

REICH

Written by
Ryan Peverly

c/o 117 Debbie Drive
Eaton, Ohio [45320]
937-241-3473
ryanpeverly@protonmail.com

Registered WGAw 2243203

I/E. INCINERATOR FACILITY/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1956

A dump truck rolls up to the entrance. It passes through, then maneuvers through the facility. It backs up to the incinerator, raises its bed and SIX TONS' WORTH OF BOOKS come tumbling out!

Close on some of the books, all authored by Wilhelm Reich. *The Function of the Orgasm, The Mass Psychology of Fascism, The Orgone Energy Accumulator: Its Scientific and Medical Use, The Murder of Christ: The Emotional Plague of Mankind...*

And then, in an instant and without any fanfare, the incinerator kicks on and a blaze of fire engulfs the books!

INT. US MARSHAL SEDAN/MAINE - DAY - 1957

DR. WILHELM REICH, 60, sits in the backseat, a look of confusion and contemplation plastered on his face.

The remnants of a handsome young man lie under his ruddy, weathered complexion. His deep-set eyes, high forehead, thick gray hair and plump frame suggest a rebellious intellectual near the end of the proverbial rope.

WILLIAM DOHERTY, 40s, a lanky US Marshal with a fedora on top of graying hair, drives the car, while another US MARSHAL sits shotgun and smokes a cigarette.

EXT. DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

The car rolls up to a gate manned by DANBURY GATE OFFICER. Doherty cranks down the window.

DANBURY GATE OFFICER
Dropping off or picking up?

DOHERTY
Dropping off 23937.

The officer looks over a clipboard, then into the backseat.

DANBURY GATE OFFICER
Reich?

DOHERTY
That's him.

Officer signals for a GATE GUARD to open the gate. He does, and the Marshal sedan rolls through and up to the entrance of the facility. Doherty kills the engine, and he and the other Marshal get out and open the back door.

Reich steps out of the car and takes in the exterior of his new home, a low-security facility famous for housing draft dodgers, political activists and blacklisted screenwriters. Reich fits right in, but also stands out like a sore thumb.

INT. DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

Reich goes through a QUICK MONTAGE of the typical inmate booking process, which ends with DANBURY PRISON GUARD, male, 30s, leading Reich down a corridor and into his cell.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD
 Don't get too comfy. You're
 scheduled for a psych evaluation at
 the top of the hour.

Reich looks up at a clock on the wall across from him. Quarter past the hour.

REICH
 Is that necessary?

DANBURY PRISON GUARD
 Standard operating procedure for
 cases like yours. And if you don't
 act so crazy, you may get out of
 here sooner.

REICH
 If I was crazy I'd be in a mental
 institution, not a federal prison.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD
 Of course.

The guard leans in toward the cell, lowers his voice.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD
 You know, we were told not to ask
 any questions, but I gotta ask one,
 just between you and me. That whole
 sex box thing...that really do what
 people say it does?

Reich eyes the guard with contempt, but says nothing.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD
 C'mon, you're already here. Between
 you and me. I heard some stories.

REICH
 Stories no doubt concocted by the
 hoodlums in government.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

Nothing more than red-fascist
propaganda meant to defame both my
character and the very nature of
Man himself. Not to mention God and
science and the entirety of
Creation.

Reich's eyes dart across the guard's face. He senses
something that compels him further. He lowers his tone.

REICH

However, the sex box, as you so
crudely described the orgone energy
accumulator, works exactly as it is
intended to work.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD

You still have some of them boxes?
Between you and me.

Reich can't help but chuckle in befuddled amusement.

REICH

Tell me, where I can find some
cigarettes around here?

The guard lets a smile escape, then slides a full pack out of
his pocket. He shakes out a smoke and hands it to Reich
through the bars, then pulls out a Zippo.

Reich slides the cigarette into his mouth and the guard
flicks the lighter to life and lights the smoke.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD

I'll be back to get you in a bit.
Don't go anywhere.

The guard taps the bars, then walks away. Reich takes in the
area of his cell, then lies down on a cot, folds his hands
across his chest and stares up at the ceiling.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

TWELVE HOURS EARLIER. Reich sits behind a large desk, a
cigarette dribbling smoke into the air. He fiddles with a
wire recorder for a couple beats, then presses RECORD.

REICH

It is the night of the eleventh of
March, 1957. I, Wilhelm Reich, am
sitting in my study at Orgonon,
Rangeley, Maine.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

I record this message the night before I leave for Danbury Federal Prison after a long and arduous legal battle against those who've attacked my work. This recording is to act as the official record of how I came to be in this situation. Truthfully, I am afraid that any future versions of this story will be told by others who lack honesty, integrity and good faith. I hope that someone may share it when it is time for this story to be told to the children of the future.

Reich pauses to drag on his cigarette, to exhale, to breathe in some of the last breaths he'll take as a free man.

REICH

The question is where to begin? Like any story, there are an infinite amount of ways to tell it.

A silver .Colt 45, a pair of binoculars and a gray ten-gallon Stetson sit on the corner of the desk next to a typewriter and a pile of papers with typed text and handwritten notes.

REICH (O.S.)

Some ways depend on the audience and what you think they may be interested in.

Books such as Sigmund Freud's *THREE ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF SEXUALITY*, Giordano Bruno's *ON THE SHADOWS OF IDEAS*, and the play *PEER GYNT* populate a bookshelf.

REICH (O.S.)

Other ways depend on the overall message you wish to convey.

A microscope and a Geiger counter sit on a desk in the corner of the room. A framed photo of Reich with his son, PETER, 12, posing in front of a CLOUDBUSTER hangs framed on the wall.

REICH (O.S.)

Yet no matter how you choose to tell the story, all possible versions can be summed up in one of two ways. The safe, sterilized version you've told many times.

On the same wall, a portrait of Freud -- a gift from the man himself a couple decades prior -- hangs judgmentally.

REICH (O.S.)
 Or the version you rarely tell
 because people can't stand to hear
 the truth.

Reich's eyes finally settle on a photograph, buried in a dusty old frame in the corner of the room. In the photo, A WOMAN splashes in a lake with TWO YOUNG GIRLS, all smiles.

REICH
 But you need to know the truth, so
 that is the version of the story I
 will tell you here today.

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

FLASHBACK. 22-YEAR-OLD REICH, a bookbag slung over his Austrian Army uniform, wanders the streets in a shell-shocked haze. Beautifully architected buildings hover over an otherwise deadened, defeated city.

REICH (V.O.)
 This version of the story starts in
 Vienna on a Saturday morning in
 1919, with a group of disenchanting
 medical students.

Lines for food rations, closed businesses and workers' protest dot the landscape. He eventually walks into...

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich weaves his way to a table where a group of his peers sit with coffees and cigarettes.

There's the budding mustache and athletic build of EDUARD BIBRING, 21; the nerdy cuteness of GRETE LEHNER, 20, a former crush of Reich's and Bibring's girlfriend...

The short hair and soft almond eyes of LIA LASZKY, 22, another of Reich's former crushes; and the big nose and round spectacles of OTTO FENICHEL, 22, Reich's closest confidant.

Reich sits down at the table next to Fenichel. They all look at him, then at each other, then back at him.

FENICHEL
 So? What happened?

Reich takes a deep inhalation, then --

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich knocks on a door to an apartment. A couple beats, then the door opens.

SIGMUND FREUD, 62, stands on the other side in his typical professorial attire with his patented cigar dribbling smoke into the air around him.

REICH

Professor Freud. My apologies for calling without an appointment. My name is Wilhelm Reich. I'm a medical student at the university. I was wondering if you had a moment to discuss a matter regarding your work on sexology.

FREUD

A medical student?

REICH

Yes. I'm part of a student seminar where we discuss topics not taught in our curriculum, and my fellow students and I find it curious that sexology isn't part of our studies.

FREUD

Curious is one way to put it. A tremendous disadvantage to the health and well-being of the people is another way.

REICH

That's exactly how we perceive it, and we'd like to correct that. We're looking for texts we could study and lecture on, if you'd be willing to help.

FREUD

Hmm. Unfortunately, I have an appointment with a patient at the top of the hour.

REICH

Oh. I thought you of all of them would be interested. My apologies.

Reich begins to walk away, then turns back when he hears --

FREUD

Perhaps we can have a quick discussion and save the rest for another time.

REICH

You're sure, Professor?

Freud steps aside and invites Reich in.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich sits on the far right end of a couch. Freud stands near a window and exhales a plume of smoke, then leans himself back against the window sill.

FREUD

This subject is quite neglected, which makes this endeavor of yours all the more crucial. These discussions need to be happening in living rooms and cafés, not just offices like this.

Reich excitedly scoots forward on the couch.

REICH

Will you help us then?

FREUD

I'm sure you know my work in sexology is part of my work in psychoanalysis. Are you interested in analysis as well?

REICH

Very much.

FREUD

Could you explain your interest?

Reich takes a beat to think about it, then confidently says --

REICH

Well, from what I know about it psychoanalysis seems like a radical and transformative science, unlike the psychiatry we're learning in medical school, which is utterly dull. I also have this sense that not only can analysis help people, it can actually liberate them.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
 (trailing off)
 And that through it I could also...

FREUD
 Finish your thought.

REICH
 I also think I may be able to
 approach certain obscure regions of
 my own ego, in hopes to better
 understand myself.

Freud nods in recognition of Reich's admission.

FREUD
 And what if this radical and
 transformative science does nothing
 of the sort?

REICH
 Then I open a medical practice and
 live comfortably until I die.

No verbal response from Freud. He holds Reich's eyes.

REICH
 Would you be willing to help then?

Freud takes a deep, nasal-y breath and crosses his arms.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

GRETE
 Freud said yes?!

REICH
 He did! He was very eager to help.
 He said --

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

FREUD
 Finally. It's time.

Freud kneels down in front of his bookshelf and pulls books off, handing them one by one to Reich.

REICH (V.O.)
 And then he got down on his hands
 and knees in front of his bookshelf
 and started pulling books off of it
 for us to read.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - DAY - 1957

REICH

You have to remember, at this time, there was only Freud and a few others involved in analysis. And they'd been laughed out of the university, the medical school, the psychiatric clinics. He was ready for this. But what struck me most about him wasn't his eagerness.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Freud paces around his office. He speaks to Reich, who sits on a couch and analyzes Freud's posture and gait.

REICH (V.O.)

It was how alive he was. He carried himself quite well. He was full of hope and zest and zeal.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - DAY - 1957

REICH

And his work struck me in much the same way. It was exciting.

INT. REICH'S STUDIO APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

Reich lies in a cot and reads a copy of Freud's *INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON PSYCHOANALYSIS*.

REICH (V.O.)

When I discovered that he was talking about the basics of the energy-functioning principle...

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Freud paces slowly yet confidently around the front of a packed lecture hall. He mouths something about libido.

REICH (V.O.)

...that everything was energy, that constricting libido led to tensions and neuroses, that resonated more than anything we had learned in our medical school curriculum.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich lectures to Fenichel, Lia, Bibring and Grete.

REICH

Freud posits that libido drives all human behavior. And that all neurosis stems from a block in the libido in any of the five developmental stages of childhood.

Reich writes words on a chalkboard as he says them...

REICH

Oral...anal...phallic...latency... and genital. A disturbance in any of these stages is the ultimate cause of what he calls functional mental disorders in adulthood.

-- As Reich continues his lecture, the group multiplies, first to TEN, then to TWENTY, then to THIRTY! LORE KAHN and ANNIE PINK, both 18, stand in the back near the door. Both catch Reich's eye and smile at him.

REICH

And this is the goal of psychoanalysis -- identifying fixations and illuminating unconscious character traits, chief among them the patient's forbidden sexual urges and desires.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - DAY - 1957

REICH

And this was what distinguished Freud from other psychologists. Not so much the discovery of the unconscious, because that was, to me, just a consequence of this natural scientific principle of energy that he introduced, which is all but gone in psychoanalysis. Yet analysts consider me a heretic, despite the fact that I was the only one who stayed loyal to the libido theory. All my work stems from this. Bioenergy, cancer research, physics, atmospheric science, it's all the same thread.

Reich spots a spool of red sewing thread on the corner of his desk. He lingers on the end of it, dangling off the spool.

REICH

But if I knew what all the consequences of following that thread would be...I wouldn't have done it.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Freud sits across from Reich. Both smoke and sip.

FREUD

I must say, I'm not sure I've met a student who shows as much promise as an analyst. You have a great grasp of the material already.

REICH

Thank you, Professor. I do have one question about that, if I may.

FREUD

Of course.

REICH

Well...you've spoken of libido as a biological energy that perhaps could be quantified or measured. Why has that not been done yet?

FREUD

Because it can't be.

Freud's tone turns annoyed. Reich notices.

REICH

I apologize. I didn't mean to offend you.

FREUD

Nonsense. It's a fair question. Certainly a measurement or two would ward off the scrutiny of others. But it's not something I'd obsess over. It won't go anywhere.

REICH

Who scrutinizes it exactly?

FREUD
Doctors. Psychiatrists. Biologists.
Clergymen. Politicians.

REICH
All the more reason to consider it.

They hold each other's eyes for a beat. Freud likes this kid.

FREUD
How would you like to start seeing
your own patients?

Reich's face lights up like a kid on Christmas morning!

REICH
You think I'm ready for that?

FREUD
I do, but it doesn't matter what I
think. What do you think?

REICH
I think I'd be good at it, but
there's still so much to learn.

FREUD
You know enough. And you can only
learn more from doing the work.
Plus, you'll be able to generate a
small income, which means you can
start paying for the coffee.

Reich chuckles at Freud's biting sarcasm. Freud takes a drag
of his cigar.

FREUD
May I offer a piece of advice?

REICH
Please.

FREUD
The most important thing to
remember as a young analyst is, do
not, under any circumstances,
involve yourself with your
patients. I see too many promising
young analysts ruined by this.

Reich takes in the look on Freud's face. He's serious. Reich
says nothing, just nods again in recognition of the advice.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

Reich sits in a chair, positioned behind a couch, his own makeshift analyst space. He writes notes on a legal pad, next to a HANDWRITTEN REFERRAL CARD FROM FREUD -- GEORG, COMPULSIVE RUMINATION, HABITUAL MASTURBATION, 3 MONTHS.

REICH

So when you masturbate, what do you fixate on? Anything in particular?

GEORG, 19, red hair, fair complexion, stocky, a guilt-ridden bundle of nerves just waiting to explode, lies on the couch.

GEORG

Uh. Uh. Sod-sod-sodomy.

Georg shoots up off the couch and locks eyes with Reich!

GEORG

Oh God, are you judging me, are you judging me?!

REICH

No, no, no. I mean, yes, but not in the way you're thinking. It's a professional judgment, an analytical judgment. Relax. It's fine. Take a deep breath.

Georg obliges. In and out.

REICH

There you go. Now lie back down.

He does, slowly. Reich jots a note down.

REICH

So when you fixate on these anal fantasies, how would you describe the feeling afterwards?

GEORG

I...I can't help but feel such shame. It's a sin, isn't it? And I don't just think about doing it with my, uh, my, my, uh, uh...

REICH

Your penis?

GEORG

Yeah, yeah. Sometimes I think about putting other things in there. Fingers and tongues and objects.

Georg sits up again, cranes toward Reich.

GEORG

Is this too much?

Reich looks up from his notes.

REICH

Not at all. This is exactly why we're here. Please continue.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich sits at a table with Fenichel, Bibring, Grete, Lia and an assortment of coffees and cigarettes.

REICH

What's curious is that not only does he compulsively masturbate to his anal fantasies, he has other compulsions too.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

GEORG

I can't stop counting. Just to three, but over and over, several times an hour.

JUMP CUT TO:

GEORG

One two three, one two three, one two three, just like that, over and over for minutes at a time.

JUMP CUT TO:

GEORG

And I think to myself, who would marry me? Who would tolerate this? Would anyone tolerate this?

JUMP CUT TO:

GEORG
 Is my life worth anything? Do I
 deserve to live?

JUMP CUT TO:

GEORG
 What's my purpose? Surely it's not
 to masturbate six times a day.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

LIA
 That *is* curious.

REICH
 (raising a finger)
 But here's what's more curious. I
 decided to characterize his habit
 into two categories, satisfying and
 unsatisfying. And his most
 satisfying experiences were when he
 combined his anal fantasies with
 another fantasy entirely.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

GEORG
 My sister tickled my anus once. I
 think about that sometimes. I think
 about tickling hers too.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

GRETE
 An incest fantasy?

REICH
 Indeed. And when we started
 comparing the satisfaction of the
 experiences and how his other
 compulsions were affected by them,
 the results were extraordinary.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

A more mellow, relaxed Georg.

GEORG

I find that when I'm completely satisfied afterwards, my mind is still. The counting, the overthinking, they're not there.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

GRETE

So the masturbation itself wasn't the issue.

REICH

That's my conclusion. Once we alleviated the guilt and shame of it he was able to find a more complete satisfaction afterwards. All his symptoms disappeared. He was also able to socialize more effectively, which he hadn't been able to do before.

BIBRING

Well, I'm certainly satisfied.

FENICHEL

That's quite impressive, Willy. Congratulations.

Fenichel places a friendly hand on Reich's shoulder and squeezes. Reich tries to hold in a proud smile but can't.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

Georg shakes Reich's hand on his way out of the apartment.

GEORG

I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you've done for me.

REICH

You've done as much work as I have. If you allow any thought to race through your head, let it be that one. That'll keep the guilt away.

GEORG

Duly noted. Thank you again.

Georg leaves. He passes by Lore in the hallway, and tips his cap to her. Reich stands in the doorway.

LORE
Wilhelm Reich?

REICH
Willy, please. You look familiar.
Have we --

LORE
Lore Kahn. I've heard you lecture
in some of your seminars. I have a
referral from Freud.

She hands him a referral card. Reich glances at it.

REICH
Please, come in. Have a seat.

She walks in and takes a seat on a couch. He closes the door
behind her, then takes a seat opposite her.

REICH
Your referral here just says
parents. What does that mean?

LORE
They wanted me to see Freud, but
he's a friend of our family and I
didn't feel comfortable talking to
him about all this.

REICH
I see. Well, whenever you feel
comfortable talking, let's begin.
Just say whatever comes to your
mind. Maybe start with why your
parents wanted you to see Freud to
begin with, if that's okay.

She doesn't say anything. Reich senses her anxiety.

REICH
No need to be nervous, Lore. I'm
here to help you.

She takes a deep breath.

LORE
Okay. I'm ready to talk.

REICH
And I'm ready to listen. Go ahead.

INT. LORE'S BEDROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

Reich and Lore passionately kiss on her bed!

REICH
 (through kisses)
 You're sure your parents won't be
 home anytime soon?!

LORE
 Yes, yes, I'm sure, shut up!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich, Fenichel and Bibring walk down a sidewalk on a busy street, messenger bags slung over their shoulders.

BIBRING
 You slept with her?!

REICH
 Of course I did! Any man with any
 sort of functioning libido would!

FENICHEL
 But she's a patient! Freud will
 have your head!

REICH
 Relax. We ended the analysis before
 anything happened. But that's not
 the point. The point is what
 happened later.

INT. LORE'S BEDROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

Reich lies on top of Lore as she writhes and moans! Someone knocks on the door and it swings open to reveal MOTHER KAHN, 40s, dressed to the nines from a night out!

MOTHER KAHN
 Lore, dear, we're home.

Shock and surprise fill her face! She GASPS LOUDLY as Reich and Lore scramble to cover themselves!

MOTHER KAHN
 Lore! What the hell is going on?!
 Who is this man?! I'm getting your
 father! You're in big trouble!

INT. KAHN LIVING ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1919

An embarrassed Reich and Lore sit on a couch across from FATHER KAHN, late 40s, a tall, lean Jew, clean-cut, sharply dressed, all-around distinguished.

FATHER KAHN

Lore, go to your room. I'd like to speak to Mr. Reich alone.

LORE

Anything you want to say to him you can say to me too.

Father death-glares his daughter.

FATHER KAHN

Go to your room.

She doesn't move.

FATHER KAHN

(stern as hell)

I said go to your room.

Lore slinks off the couch reluctantly and leaves. Father watches her go, then turns back to Reich.

FATHER KAHN

There's a revolver in that cabinet over there that would normally be aimed at your genitals right now. Do you know why it's not?

REICH

No.

FATHER KAHN

Because you have friends in high places. You're lucky Freud speaks so fondly of you. But don't think for one moment that because he vouches for you that I condone your behavior here. Because I don't.

He gets up and circles around the room like a hawk. Reich follows him with his eyes like prey hoping he doesn't have to defend himself.

FATHER KAHN

If I catch you around my daughter again, I'll make sure your career as an analyst is over before it even begins. Is that clear?

He stops at the cabinet. He nonchalantly opens one of its doors. The revolver rests inside. Reich holds his eyes for a couple tense beats.

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1919

Reich, Fenichel and Bibring with coffee, smokes and books.

BIBRING

That seems pretty clear to me.

FENICHEL

Something tells me it's not.

Reich ponders that over a sip of coffee. He sets the cup back down and looks out a window.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

Relationships did not come easy to me at this time. I was desperate to love and be loved and was as unhappy alone as I was around others. But being with Lore gave me true peace and joy. So I did what I thought was best. I followed my heart. Which made what transpired next all the more devastating.

INT. POLICE STATION/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich sits across from a VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE, male, 50s. He takes notes much like Reich's analytical sessions.

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE

How long had you rented the apartment before this?

REICH

She was renting the apartment, technically. And we had only been in there for a few weeks.

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE

And her parents knew nothing about this arrangement?

REICH

Not to my knowledge.

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE
But you said they forbade you two
from meeting?

REICH
Is it a crime to meet up with
someone you love?

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE
No. Just establishing the facts.
Take me through the events leading
up to the discovery.

REICH
I, um. I left the apartment and
went to Freud's to present a paper.

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE
You're a colleague of Freud's?

REICH
Yes.

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE
What's he like?

REICH
Is that relevant?

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE
You're right. Back on track. Who
was at Freud's? Just so I know.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Freud stands in front of group of his CLOSEST ASSOCIATES.

There's PAUL FEDERN, 54, tall, slumped shoulders, bald with a full gray beard, ERNEST JONES, 42, the textbook definition of Little Man Syndrome, SÁNDOR FERENCZI, 44, round spectacles on a rounder face, and ANNA FREUD, 23, Freud's rumored-to-be-a-lesbian-but-not-having-it daughter.

Close on their faces as they're introduced.

REICH (V.O.)
Paul Federn, Ernest Jones, Sandor
Ferenczi, and his daughter Anna.

FREUD

Willy has prepared a paper for us titled *The Libido Conflict and Delusion of Peer Gynt*, which I'm quite looking forward to. Let's begin whenever you're ready.

Freud takes a seat. Reich assumes the position at the front of the room, his paper in hand.

REICH

I assume you're all familiar with the play *Peer Gynt*?

INT. POLICE STATION/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

VIENNA POLICE DETECTIVE

Peer Gynt, yes, I know it. A hotheaded young man with a wild imagination, exuberant, outrageous, vitalistic, but the laughingstock of his community, banished, exiled, forced to wander the lands in the ultimate quest to know thy Self.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

REICH

Excellent. It's my favorite play, and has been since I was a child. I couldn't read Norwegian, but my tutor read it to me several times. In fact, I see a lot of myself in the main character. But, please, no analytical judgments yet.

The group chuckles, which loosens Reich up a bit.

REICH

As I've learned more about libido and its role in our lives, as a force of energy that drives behavior, it struck me that *Peer Gynt* is the only character in this story who is really, truly alive. He's the only one expressing his libidinal urges, which loosens him, softens him, does not restrict him, and thus allows his life energy to flow properly.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

The other characters live lives of delusion, of conflict, and of repression, which dams up their energy, and makes them hard and rigid and, for all intents and purposes, dead.

Reich and Freud lock eyes briefly.

REICH

And because this is their normal, day-to-day experience, and because they know no other way, anyone or anything that contradicts that experience is unwelcome, including and especially the character who's truly alive.

INT. REICH AND LORE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich rushes into the apartment and snakes his way to the bedroom. Lore lies in the bed.

REICH

Lore, darling, you wouldn't believe the night I had!

Reich plops in bed beside her, but she doesn't move.

REICH

Freud loved the paper. They're voting on my membership, but he said I have nothing to worry about. Although some of the others seemed quite put off by my conclusions.

Still nothing. He curls up behind her, spoon-like, his hand resting on her stomach.

REICH

Lore. Are you...what...

He then feels around a bit, then pulls his hand out -- covered in blood!

INT. REICH AND LORE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT (LATER) - 1920

A couple MEDICS stretch out Lore's body. Reich watches in a shell-shocked haze, his hands still covered in her blood.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

An autopsy revealed she had died from sepsis, a complication from an abortion that someone, not me, forced her to have. I apologized to her parents countless times. I couldn't help but feel responsible. It was a familiar feeling for me after -- well, after that other horrible experience in my youth.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

YOUNG REICH, 12, and YOUNG ROBERT, 9, sit at the kitchen table inside a large farmhouse. CECILE REICH, 32, their mother, dark hair, small waist and wide hips, puts dishes away in an adjoining kitchen. Young Reich eyes her.

The boys' tutor, SYMON, 25, a strapping young man with a military-style buzzcut, sits across from them with a stack of flash cards and a glass of milk. He holds up a flash card with the letters CU on it.

SYMON

How about this one?

YOUNG ROBERT

Ummmmmm. Copper!

SYMON

Indeed! Did you know there are some forms of copper that are blue? Those are the best kinds. Willy, your turn.

Young Reich turns his attention back to Symon as he flashes a card that says FE. He doesn't answer right away, just rests his jaw on his small fist in deep thought.

YOUNG REICH

Iron.

SYMON

Excellent! And remember to strike that iron while it's hot.

Symon goes to grab another card, then reconsiders as he notices Young Reich's boredom.

SYMON

How about a quick game? I want you to guess my favorite element. One guess each. Robert, you first.

YOUNG ROBERT

Ummmmm. Gold!

SYMON

No, but I do like digging in the earth for it. Willy?

Young Reich thinks for a beat, then glances at the milk.

YOUNG REICH

Calcium?

SYMON

I do like milk, as you can tell, but that's not it, either.

Symon leans into the table, playing up the reveal, then almost whispers.

SYMON

My favorite element...is *fire*.

YOUNG REICH

Fire's not an element!

SYMON

Oh yes it is! Do you remember when we learned about Ancient Greece? Earth, air, water and fire were their primary elements.

Cecile walks over to the table and stands beside Symon.

SYMON

And you know something else?

Symon leans in closer, as if what he's about to say is a secret no one else knows.

SYMON

They also had a fifth element. Do you know what it was called?

Young Reich's eyes get big, but before Symon elaborates...

CECILE

Okay, that's enough for now. You boys need to clean the barn before your father gets home.

YOUNG REICH
Mom! We want to hear more!

CECILE
You can finish it later. Let's go,
time for chores.

The boys reluctantly push themselves away from the table. The legs of their chairs screech unhappily against the floor.

INT. BARN/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Reich half-asses some sweeping and watches a rooster approach a hen, trying to engage her in sexual activity. Young Robert puts away some tools in the background.

The rooster lowers one of his wings during the approach. The hen then stoops down, arches her back and remains still. The rooster mounts the hen as she raises her tail. The rooster then lowers his tail as Young Robert walks over.

YOUNG ROBERT
What are they doing?

YOUNG REICH
What does it look like?

The two brothers watch the birds for a couple beats.

YOUNG REICH
I'm going to get a snack.

Young Reich tosses his broom aside and walks out.

YOUNG ROBERT (O.S.)
Bring me something too!

INT. FARMHOUSE STUDY/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Reich digs through a drawer in his father's desk. He pulls out a book called THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR and flips through it. He pulls out a photo album and flips through it, revealing an assortment of PHOTOS OF NUDE WOMEN.

He then pulls out a tin of tobacco. He opens it, smells it, then puts the lid back on and closes the drawer.

He rolls a cigarette on the desk with a cigarette-rolling device. Once satisfied with it, he puts the cigarette in his mouth and the device in his jacket pocket.

The sounds of giggling and whispering catch his attention. He stuffs his cigarette into the same jacket pocket, then slips into the...

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Reich creeps down the hallway until he gets to a bedroom door, left slightly ajar. A thin strip of sunlight bleeds out into an otherwise darkened hallway.

He peeks through the door and sees CECILE AND SYMON KISSING AND UNDESSING EACH OTHER! He continues to watch them until they crawl into bed -- and he keeps watching!

INT. FEDERN'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich plays patient on a couch. Federn plays analyst behind him in a chair, a legal pad and pen in hand.

FEDERN

How did you react to this?

Reich takes a beat to consider the direction of his answer.

REICH

I kept watching them.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY/NIGHT - 1910

Young Reich peers through a doorway as Symon fucks Cecile from behind! Day and night then interchange as Young Reich watches Cecile and Symon have sex in different positions.

REICH (V.O.)

Day after day, night after night.
Sometimes I thought about them
killing me right then if they knew
I was watching. Sometimes I wished
it was me fucking her. Sometimes I
thought about forcing her to fuck
me so I wouldn't have to bear the
pain of telling my father.

INT. FEDERN'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

FEDERN

Did you tell your father?

Reich says nothing, just stares up at the ceiling.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND FARMHOUSE/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Reich peers through the scope on a rifle at a deer a hundred yards away. His hands tremble. He lies next to LEON REICH, 32, a moderately built mustachioed man with a half-bald head, rifle also in hand.

Young Reich focuses in, fires and misses.

LEON
Your hands were shaking.

YOUNG REICH
I'm nervous.

LEON
Why would you be nervous?

Young Reich shifts his posture and tone.

YOUNG REICH
Because I want to tell you something. But you have to promise you won't get angry.

LEON
What is it?

Young Reich reconsiders for a moment, knowing his father's temper. He then recommits.

YOUNG REICH
It's about Mother.

LEON
What about her?

YOUNG REICH
I saw her with Symon. In his bedroom.

Leon's face and tone morph from father to jealous lover, like it has many times before.

LEON
What were they doing?

YOUNG REICH
Having sex.

Leon backhands his son across the face! Young Reich clutches at his cheek!

LEON
Who else have you told this to?!

YOUNG REICH
No-no-no one, no one, I swear!

LEON
Your brother?!

YOUNG REICH
No. No, I swear!

LEON
You're sure you saw this?!

YOUNG REICH
Yes. Many times.

Leon backhands his son again!

LEON
Why are you just now telling me?!
(pointing his finger)
Not a word of this to anyone else!

Leon takes off in a huff, rifle in hand, back toward the farmhouse in the distance!

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Cecile pulls a BOX OF LYE out of the cupboard. She wipes tears from her eyes as she pours the lye into a glass. She fills the glass with water.

Young Wilhelm and Young Robert rush into the kitchen. They carry fresh fish on hooks.

YOUNG REICH
Mom, look! We caught some fish!

Cecile turns to look at her sons. She admires their haul.

CECILE
Quite impressive, I must say.

She takes in their demeanors, then forces a smile.

CECILE
You boys have grown up so fast.
You're men now.

The boys exchange blushing glances with each other. Young Reich seems particularly proud of the compliment.

CECILE

Go to the barn and find some ice
and a nice big container to put
them in so they stay fresh.

Young Robert darts off. Young Reich takes a few steps back
toward the door, then stops.

YOUNG REICH

Are you feeling well?

CECILE

Why do you ask?

Young Reich glances at the lye on the counter.

YOUNG REICH

You don't seem well.

CECILE

Come here.

Young Reich approaches Cecile. She pulls him in for a hug,
then lets him go and looks him in the eye.

CECILE

You have a sense of perception that
it'd take most people lifetimes to
develop. I'm very proud of you.

Young Reich studies his mom's face. His eyes dart across
hers, then across a small, yellow bruise on her neck.

INT. BARN/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Reich again watches a rooster approach a hen, trying to
engage her in sexual activity. Just as the rooster lowers his
tail, he hears --

YOUNG ROBERT (O.S.)

Help! Dad! Willy! Help!

He turns and jogs out of the barn.

EXT. FARM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

Young Robert stands at the back door of the farmhouse,
frantic and crying!

YOUNG ROBERT

Willy! It's Mom! Come help!

He takes off running toward the house!

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY - DAY - 1910

The boys bound into the kitchen! Cecile lies on the floor, passed out and foaming at the mouth! They try to wake her!

YOUNG REICH
Mom! Wake up! Mom! Mom!

YOUNG ROBERT
Mom! Mom! Wake up!

Young Reich scrambles around the counter, trying to find something, anything, to help! He sees a bottle of lye next to the sink, then grabs a glass, fills it with water, tosses it on Cecile's face to no avail!

Leon rushes into the kitchen and quickly surveys the scene!

LEON
Ah, Christ, Cecile!

He tries to revive his now-dead wife while his sons look on, still frantic, still crying!

LEON
Cecile! Please forgive me! Cecile!
Please don't go!

Leon gives up the resuscitation effort after a few more moments. He gets to his feet and tries to pull his sons away from the scene but YOUNG REICH RESISTS! He knocks over the container of lye on the counter as HE SCREAMS IN HORROR! Leon finally manages to pull the boys out of the frame!

INT. FEDERN'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich stares blankly at the ceiling at first, then the emotion swells.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH
I can't help but blame myself for
her death. My commitment to the
truth truly knows no bounds.

Reich gets emotional, takes a moment to compose himself.

REICH

The discovery of her affair was shocking at first, but now I realize she was trapped in a compulsive marriage and was only trying to connect with someone more deeply and feel more alive. I found that myself with Lore, and when she died I never thought I'd find it again. But life has a way.

INT. REICH'S STUDIO APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich lies on his cot. He flips through a copy of Freud's *INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS*. A knock on his door interrupts him. He gets up and answers. Annie stands on the other side.

ANNIE

Willy?

REICH

Yes?

ANNIE

Annie Pink. I think we have some classes together. I was also a friend of Lore Kahn. We were supposed to study the day she...

REICH

Oh. Of course. Um.

ANNIE

My condolences.

REICH

My condolences to you as well.

ANNIE

She spoke fondly of you. I hope you know that.

REICH

That is nice to hear, thank you. Is that why you're here, to talk about her death?

ANNIE

Not particularly. There are other, more personal issues.

She hands him a referral card. Reich looks over it.

REICH

Typically I meet my patients in a more neutral location. I don't have an in-home office yet.

ANNIE

Oh, that's fine. We can schedule another time.

REICH

It's just the place is a mess.

Reich turns back. Yep, total bachelor pad pig sty.

REICH

Maybe we could have a more informal session? Do you drink coffee?

INT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich and Annie sit across from each other. Sips and smokes.

REICH

How well did you know Lore?

ANNIE

We grew up together. Our families are close friends.

REICH

Do your parents hate me as well?

ANNIE

Not that I know of.

REICH

That's a good start. Your referral, it didn't actually say anything.

ANNIE

I asked Freud if I could see you. Lore seemed so happy with her life once she started seeing you. Even with the constant stress of her parents' disapproval.

REICH

What about you? Are you happy now?

She doesn't say anything. Reich senses some anxiety.

REICH

No need to be nervous, Lore.

ANNIE
Did you call me Lore?

REICH
Did I?

ANNIE
I think you did.

REICH
Oh. Freudian slip then.

The two share a light laugh.

INT. FEDERN'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich lies on a couch. Federn sits behind him in a chair and takes notes.

FEDERN
This is the second patient you've
began a relationship with. Didn't
Freud warn you about analyst-
patient relationships?

REICH
Former patient. We ended the
analysis before anything happened.

FEDERN
Do you think it's appropriate to
engage in romantic relationships
with patients even after analysis?

REICH
Your tone seems awfully judgmental.
Is this how you do analysis?

FEDERN
I'll ask the questions here.

REICH
What was the question?

FEDERN
Do you think it's appropriate to
engage in romantic relationships
with patients even after analysis?

REICH

I think young men are full of life and libido and can't help being drawn to attractive women, regardless of profession.

FEDERN

But these women share intimate parts of their psyches. They put trust and faith in you. You don't feel like you're violating that?

Reich sits up and glares at Federn.

REICH

Maybe young men in their twenties shouldn't treat female patients. Especially if we don't want any natural attractions to form.

Federn hangs onto Reich's glare for a brief moment.

FEDERN

Lie back down, please.

He doesn't.

REICH

I think that's enough for now.

FEDERN

Willy, I know it's difficult, but this is what we do, for ourselves and for our patients. Please answer my question so I can analyze it.

Reich gets up and collects his jacket.

REICH

What I'm doing right now should be more than enough for you to analyze. You focus too much on words. Behavior, expression and tone tell you the story. And for the record, I did respect the boundaries of the profession. But I'd urge you to ask yourself if you're doing the same. Good day.

He leaves. Federn stares at the couch for a beat.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Freud, in his chair with his cigar, sits across from Jones. Federn paces about the room.

FEDERN

Reich seems to harbor much anger and resentment. He seems psychotic and sex-crazed. Sleeping with former patients is a telltale sign.

FREUD

You've also slept with a former patient, haven't you?

FEDERN

Jones has too!

FREUD

Everyone has.
(raising a finger)
Except me. I've never done that. Is that clear? Jones?

JONES

That's clear.

FEDERN

My point is, Reich's character might not be fit for this kind of work. Especially as we look forward to the opening of the free clinic.

Freud straightens up and locks eyes with Federn.

FREUD

You don't think an analyst of his caliber is fit for the clinic?

FEDERN

I know you think he shows promise, but I'm simply sharing my analysis.

FREUD

And I thank you for doing so.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Freud, Anna and Ferenczi sip coffees and smoke.

FERENCZI

Who among us doesn't have our own psychological issues?

(MORE)

FERENCZI (CONT'D)

If you ask me, Federn seems a little jealous of Reich's success.

ANNA

You mean the compulsive masturbator? Why is everyone making such a fuss about that?

FERENCZI

Be that as it may, I think it's best we don't let petty feelings distract us from what's important. Reich is a tremendous asset to us as we look forward to the opening of the free clinic.

Freud nods and ashes his cigar into an ashtray.

FREUD

Have we confirmed the location in the Ambulatorium?

ANNA

Not yet. There's opposition from the psychiatrists and the doctors' union, but we should be able to work around that.

INT. VACANT APARTMENT/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich stares at a blank wall in an empty bedroom, lost in his own thoughts. He then walks through another bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen, then winds up in the living room where Freud and the LANDLORD, male, 50s, wait.

FREUD

What do you think?

REICH

I think this is the place.

LANDLORD

It's yours if you want it. Seventy-five a month and your deposit has already been paid.

REICH

Professor.

FREUD

Consider it a house-warming gift.

The landlord hands Reich a key.

LANDLORD
Welcome to Berggasse Seven.

INT. REICH'S BEDROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Annie lies in Reich's bed and reads a copy of Freud's *THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS*. Reich walks in with a box of things, sets it on a dresser and unpacks it. She stops reading and looks up.

ANNIE
Do you think I'll be good at
psychoanalysis?

Reich looks at her in a mirror above the dresser.

REICH
Of course. Your feminine intuition
alone will take you far. And the
analyst crowd is, as you've
noticed, rather masculine. We could
use more strong women like you.

ANNIE
You think I'm strong?

Reich stops sorting, walks over and sits down next to her.

REICH
You're one of the strongest women
I've ever known.

She smiles and nuzzles her head into his neck. Reich puts his arm around her.

ANNIE
Do you think we're doing the right
thing? Marriage and psychoanalysis
and joining fancy Societies -- it's
all happening so fast, isn't it?

REICH
Maybe. Or maybe it's happening
exactly as it's supposed to.

He smiles and kisses her forehead. She closes her eyes. He reaches over and turns off the lamp and gently lies his head on top of hers.

INT. AMBULATORIUM BASEMENT/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

-- Freud stands in front of a group of analysts. Reich, Annie, Federn, Lia, Bibring and Grete front and center, with six more analysts behind them, all men. Anna stands to her father's left, Ferenczi and Jones to his right.

FREUD

Finally, the day has come where we are able to make psychoanalysis available to everyone, not just the bourgeoisie. We know they need all the help they can get, but...

(pausing for laughter)

But so do the poor and the working class. Ladies and gentlemen, you are the staff of the first free psychoanalytical clinic in Vienna!

The group raucously applaud themselves!

-- A young PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a photograph as Freud cuts a ribbon during a grand opening ceremony. The bright flash bulb of the camera illuminates the room!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY -1920

The photo sits front and center in the newspaper. The headline reads FREUD'S FREE CLINIC OPENS IN AMBULATORIUM.

A hand pulls a copy off the rack at a newsstand. JULIUS WAGNER VON JAUREGG, 61, tall and militaristic, and JULIUS TANDLER, 50, short and stocky -- and both members of the enormous mustache club -- stare down at the photo in disgust!

INT. AMBULATORIUM LOBBY/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich and Annie wade through a SEA OF WORKING CLASS PEOPLE in the lobby who wait for appointments.

INT. AMBULATORIUM ANALYST OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

-- A cycle of patients lie on the steel gurney and relay anecdotes to Reich as he jots notes down.

REICH

So what brings you to our clinic?

FAST WALKER MAN

I walk too fast wherever I go. I can't slow down. And I've tried.

ARM HUGGER GIRL

When I try to hug my fiancé my arms go paralyzed. I can't move them.

CAN'T GET HARD

I've never had an erection, not once. But I've had dreams since I was a child that I have the largest erection ever measured.

KNIFE GIRL

I have dreams of being attacked by men with knives, but I also enjoy masturbating with knives. The handle and the blade.

-- MUTE WOMAN hands Reich a note. SUDDENLY LOST MY VOICE TWO DAYS AGO. He looks up at her, dumbfounded!

INT. FEDERN'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich paces around the room. Federn sits in a chair.

REICH

What am I supposed to do? Sit there all night?

FEDERN

If that's what it takes to get to the core of the problem.

REICH

How do you analyze a mute patient?

FEDERN

I told you this wasn't easy. You had one success, and now you're learning what this is really about. It takes patience. You just have to keep analyzing.

REICH

That doesn't answer my question.

FEDERN

Just keep analyzing.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich sits in his chair behind Mute Woman on the couch. He stares at the back of the couch, dumbfounded.

REICH
Do you mind if I sit beside you?

She raises her head and shakes it. Reich moves onto the couch next to her. She sits up.

He focuses in on her jaw, tightly clenched, her neck and shoulders scrunched and hunched, her hands making fists, her face a total RBF, her posture poor.

REICH
Have you thought about suicide?

She nods her head.

REICH
Recently?

Another nod.

REICH
Have you ever attempted it?

She shakes her head.

REICH
Do you want to die?

Another shake.

REICH
Do you want to be happy?

Nod.

REICH
But are you happy now?

Shake.

REICH
Have you heard of hypnosis?

Nod.

REICH
We don't really do it anymore, but it might help bring your voice back. Are you comfortable with it?

Nod. He dangles a pocket watch in front of her.

REICH

Follow the watch. Focus on its movement. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Don't take your eyes off it.

Her eyes follow the watch as directed. After a few beats, Reich notices something shift in her eyes. Her entire body relaxes. He stops moving the watch.

REICH

Close your eyes, please.

She does.

REICH

I'm going to press on a couple different parts of your head, okay? You'll feel a slight sensation.

Reich stands in front of her and presses his thumbs lightly into her forehead.

REICH

Remember what it was like to speak before this terrible disturbance. Remember how your voice sounds.

He presses lightly into both sides of her jaw.

REICH

Remember your voice is strong.

One final light press into both sides of her neck.

REICH

Remember your voice is powerful.

Reich stops and sits next to her on the couch.

REICH

Can you hear me?

She nods.

REICH

Do you remember how your voice sounds?

She nods again.

REICH

Do you remember how strong and powerful it is?

Another nod.

REICH

Good. You can use it now. You can speak to me with it. Go ahead.

Silence. One beat, then two, then three, then --

MUTE WOMAN

(hoarse and apprehensive)
Dr. Reich. Dr. Reich. Oh my God.
(eyes opening, crying)
Thank you. Thank you so much.

REICH

You're quite welcome. Now, let's figure out why this happened in the first place.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Von Jauregg and Tandler pass out fliers on the sidewalk.

VON JAUREGG

Don't be fooled by this quackery.

TANDLER

There's no such thing as free in this society. They're brainwashing you and your children are next.

VON JAUREGG

Real psychiatric care is right around the corner at a real medical practice. Please consider this.

Von Jauregg shoves a flier into the hands of Mute Woman. In big, bold words it reads **FREUD'S ANALYSIS IS PERVERSION!**

INT. AMBULATORIUM COMMON AREA/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Bibring tosses down the day's newspaper on the table. Reich, Annie and the rest of the staff hover over it.

BIBRING

It's an all-out assault.

The headline reads **DOCTORS' UNION: FREUD'S FREE CLINIC AN ABOMINATION**, with headshots of Von Jauregg and Tandler.

INT. AMBULATORIUM COMMON AREA/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich, Annie and the rest of the staff sit and stand about the room. Freud stands front and center.

FREUD

Unfortunately, an injunction has been issued by the court, and we have to suspend our operations.

Everyone grumbles, Reich the loudest of them all. Freud simmers the crowd down.

FREUD

The good news is our legal counsel has assured us this can and most likely will be overturned, but it will take some time. I would advise you in the interim to contact your patients and continue analysis in private sessions free of charge.

Reich bites his lip, clearly the most put off by the news.

INT. FREUD'S DINING ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich, Annie, Freud, Anna and MARTHA FREUD, 62, Freud's tall, slender, plain-looking wife, enjoy a spread of food and wine.

REICH

I don't understand why we don't fight back. They smear us, they propagandize against us. Why can't we tell our side of the story? Why can't we share the truth?

FREUD

Because the truth is, fighting fire with fire only creates more flames. I've dealt with this my entire career. The best thing to do is continue with our work. Quietly.

MARTHA

(a bit drunk)

Pfft. There was a time when you would have marched into their offices and let them have it!

(leaning forward)

Let me tell you something about this man.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

In his younger days, he was as brash and as bold as you could be. That's what attracted me to him in the first place.

ANNA

Do you remember when you confronted them about their hysteria?

FREUD

How could I forget?

REICH

What did you do?

ANNA

Oh, he had quite the -- actually, you'll tell it better than I could.

FREUD

I don't know. It's kind of a sore spot, looking back at it.

Freud paws quickly at his jaw. Reich notices.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Freud lights a cigarette for Reich with a match, then lights a cigar of his own and waves out the match.

REICH

So what happened?

FREUD

With what?

REICH

The story earlier. The hysteria.

FREUD

You're going to poke and prod me until I tell you, aren't you?

REICH

For days, weeks, months, however long it takes.

Reich smiles. Freud chuckles.

FREUD

Did you know that I was never offered a full professorship at the university? I was only an affiliated professor.

REICH

I didn't know that.

FREUD

My Judaism was the primary reason, as you might expect. But there was this one incident, about twenty years ago, that may have played a role as well.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1901

Von Jauregg, Tandler and TWO OTHER COLLEAGUES observe Freud, in his early 40s, lecturing to a group of undergrads.

FREUD (V.O.)

I was giving a lecture one day, and the medical school administration stopped in to observe it, including our friends Tandler and Von Jauregg. I was lecturing on hysteria in my analytical cases.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

FREUD

Now, at that point, mainstream psychiatry had recognized hysteria only in women. But I was sharing what I'd seen in men. And I was seeing a lot of hysteria. So I addressed that. In my own way.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1901

FREUD

In fact, mainstream psychiatry does not recognize male hysteria, do you gentlemen?

Freud looks toward the back of the room. Most of the students crane their necks to look too. The admin faces turn red with embarrassment. Freud commands the attention back.

FREUD

Yet if we're being honest with ourselves, there's plenty of hysteria in the male psyche, both off campus -- and on.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

REICH

You said that to them? It's a wonder you didn't get fired.

FREUD

Well, my courses were always full.

Freud musters a shit-eating smile.

REICH

That explains these recent attacks on us then.

FREUD

It may. Although there are plenty of other reasons to attack us.

REICH

There are?

FREUD

What we do will never be taken seriously unless we have something to show for ourselves. And we have nothing. No measurements, no data, no evidence, no proof. Just theories and speculations.

REICH

You need to pursue the libido theory to its fullest then.

FREUD

Willy, that's not --

REICH

(cutting him off)

There have to be physiological properties you can measure. No one can disparage us if you do that.

FREUD

That's not something we can do at this point.

Freud rubs his jaw as if in pain. He turns toward the window and looks out into the brightly lit Vienna cityscape. Reich's eyes lock onto his clenched jaw.

INT. REICH AND ANNIE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Annie flips through a copy of CARL JUNG'S *PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS*. Reich lies on the couch. He looks worried.

ANNIE

You've been awfully quiet since we got home. Is everything okay?

REICH

There's something wrong with Freud. He clenches his jaw, he grinds his teeth. You heard Martha. That's not the man she married.

ANNIE

It's probably just stress. Things have been a bit chaotic recently. I can talk to her if you'd like.

REICH

No, no, we don't want to gossip. Whatever you say to her will be in Berlin in a matter of minutes.

Reich gets up, kisses Annie on the forehead.

REICH

I'll be in the office.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich reads a copy of Freud's *BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE*.

FREUD (V.O.)

What follows is speculation, often far-fetched speculation, which the reader will consider or dismiss according to his individual predilection.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

FLASHBACK TO AN EARLIER FREUD LECTURE. Freud paces around confidently and speaks softly yet firm.

FREUD

The mind tries to eliminate psychic tension through compulsive acts of repetition. And in this cycle of compulsion, we see a trend emerge, where the mind attempts to derive pleasure from earlier psychic impressions and reinstate them.

Reich, Fenichel, Bibring, Lia and Grete sit in the third row of the lecture hall, mesmerized by Freud's speaking ability.

FREUD

Therefore, all repetition is a form of discharge, an urge to restore a more primitive state in the psyche, one marked by the total draining of energy. This is the death drive.

Reich's face briefly contorts from mesmerized to skeptical. His colleagues seem completely transfixed by it all.

FREUD

And this is more primitive, more elementary, more instinctual than the life drive which it overrides. So this life instinct, and the libido energy created by it, pales in comparison to the death instinct. So much so that the aim of all life...is death.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich pulls out a legal pad and reads over a few notes -- SEXUAL SATISFACTION = SYMPTOMS GONE! DISCHARGED LIBIDO! LIFE & LOVE ENERGY UNBLOCKED! He writes a couple new ones -- WHY DEATH DRIVE? FREUD UNHAPPY... MARRIAGE? SOCIETY?

He flips back to the first page, exasperated. Another note catches his eye. MUTE WOMAN - CLENCHED, TENSE, POOR POSTURE.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1923

THREE YEARS LATER. Freud sits while FELIX DEUTSCH, 40, short receding graying brunette hair, big nose, strong square jaw, examines the inside of his jaw. Martha sits on the other side of the room.

Deutsch concludes his examination. He gives Martha a worrisome glance, then turns back to Sigmund.

DEUTSCH

There's another small growth in there. A bad leukoplakia.

FREUD

You said that last time and it grew back after we removed it. Just tell me, is it cancer or not?

DEUTSCH

It's difficult to say. Are you still smoking?

MARTHA

I've told him to stop many times. I said those damn cigars will be the death of you.

FREUD

The cigars are not the culprit.

DEUTSCH

Either way, I'd recommend another surgery. We have to remove it.

Freud uncomfortably moves his jaw back and forth, clearly in both pain and disdain.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - DAY - 1923

Freud and Martha walk into their apartment. Martha removes her coat and hangs it up. Freud lingers in the doorway.

FREUD

You have not said one word to me about smoking this entire time.

MARTHA

I've said many words to you about those cigars. You're too damn stubborn to listen.

FREUD

Let me handle my own affairs.

MARTHA

If you don't shape up you won't have any affairs to handle.

Freud, clearly unhappy, considers that for a beat.

FREUD

I'm meeting Reich for coffee.

Freud opens the door to leave the apartment.

MARTHA

No smoking!

He closes the door behind him with a thud.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1923

Freud sits with Reich. They each smoke, Freud his cigar and Reich his cigarette, and sip cappuccinos.

REICH

With all due respect, it's not logical that an organism would drive itself towards death. Every lifeform has the instinct to stay alive. Neurotic behaviors are just acts the organism undergoes to try to get back to homeostasis, to a healthy balance, you see? But it can't get back to that balance unless it discharges its libido completely and satisfactorily.

Freud takes a depressing-looking sip from his cappuccino.

REICH

Forgive me. I don't mean to --

FREUD

(interjecting)

Willy, the death drive is merely speculation. You remember what I told you about speculations?

REICH

Yes.

FREUD

Well, with speculations you're bound to have disagreements. Don't let them deter you.

Freud takes a drag from his cigar.

FREUD

I have cancer of the jaw. The doctor refuses to confirm it, but I know that's what it is.

REICH

Who are you seeing?

FREUD

Deutsch.

REICH

I know him. Shy, timid type. His lack of confirmation is probably because he doesn't want to be the one to tell you.

FREUD

Why would someone refuse to tell me that I have cancer when I do, in fact, have cancer? Even the way he describes the growth sounds like cancer. He just refuses to utter the word itself.

REICH

Maybe he shares deeper concerns.

FREUD

Such as?

REICH

Maybe he thinks you're suicidal.

Freud says nothing, just drags on his cigar and looks out into the bustling coffee shop, full of younger, libidinous patrons at this hour. Reich locks onto Freud's tense jaw.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich lectures to a group -- Freud, Annie, Federn, Jones, Ferenczi, Anna, Hitschmann, Fenichel, Bibring, Grete, Lia -- without notes and with an energy similar to that of a rapturous preacher.

REICH

Some of you may recall a mute patient who came into the clinic shortly after it opened. Looking back at her case, and cross-referencing it with the analysis of countless other patients, I have made a significant discovery that illuminates much about our work and the theories that inform it. I'd like to illustrate that discovery to you now, using the mute patient as the primary case study.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Mute Woman sits on the couch, Reich in a chair behind her making notes.

MUTE WOMAN

I want to murder my children. I think it'd be easier for them. Their father left us two years ago. I have no money. We have no food. I'm supposed to protect them and provide for them, and I can't. I don't know what else to do other than get rid of them.

REICH

And how do these murderous thoughts make you feel?

MUTE WOMAN

Scared. How could I think such a thing? And then I think about telling the police. About what I want to do to my children. Maybe that's the only way I can protect them. To have them taken away from me. But the idea of confessing only scares me more.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

REICH

I deduced that her hysterical mutism was thus a defense mechanism against her impulse to confess. This led to a constriction in her throat, which led to a spasm of the vocal cords and the loss of her voice. This was also evident when observing her physical character. Her posture, her gait, the way she holds her musculature when resting. Tightness throughout the neck, the shoulders, the fists, the jaw.

Reich shoots a quick glance at Freud. A wave of whispered interest and positive affirmation washes over the group.

REICH

We then discussed her childhood and discovered more about what may have contributed to her condition.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

MUTE WOMAN

I keep thinking no money, no food,
no money, no food. Why would I want
my children to grow up like that?

REICH

Did you grow up like that?

MUTE WOMAN

I grew up with strangers in a
boarding house. I was an orphan.
Meals were not consistent. Money
was not consistent. And the men
there just...

REICH

Finish your thought.

MUTE WOMAN

They violated me. Repeatedly.

REICH

Have you violated your children in
this way?

MUTE WOMAN

No.

REICH

Did their father?

MUTE WOMAN

Not that I know of.

REICH

Did he violate you in that way?

MUTE WOMAN

No. But. I...I wanted him to be
violent with me. During sex. I
wanted him to choke me. And I've
let others be that way with me too.
But it's not pleasurable. Sometimes
I wish one of them would choke me
and never let go.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

REICH

(monologuing hard)

It was then that I had to grapple with the question of how a human organism could put up with such conditions year in and year out. This patient exhibited nothing but misery, loneliness and frigidity. Nothing but worry about money and the next meal. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that brings light into her life, not even her children. Even to this day she exhibits a resistance to love, to the libidinal forces. She receives no sexual gratification as an adult because of the genital disturbance that formed in her youth. Cross-referencing this with evidence from other patients I've observed has led me to one conclusion. In neurosis, genital disturbance is not one symptom among others...it is *the* symptom.

A wav of whispered disagreement washes over the group, and the mood shifts from warm to chilly. Reich notices the shift and collects himself in the wake of it.

REICH

Therefore, psychic illness is not only a result of a sexual disturbance, broadly speaking. It is, strictly speaking, a result of a disturbance of the genital function, something I am calling orgastic impotence. I suspect all neurosis is a result of this genital disturbance, which means the only way to rid the patient of the neurosis is by establishing orgastic potency.

Reich scan over faces in the crowd. Freud and Annie seem to be the only ones taking him seriously.

EXT. BANKS OF THE DANUBE CANAL/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich and Annie walk along the water, hand in hand.

REICH

You should have seen the look on their faces. None of them support me or my findings. Sometimes I think you don't even support me.

ANNIE

Of course I support you. Let's not let this ruin our evening, okay?

Across the river, music rages from a jazz club!

REICH

What is that god-awful sound?

ANNIE

I think that's the new jazz club. Bibring and Grete said they had a ball there last week.

REICH

Pfft. Bibring wouldn't know good music if it fondled his genitals. Now, Beethoven, that's the music of the gods.

Above them, FLICKERS AND FLASHES OF BLUE AND BLUISH-GREY LIGHT suddenly fill the night sky!

ANNIE

What is that?!

REICH

Looks like shooting stars.

ANNIE

Should I make a wish?

REICH

Hasn't it already come true?

Reich shoots a smile at Annie. She leans in for a kiss!

INT. REICH AND ANNIE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich drops a needle onto a vinyl record. THE ALLEGRO OF MOZART'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 26 PLAYS!

REICH

Now for some real music!

Reich stumbles across the room, whisks a seated Annie to her feet! She reaches back to a table, takes a quick swig from a glass of wine and spills it on her dress!

ANNIE

Shit!

Annie wipes at the stain.

REICH

Don't worry about it! It's coming off anyways!

The couple dances around clumsily, giggling, but the dance only lasts a moment before they move to the couch!

Reich and Annie have sex in the missionary position. She grabs the couch cushions and writhes with pleasure as the music continues over the next several scenes.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich's previous lecture about the mute woman continues, but with an increased passion!

REICH

Psychic health and the ability to love depend on the ability to surrender to the complete discharge of pent-up sexual excitement!

INT. REICH AND ANNIE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Annie sits on top of Reich, her arms and legs wrapped around him, a position straight out of the Kama Sutra!

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

REICH

It is not just to fuck! It is the real emotional experience of the merger of two organisms!

INT. REICH AND ANNIE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich and Annie continue in the same position as her eyes stream tears of pleasure!

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

REICH

It is the loss of your ego, the
loss of your whole spiritual self
in that experience!

INT. REICH AND ANNIE'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1924

Reich and Annie climax together!

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1925

Reich types on a typewriter, then resets it. A full title
across the top of the page comes into focus as the music
fades out -- THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM.

INT. BALLROOM AT HOTEL ESPLANADE/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1926

FREUD'S 70th BIRTHDAY PARTY. A large group of black tie
partygoers boogie to music from a live jazz band!

Federn, Jones and Ferenczi congregate with each other. Anna
pals around with DOROTHY BURLINGHAM, 34, her prettier, raven-
haired friend and rumored lover.

Martha, EDWARD BERNAYS, 34, Freud's short-haired, mustachioed
nephew, and SANDOR RADO, 36, a sharp-looking Jew with early
signs of male-pattern baldness, talk among themselves.

Bibring, Grete and Lia chat with each other. Fenichel and
Freud talk with each other near the bar.

INT. BALLROOM AT HOTEL ESPLANADE/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1926

Reich and Annie enter the ballroom. Reich carries a massive
manuscript. Martha greets them both with kisses on the cheek.

MARTHA

Lovely of you both to come. Sigmund
very much appreciates it.

ANNIE

How's he feeling?

MARTHA

Numb from the brandy, I suspect.

REICH

Who picked this music?

MARTHA

My nephew. Thought it would spice things up a bit. Come, I want you to meet him.

Martha motions for Reich to follow her.

ANNIE

(sarcastically)

Enjoy the music, dear.

Annie heads toward Bibring and the others. Reich follows Martha across the room to where Bernays stands, drink in hand, deep in conversation with Rado.

MARTHA

Willy, this is my nephew, Edward Bernays. Eddie, Dr. Wilhelm Reich.

Bernays and Reich shake hands.

BERNAYS

Pleasure to meet you, Doctor.

MARTHA

And you know Rado.

RADO

Good to see you again, Willy.

Reich and Rado shake hands.

MARTHA

(to Rado)

Come help me with the cake.

Martha and Rado leave.

BERNAYS

I'm surprised we haven't met yet. Vienna's such a small town.

REICH

Did you pick this music?

BERNAYS

I did. Jazz is sweeping the continent. Tell me, would you ever consider coming to work with me?

REICH

Doing what?

BERNAYS

I teach organizations how to use psychoanalysis to influence people in whatever ways they deem desirable. I could use a skilled practitioner like you as an ally.

REICH

And this is effective, what you do?

BERNAYS

Highly. Most people are irrational and can't think for themselves. They form group opinions and stick to them, so why not do what we can to influence those opinions?

REICH

Is this why jazz is sweeping Europe right now? Is this your influence?

BERNAYS

I'm not in the music business. Yet. What do you have there?

Reich proudly shows off the thick document.

REICH

My latest book. *The Function of the Orgasm*. I was hoping Sigmund could offer some professional criticism.

BERNAYS

If you need any help publicizing it perhaps I could assist.

REICH

Orgasms tend to publicize themselves. Pardon me.

Reich traverses the room and sees Freud and Fenichel at the bar. A slightly drunk Anna leans up against the bar, chatting with Dorothy. Reich approaches them first.

REICH

Anna, nice to see you again. Who's your friend?

Reich's greeting deadens her mood.

ANNA

This is Dorothy. We're discussing opening up a nursery school focused on educating children in analysis.

REICH
A worthy pursuit, no doubt. Let me
know if I can help.

Anna slyly nods at Dorothy to follow her.

ANNA
Have a good evening, Reich.

DOROTHY
Pleasure to meet you.

Reich moves over to Fenichel and Freud.

FENICHEL
Willy!

REICH
Otto!

Fenichel and Reich embrace with a warm hug.

REICH
How's Berlin treating you?

FENICHEL
The clinic is still free, and
people still show up to ignore what
I tell them is wrong with them. You
and Annie should visit. We could
use your help. Is this the
manuscript you mentioned?

REICH
It is. Ready for review.

Fenichel glances at Freud.

FENICHEL
I'll leave you to it.

Fenichel pats Reich on the shoulder and heads across the
room. Freud hands Reich a glass.

FREUD
Brandy?

REICH
Please.

Reich raises his glass. Freud does too.

REICH
To seventy more years.

FREUD

Let's hope not. Cheers.

Both men take a healthy swig and set the glasses on the bar. Reich hands Freud the manuscript.

REICH

Happy birthday, Professor. I dedicated it to you. I think you'll be proud of what I've done.

Freud takes in the size of the document.

FREUD

That thick?

Reich looks a bit thrown off by Freud's response.

REICH

It is a little longer than I anticipated, but worthwhile.

Freud glances over the title page.

FREUD

The Function of the Orgasm.
Provocative. What is your premise?

REICH

I've concluded that all neuroses can be treated by establishing orgasmic potency. I suspect there's a measurable energy that builds up, and the energy that fuels the neuroses is merely the energy of sexual excitation that hasn't been discharged fully.

Reich catches a disinterested look wash over Freud's face. Freud begins to say something. Only a small breath escapes.

REICH

I know this contradicts the death drive, but perhaps you could read this with an open mind?

FREUD

It would take some time to review. Considering the length.

REICH

Of course. At your leisure.

Freud sees Martha waving him over to a lit birthday cake. He places the manuscript on the bar top.

FREUD

Pardon me.

Freud walks away. Reich follows him with his eyes as he sulks toward his wife, a bit thrown off by his sentiment but not surprised. He turns back to the manuscript on the bar top.

EXT. PALACE OF JUSTICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

FLAMES ENGULF THE PALACE ROOF AND FAÇADE! A horde of protesters gather outside, cheering as the fire rages!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY - 1927

Reich backpedals away from the fire but only because Annie pulls him by his sleeve! They get engulfed in ANOTHER LARGE GROUP OF PROTESTERS CLASHING WITH RIFLE-TOTING POLICE OFFICERS as a fire brigade tries to move through the crowd!

KARL SEITZ, 58, the balding, goateed Social Democrat mayor of Vienna, shouts into a bullhorn behind a line of police!

SEITZ

The chancellor has instructed these officers to clear this street by force if necessary! We need to let these firemen through! Please consider your lives! Please! I beg you! Surrender! Go home! They will open fire! Do not die in vain!

Seitz's pleas do little! The mob just gets angrier! Reich and Annie push through the crowd, trying to heed Seitz's warning!

THE FIRST GUNSHOT RINGS OUT JUST AS REICH AND ANNIE DUCK DOWN AN ALLEY! Several more ring out! Reich turns to see the police officers firing on civilians!

REICH YANKS HIS ARM AWAY FROM ANNIE and begins to head back toward the crowd as Annie stumbles and falls! She scrambles back to her feet, runs and PLACES HERSELF BETWEEN REICH AND THE MOB AND SHOVS HIM IN HIS CHEST!

ANNIE

Think about your children! This is not your war to wage!

REICH

This is Fascism!

REICH GRABS ANNIE'S HEAD AND SPINS IT AROUND so she can see the body count in the street!

REICH

Is this the reality you want your children to live in?!

The gunfire increases in intensity! Annie shakes loose and takes off down the alley! Reich takes a couple steps toward the street, sees an officer beating a civilian with a BILLY CLUB, then decides against it and backpedals away!

INT. COMMUNIST PARTY HEADQUARTERS/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1927

Reich paces behind a lectern delivering an impassioned speech to a group of a hundred people.

REICH

Eighty-four of our brothers and sisters, members of the working class, killed in cold blood! Another six-hundred injured! And let us not forget that fellow members of the working class pulled triggers on rifles gifted to them by the chancellor himself!

INT. COMMON ROOM AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

Reich speaks to a group of ten analysts, including Annie, Lia, Bibring and Grete.

REICH

We have an opportunity here to radically shift the way we treat patients. What Freud teaches us about sexual struggle can be integrated with what Marx teaches us about class struggle.

EXT. PARK/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

Reich stands outside a SEX-POL MOBILE CLINIC, a table with a sign and pamphlets set up next to a 1927 FORD MODEL T PICKUP. Reich speaks to a small group of men and teenage boys. In the background, Lia speaks to a small group of children.

REICH

It's critical to understand that a sexually repressed society is a sick society.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

But it's just as critical to understand how the working class is exploited economically. Only then can we come into full conscious awareness of the problems that plague society.

EXT. AUSTRIAN SEX-POL HEADQUARTERS/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

A sign across the top of a building reads AUSTRIAN SOCIETY OF PROLETARIAN SEXUAL POLITICS. A line of people stretches out the door and down the sidewalk. Reich walks down the line passing out pamphlets, greeting each person the same way.

REICH

Thank you for coming. Thank you for coming. Thank you for coming.

He hands a pamphlet to a YOUNG BOY who holds it up to reveal a list of services offered -- PSYCHOANALYTIC COUNSELING, MARXIST ADVICE, CONTRACEPTIVES. Reich comes back to the boy.

REICH

How old are you?

YOUNG BOY

(standing up straighter)
Twelve years old, sir.

Reich sizes the boy up -- EERILY SIMILAR TO THE YOUNGER VERSION OF HIMSELF!

REICH

Ask for Lia when you get inside.
She speaks to the young people.

INT. AUSTRIAN SEX-POL HEADQUARTERS/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

Reich sits with a cycle of working-class patients who all answer the same question...

REICH

How would you characterize your work? Would you say you're satisfied with it?

SEX-POL PATIENT 1

No.

SEX-POL PATIENT 2

Not really.

SEX-POL PATIENT 3
I wouldn't say I am.

SEX-POL PATIENT 4
I hate what I do.

SEX-POL PATIENT 5
I'd quit this fucking job right now
if I could. Pardon my language.

Reich nods in acknowledgement. He poses another to Patient 5.

REICH
And how would you rate your sex
life? Are you satisfied with it?

SEX-POL PATIENT 5
There's six of us in a two-bedroom
apartment. I'm lucky I can breathe,
let alone fuck.

Reich takes a deep breath, exhales, nods.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH
I was doing exactly what everyone
around me was saying we should do.
Consider society, consider culture.
So I talk to the people, the youth,
the working class, so I could
better help them. Freud thought
there was something to this, but
his stance was clear.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

Reich sits on the far left end of a couch, Freud on the far
right. Reich smokes a cigarette, Freud his patented cigar.

FREUD
What we do is not political,
because politics are irrational. I
have no interest in them.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH
So I went about it the wrong way,
setting my work up as a political
movement.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

But not having a political opinion was impossible at that time. Things were changing so quickly. Everyone got caught up in it. The politics of the analysts only grew more divisive as well.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

Federn, Jones, Ferenczi and Anna in discussion.

FEDERN

This connection he makes between society and sexual repression is ludicrous. You should have heard this lecture he gave the other day.

ANNA

(mocking Reich)

Lack of privacy, lack of money and lack of hygiene make sexual activity difficult and inadequate.

INT. COMMON ROOM AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

Reich lectures to Federn and the Ambulatorium staff.

REICH

This then contributes to the character structure, which is irrational, neurotic, and leaves people subject to repressive authoritarian ideals, which only serve to reinforce a bourgeois social order.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

FEDERN

A bourgeois social order? What does that even mean?

ANNA

It's a conspiracy against the poor and working class.

INT. COMMON ROOM AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

REICH

And I wouldn't call this accidental. It seems to be an indispensable, if not consciously intended part of that social order. Which leads me to one inevitable conclusion. It's not either libido or society. The libido is the energy which is molded by society. There's no contradiction.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA - DAY - 1929

FEDERN

I know Freud supports Reich and his work, but socializing with Communists and spouting rhetoric like this doesn't make the organization look good.

FERENCZI

In fairness, he's doing exactly what we've talked about for years. Society and culture, isn't this where we've wanted the work to go?

JONES

But the politics. He's moving into dangerous territory.

FERENCZI

I don't know how you separate the social from the political, especially now.

FEDERN

Need I remind you that we all took an oath to protect psychoanalysis from enemies both outside and in. And right now there are two paths forming here -- one with Reich and one without. At some point you need to decide which path you're on. You'll recall what happened with Jung. This is no different.

ANNA

It might actually be worse.

Ferenczi looks put off.

FERENCZI

I think you've lost the thread.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1929

Freud lies on a couch as Anna examines his jaw.

ANNA

There's growing opposition against Reich among the analysts.

FREUD

That's nothing new.

ANNA

We think he may be another Jung.

FREUD

Jung is an anti-Semite who now dabbles in the occult. How can Reich be worse than that?

ANNA

Well...he's a Jewish Marxist working in sexual politics trying to liberate the youth and the working class. He's bound to piss off a lot of powerful people.

Freud lowers his eyes, clearly distressed.

ANNA

I know you support him, but we need to consider the future of analysis and protect what you've created.

INT. REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1930

Reich pokes around a plate of sausage and sauerkraut. Annie feeds TWO-YEAR-OLD LORE. YOUNG EVA, 6, sits in a chair, more interested in Reich's demeanor than her food. Reich eats quickly, his chewing the only sound until...

REICH

I think it's time we leave Vienna. Otto said he'd like our help in Berlin, and I'd like to start analysis with someone there. I need to know if my recent behavior has any neurotic basis.

ANNIE

Why not see an analyst here?

REICH

I don't trust any of them to analyze me without bias.

ANNIE

Aren't all the analysts in Berlin close with Freud?

REICH

Every analyst everywhere is close with Freud.

ANNIE

I don't know, Willy. Berlin?

Reich drops his fork, clanging it against his plate, upset.

REICH

Things are changing, Annie. It's important we share common goals.

ANNIE

Can we talk about this later?

Reich eyes his wife for a beat, then SLAMS HIS FIST ON THE TABLE, RATTLING THE PLATES, SILVERWARE AND GLASSES! Lore starts crying! Both girls look terrified!

ANNIE

What is wrong with you?!

Reich props his elbows onto the table, leans in, runs his hands through his hair, shoots a glance at Eva.

REICH

Eva, darling, Daddy's sorry.

(to Annie)

Please forgive me. This situation with Freud is nagging at me.

ANNIE

I know it is. But that doesn't mean we have to make rash decisions.

Reich continues to cool down as he pokes at his food.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1930

Reich knocks on Freud's apartment door. It swings open a couple beats later. Anna stands on the other side and greets him with a lukewarm attitude.

REICH

Anna, good evening. I was hoping I could speak with your father.

ANNA

He's not feeling well.

REICH

Sorry to hear that.

Reich reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a small piece of folded paper, hands it to her.

REICH

We're leaving for Berlin in the morning. This is our address.

She takes it and looks over it, then back to him.

ANNA

I'll see if he feels like talking.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1930

Reich sits on the far left end of a couch, Freud on the far right. Reich smokes a cigarette, Freud his cigar.

FREUD

So. Berlin.

REICH

Fenichel wants to open some clinics there, and I'd like to undergo further analysis. I fear our recent disagreements may be neurotic in nature, and I'd like to do my part to understand that.

Freud bites down on his cigar, removes it from his mouth.

FREUD

I'd suggest Rado for analysis. He'd be the most sympathetic to your cause. But I hope you know you're taking much controversy with you.

REICH

Why is helping the poor and the sick so controversial? Isn't that why we do this?

FREUD

Of course, but hobnobbing with the Communists? I can't support that.

REICH

These social conditions have created an epidemic of sexual disturbance and neurotic behavior. Working with patients individually can only affect so much change. We have to think bigger.

FREUD

I have no issue with you thinking bigger and going out to the people. That will only enhance your work. But, remember, as I said before, what we do is not political.

A simmering Reich doesn't attempt to hold back his emotion in his tone and facial expression.

REICH

This is because I disagree with the death drive, isn't it?

FREUD

We're discussing your politics, not your clinical work.

REICH

My politics inform my clinical work, just as they inform yours.

The two hold each other's eyes, both equally intense.

FREUD

My politics don't influence my work. Yours shouldn't either.

REICH

(still simmering)

Your politics took analysis from the bourgeoisie to the working man. Your politics led to the opening of the free clinic. Your politics started a war with every medical professional in this city.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

Don't tell me your work hasn't been influenced by your politics.

A frustrated Freud gets up, walks to the window, peers out into the night, then turns back toward Reich.

FREUD

It'd be immature of me to not acknowledge your point, so here's that acknowledgement. But there's a big difference between what I did and what you're doing. I brought psychoanalysis to the people. You're trying to convince them you can't have analysis without Marxism, but they don't go together. And if the wrong people think they do, then all of us will be dead.

REICH

(about to boil)

You and your death talk. Just because you no longer want to live does not mean you should push that into your work and convince people it's true. It's speculation, remember? We shouldn't be passing that off as scientific fact.

FREUD

Now is not the time to be selfish. It's time to do what's best for all of us. Everyone. Not just Reich.

A now-boiling Reich shakes his head in disbelief, shoots to his feet and confronts Freud face to face with the same theatrical disposition of a professional wrestler!

REICH

We're on the precipice of a psychoanalytical revolution! A sexual revolution! You need revolutionaries at your side, not gossip columnists who can't analyze the character of a contraceptive!

Freud doesn't blink at Reich's passionate delivery.

FREUD

You have every right to be upset. But it's not the task of psychoanalysis to save the world.

The two men again hold each other's eyes, both disappointed.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1930

Reich huffs out into the street. He stops and stares up at Freud's window. HE SEES FREUD WALKING QUICKLY TO THE WINDOW, then back, then up to it again, then back again, until he stops and he doesn't see him anymore.

REICH (V.O.)

That was the last time I saw him. I couldn't help get the impression that he was like a caged animal up there, unable to break free, imprisoned in his own mind. That was not the man I called my mentor or my friend. That was not the man I looked up to. But it was time to move on.

EXT. GERMAN SEX-POL HEADQUARTERS/BERLIN - DAY - 1930

Reich and Fenichel stand in the midst of a large, boisterous, working-class crowd on the street. They cheer on the grand opening of a new Sex-Pol clinic!

REICH

Ladies and gentlemen, today would not be possible without the contributions of this man here, Dr. Otto Fenichel. Without his leadership, we would not be here today to celebrate this new clinic that will undoubtedly change the way psychoanalysis is done here in Germany! A big hand for Otto!

The crowd raucously applauds!

FENICHEL

And without this man, we would be not be on the brink of a radical shift in all of German society! A big hand for Dr. Reich!

Even louder raucous applause!

A female near the front whistles loudly and flirtatiously! Reich shoots a glance in her direction -- ELSA LINDENBERG, 32, a sultry brunette with a lean and lithe dancer's body.

They lock eyes and she winks and whistles again! Reich continues to preach to the crowd outside.

REICH

Let it be known that from this day forward, you, the working class of this beautiful city, will no longer be repressed and exploited! And let it be known that it is not death that drives us! We are driven by love, work and knowledge! We are driven by life itself!

A huge round of applause! Elsa hoots and hollers!

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN - DAY - 1931

Rado sits across from Annie, cups of coffee in front of them.

RADO

Willy is beyond neurotic. He's a lunatic. Insidious, paranoid, and dangerous, to say the least.

ANNIE

That's a bit harsh. But I do agree he's trending toward psychotic.

RADO

You see it too?

ANNIE

It's hard not to.

RADO

This Fascism stuff will be the death of him, politically and professionally. It's all he talked about in analysis yesterday.

INT. RADO'S APARTMENT/BERLIN - DAY - 1931

Reich lies on a couch. Rado sits in a chair behind him.

REICH

It's very simple. A blocked libido leads to a rigid armor over the musculature, which in turn leads to a more rigid existence for the individual.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

This rigidity then makes them more susceptible to authoritarian and fascist ideas, because the rigidity of external life mimics their inner life, so it's more acceptable to them.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN - DAY - 1931

RADO

And then on and on with this orgasmic potency nonsense.

INT. RADO'S APARTMENT/BERLIN - DAY - 1931

Reich paces around in front of Rado, who now sits with his arms folded across his chest.

REICH

We're dealing with a resistance in the body. Something is blocking the flow and discharge of libido. If we remove the resistance, the neuroses dissipate. We do this through character analysis and the establishment of orgasmic potency.

RADO

My neurotic patients have plenty of sex and they're still neurotic.

REICH

You don't understand. I had a patient who bragged to me that he could do it five times in one night. You know what my diagnosis was? Impotence. He was clearly unable to discharge his sexual tension and feel real pleasure and relaxation. He was in a state of chronic sexual tension. Sure, he was having sexual intercourse, but his energy couldn't move. You can analyze traumas and shame and neurotic ideas with talk alone, but unless you can get the energy to move, unless you can restore the flow of bioenergy, there will never be relief from the symptoms.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN - DAY - 1931

RADO

I know you're not asking for advice, but with Ferenczi's death Willy has no more allies on the executive committee.

ANNIE

What are you getting at?

RADO

You'd be guilty by association. You may want to consider divorce.

ANNIE

I appreciate the advice, but you're right -- I didn't ask for it. But your point is well-taken.

EXT. STREET DURING THE MAYDAY PARADE/BERLIN - DAY - 1932

-- Reich and Fenichel march in front of a LARGE DEMONSTRATION OF WORKING-CLASS WOMEN, led by Elsa and DR. NIC WAAL, 29, a petite female colleague of Reich's with small, round spectacles and long, reddish-brownish hair.

The women chant and hold signs for WOMENS' WORKERS RIGHTS! A LARGE GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS approach the demonstration! Reich, Fenichel and OTHERS firm up their position, blocking their access to the women!

Everyone stops marching as they approach the police! Reich and Fenichel yell at the officers to get out of their way!

The officers don't budge! The workers don't budge! A clash seems imminent!

Three officers approach the group! Reich and Fenichel hook arms with others and FIRM UP AGAIN! The officers try to walk through but the men don't budge! The officers ready their Billy clubs!

Another LARGE GROUP OF DEMONSTRATORS then pinch the officers from the other side! The officers, clearly outnumbered now, acquiesce to the demonstrators and disperse to a raucous round of applause!

-- Reich and Fenichel now walk along the sidewalk next to the demonstration. Elsa runs up behind them.

ELSA

Dr. Reich! Dr. Reich!

Reich turns around to see Elsa smiling. He returns it.

REICH
Call me Willy.

ELSA
Call me Elsa. Thank you for what
you did earlier.

REICH
Just doing my civic duty.

ELSA
There's a coffee shop around the
corner and my feet are sore. Care
to join me?

Reich looks around for Fenichel, who has disappeared into the crowd, then back to Elsa. She quickly raises then lowers her eyebrows and shoots Reich a sly smile that'd make any man weak in the knees!

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN - DAY - 1932

Reich and Elsa sit across from each other sipping coffees, their eyes locked, the sexual tension palpable.

REICH
I used to sip cappuccinos with
Freud and discuss libido. You have
a lot to live up to.

ELSA
I could say the same to you.

Elsa tosses a newspaper onto the table.

ELSA
You're an enemy of the state.

REICH
I've seen the lists. I'd keep my
nose out of the newspapers if I
were you.

ELSA
I don't take the Fascist propaganda
seriously, but there's no way
Fascist propagandists wouldn't have
a field day with a Jewish Marxist
working in sexual politics.

REICH

There's nothing Jewish about me except my ancestors. But Hitler might think otherwise. You think he'll become Chancellor?

ELSA

Perhaps. I imagine that'd be problematic for some of us at this table if he does.

Reich ponders that over a sip of his drink.

ELSA

You know, I really like this character armor you speak so much about. You think it's something that'd protect us from Hitler?

Reich chuckles at the joke and spits out some of his cappuccino onto his shirt. Elsa giggles.

REICH

Well, I've just made a fool of myself, haven't I?

Reich grabs a few napkins, dabs at the wet spot.

ELSA

I can see the headline tomorrow. Enemy of the state Wilhelm Reich intentionally spits coffee all over the German flag!

Reich chuckles while still dabbing his shirt.

ELSA

My apologies for being so humorous.

Reich tosses the dirty napkins onto the table.

REICH

Apology accepted. But enough about me. What about your reputation? What is it?

ELSA

I'd say it's better than yours.
(flashing a cute smile)
I'm a dancer studying under Elsa Gindler.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/BERLIN - DAY - 1932

Elsa and FOUR OTHER FEMALE DANCERS take instructions from ELSA GINDLER, 47, petite and pliable, dark yet graying hair cut boyishly short.

ELSA (V.O.)

She teaches us how body movement and breathing can help us observe ourselves and better understand our physical conditions.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN - DAY - 1932

Reich leans back in his chair, his turn to be impressed.

ELSA

Perhaps you'd be interested in learning more about how this may loosen one's character armor?

INT. ELSA'S APARTMENT/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1932

Reich sits on a couch while Elsa dances in front of him, more sensual than sexual. She moves her pelvis in such a way that Reich can't look away even if he wanted to.

ELSA

This movement unlocks the pelvis so energy can flow.

Elsa starts to breathe in sync with her movement.

ELSA

And then you sync your breath. We refer to the breath as the spirit.
(inhaling and exhaling)
Then you visualize where you want to direct your energy.

Reich stares at Elsa's hips, gets up and moves towards her. HE PUTS HIS HAND ON HER HIPS and the two embrace, sensually, as she moves and breathes. He syncs with her movement and breath, then RUNS HIS HANDS UP HER TORSO AS THEY KISS.

They move with each other to the couch and continue kissing, ELSA MOUNTING REICH AND GRINDING HER PELVIS INTO HIM. Reich grabs Elsa's hair, pulls her head back and kisses her neck.

INT. REICH'S BEDROOM/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1932

Reich takes off his shirt, revealing a white undershirt with sweat outlines. Annie comes in and closes the door softly.

ANNIE

Where have you been all night?

Reich lets out a deep, guilt-ridden sigh.

REICH

I need to tell you something. You may want to sit down.

She doesn't, just stands with her arms crossed.

REICH

I've been with another woman.

Reich hopes for a reaction, but doesn't get one. Annie just stares, blank and emotionless.

REICH

We have much in common, and as crazy as it sounds, I think I'm in love with her.

A couple beats as the news sinks in.

ANNIE

How long has she been a patient?

REICH

She's not a patient. But I've been seeing her for several weeks.

Reich stares into his wife's eyes, her emotions just now starting to well up. He takes a deep breath.

REICH

The fact is, sometimes we begin to love someone new and someone else gets hurt, and we have to discuss this honestly, like adults. I've always been honest with you, and I'm being honest now.

A couple heavy, silent beats.

ANNIE

I shouldn't have followed you here.

Reich averts his eyes from her face to the floor, then the door creaks open. EIGHT YEAR-OLD EVA stands in the doorway.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EVA
 Mommy, Daddy, I can't sleep.

Reich and Annie both shift their gaze to her, but before they can say anything, she says --

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EVA
 Is everything okay?

Reich looks at Annie, who prods him with her eyes. He looks back to Eva.

REICH
 Not at the moment, sweetheart. But
 it will be. Go back to bed.

Eva leaves the doorway. Reich turns to Annie, wanting to say something but not mustering the energy to do so. She musters the courage instead.

ANNIE
 I can't do this anymore. I
 just...we've grown apart.

Reich agrees with her. It's written on his face as he studies her standing there.

REICH
 I know. It's my fault. I apologize
 for that. I do love and care for
 you, but so much has changed.

He lingers for a moment, while he and Annie lock eyes. She quickly averts her gaze to the floor, and when she does, Reich walks out of the room and closes the door behind him.

INT. ELSA'S APARTMENT/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1933

Reich and Elsa each carry a moving box through the room.

REICH (V.O.)
 I moved in with Elsa when Annie and
 I separated.

INT. ELSA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX/BERLIN - NIGHT - 1933

Elsa and Reich leave the apartment with boxes.

REICH (V.O.)
 But we did not stay in Berlin much
 longer, as Hitler became chancellor
 shortly after that.

A MAP ILLUSTRATES Reich and Elsa's geographical movements.

REICH (V.O.)

We moved to Denmark, then to Sweden, then settled in Norway.

EXT. LAKE BEACHFRONT/OSLO - DAY - 1934

Elsa, TEN-YEAR-OLD EVA and SIX-YEAR-OLD LORE splash around!

REICH (V.O.)

It was a difficult time, with the girls being so young, but Elsa took to them quite well and vice versa.

INT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY - 1933

THREE NAZI OFFICERS set a pile of books ablaze as a NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER proudly snaps photos.

REICH (V.O.)

Beyond that, things continued to shift as the Nazis assumed more power and support. My reputation and my books became casualties of an ideological war.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

It was also well-known that Freud was negotiating with them to continue analysis in Germany. What was negotiated, I'll never know. But a vote was taken among the executive committee.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1934

Freud, Anna, Jones and Federn sit scattered about the room.

FEDERN

How do we know the Nazis will keep their word? We're all very Jewish, if I need to remind you.

FREUD

I'm well aware of that. But we won't get a better offer from them.

JONES

I agree. Current political situations are beyond our control, but we need to do what's best for our organization.

ANNA

Yes, but there is one great, big, white elephant we must deal with if we agree to this. And that's Reich.

FREUD

What about him?

ANNA

He needs to go. He poses the biggest threat to this.

FREUD

You think there's no discussing this with him?

ANNA

Have you ever discussed anything with him?

Freud nods in acquiescence.

FREUD

Be that as it may. We have always said we would do what's best for analysis, as a profession, but also as a tool for healing. And you say he offers no value to that mission?

ANNA

Not anymore.

FEDERN

And if you want proof here it is.

Federn pulls a pamphlet out of his jacket pocket and slaps it on Freud's desk.

FEDERN

He has officially denounced the death drive.

Freud's eyes turn down toward the pamphlet.

FEDERN

Go on, read it.

Freud skims it for a beat, then looks back to Federn.

FEDERN

I'll put this plainly. Either Reich goes, or everything you've worked so long and so hard for goes. And if that goes, I go. And others go. And eventually we all go. That is the reality we face.

Freud drags on his cigar, then looks to Jones. He nods in agreement. He settles on Anna.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE - DAY - 1934

SIX MONTHS LATER. 13th INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Reich walks through a lobby, pissed as hell, looking like he's ready to beat someone with the rolled-up program in his hand! He wades through the crowd until he finds KARL MULLER-BRAUNSCHWEIG, 45, short and stout, blonde hair, blue eyes.

REICH

Do you mind telling me what the hell's going on here? Why is my name not listed as a member of the Berlin chapter?

Karl removes his glasses, rubs one of his eyes.

KARL

I've been meaning to speak to you about that. The chapter has expelled you from its membership.

REICH

Expelled? On what grounds?

KARL

We were told you were joining the Norwegian chapter, so we removed you. You can't be in two chapters.

REICH

Norwegian chapter? They're not even accredited yet! You understand this means I'm no longer a member of the international association, right?

KARL

It would appear so, yes.

Reich spots Anna and Jones walking across the lobby and beelines toward them. He confronts them aggressively in a crowd of people.

REICH

We need to discuss my expulsion.
Immediately.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/LUCERNE - DAY - 1934

Reich paces quickly and angrily around the room.

REICH

I've been getting funny looks all morning and now I know why. People are snickering at me because everyone knows I'm no longer a member! Everyone but me!

JONES

If you don't want the snickering perhaps you shouldn't be sleeping in a tent outside.

REICH

I happen to enjoy being in Nature. You should try it sometime. Maybe you wouldn't be such an asshole if you got some goddamn sun!

ANNA

Reich, calm down, please.

REICH

I will not calm down! Do you know how I found out about my expulsion? I saw it in the directory! Not one single person here had the nerve to tell me to my face!

JONES

This is why. Do you hear yourself?

Reich takes a deep breath, calms himself a bit.

REICH

Why are you attacking me?

JONES

No one is attack--

REICH
(cutting him off)
I'm not talking to you.

JONES
As the president of the association
I believe you are talking to me.

REICH
Yet we all know your secretary here
has your genitals in her purse.

Jones scoffs, a bit sheepishly.

ANNA
Reich, this shouldn't surprise you.
You've prioritized your politics
over your analysis for many years.

REICH
This is about politics? Let's
discuss your family politics as
well then. Everyone knows your
father is appeasing the Nazis. What
sort of politics are those?

Anna looks down at the floor, ashamed, then back up.

ANNA
Psychoanalysis won't continue in
Germany otherwise.

REICH
So you appease the Fascists and
expel those of us standing up for
the truth? Is truth a liability?

ANNA
The liability is in your methods.

REICH
First my politics, now my methods.
Which is it?

ANNA
It's both.

REICH
Let me tell you something.
Psychoanalysis is not a religion,
and Freud is not God. If you want
to create orthodoxy around these
ideas, then you no longer live in
the realm of scientific inquiry.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

And if you want to make deals with the devil, then you no longer live in the realm of truth and love. And if that's the case...I accept your decision. Because that is not a group I want to be part of. But the way you went about this is abhorrent and infantile. You should be ashamed of yourselves. And your posture indicates that you are.

Reich shares one final silent moment with Anna and Jones, lingering on Anna specifically. He then bolts out the door and slams it shut!

INT. CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE - DAY - 1934

Reich walks through the hall and finds Fenichel waiting for him. He holds a fedora.

FENICHEL

Do you have a dagger on you?

REICH

What are you talking about?

FENICHEL

Rumor is you're carrying a dagger on your belt and threatening people with it.

REICH

Christ, Otto, don't be stupid.

FENICHEL

So you don't have one?

REICH

Would you like to strip me and find out what I am carrying?

Fenichel holds his hands up, shakes his head.

FENICHEL

Look, about your expulsion.

REICH

Why didn't you speak up for me?

FENICHEL

I wasn't there when they voted. And my hands are tied now.

Reich nods, mostly in disbelief.

REICH

Perhaps if you had a dagger of your own you could cut yourself free. Or maybe you'd put it in my back instead. Who knows anymore?

Fenichel looks to the floor, fiddles with his fedora.

FENICHEL

I have a train to catch. So.

REICH

You're not staying for my paper.

Not a question, a definitive statement.

FENICHEL

I need to get back to Oslo. Take care of yourself, Willy.

Fenichel pats Reich on the shoulder and walks away. Reich stares at his back as he does.

INT. LECTURE HALL/LUCERNE - DAY - 1934

Reich stands behind a lectern, looking out across a room full of analysts who no longer consider him a peer.

REICH

For the first time in twelve years, I deliver this paper to you as a guest of this association.

He pauses and scans several faces he knows intimately -- Bibring, Grete, Lia, then settles on Federn, Rado and Annie, all seated next to each other.

REICH

I know most of you won't take this paper seriously, but...between all those public moments of poking fun at me for what I do and how I do it, it's my hope that, privately, some of the findings presented here will resonate with some of you.

INT. TENT OUTSIDE CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE - NIGHT - 1934

Reich lies on top of a sleeping bag in the tent. TEN-YEAR-OLD EVA and SIX-YEAR-OLD LORE sleep on one side, Elsa lies on the other. She turns to him.

ELSA

Are you okay?

REICH

I'm not sure I understand exactly what happened here. Or why.

ELSA

You know exactly why this happened.

REICH

I gave my life to this organization for more than a decade. And this is how they acknowledge my loyalty? My contributions?

ELSA

Don't you see you're free of this? You can do anything you want now. So instead of focusing on what you can't do anymore, why don't you focus on what it is you want to do?

Reich holds her eyes for a beat.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1935

OSLO, NORWAY. SIX MONTHS LATER. A projector projects a presentation onto a screen. Reich stands to the right of it and lectures to a packed room of PEERS AND STUDENTS.

REICH

We know that the biosystem is like a relay switch, just as Friedrich Kraus described in 1926, and I am proposing that the human orgasm also acts in the same capacity, as a form of bioelectrical discharge.

The screen changes to a visual representation of Reich's ORGASM FORMULA.

REICH

This is what I call the orgasm formula, starting with mechanical tension, where organs fill with fluid, followed by bioelectrical charge, bioelectrical discharge, and then mechanical relaxation.

Reich notices Fenichel walk in and stand at the back.

REICH

So, what we're going to do is... we're going to bring this formula to life. We're going to measure it.

Reich walks over to RUDIMENTARY OSCILLOGRAPH that sits on a table nearby.

REICH

With this. Any objections?

The group looks at each other. Each of them shake their head.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/OSLO - DAY - 1935

Reich sits at a table across from Fenichel. Coffees on the table but neither touch them.

REICH

I need to apologize for what I said to you in Lucerne. It was out of line, and I didn't mean to imply you would stab me in the back.

FENICHEL

I appreciate the sentiment, but you don't need to apologize. I hope you know I would have never supported your expulsion.

Silence as Fenichel and Reich hold each other's eyes.

FENICHEL

You're serious about the libido?

REICH

Yes. Will you help me?

FENICHEL

I...I'd like to, but I can't. I just accepted a position in Prague. I'm moving there next month.

REICH

Oh.

FENICHEL

It's sudden, but it's a great opportunity to grow analysis there.

REICH

Yes, I bet it is. Good luck.

FENICHEL

Willy, I hope you know there's still a large group of people who love you, respect you and support you. And they will follow you, wherever you lead them. Because they know that if anyone can do this...it's you. So go do it.

INT. LABORATORY/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1935

Reich fiddles with the settings of the oscillograph. It's connected through wire leads to electrodes. Waal places the electrodes on the nipples of a topless WILLY BRANDT, 21, young but rugged face, thick hair combed completely back.

DR. THEODORE "THEO" WOLFE, 28, tall with slick-backed mobster-like hair, takes notes on a clipboard. KARI BERGGRAV, 24, a photojournalist reeking of coolness, bunchy dark hair atop a slender face, films the events on a handheld film camera.

-- Reich sprinkles sugar onto Brandt's tongue. They gauge the oscillograph's printed reading -- *INCREASED*.

-- Reich blows into a balloon until it's full, waits a beat, then pops it in front of Brandt's face -- *DECREASED*. He strokes Brandt's forearm with a cotton ball -- *INCREASED*.

REICH

Gertrud!

GERTRUD GAASLAND, 21, Reich's mostly innocent Norwegian secretary, pokes her head into the lab.

GERTRUD

Yes, Doctor?

REICH

Please come kiss your husband.

GERTRUD

Why would I do that?

REICH
For science.

-- Gertrud kisses Brandt on the lips as Reich, Waal and Wolfe observe the oscillograph -- *INCREASED*.

REICH
Excellent. Let's move the electrodes to the testicles.

-- The electrodes dangle from Brandt's testicles.

REICH
Kiss him again.

Gertrud kisses Brandt on the lips again as Reich and Waal observe the oscillograph -- *WAY MORE INCREASED!*

REICH
Okay, let's put it on his anus.

INT. LABORATORY/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1935

Reich sits at a table by himself, deep in thought. Wolfe comes and sits on a table next to him.

WOLFE
I think there are people in America who'd be interested in what you did here today.

REICH
It's not enough.

WOLFE
What's not enough?

REICH
All this.

WOLFE
You just measured electrical energy in the human biology. You validated your orgasm theory, the libido, it's all there. We saw it. What else is there to prove?

REICH
Theo, Man is only one living organism. If this energy flows through us, it has to flow through other lifeforms.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
 This might not be just libido. This
 could be something much greater.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH
 And it was.

INT. LABORATORY/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1936

FROM KARI'S HANDHELD POV. Reich adds a gelatinous mixture to a pot full of water and animal tissue. He fires up a heat torch and heats the mixture up until it's incandescent while Waal and Wolfe take notes.

REICH (V.O.)
 I discovered something that existed
 between the states of life and
 death. They were blue, bubble-like
 structures that resembled bacteria.

A series of bright blue glowing vesicles appear.

REICH (V.O.)
 I called them *bions*. I observed
 them spontaneously generating out
 of dead animal tissue.

TIME LAPSES of blades of grass and hay soaking in water slowly disintegrating into the same blue vesicles.

REICH (V.O.)
 Blades of grass. And hay.

Reich's face reddens, his eyes inflamed. Kari's film fogs up.

REICH (V.O.)
 They were emitting some sort of
 radiation, which I thought was
 contaminating us all.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/OSLO - 1936

KARI'S HANDHELD POV. Reich carries a slide of bion cultures into a room made up like a Faraday cage. Wolfe, Waal and Kari follow. The cultures emit a faint blue glow, with little streaks of light projecting off of them.

REICH (V.O.)
 But I was wrong. In fact, it was
 just the opposite.

He then looks down and around and sees the same glow and blue streaks of light coming off of his own body!

INT. REICH'S KITCHEN/OSLO - DAY - 1936

KARI'S HANDHELD POV. Waal leans against a counter. Wolfe sits next to Reich at a table.

WAAL

What did we just see?

Reich seems speechless. He tilts his head down and ruffles his hair, then settles his gaze right at Kari's lens.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - 1957

REICH

Lifeforce energy. You can imagine how the biologists in Oslo reacted.

INT. REICH'S KITCHEN/OSLO - DAY - 1937

Reich reads a newspaper over coffee with Elsa and Waal.

REICH

The Jewish pornographer. Clever.
(annoyed)

A first-year medical student knows more about bacteria and anatomy.

(tossing paper, huffy)

I explained my bion experiments to this man until I was blue in the face! Who does this guy work for?!

WAAL

He's a pathologist.

REICH

Pathologist! A pathological liar more like it! Is he on the Rockefeller payroll?

WAAL

Wouldn't surprise me.

ELSA

Or maybe he just doesn't like you.

Reich objects to her statement with a dramatic, sweeping gesture, like a lawyer pleading with a judge.

REICH

That should not get in the way of science. If people take issue with my character then so be it. But to ridicule my work because they don't see me as an expert in biology is ludicrous. I'm a medical doctor, remember? Yet they slander me by saying a first-year medical student knows more about bacteria and anatomy? Absolutely ridiculous!

Reich inhales and exhales a vicious plume of smoke!

REICH

We need to stop throwing babies out with bathwater. Surely the Americans know that.

ELSA

Why are you talking about America?

REICH

Wolfe said I may be welcomed there.

Elsa and Waal share a doubtful look.

ELSA

Science is a business whether you're in Oslo or New York. It's about money and perception. And if a poor, working-class baby says the bathwater isn't what the people with the money say it is, then the baby will be thrown out with it.

REICH

I am not a baby you throw out.

INT. BEDROOM AT REICH'S HOME/OSLO - NIGHT - 1939

Reich packs his things. Elsa watches on from the doorway, arms crossed, clearly disappointed.

ELSA

You don't have to do this.

REICH

Yes, I do. No one here takes me seriously. Plus, the Nazis targeted me in Berlin and they will surely do it again.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

And I bet their aim is better now.
You'd be wise to go with me, all
things considered.

ELSA

But my work, my life is here. We'll
be okay if you stay.

Reich stops packing, locks eyes with her.

REICH

I don't want to just be okay. I
want to live and work in peace.

EXT. PORT OF OSLO - DAY - 1939

Reich and Elsa share one final, loving-yet-remorseful
embrace. The *SS Stavangerfjord* looms in the background.

REICH (V.O.)

Elsa and I spent seven wonderful
years together before I left for
America. There was a lump in my
throat when I thought of everything
I was leaving behind. I loved her
very, very much.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND - DAY - 1939

A reinvigorated Reich takes in the full view of the Statue of
Liberty from the ship as it nears the port.

REICH (V.O.)

I remember a feeling of such hope
when I saw the Statue of Liberty
for the first time. The same
feeling millions of other
immigrants felt when they saw it.

INT. REICH'S HOUSE/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1940

Reich sits at a desk and sketches out a DRAWING OF A LARGE
ORGONE ACCUMULATOR. Ilse enters and sets down a cup of coffee
next to the sketch and kisses him on the top of the head.

REICH (V.O.)

After I settled in New York I fell
in love again. Ilse became my
secretary, my second wife...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1946

Reich carries 2-YEAR-OLD PETER. ILSE OLLENDORFF walks slightly behind them with 22-YEAR-OLD EVA. The girls giggle among themselves about something.

REICH (V.O.)
 ...and the mother of my son, Peter,
 perhaps the greatest gift that God
 has ever given me.

Reich points out a toy rifle in a store window.

REICH
 Look at that, Peeps. One day I will
 teach you how to shoot a real one.

INT. EINSTEIN'S STUDY/NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1941

JANUARY 1941. Reich stands in front of a bookshelf admiring the collection. On the other side of the room, ALBERT EINSTEIN, 61, not a strand of his iconic hair out of place, pours three glasses of brandy.

REICH (V.O.)
 But America, as it turned out, was
 not entirely the beacon of liberty
 that it appeared to be.

Einstein grabs the glasses, walks over, hands one to Reich, then another to VALENTINE BARGMANN, 33, one of Einstein's most legendary (and pretentious) assistants.

EINSTEIN
 To science.

REICH
 Cheers, Professor.

VALENTINE
 Cheers.

All three down the liquor in one swig. Reich hands his glass back to Einstein. He walks it back to the bar, collecting Valentine's glass along the way.

EINSTEIN
 Well, let's hear it, Doctor. We've
 been waiting all week.

Reich turns and faces the room like his lecture days of old.

REICH

Professor, what if I told you I've identified the very fabric of Creation? Something omnipresent, a specific biological energy that behaves differently than all that's known about electromagnetic energy.

EINSTEIN

I'd ask you to explain it in simpler terms.

He takes a seat behind his desk.

EINSTEIN

For a layman such as myself.

He shoots the room a smile, then pulls a pipe out of a desk drawer. Reich paces around the study.

REICH

It's an energy that's present in all organic matter, in Man, plants, animals, minerals, bacterium, throughout the soil and sky. It interacts with all material in the known universe. And it doesn't seem to obey Newton's third law of thermodynamics.

VALENTINE

Sounds like negative entropy.

REICH

I'd say it's more in line with the idea of the classical Ether, but altogether different. It's not inactive, it's alive. I've called it Orgone, because I've identified it to be present in all living organisms. See, I wanted to quantify the libido, so I --

EINSTEIN

(puffing his pipe)
Freud's libido?

REICH

Yes, so I tested bioelectrical responses to certain stimuli. The results led me to believe the same energy would most likely be present in other living organisms. So I kept following the scent.

EINSTEIN
What does it smell like?

REICH
Like God, Professor.

Einstein and Valentine exchange curious, doubtful glances.

REICH
It would be helpful if we thought
about this in ways beyond science.

EINSTEIN
Religious ways?

REICH
No, religion is man-made. But
something more metaphysical, yes.

VALENTINE
Professor, surely we're not going
to entertain this.

The room sits silent for a couple beats as Einstein puffs his pipe, deep in thought. Reich pulls out an ORGONOSCOPE from his jacket pocket.

REICH
Would you like to see this energy
for yourselves?

INT. EINSTEIN'S BASEMENT/NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1941

Einstein peers through the orgonoscope into the darkness of the room. Reich and Valentine stand on either side of him.

EINSTEIN
What am I looking for?

REICH
Scan the room for flickers of blue
light. You'll see it.

EINSTEIN'S POV THROUGH THE ORGONOSCOPE. He scans the room from left to right. Blue light flickers everywhere.

EINSTEIN (V.O.)
I'll be damned. It's everywhere.

BACK TO SCENE. Einstein lowers the scope and hands it to Valentine. He peers through it.

EINSTEIN
Could this not be subjective?

VALENTINE
(reluctantly)
I see it too.

REICH
I told you. Omnipresent.

EXT. EINSTEIN'S BACK PORCH/NEW JERSEY - NIGHT - 1941

Reich paces the porch, cigarette in hand. Einstein and Valentine sit on chairs. Einstein puffs on his pipe and leans back in his chair.

EINSTEIN
I assume you understand the implications of this.

REICH
I do. And there's another aspect of this that you'd be personally interested in.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1940

Reich, Wolfe, Ilse and Gertrud assemble a large accumulator.

REICH (V.O.)
We've built these boxes, large enough to sit in. They started as a Faraday cage, but evolved quite a bit. I've found that layers of organic and inorganic materials tend to concentrate Orgone toward the interior of the box. I call them Orgone accumulators.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1940

Ilse steps into the accumulator, holds the thermometer up into a closed-off portion at the top of the box and measures the temperature of it.

REICH (V.O.)
We discovered that the temperature inside the accumulators is slightly higher than the ambient temperature elsewhere in the room, with no external heating source.

EXT. EINSTEIN'S BACK PORCH/NEW JERSEY - NIGHT - 1941

Einstein and Valentine exchange glances, Valentine's doubtful, Einstein's a bit more intrigued. Einstein gets up from his chair, walks to the edge of the porch.

EINSTEIN

That seems impossible. But if that's true, that is quite a bomb to drop on the physicists.

Einstein turns back to Reich.

EINSTEIN

Could you build a smaller version of this accumulator?

REICH

I can have one for you next week.

Valentine shakes his head, put off by the idea.

EINSTEIN

Tell me, how long have you been working in physics, Doctor?

REICH

A year or so. I'm a trained medical doctor and psychoanalyst.

VALENTINE

Not even a physicist!

Einstein puffs away on that pipe, thinking.

EINSTEIN

Hmm. What else do you do?

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

I want to make it clear why I went to Einstein in the first place.

INT. MARXIST WORKERS UNIVERSITY/BERLIN - DAY - 1932

FLASHBACK TO BERLIN, 1932. Reich sits at the front of a large, standing-room-only crowd. He stares up at Einstein as he moves across the stage and lectures.

REICH (V.O.)

I first met him at the Marxist Workers University in Berlin. He and I both lectured there. I assumed since we had that in common he would be a receptive audience.

INT. REICH'S LIVING ROOM/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

Reich stamps around the room and reads a letter to Ilse, seated on a couch.

REICH (V.O.)

And he was. At least at first.

REICH

It is my conclusion, after ten days of experiments, that the effect is due to a temperature gradient inside the room. Through these experiments I regard the matter as completely solved.

Reich scoffs as he places his hands on his hips, then crumples up the letter and throws it against the wall in a fit of rage and huffs out of the room!

He comes back a moment later, grabs the balled-up paper and unfolds it. He catches Ilse's eyes, watching him like a mother would observe her tantrum-throwing child.

REICH

Are you not outraged?!

Ilse gets up and places her hands on Reich's shoulders.

ILSE

Calm down. It's just one man's opinion. Even if it is Einstein's.

REICH

That damn assistant of his had it in for me before I even arrived! We need to get back into the laboratory and be extra diligent this time.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

Reich furiously types another letter on a typewriter.

REICH (V.O.)
Dear Professor Einstein, I have
taken a good deal of time to answer
your letter.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1941

Reich removes a SMALL ORGONE ACCUMULATOR from a 1939 CHRYSLER
NEW YORKER and lugs it up to the door.

REICH (V.O.)
As you will remember, our agreement
was to investigate experimentally
any objections that might come up.

INT. EINSTEIN'S BASEMENT/NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1941

Reich sets the accumulator on a table. Einstein and Valentine
examine it.

REICH (V.O.)
I did not come to you with a
trifling matter and not without due
consideration.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

A FEMALE PATIENT steps into the LARGE ACCUMULATOR. Reich
closes the door behind her. Ilse stands on a chair next to
the accumulator with a thermometer and says something to
Gertrud, who writes in a notebook.

REICH (V.O.)
The experimental basis on which my
work developed has safeguarded me
against such accidents as the
temperature difference at the
tabletop as the explanation of the
phenomenon.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

Reich continues to type.

REICH (V.O.)
Of this, you could not know and
thus had to take your assistant's
objection seriously.

INT. EINSTEIN'S STUDY/NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1941

Einstein reads the end of Reich's letter, then sets it aside.

REICH (V.O.)
 However, I was quite disturbed
 because you seemed ready to give up
 so soon.

INT. REICH'S BEDROOM/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

NINE MONTHS AFTER THE EINSTEIN AFFAIR. Reich lies next to Ilse in bed, both asleep. Banging on the front door downstairs wakes Ilse first. She nudges Reich.

ILSE
 Willy.

Reich stirs, slightly. The knocking continues.

ILSE
 Willy, someone's at the door.

Reich opens his eyes, immediately annoyed and wide awake, almost as if he wasn't asleep to begin with.

INT. REICH'S LIVING ROOM/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

Reich ambles toward the front door in his pajamas and bathrobe. He opens the door and sees FBI AGENT BERLE, 34, and FBI AGENT THOMPSON, 32, both in suits and fedoras.

BERLE
 Wilhelm Reich?

REICH
 I beg your pardon?

BERLE
 Are you Wilhelm Reich?

REICH
*Doctor Wilhelm Reich, associate
 professor of medical psychology and
 director of the Orgone Institute.
 Why are you on my doorstep at this
 ungodly hour?*

Berle flashes a badge.

BERLE
Agent Berle, Federal Bureau of
Investigation. This is Agent
Thompson. We have orders to bring
you into custody.

REICH
Have I committed a crime?

BERLE
We're not at liberty to say.

REICH
Where do you plan to take me?

THOMPSON
We can't tell you that.

Ilse walks into the room in her bathrobe.

ILSE
Who is it? Who are these men?

REICH
These men are FBI agents Berle and
Thompson and they want to take me
into custody.

ILSE
For what?

REICH
They won't say.

THOMPSON
We can't say.

REICH
I'd like to speak with my lawyer.

BERLE
We can't allow you to do that.

Reich seethes and slams the door in the face of the agents!

ILSE
What are you doing?!

REICH
They have no right!

Berle pounds on the door again!

ILSE
They're not going to go away.

Berle pounds again!

BERLE (O.S.)
Mr. Reich, open up!

Reich almost tears the doors off its hinges when he opens it!

BERLE
Easy way or hard way. Your choice.

REICH
My choice?! Of course it is!

THOMPSON
You may want to stop yelling.
You'll wake your neighbors.

Reich laughs, almost maniacally!

REICH
We wouldn't want to wake the
neighbors, would we?! That'd be the
scandal of the century!
Faschistische stiefellecker!

Reich glances at Ilse, then double-takes her.

ILSE
Just go with them. Please.

Reich's anger quickly subsides into defeat.

REICH
Let me put my clothes on.

BERLE
We can't allow you to do that.

INT. FBI SEDAN/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1941

Reich sits in the back of a car in his bathrobe. Thompson drives, Berle sits shotgun. Reich stares out the window at the Statue of Liberty as the car approaches a snow-capped Ellis Island.

REICH
May I ask a question?

Berle cocks his head back toward Reich.

BERLE

Sure.

REICH

Did Einstein put you up to this?

BERLE

Einstein? *Albert* Einstein?

The agents chuckle at the idea!

INT. ELLIS ISLAND DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT - 1941

Reich lies on the floor on a pile of newspaper amidst hundreds of German-American bunds.

REICH (V.O.)

I was detained for twenty-five days and slept on the floor on stacks of American propaganda, next to others accused of these same ridiculous thought-crimes. I did not get a hearing until day fifteen.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND DETENTION CENTER - DAY - 1941

Reich sits in a chair in front of three members of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, seated at a table. FULDA TRIER, 40, a large African-American woman, speaks.

FULDA

Are you now or have you ever been on the advisory board of the communist party in this country?

REICH

No. The communists persecuted me in 1932. I've written and worked against the communist dictatorship since then.

INT. REICH'S OFFICE/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1941

Berle and Thompson ransack Reich's bookshelf, tossing books on the floor without care or remorse. Ilse watches.

FULDA (V.O.)

FBI agents found copies of Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Leon Trotsky's *My Life* and a Russian alphabet book in your home. How do you explain your possession of these?

The agents pull out copies of the books mentioned.

REICH (V.O.)

I study mass psychology, which means I study all behavior. If people are going to manipulate the masses, I want to know how their minds work.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

That was a microcosm of my time in New York City.

REICH (CONT'D)

The place itself was overwhelming and proved too much for me.

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE - DAY - 1947

ESTABLISHING THE PROPERTY AND THE CLEAR BLUE SKIES.

REICH (V.O.)

We relocated to a two-hundred-acre property in Maine, where the Orgone energy was far more abundant.

EXT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1947

Reich sits on the steps that lead to the front door, playing an upbeat tune on an accordion. On the porch behind him, Ilse dances with 3-YEAR-OLD PETER.

REICH (V.O.)

Unfortunately, the hoodlums in government followed me there too.

As Reich continues to play, A BLACK SEDAN pulls up the driveway. Reich spots it immediately, then slowly fades the tune out. Ilse catches sight of the car too.

Reich plops his accordion down on the steps, leaves the porch and meets the vehicle as it parks near the cottage.

FDA Inspector CHARLES WOOD, 35, handsome, spectacled, clean-shaven, a fedora covering thick dark hair, steps out.

REICH

Excuse me, this is private property. Did you not see the chain at the end of the drive?

WOOD

I did. My name is Charles Wood. I'm the local inspector for the Food and Drug Administration.

Wood extends his hand. Reich returns the gesture.

REICH

Welcome to Orgonon, Mr. Wood.

WOOD

You play the accordion?

REICH

And the piano. Would you care to come in and talk, perhaps over a fresh lemonade?

WOOD

That's quite kind of you.

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1947

Reich sits across from Wood, sipping a glass of lemonade.

REICH

Is the FDA interested in my work?

WOOD

We are. You have a device...

REICH

The orgone accumulator.

WOOD

Yes. I was wondering if I could get some information about it.

REICH

(suspiciously)

How did you hear about it?

WOOD

An article in the *New Republic*.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1947

FLASHBACK TO NEW YORK CITY, TWO MONTHS PRIOR. A magazine lies open on a table to an article titled "The Strange Case of Wilhelm Reich" by Mildred Edie Brady. An animated line draws around a chunk of text.

BRADY (V.O.)

The man who blames both neuroses and cancer on unsatisfactory sexual activities has been repudiated by only one scientific journal.

Another animated line draws around a line of text.

BRADY (V.O.)

Freud saw fit to take issue with him.

And then a final line drawn and pulled forward.

BRADY (V.O.)

The growing Reich cult has to be dealt with.

Reich stares down at the magazine. Ilse leans against a lab table next to him. Peter plays with a yo-yo on the floor.

ILSE

At least her piece in *Harper's* was more neutral. More people read that anyway.

Reich slams his hand on the magazine!

REICH

We showed that woman exactly how the accumulator worked! She knew when she left there was nothing sexual about the experience!

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1947

FLASHBACK TO NEW YORK CITY, ONE MONTH BEFORE THAT. MILDRED EDIE BRADY, 40, heavily clothed with short, graying hair and a sunken face that makes her look twice her age, points to a large orgone accumulator along the far wall.

BRADY

This is it? It's just a box.

REICH

It's more than a box. Look, there's steel wool, metal, fiberglass. The Orgone energy penetrates the walls and is absorbed into the materials. All you have to do is sit inside. The stronger the bioenergetic charge of the organism the shorter the session, and vice versa. And since Orgone energy penetrates everything it's not necessary to undress. Although I would recommend removing your heavy clothing for better results.

INT. REICH'S BASEMENT/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1947

BACK TO THE CONVERSATION ABOUT THE ARTICLE. Reich gets up and paces. He remains calm in his speech yet is clearly agitated.

REICH

Do you know what this is?

ILSE

You think she works for the Soviets?

REICH

We know she does, but it's even deeper than that. This is a sex-crazed woman projecting her own repressions into her reporting. There's no other explanation. Why else would someone represent our work as some sort of perverse fantasy unless they themselves had perverse fantasies? It's psychological projection and it's --

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1947

BACK TO THE FDA VISIT. Reich's face turns angry. He throws his hands in the air!

REICH

A complete defamation! That woman is sick and sexually repressed!

WOOD

Regardless. You could see why we'd take an interest in your work.

REICH

(calming down)

Of course, yes. The work is what matters, even if it's defamed by Communist character assassins disguised as journalists.

WOOD

I'm wondering if the accumulator is able to be classified as a medical device according to our standards.

Reich doesn't reply right away, just takes another sip of his lemonade as he considers his options. He picks up a piece of paper and a pen and starts writing.

REICH

Follow the road to the workshop and ask for Clista. She can give you everything you need.

Reich hands Wood the paper. In big, bold writing it says, "THIS MAN IS FROM THE FDA. PLEASE ACCOMMODATE. - WR"

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - NIGHT - 1957

REICH

Perhaps the biggest mistake I have ever made. My assistant Clista gave him more than he needed. They married a few months after they met in my workshop. Suddenly the FDA had access to anything they wanted as it pertained to the accumulator.

INT. STUDENTS' LABORATORY/MAINE - DAY - 1954

Reich observes a CANCER PATIENT in an orgone accumulator. Peter stands behind him and plays with a red yo-yo.

REICH

How are you feeling?

CANCER PATIENT

Ten years younger!

REICH

You look it too. Not so pale. Let's check that tumor.

Reich feels around the patient's neck.

REICH
Smaller. Good. Let's do a few more
sessions next week.

Eva, now 30, enters the lab.

EVA
Mr. Wood is here again.

REICH
What does he want?

EVA
Your head, probably.

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE - DAY - 1954

Reich ambles toward Wood, Peter and Eva in tow, and TWO OTHER
FDA INSPECTORS, dressed like film noir detectives. Marshal
William Doherty stands next to them. They converse in front
of two late 1940s black sedans.

REICH
Do you hoodlums have nothing better
to do than harass people trying to
make the world a better place?

Wood nods off into the distance at a CLOUDBUSTER on a large
metal platform in the yard.

WOOD
What's that contraption you have
over there?

Reich follows his gaze, then turns back.

REICH
That's neither a food nor a drug
nor anything you need to concern
yourselves with.

FDA INSPECTOR 1
We heard you point it into the sky
in hopes that it produces rain.

REICH
Where'd you hear that from, the
Weather Bureau?

FDA INSPECTOR 2
Our sources are confidential.

REICH

Not really. But your sources are half-right. I use it to water the lawn. What else can I do for you?

Wood nods at Doherty, who steps forward, flashes his badge and hands Reich a thick envelope.

DOHERTY

Wilhelm Reich, Deputy U.S. Marshal William Doherty. It's my duty to inform you that an injunction has been filed against you by the United States District Court.

Reich unseals the envelope and pulls out the contents.

WOOD

Your sales of orgone accumulators are in violation of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. The interstate shipping of the accumulators is now prohibited as well as any literature promoting them, and all devices and their literature in your possession must be destroyed.

DOHERTY

Should you violate this injunction you'll be charged with contempt of court. Do you understand?

Reich looks up and says nothing.

WOOD

It's in your best interest to comply, and I'm sure you will. You're a good American, aren't you?

Reich stares daggers through Wood!

DOHERTY

We'll be back to supervise the destruction of the devices tomorrow, if that's okay.

Reich again stays silent.

DOHERTY

Very well. Good day, Doctor.

Reich watches the men load into their sedans and leave. His eyes follow them down the driveway.

EXT. FIELD/MAINE - DAY - 1954

Peter and TWO REICH ASSOCIATES swing an axe at the last Orgone accumulator. The steel wool dangles from the side panels like intestines. The associates step back but Peter takes several more swings at it. Reich walks up beside him.

REICH
That's enough, Pete.

Peter swings a few more times, then stops. Reich surveys the damage for a beat, then turns and yells, hard and sharp, at Doherty and TWO FDA INSPECTORS!

REICH
Are you satisfied, gentlemen?!
Would you like us to burn it now?!

Doherty holds a hand up.

DOHERTY
That's sufficient, Doctor.

Reich's cheeks and eyes turn red, burning with emotion!

REICH
But we have gasoline! Don't you
think this would make a nice fire?!

DOHERTY
We'll be on our way now. We've done
what we came to do.

The marshals turn and head toward their cars. Reich bolts in their direction and chastises them!

REICH
What about books?! We can burn more
of them too! And instruments! I
have scientific instruments! We can
throw those on the pile too!

Reich comes between Doherty and his car door. Doherty lowers his head, not even trying to make eye contact.

DOHERTY
Doctor, please. Excuse me.

REICH
Yes, of course. What am I thinking?
You have other lives to ruin.

Doherty opens the driver side door and gets in. He starts the car, then lowers the window, his face somehow both red and white with embarrassment.

DOHERTY

Dr. Reich...I'm very sorry.

REICH

You should be. One day you'll understand what happened here.

EXT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1954

Reich lowers a flag on a flagpole.

EXT. FIELD/MAINE - DAY - 1954

Reich carries the flag over to the accumulator pile, then drapes it over its remains. He steps back, pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, lights up, and stares down at the flag-covered rubble.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY - 1956

TUCSON, ARIZONA. TWO YEARS LATER. Reich stands in the bed of a large pickup truck. He points a cloudbuster into the sky. Peter stands beside him, operating a cloudbuster of his own.

REICH

Lower your pipes. Remember, we're trying to draw moisture. We want to lower it over the horizon.

PETER

Don't we want bigger clouds so we can draw even more moisture?

Reich lets go of the cloudbuster and looks at his son. Reich grabs the cloudbuster again.

REICH

Let's draw from the vicinity of the cloud and increase the size of them. Then we'll go to the horizon.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY (DUSK) - 1956

Reich and Peter sit on the gate of the truck as the sun sets. Reich stares into the sky with binoculars. Peter reads an issue of *Astounding Stories of Super-Science*.

PETER

When's it going to rain?

REICH

Patience. What are you reading?

Peter flips the book to its cover so Reich can see it.

REICH

Let me tell you something about these stories. Everything you read in them, it's all possible. They try to fool you by labeling it fiction, but if you set your mind to it, all of it can be real.

PETER

Like the cloudbuster. The bus driver tells me every day it's fake and stupid and doesn't work. But I've seen it work. It's real.

Reich lets out a sigh, then crosses his arms with concern.

REICH

Have you discussed the Black Plague in school?

PETER

No. What is it?

REICH

A long time ago there was a terrible sickness called the Black Plague that spread across Europe and killed millions of people. Throughout my research, I've discovered a new kind of plague, an emotional plague that makes people behave in certain ways.

PETER

How do you know if you're sick?

REICH

You lie, you deceive, you spy, you slander.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

It's worse than the Black Plague because the people who are infected don't want to be cured. They lash out in anger and rage at the people who want to cure them. These people have been sick for so long they think the sickness is health. That's why the bus driver says the things he does to you.

He looks up into the sky for a couple beats before rain drops hit the cover of Peter's magazine!

PETER

Dad, look!

More rain drops pelt the bed of the truck! Reich lets out a big belly laugh as a heavy rain starts falling!

Peter slides his magazine under his shirt and starts laughing too as he and Reich scramble into the truck!

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE - DAY - 1956

Reich and Peter rumble into the driveway in the pickup truck and drive up to the cottage. Two black sedans sit outside. Reich parks the truck. They get out. Peter shoots Reich a worrisome glance as Reich beelines for the front door.

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1956

Reich finds Eva with Doherty and another US MARSHAL.

REICH

Who are these men and why are they in my house?

Everyone spins to see Reich. Peter rushes up behind him. Doherty flashes his badge.

DOHERTY

Wilhelm Reich, Deputy U.S. Marshal
William Doherty. We've met before.

REICH

I'm sure we have. What brings you here again?

DOHERTY

An associate of yours shipped some of your prohibited items across state lines last week.

REICH

What does that have to do with me?
What he does is his business.

DOHERTY

I can't speak to that. But it's my
duty to inform you that you've been
charged with contempt of court for
violations of the federal
injunction issued against you. I
should also inform you of your
right to remain silent.

Reich looks defeated, but it quickly fades away. He scoffs.

REICH

When have I ever had the right to
do anything?

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - DAY (DAWN) - 1957

Reich lights a cigarette, inhales and exhales a depressing
plume of smoke.

REICH

I won't bore you with the courtroom
proceedings, but we lost and
appealed, and lost and appealed
again, and eventually appealed all
the way to the Supreme Court but to
no avail. A complete miscarriage of
justice by hoodlums in government.
And so the story ends here.

A saddened, almost deadened Reich pauses in reflection. He
glances out the window and sees that night has turned to day.

REICH

Yet the riddle of Man continues.
*Man is born free, yet everywhere he
is in chains. Man is born free, yet
goes through life as slave. How did
this change come about?*

INT. AMBULATORIUM COMMON AREA/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

22-year-old Reich lectures to his Viennese colleagues.

REICH

This was a question posed by the
philosopher Rousseau nearly two-
hundred years ago.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

And there has been something at work within human society that has rendered impotent every attempt to answer this great riddle. Because wherever we turn we find Man running around in circles as if trapped and searching for an exit in vain and in desperation.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1935

Reich lectures to his Oslo colleagues.

REICH

But in order to break out of a prison, one must confess to being in a prison in the first place. And this prison, this trap, is Man's emotional structure. And so we must ask, where is the exit out of that?

INT. STUDENTS' LABORATORY/MAINE - DAY - 1955

Eva and a group of TWENTY-FIVE STUDENTS AND LAB ASSISTANTS sit scattered about the room. Reich commands their attention in front of a series of windows. Peter sits up near Reich.

REICH

And this is the emotional plague of Man. And this plague, this riddle, this is what our work is meant to solve. But I cannot do it alone. And this is why you are all here, right now. To help bring this message to Man, so he can finally solve the riddle of his own evasiveness and his own slavery.

INT. REICH'S STUDY/MAINE - DAY (DAWN) - 1957

REICH

So he can finally live the life he has always been destined to live.

He hits STOP on the recorder, then his eyes settle on Freud's portraited eyes staring back at him.

REICH

You look miserable.

He takes a couple beats to sit with himself in silent reflection. The silence is broken by --

PETER (O.S.)

Dad.

Reich looks up at Peter. He stands in the doorway, wide awake and ready for the day.

PETER

What time do you have to leave?

REICH

Soon.

Peter walks over, sits on Reich's lap and hugs him tightly.

PETER

I don't want you to go.

Reich embraces his son and sheds some tears. Peter does too. After a few heavy, emotional beats, they let go of the embrace and collect themselves.

PETER

Sometimes I think I cry too much.

REICH

Tears are the great softener, Pete. Remember, we want our emotions to flow. Keep your belly soft. Okay?

He nods. Reich runs his hands through his son's bushy hair.

REICH

C'mon. Let's go have some fun before I leave.

EXT. TOP-DECK OBSERVATORY/MAINE - DAY - 1957

Peter focuses his eyes through the sight of the Colt .45. He and Reich face the woods.

REICH

Do you see where you're aiming?

PETER

Right at that tree.

REICH

Settle your hands and fire when you're ready.

Peter takes a deep breath, then squeezes the trigger. He misses the mark.

PETER

Dammit!

REICH

No pouting. Try it again.

Peter aims again.

REICH

Calm down. Deep breath.

Peter takes a calming breath, then fires off another shot and hits his mark!

PETER

Yes! Bullseye!

Reich claps his hands, lets out a celebratory belly laugh!

REICH

You're a sharper shooter than Billy the Kid!

The noise of two black sedans pulling up near the cottage cuts the moment short.

PETER

Is that the government?

Reich stares down at the sedans.

REICH

Those are just men like you and me.

PETER

I can hit them from here, you know.

REICH

Give me the gun, Pete.

He hands it over.

REICH

Don't ever point this at anyone.

Reich leans against the railing as he and Peter watch Doherty and two other marshals get out of their cars.

REICH

I want you to remember something. People only fight back like this if they're scared. These men and the people they work for, they're scared by the truth of life. But we stood up for that truth. That takes courage. That's why I've always told you never to lie, because lying is not brave.

Reich stands up straight, turns to face his son.

REICH

I need you to be brave now. Will you do that for me?

PETER

I will.

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE - DAY - 1957

Doherty escorts Reich into the back of one of the sedans. Reich looks back at Peter on the porch, strong and brave but tears streaming down his face. Eva stands beside him, consoling him with her hands on his shoulders.

The sedan fires up and pulls away, the other sedan in tow behind it. As the cars roll down the driveway, Reich sees people from his past dotting the landscape.

Einstein and his assistant Valentine. Waal, Wolfe and Gertrud. Federn, Anna, Jones, Ferenczi, Rado. Lia, Grete, Bibring. Fenichel. Freud. His ex-wives and lovers -- Ilse, Elsa, Annie, Lore. His younger brother Robert. And then the final haunting image of his mother Cecile and father Leon.

The cars barrel out of the end of the driveway and roll past a sign that says ORGONON -- ORGONOMIC BASIC RESEARCH -- RESTRICTED -- NO ADMITTANCE.

FADE OUT.

TEXT OVER BLACK -- *Dr. Wilhelm Reich arrived at Danbury Federal Prison on March 12, 1957, to serve a two-year sentence for violating the court-ordered injunction.*

One week later, Reich was transferred to Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania. He died there of a heart attack on November 3, 1957, just days before a parole hearing. He was 60 years old.

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY - 1968

A large group of COLLEGE STUDENTS PROTEST in the streets!
They face off with a horde of BERLIN POLICE OFFICERS IN RIOT
GEAR who form a line several rows deep in front of them!

The students yell in German -- FUCKING FACISTS! SOCIAL REFORM
NOW! THIS ISN'T HITLER'S GERMANY!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Despite having books burned by both the
Nazis and the United States government, Reich's work has
inspired many countercultural movements.*

Students throw copies of Reich's *THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF
FASCISM* at police officers!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Eleven years after his death, in 1968,
university students protesting for social and political
reform took to the streets of Berlin and Paris.*

The books hit the riot shields and fall to the ground!

EXT. ALLEY IN PARIS - DAY - 1968

A FRENCH STUDENT tags a wall with A CAN OF BLACK SPRAY PAINT.
The letters I -- C -- H --

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Reich pioneered the field of the mind-body
connection and is considered the founder of the field of body-
oriented psychotherapy.*

The student tosses the can of spray paint into a backpack and
hightails out of the alley! The tag comes into full view --
VIVE WILHELM REICH!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *His work with Orgone Energy remains
controversial, despite continued interest in his experiments.*

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY - 1968

The police officers advance toward the angry mob of students!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *The motto Reich lived by continues to
inspire modern-day readers, students, and practitioners.*

*"Love, work and knowledge are the well-springs of our life.
They should also govern it."*

The text fades off as the officers' black boots trample over
copies of *THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM*!

FADE TO BLACK.