Sophia snoozes in a nearby chair.

Lucy enters, and sees them both.

Sophia awakens, eyes Lucy.

LUCY

I'm a colleague of your father's.
My name's Lucy.

Sophia rises. They shake hands.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How is he?

SOPHIA

He's supposed to go home soon.

Sweeney stirs.

SWEENEY

Sophie?

SOPHIA
I'm right here.

SWEENEY
What's happening?

SOPHIA
Lucy's here to see you.

SWEENEY
Lucy?

LUCY
Listen, why don't I come back later?

SOPHIA
No, it's all right. I'll go get a
soda.

LUCY
Are you sure?

SOPHIA
Yeah. Do you want anything?

Lucy shakes her head.

Sophia exits.

Sweeney and Lucy stare at each other, clueless as to what to
say...

LUCY
So...

Another excruciating silence...

LUCY (CONT'D)
Your daughter. She seems nice.

SWEENEY
Takes after her mother.

Lucy moves over to the window, gazes at the vigil.

LUCY
You attract quite a crowd.

SWEENEY
Galtham says you're the one who found
me and called the ambulance.

She nods.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I am grateful.

LUCY

I'm glad you are...going to recover.

Another awkward silence.

SWEENEY

You were right. You really don't
have anything to say to me.

Lucy looks away, taps her finger...

EXT. PARK - DAY

A POLICE CAPTAIN is interviewed by a TV Reporter...

CAPTAIN

I'm not in the least worried. My
boys will keep them in line.

Several of the Officers behind him appear to be women...

EXT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy speaks on the phone...

LUCY

I don't have any objection. Go ahead
and email it to me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Resting on the gurney, Sweeney stares out the window at the
vigil.

He picks up his laptop, punches a few keys.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP SCREEN.

A Google search for PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS...

The page disappears, and the screen goes black.

Sweeney desperately punches a few keys..

Huge red letters appear on the screen: DIE NAZI BASTARD!

The computer screen again darkens...

Another message appears: THIS VIRUS JUST ERASED YOUR HARD
DRIVE!

BACK TO SCENE

Sweeney tries to restart the computer. It's dead.

A shadow appears in the doorway behind him.

BRYANT

How are you feeling?

Sweeney whirls around.

SWEENEY

How the hell did you get in here?

BRYANT

No one stops you if you look like you know where you're going.

SWEENEY

What do you want?

BRYANT

I just wanted to see how you were.

SWEENEY

Well, that's very nice of you. Now you can get the hell out of here.

BRYANT

You know, this whole thing has been great publicity for us.

SWEENEY

I'm overjoyed to hear that.

BRYANT

We've gotten half a million hits on our web site. Twitter and Instagram are off the charts. So maybe it's time to come out of the closet.

Maitra enters.

He's livid at the site of Bryant.

MAITRA

What the--?

SWEENEY

He got lost in the halls. He's trying to figure out where to get his lobotomy.

BRYANT

Fine. I'll leave. I just wanted to be sure you knew what a difference you've made.

Maitra glares at Bryant, who winks at Sweeney before exiting.

Maitra withdraws his cell phone.

MAITRA

I'm calling the cops. The nerve of that asshole!

SWEENEY

Galtham--

MAITRA

Who does he think he is, strolling in here to antagonize you like that?

Maitra begins to dial.

SWEENEY

Don't. It'll just get him in the papers again. That's what he wants.

Maitra studies Sweeney a moment.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Don't play into his hands.

Maitra shuts off the phone, returns it to his pocket.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I've got a better idea.

Sweeney picks up his cell phone from the table...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Maitra and a nurse help Sweeney into Maitra's car.

SWEENEY

Where's Sophia?

MAITRA

I told you. She's at the house.

SWEENEY

I want her here now.

The vigil stares at them like a silent Greek chorus.

MAITRA

Come on.

Sweeney gives an uncertain nod, and then lets Maitra help him inside the car.

INT./EXT. MAITRA'S CAR - DAY

Maitra and Sweeney watch in silence as they drive past the vigil.

A police escort follows the car.

The members of the vigil eye them carefully as the car pulls away.

SWEENEY

I can't believe they're still here.

MAITRA

They said they'd stay until you were released.

SWEENEY

Now what are they going to do? Camp out in my backyard?

MAITRA

Don't give them any ideas.

INT. SWEENEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sweeney sits up in bed, sips a bowl of soup.

Maitra is with him.

MAITRA

The chairman of the regents wants to talk to you.

Sweeney shakes his head, laughs in disbelief.

MAITRA (CONT'D)

There is a clause in the contract regarding fraudulent research. They are going to decide whether it applies.

SWEENEY

To research done by someone else?

MAITRA

As your department chair, I'm supposed to inform you that you have a right to appear in person in your own defense--

SWEENEY

Yes.

MAITRA

You also can have a lawyer present--

SWEENEY

I don't need a goddamn lawyer. Just tell them I'll be there.

MAITRA

You sure about that? You need to heal--

SWEENEY

I'm fine. I'm going to beat this thing.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy, curled up in the Queen Anne chair, sits in the dark, lost in thought.

Lucy's cell phone rings. She jumps.

She watches it ring a few moments, then picks it up.

LUCY

Hello?...I'm sorry...What?

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - DAY

Maitra and Sweeney watch the television news.

Sweeney smokes his pipe...

NERDY MALE PUNDIT (ON T.V.)

...so it appears that professor Sweeney has an ally on his own campus. Left wing ideologue Lucy Rosenberg has signed a petition endorsing Sweeney's views on the Holocaust.

SEXY MALE PUNDIT

So Lucy Rosenberg is a Holocaust denier as well?

NERDY MALE PUNDIT

Apparently so.

SEXY MALE PUNDIT

Is that an employment requirement at the public universities in California?

NERDY MALE PUNDIT

You should see who else has signed this thing: several grand wizards of the Ku Klux Klan, known Holocaust deniers Steven Armstrong and Jean-Luc Fontaine, and many leaders of the alt-right! It's just a roll call of bigots and anti-Semites.

SEXY MALE PUNDIT

Why would she want her name associated with all those people?

NERDY MALE PUNDIT

It gets better: eyewitnesses claim she visited him at the hospital every night--

SEXY MALE PUNDIT

Isn't Rosenberg a Jewish name?

Sweeney and Maitra exchange a confused look. "What the hell?"

NERDY MALE PUNDIT (O.S.)

Hey, Hitler was part Jewish.

Disgusted, Sweeney shuts off the television...

INT. LUCY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lucy's class. Trevor is noticeably absent.

Lucy stands at the front of the class. She is poised and collected.

REBECCA

So why would you want your name associated with a bunch of alt-right idiots?

LUCY

My name is not associated with them. I signed a petition and they signed a petition. That doesn't make us collaborators.

MARCUS

But it looks like they signed it before you did.

LUCY

They may very well have done. That's not what matters. What matters is what the petition actually says.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

It does not defend his views. It defends his right to have them.

ARMIDA

Why bother? Why put yourself in that situation?

LUCY

Because the only real time to defend free speech is when someone says something with which you disagree. Even when that thing is objectively wrong.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Anti-Sweeney forces rally, while the Pro-Sweeney group watches from the fringes.

Some of the visible signs include CALIFORNIA UBER ALLES and I BELIEVE THE WORLD IS FLAT.

Trevor is at a podium.

Several demonstrators record Trevor's speech with their phones...

TREVOR

We are all Americans. We all love freedom of expression. We are not here to put professor Sweeney in jail. We are not here to send him to the Gulag, or to Auschwitz, which Professor Sweeney seems to confuse with a KOA campground.

There are audible groans of disgust from the audience...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No, we are here for one thing and one thing only: to make it clear to the regents that professor Sweeney has no business teaching in this or any other publicly funded university.

The crowd cheers...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If Sweeney and his Nazi friends want to start Denial University, and teach whatever bullshit they want, he is free to do that.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He can publish any books he wants,
and any bigots and anti-Semites are
welcome to buy his books. But he is
not welcome to teach on this campus.

More enthusiastic cheers.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He is welcome to be wrong. He is
welcome to be mistaken. But he is
not welcome to lie.

The response is deafening...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And lying he is. For there are few
events in history more overwhelmingly
documented with more authentic and
irrefutable evidence than the
Holocaust.

The crowd chants "DUMP PROFESSOR SWEENEY." The chant is
awkward, but the crowd tries to stay with it.

Trevor basks in his power...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And while it pains us to say this:
we are also disappointed in other
faculty members who have defended
not just Sweeney's right to free
speech, but his actual theses.

The chant desists.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Foremost among these defenders is
professor Lucy Rosenberg, whose life
as an advocate for justice and
tolerance is an apparent sham.

There are "boos" at the mention of Rosenberg's name, as the
crowd returns to its chant.

INT. HATEWATCH OFFICES - NIGHT

Davies and Joanne watch the news on a smartphone.

ON THE PHONE

A grave-looking Newscaster reads a report...

NEWSCASTER

After the recent revelations of his alleged association with the institute under the pseudonym David Leuchter, many are now calling for the university regents to terminate professor Sweeney's contract. In other news--

BACK TO SCENE

Davies and Joanne exchange satisfied smiles.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Douglas is fed by Sandra.

A knock on the door O.S.

Sandra puts down Douglas's food, crosses to the door.

She opens it to find BUCHANAN (30) in her doorway.

He is elegant, dressed in an Armani suit.

He smiles pleasantly at Sandra...

INT. REGENTS MEETING ROOM - DAY

The twenty-five members of the university regents interrogate Sweeney. They form a semicircle, much like a Congressional committee.

Sweeney's alone at a desk.

Maitra eyes him from the gallery.

The CHAIRMAN (sixties) of the board holds up a document. He waves it about as he speaks.

CHAIRMAN

So these notes are not for you.
They are a fabrication?

SWEENEY

That is correct.

CHAIRMAN

We have an affidavit from a handwriting expert that says it's Bryant's handwriting.

SWEENEY

And I have one from a handwriting expert who says it isn't. So, I'd call that a draw, wouldn't you, Mr. Chairman?

The Chairman grunts in irritation, picks up another document.

INSERT - THE DOCUMENT

It's an INSTITUTE FOR HISTORICAL REVISION newsletter...

BACK TO SCENE

CHAIRMAN

And you are not familiar with this publication?

SWEENEY

Not before all of this began.

REGENT #1

What about this book?

The Regent holds up a book...

INSERT - THE BOOK

It's a copy of SIX MILLION?

BACK TO SCENE

REGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Did you write some of it using the pseudonym Leuchter?

A commotion from outside the room...

The doors fly open, and a few dozen students push their way in. Trevor is at the front.

CHAIRMAN

What the hell is going on here?

TREVOR

Mr. Chairman, the student body would like a chance to speak.

CHAIRMAN

This is not a public meeting.

The students shout "BULLSHIT," and "WE'RE TAXPAYERS," etc.

TREVOR

We're making it a public meeting.

IN THE MEETING ROOM - LATER

Order has been restored. The students remain in the audience, for the moment on their best behavior.

A handful of POLICE OFFICERS monitor the crowd.

One Student pulls out their phone to record the proceedings.

An Officer confiscates it.

REGENT #1

Mr. Davies has sent us copies of email communication between you and Mr. Bryant, arranging the publication of this book. Have you seen these copies?

SWEENEY

I have.

REGENT #1

There is great familiarity here. Bryant makes references to your daughter and your wife.

SWEENEY

There's nothing in there you can't find out about me from a Google search. And the university tech people found no traces of those emails on my computer or the network.

CHAIRMAN

Emails can be erased.

SWEENEY

They can also be fabricated.

CHAIRMAN

We're looking into verifying them right now.

SWEENEY

Excellent. I'll look forward to Mr. Davies' apology.

REGENT #1

You deny knowing Mr. Bryant?

SWEENEY

We have never met. Not even once.

Maitra is startled by this remark.

REGENT #1
Then how do you explain this
photograph?

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Sweeney and Bryant are posed in suits, arms over each other's
shoulders.

BACK TO SCENE

SWEENEY
It's fake. And now it's fake news.

CHAIRMAN
It's been analyzed--

SWEENEY
I don't know anything about that. I
do know that I have denied knowing
Bryant, and he has denied knowing
me.

A few of the Regents exchange looks...

REGENT #1
So you believe that this is all a
personal vendetta Mr. Davies has
against you?

SWEENEY
I don't know Mr. Davies. I don't
know what motivates him. And I don't
particularly care.

A moment passes, while the members take notes.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Chairman, may I say something
for the record?

The Chairman considers this a moment, while the crowd appears
visibly uncomfortable.

Trevor looks like he's about to open his mouth, but one of
the Police Officers steps toward him. Trevor reconsiders.

CHAIRMAN
Proceed.

SWEENEY
I would just like the regents to
carefully consider what I am about
to say.

(MORE)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I am a tenured professor at a major university, teaching the subject I love. I am a best selling author, and a well compensated television commentator. I am also a recent widower, trying his best to raise a teenage daughter. Why would I risk all of that for the opportunity to attend some conferences in sleazy motels so I could preach to a handful of racists? If you can provide me with a valid reason, I would very much like to hear it.

Sweeney takes a sip of water.

The members of the Board stare back at him, expressionless.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia sits on her bed, lost in thought, as she cradles the stuffed Dumbo.

Sweeney enters, hand Sophia a cocoa.

SOPHIA

Thank you. How did it go?

Sweeney sits down on the bed.

SWEENEY

I got them on the run.

SOPHIA

Good.

SWEENEY

It's going to be fine. I promise. You sure you don't want to come watch it?

Sophia shakes her head.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't blame you. But it will be over soon.

Sophia nods her head, not really convinced.

INT. UNION ORGANIZING HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lucy enters, and several of the employees look at her askance. A few whisper conspiratorially.

Lucy smiles at them, but is unnerved by their lack of response.

She taps her finger...

MIGUEL, 37, union organizer, emerges from an office.

INSIDE THE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy is seated in a folding chair.

Miguel leans against a weathered desk.

The room is filled with papers and files, and the walls covered with organizing memorabilia.

MIGUEL

Look, this is not easy for me to say.

Lucy exhales. She knows what's coming.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

The union leadership took a vote last night. They don't want you to be involved any more.

LUCY

You came to me seeking my support.

MIGUEL

I know, I know. It's just that you're becoming a...distraction.

INT. PRIVATE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Lucy speaks at another university. The auditorium is packed.

Several audience members record the talk on their phones.

LUCY

...if these so called "nativists" were to switch places with one of these "illegals," they would likely discover something very important about themselves: faced with poverty, and no chance for gainful employment at home, they would no doubt break the law that they claim to hold so dear--

An ANGRY PROTESTER leaps to his feet.

ANGRY PROTESTER

Why are you defending him?

Lucy continues, ignoring the disruption..

LUCY

In the Los Angeles Times this morning,
this editorial appeared...

An image of a news headline that reads WHY WE MUST SEAL THE
BORDER appears on a screen above Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

...calling for the first race specific
ban on immigration since the Chinese
Exclusion Act of--

ANGRY PROTESTER

Why are you evading my question?

LUCY

Excuse me. I do believe in freedom
of expression, but I also believe in
manners. If you would like to ask
me a question, there will be time
after my talk...

Lucy taps her finger...

ANGRY PROTESTER

Why should we listen to you?

LUCY

You don't have to, if you don't want
to. You are welcome to leave.

ANGRY PROTESTER

How can you treat what Sweeney is
doing as legitimate scholarly
research?

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

(to Protester)

Sit down. We didn't come here for
you.

ANGRY PROTESTER

Freedom of speech doesn't mean you
can lie and have everyone rush to
your defense.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

(to Protester)

Shut the fuck up!

Two security guards move to eject the Protester.

ANGRY PROTESTER

You're a Jew, a child of Abraham.
How can you possibly defend what he
says?

Lucy attempts to continue, but the Protester won't be quiet.

OTHERS shout at the Protester, and each other, as security
guards drag the Protester outside.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sweeney speaks on the phone.

Smoke rises from the pipe on his desk...

SWEENEY

Lucy?

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy, speaking on the phone, groans in frustration.

LUCY

What do you want?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - LUCY & SWEENEY

SWEENEY

Please don't hang up.

Lucy pauses to consider his request...

LUCY

I'm still here.

SWEENEY

I, uh...need to ask you a favor. A
huge one.

INT. REGENTS MEETING ROOM - DAY

Lucy is now seated before the microphone.

The student audience, with their police escort, remain in
the gallery.

Sweeney watches from a distance, near one of the side exits.

CHAIRMAN

Do you consider this solely an issue
of academic freedom?

LUCY

Solely? No. I consider it a great deal more.

CHAIRMAN

How so?

LUCY

This is a moral issue. You have a respected academic being attacked for a belief that no one has been able to prove that he holds. People are ready to condemn him, regardless of whatever the facts show.

REGENT #1

And what if the facts show that he is what Davies' claims he is?

LUCY

Then there is the other moral issue of Professor Sweeney engaging in the type of research that would cause him to forgo his own humanity.

REGENT #1

Then why would you sign a petition endorsing Sweeney's views?

LUCY

I did not.

REGENT #1

It's been reported several times that you have.

LUCY

I know it has.

REGENT #1

So you continue to deny you signed the petition?

LUCY

I signed a petition. But you do not describe it with any accuracy.

CHAIRMAN

Which petition did you sign?

Lucy picks up a sheet of paper and reads it out loud:

LUCY

"We the undersigned urge San Carlos University to respect the constitutional right of professor William Sweeney to express his views, and to associate with anyone whom he chooses. Furthermore, we make no judgment as to whether Professor Sweeney is engaging in legitimate scholarly research and strongly assert that the solution to the problem of expression in a democracy is more speech, not less."

The Chairman flips through his papers, while mutters of confusion work their way through the room.

LUCY (CONT'D)

"We therefore implore the regents to take into consideration the words of Voltaire: I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

There is an anticipatory silence in the room.

CHAIRMAN

This is the entire text of the document?

LUCY

It is. It is sponsored by an organization called Free to Think. You can find the petition on their web site. You can also sign it if you wish.

CHAIRMAN

Why did you not provide a copy to the Regents?

LUCY

Because no one on the Regents ever asked me for one. And I assumed that at least one member of the Board of Regents was familiar with something called the Internet.

The Chairman and other Board Members stir in irritation...

REGENT #1

Don't you think it would have been a good idea to provide one yourself?

LUCY
I believe I just did.

EXT. REGENTS BUILDING - DAY

Lucy exits. She doesn't see Sweeney waiting for her.

SWEENEY
I think the apes were just examined
by the zoologist.

Lucy continues on, and he follows.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

LUCY
You need to get this into your head.
This is not about you.

SWEENEY
What is it? Just another cause?

LUCY
A matter of principle. Nothing more.

SWEENEY
Are you sure?

LUCY
Yes. Absolutely.

Lucy turns to leave.

Sweeney takes a step toward her when an enraged JEWISH MAN,
nineties, approaches Sweeney.

JEWISH MAN
You!

SWEENEY
I'm sorry, do I--

The Jewish Man unbuttons his cuff, pulls his sleeve back.

JEWISH MAN
I want to show you this.

Sweeney senses where this is headed.

He looks for an escape, but he's cornered.

SWEENEY
Look, I don't think--

The Man thrusts his camp I.D. tattoo in Sweeney's face.

JEWISH MAN

Do you see this? Do you see this?

Sweeney doesn't respond. He looks over at Lucy.

She's disappeared...

INSERT - THE MAN'S WRIST

It displays his Dachau identification number tattoo.

BACK TO SCENE

JEWISH MAN (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me this isn't real? That I put this on myself as part of some conspiracy?

SWEENEY

I would never--

JEWISH MAN

Some of the people I knew got rid of theirs. First chance they could. I kept mine. Do you want to know why? So I could show it to my children. And my grandchildren. So they would always know.

Sweeney opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out...

JEWISH MAN (CONT'D)

And then someone like you comes along-- educated, respectable--and you tell me it's not real, that it never happened. Please explain this to me. What am I supposed to do about someone like you?

SWEENEY

I am not the person you think I am.

Sweeney brushes past the Man, scurries off...

The Jewish Man watches him a moment, shakes his head in disbelief...

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy lights candles, when she hears a knock at the door. She opens it to find Avram.

He appears none too happy.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy and Avram sit at the table, ignoring their coffees.

AVRAM

It's Joseph, you see... He doesn't know what to think about you. And frankly, I don't know what to tell him.

LUCY

There's nothing to tell him.

AVRAM

Lucy, he knows what's happening.

LUCY

He and everyone else.

AVRAM

He doesn't understand why a woman he loves and admires is...defending someone like Sweeney.

LUCY

I'm not defending him.

AVRAM

I just don't know why you are so involved in this.

LUCY

Oh, for God's sake, Avi. I'm not "involved" in it. I signed a petition.

AVRAM

That's your explanation for supporting a man who calls the Holocaust a Zionist lie?

LUCY

It doesn't matter what he calls it.

AVRAM

You never wanted to be Jewish.

She shakes her head, taps her finger...

LUCY

You know that's not true. I just don't believe in God.

He rises, moves over to the window.

AVRAM

I suppose I wish you cared about your faith as much as you seem to care about Sweeney.

LUCY

I don't have a faith, and I don't give a damn about Sweeney.

AVRAM

But how can you say he should not be fired?

LUCY

I stir up just as much hatred as Sweeney does. Why do you think my signature on this petition has caused such an uproar?

AVRAM

So your work is no different than his?

LUCY

That's not what this is about.

AVRAM

What, then?

LUCY

Perspective. Students can't afford to attend public college. Many of their parents work full time and can't support themselves. Are we getting worked up about that? Of course not. We're getting all bent out of shape over what some narcissistic idiot might have said. At the end of the day, what good does our outrage do for the lives of people who are really struggling? Does it raise their wages? Give them health care? A real chance at a future?

Avram stares at her a moment.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So, yes. I signed a petition to protect his civil liberties. Because his, like yours and mine, are worth protecting. And that's where it should end.

AVRAM

I came to my shul to be close to
you.

LUCY

Did you think you could change me?
Was that why?

Avram gazes at Lucy a moment...

AVRAM

You're no longer welcome in my house.
Or my temple.

EXT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY

Sweeney and Maitra have a solemn meeting...

MAITRA

Apparently, they found Davies'
research "very persuasive," whatever
that means.

Sweeney doesn't reply. He stares off into the distance.

Maitra turns to exit, then stops at the door...

MAITRA (CONT'D)

Why did you say you had never met
Bryant?

For a moment, Sweeney doesn't reply.

SWEENEY

How would it have sounded if I had
said, "Not until the night he visited
me in the hospital." Can you imagine
what they would have done with that?

Maitra contemplates this a moment.

MAITRA

I'll let you know when I get the
report.

INT. SWEENEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maitra passes Sophia on his way out.

SOPHIA

Is everything okay?

MAITRA

I should let him tell you.

SOPHIA
Did they fire him?

Maitra looks away.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
That's it, isn't it?

He doesn't answer.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Do you think it's true?

Maitra pauses, looks away...

MAITRA
Uh...I'm late. I need to get going.
Sorry.

He rushes off...

INT. BACK PORCH - DAY

Sophia enters. Sweeney gazes at her, overcome with dread.

SWEENEY
Sophie.

SOPHIA
I know what happened.

He reaches out for her hand.

She reluctantly lets him take it.

SWEENEY
I'm sorry I let you down. I did
everything I could. Please believe
that.

She studies him for a moment.

SOPHIA
It's just a job. You'll figure
something out.

SWEENEY
That's not what I mean.

SOPHIA
I don't understand.

SWEENEY
I'm talking about your mother.

Sophia meets his gaze for a moment, then stares down at the floor...

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

At the table, Lucy holds a phone up to her ear with one hand, and taps a pen on the table top with the other.

LUCY

Hello, Milla...yes, it's Lucy again.
Is Joseph in?... Still?...Right
...right...okay...well please tell
him that I called, would you? It's
very important. I really need to
talk to him...thank you.

Lucy hangs up the phone, and tosses the pen on the table in frustration.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Several Anti-Sweeney protesters, Trevor included, get messages on their phones.

TREVOR

They fired him!

The crowd cheers and the protesters congratulate each other with hugs, high fives, etc.

Many in the Pro-Sweeney begin to chant "JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US!" Several onlookers and participants of the rally take photos and video of the proceedings...

The Police, now in riot gear and gas masks, stand ready to intervene...

Empty school buses are parked nearby...

The Police Captain climbs onto a police car, grabs a radio, set for P.A...

CAPTAIN

You are hereby ordered to vacate the
premises immediately. If you do not
do so, you will be arrested and
forcibly removed.

A small firecracker explodes among the group of Anti-Sweeney protesters.

TREVOR

(to the other side)
Which one of you Nazi mother fuckers
threw that at us?

A sign is thrown from one side to the other, followed by pushes, shoves, more shouts of anger...

COMMANDER

They think I'm fucking around?
 (to another officer)
 Gas!

Canisters of tear gas are tossed into the crowd, and the smoke fills the air...

Much of the crowd scatters in confusion, while others turn on each other...

Another firecracker lands in front of the police, explodes...

The Officers move in with billy clubs, pepper spray, and tasers...

Students are subdued, arrested, and dragged into nearby school busses...

INT. ART STORE - OFFICE - DAY

Vince streams coverage of the conflict...

ON THE COMPUTER

Footage of the violence, the police, tear gas...

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...nearly one hundred were arrested
 as police were forced to intervene
 and stop the riot.

The News feed cuts to...

SEXY MALE PUNDIT

...I think it's abundantly clear
 that our campuses have become hot
 beds for radical activism. You
 continue to employ America haters
 like Lucy Rosenberg, this is the
 sort of thing you're going to get.

NERDY MALE PUNDIT

This is the result of Sweeney's
 dismissal, which was clearly
 justified, given his defense of these
 absurd theories. You seem far more
 upset that Rosenberg--who had nothing
 to do with this--is still employed,
 and Sweeney isn't.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

An Officer escorts Trevor through the station.

Trevor is bruised and swollen. His injuries are bandaged.

INT. POLICE STATION - FOYER - DAY

The Officer deposits Trevor in the foyer, removes his handcuffs.

Lucy appears in a doorway...

INT./EXT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

Lucy drives Trevor home.

TREVOR

How long have you been doing this?

LUCY

Since I was fifteen. Anti-nuclear demonstration in Hyde Park.

TREVOR

How many times have you been arrested?

LUCY

I don't know. My Wikipedia page says thirty-seven. That might be right.

TREVOR

I don't understand how you can devote your life to all of this. You get beat up, you get arrested--

LUCY

People denounce you in public.

Embarrassed, Trevor nods his head.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I always think about what Martin Luther once said. "Here I stand, Lord, for I can do no other."

TREVOR

Martin Luther?

Lucy nods.

LUCY

Although...He didn't care much for the Jews, either.

INT. SWEENEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A melancholy Sweeney climbs out of bed.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - DAY

Sweeney studies the picture of his late wife...

He ambles over to the bookcase, withdraws the Mather volume again...

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

He enters, still unsteady on his feet.

He spots the Dumbo, picks it up.

INT./EXT. SAN CARLOS SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Lucy drifts up to the synagogue from the parking lot.

There are several people who mill about at the entrance.

Lucy pauses at the door, clearly apprehensive.

She enters.

IN THE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy looks around at the inside of the temple, and at the congregants. Most of them ignore her.

As she enters the sanctuary, she passes an usher who nods and smiles.

She takes a seat on a pew in the back. She taps her finger.

IN THE SANCTUARY - LATER

Lucy sits alone.

She struggles to remember her Hebrew recitations, but tries to keep up.

As the service continues, Lucy relaxes.

THE FOYER - LATER

The service over, Lucy emerges from the sanctuary with the other congregates.

She stops to investigate a blessing on the wall, when she becomes aware of the glares and hushed words from those around her.

She looks around the room at them, before she puts her head down, leaves.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

As Lucy heads back to her car, several congregants watch in silence.

INT. SAN CARLOS PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

Sophia enters the building, and is met near the door by Hector. She tries to pass him.

He moves to intercept her.

She stops dead in her tracks and faces him.

He opens his mouth to speak, but Sophia jumps in before he gets a chance.

SOPHIA

Look. I am tired of this--

HECTOR

Oh, am I upsetting you?

SOPHIA

I am very sorry what happened to your father. It was wrong. It never should have happened. And you have every right to be pissed off at my Dad.

Hector cocks his head slightly. This is not the reaction he was expecting.

Sophia takes a step towards Hector...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

But I'm not my Dad! I didn't do anything to your father, and I can't help him. So why don't you go Sacramento, find someone who can actually help, and harass the shit out of him?

Surprised by her ferocity, Hector shrinks a bit.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Or, do you just want to complain about your Dad and never actually do anything that would help your family?

Hector begins seething, but Sophia doesn't back off. She pretends not to notice how much she trembles.

Finally, Hector turns to leave.

Sophia finally takes a breath. Her entire body seems to sigh in relief...

INT. ART STORE - DAY

Sophia enters, still anxious and trembling from the confrontation with Hector.

SOPHIA

Vince?

Hayward emerges from the back room.

HAYWARD

Vince went to the drug store. He'll be back in a minute. Come on through.

INT. ART STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Hayward leads Sophia through the doorway.

He gestures for her to sit down with him; he doesn't appear to notice her mood.

She tries her best to look comfortable.

HAYWARD

I was in Korea.

SOPHIA

Oh. When?

HAYWARD

During the war. Why else would I be there?

SOPHIA

Right.

HAYWARD

I was there for eighteen months. Got shrapnel in my ass so they sent me home.

SOPHIA

I'm sorry.

HAYWARD

So I get a purple heart, see?

Hayward point to a display on the wall...

INSERT - THE DISPLAY

The Purple Heart is in a frame, near an old letter. The display is covered with dust...

BACK TO SCENE

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

That paper was signed by President Truman. We all used to call Truman our "American father."

Sophia looks at the door, hoping for Vince to walk through it.

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

When I get home from Korea, my house is gone.

Sophia turns back to him, suddenly interested.

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

We were moved to another part of the Res. Seems the land my house was on is where they wanted to drill for uranium. So they moved my whole family.

SOPHIA

Oh my god.

HAYWARD

Y'know who signed those orders to move us?

Vince enters.

He immediately notices something wrong with Sophia.

VINCE

You okay?

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Sophia and Vince lie on the grass. They stare at the night sky...

SOPHIA

He was getting some award in San Francisco. They were on route seven. They were only on the road a few minutes...

She takes a long pause...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
He was thrown from the car. Woke up
in the emergency room.

A tear runs down her cheek...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
The car caught on fire. She couldn't
get out. They...they had to use
dental records to identify her.

VINCE
Shit.

He reaches over and squeezes her arm.

She grabs his, holds it tightly.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Was he drinking?

Sophia shakes her head.

They hold on to each other in silence, until...

SOPHIA
All that...just so he could get some
stupid award.

Another quiet moment...

VINCE
Someday, you're going to have to
forgive him for that.

SOPHIA
Why?

VINCE
What will it be like if you don't?

INT. HATEWATCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Most of the lights are down, and all of the staff has gone home.

Only Davies remains in his office, scanning through photographs of Sweeney.

Buchanan appears in his office doorway.

BUCHANAN
Richard Davies?

Davies nearly jumps out of his skin...

DAVIES

Jesus Christ! What the fuck are you doing? How'd you get in here?

Buchanan gestures towards the front door.

BUCHANAN

That lock's pretty weak. You should probably get a better one.

DAVIES

I think I will.

BUCHANAN

You mind if I sit down?

He doesn't wait for an answer, and drops down in a chair opposite Davies.

DAVIES

Make yourself comfy. Now, who the hell are you?

BUCHANAN

I'm an investigator. Hired by an associate of yours.

He glances down at the photos on Davies' desk...

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I see you enjoy photos. That's good. Because I've got some I'd like you to see.

He pulls a manilla envelope from his coat pocket...

IN THE OFFICE - LATER

Davies sits at his desk. Joanne sits opposite.

Davies is distraught, while Joanne can barely contain her disappointment...

DAVIES

I have to.

JOANNE

But that will hurt your reputation so much.

DAVIES

I know. But my reputation will be much worse if I go to prison.

MAITRA

What do you think happened? Was it that investigator you hired?

SWEENEY

No. He turned out to be useless.

An email pops up on Maitra's computer.

MAITRA

Hey, look at that. The Chairman of the Regents wants to talk to you.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Sophia enters. She gazes at...

THE TV

Davies walks from the podium, taking no questions...

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

This was a surprising turn of events. No one was expecting this at all. Mr. Davies has provided no details as to why he was offered this mea culpa. And now speculation turns to whether Professor Sweeney will be offered his job back.

BACK TO SCENE

Sophia turns to Sweeney.

SOPHIA

It...it was a lie.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

She shuts off the T.V., paces the room.

EXT. SACRAMENTO - CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Sweeney enters...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Sweeney passes through the metal detector...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - REGENTS OFFICE - DAY

Sweeney stands before the Chairman, who is seated behind an impressive desk.

CHAIRMAN

It will be good to have you back in the fold, professor.

SWEENEY

I want to thank you for rehiring me. I've accepted the terms of the contract and signed it.

Sweeney hands the chairman a pile of documents.

The Chairman glances at them, but one in particular catches his eye.

CHAIRMAN

What's this?

SWEENEY

That's my letter of resignation. Effective immediately.

INT. MAITRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Maitra studies a letter in his hand...

INSERT - THE LETTER

It's Sweeney's letter of resignation.

BACK TO SCENE

Maitra drops the letter on his desk, leans back in his chair.

Finally, he crumples up the letter, sighs with resignation, tosses it into the wastebasket.

INT. ART STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Vince and Sophia mix paints at a workbench.

VINCE

So where's he headed?

SOPHIA

Texas. Someone offered him a radio show.

VINCE

Are you going with him?

They gaze at each other a moment.

Sophia opens her mouth, but struggles to speak...

VINCE (CONT'D)
Stay here in San Carlos.

SOPHIA
And do what?

VINCE
Help run an art store.

Vince smiles at her.

A grin creeps across Sophia's face...

INT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Sophia and Sweeney sit opposite in the study, now lined with empty moving boxes...

SWEENEY
So you'd stay in school?

SOPHIA
I would. And I'd apply to colleges to get a BFA. I wouldn't stay in the store forever.

He nods, pauses a moment...

SWEENEY
I just want you to be happy. And whatever that means--staying here, going to college, working in the store--whatever. I'll support you no matter what.

She nods, and smiles...

SOPHIA
I just wanted to say...I'm glad those people were wrong about you.

SWEENEY
Thank you.

SOPHIA
Mom would have been so mad! She hated it when people attacked you or lied about you.

SWEENEY
It used to upset her more than me.

Sophia begins to weep.

SOPHIA

Are you sure you don't want me to
come with you?

SWEENEY

Would you?

He reaches over and squeezes her hand. She doesn't pull
away.

He pulls her into an embrace, as they both weep...

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - DAY

Sweeney stands before Catherine's picture, gently runs his
fingers along it.

He studies her urn for a moment.

MOMENTS LATER

Sweeney lights a fire in the fireplace.

He opens up a manilla file that contains photos of Douglas.

BEGIN MONTAGE

FLASHBACK - BUCHANAN VISITS SWEENEY AND DAVIES

--Sweeney and Buchanan talk in his study.

BUCHANAN

When Davies was a White Wolf, they
attacked this man and his wife.
Killed his wife, left him a
paraplegic.

SWEENEY

When was this?

BUCHANAN

Nineteen years ago.

SWEENEY

No wonder Davies is so motivated.
It's his penance.

BUCHANAN

Can't outrun your past. What do you
want to do?

--Buchanan speaks to Davies in his office.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

We can make this all go away. You just need to do one thing.

--Davies at the press conference...

DAVIES

I have determined that the evidence I had collected against Sweeney has been fabricated...

--Buchanan hands Sandra a thick envelope. She opens it-- it's loaded with cash.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO PRESENT

Sweeney throws the file into the fire...

INT. JOSEPH AND MILLA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits with Joseph and Milla around the table.

She speaks with great passion and intensity. Joseph and Milla listen closely, but there's no reaction.

She pauses a moment, and Joseph shakes his head.

Lucy looks back to Milla. Milla won't look her in the eye.

After a moment, Lucy rises, and exits...

INT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sweeney pulls open the front door to find Lucy.

They regard each other in silent apprehension.

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy gazes at the boxes that line the walls...

LUCY

So how does it feel? Being exonerated.

SWEENEY

You know, what I feel is sorry for Davies. He's done a lot of good, but he just got carried away.

She studies him a moment.

LUCY
So why am I here?

SWEENEY
I have to make amends. To those
I've hurt.

LUCY
And you want me to help you make a
list?

SWEENEY
I want to tell you I'm sorry.

LUCY
For what?

SWEENEY
Dartmouth.

LUCY
Dartmouth was thirty years ago.

SWEENEY
I know. But I hurt you.

LUCY
Your parents were good Anglicans,
and I was an atheist. They wouldn't
accept it, and you respected their
wishes. We both moved on. Do you
feel sufficiently atoned? Or do we
need to dispatch a goat into the
desert?

SWEENEY
Lucy, our relationship--

LUCY
There's no such thing.

SWEENEY
Just like all your other
relationships.

Lucy shakes her head in disbelief, taps her finger.

LUCY
You bounce back quickly from your
contrition.

SWEENEY
Don't stand there and try to act
like you don't like the attention
(MORE)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
and worship you get from your
students, from seeing yourself on
television—

LUCY
That's not why I do it.

SWEENEY
You do it because you don't have
anything else.

Lucy blinks, takes a deep breath...

LUCY
Is that what you want to hear? You're
right, it's true. I enjoy it. It
gives me purpose. Even though it
has cost me a lot. I still feel
useful. What do you feel?

Sweeney doesn't have an answer.

Lucy turns to leave.

SWEENEY
Why did you help me with the Regents?

LUCY
Good bye, Will.

SWEENEY
Tell me why.

She pauses, turns back to him.

LUCY
I already explained that to you. It
was a matter of principle.

SWEENEY
Nothing more?

LUCY
Of course not.

SWEENEY
I don't believe you.

LUCY
Well, you're going to have to cope
with that disappointment.

EXT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince drives up to the house, Sophia in the passenger seat...

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sophia stares at her house for a moment, unsure whether to get out...

SOPHIA

I'm sorry.

VINCE

You sure? It's fucking Texas.

She reaches over and touches Vince's hand. He squeezes hers.

They embrace for a moment, then kiss..

After a moment, their lips separate.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I get it. It's family.

SOPHIA

Maybe I'll come back here and get a B.F.A.

VINCE

You don't want to come back here.

Sophia shakes her head.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Well...I might move back to the Res.
New Mexico isn't far from Texas.

SOPHIA

No, it isn't.

VINCE

I mean, depending on what part of Texas.

SOPHIA

We're going to be in Houston.

VINCE

That's the wrong part.

Sophia nods, turns to Vince, and touches his cheek.

Something catches Sophia's attention O.S.

SOPHIA
Who's car is that?

They both gaze at Lucy's car...

INT. SWEENEY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sophia tries to quietly move through, but accidentally plows into a stack of boxes.

They tumble down onto the floor.

SOPHIA
Shit!

She heads over to a switch and turns on the light.

She crouches down, starts collecting the books.

She picks up the copy of Cotton Mather's writings

INSERT - THE BOOK

The dust jacket slips off, revealing the book to be...SIX MILLION?

SWEENEY (O.S.)
Sophie?

BACK TO SCENE

Sophia stares at the book. "Is this what I think it is?"

Sweeney appears in the doorway.

Sophia stares at him in horror. Her rage is palpable.

She cradles the book in her hand.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

SOPHIA
Why did you lie to me?

Sophia's eyes well up. Sweeney can't bear to look at her.

Lucy appears behind Sweeney, notices the book in Sophia's hands. Her eyes widen.

Sweeney finally notices the book.

SWEENEY
Oh, Sophie. Look, it's...

His voice trails off.

SOPHIA
It's what? It's what? Explain it
to me.

Sweeney doesn't reply.

In disgust, Sophia tosses the book on the floor.

Lucy picks it up, opens the front cover.

INSERT - THE INSCRIPTION

It reads TO WILL AND CATHERINE-MY LOYAL SOLDIERS! GREG
BRYANT.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy glares at Sweeney in shock, while Sophia shoots daggers
with her eyes at him...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
And Mom. Mom was just like you.
Wasn't she? That's what that means.

Sweeney looks like he's about to plead with her, but he just
can't think of what to say.

Sophia gazes at Lucy, then back at her father.

Sweeney just stares at the floor.

Unsure of what else to do Sophia, races out of the room.

SWEENEY
Sophie--

Lucy grabs Sweeney by the shoulders, turns him to face her.

LUCY
So, it had nothing to do with atheism,
did it?

SWEENEY
No, you were different. I tried to
stand up to my father, but he--

LUCY
What was I? Forbidden fruit? Did
you go tell all your Nazi friends
that you got to fuck a Jew every
night?

SWEENEY

No. I loved you. But my father
wouldn't--

He's interrupted by loud crashes from elsewhere in the house...

He races out of the room. Lucy follows.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sweeney, followed by Lucy, rush in.

Sophia's painting of her mother has been pounded to pieces.

The frame of the photograph destroyed, the picture ripped to shreds.

The urn has also been smashed on the floor, ashes spread everywhere.

SOPHIA

Mom...

Sophia looks up at Sweeney.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Mom was just like you.

Sweeney, weeping, approaches Sophia, but she recoils.

Lucy crosses over to Sophia. She wraps her arms around Sophia, guides her to the door.

Sophie's legs are like jelly, but Lucy holds her up...

Sweeney pursues them to the door.

SWEENEY

Sophie!

Lucy and Sophie exit.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sweeney watches from the Living Room window.

Headlights flash on the glass.

The sound of a car engine engage.

The headlights recede and turn, as the sound of the engine fades down the street.

Sweeney watches, but doesn't move.

EXT. ART STORE - NIGHT

Lucy pulls up to the Art store, and Sophia climbs out of the car.

Vince appears in the doorway. He and Sophia gaze at each other a moment.

She approaches Vince, who throws his arms around her.

Lucy drives away, as Vince leads Sophia inside.

INT. SWEENEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sweeney picks up the book, and places the COTTON MATHER cover back on it...

FLASHBACK - INT. CHEAP HOTEL - DAY

Sweeney and Bryant walk through a hallway...

BRYANT

I don't know why you just don't come clean.

SWEENEY

You know what that would do to my career? People aren't ready for the truth yet--

BRYANT

But you would give us such credibility--

SWEENEY

No one who has admitted being with us has gained credibility.

BRYANT

The Jews and their media.

SWEENEY

You sounded just like my father.

BRYANT

Catherine understood. What about Sophia?

SWEENEY

No.

BRYANT

No? What are you waiting for?

SWEENEY

She has to choose it.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bryant is at a podium.

BRYANT

Good afternoon...

Davies notices Sweeney in the audience, and attempts to photograph him.

The Skinhead approaches...

SKINHEAD

No pictures.

Davies puts the phone away.

Sweeney observes the interaction between Davies and the Skinhead, turns back to Bryant..

BRYANT

There has been no greater hoax in all of world history than the one perpetuated by the Jews for the sole purpose of guiltng the United Nations into creating the illegitimate state of Israel...

FADE OUT