

REICH

Written by
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Based on a true story

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

A portrait of Sigmund Freud hangs on a wall. Across from it, behind a large desk with a typewriter, strewn-about papers and open books sits...

DR. WILHELM REICH, 60, deep-set eyes, the high forehead of a rebellious intellectual. He fiddles with a tape recorder. A silver .Colt 45, a pair of binoculars and a gray ten-gallon Stetson sit on the desk beside it.

Reich's thick gray hair, plump frame, and ruddy and weathered face suggest much stress from a lifetime full of rigorous scientific exploration, constant defense of his discoveries, and his own unprocessed childhood trauma.

He presses RECORD on the recorder.

REICH

My name is Wilhelm Reich, and I am of sound mind, heart and spirit. It is the night of the eleventh of March, 1957. I am sitting in my study at Orgonon, Rangeley, Maine. I record this the night before I am to be sent to Danbury Federal Prison on dubious charges at best. I record this message in hopes that someone may share it when it is time for this story to be told.

Reich takes a moment to light a cigarette.

REICH

Academically and professionally, I am a trained and accredited medical doctor and psychoanalyst.

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

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

22-year-old Reich sits in a classroom with other students while SIGMUND FREUD, 62, in his typical professorial attire with his patented cigar dribbling smoke into the air around him, paces around confidently and lectures to them.

REICH (V.O.)

I was a student and colleague of Sigmund Freud, the pioneer of modern psychoanalysis...

INT. CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

An attentive-yet-bored Reich takes notes while JULIUS WAGNER VON JAUREGG, 61, a tall, dry, militaristic Ben Stein type with an enormous mustache drooping over his lips, lectures to a small class of medical students.

REICH (V.O.)
 ...as well as a student of Nobel prize-winning medical doctor Julius Wagner von Jauregg at the University of Vienna, where I obtained my medical degree.

INT. LABORATORY/UNIVERSITY OF OSLO/1935 - DAY

Reich examines cancer cells under a microscope.

REICH (V.O.)
 I also work in biology and cancer research...

INT. STUDENTS' LABORATORY/ORGONON/MAINE/1952 - DAY

Reich observes a Geiger counter inside of an orgone accumulator as its needle pointer rotates up to 60.

REICH (V.O.)
 Nuclear physics...

EXT. LAKEFRONT AT ORGONON/MAINE/1952 - DAY

Reich points the long, copper pipes of a CLOUDBUSTER straight up at the clouds. He grips the device on either side like a piece of heavy artillery, then moves it from side to side.

REICH (V.O.)
 ...and atmospheric science. I work in these areas because I am a scientist in the truest and purest sense of the word.

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1952 - DAY

-- Reich paints a picture.

REICH (V.O.)
 I also enjoy the Arts and am just as much a student of them as I am the Sciences.

-- Then plays the piano.

REICH (V.O.)
 General creativity is what
 differentiates me from my
 scientific peers. As you may
 suspect, scientists are not all
 that creative.

INT. MOVIE THEATER/NEW YORK CITY/1955 - DAY

Reich takes in the movie BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK in a cinema with his daughters EVA, 31, and LORE, 27, both short-haired brunettes, to his left, and son PETER, 11, bushy brown hair, to his right. All share the same big eyes and high foreheads.

REICH (V.O.)
 I am also a father to three
 wonderful children -- Eva, Lore,
 and Peter.

INT. BOOKSTORE/MOSCOW/1929 - DAY

Reich flips through a book -- *RUSSIAN APLHABET FOR CHILDREN*.

REICH (V.O.)
 I am an ex-husband to two women,
 Annie Pink...

ANNIE PINK, early 20s, short brown hair, busty-girl-next-door look, grabs the book from him and puts it back on the shelf.

ANNIE
 We are not teaching our daughters
 the Russian alphabet.

INT. KITCHEN AT REICH'S HOME/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - DAY

ILSE OLLENDORFF, early 30s, a slim, plain-looking brunette, sets a fork and a bowl of goulash in front of Reich. He hastily grabs the fork and digs in.

REICH (V.O.)
 ...and Ilse Ollendorff, the mothers
 of my children.

REICH
 Not enough marjoram in this.

ILSE
 I don't like that much marjoram.

INT. LIVING ROOM AT REICH'S HOME/OSLO/1939 - NIGHT

Reich lies on a couch, brooding. ELSA LINDENBERG, early 30s, a salty, sultry brunette with a lean and lithe dancer's body enters and stands opposite him, arms folded across her chest.

REICH (V.O.)

Although I have been in love with other women, for better or worse.

ELSA

I talked him out of pressing charges. You should be grateful.

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

REICH

However, above all else, and most importantly for this story, I am someone you have probably never heard of. If you do know my name, you already know how this story unfolds, and I hope you enjoy this retelling of it.

EXT. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1950 - DAY

Flickers and flashes of blue and bluish-grey light populate an otherwise colorless night sky. Reich stares up at the sky through a hollow metal pipe with a magnifying lens on the end of it, something he called THE ORGONOSCOPE.

REICH (V.O.)

For those of you who have not heard of me, this is the story of my life and how I made the single most important discovery in the history of the known universe.

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

REICH

And I assure you -- every last word, image and data point of my work is verifiably true and scientifically accurate.

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

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, 1910.

YOUNG REICH, 12, and YOUNG ROBERT, 9, sit at the kitchen table inside a large farmhouse.

CECILE, 32, their mother, dark hair, small waist and wide hips, puts dishes away in an adjoining kitchen. Young Reich eyes her from the table.

REICH (V.O.)

My story starts, like any good story, at the beginning, when I was a curious-yet-naïve twelve-year-old boy who made his first notable discovery -- that my mother was not the woman I thought she was.

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

SYMON

How about this one?

YOUNG ROBERT

Ummmmmm. Copper!

SYMON

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

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

YOUNG REICH

Iron.

SYMON

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

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

SYMON

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

YOUNG ROBERT

Ummmmmm. Helium!

SYMON
No, but I do like sucking it out of
balloons. Willy?

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

YOUNG REICH
Calcium?

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

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

SYMON
My favorite element...is *fire*.

YOUNG REICH
Fire's not an element!

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

Cecile walks over to the table and stands beside Symon.

SYMON
And you know something else?

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

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

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

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

YOUNG REICH
Mom! We want to hear more!

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

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

INT. BARN/REICH FARM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1910 - DAY

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

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

YOUNG ROBERT
What are they doing?

YOUNG REICH
What does it look like?

The two brothers watch the birds for a couple beats.

YOUNG REICH
I'm going to get a snack.

Young Reich tosses his broom aside and walks out.

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

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

Young Reich digs through a drawer in his father's desk. He pulls out a book called THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR and flips through it.

He pulls out a photo album and flips through it, revealing an assortment of PHOTOS OF NUDE WOMEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM/REICH FARMHOUSE/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1910 - DAY

Young Reich lies on his bed. He flips through a science textbook. Young Robert lies on another bed doing the same.

REICH (V.O.)

My first instinct was to tell my father. But his demeanor was not one you would call rational.

LEON REICH, 32, a moderately built mustachioed man with a half-bald head and the demeanor of a Fascist dictator huffs into the room.

Cecile follows him, Young Reich's jacket in her hands.

LEON

Willy, I need to ask you something, and you need to tell me the truth.

Both boys sit up, straight and serious, Young Reich knowing exactly what's coming and Young Robert curious.

LEON

My tobacco is missing from my desk. Did you take it?

YOUNG REICH

No.

Leon sighs and looks at Cecile. She pulls the cigarette-rolling device out of the jacket pocket.

LEON

Can you explain what this is then?

Young Reich looks at the device. He says nothing.

LEON

It's for rolling cigarettes. So I'll ask you again. Did you take the tobacco from my desk?

Young Reich locks eyes with Cecile. The betrayal!

YOUNG REICH

Yes.

Leon wastes no time. He takes off his belt and approaches Young Reich. The frame slows down as Leon begins to whip him!

REICH (V.O.)

The pain of this beating was nothing compared to the pain I felt when I thought about my mother.

Close on Cecile, nonplussed.

REICH (V.O.)

She offered no protection or defense for me. Instead, she threw me to the proverbial wolves.

Back to Leon, firmly in his element, as Young Reich attempts to shield himself from the whipping.

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

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

REICH (V.O.)

I continued to watch my mother and my tutor have their affair. I watched them many times, day and night, in all kinds of positions, making all sorts of sounds and facial expressions. But I realized during these moments that sexual intercourse between these two beings was too mechanical, although I did not have that vocabulary at the time. This is what people call fucking. There is no love here.

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

REICH

I cannot begin to describe the psychological and emotional damage this did to me as a child. Suffice to say it was considerable. And it would only get worse.

EXT. WOODS/REICH FARM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1910 - DAY

Young Reich peers through the scope on a rifle at a deer a hundred yards away. His hands tremble. He lies next to Leon, rifle also in hand. Young Reich focuses in, fires and misses.

LEON

Your hands were shaking.

YOUNG REICH

I'm nervous.

LEON

Why would you be nervous?

Young Reich shifts his posture and tone.

YOUNG REICH

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

LEON

What is it?

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

YOUNG REICH

It's about Mother.

LEON

What about her?

YOUNG REICH

I saw her with Symon. In his bedroom.

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

LEON

What were they doing?

YOUNG REICH

Having sex.

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

LEON

Who else have you told this to?!

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

LEON
Your brother?!

YOUNG REICH
No. No, I swear!

LEON
You're sure you saw this?!

YOUNG REICH
Yes. Many times.

Leon backhands his son again!

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

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

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM/REICH FARMHOUSE/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1910 - DAY

Young Reich lies in bed, wide awake. He stares at the ceiling. The sounds of Leon and Cecile arguing reverberate through the walls. After a few beats, the tone escalates as his father begins to physically beat his mother.

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

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

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

YOUNG REICH
Mom, look! We caught some fish!

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

CECILE
Quite impressive, I must say.

She takes in their demeanors, then forces a smile.

CECILE

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

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

CECILE

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

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

YOUNG REICH

Are you feeling well?

CECILE

Why do you ask?

Young Reich glances at the lye on the counter, then back to Cecile. Her posture concerns him.

YOUNG REICH

You don't seem well.

CECILE

Come here.

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

CECILE

You have a sense of perception that
it'd take most people lifetimes to
curate. I'm very proud of you. Even
if it doesn't always seem that way.

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

INT. BARN/REICH FARM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1910 - DAY

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

YOUNG ROBERT (O.S.)

Help! Dad! Willy! Help!

He turns and jogs out of the barn.

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

REICH

It was in this moment that I realized I had suddenly become committed to telling the truth, at all times and at all costs. I have done so ever since, despite the fact that most people do not want to hear the truth. They would much rather be lied to, because the lie is more comforting.

INT. BEDROOM/REICH FARMHOUSE/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1914 - DAY

A deathly ill Leon lies in bed. 16-YEAR-OLD REICH and 13-YEAR-OLD ROBERT stand at the bedside. They stare down at him, Robert's eyes full of sadness, Reich's full of contempt.

REICH (V.O.)

Four years later, when I was sixteen, my father died of tuberculosis -- lonely, miserable and up to his eyeballs in debt. My brother Robert and I suddenly had the entire family farm to manage.

EXT. WOODS/REICH FARM/AUSTRIA-HUNGARY/1915 - DAY

The teenage brothers peer through a set of trees as RUSSIAN TROOPS comb over the farm. After a few beats, Reich nudges his brother to leave. Robert turns and heads into the wilderness. Reich lingers on the troops, then follows him.

REICH (V.O.)

It was not long after that the Russians invaded Austria-Hungary. I never saw either my homeland or my possessions again.

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY/NIGHT

22-YEAR-OLD REICH sits in the back of a military truck with A DOZEN OTHER AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS. Shell-shocked, hazy.

REICH (V.O.)

After serving in The Great War, I made my way to Vienna to study at the university.

The truck rolls into downtown Vienna. Beautifully architected buildings hover over an otherwise deadened, defeated city.

The truck stops and the troops pile out. Reich slings a bag over his shoulder and begins to wander the streets in his shell-shocked haze. He walks by...

- A LONG LINE OF POOR AND WORKING CLASS PEOPLE wait in line for food rations.

REICH (V.O.)

I found the city devastated.

- A group of COAL FACTORY WORKERS show up for a shift only to be greeted by a sign that says PLANT CLOSED! OUT OF COAL! STAY WARM!

- A sign that says REDUCED HOURS hangs in the window of a train station.

- A CLOSED SIGN hangs over the entrance to a theatre.

REICH (V.O.)

And the people even more so.

- A RAGING MOB pulls down a double eagle monument in the court in Kärntnerstrasse, the city's most famous street!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

- Reich, forever in his Army uniform during this phase of his life due to it being his nicest and warmest clothing, buys a newspaper from a newsstand. The headline -- SOCIAL DEMOCRATS WIN 100 OF 165 SEATS AS PROTESTS CONTINUE.

- A GROUP OF WORKERS protest peacefully in the street. Reich walks into an apartment complex across from the protest.

INT. REICH'S APARTMENT/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich walks into a small, studio apartment with three cots, a bathroom and a kitchenette. ROBERT REICH, now 19, prepares a bowl of oatmeal. He wears winter attire to combat the cold. Reich mouths something to him. His breath seeps into the air.

REICH (V.O.)

I moved into an apartment with my brother. We had no heat, no money and lived off food rations.

INT. LAW CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

A bored Reich listens to a lecture from a law professor.

REICH (V.O.)

At university, I chose to study law
and found it terribly dull. I
lasted one semester.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Von Jauregg lectures to a class. Reich looks bored again.

REICH (V.O.)

I then changed to medicine,
which I found to be equally
dull as well as mechanistic
and reductive.

VON JAUREGG

(under VO)
...the development of
secondary sexual
characteristics and
diminished psychosis.

VON JAUREGG

(after VO ends)

Other patients were deemed
schizophrenic because of excessive
masturbation, but once sterilized --
Mr. Reich, are you paying
attention? This is very important.

REICH

Uh, yes. I was just curious about
excessive masturbation. How many
times a day is that? And do you
speak from experience?

A few chuckles from the other students. Von Jauregg deadpan
dead-eyes Reich but doesn't respond.

INT. ANATOMY LAB/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

LIA LASZKY, 22, an attractive short-haired brunette with soft
almond eyes, dissects a HUMAN CADAVER. Reich, her lab
partner, ogles her and pays no attention to the work itself.

JULIUS TANDLER, 50, short, stocky, arched eyebrows sitting
over contemptuous eyes, another member of the enormous
mustache club, walks around the classroom and observes the
students. He walks up to Reich.

REICH (V.O.)

I stuck with medicine, however,
despite my lack of satisfaction.

TANDLER

Is there a problem here?

REICH

Actually, there is. Your cadaver
seems to be missing its genitalia.

Tandler sizes up Reich. Lia looks stiff!

TANDLER

You're pushing it, Reich.

INT. COMMON AREA/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich walks through a bustling common area. He watches MALE AND FEMALE STUDENTS walk together, flirting, horny, happy, some kissing each other, some holding hands.

REICH (V.O.)

This is just another chapter in the
greater story of the psychological,
emotional and spiritual prison I
had found myself in. But this is
where the story of my pending
physical imprisonment truly begins.

He walks by another LARGE GROUP OF STUDENTS assembled in front of OTTO FENICHEL, 22, tall, big-nosed, wavy brown hair, round spectacles. He holds a stack of fliers.

FENICHEL

And it's with this in mind, that
I'm beginning a seminar for medical
students to discuss topics we're
not learning in our curriculum.

Fenichel passes out the fliers to the students.

FENICHEL

So if you have any ideas, or would
like to present a topic for
discussion yourself, see me and we
can discuss the particulars.

He hands one to Reich. His face lights up as he reads it!

PRELAP:

REICH (V.O.)

I have one word for you.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich sits across from Fenichel, hot cups of coffee in front of them, cigarettes perched between their fingers.

REICH

Sex.

FENICHEL

Willy, I'm flattered, but I don't, you know...

REICH

Christ, Otto, I'm not propositioning you. I have an idea for your seminar.

FENICHEL

Oh. About sex?

REICH

Yes. Are you interested in it?

FENICHEL

Who isn't?

REICH

The medical school. Why are we not discussing it in any classes? Don't you think we should know something about human sexuality? Don't you think that's important to one's health? Everyone always says a healthy sex life keeps a marriage alive, but I see a lot of unhappy people walking around this city.

FENICHEL

Times are tough, Willy. I don't know if it has anything to do with sex. We did just lose a World War.

REICH

And soldiers on both sides were at the brothels every night. What does that tell you?

FENICHEL

Were you?

REICH

Not every night. But listen. My observations have led me to the belief that the core of all social life, as well as the inner life of the individual, revolves around sexuality. Yet it's the most taboo subject we could discuss. But we're all here because of it, and every social relationship we have is dictated by it.

FENICHEL

Except for this one.

REICH

Except for this one. And beyond that, the sexual organs are no different than the liver or the spleen. They have meaning and purpose in our biological functions. The nervous system, the endocrine system, the vascular system, all connected internally to the penis and vagina yet no one touches the subject. And so I ask you again -- why are we not discussing it?

Fenichel leans back and drags on his cigarette.

FENICHEL

I'll tell you what. Help me find some literature that we can study and lecture on, and sexuality will be the key feature of our seminar.

REICH

Our seminar?

Fenichel extends a hand.

FENICHEL

I think we just became partners.

Reich excitedly embraces Fenichel's hand with his own!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY / INT. VARIOUS APARTMENT COMPLEXES/1919 - DAY

-- Reich combs the streets, knocks on various doors of OLDER WHITE PROFESSORIAL MEN and is rebuffed by all of them.

REICH (V.O.)
 I went to every expert on sexology
 in the city, and was rejected by
 all of them...

-- Reich hustles across a street into one of the city's most
 iconic buildings -- BERGGASSE 19.

INT. HALLWAY AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

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

REICH (V.O.)
 Except one.

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

Of course. It was naïve of me to think you'd be interested. No one else is either. Enjoy your day.

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 AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

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 CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich and Fenichel, again opposite each other.

FENICHEL

Freud said yes?!

REICH

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

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

FREUD
Finally. It's time.

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

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

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich pulls a pile of books out of his bag and plops them on the table. HEINRICH KAHN'S *PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS*, RICHARD VON KRAFFT-EBING'S *PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS* (same title, different book) and HAVELOCK ELLIS' *SEXUAL INVERSION...*

And Freud's *THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS*, *THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE*, *THREE ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF SEXUALITY*. Fenichel sorts through them in amazement!

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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

REICH (V.O.)
What struck me most about Freud
wasn't his eagerness. It was how
alive he was. He was full of hope
and zest and zeal.

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

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

REICH (V.O.)
And when I discovered that he was
talking about the basics of the
energy-functioning principle...

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Freud paces slowly yet confidently around the front of a packed lecture hall. He mouths something about libido with visual support on the wall behind him.

REICH (V.O.)

...that everything was energy, that constricting libido led to tensions and neuroses, *that* resonated.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

Reich lectures to Fenichel, Lia, GRETE LEHNER, 20, a cute, nerdy brunette with glasses, and EDUARD BIBRING, 21, short brown hair, athletic build and the beginnings of a mustache.

REICH

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

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

REICH

Oral...anal...phallic...latency... and genital. A blockage in any of these stages is, thus, 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 these blockages and illuminating unconscious character traits, chief among them the patient's forbidden sexual urges and desires. And if the patient cannot be shown that what's at the heart of their symptom is a repressed sexuality, then analysis has failed.

Reich spots Annie at the back of the room. She smiles at him.

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

REICH

And this was what distinguished Freud from other psychologists, this natural scientific principle of energy that he introduced, which is all but gone in psychoanalysis today. And it's a shame, really. All my work stems from the libido theory. Of course, it doesn't look related on the surface. Freud would take one look at the accumulator or the cloudbuster and wonder how it connects back to his work. But it's all the same thread.

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

REICH

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

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - DAY

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's mood turns down, disenchanted. Reich notices.

REICH

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

FREUD

Nonsense. It's a fair question. I just wish I had a good answer. Certainly a measurement or two would ward off the scrutiny of others. Libido seems to, quite frankly, piss them off.

REICH

Who does it piss off exactly?

FREUD

The doctors. The psychiatrists. The biologists. The clergymen.

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/1919 - DAY

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.

REICH

Did you say 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 CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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/1919 - DAY

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 CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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/1919 - DAY

GEORG

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

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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/1919 - DAY

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 CENTRAL/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

LIA

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 APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA - NIGHT

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...

And, finally, PAUL FEDERN, 48, a tall Austrian with slumped shoulders, a bald head and a full gray beard.

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, Ernest Jones, visiting us from merry old England, and Paul Federn.

FEDERN

Sigmund has told us much about you. We 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.

HITSCHMANN

Not bad for your first patient.

REICH

Probably just beginner's luck.

JONES

Probably.

ANNA

Regardless, we look forward to hearing more about your methods.

FERENCZI

Indeed. I told Sigmund just the other day that our analysis could use some refinement.

REICH

I would agree.

Federn shoots a quick, dubious glance at Freud.

FREUD

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

-- Reich stands 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 kid. I couldn't read Norwegian, but my tutor read it to me several times. In fact, I see a lot of myself in the main character. But, please, no analytical judgments yet.

The group chuckles, which loosens Reich up a bit.

REICH

As I've learned more about libido and its role in our lives, as a force of energy that drives behavior, it struck me that Peer Gynt is the only character in this story who is really, truly alive. He's the only one expressing his libidinal urges, which loosens him, softens him, does not restrict him, and thus allows his life energy to flow properly. 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. Because those who are living do not exist in the same reality as those who are dead. And what better way to describe this reality as we currently know it? Or...as we've always known it?

Reich lingers over the faces of his audience, captivated!

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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

FEDERN

I must say the paper was impressive, but I'm not sure the Society 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 months. It does seem premature.

FREUD

Anna, what do you think?

ANNA

I think he's quite brilliant. And 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

Please.

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 young 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. HOTEL ROOM/VIENNA/1919 - NIGHT

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

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

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

GEORG
Duly noted. Thank you again.

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

ANNIE
Wilhelm Reich?

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

ANNIE
Annie Pink. I think we 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
Please, come in. Have a seat.

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

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

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 AT THE PINK HOUSE/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

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/1920 - DAY

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

FENICHEL

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 agreed to end the
 analysis before anything sexual
 happened. But that's not the point.
 The point is what happened later.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM AT THE PINK HOUSE/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

Reich buries his face in Annie's crotch! She writhes and
 moans in ECSTASY!

ANNIE
 Yes, right there, right there!

JUMP CUT TO:

ANNIE
 Don't put your finger there, don't,
 don't! Take it out!

JUMP CUT TO:

ANNIE
 Put it back, put it back!

JUMP CUT TO:

ANNIE
 Yes, yes, Willy, yes!

JUMP CUT TO:

ANNIE
 OHHHHHHH MYYYYY GODDDDDD YESSSSSSS!

JUMP CUT TO:

Reich continues cunnilingus as Annie turns her head and bites
 the pillows! After a couple beats, someone knocks on the door
 and it swings open to reveal Annie's stepmother MALVA PINK,
 42, dressed to the nines from a night out!

MALVA
 Annie, dear, we're home...

Shock and surprise fill Malva's face! Reich and Annie
 scramble to cover themselves!

MALVA
 Annie! What the hell is this?! Who
 is this man?! ALFRED!

EXT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

Otto stops in his tracks, right in front of the door. Reich stops as well.

FENICHEL
You got caught?!

REICH
Red-handed. Face buried right in her genitals.

FENICHEL
Hopefully not red-faced then. What'd her father do?

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

INT. LIVING ROOM AT THE PINK HOUSE/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

An embarrassed Reich and Annie sit on a couch across from Malva and ALFRED PINK, 44, a tall, lean Jew, clean-cut, sharply dressed, all-around distinguished.

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

EXT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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

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

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

FEDERN
Didn't Freud warn you about analyst-patient relationships?

REICH

I told you, we ended the analysis before we slept together.

FEDERN

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

REICH

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

FEDERN

I'll ask the questions here.

REICH

What was the question?

FEDERN

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

REICH

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

FEDERN

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

Reich sits up and glares at Federn.

REICH

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

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

FEDERN

Lie back down, please.

He doesn't.

REICH

I think that's enough for now.

FEDERN

Willy, I know it's difficult being on the other end of this, 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 AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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

FEDERN

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

FREUD

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

FEDERN

Jones has too!

FREUD

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

JONES

That's clear.

FEDERN

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

Freud straightens up and locks eyes with Federn.

FREUD

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

FEDERN

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

FREUD

And I thank you for doing so.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

Freud, Anna, Ferenczi and Hitschmann sip coffees and smoke.

FERENCZI

Who among us doesn't have our own psychological issues? If you ask me, Federn seems a little jealous of Reich's ascension in the ranks.

ANNA

I've noticed that too.

HITSCHMANN

I'd have to agree.

FREUD

It's unanimous at this table then.

FERENCZI

Look, I respect the hell out of Federn, we all do, but it's best we don't let petty feelings distract us from what's important.

Freud nods and ashes his cigar into an ashtray.

FREUD

Have we confirmed the location for the clinic?

HITSCHMANN

Not yet. 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/1920 - DAY

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

FREUD

What do you think?

REICH

I think this is the place.

LANDLORD

It's yours if you want it. Seventy-five a month, 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/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

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? 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. BASEMENT AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

-- 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. Hitschmann stands to Freud's right, Anna to his left.

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, under the direction of Mr. Eduard Hitschmann, you are the staff of the first free psychoanalytical clinic in Vienna!

The group raucously applaud themselves!

-- A young BILLY WILDER, 18, snaps a photograph as Freud cuts a ribbon during a grand opening ceremony. Another round of applause breaks out among everyone!

-- Some of the analysts take seats for a photo op, while others stand in a row behind them. Reich manages to sit front and center, in between Hitschmann and an annoyed Federn.

WILDER

Let's get Hitschmann in the middle here. You, sir, please trade spots.

He points at Reich. He and Hitschmann swap seats, much to the delight of Federn.

WILDER

Look at me, please. Big smiles!

The bright flash bulb of the camera illuminates the room!

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA/1920 - DAY

The group photo sits front and center in the newspaper. A hand pulls a copy off the rack at a newsstand. Von Jauregg and Tandler stare down at the photo in disgust! The headline reads FREUD'S FREE CLINIC OPENS IN AMBULATORIUM.

INT. LOBBY AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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

INT. ANALYST OFFICE AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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

REICH

So what brings you to our clinic?

FAST WALKER MAN

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

ARM HUGGER GIRL

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

CAN'T GET HARD

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

KNIFE GIRL

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

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

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

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.

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

Von Jauregg and Tandler hand out fliers on the sidewalk.

TANDLER

Don't be fooled by this quackery. There's no such thing as free in this society.

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. ANALYST OFFICE AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

The same flier. Reich holds it in disbelief, then looks up at
Mute Woman on the gurney.

REICH

Who gave this to you?

She says nothing.

INT. COMMON AREA AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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. COMMON AREA AT THE AMBULATORIUM/VIENNA/1920 - DAY

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 APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

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

ANNA

Do you remember when you confronted them about their hysteria?

FREUD

How could I forget?

REICH

What did you do?

ANNA

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

FREUD

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

Freud paws quickly at his jaw. Reich notices.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT
(LATER)

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

REICH
So what happened?

FREUD
With what?

REICH
The story earlier. The hysteria.

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

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

Reich smiles. Freud chuckles.

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

REICH
I didn't know that.

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

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1901 - DAY

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

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

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

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. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1901 - DAY

FREUD

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

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

FREUD

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

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

REICH

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

FREUD

Well, my courses were always full.

Freud musters a shit-eating smile.

REICH

That explains these recent attacks on us then.

FREUD

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

REICH

There are?

FREUD

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

REICH

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

FREUD

Willy, that's not --

REICH

(cutting him off)

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

FREUD

I'm not sure that's something I 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'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1920 - NIGHT

Annie breastfeeds INFANT EVA in a chair. 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 bites down, he grinds his teeth. He's unhappy. You heard Martha. That's not the man she married.

ANNIE

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

REICH

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

Reich gets up, kisses Annie on the forehead, then runs his
hand over Eva's head.

REICH

I'll be in the office. Let me know
when you put her to bed.

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

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. MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM/UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA/1919 - DAY

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

FREUD

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

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

FREUD

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

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

FREUD

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEUTSCH

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

FREUD

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

DEUTSCH

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

MARTHA

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

FREUD

The cigars are not the culprit.

DEUTSCH

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

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

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1923 - DAY

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 going for coffee. I told Reich I would meet him.

Freud opens the door to leave the apartment.

MARTHA

No smoking!

He closes the door behind him with a thud.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1923 - NIGHT

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

REICH

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

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
But it can't get back to that
balance unless it discharges its
libido completely and
satisfactorily.

Freud takes a depressing-looking sip from his cappuccino.

REICH
Forgive me. I don't mean to --

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

REICH
Yes.

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

Freud takes a drag from his cigar.

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

REICH
Who are you seeing?

FREUD
Deutsch.

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

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

REICH
Maybe he thinks you'd commit
suicide.

FREUD

I could only be so brave.

Reich furrows his brow, glances over Freud's face. He again drags on his cigar, then looks out into the bustling coffee shop, full of younger, libidinous patrons at this hour.

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1923 - DAY

-- Reich sits in a chair, Mute Woman on a couch across from him. He focuses in on her jaw, tightly clenched, like Freud's, her neck and shoulders scrunched and hunched, her hands making fists, her face a total RBF, her posture poor.

REICH

Are you suicidal?

She shakes her head, negative.

REICH

Do you want to die?

Another shake.

REICH

Do you want to be happy?

She nods.

REICH

But are you happy now?

Another shake.

REICH

Hmm. Have you heard of hypnosis?

She nods.

REICH

We don't really do it anymore, but I don't know of anything else that might help bring your voice back. Are you comfortable with it?

She nods again.

-- Reich sits on the couch next to her. He dangles a pocket watch in front of her.

REICH

Follow the watch. Focus on its movement.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
Back and forth, back and forth,
back and forth. Don't take your
eyes off it.

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

REICH
Close your eyes, please.

She does.

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

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

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

He presses lightly into both sides of her jaw.

REICH
Remember your voice is strong.

One final light press into both sides of her neck.

REICH
Remember your voice is powerful.

Reich stops and sits next to her on the couch.

REICH
Can you hear me?

She nods.

REICH
Do you remember how your voice
sounds?

She nods again.

REICH
Do you remember how strong and
powerful it is?

Another nod.

REICH

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

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

MUTE WOMAN

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

REICH

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

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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

REICH

I'd like to share some tremendous progress made with a mute patient. Some of you may recall she came into the clinic with a case of what we can now call hysterical mutism. The discovery of what led to this condition is a case study which will illuminate much about our work and the theories that inform it.

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1923 - DAY

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

MUTE WOMAN

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

REICH

And how do these murderous thoughts make you feel?

MUTE WOMAN

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

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1923 - DAY

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.

(MORE)

MUTE WOMAN (CONT'D)

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 AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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. A resistance to love, to the libidinal forces, has built up inside of her.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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

REICH

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

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

INT. REICH'S ISOTTA-FRASCHINI TORPEDO PHAETON/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

Reich drives. A cigarette dangles from his lips. Annie sits shotgun. She lights it for him, then lights one of her own. They look more like BONNIE AND CLYDE than psychoanalysts.

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?

REICH

I don't know why you wanted to listen to jazz. The music is immoral, you know.

ANNIE

I just want to see what all the fuss is. Bibring and Grete said they had a ball last week.

INT. MUSIC CLUB/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

-- A jazz band jams on stage. At a table nearby, a bored, disinterested Reich quickly downs a glass of beer. Annie sips on a glass of her own, nodding her head and tapping her feet.

ANNIE

(over the music)

Will you dance with me?

REICH

To this? You can't be serious!

ANNIE

C'mon, you promised you'd have fun!

Reich catches his wife's beautiful, puppy-dog eyes.

REICH

Fine, fine, fine.

Annie shoots to her feet, then pulls Reich to his. He reaches back to the table, takes a quick swig from Annie's beer, then joins Annie on the dance floor. Reich dances slowly and awkwardly at first, then gets into better rhythm.

-- A drunker, looser Reich dances with Annie on the dance floor amidst a large group of other patrons as the jazz band wails away in the background.

-- Annie pulls Reich off the dance floor.

ANNIE

I need some air!

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

Reich and Annie walk along the water. A satisfied Annie takes a seat on the bank and pulls Reich down with her. They lie in the grass for a few beats, coiled around each other, stargazing. Suddenly, FLICKERS AND FLASHES OF BLUE AND BLUISH-GREY LIGHT 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'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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 Reich tosses Annie on a couch, lifts up her dress and buries his face in her crotch!

FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM MONTAGE BEGINS!

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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

REICH
Psychic health and the ability to love depend on orgasmic potency!
The full discharge of the libido!

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1926 - DAY

Reich sits at a desk and types furiously on a typewriter.

He types "DIE"

INT. REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

Reich goes down on a moaning Annie. She grabs the couch cushions and writhes with pleasure!

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

REICH

Sexual release must correspond to
the excitement that leads up to it!

INT. REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1926 - DAY

Reich types "FUNKTION"

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

REICH

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

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1926 - DAY

Reich types "DES"

INT. REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

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

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

REICH

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

INT. REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1924 - NIGHT

Reich and Annie climax together!

INT. OFFICE/REICH'S BERGGASSE APARTMENT/VIENNA/1926 - DAY

Annie slides a cigarette into Reich's mouth and lights it for him, then lights one of her own and sits on the desk. Reich resets the typewriter.

A full title across the top of the page comes into focus as the music fades out -- DIE FUNKTION DES ORGASMUS. SUBTITLE -- THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM.

FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM MONTAGE ENDS!

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

BERLIN. MAY 6, 1926. FREUD'S 70th BIRTHDAY PARTY. A large group of black tie partygoers boogie to an upbeat instrumental tune from a live jazz band!

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

Martha, Bernays 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/1926 - NIGHT

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. Edward, 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.

ANNA

Reich! The man with the plan! Have you met Dorothy?

REICH

I haven't had the pleasure.

DOROTHY

The pleasure is mine. I've heard a lot about your orgasm theory, although we haven't tested it yet.

Dorothy makes eyes at Anna, who downplays the comment.

ANNA

She hasn't tested it yet.

(quickly changing the subject)

Dorothy and I are discussing opening up a nursery school focused on educating children in analysis. What do you think?

REICH

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

Dorothy emphatically points a finger at Reich.

DOROTHY

Weee...wiiilllll!

REICH

(chuckling)

Enjoy the rest of your evening.

Reich moves over to Fenichel and Freud.

FENICHEL

Willy!

REICH

Otto!

Fenichel and Reich embrace with a warm hug.

REICH

How's Berlin treating you?

FENICHEL

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

REICH

It is. Ready for review.

Fenichel glances at Freud.

FENICHEL
I'll leave you to it.

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

FREUD
Brandy?

REICH
Please.

Reich raises his glass. Freud does too.

REICH
To seventy more years.

FREUD
Let's hope not. Cheers.

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

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

Freud takes in the size of the document.

FREUD
That thick?

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

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

Freud glances over the title page.

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

REICH
I've concluded that the orgasm is the antidote to all neuroses. I suspect there's a measurable energy that builds up, and the energy that informs the neuroses is merely the energy of sexual arousal that wasn't discharged properly.

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

Speaking of, I think it's time to put out the fire of my life.

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/1927 - DAY

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

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA/1927 - DAY

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 SHOVES 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/1927 - NIGHT

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

REICH

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

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

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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

What Freud teaches us about sexual struggle can be integrated with what Marx teaches us about class struggle.

EXT. PARK/VIENNA/1927 - DAY

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/1927 - DAY

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

REICH

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

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

REICH

How old are you?

YOUNG BOY

(standing up straighter)
Twelve years old, sir.

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

REICH

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

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

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

Pardon my language, Doctor, but my job can go fuck itself.

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

REICH

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

SEX-POL PATIENT 5

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

Reich takes a deep breath, exhales, nods.

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

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 on the way I went about it couldn't have been clearer.

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1929 - DAY

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 AT ORGONON/MAINE/1957 - DAY

REICH

He was right on that, in hindsight.
Politics are irrational and lead to
many neuroses. 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
between the analysts only grew more
divisive as well.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1929 - DAY

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.

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

Federn and the others stand opposite Reich.

REICH

It's my contention that, generally
speaking, sexual repression is, in
fact, a social phenomenon.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1929 - DAY

FEDERN

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

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

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/1929 - DAY

FEDERN

A bourgeois social order? Can you believe this?

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

REICH

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

INT. CAFE CENTRAL/VIENNA/1929 - DAY

Jones turns his attention to Anna and Ferenczi.

JONES

I know your father supports Reich and his work, and I know you both have supported him as well, but socializing with Communists and spouting rhetoric like this doesn't make the organization look good.

FERENCZI

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

JONES

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

ANNA

I agree, the politics are concerning, but 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. It might actually be worse.

Ferenczi looks put off. Anna seems slightly more sympathetic.

INT. FREUD'S APARTMENT AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1929 - NIGHT

Freud lies on a couch as Anna examines his jaw.

ANNA

There's growing opposition against Reich among the Executive Committee. You know who.

FREUD

That's nothing new.

ANNA

No, but it's gotten worse. They 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 by Anna's warning.

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

Reich pokes around a plate of sausage and sauerkraut. Annie breastfeeds INFANT LORE. YOUNG EVA, 5, 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

(repositioning Lore)
Can we talk about this later?

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

ANNIE

What is wrong with you?!

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

REICH

Eva, darling, Daddy's sorry.

(to Annie)

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

ANNIE

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

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

INT. HALLWAY AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1930 - NIGHT

Reich knocks on Freud's apartment door. It swings open a couple beats later. Anna stands on the other side.

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 AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1930 - NIGHT

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

Your part?

REICH

Yes.

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

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

FREUD

It'd be immature of me to not acknowledge your point, so here's that acknowledgement. But there's a big difference between what I did and what you're doing. I brought analysis to the people. You're trying to convince them Marxism and psychoanalysis are the same thing. And they're not. And if the wrong people think they are the same thing, then all of us will be dead.

REICH

(about to boil)

You and your death talk.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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

FREUD

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

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

REICH

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

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

FREUD

You have every right to be upset. But it's not the task of psychoanalysis to save the world. We'd be lucky if it could save us.

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

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1930 - NIGHT

Reich huffs out of the complex and into the street. He stops, instinctually, 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 Reich doesn't see him anymore.

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

REICH

That was the last time I saw him. Suffice to say this was not the man I met.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

This man was more like a caged animal, unable to break free, unable to discharge his energy completely, imprisoned in his own mind. That was not the man I called my mentor or my friend. That was not the man I looked up to. But it was time to move on.

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

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 precipice 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. 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! And certainly not Fascism either! We are driven by love, work and knowledge! We are driven by life itself!

A huge round of applause! Elsa hoots and hollers!

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN/1931 - DAY

-- A confrontation breaks out between a small group of Nazis and Communists!

REICH (V.O.)

Meanwhile, the Nazis had become the second most powerful party in the country, and there were protests and confrontations across the city between them and the Communists.

-- Elsa stands at a newsstand with a newspaper. She reads a list of names of ENEMIES OF THE STATE, Reich's highlighted.

REICH (V.O.)

Two months after I moved, my name appeared in newspapers because I was considered an enemy of the state. I also began to lose favor among the Berlin analysts.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN/1931 - DAY

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

RADO

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

ANNIE

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

RADO

You see it too?

ANNIE

It's hard not to.

RADO

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

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

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

REICH

It's very simple. A blocked libido leads to a rigid armor over the musculature, which in turn leads to a more rigid existence for the individual. This rigidity then makes them more susceptible to authoritarian ideas, because the rigidity of external life mimics their inner life, so it's more acceptable to them.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN/1931 - DAY

RADO

And then on and on with this orgasm stuff. Did you know he completely disregards childhood traumas now?!

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

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 can remove the resistance, the neuroses will dissipate, and we can do this through character analysis and orgasmic potency.

RADO

But you're completely disregarding childhood experiences with this method. How do you expect to resolve traumas?

REICH

You are resolving those traumas, just at a much deeper level than by only talking about them.

RADO

Sounds like speculation.

REICH

Speculation? Your arms folded across your chest is a defensive posture.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

Perhaps you feel my ideas are a threat to you and your existence. I assume this ties back to an event in your youth where you were proven wrong about something that contradicted long-held beliefs, and now you're holding yourself the same way you did when this trauma was created in the first place. A proper orgasm would do you good right now, Rado.

INT. ROMANISCHES CAFE/BERLIN/1931 - DAY

RADO

I know you're not asking for advice, but I'd divorce him if I were you, especially if you're interested in remaining part of the analytical crowd yourself.

ANNIE

Is that a threat?

RADO

You'd be guilty by association, Annie. But it can be avoided.

ANNIE

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

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

-- 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 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 in 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/BERLIN1932 - DAY

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

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

ELSA
I could say the same to you.

Elsa tosses a newspaper onto the table.

ELSA

You're an enemy of the state.

REICH

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

ELSA

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

REICH

Seems that way. You think Hitler will become chancellor?

ELSA

Also seems that way. I imagine that'd be problematic for some of us at this table.

Reich ponders that over a sip of his drink.

ELSA

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

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

REICH

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

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

ELSA

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

Reich chuckles while still dabbing his shirt.

ELSA

My apologies for being so humorous.

Reich tosses the dirty napkins onto the table.

REICH

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

ELSA

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

INT. DANCE STUDIO/BERLIN/1932 - DAY

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/1932 - DAY

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. LIVING ROOM AT ELSA'S APARTMENT/BERLIN/1932 - NIGHT

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 the part of the body you want to direct your energy towards.

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. BEDROOM AT REICH'S APARTMENT/BERLIN/1932 - NIGHT

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

We were marching in the streets.

ANNIE

That was this morning.

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'm in love with her.

A couple beats as the news sinks in.

ANNIE

Have you been analyzing her?

REICH

She's not a patient. And you know I don't believe in compulsive relationships like that.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

But I also don't believe anyone
should be miserable for the sake of
capitalism and patriarchy.

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.

EVA

Mommy, Daddy, I can't sleep.

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

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, I promise. Go back to
bed. I'll be in, in a moment.

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. LIVING ROOM AT ELSA'S APARTMENT/BERLIN/1933 - NIGHT

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

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/1933 - DAY

Elsa, Eva and Lore splash around the water.

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/1933 - DAY

NAZI SS SOLDIERS roam the streets and harass streetwalkers!

REICH (V.O.)

Beyond that, things continued to
shift as the Nazis assumed more
power in Germany. Eventually,
things came to a boiling point.

INT. OFFICE AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS/BERLIN/1934 - DAY

JOSEPH GOEBBELS, 35, tall, slicked-back brown hair, gaunt face, sits across from Freud. A copy of Bernays' *PROPAGANDA* sits next to a nameplate that reads JOSEPH GOEBBELS, MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA.

GOEBBELS

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 doesn't want to hear it, but he has to.

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.

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, subtly. His jaw tenses. Goebbels notices and shoots Freud a reassuring smile.

GOEBBELS

If you can agree to these terms, psychoanalysis will continue in Germany, and your analysts will be treated fairly regardless of their individual backgrounds. Again, for the time being. 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 AT BERGGASSE 19/VIENNA/1934 - NIGHT

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

ANNA

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.

FEDERN

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?

FEDERN

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

FREUD

You think there's no discussing this with him?

FEDERN

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. 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 others go.
And eventually we all go. That is
the reality we face.

Freud drags on his cigar, then looks to Jones.

JONES

We could remove him from the Berlin
chapter. Hands cleanly washed.

Then to Anna.

ANNA

Officially, I abstain from this.
Unofficially, I wish I could think
of alternatives, but...I can't.

Freud scans the room again, moving from Federn to Jones, then
settles back on Anna.

FREUD
Fine. Rid me of Reich.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE/1934 - DAY

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

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

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

Karl removes his glasses, rubs one of his eyes.

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

REICH
Expelled? On what grounds?

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

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

KARL
It would appear so, yes.

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

REICH
We need to discuss my expulsion. Immediately.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/LUCERNE/1934 - DAY

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 fucking 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 yours as well then.
Everyone knows your father is
appeasing the Nazis. What sort of
politics are those?

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

ANNA

Psychoanalysis won't continue in
Germany otherwise.

REICH

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

ANNA

The liability is in your methods.

REICH

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

No response.

REICH

Let me tell you both 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, who seems immediately remorseful. He then bolts out the door and slams it shut!

INT. CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE/1934 - DAY

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

It's just what I heard.

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. TENT OUTSIDE CONFERENCE HALL/LUCERNE - NIGHT

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

Willy, 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. LABORATORY AT UNIVERSITY OF OSLO/1935 - DAY

OSLO, NORWAY. SIX MONTHS LATER. Reich fiddles with the settings of the oscillograph, connected through wire leads to electrodes.

Waal places the electrodes on the bare chest of 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 cool, bunchy dark hair atop a slender face, films the events on a handheld video camera.

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

-- Reich blows into a balloon until it's full, waits a beat, then pops it in front of Brandt's face -- *DECREASED*.

-- Reich 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 genitals now.

BRANDT

Did you say genitals?

REICH

Yes. You want to be part of scientific history, don't you?

BRANDT

Uh, well...

-- 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
Just as I suspected. Okay, Gertrud, would you mind disrobing now?

GERTRUD
Pardon?

REICH
Unless you want your husband to have sex with someone else.

BRANDT
I'm sorry, you want us to have sex in front of you?

REICH
Yes. For science.

Brandt and Gertrud exchange confused, worrisome glances.

-- Out of frame, the sounds of Brandt and Gertrud having sex dominate the soundtrack while Reich watches the oscillograph readings go higher than they've ever been!

REICH
All right, keep going, keep going, you're almost there!

A few more beats, and then Brandt and Gertrud both release wails of ecstasy! Reich watches the oscillograph reading shoot even higher, then deplete once they're finished!

The team celebrates with hugs and high-fives! Reich leans back against a table and exhales a sigh of relief!

INT. LABORATORY AT UNIVERSITY OF OSLO/1935 - DAY

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. Especially if the Americans would be interested.

WOLFE

You just measured electrical energy in the human biology. You validated your orgasm theory, the libido, it's all there. We all saw it. What else is there to prove?

INT. KITCHEN AT REICH'S HOME/OSLO/1937 - DAY

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 work to this man until I was blue in the face! I've shown him living cancer cells, magnified at two-thousand times, and not one acknowledgement of it! Who does this Kreyberg 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.

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)

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? Nonsense!

Reich inhales and exhales a vicious plume of smoke!

REICH

We need to stop throwing babies out with bathwater. Surely the Americans would sing a different tune to this music.

ELSA

Science is a business, whether you're in Oslo or New York. It's about money and perception. And if a poor, middle-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.

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

REICH

She was right But with another World War on the horizon, and my Jewish background presenting yet another problem, I had to leave my life in Europe behind.

INT. BEDROOM AT REICH'S HOME/OSLO/1939 - NIGHT

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. 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 dance, my art is here. So are my friends and my family. 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/1939 - DAY

-- Reich and Elsa share one final, loving-yet-remorseful embrace.

REICH (V.O.)

Elsa and I spent five wonderful years together before I left for America. I have no problem saying she was the love of my life and that leaving her created yet another wound in me that I don't think has fully healed.

-- Reich boards the *SS Stavangerfjord*.

REICH (V.O.)

I was on the last ship out of Norway before the war broke out. It was fortuitous timing.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND/NYC/1939 - DAY

A reinvigorated Reich takes in the full view of the Statue of Liberty from the ship as it nears the port.

REICH (V.O.)

I remember what I felt when I saw the Statue of Liberty for the first time. It was the same feeling of hope that thousands, millions of immigrants felt when they saw it.

INT. OFFICE AT REICH'S HOUSE/KESSEL STREET NYC/1940 - DAY

Reich sits at a desk and sketches out a DRAWING OF A LARGE ORGONE ACCUMULATOR. Ilse enters and sets down a cup of coffee next to the sketch and kisses him on the top of the head.

REICH (V.O.)
 After I settled in New York I fell
 in love again. Ilse was my
 secretary and became my second
 wife...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE/NEW YORK CITY/1940 - NIGHT

Reich carries 1-YEAR-OLD PETER. Ilse walks slightly behind
 them with 21-YEAR-OLD EVA, 21, and 17-YEAR-OLD LORE. The
 three 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 one of
 those. But for real, no toys.

INT. STUDY AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

JANUARY 1941. Reich stands in front of a bookshelf admiring
 the collection. On the other side of the room, ALBERT
 EINSTEIN, 61, not a strand of his iconic hair out of place,
 pours three glasses of brandy.

REICH (V.O.)
 But America, as it turned out, was
 not entirely the beacon of liberty
 that it appeared to be.

Einstein grabs the glasses, walks over, hands one to Reich,
 then another to VALENTINE BARGMANN, 33, one of Einstein's
 most legendary -- and pretentious -- assistants.

EINSTEIN
 To science.

REICH
 Cheers, Professor.

VALENTINE
 Cheers.

All three down the liquor in one swig. Reich hands his glass
 back to Einstein. He walks it back to the bar, collecting
 Valentine's glass along the way.

EINSTEIN

Well, let's hear it, Doctor. We've been waiting all week.

Reich turns and faces the room like his lecture days of old.

REICH

Professor, what if I told you I've identified the very fabric of Creation? Something omnipresent, a specific biological energy that behaves differently than all that's known about electromagnetic energy.

EINSTEIN

I'd ask you to explain it in simpler terms.

He takes a seat behind his desk.

EINSTEIN

For a layman such as myself.

He shoots the room a smile, then pulls a pipe out of a desk drawer. Reich paces around the study.

REICH

It's an energy that moves through the Cosmos, through all organic matter, through every living being, man, plant, animal, mineral, bacterium, throughout the soil and the sky. It's like *chi* or *prana*, if our layman knows these terms.

Einstein acknowledges that with a nod as he lights his pipe.

REICH

It interacts with all material in the known universe. And perhaps the unknown as well.

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 the same energy produced during orgasm.

EINSTEIN
 (puffing his pipe)
 Orgasm?

REICH
 Yes, I wanted to quantify the energy of the orgasm, so I tested human bioelectrical responses to certain stimuli. The results led me to believe the same energy would most likely be present in other living organisms. So I kept following the scent, as it were.

EINSTEIN
 What does it smell like?

REICH
 Like God, Professor.

Einstein and Valentine exchange curious, doubtful glances.

REICH
 It would be helpful if we thought about this in ways beyond science.

EINSTEIN
 Religious ways?

REICH
 No, religion is man-made. But something more metaphysical, yes.

VALENTINE
 Professor, surely we're not going to entertain this.

Einstein waves off his comment. The room sits silent for a couple beats as Einstein puffs his pipe, deep in thought.

EINSTEIN
 You quantified this energy in other organisms, I take it?

REICH
 Yes, but it was much more than that, I'm afraid.

INT. LABORATORY AT UNIVERSITY OF OSLO/1936 - DAY

FLASHBACK TO OSLO. 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. Waal and Wolfe take notes.

REICH (V.O.)
I discovered a lifeform that existed between the states of life and death, spontaneously generated.

In a matter of moments, a series of bright blue glowing vesicles appear.

REICH (V.O.)
They were blue, bubble-like structures that resembled bacteria. I call them *bions*.

-- Reich peers through a microscope at a clump of red cells emerging on a bacterial slide.

REICH (V.O.)
Soon, another type emerged. They were red and shaped like lancets.

-- Reich studies two cell cultures under a microscope.

REICH (V.O.)
That raised my curiosity, so I put the blue bions on a slide next to the red ones.

-- The blue bions clearly neutralize the red bions.

REICH (V.O.)
And I watched the blue neutralize the red almost immediately.

INT. STUDY AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

REICH
I came to learn that these red bions actually contribute to the cancer process in the cell, and the blue bions were the antidote. They were eating these cancer cells, effectively ridding the area of the cancer completely.

Einstein and Valentine share another curious glance.

INT. LABORATORY AT UNIVERSITY OF OSLO/1936 - DAY

-- Reich injects a mouse with a needle full of red bions.

REICH (V.O.)

We proved this by injecting the red bions into otherwise healthy mice. They then developed cancer.

-- Reich examines a mouse through a THORACIC FLUOROSCOPE, a device similar to a modern day X-ray and points out a tumor.

-- Reich injects a mouse with a needle full of blue bions.

REICH (V.O.)

We treated the cancer with the blue bions. Their tumors either decreased considerably or disappeared altogether.

-- Reich examines the mouse again through the thoracic fluoroscope and points out that the tumor in the mouse has decreased considerably.

INT. STUDY AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

REICH

It turns out these bions exist in a state between death and life. Or life and non-life, as I've been calling it. I suspect they may never be dead, as we think of it.

VALENTINE

(sarcastically)

Why don't we head down to the nearest cemetery and reanimate the corpses? Really put it to the test.

REICH

I'll bring the shovel.

Valentine's face crawls back into its turtle shell. A stumped Einstein puffs his pipe.

EINSTEIN

Dr. Reich, forgive me for reading between the lines, but are you insinuating that you created life in your laboratory and then used it to cure cancerous growths?

REICH

These bions do exhibit many life-like properties. They divide and reproduce, for example.

VALENTINE
Answer the question.

REICH
I removed the symptoms of cancer.

EINSTEIN
But did you create life in a lab?

REICH
On the record, I would never claim
such a thing.

EINSTEIN
And off the record?

REICH
The work speaks for itself.

Einstein and Valentine seem beside themselves, grasping for something to throw at Reich. A few beats of contemplative silence, broken by Reich as he pulls out THE ORGONOSCOPE from his jacket pocket.

REICH
Would you like to see this
lifeforce energy for yourselves?

INT. BASEMENT AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - NIGHT

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. BACK PORCH AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - NIGHT

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 all this.

REICH
I do. And there's another aspect of this that you'd be personally interested in.

EINSTEIN
I'm already interested.

REICH
This energy may be used as a weapon, perhaps something that could be harnessed in the fight against this Fascist pestilence.

Valentine bolts from his chair, throws up his hands!

VALENTINE
An invisible energy that can cure cancer, raise the dead and fight the Nazis?! Are we discussing physics or reading stories from pulp fiction magazines?!

Einstein tilts his head, lowers his gaze, unfazed.

EINSTEIN
(to Reich)
What gives you this impression?

INT. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/KESSEL STREET NYC/1940 - DAY

Reich, Wolfe, Ilse and Gertrud assemble a large accumulator.

REICH (V.O.)

We've built these boxes, roughly the size of a telephone booth, and we lined them with layers of organic and inorganic materials, similar to a Faraday cage. I call them orgone accumulators. They hold high concentrations of Orgone.

INT. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/KESSEL STREET NYC/1940 - DAY

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. BACK PORCH AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - NIGHT

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.

REICH

I know.

Einstein turns back to Reich.

EINSTEIN

But if it's true, that is quite a bomb to drop on the physicists. Could you build a smaller version of this accumulator?

REICH

I can have one for you next week.

Valentine shakes his head, put off by the idea.

EINSTEIN

Tell me, how long have you been working in physics, Doctor?

REICH

A year or so. I'm a trained medical doctor and psychoanalyst. Freud was my mentor.

VALENTINE

Not even a physicist!

REICH

Do you see why people say I'm insane now?

Einstein puffs away on that pipe, thinking.

EINSTEIN

Hmm. What else do you do?

INT. REICH'S STUDY AT ORGONON/MAINE - NIGHT

REICH

I want to make it clear why I went to Einstein in the first place.

INT. MARXIST WORKERS UNIVERSITY/BERLIN/1932 - DAY

FLASHBACK TO BERLIN, 1934. Reich sits at the front of a large, standing-room-only crowd. He stares up at Einstein as he moves across the stage.

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.

EINSTEIN

(under the VO)
There's only one way to eliminate these grave evils, namely through the establishment of a socialist economy, accompanied by an educational system which would be oriented toward social goals.

INT. LIVING ROOM AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC - NIGHT

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 person's opinion. Even if it is Einstein's.

REICH

It was that damn assistant of his! He had it in for me before I even arrived! We need to get back into the laboratory and be extra diligent this time.

INT. OFFICE AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

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.

INT. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

Reich examines the torso of a FEMALE PATIENT, 30s, with a thoracic fluoroscope. Reich points out a tumor on the fluoroscope as Gertrud records the observation.

REICH (V.O.)

It was important to determine experimentally just what was the progress of the work brought about by your assistant's objection.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

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. BASEMENT AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

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. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

The nude 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. OFFICE AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

Reich continues to type.

REICH (V.O.)

Of this, you could not know and thus had to take your assistant's objection seriously.

INT. STUDY AT EINSTEIN'S HOME/NEW JERSEY/1941 - DAY

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. BEDROOM AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

NINE MONTHS LATER. 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 HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

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/1941 - DAY

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/1941 - NIGHT

Reich lies on the floor on a pile of newspaper amidst hundreds of German-American bunds.

REICH (V.O.)

I was detained for twenty-five days and slept on the floor on stacks of American propaganda, next to others accused of these same ridiculous thought-crimes. I did not get a hearing until day fifteen.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND DETENTION CENTER/1941 - DAY

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. OFFICE AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1941 - NIGHT

Berle and Thompson ransack Reich's bookshelf, tossing books on the floor without care or remorse. Ilse watches.

FULDA (V.O.)

FBI agents found copies of Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Leon Trotsky's *My Life* and a Russian alphabet book in your home. How do you explain your possession of these?

The agents pull out copies of the books mentioned.

REICH (V.O.)

I study mass behavior, which means I study all behavior. If people are going to manipulate the masses, I want to know how their minds work.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND DETENTION CENTER/1941 - DAY

FULDA

But you were active in various Communist parties throughout Europe, were you not?

REICH

Are and were are two different things. If you read my book *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, you'd know exactly where I stand, politically speaking.

FULDA

Do you believe America to be a fascist country, Mr. Reich?

REICH

That depends. Is detaining someone for nearly a month under false pretenses democracy or fascism?

Fulda meets Reich's piercing eyes.

EXT. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1947 - DAY

Reich sits on the steps that lead to the front door, playing an upbeat tune on an accordion. On the porch behind him, Ilse dances with 3-YEAR-OLD PETER.

REICH (V.O.)

We eventually moved out of New York City and relocated to a two-hundred-acre ranch in rural Maine. Unfortunately, the hoodlums in government followed me.

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.

REICH

Welcome to Orgonon, Mr. Wood.

Reich extends his hand. Wood returns the gesture.

WOOD

You play the accordion?

REICH

And the piano and the organ. I paint as well. Would you care to come in and see some art, perhaps over a fresh lemonade?

WOOD

That's quite kind of you.

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1947 - DAY

Reich stands next to Wood, sipping a glass of lemonade. The two men admire one of Reich's oil-and-pencil paintings.

WOOD

It's a lot better than I thought it would be. No offense.

REICH

Everyone says that. I quite admire the Norwegian painter Munch and have tried to replicate his style.

WOOD

Munch. *The Scream*, right?

REICH

Indeed. I wouldn't expect a man who works for the government to have such knowledge of the Arts.

WOOD

Men in black suits tend to be full of surprises.

REICH

I have no doubt. Is the FDA interested in my work?

Wood walks over to a table and sets his glass down.

WOOD

We are. You have a device...

REICH

The orgone accumulator.

WOOD

Yes. I was wondering if I could get some information about it.

REICH

(suspiciously)

How did you hear about it?

WOOD

An article in the *New Republic*.

INT. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1947 - NIGHT

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. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1947 - NIGHT

FLASHBACK TO NEW YORK CITY, ONE MONTH BEFORE THAT. MILDRED EDIE BRADY, 40, short, graying hair and with a sunken face that looks twice her age, points to a large orgone accumulator along the far wall.

BRADY

Is that the accumulator?

REICH

It is. All you have to do is sit inside it and the concentrated Orgone energy engulfs you with its loving embrace. You'll feel better within hours. Perhaps clear up some of those wrinkles too.

Brady shoots an offended look at Reich.

INT. BASEMENT AT REICH'S HOUSE/9906 69TH AVE NYC/1947 - NIGHT

BACK TO THE CONVERSATION ABOUT THE ARTICLE. Reich gets up and paces. He remains calm in his speech yet is clearly agitated.

REICH

Do you know what this is?

ILSE

You think she works for the Soviets?

REICH

We know she does, but it's even deeper than that. This is a sex-crazed woman projecting her own repressions into her reporting. There's no other explanation. Why else would someone represent our work as some sort of perverse fantasy unless they themselves had perverse fantasies? It's psychological projection and it's --

INT. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1947 - DAY

BACK TO THE FDA VISIT. Reich's face turns angry. He throws his hands in the air!

REICH

A complete defamation! That woman's completely repressed!

WOOD

Regardless. You could see why we'd take an interest in your work.

REICH

(calming down)

Of course, yes. The work is what matters, even if it's defamed by Communist character assassins disguised as journalists.

WOOD

I'm wondering if the accumulator is able to be classified as a medical device according to our standards. I'm sure it qualifies, but an FDA-approved device would be great for your business.

Reich doesn't reply right away, just takes another look at his painting as he considers his options. He picks up a piece of paper and starts writing on it.

REICH

Follow the road to the workshop and ask for Clista. She can give you everything you need.

Reich hands Wood the paper. Wood examines it. In big, bold writing it says, "THIS MAN IS FROM THE FDA. PLEASE ACCOMMODATE. - WR"

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

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 my patient list as it pertained to the accumulator.

INT. STUDENTS' LABORATORY AT ORGONON/MAINE/1954 - DAY

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
Wonderful!

REICH
Your skin looks better already.

Eva enters the lab.

EVA
Mr. Wood is here again.

REICH
What does he want?

EVA
Your head, probably.

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE/1954 - DAY

Reich ambles toward Wood, Peter and Eva in tow, and TWO OTHER
FDA INSPECTORS, dressed like film noir detectives. MARSHAL
WILLIAM DOHERTY, 40, thin, lanky, fedora on top of hair with
graying sides, 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 a federal
injunction has been issued by the
United States District Court.

Reich unseals the envelope and pulls out the contents.

WOOD

Your sales of orgone accumulators
are in violation of the Food, Drug
and Cosmetic Act. The interstate
shipping of the accumulators is now
prohibited as well as any
literature promoting them, and all
devices and their literature in
your possession must be destroyed.

DOHERTY

Should you violate this injunction
you'll be charged with contempt of
court. Do you understand?

Reich looks up and says nothing.

WOOD

It's in your best interest to
comply, and I'm sure you will.
You're a good American, aren't you?

Reich stares daggers through Wood!

DOHERTY

We'll be back to supervise the
destruction of the devices next
week, 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 AT ORGONON/1954 - DAY

Peter and Wolfe swing axes at the last orgone accumulator. Wolfe steps back as Peter takes several more swings at it. The steel wool dangles from the side panels like intestines. Reich walks up beside Peter.

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!

(MORE)

REICH (CONT'D)
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 AT ORGONON/MAINE/1954 - DAY

Reich lowers a flag on a flagpole.

EXT. FIELD/ORGONON - DAY

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.

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

REICH
Is this democracy or fascism? All I
will say is that I have not seen
anything more corrupt than the
infrastructure of the American
corporate governing system and the
little men who aid and abet it.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT/1956 - DAY

TUCSON, ARIZONA, 1956. TWO YEARS LATER. Reich stands in the bed of a large pickup truck behind a cloudbuster and points it 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/1956 - DAY (DUSK)

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, Pete. What are you reading?

PETER

Stories about science.

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 thousands of people. Throughout my research, I've discovered a new kind of plague, an emotional plague that starts within and kills people from the inside.

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. Do you know why?

PETER

Why?

REICH

Because they've been sick for so long they think the sickness is health. That's why the bus driver says the things he does to you.

Reich looks up into the sky for a couple beats. His face tells the story. It's as if he suddenly realizes he's talking about himself just as much as others. A couple of rain drops hit the cover of Peter's magazine!

PETER

Dad, look!

More rain drops pelt the bed of the truck! Reich lets out a big belly laugh as a heavy rain starts falling. Peter slides his magazine under his shirt and starts laughing too as he and Reich scramble into the truck!

INT. RENTAL HOME/ARIZONA DESERT/1956 - DAY

Reich and Peter both eat a plate of scrambled eggs and drink glasses of orange juice.

REICH

I've been doing some thinking. After our success on this trip, the tide seems to be turning. We can bring rain to areas of drought. Do you know how much the government will appreciate that?

PETER

You think they'll leave us alone?

Reich pokes at his eggs a little slower now, unsure how to respond. He takes a swig of orange juice instead.

EXT. ORGONON/MAINE/1956 - DAY

Reich and Peter rumble into the driveway in the pickup truck and drive up to the cottage. Two black sedans sit outside. Reich parks the truck. They get out. Peter shoots Reich a worrisome glance as Reich beelines for the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM AT TAMARACK COTTAGE/ORGONON/1956 - DAY

Reich finds Eva with Doherty and THREE OTHER MARSHALS.

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. It appears that an associate of yours shipped some of your prohibited items across state lines last week, which violates the federal injunction that was filed against you.

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. I
should also inform you of your
right to remain silent.

Reich looks defeated, but it quickly fades away. He scoffs.

REICH

When have I ever had the right to
do anything?

INT. REICH'S STUDY AT ORGONON/MAINE/1957 - DAY (DAWN)

Reich lights a cigarette, inhales and exhales a depressing
plume of smoke.

REICH

I won't bore you with the courtroom
proceedings, but we lost and
appealed, and lost and appealed
again, and eventually appealed all
the way to the Supreme Court but to
no avail. So I sit here, on the eve
of a two-year sentence in a federal
prison. I honestly do not know what
to make of any of it.

A saddened, almost deadened Reich pauses in reflection. He
glances out the window and sees that night has turned to day.
His eyes settle on Freud's portrait, staring back at him.

REICH

I fear that when I leave here
tomorrow that I will not come back
home, and that I will die a lonely,
miserable death just like my
father. No doubt a self-inflicted
death, like my mother's, even if my
own hand is not the one responsible
for it. Is this a death drive? A
death instinct? Perhaps. But not in
the way Freud speculated.

PETER (O.S.)

You're not going to die.

Reich looks up at Peter. He stands in the doorway, wide awake and ready for the day.

REICH

Of course I am. Everyone dies.

PETER

But not anytime soon.

REICH

Pete, men like me die before we should, and usually at the hands of others who don't understand them. But do you know what the silver lining is? No matter what happens, we've actually won. We stood up for truth. That takes courage. That's why I've always told you never to lie, because lying is not brave.

Peter walks over, sits on Reich's lap and hugs him tightly.

PETER

You're the bravest man I know.

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

No such thing. Tears are the great softener. Remember, we don't want our character to be armored. We don't allow our emotions to build up. Do you understand?

Peter nods.

REICH

Good.

(grabbing his gun)

C'mon. Let's go have some fun before I leave.

EXT. TOP-DECK OBSERVATORY AT ORGONON/MAINE/1957 - DAY

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 me and you.

PETER
I can hit them from here, you know.

REICH
Give me the gun, Pete.

He hands it over.

REICH

Don't ever point this at anyone.

Reich leans against the railing as he and Peter watch Doherty and two other marshals get out of their cars.

REICH

I want you to remember something. People only fight back like this if they're scared. These men and the people they work for, they're scared by the truth of life. But we will always fight for the truth. And that's why I may have to die. Do you understand?

Peter nods. 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. TAMARACK COTTAGE AT ORGONON/MAINE/1957 - DAY

Doherty escorts a handcuffed Reich into the back of one of the sedans. A host of friends, family and colleagues, ten strong, then twenty, then thirty, look on.

Doherty gets in the car. The sedans fire up and pull away from the cottage. Reich catches the eye of Peter -- strong and brave but tears streaming down his face -- as he leaves Orgonon for the last time.

FADE OUT.

TEXT OVER BLACK -- *Dr. Wilhelm Reich died of a heart attack in an American prison on November 3, 1957, just days before a parole hearing. He was 60 years old.*

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY

A large group of COLLEGE STUDENTS PROTEST in the streets! They face off with a horde of BERLIN POLICE OFFICERS IN RIOT GEAR who form a line several rows deep in front of them!

The students yell in German -- FUCKING FACISTS! SOCIAL REFORM NOW! THIS ISN'T HITLER'S GERMANY!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Despite having books burned by both the Nazis and the United States government, Reich's work has inspired many countercultural movements.*

Students throw copies of Reich's *THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM* at police officers!

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

The books hit the officers' riot shields and fall to the ground!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *Reich's approach to treating chronic emotional stress, referred to now as Reichian Therapy, is still widely practiced.*

EXT. ALLEY IN PARIS - DAY

A FRENCH STUDENT tags a wall with A CAN OF BLACK SPRAY PAINT. The letters C -- H --

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *His work with Orgone energy remains controversial, despite continued interest in his experiments.*

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!

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY

The POLICE OFFICERS advance toward the angry mob of German college students!

TEXT ON SCREEN -- *The axiom Reich lived by remains the motto of the Wilhelm Reich Infant Trust Fund.*

"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.

THE END