

REICH

Written by

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I/E. US MARSHAL SEDAN/MAINE - DAY (DAWN) - 1957

The sound of light rain as the sedan moves through a gray morning. DR. WILHELM REICH (60) sits in the backseat, a look of confusion and contemplation plastered on his ruddy, weathered face as he stares out the rain-streaked windows.

WILLIAM DOHERTY (40s), a lanky US Marshal with a fedora on top of graying hair, drives the car, while another US MARSHAL (30s) 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, takes in the exterior of the facility.

INT. DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

Reich goes through a QUICK MONTAGE of the typical inmate booking process. During fingerprinting, he studies his own hands as if they belong to someone else. During photographing, he stares directly into the camera with unsettling intensity.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD (30s) leads Reich down a long row of cells. They hear scattered fragments of murmured conversation... *the weather doctor... built those sex boxes... treated cancer with blue light or something...*

He moves through the gossip like a ghost, head held high. Through barred windows, dark clouds gather. As thunder rolls, one inmate presses against his bars.

INMATE

Show us some of that sex magic!
Make it rain, doc!

DANBURY PRISON GUARD

Okay, that's enough. Pipe down.

The guard stops in front a cell, unlocks it and slides open the door. Reich steps in.

DANBURY PRISON GUARD

Don't get too comfortable. You're scheduled for a psych evaluation at the top of the hour.

REICH

Is that necessary?

DANBURY PRISON GUARD

Standard operating procedure for cases like yours.

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. Before he can answer, thunder cracks again. He shoots the guard an uneasy smile.

REICH

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

INT. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

Reich sits in a chair, a lit cigarette perched on his lips. A door swings open behind him and he cranes his neck.

DR. RICHARD HUBBARD, 32, brown curly coiffed hair, a boyish face obviously less worn than Reich's, confidently strides into the room, briefcase in one hand, coffee mug in another.

HUBBARD

Dr. Reich, Dr. Richard Hubbard.

Hubbard flops his briefcase and mug on a desk and takes a seat opposite Reich, who regards him with surly contempt.

Hubbard unclasps his briefcase and pulls out a legal pad and pen, then nods toward Reich's psoriasis-covered hand as he brings his cigarette to his mouth.

HUBBARD

The prison doctor can treat that,
you know.

Reich contemptuously exhales a plume of smoke.

REICH

The only treatment for my condition
is orgone energy.

Hubbard begins scribbling in his notebook.

HUBBARD

Yes, orgone. You describe that as a
lifeforce energy, right?

REICH

You've read my work?

HUBBARD

I have.

Reich's eyes narrow slightly.

REICH

Did you read the hit pieces from
Harper's? The New Republic? Or
perhaps you prefer the more
academic slander?

HUBBARD

I've read it all.

REICH

Would it interest you to know that
none of my accusers ever sat in an
accumulator? Not one of them
observed a bion experiment.

HUBBARD

And what would I observe if I did
those things?

REICH

You would observe what Einstein
observed. What all the others were
too afraid to see.

HUBBARD

Which was?

Reich takes a long drag of his cigarette, studying Hubbard.

REICH

God's creation. From a scientific perspective. This creation runs on an energy source that we cannot see with the naked eye, yet we can measure it with modern scientific tools. This is what I have discovered, the very fabric of creation, a moldable energy field that forces both holy and unholy can influence. Do you see now?

HUBBARD

Sure. Thank you for the explanation. You also claim there's such thing as deadly orgone?

REICH

D-O-R. Deadly Orgone Radiation.

HUBBARD

Would this D-O-R be the energy of the unholy then?

REICH

The energy of the unholy is in your pen, I'm afraid.

Hubbard shoots a curious glance at his pen, then nods at Reich's cigarette.

HUBBARD

Does your cigarette contain this deadly orgone?

Reich exhales another plume of smoke.

REICH

Your analytical methods are quite robotic thus far.

Hubbard, taken aback by the unwanted critique, carefully jots down a quick note. Reich leans back in his chair, takes a deep breath as the two men lock eyes, Reich more intense, as the moment constricts and then expands.

HUBBARD

Dr. Reich, I feel like we've gotten off on the wrong foot, so let me start over and put this plainly. As you know, I'm here to evaluate your psychological condition.

(MORE)

HUBBARD (CONT'D)

The result of my evaluation will play a role in the duration of your stay here. Is that clear?

REICH

Yes. And in that case, let me help you better understand my condition.

(leaning forward)

There's been a conspiracy to suppress my work and make my life difficult to live for some time now. The Soviets and the Rockefellers have pursued me from the canals of Vienna to the mountains of Scandinavia to the streets of New York City to the confines of...

(tapping his finger on the table)

...*this very facility.*

Hubbard stops writing, looks up from his notepad.

HUBBARD

You think people here are conspiring against you?

REICH

How else does one find himself in a prison if people aren't conspiring to keep him there?

Hubbard nods slightly in acknowledgement.

HUBBARD

Another explanation is you're here because of your own doing. You violated a federal injunction and were found guilty of contempt of court. That's the reality.

REICH

Fascists in black robes do not define reality in a courtroom.

HUBBARD

This isn't Nazi Germany, Doctor.

REICH

My books have been burned by both the Nazis and the United States government. What's the difference?

HUBBARD

I would say the difference is democracy. With checks and balances. And laws. And when people break laws they --

REICH

(interrupting him)

FDA regulations are not laws. But I wouldn't expect someone in your position to know that.

A frustrated Hubbard scratches at his jaw.

HUBBARD

Why don't we talk about Freud?

REICH

What does Freud have to do with this inquisition?

Hubbard leans back, readjusts his position.

HUBBARD

This is not an inquisition. It's --

REICH

(cutting him off again)

This is a witch hunt. It has been for thirty years. And if you know my work with Freud, you know exactly where it leads.

Reich waves his cigarette-filled hand around, referencing the confined room in which he sits.

HUBBARD

Then help me understand how you got here. It may be beneficial, all things considered.

Reich hesitates for a beat, then stubs what's left of his smoke in an ashtray on the desk. He stands and walks to a window. Thunder rolls outside as rain pelts the glass. He peers out for a beat, Hubbard's eyes locked on his back.

REICH

Where would you like to begin?

HUBBARD

Wherever you'd like.

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY - 1919

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

Lines for food rations, closed businesses and workers' protest dot the landscape. He also passes...

- A CLOSED SIGN hangs over the entrance to a theatre.
- A sign that says REDUCED HOURS in the window of a train station.
- A newsstand, where newspapers carry the headline SOCIAL DEMOCRATS WIN 100 OF 165 SEATS AS PROTESTS CONTINUE.
- Reich then hustles across a street into one of the city's most iconic buildings -- BERGGASSE 19.

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.

(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

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.

FENICHEL
So? What did he say?

REICH
(after a deep breath)
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 -- HEINRICH KAHN'S *PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS*, HAVELOCK ELLIS' *SEXUAL INVERSION*, Freud's own *THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS*, *THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE*, *THREE ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF SEXUALITY*.

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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - 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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - 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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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!

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.

ANNIE PINK, a mature 18, short brown hair atop a girl-next-door look, stands in the back near the door. She catches Reich's eye and smiles. He returns 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. FREUD'S OFFICE/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Freud with cigar and Reich with cigarette.

FREUD

I'd like to discuss your future as an analyst.

REICH

Oh. Did I do something wrong?

FREUD

Not at all. In fact, quite the opposite. I'd like to recommend you for full membership into the Vienna Psychoanalytical Society.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

Although there will be requirements you'll need to fulfill.

REICH

Please name them.

FREUD

You'll need to present a paper to the executive committee. There's no specific subject to address, just as long as it's analytical in nature. They just want an example of how you think about things. And you'll need to undergo analysis of your own once admitted.

REICH

I'd be happy to do both. Who would you recommend for analysis?

FEDERN (O.S.)

Well, Von Jauregg is at it again with the -- oh.

PAUL FEDERN, 48, a tall Austrian with slumped shoulders, a bald head and a full gray beard, stands in the doorway. He notices Reich.

FEDERN

My apologies. I didn't know you were with a patient.

FREUD

Not a patient. This is Wilhelm Reich, the student in charge of the sexology seminar I told you about.

Federn walks further into the room.

FREUD

Willy, I want you to meet Paul Federn. He's one of our most senior analysts and a member of the executive committee of the Society.

Reich stands and shakes Federn's hand.

REICH

An honor to meet you, sir.

FEDERN

Likewise. Sigmund has told me much about you. I heard you cured a compulsive masturbator.

REICH

I prefer to say he's *symptom-free* instead of cured, but yes, his compulsions are gone and he's living a healthy life again.

FEDERN

Not bad for your first patient.

REICH

Probably just beginner's luck.

FEDERN

Probably. But I look forward to hearing more about your methods. I told Sigmund the other day that our analysis *could* use some refinement.

REICH

I would agree.

Federn shoots a quick, dubious glance at Freud.

FREUD

Yes, well, Paul is a great ally to have, and an even better friend. I trust him with my life.

Reich holds Freud's eyes, then nods and smiles at Federn.

INT. LIBRARY/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - DAY - 1920

Reich writes on a legal pad. Annie approaches with a bookbag and stack of books. She glances down at his paper.

ANNIE

The Libido Conflict and Delusion of Peer Gynt. Provocative title.

Reich looks up, surprised and smitten and proud.

REICH

I'm presenting it to the Vienna Psychoanalytical Society tomorrow for membership consideration.

ANNIE

Ah, the old Wednesday Society. That's what they used to call it before it became so formal. You don't seem like the society type.

REICH

What type do I seem like?

ANNIE

You're the analyst. You tell me.

She walks to a nearby table. Reich's eyes linger on her.

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

Freud introduces Reich to a group of his CLOSEST ASSOCIATES. There's Federn, ANNA FREUD, 23, Freud's short-haired, rumored-to-be-a-lesbian-but-not-having-it daughter, SÁNDOR FERENCZI, 44, rounded spectacles on a rounder face, bald head with gray back and sides...

EDUARD HITSCHMANN, 47, tall, deep-set eyes, gray mustache and the same gray hair style as Ferenczi, and ERNEST JONES, 42, short parted brown hair above a strong square face, the textbook definition of Little Man Syndrome.

FREUD

Willy, these are some of the members of the executive committee of the Vienna Psychoanalytical Society and the International Psychoanalytical Association.

Reich shakes hands with everyone as they're introduced.

FREUD

Eduard Hitschmann, Sándor Ferenczi, my daughter Anna, and Ernest Jones, visiting us from merry old England.

REICH

It's nice to meet you all. The honor and pleasure is mine.

Federn stands at the end of the row of associates.

FREUD

And you've met Paul.

REICH

Good to see you again.

Federn nods.

FEDERN

Indeed.

FREUD

Willy has prepared a paper for us,
which I'm quite looking forward to.
So, let's begin.

Freud takes a seat with his peers. 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*?

Everyone nods.

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 energy to flow
properly. 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. FREUD'S APARTMENT/VIENNA - NIGHT (LATER) - 1920

Freud, Anna, Federn, Jones, Hitschmann and Ferenczi sit scattered around.

FEDERN

I must admit the paper was impressive, but I'm not sure we should admit an undergraduate.

FREUD

Why not?

FEDERN

It's never been done before.

FREUD

What better reason to do it then?

JONES

I think what Federn's trying to say is, perhaps those with more experience should be admitted. He's only been seeing patients for a few weeks. It does seem premature.

FREUD

Anna, what do you think?

ANNA

He did cure a compulsive masturbator. That's not easy.

FEDERN

It's not necessarily difficult either. You just suggest they stop masturbating so much.

FERENCZI

If I may share my opinion?

Freud nods affirmatively.

FERENCZI

I think as we continue to shift the way analysis is done, and as we try to reach more people, particularly the youth and the working class, the analysts who know their struggle will serve our mission well. I see no reason for a talented undergraduate like Reich not to be admitted.

FEDERN

Well, there it is then.

FREUD

There what is?

FEDERN

Oh, nothing, just whenever Ferenczi says something it's taken as gospel and that's the way you go.

FREUD

Is that true? Do I do that? Anna?

ANNA

Not every time.

FREUD

Hitschmann?

HITSCHMANN

I can't say I keep track.

FREUD

We've had our disagreements, have we not?

FERENCZI

Sure, sure. We disagreed on the one thing just last week.

FEDERN

What thing?

FREUD

(ignoring him)

So it's decided. Reich is admitted.

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

Reich lies on a 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

Wilhelm Reich?

REICH

Yes. And you are...the girl from the library.

ANNIE

Annie Pink. We also have some classes together.

REICH

Yes, of course. What brings you to my neck of the woods?

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

REICH

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

ANNIE

I don't mind.

REICH

Well, uh, okay. Please, come in. Have a seat over there.

She walks in and takes a seat on the cot. He closes the door behind her.

ANNIE

Is this your bed?

REICH

Consider it a therapeutic cot.

Reich sits on the floor across from her with a notebook and pencil. He looks back to the referral card.

REICH

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

ANNIE

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, Annie. I'm here to help you.

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

Reich and Annie passionately kiss on her bed!

REICH

(through kisses)

You're sure your parents won't be home anytime soon?!

ANNIE

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

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA - DAY - 1920

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. ANNIE'S BEDROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

Reich lies on top of Annie as she writhes and moans!

Someone knocks on the door and it swings open to reveal MALVA PINK, 40s, dressed to the nines from a night out.

MALVA

Annie, dear, we're home.

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

MALVA
Annie! ALFRED!

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

Reich, Fenichel and Bibring sit with coffees and cigarettes.

FENICHEL
You got caught?!

BIBRING
What'd her father say?!

REICH
Surprisingly, he wasn't too
difficult to deal with.

INT. PINK FAMILY LIVING ROOM/VIENNA - NIGHT - 1920

An embarrassed Reich and Annie sit on a couch, now fully
clothed, across from Alfred and Malva.

ALFRED
I expect you to marry now. I hope
you're both prepared for that.

EXT. CAFE STADT-THEATER/VIENNA - DAY - 1920

FENICHEL
I thought you said her father
wasn't too difficult?

BIBRING
Yeah, marriage ultimatums seem
quite difficult.

REICH
There are some fathers who wouldn't
have let me leave the house unless
it was with the coroner. So, yes,
he could have been more difficult.

BIBRING
Fair point.

FENICHEL
So are you getting married, or...

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

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 quite a predicament you find yourself in. Didn't Freud warn you about analyst-patient relationships?

REICH

Former patient. We ended the analysis before anything happened.

FEDERN

Some might say it's not 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

(looking at his notes)
Hmm, I...I think it was, uh...

REICH

You said some might say it's not appropriate to engage in romantic relationships with patients even after analysis. And my response is 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.

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. How
 is the location for the clinic
 coming along?

JONES
 (clearing his throat)
 There's opposition from the
 psychiatrists and the doctors'
 union. And while it's an ideal
 location, geographically speaking,
 the accommodations themselves leave
 something to be desired.

INT. VACANT APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 7/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. Fifty-five a month, all utilities included, 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. BEDROOM/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT - 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 the strongest woman 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?

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

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 of the staff!

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 -- both members of the enormous droopy 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 them. 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, still 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. He focuses in on her jaw, tightly clenched, her neck and shoulders scrunched and hunched, her hands making fists, her face a total RBF.

REICH
Have you thought about suicide?

She nods her head.

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
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. 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?

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.

She hugs him.

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?

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 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

FLASHBACK. Von Jauregg, Tandler and TWO OTHER COLLEAGUES observe Freud, in his early 40s, lecturing to 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. 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 may explain these recent attacks on us.

FREUD

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

We have the compulsive masturbator.

FREUD

That's simply one anecdote.

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 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.

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

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 writes a couple new notes -- WHY DEATH DRIVE? FREUD UNHAPPY? MARRIAGE? SOCIETY?

He flips back to the first page, exasperated. A 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, 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 Freud.

DEUTSCH

There's another small growth in there. I'd call it a leukoplakia.

FREUD

You said that last time. 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 and sip coffee.

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.

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? 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 Freud and his peers without notes and with an energy akin to 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 many 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.

(MORE)

MUTE WOMAN (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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 orgasmic 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 orgasmic 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 as the music crescendos!

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

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!

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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. 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. He looks like a 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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 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. 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 conspiracy accidental. It seems to be an indispensable, if not consciously intended part of the 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.

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

Some think he's 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! Both girls look terrified. Lore starts crying.

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 lash out in anger and 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. 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

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? Yet everyone passes it off as scientific fact now.

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!

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

REICH

That was the last time I saw him. I remember when I was outside...

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.)

I looked up at his window and I saw him pacing back and forth. And I couldn't help but get the impression that he was like a caged animal up there, unable to break free, imprisoned in his own mind.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

REICH

That was not the man I called my mentor or my friend. That was not the man I looked up to.

HUBBARD

How do you think Freud's rejections affected you, psychologically?

REICH

It felt like being rejected by a father. Which I'd also experienced. But it was time to move on.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

Just as a child moves out of their parents' home to make their own life.

HUBBARD

You went to Berlin.

REICH

Yes.

HUBBARD

You joined the Communist Party there.

REICH

Briefly. I was kicked out because of my work.

HUBBARD

Do you still hold Communist sympathies?

REICH

No. Communism is fascism masquerading under a red sweater. But I didn't know that at the time. I was naïve, politically speaking.

HUBBARD

And now?

REICH

Well, as Freud said, politics are irrational. I have no political leanings or viewpoints.

HUBBARD

Are you an anarchist?

REICH

I'm just a man. And I see no need for men telling other men how to live. I don't care much for organized movements anymore.

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. 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.

RADO

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

REICH

That's exactly my point. 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. And I'll tell you why. Look at the rise of these fascist movements. Their leaders speak of racial purity, of moral virtue, yet their followers are deeply, sexually disturbed.

RADO

How do you figure?

REICH

The goose-stepping, the rigid postures, the frozen expressions. It's character armor manifesting as political ideology. They fear their own living impulses so much that they worship death, order, control.

RADO

And you think this is about sex?

REICH

About its suppression. The authoritarian family structure creates the human structure that makes people afraid of life and of their own sexuality. Then they become willing slaves to any political order that promises to maintain their repressions.

RADO

But surely economics, social conditions --

REICH

(cutting him off)

Of course! But why do the masses accept their exploitation? Why do they vote against their own interests?

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

Because their bodies, their minds, their very character structures have been shaped since childhood to accept authority! The real question is why do people choose their own imprisonment? Why do they run to their chains?

RADO

And you believe sexual liberation is the answer?

REICH

Not sexual -- biological. The fascists understand this instinctively. They know that to maintain power, they must suppress the natural energy flow of the people, of which, yes, sexuality and sexual energy is part of. They then create guilt, create shame, create the character armor that makes the people susceptible to authoritarian ideology.

Rado shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

REICH

You're tensing up. Why? What makes these ideas so threatening?

They hold each other's eyes before Rado shifts his gaze.

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

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

(MORE)

RADO (CONT'D)

I know you're not asking for advice, but he's losing allies by the hour and it may be time.

ANNIE

What are you getting at?

RADO

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

Annie stirs her coffee with a spoon, thinking.

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 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.

ELSA
Hitler might think otherwise.

REICH
You think he'll become Chancellor?

ELSA
He does have a lot of support on
the streets and in the banks.

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
Well, at least I've finally made my
mark on German politics.

Reich tosses the dirty napkins onto the table.

REICH
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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

REICH

It was also well-known that Freud was negotiating with the Nazis to continue analysis in Germany. I can only imagine what was negotiated.

INT. GOEBBELS' OFFICE AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Freud sits anxiously in front of a desk. A door opens behind them. They both stand as JOSEPH GOEBBELS, 35, tall, slicked-back brown hair, gaunt face, strolls into the room, a copy of Bernays' *PROPAGANDA* in his hands.

GOEBBELS

Professor Freud! A pleasure to meet you. Big fan of your work.

Goebbels extends his hand for a handshake. Freud says nothing and reluctantly accepts the offer.

GOEBBELS

(holding up the book)

Big fan of nephew's as well. Send him my regards. Please have a seat.

The men take their seats across from each other. Goebbels plops the book down on his desk, right behind a nameplate that reads JOSEPH GOEBBELS, MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA.

GOEBBELS

I appreciate you making the trip to speak with me. Did I hear correctly that you're battling cancer of the jaw?

FREUD

I have been for several years, yes.

GOEBBELS

I am sorry to hear that. And in an effort to be conscious of your time, I will make this brief. Contrary to what you may have expected to hear today, we think psychoanalysis fits firmly into our vision for the social and political future of Germany. The problem is, some of your analysts here have ethnic, religious and political backgrounds that don't fit as firmly into that vision, including you yourself. Despite that, we have developed a proposal for you, if you would like to hear it.

Freud seems unsure, but nevertheless says --

FREUD

What is your proposal?

GOEBBELS

We happen to think there is much benefit in the application of psychoanalysis, in terms of understanding the inner workings of the mind and how to influence it. So we will allow psychoanalysis to continue in Germany for the time being under two conditions. The first condition is, you allow some of my people to learn directly from some of yours. Methods, tricks of the trade, and so on.

Freud doesn't like that one bit. He bites down.

FREUD

And your second condition?

GOEBBELS

Everything about libido and sexuality is removed from your work in this country. At least your public-facing work. We have interest in learning more about it privately for obvious reasons.

Freud grinds his teeth. His jaw tenses. Goebbels notices and shoots him a reassuring smile.

GOEBBELS

If you can agree to these terms, psychoanalysis will continue in Germany, and your analysts will be treated fairly, for the time being, regardless of their individual backgrounds. And I should add that any agreement made between us would carry weight should we meet again...say, in Vienna.

Freud crosses his arms and brings a hand up to cover his mouth, as if deep in thought.

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?

FEDERN
Not anymore. 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 Jones goes.
And your daughter goes. And
eventually everyone else goes. That
is the reality we face.

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

FREUD
Fine. Rid me of Reich.

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.

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 has been negotiating with 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. 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 the 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. This might not be merely libido. This could be something much greater.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 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 then 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
when they heard the news.

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? Nonsensical!

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 welcome 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. 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.

(MORE)

REICH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There was a lump in my throat when
 I thought of everything I was
 leaving behind.

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.)
 That feeling changed when I saw
 Lady Liberty for the first time. A
 feeling of hope swept over me, the
 same feeling millions of other
 immigrants feel when they see her.

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 OLLENDORFF, 30, a clever, lean brunette, 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 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. ALBERT EINSTEIN, 61, not a strand of his iconic hair out of place, pours three glasses of brandy.

REICH (V.O.)

But, as it turned out, this was not entirely the beacon of hope that I thought it would 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

Let's hear about this great discovery of yours. We've been waiting all week.

REICH

What if I told you I've discovered something that exists everywhere, in everything...but that no one has been able to measure until now? Something omnipresent, a specific biological energy that behaves differently than all that's known about electromagnetism.

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 Reich a smile, pulls a pipe out of a desk drawer. Reich returns his smile.

REICH

From one layman to another then -- I found God in my laboratory.

Einstein and Valentine exchange curious, doubtful glances.

REICH

It would be helpful if we think 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 lights his pipe, deep in thought.

EINSTEIN

Go on.

REICH

I discovered 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. I wanted to quantify the libido, so I --

EINSTEIN

(puffing his pipe)
Freud's libido?

REICH

Not his personal libido, but his theory, yes. So I tested bioelectrical responses to certain stimuli. The results led me to believe the same energy could be present in other living organisms. And it most certainly is.

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.

(turning back to Reich)

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.

VALENTINE

These are bold claims, Reich. Especially from someone trained in psychology, not physics.

REICH

Psychology led me here, yes. Freud's libido theory led me to bioelectrical experiments, which led to something much greater.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
 That is science, is it not?
 (to Einstein)
 You taught us that light is both
 wave and particle. Why can't energy
 be both physical and psychological?

Einstein puffs away on that pipe, studying Reich.

EINSTEIN
 Hmm. What else do you do?

INT. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

HUBBARD
 Some of your colleagues seem to
 think you sought out Einstein
 because you wanted to change your
 reputation as a mad scientist.

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

Reich lights up another cigarette with a match, waves it
 until it goes out.

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 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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

HUBBARD

How did Einstein's rejection make you feel?

REICH

Rejection? No. His assistant convinced him I was wrong.

HUBBARD

Still. First Freud, then Einstein.

Reich stands, agitated.

HUBBARD

You seem angry.

REICH

Not angry. Disappointed. Einstein revolutionized our understanding of energy, yet when confronted with a new form of it he let his assistant influence his opinion and retreated to conventional explanations.

HUBBARD

Would you say others have done that with your work?

REICH

Absolutely. Every great discovery in history was first dismissed as impossible. The Church told Galileo the Earth couldn't move. The doctors told Semmelweis that invisible germs couldn't exist. And Einstein's own peers told him space couldn't bend. Were they crazy?

HUBBARD

Semmelweis did die in an asylum.

REICH

Committed to an asylum by his colleagues after he suffered a nervous breakdown, and died there after weeks of vicious beatings by the guards had left him with wounds infected with gangrene. And this is how we treat men who go against the dominant opinions of their day? We commit them, beat them, watch them die a miserable death because they have different ideas than what is currently accepted. You know who else behaved like that? Crusaders in the 12th century. Inquisitors. The witch hunters you say you're not party to now.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

This isn't science, Doctor. This is
an ideological war.

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 - DAY/NIGHT - 1941

Reich lies on the floor on a pile of newspaper amidst hundreds of German-American bunds. Day turns to night multiple times to show a passage of several days spent in this same location.

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.

The agents pull out copies of the books mentioned.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND DETENTION CENTER - DAY - 1941

FULDA

How do you explain your possession of these items?

REICH

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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

HUBBARD

Let's talk about your time at Ellis Island.

REICH

Ah yes. My first American prison.

HUBBARD

Detained for twenty-five days, according to your record.

Reich paces around the back of the room.

REICH

Yes, and that hearing -- that's what they called it, a hearing, but they don't listen to anything -- that was not until day fifteen. What more proof do you need of this conspiracy against me?

HUBBARD

You thought Einstein was behind it.

REICH

Paranoid thinking, wouldn't you say? But you know what's truly paranoid? Sleeping on newspapers, wondering if you've traded one fascist state for another.

HUBBARD

The FBI had concerns about your political affiliations.

REICH

My politics? I was kicked out of the Communist Party. Fled from the Nazis. Came to America for freedom. Then two federal agents drag me from my home in the middle of the night. Won't tell me why. Won't let me call a lawyer. Won't let me dress.

Reich walks up to the desk, puts his palms onto it, leans in.

HUBBARD

Tell me something, doctor. Is that democracy or fascism?

Reich waits a couple beats for an answer but gets nothing.

REICH
Precisely.

EXT. TAMARACK COTTAGE/MAINE - DAY - 1947

Reich sits on the front steps and plays an upbeat tune on an accordion. On the porch behind him, Ilse dances with 3-YEAR-OLD PETER.

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*. The author seemed concerned about its medical claims.

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.

Brady seems a bit repulsed as Reich smiles at her.

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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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

Hmm, yes, well, I'm wondering if the accumulator is able to be classified as a medical device according to our standards.

WOOD

Your accumulator - I'm wondering if it could be classified as a medical device according to our standards.

REICH

With all due respect, the accumulator isn't meant to fit your standards. It's meant to fit mine.

WOOD

But imagine being able to market an FDA-approved device...how good for business that would be.

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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 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 my work.

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.

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.

(MORE)

WOOD (CONT'D)

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

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. 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! He grabs Peter off the bed and the two laugh and dance in the rain!

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE - DAY - 1956

Reich and Peter rumble into the driveway, 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. MEETING ROOM - DANBURY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY - 1957

Hubbard takes a sip of his coffee and looks over his notes.

HUBBARD

Psychoanalysis is a far cry from biology, cancer research, physics, meteorology.

REICH

I also like to paint, play music and write poetry, but no one accuses me of not knowing anything about art.

HUBBARD

But you understand why people would doubt your work in these areas. You're not an expert.

Reich wags his cigarette-holding finger at Hubbard.

REICH

This is the problem with what we call scientific expertise. The cardiologist only knows the heart, but imagine what he'd learn if he spoke to the dentist. Or if the nuclear physicist spoke to the meteorologist. Or the psychoanalyst to the priest.

HUBBARD

But how can a psychoanalyst claim to make any sort of scientific discovery outside of his expertise? He doesn't have the training.

Reich takes a drag of his cigarette.

REICH

Do you have any hobbies?

HUBBARD

Sure.

REICH

Name one.

HUBBARD

I like to watch birds.

Reich raises his hands, celebration-like.

REICH

Ornithology. Did you go to school for that?

HUBBARD

No.

REICH

You taught yourself?

HUBBARD

Yes.

REICH

So if I showed you a picture of an eastern bluebird and a mountain bluebird would you be able to tell the difference?

HUBBARD

I would.

REICH

What if one day while you're bird watching, you come across a new species, something no one's identified before. You take photos of it and you send them to a group of respected ornithologists, and all together, in unison, they say *that's not a new species, that's not even a bird*. Yet you know what you saw, you know what you photographed, you know what you discovered, and you know it's a new species of bird.

Reich walks up behind his empty chair, places his hands on the back of it, leans in.

REICH

Imagine how their response would make you feel. Imagine if they attacked you relentlessly in the press and started vicious rumors about you. Maybe you're a bird-fucker now. Do you fuck birds?

HUBBARD

No.

REICH

But the press says you do. So you must be a bird-fucker. Why else would they say it?

HUBBARD

Dr. Reich, there's a big difference between claiming you discovered a new species of bird and claiming you discovered a life force energy that can cure cancer and influence the weather.

Reich straightens his posture, exhales a plume of smoke toward Hubbard, glares a hole through him.

REICH

My experiences are my own. I have no reason to lie about them. They may not align with what a group of witches in black robes define as reality in a courtroom, but who are they to determine what's real and what's not? When was it decided that they can interpret science?

A saddened, almost deadened Reich takes the last depressing drag of his cigarette, a reflective pause. He glances out the window again and sees that the rain has subsided.

REICH

I consider myself a creative man. Like Christ. Like Giordano Bruno. Like Galileo. Men who seek spiritual and scientific truths regardless of the opinions of their day. Men like this should not be on trial because establishment orthodoxy refuses to acknowledge the veracity of their ideas and their God-given right to pursue them to logical conclusions.

He turns back to the room, his eyes darting every which way.

REICH

Yet Christ was nailed to a cross, Bruno burned at the stake, and Galileo spent the last years of his life under house arrest. Which means somebody somewhere thought they were witches, didn't they?

His eyes settle as his gaze meets Hubbard's.

HUBBARD

All those men suffered for their beliefs. Do you truly believe everything you've told me?

Reich sits back down across from him.

REICH

I know what I discovered. The libido, orgone, the cloudbusters, all of it is true. That goes beyond belief. That is knowledge. But I do believe I'm being persecuted by forces that want to suppress these discoveries.

(leans forward)

The real question, Dr. Hubbard, is what do you believe? That I'm mad? Or that I've discovered something that frightens people in power?

HUBBARD

Those aren't the only possibilities.

REICH

Of course they are. Christ was mad or he was the son of God. Bruno was mad or he saw infinite worlds. Galileo was mad or the Earth moves.

(standing and pacing again)

If my story ends here, then so be it. But there is a riddle that will continue to remain unsolved if men of truth continue to be persecuted. And that riddle is this.

INT. AMBULATORIUM COMMON AREA/VIENNA - DAY - 1927

Reich lectures to his Viennese colleagues.

REICH

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. MARXIST WORKERS UNIVERSITY/BERLIN - 1933

Reich lectures to his Berlin colleagues.

REICH

This was a question posed by 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.

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY - 1937

Reich lectures to Oslo colleagues and students.

REICH

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. NEW SCHOOL/NEW YORK CITY - DAY - 1940

Reich lectures to a group of students.

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

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. This is why you are all here. 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.

Peter sits across from Reich, seated at his desk.

REICH

One day, Pete, long after I'm gone,
you will understand that riddle and
the answer to it.

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 go.

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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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. His ex-wives and lovers -- Ilse, Elsa, Annie. And then the final haunting image of Freud.

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 -- *The conclusion of Dr. Hubbard's psychiatric evaluation was that Reich suffered from paranoia and delusions of grandeur.*

One week later, Reich was transferred to Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary and evaluated again. It was concluded then that Reich was mentally competent but may become psychotic when stressed.

Reich died in Lewisburg 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 -- *Eleven years after his death, in 1968, university students protesting for social and political reform took to the streets of Berlin and Paris.*

Students throw copies of Reich's *THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM* at police officers! The books hit the riot shields and fall to the ground!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Reich's work was one of their inspirations.*

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.