

RETELLING THE STORY OF ANNA O.

*A Senior Honors Thesis*

by

DANIEL CHASE STEELE

Submitted to the Office of Honors Programs  
& Academic Scholarships  
Texas A&M University  
In partial fulfillment of the requirements of the

UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATE  
RESEARCH FELLOWS

April 2003

Group: Cultural Studies 2

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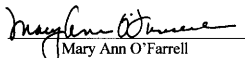
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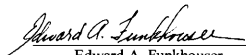
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## ABSTRACT

Retelling the Story of Anna O. (April 2003)

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Psychoanalysis and Film have been inseparable since Breuer and Freud published *Studies on Hysteria* the same year the Lumière brothers released the first film, *Train Entering the Station*, in 1895. In the century since, films have dealt with psychoanalysis directly and indirectly.

Research for this project consisted of three semester parts, the last being a semester of writing. During the first research period I conducted an analysis of over 40 films and their screenplays dealing with the subject of psychoanalysis in some manner that were also critically well received. The second time period was conducted in the documented actualities of the beginning of psychoanalysis, being in the case history of Anna O. (or Bertha Pappenheim in reality) and Freudian theory in Vienna in the late nineteenth century.

This study of the methods and techniques in multiple past examples of films dealing with these themes, combined with an understanding of Freudian psychoanalysis is here presented creatively in this screenplay. In the script, I explore past connections between psychoanalysis and films that both have and have not been identified previously. The screenplay dramatizes Bertha Pappenheim's treatment with Dr. Breuer from 1880 to 1882 in Vienna, Austria.

Bertha Pappenheim was the only surviving daughter of a rich Jewish family in the fin-de-siècle era whose father was dying of tuberculosis. She cared for him night and day until she became too ill to continue. Dr. Breuer was then called in, but he

identified her illness as hysterical almost immediately. This was the beginning of what was to become the most prominent case of hysterical symptoms, and the very first instance of the “talking cure” that defines our very basic understanding of psychoanalysis and therapy to this very day. The story is framed by Breuer’s retelling of the story to Freud in 1886 upon his return from his studies in Paris. The screenplay represents the facts from the case history, biographies of all involved, and the city in that time period. Underlying this, however, is a symbolic and metaphorical account of psychoanalytic connections with film and of the overall themes of psychoanalysis.

Dedicated to my late Father.

You always used to say I was “pissing my talents away.”

I hope I’ve proved you wrong.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks go to the amazing work of Breuer and Freud with groundbreaking innovation that is the basis for this story. To Bertha Pappenheim for being a brave and bold woman in her time and even through her horrid illness.

Thanks to all the biographers Albrecht Hirschmuller for Josef Breuer, Melinda Given Guttman for Bertha Pappenheim, and Ernest Jones for Sigmund Freud; their collections of information added most of the inking to this pencil-outlined drawing.

Thanks to Robert McKee whose STORY is absolutely inspirational, and affectionately nicknamed “The Bible” for many a screenwriter, including myself.

Thanks to my friends for putting up with the excuse, “I have to write!”

And thanks to Mary Ann O’Farrell for her guidance and ultimate knowledge of time period and area surrounding the events dramatizes herein. Without her help and expertise this screenplay would not have possible, without her wonderful class this screenplay would not have been conceived of, and without her, I personally would be lost. Thank You.

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## INTRODUCTION

When scholarly articles and journals write about films it is often called a film analysis and usually looks for unconscious meanings and subtextual devices to drive their rhetoric. This is a deceptively simple analogy between film criticism and the process of psychoanalysis, and is the springboard for this screenplay. Since the inception of film, screenplays' stories have been somewhat obsessed with either Freud himself or at least his teachings. In writing this screenplay, I want to combine the two into one film that can explore the relationship between both. The screenplay deals with the very first case history in the field of what we now know as psychoanalysis, presenting the story as a story told to Sigmund Freud by Dr. Breuer, the man who treated Bertha Pappenheim, the otherwise infamous "Anna O." The story within a story framework is set up to better explore the relationship screenplays, or films in general, have to the curative process of psychoanalysis.

Two things have been of particular interest to me in translating this story for the screen. First, it is interesting to discover what from reality I decided to keep and what I decided to change after working out themes and functions of characters. By the end of preliminary writing, the story came out to be more fictionalized than I first thought it would, but I have discovered through this process that it was my duty to "condense" the "origination material," to use Freudian terms. Indeed, this condensing is very revealing for understanding the connection between film and psychoanalysis. We must find the subtext of the story to understand it. It was an objective of mine to



create a story that must be read as a doctor read the mind of his patient. Which brings us to the second difficulty, trusting the reader to understand it all. This I have found very difficult, indeed. The subtleties called for by a screenplay of this nature sometimes even evaded my sensibilities upon rereading what I had written. However, I think that the story has sufficiently been set, that the reference to film is present but not obvious, and that the characters come to speak for themselves as well as their generalized representations from the field of psychoanalysis. The style might seem strange at first, but the format is significant for it gives way to the easiest visual interpretation. Although the screenplay is a written work, its ultimate goal is to be in a filmic form, so it is best to use the visual cues throughout. Hopefully, it has been written so as to make this as easy as possible.

## THE STORY OF ANNA O.

WOMEN'S SCREAMS AND MOANS PIERCE THE BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN:

A spinning ZOETROPE comes into focus. The image inside is a man's hand writing the OPENING TITLES out with each revolution. The screams continue as both pleasure and pain. Intermittent:

WOMAN 1

It isn't in my head!

WOMAN 2

I really don't want to... not tonight.

WOMAN 1

Why are you accusing me?

WOMAN 3

A little fun never hurt a girl.

WOMAN 2

Please, I mean it...

WOMAN 4

But, I feel much better...

WOMAN 1

I am a virgin!

WOMAN 3

Don't be so modest.

WOMAN 4

But we *can* stop the treatment!

WOMAN 2

What are you doing... No...

WOMAN 3

Make love with me.

WOMAN 1

I am not hysterical!

WOMAN 4

(crying)

I'm well... I'm better...

WOMAN 2

Please Stop! Please...

The hand finishes by writing the title: "The Story of Anna O."

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA, A CARRIAGE -DAY

VIENNA, AUSTRIA - April 25th, 1886 (Easter Sunday)

A carriage makes its way through the opulent Baroque streets surrounded by towering golden architecture on the tree-lined main road, Ringstrasse.

INT. UNKNOWN STUDY -CONTINUOUS

The hand from the zoetrope transforms into a real hand scribbling on a card. The man behind it is tall, chestnut hair, 44 with a shrewd, yet kindly expression. The house bustles.

A BUTLER steps into the doorway.

BUTLER

(clearing throat)

Sir, Herr Freud's carriage is approaching.

The man puts away his pen, stuffs the card into an envelope and stamps it shut with wax. Quickly rising, he takes the envelope and strides into the hallway where a WOMAN barrels toward him.

She stands tall, 40 with black hair, and a sullenness about her. She carries a vase of flowers.

WOMAN

Your reaction to his return could hardly be less than that of our Christian neighbors if the Messiah were to "come again."

MAN

He is my friend, and a great scholar. Anyway we don't have any Christian neighbors. There's a reason we live in the Jewish Quarter.

The man shoves the envelope into the vase. He SNAPS his fingers at the passing butler.

MAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Parks, where is the placard?

The Butler scurries away.

EXT. STREETS OF VIENNA, A CARRIAGE -CONTINUOUS

The carriage bounces through the residential district away from the center of town.

INT. BREUER HOUSEHOLD -CONTINUOUS

The pair check each others clothes.

WOMAN

Well I wish you would become friends with a doctor that isn't so...

MAN

So what, Mathilde?

MATHILDE (WOMAN)

So... NEW.

MAN

You mean to say disliked. His opponents are blind to the changes imminent in the field.

MATHILDE

Josef, I would think with *your* experience-

He STOPS her. The butler hands Josef the nameplate. He buffs it with the cuff of his jacket and holds it up for her approval. It reads: SIGMUND FREUD, RATHAUSSTRASSE 7.

The Butler opens the door as the carriage pulls up..

A VALET rushes down the steps to the carriage. He opens the door and helps out a BEAUTIFUL 21 YEAR OLD GIRL, a deep brown head of hair, and piercing brown eyes, Jewish, in riding gear.

Josef blinks.

It is not the girl, but rather SIGMUND FREUD who has been there all along. 30, a black goatee, rather stiff in his suit, and needless to say, a cigar in hand.

FREUD

Breuer, Mathilde, so good to see you.

MATHILDE

Hello, Sigi.

BREUER

Well Freud, did that old coot actually teach you anything.

FREUD

Charcot is ages ahead of anything we've seen. I am wholly dedicated to him and the spread of his work. What's this?

Freud spots the placard.

MATHILDE

To commemorate your new flat.

BREUER

It was her idea.

FREUD

(seriously)

I am truly honored, but this simply will not do.

Breuer and Mathilde are confused.

BREUER

(half-jokingly)

Mimicking Parisian crudity already? And after hardly a few months.

FREUD

Forgive me, I meant no disrespect... it's only that the lovely Fräulein Martha Bernays, formerly, now finds herself with the title of Frau Freud...

(beat)

...the new apartment is half hers and rightfully should share her name.

Mathilde laughs.

MATHILDE

Congratulations!

Breuer offers a firm handshake with a reluctant smile.

## INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -DAY

Breuer and Freud sit in the lounge with coffee cups and a plate of Vanillekipferl (vanilla croissants). One of Breuer's daughters, Dora (4) allows her father to tie a bow on her dress.

BREUER

There. Tell Robert he better start practising for the recital.

She runs off.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Children might be an item on your list soon.

(pause)

Are you sure you can handle a marriage?

FREUD

I know, I know. I appreciate your concern, but I just couldn't make Martha wait the two years you suggested. It was time for me to live up to my promises, money or no money, she doesn't care, we will live on love.

BREUER

Youthfully ignorant bliss. What I would not give...

FREUD

...But I did not come to talk about the ins and outs of my marriage.

Freud laughs at his little joke.

BREUER

Charcot?

FREUD

(becoming focused)

Charcot's lectures on somnambulism were amazing. You know the power of suggestion is strong in hysterical patients, but we are talking stronger than what we've seen. A man opposed to smoking of every kind asked me for a cigar. A woman who swore she couldn't walk danced for us. It was easy to discern between the organic and the neurotic symptoms.

Neuroses were commanded to go away and they simply disappeared. Treatment will never be the same after the integration of... hypnosis... We must make the association see.

Freud sees Breuer staring blindly into his drink.

BREUER

Astonishing. How do his ideas apply to your work.

FREUD

Breuer! It simply amazes me how you can give the appearance of listening without needing actually to hear a word, old man.

BREUER

Old man, am I now?

FREUD

A ripe old forty four is all I meant.

FLASH: Breuer sees a screaming image of the BEAUTIFUL GIRL from the carriage.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Breuer...

Breuer finally meets Freud's gaze.

FREUD (CONT'D)

But Charcot is not the main point I wish to dwell on.

BREUER

No?

FREUD

No. I have come to tell you of my decision to publish. I want to contribute my recent discoveries in neuroses to the greater work. I think your experience in the field would add greatly to...

BREUER

My experience...

(chuckling)

My experience...

FREUD

Your breakthrough with the Anna O. case of course, it would be the starting point for the book.

BREUER

Would it not be hasty, to publish so soon?

FREUD

I don't think so.

BREUER

It might be unwise at this juncture to-

FREUD

You won't publish with me. So, you too now believe my ideas are too extreme.

BREUER

You do not know what you are talking about.

FREUD

Well, that's what they say, after all, isn't it? Freud is off his rocker? Have you become a naysayer as well? Do you even still believe in my work?

FLASH: The Beautiful Girl riding horseback through a field. Briefly the field blazes in fire.

BREUER

I believe in you.

(beat)

My experience may not be suited for publication.

FREUD

It's groundbreaking!

Robert starts to practice the PIANO in another room and the raw sounds of amateur playing float into the lounge.

FLASH: The Beautiful Girl playing softly at a piano.

BREUER

It is incomplete.

FLASH: The GIRL looks directly at the camera.



FREUD

I don't understand.

BREUER

You say Charcot merely ordered symptoms away. That he coerced the insane to right themselves.

FREUD

I have seen it.

BREUER

We have also seen animals disappear on stages in the playhouses and women sawed in half.

FREUD

But-

BREUER

I am only suggesting you not let your sense and reason be overtaken by smoke and mirrors. The power of suggestion is not necessarily the key that unlocks everything.

FREUD

You worked with it.

BREUER

There is more to the Anna O. treatment than you know.

FREUD

How... I've read all your records cover to cover... You have told me of it yourself... unless you've kept something back.

Breuer rises and walks to a window.

BREUER

I presented the association only with a first act because they would not have understood the whole drama.

Freud gets up and joins him. Breuer begins to walk around the room, pauses a moment to observe his younger self from a portrait on the mantel.

BREUER (CONT'D)

But you have come to a stage that they have not, and now you need to hear the story.

FREUD

Breuer, don't sound so serious, you could really depress a fellow.

Breuer turns.

BREUER

No more jokes! I would not share this with you if I did not think the fate of something larger held in the balance, resting with you!

(beat)

I told you that I treated her for a few months in the winter of '80/'81.

FREUD

Yes.

BREUER

Untrue. My sessions with her lasted much much longer...

Freud is confused but amazed. Breuer doesn't know where to begin.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Perhaps from the beginning then?

FREUD

The country hasn't seen me in almost a year, it can wait another night.

BREUER

I first met her in November of '80. Her real name was Bertha Pappenheim, father was Sigmund Pappenheim, who was already a patient of mine and they were only just returning from the resort in Ischl.

CUT TO:

INT PAPPENHEIM APARTMENT, FOYER -MORNING, NOVEMBER, 1880

The front door is quickly opened and standing outside it is Josef Breuer, six years younger. He grasps a doctor's bag at his side.

VALET

(hurried)

Dr. Breuer, come in. Please forgive the noise. We are just-

BREUER

Just returning from the summer home, I know. Where is Frau Pappenheim?

VALET

She is expecting you. Please wait in the den.

BREUER

Thank You.

Breuer treks to the den. Butler, Maids, etc. scurry behind him with random pieces of luggage and furniture, and decoration. He has been here before and knows his way around.

He finally reaches the den and steps through the open sliding doors. He hears muffled voices of women through a doorway across the room.

VOICE 1

(faint, distant)

Why do you insist on lying!?

VOICE 2

(the same)

Bertha, I did not take your...

Breuer sets down his bag and inches closer to hear better.

VOICE 1

(growing louder)

...from the Emperor! It was precious to me, and you took it, just like you always do!

VOICE 2

I didn't touch it!

VOICE 1

Ugh!!

A QUICK FIGURE, A GIRL, DARTS across the opening behind the doors. A woman steps into the doorway, glances at Breuer and closes the doors. The voices become too muffled to hear, but they continue.

BREUER (V.O.)

It was she.

Breuer looks around. There are shelves upon shelves running the entire length of the wall of trinkets and various things. Among them, his attention is drawn to a Zoetrope.

He picks it up and fiddles with it a moment before figuring how it works. He SPINS IT. Over the top of the edge he can see the moving image of a HORSE GALLOPING. He almost loses himself in it until:

RECHA (O.S.)

Please excuse that.

It is the woman who closed the doors a moment ago. She steps into the room. She's careful to close the doors behind her.

BREUER

No need, Frau Pappenheim.

RECHA

Doctor, you can call me Recha. After all, you've been our doctor for years.

BREUER

Forgive me... I came as soon as I could.  
How is he?

RECHA

Hmm... Oh, Herr Pappenheim. Sigmund's condition is unchanged.

BREUER

(confused)  
No new developments.

RECHA

No, Doctor, that's not why...

(pause)

It's my daughter.

BREUER

Your-

RECHA

Bertha.

BREUER

Bertha? I thought she was away at school.

RECHA

Well, she's finished. Besides, we need her services here for her-

SUDDENLY: The doors are FLUNG WIDE. Silhouetted in the light from the hallway stands THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in riding habit. Her hair tied back tightly. Her deep brown eyes fall onto the ZOETROPE Breuer is holding. They WIDEN.

BERTHA

There!

She looks up at Breuer and suppresses a cough. Breuer's stuck.

RECHA

Ah, here's Bertha now.

BERTHA

Who are you?

BREUER

I-

BERTHA

Why do you have my Zoetrope! Have you been snooping through my collections?

She rushes to his side and GRABS it from him. Standing next to him she is small and fragile.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

This was a gift from Emperor Joseph himself!

RECHA

Bertha, this is your father's doctor.

Bertha takes another look at Breuer. The anger leaves her face. She stifles another cough.

INT. PAPPENHEIM DRAWING ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Breuer examines Bertha with a stethoscope on top of her clothes. Recha stands nearby.

BREUER

I doubt Sigmund's Tuberculosis has spread to her. Nothing appears to be wrong.

Breuer finishes.

RECHA

Doctor, can I see you a moment.

She motions for him to come away from Bertha. They step into the hallway.

BREUER

I'm sorry madame, but-

RECHA

You don't understand. *Something* is wrong. She has fits. Fits where she's throwing things, anything in her reach, and the next moment she's fine. She complains of losing things and blames other people for it. She-

BREUER

That, I can I identify. It is called readjustment. She has been away at a school for a very long time.

RECHA

It's more than that. Don't be shortsighted about this, please.

This appeals to his sense as a doctor. They share a glance at Bertha, who stares out a window. Breuer seems entranced by her.

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -DAY 1886

Freud is listening INTENTLY.

BREUER

There was nothing physically wrong with her...

INT. PAPPENHEIM DRAWING ROOM 1880

Bertha STARES out the window, drawn to something unseen. She coughs.

BREUER (V.O.)

...but I decided to conduct a more in-depth exam.

In the hall Recha's face closes in on Breuer's.

RECHA

Thank You, Doctor. I'll make an appointment with your office.

INT. BREUER'S BATHROOM -NIGHT 1880

Mathilde sits in front of a tri-fold mirror brushing her hair. Josef walks by behind the doorway.

MATHILDE

Tomorrow is the opening of the new Feierabend's gallery. We are going to meet them there at 6.

Breuer walks back to the opening.

BREUER

I can't go. I have an appointment tomorrow about that time.

MATHILDE

You do not, I checked.

BREUER

It was last minute.

Mathilde gets up and begins to walk past him.

MATHILDE

At 6?

BREUER

It's a house call. What does it matter dear? It's just another gallery.

MATHILDE

I'll be sure to tell that to the Feierabends.

She walks out and Breuer is left with himself.

BREUER

You know what I mean.

He blows out the crude arc-lamp on the vanity.

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -DAY 1886

Freud is leaning forward stirring his drink.

FREUD

Why didn't you bring her into your office during the day?

BREUER

If it was a problem with adjustment to the household, it would do no good to treat her outside her home... her environment.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -EVENING 1880

Daylight floods into the room. Breuer and Bertha sit in opposite chairs facing each other.

BREUER

How long were you away?

Bertha is obviously uncomfortable and closed-off. Breuer's eyes never move off of Bertha's.

BERTHA

(sighing)

"Away?" You make it sound like childhood euphemism. "Don't worry Bertie, grandpa's all right, he's just gone 'away'"

BREUER

Is that what you were told?

BERTHA

I've managed to accept death as the draw of the curtain on a show that's run its course.

BREUER

(thinking)

What is your father like?

BERTHA

You're his doctor. Don't you know?

Bertha is trying to intimidate. She coughs a bit, Breuer waits.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

He's the best man I know. Caring, gracious, the most loving man in the world.



BREUER

Would you say he showed you more love than say your mother or brother.

BERTHA

(thinks for a moment)

Yes. I would.

(pause)

I always was his favorite. No sense in denying it. It was fairly obvious to all of us.

She continues to cough little by little.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I'll tell you every father has a special connection with his daughter. It's an empirical fact.

BREUER

What do you think the others thought about that?

BERTHA

They were probably jealous.

BREUER

Were you ever hurt?

BERTHA

No, quite the opposite I'd say.

BREUER

Were you given everything your heart desired?

BERTHA

HA!

BREUER

Why do you scoff?

BERTHA

What *is* the purpose of all of this Herr Breuer.

Breuer winces ever so slightly at the omission of the well-earned doctor title.

BREUER

I do not always know myself, Fraulein. I am sorry that this is not pleasing for you, but I cannot find anything physically wrong with you, yet your cough persists...

(searching)

and your mother wanted a more thorough opinion.

BERTHA

Then why pester me with questions that have no meaning? Shouldn't there be tests or the sort?

Breuer doesn't know how to respond. A moment, then:

BREUER

Would you like physical tests?

BERTHA

(turning slightly softer)

I do understand... Truly I do... But I assure you, there is nothing wrong with me.

Breuer looks at his timepiece and then up again at her. She catches his gaze and for a moment they are locked, she tries to stifle the coughs.

BREUER

(breaking)

Nevertheless, I would like to see you again.

Breuer stands and adds hastily:

BREUER (CONT'D)

To examine you further.

Bertha remains seated, staring up at the doctor without moving.

BERTHA

(becoming cold again)

Whatever you wish, doctor.

(standing)

Just remember that it's my father who's dying. He's the one that really needs you.

He lets himself out of the room and closes the door behind him. She pitches a pillow at the door after him.

FREUD (V.O.)

You were intrigued with the problems of a beautiful young girl. She was already invading your thought then, wasn't she?

Breuer stops outside the door for a moment trying to discern the soft thump against the door. He crosses down the hall to another door, Sigmund's. He knocks, goes inside.

INT. ART GALLERY -EVENING

Mathilde observes a small collection of art by herself in a poorly lit gallery.

BREUER (V.O.)

I wanted to get to the bottom of it. Notwithstanding her beauty.

FREUD (V.O.)

(chuckling)

I bet you wouldn't have been so quick to treat the Bergmanns' daughter.

BREUER (V.O.)

Freud!

INT. BREUER'S DINNING TABLE

Mathilde and Josef sit opposite each other in silence.

FREUD (V.O.)

Sorry....

BREUER (V.O.)

I wanted to understand her... And, in a misguided way, she needed to understand me.

INT. VIENNESE LIBRARY OF MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS -MORNING

Bertha poring over volumes of journals in an incredibly ornate Baroque library. Books of Physiology surround her, angered as she reads. She slams shut the book and hastens out with the resounding echo.

INT. VIENNA GENERAL HOSPITAL, BREUER'S OFFICE -AFTERNOON

Breuer packs his materials. He looks at his timepiece. 5:17 PM. He straightens his tie a bit in small mirror next to the door and smooths his hair. He walks to the outer lobby where a nurse sits behind a desk.

NURSE  
OH, Dr. Breuer!

BREUER  
I am heading out to the Pappenheims for the day.

NURSE  
That's what... I mean to say, Frau Pappenheim sent a cancellation.

BREUER  
What? Why?

NURSE  
She didn't say.

BREUER  
Well... then... I'll be at home.

EXT. CARRIAGE RIDE -EVENING

Breuer sits in silence as a rocky carriage ride transports him home. He watches the world pass. Street vendors pack up their market goods. Some playing children run into the baskets and spill the apples and oranges.

INT. BREUER'S LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Breuer and his wife sit in chairs in a large, poorly lit room. He reads the newspaper while she sews.

MATHILDE  
Robert is beginning to get so good on the piano that he is starting to teach the girls.

BREUER  
(thinking)  
Both of them?

MATHILDE  
Yes. It's very nice of him.

There is a long silence.

BREUER  
What was the gallery like?

MATHILDE  
(playfully)  
I refuse to tell you. You'll just have to go down with me to see it one day.

BREUER  
Mathilde, you know I won't have time...

Another long silence.

MATHILDE  
We've been invited to another "get-together" at the-

The door chime interrupts her. They look at each other and the clock. Breuer reluctantly rises to get it.

INT. BREUER'S FOYER -CONTINUOUS

He opens the door to a shivering Recha Pappenheim.

BREUER  
Frau Pappenheim! You'll catch your death.

RECHA  
(shaken)  
I'm sorry, I left hastily and must have forgotten my-

MATHILDE  
Josef, who is it?

BREUER  
It's... no one dear.

RECHA  
I only came for a moment to say that it was not I who cancelled today's session with Bertha. She is a very stubborn girl who inevitably does more harm for herself by intending to do well.  
(beat)  
I ask that you please be at our apartment again tomorrow at the same time.

There will by no means be any cancellations of any sort any more. I will pay you in advance now as a guarantee.

BREUER  
There is no need.

RECHA  
No, I insist. I will not let you get back to your wife a moment sooner.

She stiffly waits for Breuer to take the proffered money. He takes it very reluctantly.

RECHA (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Doctor. Tomorrow then.

BREUER  
Let me get the valet to take you home.

RECHA  
Oh, please, no muss. I'll warm myself by the walk. G'night.

He closes the door and pauses there. Mathilde surprises him from behind.

MATHILDE  
Who is this "no one" you talk to for so long at this hour?

BREUER  
Recha Pappenheim. She wants me to resume sessions tomorrow.

MATHILDE  
How... indecisive... of her.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, DEN

Recha walks in still shivering and warming her hands. Bertha reads by the fireplace.

RECHA  
All right. He will be here tomorrow. I could kill you, Bertha.

BERTHA  
Why must I do this?

RECHA

You must stop asking questions, Bertha!  
You must obey my wishes.

BERTHA

I'll take over for the nurse now.

Recha glances at a clock.

RECHA

How apropos. Run to your father then,  
child, your Mother is a witch.

Bertha storms out. She travels through a maze of hallways before reaching a door and calming herself. She gently opens.

INT. SIGMUND PAPPENHEIM'S BEDROOM -CONTINUOUS

A nurse sits in a bedside chair.

BERTHA

Betsey, You can go ahead home.

NURSE

Thank you, miss. Are you sure?

BERTHA

(coughing)  
Go on. He's my father.

The nurse gathers her things and quietly exits. Bertha takes her place. On the bed lies a very pale man with Jewish nose and eyes, over 50, blank stare. However, he does notice his daughter's entrance.

SIGMUND

Another sleepless night befalls my  
daughter.

BERTHA

Father.

SIGMUND

I know, I know, my strength... save it...  
but save it for what if not for witty  
exchanges with my lovely child.

She wipes off his forehead with a rag from a washbasin.

BERTHA

Do you want me to tell you a story?

SIGMUND

Do you want me to tell you a story? I do believe it was originally my job to conduct such affairs.

BERTHA

What story do you have that I have not heard?

SIGMUND

The one about the man who lost his wife in the ocean?

BERTHA

And found her walking along the beach months later?

SIGMUND

The one of mysterious disappearances in the Americas.

BERTHA

On the west coastline?

SIGMUND

You have not heard the one about the lunatic in Belgium who paraded-

BERTHA

-around as a doctor and made appointments with patients and all. Yes I have.

SIGMUND

Oh. Well, then, I guess you'll have to give the storyteller some new material to take to the New World with him.

BERTHA

Do not say it that way. I could tell you the one about the beautiful young girl and her father, and the evil forces trying to separate them...

SIGMUND

I will not hear such nonsense. That wouldn't be a very realistic story would it.



He takes Bertha's hand, kisses it. Bertha smiles. They stop their feeble communication and sit in adoration of one another. Her cough insists on interrupting.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, PARALYSIS WARD

Breuer walks amongst the patients checking charts. He approaches another man, older, DR. HAUSER.

BREUER

Dr. Hauser.

HAUSER

Dr. Breuer, I was looking for you earlier. I'm meeting the new batch of doctors tonight at the Café Centrale, at around say seven? I'd appreciate your presence.

BREUER

Unfortunately I have an appointment tonight I cannot miss.

HAUSER

A house call? That late?

BREUER

It's the Pappenheim family.

A patient is moaning. Breuer moves to examine.

HAUSER

Oh.

(beat, coldly)

Is the father on the verge?

BREUER

(thinking)

Yes. His condition has worsened.

FREUD (V.O.)

You lied?

HAUSER

Christmas?

BREUER

Possibly. I will have a better prediction after tonight.

BREUER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I was a physician. It might have been  
 difficult to explain detours into the  
 treatment of neurosis.

INT. SIGMUND PAPPENHEIM'S BEDROOM -AFTERNOON

Breuer is seated, checking Sigmund's vitals, waiting for something.

SIGMUND  
 Thank You, Doctor. For being here for my  
 family in this time of need. I hope we  
 can return to the one patient per  
 household rule of thumb soon.

Breuer smiles.

BREUER  
 So do I, dear friend.

Bertha glides in quietly, dressed head to toe in flounces  
 and lace. Breuer's timepiece reads 5:53.

BERTHA  
 You'll have to excuse me, I was detained  
 with-

BREUER  
 Excuse us, Herr Pappenheim.

He motions to excuse them, they leave. Outside the door:

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 No.

BERTHA  
 Hmm?

BREUER  
 You will not keep me waiting again. I  
 will leave at the chime of 5:30 if you  
 are not here from now on.

BERTHA  
 (losing all pretense)  
 Doctor, you must be missing the point. If  
 you do not want to be here, then I  
 certainly do not want you to be here.

She turns her back.

BREUER

Yes, well, I think your mother does. We will continue these sessions twice a week on your mother's request.

BERTHA

(coughing)

My mother has no need to control me... nor you for that matter.

BREUER

She is very concerned for you and she is your guardian. She and your father.

BERTHA

I do *not* need guarding.

BREUER

Nonetheless...

Breuer indicates the Salon, and Bertha enters first.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -MOMENTS LATER

Bertha is pouring two glasses of tea from a pitcher.

BERTHA

I cancelled because I have found you out. Don't look surprised, your work is public knowledge. All of it, the fever research, the respiratory regulation papers... the ear canal and vertigo? Tell me, if you think my problems are not physical, then what are you here for? Obviously, you have no experience with anything else.

BREUER

Well, Fraulein, to be honest, not many doctors have experience in this field. It's treatment as a science is fairly new.

BERTHA

So I am to be your lab animal?

BREUER

It is not that simple.

She appears to drop the subject for futility. A beat, then:

BREUER (CONT'D)

Have you had any other problems?

BERTHA

To be honest, I sometimes feel like I've just woken up in the middle of sentence, someplace strange. I lose bits of time.

(beat)

But I am not mad, no matter what she says.

BREUER

Tell me about your mother.

BERTHA

They call her the dragon-lady.

BREUER

They who?

BERTHA

Me. Them. I do not know. People. In the circles.

BREUER

The circles?

BERTHA

You know. The social circles? Undoubtedly you have been to these lavishly wasted parties where these people dance, talk, laugh, and make love within their circles and when they have had enough for one evening, off they go, into the dark, only waiting for another pass...

(beat)

...another pass...

(beat)

...another pass to bring them back.

Breuer is suspicious of her triple repeat, but moves forward.

BREUER

Undoubtedly you have experience with these circles as well.

BERTHA

Yes, but I am conscious of their hypocritical existence and therefore not subject to the oppressions caused by such.

BREUER

I see. We were speaking of your mother.

BERTHA

Were we? I'm sorry I thought these inquiries were about me.

BREUER

You and your relations.

(beat)

Your ties, I mean.

BERTHA

Who invents these questions and diagnoses?

BREUER

(asserting himself)

I do.

BERTHA

And why is that?

BREUER

Because I have the authority to.

BERTHA

And why is that?

BREUER

We all have the authority to query one another.

BERTHA

Only if we know ourselves.

BREUER

And what do you think these sessions purpose is other than to know yourself?

BERTHA

(coughing)

Possibly to waste my mother's money, my time, and your reputation?

BREUER

Think what you might, but regardless, We will meet these days.

They sit for a moment sizing each other up.

BERTHA

On one condition.

BREUER

Which is?

BERTHA

That we do not meet within the stuffy confines of this place.

BREUER

I do not think it wise to meet at my office, or my home if that is what-

BERTHA

I only mean that we conduct ourselves out of doors. Fresh air does the body good, correct Doctor? It will have to do.

BREUER

I find nothing wrong with this setting. If this place is troublesome for you, we need to... talk, about that.

BERTHA

Talk? Hmm... what will a talk do about a problem? "Actions speak louder..." they say.

BREUER

They again. Madame, I do not-

BERTHA

You do not want to continue these sessions apparently.

Breuer can see the trouble she will be but still he is intrigued.

BREUER

I'll agree to alternate. Our first meeting of the week will be here, in the salon. Our second meeting will be-

BERTHA

-be my choice each week. Do not worry, I will even give you a veto if my choices are not agreeable.

BREUER

That will have to do then.

Bertha rises.

BERTHA

Yes, it will only "have to do." Make no mistake, I still do not like these "exams" if you can professionally call them such, and frankly, I do not like you. But I do it for you because you give my father the care he needs, which, no matter how much I might dislike you, is something I am ever grateful for.

BREUER

(tipping hat)

Madame.

She mockingly mirrors with an irreverent curtsy.

BERTHA

Herr Breuer, good day.

He rises for her to show him out.

FREUD (V.O.)

And this is when the regular treatment started.

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -DAY, 1886

Freud gets up and goes to the wet bar and pours himself a drink.

BREUER

Yes, if you can call them regular. The preliminary findings you are aware of.

FREUD

I remember the initial report. Never forget one honestly. One of the first I read after arriving at the hospital.

BREUER

What exactly do you remember from it?

Freud gives him a look.

BREUER (CONT'D)

I would not want to bore you with parts  
of a story you already have knowledge of.

We see matching images through all of these. Bertha at school, having a birthday party, with her collections, riding a horse, playing piano, at a gallery, etc.

FREUD

She's born to the money but still brought up thriftily, especially when it came to her education. She is twenty one upon entering into the meetings, which the report said were *all* conducted at the Pappenheim household, I might add. She is a fan of collecting things, especially lace, horseback riding, piano playing, new art, has one brother... um... Ah! Wilhelm, that's right, younger than her but better educated, feels strongly about Jews helping Jews... um...

We see images in close up of Bertha's face, in all its lit beauty.

BREUER

You've left out the piercing look in her eyes, the flowing dark brown hair, her facial features...

FREUD

I didn't list what wasn't in the report.

BREUER

Left out for good reason.

FREUD

So, you were attracted to the girl.  
That's not a crime. Men are men, and...  
drives are drives...

BREUER

Not a drive... not an instinct... a  
conscious anxiety about the girl that I  
couldn't put my finger on that early.

FREUD

And Mathilde?



BREUER

Mathilde...

INT. BREUER'S BEDROOM -NIGHT, 1880

Mathilde and Josef lay side by side. Josef is asleep, but Mathilde stares at the ceiling.

BREUER (V.O.)

Mathilde and I were in a loveless routine. I was not even sure that having Johannes was a good idea.

(beat)

The intrigue that this girl presented was more enticing to me than... than...

FREUD (V.O.)

Anything in that cold moment of life you were passing through.

INT. BREUER'S DINNING TABLE -MORNING

The Breuers sit at opposite ends as usual.

BREUER (V.O.)

Exactly. But its passing was prolonged. And I began to see that it might not pass at all.

EXT. BREUER'S HOUSE -MORNING

Breuer stares into the sky while smoking a cigar.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, DINING TABLE.

Recha, Bertha and another young man sit around a table for supper.

RECHA

How was the voyage back, Will?

WILHELM

Long and tedious, mother, how else.

BERTHA

She was only asking, no need to condescend.

WILHELM

I've been back for not yet an hour and this is the homecoming I have in store. Shall I go back to school?

BERTHA

Perhaps that would be better.

RECHA

Bertha! Wilhelm, Calm yourself. Let us eat this dinner and then you can visit with your father.

Bertha glares at Recha, she coughs again.

INT. OUTSIDE SIGMUND'S BEDROOM -LATER

Bertha eavesdrops at the slightly ajar door as her brother and her father speak.

SIGMUND

And marks?

WILHELM

Second in my class.

SIGMUND

Of the entire university?

WILHELM

And the sister schools.

SIGMUND

Good. Excellent. I am very proud of you.

WILHELM

Thank you, father, it means much to me.

SIGMUND

I couldn't be prouder of a child.

Bertha closes her eyes and meanders away as the voices fade.

WILHELM

I also met a woman in Frankfurt who seems... open to my advances.

They chuckle, Bertha turns the corner.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

She'll be coming later for Hanukkah...

## INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Bertha undresses in front of a tall mirror. She shifts her gaze to outside the window, watching the sky pass over the city's glow.

## EXT. NASCHMARKT -AFTERNOON

Breuer, his wife, and the four children are grocery shopping. Across the street is the Schiffschul Synagogue. Breuer notices the Pappenheims entering, some men help the feeble father up the steps. Bertha helps too, not noticing Breuer.

MATHILDE

Josef?

BREUER

Yes, dear?

MATHILDE

Did you hear a word I said?

BREUER

No, sorry, what did you say?

Mathilde doesn't bother repeating herself.

## INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, BREUER'S OFFICE SUITE

Breuer looks up at the clock which reads 12:01pm. He rushes through a last bit a paper work before scuttling out. In the lobby:

BREUER

I'm going out for lunch. I won't be back for several hours.

NURSE

Yes, sir. Have a good date.

Breuer pivots.

BREUER

Excuse me?

NURSE

What? I said, "Have a good day, Doctor."

BREUER

Oh, right... yes, Be back after three.

EXT. RACETRAC -AFTERNOON

The track lays in quiet until a horse gallops into frame in slow motion. More follow, kicking dirt every which way.

BREUER  
(yelling over the noise)  
I hardly think The Prater a good place to  
conduct... this.

BERTHA  
(ignoring)  
Do you think the horse ever has all four  
legs in the air at once?

BREUER  
Hmm?

BERTHA  
Do you think it is ever the case that  
none of the horses hooves are connected  
to the ground?

BREUER  
I suppose so.

BERTHA  
Well, I do not. I think at least one is  
touching the ground always. Let's make a  
bet on it.

BREUER  
There's no way to prove it.

BERTHA  
So, consequently there will be no wager,  
at least not for now.

BREUER  
No bet. I am not a betting man.

BERTHA  
(yelling)  
Well, I am a betting woman, and I am  
betting you.

Breuer is shocked by her outburst.

BREUER  
This is highly...

BERTHA  
(returning to normal)  
Unusual, Unprofessional, Irreverent,  
Unethical? You already agreed to come her  
and here we are.

BREUER  
Yes, well...

BERTHA  
"Yes, well," "Yes, well," You say that  
repeatedly.

Breuer ignores. Bertha gets excited, coughing as her horse  
pulls forward

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
One day we will be able to settle our bet  
and on that day you will owe me... Ahh!!

Her horse comes in second.

BREUER  
Do you like for people to owe you?

BERTHA  
Yes, wouldn't anyone? Although I can  
never quite bring myself to "cash in."

They rise to travel to the cash clerk.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
I can never quite bring myself to "cash  
in."

Breuer flinches at the repetition but moves forward.

BREUER  
Then you would lose your advantage.

BERTHA  
It's not so much an advantage as a fear  
of not being owed, for one could always  
succumb to need.

BREUER  
And your family?

BERTHA

I owe everything to my father. I refuse to owe my mother. My brother... he also likes for people to owe him.

BREUER

Where is your brother.

BERTHA

(coughing)

He returned last night from the last bit of his studies.

BREUER

He is a year younger than you?

BERTHA

My parents ensured that he be especially quick about rising through the ranks.

(approaching the clerk)

I had the second horse, "Laissez-faire."

She hands him a ticket, he counts some cash.

BREUER

Your parents focused more on his education?

BERTHA

They sent me to the Geschichte, a Catholic school, what does that say about their concern for my education

BREUER

A Christian school is not odd for an orthodox Jewish family of your stature. Was it at least a worthwhile school?

CLERK

Ma'am? Your money. Ma'am?

Breuer turns to find Bertha on the floor where she is SPRAWLED unconscious. In a flash of quick judgement, and panic, he sweeps her into his arms, runs outside, just runs on without thought.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY WING -LATER

Bertha is sitting up on a bed, face slightly twitching. Her mother stands behind her. Breuer and another Doctor are conferring in the corner.

RECHA  
 (to Bertha)  
 I hope that this isn't some sick joke.

The doctors approach the women.

BREUER  
 I assure you, everything is fine.

DOCTOR  
 You've bruised your neck a bit from the fall. But I can find nothing else. You've stumped Viennese medicine.

She does not appreciate the joke.

BERTHA  
 And yet, my hand remains immobile, while my face cannot sit still.

RECHA  
 Doctor.

She motions for Breuer to join her in an aside.

RECHA (CONT'D)  
 Please be honest.

BREUER  
 I believe Bertha is suffering from hysterical symptoms. These manifestations are being created by her mind.

RECHA  
 She's making it up?

BREUER  
 No, these things are real for her, in her own world.

RECHA  
 Treatment?

BREUER  
 The field is not exactly a science. Recommended treatment ranges from sabbaticals to hydrotherapy and electrotherapy. However, to be honest, I would like to continue my sessions with her, step them up before moving to such extremes.

RECHA  
 (nodding)  
 Whatever you wish Herr Doctor. I can call  
 on you if anything-

BREUER  
 Absolutely.

Recha motions to Bertha to leave, instead she stews.

BERTHA  
 (twitching)  
 And I am just supposed to go about my  
 life without my right hand. Ridiculous.

She storms out, Recha follows.

INT. BREUER'S FOYER

Breuer comes home from work. He ambles into the Living Room  
 where his wife and another woman are talking. Mathilde holds  
 the four year old Johannes in her lap.

MATHILDE  
 Oh, dear, now you're home. Where did you  
 go.

BREUER  
 I walked home.

MATHILDE  
 Why?

BREUER  
 I am not sure. It felt right.

MATHILDE  
 You remember Frau Weichhold.

BREUER  
 Of course.

FRAU WEICHHOLD  
 Herr Breuer it's nice to see you.

MATHILDE  
 Julienne was just telling me about what  
 happened at the hospital today. Are you  
 all right? I'm not sure I understand  
 where you found this collapsed girl.



BREUER

I was... taking lunch, when I ran into Fraulein Pappenheim at the café.

MATHILDE

Pappenheim? The girl you are treating?

FRAU WEICHHOLD

I might as well be on my way. Thank you, Mattie, we'll speak soon.

MATHILDE

Good day, Julienne.

Frau Weichhold leaves.

BREUER

It is a complicated matter that would rather bore you. She fainted. She is under much stress from her father's condition. Mere duties of a doctor.

She begins to leave the room.

MATHILDE

(angrily sarcastic)

Well, then, Happy Hanukkah, Herr Doctor.

INT. PAPPENHEIM DEN -SUNSET

Recha, Wilhelm, Bertha, and another girl kneel in front of the menorah in Hebrew prayer. Bertha leers at the other girl until the sound of lapping water suddenly draws her attention and drowns out the fading sounds of prayer. She snaps back into place suddenly.

INT. PAPPENHEIM KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Recha and Bertha prepare the food. Recha handles the meat while Bertha handles the dairy singularly with her left hand.

RECHA

What do you think about Wilhelm's girlfriend, Anna?

Bertha turns to Recha.

BERTHA

Trite meaningless name, trite meaningless girl!

It was only in her mind.

RECHA  
Bertha, I asked you a question.

Anna comes in with a small Newfoundland terrier, with Wilhelm close behind.

ANNA  
Is there anything I can do to help.

RECHA  
Oh, that's very nice of you but we have it handled. It's nice to be doing handiwork for once. One must never become reliant on the service.

Anna smiles. Bertha makes a sudden move toward Anna and spills milk on her dress.

WILHELM  
You stupid imbecile.

ANNA  
An accident. It's repairable.

Anna leaves.

WILHELM  
I should box your ears for that.

RECHA  
I wouldn't stop him. Atrocious behavior...

Wilhelm leaves, Recha has never ceased preparing the food. Bertha reluctantly goes back to work in silence, muttering to herself, imagining the horrible fates of her family. She looks down at the knife she was holding. It's a SNAKE.

She drops the knife and screams, but immediately realizes it is just an knife. Her family looks at her like she's out of her mind. She rushes out in embarrassment.

EXT. STEPHANSDOM CATHEDRAL -NIGHT

Breuer stares out over the glowing city on his left and the Danube on his right. A breathtaking view. An old priest approaches against the wind.

PRIEST  
A Jew atop my Cathedral on Christmas  
night?

BREUER  
Father Natalino.

PRIEST  
Are you considering conversion, Josef?

BREUER  
(jokingly)  
During Hanukkah, blasphemous. How is that  
hip?

PRIEST  
Falling out of its socket. Seriously, why  
here.

BREUER  
At the highest point of the city on such  
a beautiful evening. Need one ask.

The priest refuses to back off the question.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
The clarity of the city sometimes  
influences my own clarity.

PRIEST  
Troubles?

BREUER  
Forgive me father, for it has been 39  
years since I have never been to  
confession.

PRIEST  
No need to poke fun at the Gentiles, my  
boy. I'd recommend the clarity of a *Mocha*  
*mit obers* before the clarity of the  
overly opulent city.

The priest pats him on the back.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Your solution will come to you. Just be  
mindful of being seen on such a night in  
such a place.

BREUER  
Is that a warning?

PRIEST  
More serious than you know. There are  
some very dangerous sentiments being  
brewed in the city.  
(beat)  
Just be careful.

INT. CHURCH SPIRE -CONTINUOUS

The Priest descends the stairs as Breuer watches pensively.

EXT. SPITTELBERG MARKET -DAY

Breuer and Bertha conduct themselves around the antique and collectible shops.

BERTHA  
I have been collecting things since I was  
very small. As a small child of a wealthy  
family I got many presents that I did not  
know what to do with.

BREUER  
So you kept everything.

BERTHA  
Waste not, want not.

BREUER  
Are you satisfied?

BERTHA  
Is anyone?

They enter a shop.

INT. CLOTH SHOP -CONTINUOUS

They are surrounded by many elegant cloths and laces.

BREUER  
I wish you would stop turning my  
questions back on me.

BERTHA  
(coughing)  
Then we are even, I wish you would stop  
asking them.

She starts to go through some of the hand-embroidered lace.  
She still avoids using her right hand.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
If I were not an enemy of poetic  
comparison I would say that our lives  
should be made out of fine, flawless  
material and be interwoven in a way which  
is sometimes simple and sometimes  
complex.

Her hand flies to her face as the twitching starts again.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
(to the owner)  
How much for these?

INT. CAFE LANDTMANN -EVENING

Breuer and Bertha sit at a table in a lushly decorated café  
where the walls are covered in chocolate and deep purple  
velvet.

BERTHA  
(to Breuer)  
Why don't you ever talk of your family.

BREUER  
My family. Why should you want to hear of  
my family.

BERTHA  
You focus on mine.

BREUER  
I have a wife and four children. They are  
the joy of my life. In fact,

Their drinks arrive.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
My eldest girl is named Bertha, after my  
mother.

Bertha sips from her coffee.

BERTHA  
Two Bertha's in your life, how fortunate  
for you.

BREUER

Actually, my mother died when I was very young. I never really knew her.

BERTHA

Lucky for you. No offense, but to grow up as a male in a male house in the Jewish world makes you quite privileged.

BREUER

How so?

BERTHA

Please... Further education is denied me by law, and I shouldn't have gotten what I have because Jews don't educate their daughters.

BREUER

Yet your father did.

BERTHA

Because he loves me, and he knew I wanted it.

BREUER

So then you are the privileged one.

She sets down her coffee and picks up her water.

BERTHA

No. I am still a woman. Eternally damned as either the "angel of the house" or "the devil temptress of men," some even believe we have no soul. No man sees us as his equal.

She goes to drink from her water glass. The water touches her lips, her eyes flare and the glass gets flung across the room. Its shards scatter across the small café and all eyes fall on Bertha who convulses epileptically.

EXT. CARRIAGE- SUNSET

Breuer's cab bounces through the streets of Vienna erupting with celebration of the New Year. The crowds gawk as it barrels through them.

INT. BREUER'S CAB -CONTINUOUS

Bertha is still shaking violently, in Breuer's arms, calming her.

BREUER  
It will be all right. We are taking you home.

BERTHA  
I am thirsty. I need some water.

Breuer is preparing a needle.

BREUER  
We will get you some soon.  
(beat)  
You gave everyone quite a fright back there.

BERTHA  
I feel I must confess now Herr Doctor, I rather like our sessions.

He injects her with chloral.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
I am sorry for pretending that I didn't.

She stops convulsing as she falls off into an induced stupor. Breuer opens a window and drinks in the air.

EXT. LICHTENSTEINSTRASSE 2 APARTMENT BUILDING -MOMENTS LATER

Recha is waiting as the Victoria pulls up to the white-stone complex. Attendants seize the limp form and carefully take it inside.

INT. BREUER'S BEDROOM -LATER

Breuer slips into the room and begins to undress. He doesn't notice that Mathilde eyes him, wide awake.

MATHILDE  
You missed Robert's Recital.

BREUER  
You gave me a start!

MATHILDE

Robert's recital, Josef. He was the best among the children.

BREUER

I was caught up in work. A patient of mine went into hysterics tonight.

MATHILDE

(trying not to wake the children)

I'm about to go into hysterics, Josef! Do you remember why this recital was so important to him? To us?

Breuer searches. He finds it.

BREUER

Oh no. Today is his birthday. It could not be helped. A patient of mine.

MATHILDE

Are we no longer more important than your work? Were we ever? I'm not even the one you need to be explaining this to.

She turns over.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

I love you, Josef, but that's just absurd.

Breuer realizes the gravity of the situation. He steps into the bathroom.

INT. BREUER'S BATHROOM -CONTINUOUS

Breuer undresses in the moonlight in front of the mirror, staring at himself in the dark.

INT. WERTHEIMSTEIN'S PARTY -NIGHT, (1877)

Breuer is having champagne with friends at a rather large party. Breuer is laughing with an older man.

FLEISCHL

So the cat ended up eating the whole thing.



They have a good laugh as a harder looking man, MEYNERT, approaches towing a very young man, that we recognize as the younger FREUD.

FLEISCHL (CONT'D)

Meynert, whom do you bring forth.

MEYNERT

Stuff it, Ernst. This is my youngest protégé, Sigmund Freud. This is Ernst Fleischl, jack-of-all-trades...

FLEISCHL

Master of all, too. Pleased to meet you.

MEYNERT

And this is the ever popular Josef Breuer.

FREUD

I attended your seminars on the inner canals. Truly groundbreaking work.

BREUER

Thank you, pleased to meet you.

MEYNERT

I'm hoping to train him to be a psychopathologist,

FREUD

Against, of course, my dreams of fame and wealth.

FLEISCHL

Yes, they say the first sign that someone is crazy is poverty. Thus the invention of the phrase "that poor crazy bastard."

They all laugh heartily.

HEINRICH

Hey, Ernst, show us the chicken trick!

"Yeah"s resound from the crowd. But what the hell is the chicken trick?

FLEISCHL

OK, all right.  
(yelling)

Speaking of the insane, the lame, the deranged, and the just plain to blame! I know the secrets to calming their senses. Heinrich... Bring out the Chicken!

Heinrich brings forth the live chicken. Fleischl brings out his pocket-watch, letting it swing like a pendulum. A spotlight comes up on Fleischl.

FLEISCHL (CONT'D)

If someone is chattering too much, I will teach you the way to end their, clucking, if you will. Simply find the spectacle and dangle it in front of the eyes.

The chicken slowly gives and starts watching the timepiece.

FLEISCHL (CONT'D)

Start talking in a deeply rhythmic voice that stays consistent and demand to be heard in the depths of the soul.

SOMEONE

Chickens don't have souls!

Quick laughs and back to silence.

FLEISCHL

It matters not the content of what you say only that you stay constant, consistent, and the spectacle will do the rest.

The chicken's eyes are closed. Heinrich drops the Chicken. It hits the floor with a thud, completely asleep.

Thunderous Applause. Breuer looks up, but sees a room full of zombies being conducted by a uniformed Fleischl.

The room transforms into a theater. The crowd starts doing acrobatic tricks.

FLEISCHL (CONT'D)

Flip! Leap! Cartwheel! Fly!

BREUER

No.

FLEISCHL

Spin! Run! Beg! Cry!

BREUER

No!

FLEISCHL

Sing! Dance! Dream! Die!

CUT TO:

INT. BREUER'S BEDROOM -MORNING

Breuer WAKES UP, BOLTING upright. Mathilde sleeps soundly through it.

BREUER

Harah... (**Hebrew: Shit**).

He wipes his forehead of the sweat, rolls over and kisses her lightly on the forehead.

He slips outside and into

THE HALLWAY

He sneaks down the hallway to another door and opens it quietly. His son Robert sleeps soundly. He enters the

SONS BEDROOM

He pets his boy's hair lightly, affectionately. Robert opens one eye.

BREUER

(whispering)

Let's go to the zoo today.

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE, -LATE AFTERNOON, 1886

Freud and Breuer sit comfortably staring in different directions.

FREUD

(pensively)

Dreams are so strange a thing.

BREUER

I did not know what to make of it, but at first I thought it was a mocking dream. And I realized I had ignored my family too long. But, as I tried, escape wasn't so easily accomplished.

INT. BURGTHEATER -EVENING, 1880

Breuer and his family sit in the box at a very large theater. A performance of "King Lear" unfolds on stage.

ACTRESS CORDELIA

Oh, my dear father! Restoration hang thy  
medicine upon my lips, and let this kiss  
repair those violent harms that those two  
women between us have made.

The actress kisses the man playing Lear.

ACTOR LEAR

You do me wrong to take me out o' the  
grave.

Someone is making a fuss trying to get out of her seat on the balcony. Breuer turns to look, it is Bertha, a young man is trying to hold her back.

ACTOR LEAR (CONT'D)

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound  
upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
do scald like molten lead.

Breuer watches her go, then looks back at his family who are ignorant. He eventually rises and takes leave.

ACTOR LEAR (CONT'D)

Fair daylight, I am mightily abused. I  
should even die with pity to see another  
thus.

EXT. BURGTHEATER -MOMENTS LATER

Bertha paces in the paved alley behind the theater. The theater door opens.

BERTHA

*He comes from the depths!* Herr Breuer,  
what are you doing here.

BREUER

I could ask you the same.

BERTHA

I mean here, outside.

BREUER

I saw you, inside. With your friend.

BERTHA

Ha! Danilo? My mother thinks a good courtship might be just the cure I need. Ha. Don't worry...

BREUER

Worry?

BERTHA

(shifting)

Why weren't you in the office the other day? Where have you been?

BREUER

I've been spending time with my family.

BERTHA

There it is again, the importance of the family.

BREUER

It is important, Fraulein.

BERTHA

Why, they only hold us back.

BREUER

From?

BERTHA

From greatness. From helping those who truly need it.

BREUER

My family truly needs me.

BERTHA

I need you, too. I'm losing more and more time, and you don't seem to care.

BREUER

You must not take it personally.

She grabs his arm.

BERTHA

It is personal, Doctor.

(beat)

I mean, this is my sanity.

BREUER  
 (pushing her away)  
 Bertha, control yourself. We have a  
 session tomorrow.

BERTHA  
 (turning angry)  
 You're the one who came out here, Herr  
 Doctor, and remember that now it is you  
 who flees!

He turns, enters the theater slowly. He walks away and the  
 door gradually shuts. The door CLICKS SHUT but is

THROWN BACK OPEN IMMEDIATELY. Breuer RUSHES out into the  
 alley, GRABS Bertha and leads her into a side door.

INT. SMALL UNKNOWN CLOSET -CONTINUOUS

Breuer begins MADLY KISSING Bertha, who absolutely doesn't  
 resist. They are all over each other, hands gliding over the  
 bodies, searching, wanting all in a FIERCE FLESHLY THIRST.

BERTHA  
 There...

HE SWEEPS off a nearby table and throws her onto it. He  
 jumps on top of her, and then, GENTLY begins to unbutton her  
 dress. She is HEAVING in her corset, waiting for him.

BREUER  
 (calmly)  
 What do you dream about?

They begin to kiss again. After a moment,

BREUER BEGINS TO FADE from the picture. He is not there at  
 all, though Bertha continues as if he were.

BERTHA  
 Yes...

CUT TO:

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON

Bertha sits on the love-seat slightly turned away from  
 Breuer in his Wing-back Chair.

BREUER

Bertha, I asked you what do you dream about.

BERTHA

I dream about men. Is that what you want to hear? Well, I know that I am not on the top of anyone's "list," not with my sensibility.

BREUER

Your sensibility?

BERTHA

My perceptions of the way things are. I know my place, but I do not like it, and I will refuse it to my death.

BREUER

What about the world do you refuse?

BERTHA

Being looked down upon, for womanhood, for Judaism, among the other things.

BREUER

Why do you feel you are already defeated without trying?

BERTHA

Who says I have not tried? Who says I have not been... successful at seducing a man? That is not what I am talking about.

BREUER

Long term love.

BERTHA

I guess. But then again, what is love?

BREUER

I love my wife.

BERTHA

I loved a small cat that I used to have, yet they are not the same, would not you agree?

BREUER

Of course.

BERTHA

Then what can be said to be the "Nature of Love." I say it doesn't exist at all. It is a social construct.

BREUER

And say it is. Then what does that mean for Bertha Pappenheim?

BERTHA

It means a life not wasted on a trite relationship with a man who pretends to care for me.

BREUER

So basically you doubt the sincerity of every man because he is man?

BERTHA

Precisely. It is in your blood.

BREUER

And your excursion to the theater with your friend the other day? If love does not exist then what is the purpose of outings like that?

BERTHA

Danilo keeps me company.

BREUER

Are you two... together.

BERTHA

I have been invited to the Opernball on my birthday, and I've decided to take him with me.

BREUER

You're not answering my question.

BERTHA

It means I know what he wants and there is no pretense between us. He owns up to his desires.

BREUER

And what does he desire?



BERTHA

Come on, what are you playing at? What did you want from your date at his age?

BREUER

Not every man falls into your sweeping generalization.

BERTHA

True, there will always be outliers, Doctor. Like you, for instance. You hide behind your prudish professionalism, but you want just what Dani wants.

BREUER

I doubt that, very much.

BERTHA

Exactly what I'd expect you to say.

BREUER

Please, Bertha, focus on your illness rather than this... this farce you keep going.

BERTHA

(suddenly yelling)

We all have our farces!

She storms out, kicking a coat rack over on her way out.

BREUER

Bertha...

The door SLAMS.

BREUER (CONT'D)

(yelling)

I'm trying to help you, you impetuous girl!

He quickly checks his outburst and gathers his things in anger.

EXT. QUOITS COURT, THE PRATER -AFTERNOON

Bertha and Wilhelm play Quoits, a similar game to Badminton, on a fenced court in the park downtown.

WILHELM

(serving)

Your doctor is cracked. All you need is fresh air and sport.

BERTHA

(returning)

Perhaps, but my hand and face are better.

The quoit goes back and forth.

WILHELM

And he did that how? You were yelling at him yesterday, I heard you, you can't possibly trust him.

BERTHA

I trust him more than I trust eavesdroppers!

WILHELM

(hitting harder)

You were screaming! I think Paris heard you.

BERTHA

He is helping, in a way. It is nice to have someone whose sole purpose is to listen to me.

WILHELM

I listen.

BERTHA

(hitting harder)

No. You don't. You have Wilhelm-world, and treat everyone like visitors.

WILHELM

This isn't about me.

BERTHA

Why does everyone assume I cannot handle things on my own and just let me do what I want to do?

WILHELM

What do you want to do then?

BERTHA

I don't know... I like things the way they are.

WILHELM

You mean with a married man that drools over you.

BERTHA

What?

WILHELM

Please. You love the attention. You would probably do anything he asked you to.

BERTHA

No I wouldn't!

WILHELM

Tell the truth. You have a crush on your doctor. Or worse, you think you've fallen in love!

BERTHA

Ignorant people shouldn't be allowed to talk. You don't know what you are talking about.

WILHELM

You've never thought about the Doctor... sexually.

BERTHA

Wilhelm!

WILHELM

Be honest.

BERTHA

No!

WILHELM

You are a liar!

Wilhelm hits to quoit hard, outside the court into the bushes. Bertha storms out to get it.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

(yelling after her)

You are lying to me and to yourself!

Bertha searches for the quoit and finds it next to a large branch. She bends to get it. THE BRANCH COMES ALIVE, SNAKING out at her, HISSING. She SCREAMS in HORROR.

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Bertha lays in bed. Breuer takes her pulse while talking to Recha. Wilhelm lingers in the doorway in the background.

BREUER  
Her pulse is still too rapid.

RECHA  
What can we do.

BREUER  
I suggest you relieve her of her night-time duties...  
(beat, to Wilhelm)  
And moreover, I'd like for the both of you to avoid seeing her too much.

WILHELM  
You want us to lock her in here?

BREUER  
(impatiently)  
No! I mean that you could be part of the problem. I am not saying you cannot see her, I only ask that you not... bother her right now.

Wilhelm leaves.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
(to Bertha)  
I'd like for you to stay put for the next few days, Bertha.

BERTHA  
Impossible. The Opernball is in two nights, I'm not missing that.

BREUER  
Bertha, you are in no condition to be going out.

BERTHA  
No, I can't miss it.

RECHA  
You will do as you're told.

BERTHA  
(lashing out)  
I hate you!  
(to Breuer)  
You are just jealous that I had a date.  
That I picked Dani over you.

BREUER  
Don't be ridiculous, Bertha.

BERTHA  
Goddamn, you! Liar!

RECHA  
I will make sure she stays here.

BERTHA  
(screaming)  
Maybe I'm not the one who needs a doctor!

Breuer quickly prepares a needle.

BREUER  
Her heart is going to over work itself.

He gives her the shot in the arm. She calms gradually to a sleepy lull.

BERTHA  
No! I don't want that! Why can't you just admit it Doctor. I'll admit it if you will. No pretenses. Please, no pretenses...

BREUER  
She's delirious but she'll sleep easily for the night now.

RECHA  
Poor girl.

Recha leaves Breuer packing his things. He finishes and leans over Bertha. He affectionately pets her head.

BREUER  
Rest, child.

He leaves her in the dark, blowing out the oil-lamp.

INT. LECTURE HALL, UNIVERSITÄT -AFTERNOON

Breuer sits in a rather small room that has an even smaller number of people. There is an empty podium in the front of the room. Two women sit two rows in front of Breuer, not out of ear shot.

WOMAN 1

I heard that he once hypnotized a young girl into having sex with a man in the court. The girl literally couldn't refuse and Benedikt got a pricey sum.

WOMAN 2

I heard it was he himself. And he made the girl forget it all, and he never told anyone.

BREUER

(mumbling)

Then how would you know.

WOMAN 1

It wouldn't surprise me. What else is it good for?

WOMAN 2

Maybe I could get my husband to at least pretend he loves me.

The women giggle. Breuer frowns in disapproval as a middle-aged man comes to the podium.

BENEDIKT

Eh-hem. Hello, thank you for joining me today for "Studies on Hypnosis," my name is Moriz Benedikt.

Someone excuses himself, realizing he is in the wrong place. Breuer is beginning to feel out of place himself.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)

For centuries, human beings have been drawn into states of a trance-like quality that bring about many unusual characteristics. Condemned seers, realistic mystics, and burned witches alike exuded traits that can easily be seen to be attributes of a hypnotic state.

1692 might have been a better year for the Salemites had the Americans know this.

He alone laughs. The joke does NOT go over well.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)

Everyone experiences these states in small doses, occurring briefly before sleep. It is the moment you feel as if you are falling forward when you are merely lying down. This state can be induced through a simple method that, as I have discovered, has many practical applications in the medical field.

Someone whispers a statement with the word "foolish" but Breuer cannot tell from where.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)

The act of staring is a strangely tiring act. Once the patient focuses on something for a long enough period of time, the mere suggestion of sleep will induce this state. A consistent voice calms the patient, endures their trust. A trust that you must heed as dangerous.

WOMAN 2

You can say that again.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, HALLWAY IN THE DARK -NIGHT

Bertha seems lost in the house. She walks through the apartment as if it were the middle of a maze. She feels along the wall for comfort but is quickly realizing her dire situation.

She begins running to get out, but the halls never seem to end. The halls stretch and stretch and become a labyrinth of never ending doors and wood panels.

She FALLS to the ground, curls up. She cries out for someone but no one is there.

A hand on her shoulder. She turns, it is Wilhelm. He is trying to say something, but no sounds come from his mouth. She can no longer hear him. He holds her as she cries.

INT. PAPPENHEIM APARTMENT, FOYER

Breuer is at the door as Recha opens it.

BREUER  
I came as fast as I could.

RECHA  
Thank you, Doctor.

He enters and begins to walk toward the hallway.

RECHA (CONT'D)  
Doctor. There is no need to rush.

BREUER  
Your note said...

RECHA  
Sigmund stopped breathing over an hour ago.

BREUER  
Are you sure.

RECHA  
Yes.

BREUER  
Recha, I am so sorry. I'm sure it was a relief from the pain.

RECHA  
There is still a small problem. Wilhelm found Bertha in the hallway last night. She was crying. She swears she can't hear anything anymore.

BREUER  
Does she know yet?

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -EARLIER

Bertha is sleeping soundly. She WAKES WITH A START. She bolts upright.

BERTHA  
(whispering)  
Father.



RECHA (V.O.)

She seems to have awoke at around the time Sigmund died.

INT. SIGMUND'S BEDROOM -CONTINUOUS

Recha, Wilhelm and a nurse stand over Sigmund's cooling body. A SCREAM comes from the hall and the quick shuffle of footsteps.

Wilhelm and the nurse run out into the hallway and up to Bertha's room. She is struggling with one of the maids in her doorway.

BERTHA

Something's happened. Is he all right.  
Let me go. Let me go!

Wilhelm and the nurse push her into her room and shut the door. Wilhelm locks it.

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -CONTINUOUS

Bertha beats the door, clawing to get out.

BERTHA

Is this a prison? Tell me what is going on!

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, FOYER -BACK TO SCENE

Breuer starts down the hallway.

BREUER

She is still there?

RECHA

We didn't know what to do.

BREUER

So you locked her in her room alone?

As he approaches her door, he overhears the maid.

MAID

As if one invalid wasn't enou-

He storms up to her door. The nurse, maid, and Wilhelm stand outside it. There is only silence on the other side.

BREUER

The key.

Wilhelm looks to Recha who nods, he hands Breuer the key. Breuer unlocks the door, pauses for a moment then opens it.

He finds that the room has been torn asunder. All the linens and bedsheets have been torn, RIPPED to shreds. Bertha sits among the remains. She is chewing on the buttons from her ripped bed cloths staring at the far wall.

NURSE

Oh my god...

Bertha looks up. She suddenly BARRELS for the door, but Breuer grabs her.

BREUER

No, Bertha, can you hear me.

She flails in his arms trying to get out.

BERTHA

Let me go! Go to hell, all of you! Why are you keeping me from my father! Father! Father, I'm here, I'm OK! Father!

BREUER

Stop it! Stop moving.

BERTHA

What did you do with him!

She slaps him hard and he lets go.

BREUER

Bertha!

She runs down the hallway to the door of her father's room. Her mother stands in front of the room.

BERTHA

Let me in.

RECHA

Your father is not in there.

BERTHA

Liar! Liar! How dare you!

Breuer has come up behind Bertha. Recha looks to him for an answer. He looks away.

RECHA  
Child, your father is dead!

BERTHA  
Liar! Why are you keeping him from me.  
What have I done! Father! I'm here.

She pushes past her mother and goes into the room. Breuer and Recha stare at each other waiting for the reaction, but there never is one.

Breuer walks into the room and finds Bertha has fainted on the otherwise empty and made-up bed.

INT. LECTURE HALL, UNIVERSITÄT -LATER

Benedikt is still lecturing.

BENEDIKT  
Contrary to the popular vision of hypnosis as a circus trick, or a theatrical performance, there are many medical applications. Stubborn patients can be quite unruly, but with hypnosis they can be calmed without any physical contact. Some patients may lie for certain reasons, or simply forget a detail that as a doctor we need to know. I can demonstrate with a volunteer. Absolutely anyone can be hypnotized, so don't be shy.

A fly buzzes somewhere in the back row.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)  
(pointing to Breuer)  
How about you sir?

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -DAY

Bertha wakes up in her bed as light stream in the window. Her bed has been remade. She sees a foggy Breuer sitting on the bed above her, feeling her forehead. She smiles.

BERTHA  
(happily)  
Buon giorno, dottore. É vero che il mio padre é morte?

BREUER

Are you going to ask me that every day?

She looks like she has been stabbed. She closes her eyes and begins to cry.

BREUER (CONT'D)

You know it to be true and you must accept it. It was not a dream.

(beat)

The pain will eventually pass.

He tries to help her drink a glass of water but her lips won't open and the water just spills over.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Open your eyes, you have to drink.

BERTHA

(opening)

I am trying.

BREUER

You'll get dehydrated.

BERTHA

I said I'm trying.

But she can't drink. Her lips won't part.

BREUER

Well, you have to have some sort of water.

Breuer offers her a peeled orange. She motions it away but he removes a small section and hold it up to her mouth. She instinctively opens her mouth like a small child. Breuer continues to do this with the rest of the orange.

Things are still fuzzy for her, she rubs her eyes.

BERTHA

How is my mother?

BREUER

She is fine.

BERTHA

I'm sure she's better than fine. A burden has been lifted.

BREUER

You underestimate your mother's feelings.

BERTHA

What feelings. You know as well as I do that she's stone cold.

She blinks and rubs her eyes harder.

BREUER

What are you doing?

BERTHA

Everything is... dark... foggy.

BREUER

What do you mean?

BERTHA

The haze of the waking up isn't going away.

BREUER

Can you see those flowers.

She pushes away the last of the orange. She looks at a vase of flowers on the night-stand. There are many, but she can only see one flower in focus at a time.

BERTHA

What type of flower is this.

BREUER

There are different types there.

BERTHA

I only see one. This one.

She reaches for it, but she only finds air at first, then touches the flower.

BREUER

Your depth perception must be off too. This is highly irregular.

She takes the flower out to smell it. Something about it reminds her:

BERTHA

Where is everyone, the house is quiet.

Breuer becomes uncomfortable.

BREUER  
They are going to be gone for the night.

BERTHA  
Where?

BREUER  
Bertha calm down. You were in no  
condition-

BERTHA  
Where are they?!

BREUER  
You could not travel with them.

BERTHA  
(realizing)  
No.

EXT. BURIAL PLOT -DAY

Recha holds a bunch of flowers similar to the ones beside Bertha's bed. Wilhelm steadies her on the left, holding a small shovel of dirt in one hand. Others surround them.

BREUER (V.O.)  
He asked to be laid to rest at his  
father's plot, with the rest of his  
family.

Wilhelm throws the dirt onto the coffin.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
Goddamn you!

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -BACK TO SCENE

Bertha falls against the bed, back turned to Breuer.

BERTHA  
I cannot say goodbye.

BREUER  
I am sorry, but...

EXT. BURIAL PLOT -DAY

Recha approaches the grave and lets a handful of dirt fall onto the coffin from her outstretched fist. She sheds a tear as it starts to rain, confident that no one will be able to tell the difference.

BERTHA (V.O.)

But you couldn't have me hallucinating at his grave, could you. You couldn't have a stupid little insane daughter messing up a proper burial. That's it, right? Who's idea was it? Tell me that? Was it yours or my mothers?

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM -BACK TO SCENE

Breuer tries to calm Bertha.

BREUER

I said you were unfit for travel.

BERTHA

Who's idea was it?

BREUER

Mine! Please, clam down.

BERTHA

I hate you. You are a pitiful excuse for a doctor. You have been treating me for over six months and I am worse than I have ever been. You were my father's doctor and now he is dead! Do all your patients suffer under your care? You're the sick one! You pathetic, worthless man.

Breuer cracks, pushing her away.

BREUER

(cracking, yelling)

Hush! If I wasn't here your prison would be real. You ought to mind your mouth. Ungrateful, insolent-

Bertha comes back to lash out more. She goes to say something but no words will leave her mouth. She tries several times, gagging instead of speaking.

Breuer's attitude softens.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Bertha, are you playing at this?

She looks at him for help. She is mute. He doesn't know what to do. She flies to the corner in shame. Breuer tries to comfort her but she will not let him touch her. She cries, alone as Breuer watches, helpless.

INT. LECTURE HALL, UNIVERSITÄT -LATER

Breuer sits on stage as a large coin is held in front of his face. He is staring at it, he looks fairly skeptical.

BENEDIKT

(smooth, deep)

You're eyelids are heavy stones, floating gracefully to the bottom of the ocean. Almost there. The floor is near, a school of fish flutters off to avoid you as you reach the floor, hit to bottom softly.

Breuer's eyes close in response.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)

When I ask a question you will answer truthfully, aware of your own response and aware that you are not in control of yourself. Do you understand? Yes or no?

Breuer doesn't respond.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)

Doctor, you are listening to my voice now, you understand everything I have said?

BREUER

Yes.

BENEDIKT

Am I a man.

BREUER

Yes.

BENEDIKT

Are you a woman.

BREUER

No.



BENEDIKT  
(to the small audience)  
Well we have that settled.

The gathering is too skeptical to receive his jokes well.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)  
Do you have a wife and children?

BREUER  
Yes.

BENEDIKT  
Am I a quack.

BREUER  
I don't know.

BENEDIKT  
What do you suspect?

BREUER  
I suspect yes.

BENEDIKT  
What would you say your worst habit is.

BREUER  
Pretending to listen.

BENEDIKT  
Tell me a regret.

BREUER  
I regret not spending more time with my family.

BENEDIKT  
Is there anything you wish to keep secret from the whole world.

BREUER  
Yes.

BENEDIKT  
Will you tell me if I ask it of you.

BREUER  
Yes.

BENEDIKT  
Tell me.

BREUER  
I -

BENEDIKT  
STOP!

Murmurs from the crowd affirm that he has their attention now.

BENEDIKT (CONT'D)  
He was going to tell all of us his deep secret.  
(to Breuer)  
Are you aware of what you are doing.

BREUER  
Yes.

BENEDIKT  
Do you still think me a fraud?

BREUER  
No.

BENEDIKT  
Thank you, Doctor, you must awake and remember everything you have just said to me when I say wake up...

Benedikt opens his mouth to begin to say "Wake Up" but-

CUT TO:

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -AFTERNOON

Bertha sits across from Breuer looking a little nervous. She won't look at him, instead shifting her gaze trying to tell what her surroundings are.

BREUER  
Bertha, can you see and hear me?

Bertha will not look at him or speak.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
Bertha, I want you to tell me why you don't want to talk to me.

He shows her a paper and a pencil.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
I want you to write something down for me. Anything.

She looks at the objects and takes them. She begins to scribble, but she is not writing.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
Write a word Bertha. Write down why you are mad at me. Write down what you can't say.

She shifts. She writes something.

BERTHA  
(involuntarily)  
Hush!

That is what she wrote. She writes again.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Hush!

She continues to write.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Prison. Mouth. Ungrateful. Insolent  
Respect.

BREUER  
What are you saying? Stop talking in English!

He arrests her shoulders to look her in the eyes. She finally looks at him too. It BREAKS her TRANCE, she gets scared and FLEES the room. Breuer has to run after her into the

FOYER

The door is open and rapid footsteps echo up the stairs.

BREUER  
Damn it, Bertha!

The CHASE continues into the

STAIRWELL.

Breuer catches sight of her at the bottom. He descends in leaps and bounds.

EXT. LICHTENSTEINSTRASSE 2 APARTMENT BUILDING -AFTERNOON

Bertha DARTS across the street trying to avoid everything, as if a rabbit in the wild. She runs into the Arborgarten across the street.

Breuer sees her as she disappears into the heavy foliage of the trees. He DASHES across the street, nearly being trampled by a horse-drawn cab.

EXT. ARBORGARTEN -CONTINUOUS

Breuer is searching frantically for the girl. There are many people in the park. A couple walks by rather quickly saying something about a girl. He decides trace back their steps.

After a moment, he sees a growing number of people grouped around a tree up ahead. He runs to their position and look up.

There is Bertha, trying to climb higher but not succeeding. She is upset and disoriented.

BREUER

Oh my god. Bertha! Get down from there.

BERTHA

Hush. Hush. Hush Hush Hush Hush Hush.

BREUER

Bertha. Look at me. Look at me! Come to me. Bertha!

She catches his gaze.

BERTHA

Hush.

BREUER

(pulling out his pocket watch)  
Look. Yes? Watch.

He dangles it in front of her. The others have given him some room, but gawk like sport spectators.

BREUER (CONT'D)

look at the watch. I want you to look at the watch and concentrate. I want you to stare at it for a bit.

She stares through the half shed tears.

BREUER (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

Focus on this spot. There. There. Aren't you tired. Very tired. You want to sleep. Sleep sounds so good. You like to sleep and you want to sleep. Go to sleep, Bertha. We'll watch over you. I'll watch over you while you rest. It's OK. Sleep, child. Sleep.

Bertha's eyes shut, she's out. Her body goes limp and she FALLS from the tree. Breuer drops the watch to catch her in his arms in time. She doesn't move.

He sighs greatly, the sea of people part for his trek back to her apartment. He seems slightly surprised at himself.

INT. PAPPENHEIM APARTMENT, SALON -MOMENTS LATER

He skulks inside with her still passed out in his arms. He puts her into a seat and sets her straight up. He brushes back her wild hair with his hand. He pauses a moment to let his thoughts catch up.

BREUER

Bertha, can you hear me?

BERTHA

(motionless, eyes closed)

Yes.

Breuer almost seems shocked at the response.

BREUER

Are you all right.

BERTHA

Yes.

BREUER

Why are you speaking English?

BERTHA

You said "Hush!"

BREUER  
Bertha, I can't understand you. Speak German.

BERTHA  
You said "Hush!"

BREUER  
I... said... what? I don't get it? What is "Osh"

BERTHA  
Hush.

She puts her finger to her lips.

BREUER  
Huh-shh. Hush.  
(realizing)  
*Hush!*  
(beat)  
I want you to forget that I said "*Hush!*"  
OK, Bertha, can you do that?

BERTHA  
Yes.

BREUER  
I want you to forget I ever said "Hush,"  
on the count of three. One. Two. Three.

He snaps his fingers. Her eyes FLARE OPEN, she SPEAKS.

INT. FRONT PORCH, UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD -NIGHT

Bertha and an unknown taller man seem to be fighting about something. They yell, but we cannot hear them.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
Woman... Man... to fight.

The man storms away.

BERTHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To run. To abandon.

BREUER (V.O.)  
Who is abandoning you?

Bertha breaks into tears.

BERTHA (V.O.)

A fiancé. No child... cannot make a child.

We fade into a darker world, high above the planet at night.

EXT. MILES ABOVE EARTH -SUNSET

A beautiful pack of storks fly through the outer atmosphere silhouetted against the sunset.

BERTHA (V.O.)

The Storkmother has died. The storks are very sad.

BREUER (V.O.)

Storks? What storks are you talking about?

EXT. FRONT PORCH, UNKNOWN HOUSE -DAY

A white woman opens the door to find an aboriginal baby in a basket on her doorstep.

BERTHA (V.O.)

The storks that bring the children. There is chaos. The wrong children, going to the wrong parents.

The woman picks up the child as if there is no color difference.

BREUER (V.O.)

The chaos caused by the Storkmother dying?

BERTHA (V.O.)

Yes.

EXT. MILES ABOVE EARTH -NIGHT

A lone stork breaks formation and dives down to the earth. The outline of Europe is faintly visible as the stork descends.

BERTHA (V.O.)

A stork is falling! No. Coming down on its own. To glide.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD -CONTINUOUS

Bertha is still crying from her encounter with the man. The stork lands quickly across the street and waddles forward.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
It senses my pain. It sympathizes. We  
have both lost...

BREUER (V.O.)  
Lost what?

BERTHA (V.O.)  
Everything. He says he can right it all  
though. To make things better.

INT. GARDEN, STORKLAND -MORNING

The sun rises as blooms on an orchard of trees open to reveal rows of baby-trees. They don't even cry or whine, they just wait to be plucked from the tree silently.

Bertha goes about picking them as storks fly through the aisles in the grove with baskets in their beaks. The sun ascends the sky quickly.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
He's right. He's right. I am happy. They  
are happy. The world is right and no  
child goes unloved.

Bertha plucks a child but there is no stork waiting for it. There are no more voices. Bertha looks around at the orchard, there are no more children. The sun is already setting. Is it her own? Does she get to keep this one?

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -BACK TO SCENE

Breuer SNAPS his fingers in front of Bertha's face causing her to jolt forward out of her trance. She looks frantically around.

BREUER  
Hey. Hey! You're safe. You're at home.  
Bertha, can you hear me?

BERTHA  
Dr. Breuer? Why is it dark outside?



BREUER  
You've been in a trance for several  
hours.

BERTHA  
A trance?

BREUER  
A state. I put you- You were-

How to begin...

BREUER (CONT'D)  
I hypnotised you.

BERTHA  
Preposterous. Cheap trick, what did you  
really do with me? All that time passed.

BREUER  
Why are you talking to me now?

BERTHA  
I don't know...  
(realizing)  
I can use my hand again. I can hear fine.

Her face still twitches.

BREUER  
I cannot explain it.  
(wiping her forehead with a  
damp cloth)  
But you are not better yet.

Breuer offers a glass of water to Bertha, who takes it and  
puts it to her mouth. She tilts to sip from it but the water  
just flows over her lips and spills onto her dress.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
No, certainly not better yet.  
(taking away the glass)  
But perhaps we are now on the right path.

BERTHA  
What was it like?

BREUER  
It?

BERTHA

Do I go limp? Do I go stiff as a corpse?  
How did you do it, I don't remember  
anything all day.

BREUER

No? What is the last thing you remember?

BERTHA

I don't know. I can't focus. I can't...  
pull things together in my mind. It's all  
cloudy. That's it, I have been in the  
"clouds" during my absence.

Breuer rises.

BREUER

You need to rest.

BERTHA

But I have been out all day.

BREUER

Are you not... tired?

Bertha suddenly becomes very sleepy.

BERTHA

Yes. I guess you are right. How odd...

She yawns and lets her eyes close. Her head freely bobs down to her chest. She is asleep. Breuer walks to her and picks her up into his arms for the second time today. He carries her out of the Salon, probably to her room.

FREUD (V.O.)

Let me guess...

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -AFTERNOON, 1886

Freud's jacket lays across the back of his chair, as does Breuer's. Josef's top button is undone and his tie loosely hangs from his neck.

FREUD

"Tired?"

BREUER

It was much easier to set a suggestive word than to waste the chloral and morphine again and again.

FREUD

Amazing. Did you continue then on this route.

BREUER

Yes. Many of the general symptoms disappeared. But many persisted. I thought we would be through soon enough, so I spent some time with Mathilde. I owed it to her.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE

Breuer and Mathilde, the four children, Robert, Bertha, Margarethe, and Johannes, and a GOVERNESS who feeds the small Johannes, all sit at the table eating dinner.

MARGARETHE

Daddy, are you still a doctor?

BREUER

(laughing)

Yes, sweetie, I just took the day off.

BERTHA

Why can't you take the day off more often?

BREUER

Well, I think that's a splendid idea. I will do just that.

ROBERT

You don't have to be sarcastic, father.

BREUER

I'm not, I'm being serious. My duties at work are thinning.

(beat)

And it's about time your mother got a break.

Mathilde looks at him warily, but appreciatively.

INT. BREUER'S BEDROOM -THAT NIGHT

Josef approaches his shaded bed. They make love as they have not for months. Josef is sweet and gentle in a sort of apologetic way. Mathilde loses herself in her husband's homecoming. It is silent between them, and a bit awkward.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM -MORNING

The hallway is lifeless, filled only with a bright morning sunshine, and the sounds of a beautifully played waltz, softly struck out on the Breuer's piano.

Suddenly Johannes comes walking down the hallway in a silken pair of bed cloths rubbing his eyes. He opens the bedroom door.

After a moment Breuer steps out with Johannes in his arms. HE begins to walk toward the music.

BREUER

Yes, I heard it too. It's beautiful isn't it. Aren't you proud of your brother?

The waltz stops just as Breuer turns a corner into the  
LIVING ROOM

where the piano sits beside the hearth. His daughter Bertha, and Robert sit on either side of BERTHA PAPPENHEIM.

Breuer instinctively tries to BLINK her away but it is real. She begins to play a Mozart piece.

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

Do you know Mozart?

BERTHA BREUER

Only what Johannes has taught me.

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

Do either of you recognize this?

She is playing the requiem which sounds very eerie on just a piano.

BREUER

What are you doing here?

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

(looking up, growing surprised)

Who are you? The children and I are going through their lesson.

BREUER

Your what?!

(trying to be quiet)

Get out of my house!

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

(yelling)

Your house?! Why I never- You get out of my house or I'll have my father beat you out. Father! Help, there's a strange man in the house! Come quick! Help!

Mathilde crashes into the room in a quick panic.

MATHILDE

What is all the racket-

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

Who are you?

Mathilde looks at her in shock.

MATHILDE

(to Bertha Pappenheim,  
bewildered)

Bertha?

BERTHA BREUER

Yes, mommy?

She realizes the insanity of the situation.

MATHILDE

Children, go to your rooms, immediately.

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

They will do no such thing, I say they stay here!

BREUER

Robert, Bertha, obey your mother.

Fraulein Pappenheim looks pleased that he would tell them to obey her, but when they rise to leave she is confused. The children know who their real mother is, and follow her orders by going to their rooms.

BERTHA PAPPENHIEM

(softening)

I don't understand what's happening.

MATHILDE

I do. You are trying to destroy this household.

BREUER  
Mathilde!

MATHILDE  
What is she doing here?

BREUER  
I don't know, she was just here.

MATHILDE  
Well, tell her to get out!

BREUER  
I did!

BERTHA  
This is my home!

MATHILDE  
I will not tolerate you or your acting,  
young girl! My husband and my family are  
my own.

BREUER  
Be careful, Mathilde.

MATHILDE  
Whose side are you on?

BREUER  
This is not a war, this is her sanity.

BERTHA  
(becoming detached)  
This is my sanity...

MATHILDE  
(to Breuer)  
Josef! No more games!

Mathilde has become too upset to deal with this rationally.

BERTHA  
...No more games...

Mathilde can't stop herself from SLAPPING Bertha across the face. The force of the slap is so hard, it knocks Bertha and the piano bench backward. Breuer is in a panic.

BREUER  
God-dammit woman!

Bertha becomes primitive like a frightened rodent. Breuer moves to hold her down, but she is too quick. She scurries away from him, from the room, and out the front door.

BREUER (CONT'D)

This is not about you or us, Mathilde. It is about the well being of an innocent girl.

BERTHA

She has no innocence. She is a common girl.

BREUER

And that makes you what?

Breuer storms out of the room.

EXT. BREUER'S PORCH -CONTINUOUS

He realizes the gravity of what he has just said. He pauses a moment to think about his dilemma. He decides to make Mathilde wait.

EXT. RINGSTRASSE -SUNSET

The sun is going down over the city, and the street lamps all along the ringstrasse are being lit. Breuer exits near the Danube, walking along the bank. He has given up on looking for Bertha.

He walks on though, less for trying to find her than for not knowing where to go next. There is no one else around except for a pair of people running up from behind him.

As they come into view, one is a policeman, and the other is a lady, trotting slowly from the limitations of her dress.

POLICEMAN

Are you a doctor?

BREUER

Actually, yes.

LADY

Thank heavens, please, help, someone is drowning in the river.

The two run past with out stopping. It takes a moment for the information to process for Breuer. He picks up pace into a full run to join them.

EXT. MARIENBRIDGE -MOMENTS LATER

The sun is at the right height over the Danube for the reflection to blind Breuer, his companions, and the growing crowd on the bank of the river.

LADY

Has someone gotten to her?

ONLOOKER

Did she drown yet?

ONLOOKER 2

I can't see a damn thing.

Over the rustling of the crowd Breuer can hear splashing.

BREUER

Out of my way.

The policeman and Breuer both shed jackets and hop into the river. They follow the splashing sounds in the intense light surrounding them.

Breuer loses sight of the policeman. His heart pounds too loud to hear, or to care to hear.

Breuer dives into the water.

INT. DANUBE RIVER -CONTINUOUS

Breuer is alone under water, the murkiness below and the reflected sun from above make opening his eyes difficult, but he spots something ahead.

He continues to fight the current forward bit by bit until the object comes into view. It is Bertha's shoe.

Breuer comes up for air.

EXT. UNDER MARIENBRIDGE -CONTINUOUS

Breuer finds himself under the bridge. He can hear the crowd in the distance, but closer, he hears a whimper.

He wipes the water from his eyes to see Bertha standing on the bank of the river under the bridge.

Apparently, she is naked except for her stockings. Her body convulses as she mumbles incoherently petting her face where Mathilde slapped her.



He pauses in the water, unable to move for now. Breuer is so shocked by finding her, and her condition, he starts to choke up.

EXT. BREUER'S CAB -LATER

The crowd has dispersed. Breuer and the Policeman shake hands, before they depart in his carriage. As Breuer closes the door the cab begins to move.

INT. BREUER'S CAB -CONTINUOUS

Bertha sits in solemn silence in the corner of the cab. Breuer takes out a pen.

BERTHA  
(stoically)

She slapped me. Why did she slap me.

BREUER  
She was jealous. That's all. Bertha, look at this pen. I want you to focus on this pen.

BERTHA  
She destroyed me...

The pen captures the light from outside and reflects it. It is easy to get caught up in the dancing light.

BREUER  
I want you to realize how tired you are.

On the word tired she indeed becomes very drowsy. Her head bobs as he completes the hypnotism.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
Just concentrate on the pen and on what it would feel like to sleep. To rest. You want to rest don't you. You have had a rough day. There. Please sleep a while, Bertha, I promise it will be all right.

Bertha's eyes shut and Breuer immediately puts the pen away.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
Bertha, I want you to forget Mathilde slapped you. It never happened. Do you understand?

Bertha nods.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Do you have another story to tell? Have you seen anything since you took over the storkland? Dreamt anything?

Her lip quivers.

BREUER (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

BERTHA

Useless.

BREUER

Why?

BERTHA

I am broken. In a junk shop.

INT. JUNK SHOP -AFTERNOON

A coffee grinder stands on a perch about other objects, some lace, a music box, a violin without strings, a thimble, a cracked lamp, a cigarette box without a lid, etc. The coffee grinder moves as if it were the one talking to this audience.

BERTHA (V.O.)

She destroyed me.

BREUER (V.O.)

Who?

BERTHA (V.O.)

They loved me. I was used often. I was used well.

INT. CABINET -DAY

A older woman open the cupboard door and takes down a coffee grinder. It is the one telling the story, but in better condition.

BERTHA (V.O.)

The cook brought me out of the cabinet twice a day.

BREUER (V.O.)

What are you.

BERTHA (V.O.)

Can't you see? I am a coffee mill. A good one, too. A big brass bowl, polished to a mirror shine.

The cook grinds coffee.

Polishes the bowl once again.

Places her back on the shelf.

The mill sits next to a large mortar with a pestle laid toward her. It bumps into her. It speaks in a very deep voice.

MORTAR

I love you!

BERTHA (V.O.)

The mortar told me he loves me.

INT. JUNK SHOP -BACK TO SCENE

The audience of trinkets sighs and gives her an "awww."

BERTHA (V.O.)

We were happy together.

BREUER (V.O.)

What happened then?

INT. CABINET -EVENING

The mortar touches the coffee mill's handle, as if holding hands. The cabinet suddenly opens, instead of the old cook, it is a pretty young blonde.

BERTHA (V.O.)

The cook was replaced! The new girl gave me no respect.

She grinds the coffee hard and fast in the mill. She puts it back in the cabinet, without polishing it.

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

I was always sore. I didn't want the mortar to see me like that!

BREUER (V.O.)

How did the mortar react?

The mill shies away from the mortar who comes to comfort it.  
The mortar back away.

INT. JUNK SHOP -BACK TO SCENE

The violin speaks up in a hoarse whisper.

VIOLIN

How rude!

Murmurs of agreement from the others.

LAMP

Why the new cook?

VIOLIN

Why didn't you do something.

INT. CABINET -AFTERNOON

The door is slightly ajar, there is rustling and giggling outside of it.

BERTHA (V.O.)

Well, I found out why this new cook.

The mill peeks out through the opening to find a man on top of the cook, kissing her.

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

The master was having his fling with her.  
Disgusting men.

BREUER (V.O.)

But how did she ruin you?

INT. CABINET -ANOTHER DAY

The cabinet door is open and the cook takes the mill down. She grinds some coffee with her right hand while reading aloud a note in her left.

COOK

Meet me at 2 o'clock, by the station. We can go anywhere you want and never come back.

BERTHA (V.O.)

She was so happy.

WOMAN

Anna? Anna, are you in there?

COOK

Oh, god, the missus!

She looks around, nowhere to hide the note. She quickly shoves it into the mill and grinds.

INT. BREUER'S CAB -BACK TO SCENE

Bertha is screaming. Breuer wipes sweat from her forehead.

BREUER

You were in pain?

BERTHA

It hurt. My mill clogged. I couldn't work normally anymore. It wouldn't have mattered.

INT. CABINET -DAY

The mortar seems to be doing something with a pestle on the other side of the cabinet.

BERTHA (V.O.)

The mortar and I grew apart. He knew I was useless. He began talking to some voluptuous pestle and forgot all about me.

The cabinet door is opened and the woman of the house puts all of its contents in boxes. The mortar and coffee pot get put into the same box. The mill gets put into a separate box full of broken things.

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

The cook was gone. So was the master. And that's why I am here.

INT. JUNK SHOP -BACK TO SCENE

The mill steps off the platform, sobbing, and the other items gather around her to comfort her.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

## INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, BREUER'S OFFICE SUITE

The nurse sits in the lobby filing her nails. Breuer comes barging in through the front door.

BREUER

Sorry to be late. Is Herr Guttmann in there? Make sure he is not charged for this visit.

NURSE

Doctor, wait! No one is in there. Dr. Houser took Guttmann down the hall.

BREUER

Dr. Houser was here?

NURSE

I didn't know what to do, the man wouldn't stop yelling. I sent for Dr. Houser.

BREUER

How long ago was all this?

HOUSER (O.S.)

Long enough.

Dr. Houser has entered the lobby of the office suite. Breuer is startled by his voice.

HOUSER (CONT'D)

Where were you man?

BREUER

I had a late night house call and I guess I just overslept. I'm sorry, Dr. Houser.

HOUSER

I am aware this isn't the first time this has happened.

BREUER

(trying to laugh it off)

I guess I just have too many patients...

HOUSER

Yes, well, I've spoken with the council, and we'd like for you to take some time off.

Breuer looks shocked and saddened. Dr. Houser leans in.

BREUER

Well-

HOUSER

Come on, just a little time off, we can handle your people here. You've deserved it anyway. See someone yourself, perhaps.

Dr. Houser resumes his position of stiffness.

HOUSER (CONT'D)

Just come back after a while, after you're well rested, all right? Doctor.

BREUER

Doctor.

Houser pivots and takes his leave. The nurse continues filing as if she didn't know how embarrassed Breuer was.

INT. BREUER'S LIVING ROOM -AFTERNOON

Breuer walks by the living room, where Mathilde sits reading a book. Neither talks to the other. She doesn't even ask why he is home early.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON

Breuer watches the time tick away while Bertha sits in a trancelike state.

BREUER

Bertha. Why can't you tell me a story today?

Bertha doesn't say anything.

BREUER (CONT'D)

I cannot sit here all day.

Bertha doesn't say anything.

BREUER (CONT'D)

What are you thinking.

Nothing.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 (sighing)  
 How have I come to this.

He looks around, wondering how to proceed. HE does not notice Wilhelm watching from the ajar salon doors.

Breuer looks to Bertha, wondering. Her eyes are open, staring across the room. He rises and comes up in front of her. He snaps his fingers a couple of times in front of her face.

He leans right into her face.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 Are you faking?

He picks up her hand, shaking it as if congratulating her.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 Because if you are, you've done a hell of a job.

BERTHA  
*Elle danse, mais elle ne marche pas.*

The outburst of a voice startles Breuer.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
*Elle danse, mais elle ne marche pas.*

BREUER  
 They dance, but... but... but what, I don't know.

BERTHA  
*Elle danse, mais elle ne marche pas.*

WILHELM  
 They dance, but never get anything done.

BERTHA  
 Dance... To Dance.

BREUER  
 (to Wilhelm)  
 What are you doing there?

BERTHA  
 I want... to dance.



She is unmoving. Wilhelm leaves in anger.

BREUER  
(turning back)  
Where are you, Bertha?

EXT. OVERGROWN POND -NIGHT

A quiet POND sits at the start of a dark forest. Light comes from a grand building in a field across from the pond. Ravel's "La valse" begins to creep in.

The pond RIPPLES as a small SPRITE, completely DRY, comes to the surface dressed in a long white gown. It is BERTHA.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
Pond... Dance...

BREUER (V.O.)  
You are dancing?

She ARRISES from the water, listening intently.

BERTHA (V.O.)  
No...

She sees a FOUNTAIN at the edge of the pond with her FATHER'S HEAD carved into it. It stares at her maliciously, but in spite of it, the music draws her out.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -BACK TO SCENE

Bertha rises from her chair and approaches the Salon doors.

BERTHA  
Laughter and Dance.

EXT. OVERGROWN POND -BACK TO SCENE

The sprite HOVERS above the ground, inching closer to the building. It is the Viennese Opernhaus, a gigantic grandiose Opera house. The sprite GLIDES over to the unguarded entrance and floats inside.

INT. OPERNHAUS -CONTINUOUS

Three hundred silhouettes WALTZ on a humongous converted Ball Room Floor. Everyone is decked head to toe in opulence. They waltz in perfect rhythm in an amazing display of class and elegance.

BERTHA

I want to join...

She watches the EBB and FLOW of the ballroom from behind a plant of flourishing CAMELLIAS. The dancers faces are obscured, but they are seen doing many things.

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

To smile, to nod, to speak, to fan, to beckon.

She LOOKS AWAY in anguish.

The waltzing stops for a moment to let all the women line up. The line ends next to Bertha. A man, unseen, walks down the line as the women try to please him. Each curtsey, he picks none.

Then, he finds Bertha, pulls her from her spot onto the floor, they dance. She never looks at his face but abandons herself to the pleasure.

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

A man... leads me away. I give in, we dance. He doesn't know me. I don't want him to know who I am.

They WHIRL among the faceless crowd, again and again. From afar he looks like her FATHER. They continue as Ravel's music grows FASTER.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, HALLWAY -BACK TO SCENE

Bertha is waltzing with herself in the hallway as Breuer follows far behind, giving her room.

BREUER

Who are you?

BERTHA

A sprite from the pond...

INT. OPERNHAUS -BACK TO SCENE

She looks around her as she is in the center of the floor. All faceless EYES are on them.

BREUER (V.O.)

Who is the man?

She looks up at the man. It is BREUER.

He is overcome with shuddering at the sight of the SPRITE.  
He TURNS AWAY from her.

BERTHA  
No! Please.

BREUER (V.O.)  
What is it?

BERTHA (V.O.)  
He has found me out. Don't run. He is  
running away from me. I'm exposed.  
Everyone is watching me!

"La valse" turns sour. The crowd now has FACES, hauntingly  
dark and evil, STARING her down. She runs back outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERNHAUS

It is SNOWING HARD. She skips across the ground lightly as  
she makes for the pond. To her dismay the Pond has FROZEN  
OVER.

BERTHA  
Punishment. I've been with them too long.  
I can't go back. They won't let me in.  
They've locked it away beneath the ice.

The carved fountain head now laughs at her misfortune. She  
stumbles to the ground and begins to freeze. Her body  
CONVULSES with cold and she CRIES out into the dark  
emptiness.

CUT TO:

INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM

Bertha crouches at the corner of her bed, crying. Breuer  
bends down to comfort her.

BREUER  
When I snap my fingers, you will sleep  
and in the morning you will wake up and  
feel better.

Breuer picks her up and lays her down on the bed, as she  
continues to cry. Breuer begins to take off her socks, but  
she flails.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Listen to my voice, Bertha, I want you to take off your socks.

She stills fights him every time he tries to take them off. He finally gives in and snaps his fingers. Her body becomes motionless as she sleeps.

The sounds of clapping draw Breuer's attention behind him.

It is Recha as she stands in the doorway, smoking a cigarette.

RECHA

A wonderful performance.

BREUER

Please, Frau Pappenheim don't make light of this.

RECHA

I'm beginning to wonder who's taking what lightly.

BREUER

Let her sleep easily tonight.

RECHA

Why do you care for her so much? What is in this for you?

BREUER

Nothing!

RECHA

Then give up. Anyone else would have by now.

BREUER

Give up?

RECHA

I will call on Inzersdorf tomorrow and will arrange something.

BREUER

That is unwise. You do not know the conditions you would be subjecting her to.

Away from the clutches of some girl who is after him and he is too dull to see it.

BREUER

She is a patient. What am I supposed to do.

MATHILDE

Give up, throw in the towel, accept the challenge was too much this time.

BREUER

Become a failure. How could the children look up to a doctor who can't help his patients.

MATHILDE

You can't cure everyone. People are sick, people die. It's the world Josef, and you are not God.

Breuer lays back and thinks.

BREUER

Maybe you're right... But I cannot give in.

MATHILDE

Can you at least take a break.

BREUER

For what?

MATHILDE

A vacation? Our anniversary?

Breuer realizes.

BREUER

Oh... I almost forgot... It's so soon.

Mathilde comes over to him and sits beside him.

MATHILDE

It would help.

Breuer thinks some more.

BREUER

All right. I will make it up to you. I'll take off for a little while. We'll go...

RECHA

And what about you Doctor? Do these conditions suit you?

BREUER

It is my opinion that she should not see the crowded walls of a sanitorium. Not while I'm here.

Breuer has grown impatient and a bit angry, he grabs her cigarette, throws it down, puts it out. He storms out.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Breuer is sleeping on a sofa in the living room, or at least trying. He tosses and turns on the small and uncomfortable makeshift bed.

Mathilde shuffles around the corner, obviously sleepless as well.

MATHILDE

Josef.

BREUER

Hmm... Oh... Yes, dear.

MATHILDE

Tell me something truly.

(beat)

Do you still love me?

BREUER

Dear, of course.

MATHILDE

Then why are you treating me like this.

BREUER

I didn't want to wake you.

MATHILDE

I want you to come to bed.

BREUER

You don't know what you want.

MATHILDE

Oh, and you do. I know that I want my husband back.

Away from the clutches of some girl who is after him and he is too dull to see it.

BREUER

She is a patient. What am I supposed to do.

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Breuer thinks some more.

BREUER

All right. I will make it up to you. I'll take off for a little while. We'll go...

MATHILDE  
To London!

BREUER  
To Paris?

MATHILDE  
To Rome!

BREUER  
The Alps?

MATHILDE  
Aaa... The Alps! Yes, oh, that would be lovely.

They kiss.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)  
Do you promise?

BREUER  
Yes.

MATHILDE  
Can we leave tomorrow night?

BREUER  
(hesitant)  
Yes.

She kisses him again.

EXT. PAPPENHEIM APARTMENT BUILDING -MORNING

Breuer stands outside the door practicing what he has to say.

BREUER  
I will only be gone for a week...  
I will only be gone... I will be back in  
a few days. I ask that you do not call  
another Doctor... that you not take any  
action until I return...

A carriage approaches behind him and distracts him. He turns to see A well dressed MAN get out of the cab. He pays the driver and steps up to the doorway.

MAN  
Excuse me.



BREUER  
 (recognizing)  
 Kraft-Ebbing! How are you old boy?

KRAFT-EBBING  
 Josef Breuer, is that you, you old dog?

BREUER  
 What are you doing down in these parts?

KRAFT-EBBING  
 Making a little house call.

It punches Breuer in the gut.

BREUER  
 A house call? For who?

KRAFT-EBBING  
 A family called the Pappenheims. Don't  
 know 'em really, just asked that I come  
 down here today to check someone out.

BREUER  
 How dare she!

KRAFT-EBBING  
 What are you talking about?

Recha opens the door to find the two of them there,  
 confused. She has a slight smirk.

RECHA  
 (to Kraft-Ebbing, nodding)  
 Doctor.  
 (to Breuer, nodding)  
 Doctor.  
 (to both)  
 Won't you come in.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, DEN -MOMENTS LATER

Breuer and Kraft-Ebbing stand above a sitting Bertha, while  
 Recha sits in a wing-back chair in the corner. This is the  
 place where Breuer first met Bertha.

Bertha is looking around wildly. She is unmoving otherwise.  
 Kraft-Ebbing is smoking a cigar while examining Bertha. He  
 picks up her limp arm and replaces it several times,  
 snapping his fingers in her face.

KRAFT-EBBING

Hello there, can you see me? Can't you feel me touching your arm? Eh?

RECHA

She won't respond to anyone. And when she does is it only to complain about something else hurting or not working.

BREUER

You don't know. She's gotten much better since I started using hypnosis to extract stories from her.

KRAFT-EBBING

Stories?

RECHA

(interrupting)

I do know she's gotten much worse since you began treatment, period.

KRAFT-EBBING

Well, I don't think anything will help until you get her to respond to someone.

BERTHA

Breuer?

BREUER

(stepping behind Kraft-Ebbing)

Yes, Bertha?

BERTHA

Doctor, where are you.

Kraft-Ebbing seems offended since he is bent down in front of her face.

KRAFT-EBBING

Girl, I am a doctor, too. Talk to me.

He takes a big puff of his cigar.

BERTHA

Doctor Breuer, where has everyone gone.

KRAFT-EBBING

(blowing smoke at Bertha)

Silly girl, we're all right here.

When the smoke hits her face, she FREAKS OUT. Her stoic indifference has given away to pure hysteria. She LEAPS up out of the chair and tries to run toward the door but Kraft-Ebbing GRABS her.

Breuer tries to intercede and get the girl from him.

BREUER  
Why did you do that.

KRAFT-EBBING  
She wasn't responding.

BREUER  
She can't

KRAFT-EBBING  
It's all in her mind.

Bertha breaks loose but her mother blocks the door, very calmly for the situation.

Bertha begins to run around the edges of the room, running into everything as if a blind bull in a china closet.

KRAFT-EBBING (CONT'D)  
Damn it girl.

BERTHA  
Breuer, Breuer.

BREUER  
Damn you.  
(to Recha)  
And damn you too, I warned you not to interfere.

Bertha finally plows straight into Recha just as she was about to respond, and the both of them fall through the door, breaking it down.

Bertha, just on adrenaline, picks her self up and begins running down the hall. She doesn't know where she is going, she is just running.

BERTHA  
Breuer, Breuer, Breuer.

Breuer jumps over Recha, leaving her to Kraft-Ebbing to help. Bertha comes back trying to make another pass, but Breuer grabs a hold of her.

Kraft-Ebbing tries to join, Breuer pulls out a needle but Bertha is too crazy. He tries to stick her just as she pulls free and ends up sticking Dr. Ebbing, and breaking the needle.

KRAFT-EBBING

Oh! You did that on purpose!

BERTHA

Breuer... Breuer...

BREUER

I did not. Get out of the way.

Bertha makes it to the front door but just claws at it like a little animal, she never even tries the doorknob. Breuer approaches slowly.

BERTHA

Breuer.

BREUER

I'm right here.

BERTHA

Where.

BREUER

Here. Right here.

She turns and sees him for the first time. She runs into his arms, and he throws his arms around her.

BERTHA

What is going on. Take me away.

Recha has picked herself up and now she leers at Breuer with her daughter.

BREUER

I have to take her outside to calm her down.

RECHA

I don't care where you take her, anymore, Doctor, keep her, adopt her. Marry her. Whatever you wish.

BREUER

Fine! I am going to put her under the care of doctor I trust while I'm gone!

BERTHA

Gone?

RECHA

I refuse to pay.

BREUER

I didn't expect that you would!

Breuer storms out with Bertha under his wing. Recha walks down the corridor coldly. Kraft-Ebbing seems to be slowing down from the chloral.

EXT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, IN THE STAIRWELL -CONTINUOUS

Breuer rushed Bertha down the three flights of stairs while the talk.

BERTHA

You are leaving?

BREUER

I have to go away for a- for just a few days. I will be back very soon.

BERTHA

You can't leave.

BREUER

Bertha, listen to me. I need you to listen to me. You must stop this. Your mother is about to put you away in a place you do not want to be. I must go away for a few days, I wouldn't leave you behind with someone I didn't trust implicitly.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM -DAY

MEYNERT

I am completely full right now.

Breuer stands face to face with a taller older gentleman. Bertha sits in the background, scared and out of place.

BREUER

She has no one else.

MEYNERT

I would if I could, you know that.

They both glance at the girl who is shivering.

BREUER

What about someone under you. Someone you trust very much who has a space?

MEYNERT

Well...

(flipping through a scheduling book)

I know of a man who specifically is working with cases like this. But, in my opinion he is a quack. No one is using him, he is too naïve.

BREUER

Whoever he is, it is only for a few days.

MEYNERT

(hesitating)

I will put her there then, with Dr. Freud.

BREUER

Freud!? Damn.

MEYNERT

You said whoever. Have you even met him before.

BREUER

At a party, once. Fine, Dr. Freud will have to do.

MEYNERT

Best advice I could give: Hurry home.

Breuer shakes hands with him and turns to Bertha. Meynert leaves the room for a moment.

BREUER

It will be all right.

She still quivers.

BREUER (CONT'D)

I need you to be calm. I need you to feel better for me.

Bertha nods.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Do not be scared. I will be back very soon.

BERTHA

Where are you going.

BREUER

It isn't important.

BERTHA

Where? Where? Not with her?

Breuer was never a good liar.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

You're leaving me for her?

BREUER

(losing patience)

She's my wife, Bertha! What would you have me do.

Bertha grabs hold of his coat, and PULLS him down to her lips. She KISSES him, but he doesn't kiss back. He forces himself back. He looks stunned, she looks back with hurt eyes.

Without saying another word, Breuer leaves the room. Bertha is motionless.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -NEXT DAY

Breuer and Mathilde board the train amongst hundred of flocking people, dressed all alike. Breuer looks distant as his wife holds his arm.

INT. PAPPENHEIM APARTMENT, FOYER

Recha puts on a coat and a scarf. Wilhelm calls to her from the Salon.

WILHELM

Where are you going?

RECHA

No man will tell me how to run my family. I promised myself Sigmund would always be the only one.

INT. TRAIN -AFTERNOON

Breuer looks at the window, lost in thought as his wife silently reads beside him in their cabin.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, FREUD'S OFFICE -AFTERNOON

Recha is signing some papers.

NURSE

Dr. Freud hasn't even seen her yet, are you sure.

RECHA

She is my daughter.

The nurse takes the forms and backs away. Recha gets up, and leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR -CONTINUOUS

She strides down the hall triumphantly, putting on her velvet gloves with a smirk.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, PARALYSIS WARD -MOMENTS LATER

Bertha is being strapped down to a white stretcher on wheels. She is fighting, but the male nurses are too strong for her.

They force her head down with a THUD, a strap it down as well. They put a teeth guard on her. Apparently these two are happy to be rid of her.

They wheel her outside. She wildly flails as she can only see the light fixtures as they pass rapidly overhead.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL -MORNING

Breuer sits by a window nook with a fireplace nearby. He reads a paper as it snows hard out of the window. Mathilde sits in bed reading. It is silent for a long time, until Mathilde breaks it with laughter.

BREUER

What is it?

MATHILDE

Nothing. It's just odd that the snow started seconds after we got here.



BREUER  
Yes, absolutely dreadful.

MATHILDE  
Absolutely fate!

BREUER  
What does that mean?

MATHILDE  
It means, if I didn't know your limits as a man, I'd think you arranged it all.

BREUER  
What? Why would I do that.

MATHILDE  
To punish me more. To lock me away even when we finally get out of the house, alone.

Breuer puts his paper down and turns in his chair.

BREUER  
That is preposterous. Why would I want to punish you?

MATHILDE  
Why? I don't know why? What have I done to deserve-

BREUER  
Had you considered I might view it as punishment as well?

MATHILDE  
No. How could you. You get to trade in your frumpy wife for a gorgeous teenager.

BREUER  
She twenty-two! -I am not trading you-

MATHILDE  
How old am I?

BREUER  
You're... thirty-four, FIVE! Thirty-five!

MATHILDE

What is my favorite color? Favorite food?  
Favorite café, play, author, opera,  
composer, Josef! What is the one thing I  
always wanted growing up?

Breuer can't answer any of these things.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

And hers? I bet you know all of hers!

Breuer was never a good liar. He moves to explain-

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

Don't try it! You know that little whore  
better than you know your own wife!

She STOMPS her way to the bathroom and SLAMS the door.  
Breuer jumps up to go after her, but she's locked him out.

BREUER

She is not a whore! Mathilde, you are  
letting your imagination run away with  
you! She is my patient, nothing else.

(beat)

At least she doesn't question my  
integrity!

Breuer realizes as soon as the word leave his lips that it  
was probably not a good idea.

MATHILDE

She doesn't have to! She knows you have  
none!

Breuer easily gives up trying to get into her, and skulks  
back to the chair he was reading in. He gets lost in the  
WHITE of the snowstorm building outside.

INT. INZERSDORF, INSANITY WARD -UNKNOWN

There are no windows in this place, so time slips by without  
notice.

The male nurses wheel Bertha into a small, dank, and  
completely white room as she is strapped to a stretcher.  
They begin to unbuckle her and put her into a strait jacket.  
A THIRD NURSE, with paperwork, approaches an onlooking  
DOCTOR.

NURSE

A one, fraulein Bertha Pappenheim.

DOCTOR

Pappenheim, I've heard of them before.  
She's welcome here.

He begins to laugh maniacally.

INT. INZERSDORF, WHITE ROOM -LATER

A male nurse hold back her head and keeps her mouth open by holding her nose shut. The other nurse force feeds her food. She still struggles. She spits back out anything they give her.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You must, eat girl.

She hops in the chair, bringing the leg down hard on the nurse's foot. He screams in sharp pain.

NURSE

Ahhh! Dr. Breuslauer, we can't continue this!

BREUSLAUER

No, I see. Take her to the showers.

INT. INZERSDORF, SHOWERS -UNKNOWN

Nurses are hosing down Bertha with a tormentingly hard spray. She cries out, but no one hears over the ROAR of water.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL, BATHROOM -EVENING

Mathilde sits silently crying in a tub full of frilly bubbles. She has a razor sitting on the edge of the tub. Mathilde pets her stomach lovingly, caressing it like a small child.

INT. INZERSDORF, WHITE ROOM -UNKNOWN

Bertha is shivering in a straight jacket in the middle of the room.

NURSE (O.S.)

She is not responding to the hydrotherapy.

BREUSLAUER (O.S.)

Let's move on to electrotherapy, then.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL, OUTSIDE BATHROOM -NIGHT

Breuer finds himself back at the door, trying to persuade his wife.

BREUER

Mathilde, please darling, come out of there. You've been in there all day.

No response, just the sound of water as Mathilde shifts positions in the tub. Breuer moves away from the door again.

INT. INZERSDORF, CORRIDOR -MOMENTS LATER

Bertha is being wheeled down a corridor now. This corridor is much darker than any others. The walls ooze with stains and dripping liquids. She is ushered into a room with many large mechanical devices.

They strap down her head, stuff a wooden bar into her mouth for her to bite on. They strap on a strange helmet contraption tied to a machine sputtering somewhere.

She looks to her left. There is an aquarium with several lively eels in it. A man dressed in rubber steps up to the tank and grabs one with his glove. It wriggles in his hand as he brings it over to Bertha.

Bertha begins to cry. She becomes still from fear. The man steps closer and gently places the eel onto her FACE, laid across her left cheek.

Her body WRITHES with pain. Her muscles all contract, she can't even move her mouth to scream. The rubber man walks back to the tank to retrieve another eel.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL, BATHROOM -NIGHT

Mathilde picks up the razor as she sits in the tub. Her hands are fleshy prunes from the water. She fumble with the razor at first but she finally frees the blade.

INT. INZERSDORF, WHITE ROOM

A heap lays on the floor in white.

NURSE (O.S.)  
See you tomorrow  
(laughing)

The heap is Bertha, and she turns to look over her shoulder as the nurse leaves. Her face comes into view.

Her HAIR is STREAKED in multiple places as GREY.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL, OUTSIDE BATHROOM

Breuer sits with his back against the door. No sounds come from within. He stares off, until he suddenly decides to do something.

He rises.

BREUER  
Mathilde, I want you to come out of there.

No response.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
I will give you until the count of three, and then I'm coming in. 1... 2...

Nothing.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
Are you going to make me hit three, darling? Fine, So be it. 3.

Breuer steps back twice and then runs at the doorknob. The lock cracks and the door swings wide.

INT. INZERSDORF, WHITE ROOM

The nurses bust down the door and run in. Bertha got out of her straight jacket and used the belts and buckles to noose herself by the dangling light fixture.

The nurses quickly unbuckles the choker around her neck. The other goes to work to revive the limp body.

INT. SWISS ALPS HOTEL, BATHROOM

BREUER  
Oh god...

Breuer stops dead in his speech. His wife lay in a soapy red tub. One arm lays over the tub, still dripping blood into a puddle on the floor.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
(running to her)  
Damn it, Mathilde! Mathilde, wake up. Why?  
Wake up!

He slaps her face. Again. Again. She won't wake.

INT BREUER'S LOUNGE -EVENING, 1886

Freud kicks back more drink as the sunlight streams in horizontally while the Sun goes down.

BREUER  
Of course, I didn't know yet that Bertha had done anything to herself. I was only concerned with the fate of my wife.

FREUD  
I would never have expected Mathilde to turn to such extreme measures.

BREUER  
Well, I believe she knew I would not let her die there in my arms. She did it to get back at me.

FREUD  
It isn't always about you.

BREUER  
This was. This was to spite me. Rather than explaining it in words, she showed me what I was doing to her.

FREUD  
Where did you go from there.

BREUER  
Home. I couldn't think there anymore. I paid the Swiss Hospital to transfer her back to Vienna, and I went home to prepare.

INT. BREUER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

The living room is empty. It is silent. Then, the front door opens and shuts off screen.

Through the double doors we see into the hallway where Breuer lugs his bags. Margarethe comes from the opposite end of the hall, and jumps into his arms as he drops his luggage.

MARGARETHE  
Hi daddy! I missed you!  
(beat)  
Where's mama?

He keeps hugging her, not allowing her to see her contorted face. The housekeeper is a step behind and takes Margarethe from him.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Oh, I told you, she'll be home a bit later than daddy now didn't I.

MARGARETHE  
Yes madame.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Go on to your room, it is late.

BREUER  
I will come say goodnight soon.

She runs off without another word.

HOUSEKEEPER  
How is she?

BREUER  
She'll be transferred to the hospital here in a few days.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Will she be-

BREUER  
I don't know, yet.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Why did she?

BREUER  
Sylvia... I don't know.

She takes her leave without asking more. Breuer is glad for that.

HOUSEKEEPER  
(leaving)

There is a message for you in your study.

Breuer rises and moves to his

STUDY

where he finds two notes on his desk.

INSERT: MESSAGE ONE

It simply says, "4:00pm, my apartment, April 5th. -Fr. Pappenheim."

INSERT: MESSAGE TWO

It reads "Please appear at an inquiry, The fifth of April, at 10am promptly, Room 304, -many thanks, Vienna Physiological Circle"

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR -MORNING

Breuer strides down a hallway with a slight perception of fear on his face.

A Doctor crossing his path stops to talk with him. Breuer keeps on and the other Doctor hurries to keep up.

DOCTOR  
Dr. Breuer

BREUER  
What is it, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
So sorry to hear about your wife?

BREUER  
Word travels fast from Geneva...

DOCTOR  
Geneva? What are you talking about, she's down in the recovery ward.

BREUER  
Already?

Breuer stops now. He checks his watch.



BREUER (CONT'D)

Damn.

DOCTOR

Am I keeping you?

BREUER

I have... a meeting at 10am.  
(checking the time again,  
deciding)

It can wait a moment, thank you, Doctor.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, RECOVERY WARD -MOMENTS LATER

Breuer steps inside the ward, walks down the hallway of private rooms. He checks a board with names and finds her room number, and is drawn inside the

RECOVERY ROOM

where his wife lay, bandaged arms, eyes closed. Another Doctor stands over her as well. Breuer slowly join his wife at her side and take her hand.

DOCTOR

Ah, Dr. Breuer?

BREUER

Yes.

DOCTOR

Don't worry. She'll be fine after all.

BREUER

Has she come to at all.

DOCTOR

No. Not yet. The morphine will probably keep her under for quite a while, but everyone here is alright. We're just lucky that she didn't... think of another way, or it might be a different story for our second patient.

BREUER

Second patient?

DOCTOR

The little one, of cour-  
(realizing)

I mean, surely you know of the... the...

BREUER  
Are you certain?

DOCTOR  
Fairly. She is showing after all.

Breuer looks down at his wife's slightly engorged stomach.  
He hadn't noticed it before.

BREUER  
My god.

Breuer checks the time, it is 10:20am.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry. I- I don't-

BREUER  
I have a meeting. Thank you for  
everything, I'll hire a private nurse to  
help as well.

DOCTOR  
But- But-

BREUER  
I must go. Thank you.

Breuer hastily leaves the room to get to his meeting, trying  
to let this information sink in.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, ROOM 304 -MOMENTS LATER

Breuer sits in a lone chair in front of a panel table where  
sit five doctors. One is recognizable as Meynert, and  
another is Dr. Houser

BREUER  
(uncomfortable)  
Again, I am sorry about the tardy  
entrance.

DOCTOR 1  
Getting to the point now, Dr. Breuer, who  
is Bertha Pappenheim.

BREUER  
She is a patient of mine.

DOCTOR 1  
What have you been treating her for.

BREUER  
Hysteria.

DOCTOR 3  
Why so many house calls?

BREUER  
Is that uncommon?

DOCTOR 2  
No, but there are no reports for her  
whatsoever.

DOCTOR 3  
And yet her mother contends you've been  
in treatment for about a year and a half.

HOUSER  
To speak frankly, Dr. Breuer, she says  
you've used hypnosis, religious rituals  
as well as...

DOCTOR 1  
Sexual means.

BREUER  
Sexual means? Preposterous!

DOCTOR 1  
What reason has the mother to lie?

BREUER  
I don't know. She despises me I think.  
She and her daughter do not get along  
well. You know relations can't always be  
trusted when it comes to a patient's well  
being. They don't know enough.

DOCTOR 3  
So you are saying she was lying to us?

BREUER  
Why would I use such tactics?

HOUSER  
That's what we were wondering.

DOCTOR 2  
The mother found it important enough to  
come talk to us.

MEYNERT

Her concern was overwhelming.

BREUER

Where is Bertha now?

MEYNERT

As far as we know she was released to another location.

DOCTOR 3

On the demand of Frau Pappenheim.

BREUER

Another location?

HOUSER

Yes, Inzersdorf Sanatorium.

DOCTOR 1

Can you assure us that nothing of this nature has been going on?

DOCTOR 2

Yes, we need something from you.

BREUER

(rising to leave)

You will have my full report soon.

DOCTOR 3

It might be best if you discontinue treatment of this girl.

BREUER

It is not illegal to treat a young girl, is it.

The panel is silent.

BREUER (CONT'D)

The treatment is nearing a close. It will continue until I'm done with it.

He rushes out angrily.

DOCTOR 1

(calling after)

Mind your actions.

CUT TO:

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON

Recha sits work needlepoint as she smokes a cigarette. The doors are open, revealing the hallway. A pounding comes from the front door. Recha is motionless. A maid finally runs to answer it.

MAID

Who is it?

RECHA

(yelling)

You are early! By four hours, how very uncalled for Dr. Breuer.

Indeed, Breuer steps around the corner, a little ragged, obviously bottling nuclear anger raging through his veins.

BREUER

Uncalled for? I tell you what's uncalled for. I told you that Inzersdorf was not for Bertha. You relinquished involvement, yet you went above my head to transfer her there.

RECHA

Yes I did. I was surprised to see those above your head knew nothing of her.

BREUER

I don't care what you find surprising or not. I only care that Bertha get better.

RECHA

I want that too!

BREUER

Do you? You lied to put her in a place that will torture her. You have to get her out of there.

RECHA

Well, your wish has come true, man. She is asleep in her room as we speak.

BREUER

What? I thought you decided-

RECHA

She decided she was coming out of there by one way or another.

BREUER  
What do you mean?

RECHA  
She was found swinging from the ceiling.  
So she is home now.

Breuer is speechless. He starts for Bertha's room.

RECHA (CONT'D)  
Why bother her right now?

BREUER  
(without stopping)  
Do you have anyone watching over her?

RECHA  
(having to follow)  
She is sleeping.

BREUER  
Damn it woman! You care for her is blind,  
Recha.

Breuer burst's into

BERTHA'S BEDROOM

and looks to the bed, which is empty. His gaze turns to the window where a woman's fragile body sits on the window sill, staring out of the open window. She turns to Breuer.

It is Bertha, with completely WHITE HAIR. Breuer instinctively runs to her as she tries to get her bearings and throw herself out. But he catches her around the waist just as she jumps. Recha screams

He JERKS back to off set her, throwing them to the floor. She wriggles to get free, but Breuer's strength is impassioned. Her picks her up and puts her on the bed. Recha rushes to her other side.

Bertha stops struggling. Once she sees it's Breuer.

BERTHA  
Oh god. Oh god... Oh god... please don't  
ever send me there again.

Breuer glares at Recha who seems apologetic.

RECHA

Bertha, it was me. Not Dr. Breuer.

Bertha doesn't respond.

RECHA (CONT'D)

Please talk to me...

BREUER

Your mother is here.

BERTHA

Where?

BREUER

Right behind you, Bertha, can you see her?

Bertha turns as if she can not see anyone there.

BERTHA

There is no one.

BREUER

Put out your hand.

Bertha stretches out her hand. When it find Recha, Bertha jumps a little startled.

A faceless woman materializes in front of her.

RECHA

I'm glad you're back home. I'm sorry for... everything... everything. I'm so sorry.

Bertha feels around on her face but it changes nothing, she leans in very close to the faceless woman and can not discern anything distinguishing.

BERTHA

(to Breuer)

There is someone here.

(to Recha)

Who are you?

Recha turns stoic. Small tears well and fall through her otherwise icy stare.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Is this a trick, Josef?

BREUER

It is not a trick, it's your mother,  
can't you-

Recha stops him.

RECHA

Do not worry yourself with it Doctor.

Recha rises as she wipes clear her eyes. She moves out of the room and motions for Breuer to join. Breuer silently gets up while Bertha seems preoccupied with her pillows.

They stand outside the doorway so that Breuer can still watch Bertha.

RECHA (CONT'D)

I suggest you take her away for awhile.  
You can use the family resort at Bad-  
Ischl for the time being.

BREUER

I have other duties.

RECHA

Do this for her. I will double your pay  
for as long as it takes.

BREUER

Frau Pap-

RECHA

Please, Breuer.  
(laughing)

I am not usually a begging woman, but  
this is a begging time, isn't it.

BREUER

I don't know if travel is the best idea  
right now.

Breuer looks at Bertha. She combs her bright white hair with a brush in front of her vanity mirror. She reaches and touches her reflection.

INT. BREUER'S STUDY -DAY

The housekeeper walks into the study to put a pile of mail on the desk. There is another letter already there addressed to her. She double-takes the top letter. She opens it cautiously.



INSERT: Housekeeper's Letter

It reads, "I have to be away for a bit longer. Please take care of the children until I return. Frau Breuer will be indisposed as well. You can count on double-pay for your inconvenience. -J.B."

The housekeeper doesn't seem to like the idea of this.

EXT. TRAIN STATION, VIENNA -DAY

Breuer helps Bertha board the train after everyone else has gotten on. This train faces opposite the train earlier to the Alps.

EXT. TRAIN STATION, BAD ISCHL -EVENING

The sun is setting on a beautiful resort location on a lake. Little villas dot the land. The train pulls slowly into the station.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, BAD ISCHL -LATER

The door swings open. Breuer brings in both his own and Bertha's bags. Bertha stands at the threshold.

BREUER

Bertha? Can you step inside?

BERTHA

It's completely dark in there.

Breuer looks around. The lamps light the villa very well. He walks over to her to lead her inside.

BREUER

I do not know if this was such a good idea.

He sits her down on the couch in the middle of the front room. He walks into the back rooms, leaving her alone.

Bertha looks around and sees fluctuating walls. They vibrate and parts of them shift colors. They seem to lean into her.

BERTHA

Breuer... the walls...

Breuer calls from the back room.

BREUER

Do you have any new stories to tell me,  
Bertha? I like them all. They are  
wonderful. Can you tell me another?

He asks, stepping back into the room. Bertha is sleeping on the couch. He hastens to her, checking pulse and decides to carry her off to bed. He opens the door to a

DARK ROOM

and lays her on the bed. She wakes with a start.

BERTHA

This is father's room. Why do I lay here.  
Where is father.

He picks her back up into his arms and she falls back into a sleep-like state. He sighs. He goes down the hall until he finds another room,

A PINK ROOM

with shelves along the wall full of trinkets. Her steps inside and lays her in the bed.

BERTHA

(stirring lightly)  
Goodnight, father...

Breuer decides not to say anything about it, he brushes back a stray strand of white hair, and retreats into the

HALLWAY

He continues down the hall checking the different rooms. He finds a

YELLOW ROOM

drenched with the laden smell of cigarettes. A book lays in a chair in the corner of the room next to a very small single bed.

Breuer walks to the book and picks it up. There is a lock to it, but it is old and broken. He flips open to a random page.

INSERT: Diary Page

It reads, "June 9th, I doubt more every day that Sigmund will rise from the bed that the illness has kept him to. Bertha is a dear to take her place at his side by night. Sometimes I wish it wasn't a problem for any of us anymore. I would like to enjoy the summertime air rather than confining myself to my dying husband's beside..."

It goes on, but Breuer replaces the book, sensing its private nature.

He walks out of the dimly lit room blowing out the lamp that was already lit.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, KITCHEN -MORNING

Breuer is feeding Bertha oranges again for nourishment. She is like a baby in his arms as he feeds her small chunks of the fruit at a time. Bertha is in a brown dress with stains on it.

BREUER

What did you dream about last night?

BERTHA

Nothing. I do not have dreams anymore.

BREUER

I heard you calling out in the night... what were you saying Bertha.

BERTHA

I don't remember if I did.

She drops a piece of orange on her dress.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Look what you've done! My new blue dress! Quick, get down the soda water.

Breuer is a bit amazed.

BREUER

Bertha, you are wearing an old brown dress.

Bertha gets up to do it herself.

BERTHA

What, no it isn't. I picked this out at the store just days ago.

BREUER

When did you go to the store?

BERTHA

Susan came down from the pools and asked if I wanted to go shopping.

Breuer is very confused.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Well, it was a great deal, but now I'll have to remove this stain.

She rubs at it with a nearby cloth that she has dipped into a glass of club soda. She looks down at it, as cloudy as her vision is.

As she rubs her blue dress it turns brown. She touches another part of the dress and it turns brown too.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

No... What? What is going on?

Breuer strike upon an idea.

BREUER

I wonder...

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, FRONT ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

BREUER

Yes. It makes sense...

Breuer moves into frame behind Bertha as she sits on the couch. He is holding the diary from before.

BREUER (CONT'D)

I think you might be reliving your past.

BERTHA

Well, that's absurd. What do you mean reliving, you can only live something once.

BREUER

And yet you think your dress is blue. You think you bought it a few days ago with Susan, whom your mother directly references here.

BERTHA

Let me see that.

Breuer instinctively holds it back.

BREUER

I do not think you should.

BERTHA

(still reaching)

Why? What does she say about me?

BREUER

It is not about that. It would be unethical.

Bertha gets up and comes around the couch with a naughty look about her.

BERTHA

Oh? And spending time alone with a patient in a resort isn't?

BREUER

Bertha, sit down. Stop acting like this?

BERTHA

Acting?

(coming on strong)

Do you see a stage? How do you know I didn't plan this?

She back Breuer into a wall, he would have to use force to get out.

BREUER

It was your mother's idea!

BERTHA

(smiling)

A puppet in the show.

She leans in for a kiss, Breuer is almost frozen, as if he might want the kiss. She backs away quickly and shows that she has the diary, she laughs in joy.

BREUER

Give that back!

BERTHA

Make me!

BREUER

Bertha, if you do not hand that back to me this instant I will leave you here, alone, to live as you will, to succumb to your own mind...

She looks at him angrily. He has won. She throws the book at his head which he barely misses. It bounces off the wall and back toward her.

BERTHA

(serious)

Bastard!

But then she begins to laugh! Her extremes start to irritate Breuer. She picks up the book as Breuer moves to her to grab her arm. Bertha backs away with the book, startled.

But Breuer isn't there anymore. There is a dog sitting on the sofa looking at her quietly. She is frightened.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Breuer?

She turns around slowly with the book in her hand.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Josef? Where did you go?

A hand grabs her arm. She jumps.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Oh my god. Where were you?

It's Breuer.

BREUER

I've been right here. The whole time.

BERTHA

No you haven't. You turned into that horrid little dog.

BREUER

What dog? Bertha, you'd better sit.

BERTHA

Her dog! Anna's dog.

BREUER

Who? What are you talking about? Start slowly.

BERTHA

Wilhelm's girlfriend's dog. I don't know why it was here.

BREUER

Was it ever here before?

BERTHA

No, never.

Breuer takes the diary away from Bertha, flips through some pages.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Now that I think about it. Anna was here, but not the dog. She must not have gotten it yet. I had forgotten she came.

BREUER

(reading)

"and she brought her little Newfoundland terrier with her. It is a small dog, cute but annoying. It is into everything. It had better not get into Bertha's collections, she would kill it."

BERTHA

But I don't remember it at all.

BREUER

Maybe your don't want to remember it?

BERTHA

What? How could someone choose to forget.

(laughing)

Be careful of the things you say, Doctor, or someone might mistake you for the patient.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, SITTING ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Bertha sits in a chair as a pocket watch swings as a pendulum before her. Her eyes are already closed.

BREUER

You are very comfortable and relaxed. You have complete clarity of thought and can remember everything as if it were happening right now.

Bertha is motionless.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Tell me where you saw the dog for the first time.

BERTHA

It was in my mother's room.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, YELLOW ROOM -EVENING, SUMMER 1880

Bertha is sitting in her mother's chair in her mother's room, holding her mother's diary. She is speed reading, skimming to find occurrences of her name.

BERTHA

(reading)

"Bertha wouldn't apologize because she is too stubborn to see her error"? I'm not the stubborn one.

INTERCUT: In the Villa, Bertha enacts what she is seeing as if it were there. She glares at something across the room that Breuer can not see.

The dog has poked its head inside the door and prances over to Bertha. She looks at it annoyingly.

BREUER (V.O.)

What do you see?

BERTHA

(to the camera)

The dog!

(to the dog)

What do you want.

It doesn't respond. She hisses at it and it runs under the bed, coming out the other side. It jumps up onto the bed without Bertha noticing. She continues to read until she hears a lapping.

She whirls around to find the dog lapping at her glass of water.



BERTHA (CONT'D)

Oh! How disgusting!

She douses the dog with the rest of the water. It runs off, trying to shake it off.

BREUER (V.O.)

So it was there.

Bertha looks at the camera.

BERTHA

Yes. It drank from my glass.

She looks at the glass with disgust.

BREUER (V.O.)

Bertha, is that why you can't drink water?

She looks confused.

BERTHA

It drank from my glass.

Breuer steps into the frame offering her a glass of water. She looks up to him. She takes the water. The room transforms into the

SITTING ROOM

where Bertha still sits in her chair, with eyes closed and Breuer stands over her helping her take the water.

She puts it to her lips and begins to drink. It doesn't spill out, she is actually drinking. Breuer's amazed.

BREUER

Bertha! Open your eyes.

She opens her eyes and realizes what she is doing, she gulps the rest of the glass, wipes her lips, and says:

BERTHA

(breathless)

Another, please.

Breuer all too happily gets another glass. She drinks it down too.

BREUER

You had forgotten this whole incident.

BERTHA

Yes... but it seems like it was there all the long. The dog. The water. Of course!

BREUER

You repressed it.

BERTHA

(finishing the cup)  
Smothered it.

BREUER

It just needed loosening.

She jumps up, hugs him. She pulls back after a moment.

BERTHA

It could be a coincidence.

BREUER

I doubt it.

BERTHA

Prove it.

BREUER

How.

BERTHA

Do it again.

BREUER

Do what again, Bertha. You had a vision, and I asked you about it under hypnosis.

BERTHA

Well, it just seems like-

BREUER

It was a happy accident.

BERTHA

Nothing is an accident.  
(beat)  
Name another symptom.

BREUER

What?

BERTHA

Another stupid symptom. A weird one...

BREUER

Your attachment to your socks.

BERTHA

Yes, of course. Ask me about that. After you put me into my sleep.

BREUER

It's not sleep.

BERTHA

I don't care what it is, let's try it.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE SIGMUND'S BEDROOM -NIGHT, WINTER EARLY 1881

The hallway is quiet. Voices float out from Sigmund's room. A head pokes around the corner at the end of the hall. It's Bertha.

She sees the hall is empty and tiptoes closer. She is dressed in a night gown and stockings. She cups her ear to the door. She cannot make out the muffled voices, but they seem to be joking around. There is a sudden shift in movement. She realizes the door is ABOUT TO OPEN. She turns to run, but it is too late.

Wilhelm opens the door and spots her immediately. He shuts the door behind him, runs to her, SPINS her around, GRABS her by the shoulders.

BERTHA

Wilhelm!

BREUER (V.O.)

What did he do?

WILHELM

Doctor's orders to stay in bed!

He shakes her meanly.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

Listen to what he says, Bertha. You need him, Bertha. You can't get well without him, Bertha.

BERTHA

Stop it!

BREUER (V.O.)

What did he do Bertha.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, FRONT ROOM -BACK TO SCENE

Bertha is standing, shaking herself convulsively. Breuer wants to intervene but doesn't dare.

INT. OUTSIDE SIGMUND'S BEDROOM -BACK TO SCENE

Wilhelm's voice becomes distant, like the ECHO of a voice. He continues to shake her.

WILHELM

Doctor knows best, right, Bertha, is that what you want to hear, Bertha, is that what you are wanting out of it all. Is that...

His voices fades to silence. He keeps talking but no sound comes. Bertha cries, she can't hear him. She wants to get away. Bertha beats him with her fists to break loose. He lets go, she runs away.

She runs down the dark hallways as they become unfocused and labyrinthine. She can only hear the pounding of her heart. Things start to go askew and she falls against a wall, sliding down to her knees. She curls into a fetal position and shudders.

BREUER (V.O.)

And you were in your stockings...

Bertha looks up from the floor and wipes her eyes.

BERTHA

(unsteadily)

Yes. I didn't want to make noise. I didn't want to get caught. But I did. I did. I did.

Suddenly, with the sound of snapping fingers, the world around her transforms into the

FRONT ROOM

of the Villa again. Breuer is hunched over her hold her by the shoulder as she lapses back into sobs.

BREUER

Bertha. It's OK. It's OK. Look at me. Can you take off your socks now?

Bertha is in shock from the experience. She holds out her leg. Breuer gently pulls her sock off, getting no resistance from Bertha.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Bertha, we did it. Your sock is off.

She looks up. Things are still fuzzy and unfocused to her, she still cradles her right arm. She leans into Breuer from comfort.

BREUER (CONT'D)

We are getting closer.

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

-Breuer dangling a pocket watch in front of Bertha as her eyes droop.

-Breuer pacing behind Bertha as she lays flat on the couch, eyes closed saying something, point to the ceiling.

-Breuer following Bertha as she "sleep walks" around the outside of the Villa.

-Breuer checking Bertha's physical vitals.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, DARK ROOM -NIGHT

Bertha sits on the bed, feeling the softness. Breuer stands in the doorway, observing. Bertha looks to him shaking her head.

BERTHA

Nothing.

BREUER

Are you sure? You spoke out about this room in your sleep.

BERTHA

Did I? And you? Do you always watch me while I sleep?

Breuer rubs his sleepless eyes, heavily bagged.

BREUER

Bertha, concentrate.

She looks around again, and still doesn't react. She gets up staring at a painting on the wall.

BERTHA

This wasn't here before, was it?

Breuer shrugs.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

No... mother bought it right before we left, to "cheer the room," in her words.

As Bertha takes down the painting, the wall behind it looks different from the rest of the room.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

What?

She reaches out and touches it, she can tell there is something different despite her blurred vision.

Breuer catches on.

BREUER

What else was different? You spent nights in here with your father.

BERTHA

Yes.

BREUER

How was the room lit.

BERTHA

With candles mostly.

Breuer searches the room and finds a few candles in a drawer. He begins to set them up and light them. As he does the area around them transforms for her to another time. It is still incomplete.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

(pointing to the nightstand)

There were papers along there.

Breuer does everything she begins to spout off.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

And this cover wasn't here. And the clock  
faced away from the bed, towards me, as I  
sat in a chair, here!

Breuer brings her a chair and she sits in it. The room seems  
to fluctuate in patches fading in and out of a different  
time, a forgotten past.

BREUER

What do you see.

BERTHA

I don't know. Something is missing. It is  
almost coming back to me.

She looks around, squinting hard. She notices the curtains  
are drawn.

BREUER

The curtains?

BERTHA

Yes. They were pulled. The window was  
open.

Breuer rushes over and pulls back the curtains. He opens the  
window all the way.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

No... half of the way.

As he closes the window half-way, he fades from view, and  
the entire room transforms as if from a shockwave spawned  
from the window into

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, SIGMUND'S ROOM -NIGHT, SUMMER 1880

The room is darker, with an uncanny feeling to it. Sigmund  
has appeared in the bed under the lightly placed sheets. He  
is breathing heavily as Bertha fans herself by the window. A  
train whistle can be heard from across the resort.

Bertha moves to close the window all the way, but stops  
short when she hears a quick waltzing tune coming from a  
ballroom in the center of Bad Ischl. She can see it from  
here. Shadows waltz in the windows.

BREUER (V.O.)

Talk to me, Bertha, what do you see.

BERTHA

The people are dancing. It is a ball of some sort. A grand ball. I want to go. I don't want to be stuck here.

She looks back at her dying father who clutches at his chest while trying to breathe.

SIGMUND

Do you hear that, Bertha? It's Strauss isn't it.

He props himself on his side to look at her.

SIGMUND (CONT'D)

Shall we dance, my darling?

Bertha eyes well with tears.

BERTHA

How could I have wanted to leave him alone. Shame on it. Shame on it!

BREUER (V.O.)

Bertha you just wanted to join your peers.

BERTHA

(to the camera)

No. It's not right.

(grabbing Sigmund's hand)

He is helpless here. How could I.

(to Sigmund)

Forgive me father. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

BREUER (V.O.)

Don't be so hard on yourself.

She buries her head in his chest.

SIGMUND

For what child? Why are you so upset?

BERTHA

I don't know. I... I'm just...

SIGMUND

I love you, Bertha. There is nothing to be saddened by, you will always have me here.



(pointing to her head)  
 It's all you'll need. You'll find a man  
 and grow old with him, and live a happy  
 life. Remember...

SIGMUND  
 Happily ever after.

BERTHA  
 Happily ever after.

She looks up, the tears in her eyes have blurred her vision in the same manner as her symptom. She focuses on her father through the tears to find a stone-like engorged skull.

She is petrified and back away slowly in her chair.

BERTHA  
 Oh my god!

She looks down at her hands. Her fingers have turned into small snakes with skulls on their backs. They turn up to her HISSING.

She leaps up and corners herself into a wall.

HUNDREDS OF SNAKES POUR OUT from under the bed. They are coming to get her. To envelope her. To wrap around her.

BREUER (V.O.)  
 There isn't anything there.

She is terrified to unmoving silence.

BREUER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Bertha, can you hear me. It is a  
 hallucination!

She holds out her right hand and a big Cobra springs up to BITE IT. As its mouth comes down on it, Bertha SCREAMS.

In an instant everything transforms back to the present world.

INT. VILLA ON THE LAKE, SIGMUND'S ROOM -BACK TO SCENE

Breuer CLASPS Bertha's trembling hand where the snake was.

BREUER  
 It's all right. I'm right here. Nothing  
 else! Just me.

Bertha opens her eyes and sees him. She sees clearly. Her vision is restored. She tests the use of her right hand. She can use it again.

She throws her arms around Breuer's neck, CLINGING to him for dear life. She kisses him once on the cheek, and he does not mind.

BERTHA

You did it! It's all gone. I can see everything. Everything!

She gawks at her clear surroundings. Her eyes fall to the empty bed. She gradually becomes saddened again.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I wanted to say goodbye this time.

BREUER

You did. You did just now.

She begins to cry in his arms.

BERTHA

(sobbing)

Oh god, what have I done.

BREUER

Shhh... It's all over...

BERTHA

No, you don't understand. Oh god... I made it all up. Nothing was real. None of it was real, was it.

BREUER

Bertha, everything was real to you. You didn't lie.

BERTHA

Yes, yes I must have faked it.

BREUER

No, no. Listen to me. After surviving through intense neurosis, patients often feel like they could have had control the whole time. But you didn't. You could not control what was wrong with you.

BERTHA

No...

BREUER

Yes... I won't hear anymore. Don't you think I would know.

She falls against him, still sobbing.

BERTHA  
All I did was tell you stories.

BREUER  
You talked through memories your mind  
repressed and stories it replaced them  
with. We just had to dig through it, like  
House cleaning.

He smiles, she returns it.

BERTHA  
Chimney Sweeping.  
(laughing)  
A "talking cure."

They look at each other for a moment, silence. If there was  
a time for love to bloom, it is NOW!

BREUER  
It's time we returned.

She looks dejected. She slowly leaves him alone in the room.

INT. PAPPENHEIM HOUSEHOLD, SALON -DAY

Recha writes out a bank-note in Breuer's name.

BREUER  
I was serious, Frau. There is no need for  
that.

RECHA  
It is only proper and professional,  
Breuer. How would it look if I didn't  
give you this.

She finishes and gives it to him.

RECHA (CONT'D)  
And, it is well deserved.

BREUER  
(taking it graciously)  
Thank You, Frau Pappenheim.

Recha spots Bertha standing behind Breuer. Breuer turns to  
meet her gaze, unaware that she was there. Recha walks away  
with a scoff.

BERTHA

Are you to leave now?

BREUER

I have gotten word that my wife is awake now. I should be by her side. We are expecting now.

BERTHA

(trying to hide her surprise)

Expecting? She is carrying your fifth child then?

BREUER

Yes. It was news to me as well.

BERTHA

(coldly)

Well, congratulations then. Please, do have a good life.

BREUER

Please, do take the liberty to write now and then.

BERTHA

Sure.

BREUER

(awkwardly)

All right, then.

BERTHA

Yes. Well then, goodbye Doctor Breuer. Thank you for everything.

BREUER

Goodbye, Bertha.

He tips his hat and leaves in silence. Bertha walks over to a desk with her mother's cigarette's sitting out. She pulls one out, strikes a nearby match, and lights up. She puffs on it as if she had always smoked.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, RECOVERY ROOM -AFTERNOON

Breuer sits over his wife's still body staring off. She is asleep, but begins to wake, drawing his attention.

MATHILDE

Josef?

BREUER  
It's over, Mathilde.

MATHILDE  
What?

BREUER  
Bertha's better. She's cured.

MATHILDE  
Oh, and here I had thought I'd woken up.

BREUER  
We don't have to worry about her anymore.

MATHILDE  
No more crazy girls in our house in the morning?

BREUER  
No more...

Mathilde looks down at her bandaged arms, realizes:

MATHILDE  
Oh... I- I'm so sorry.

BREUER  
I am the one who must apologize.

MATHILDE  
No, I knew who you were when I married you. You are not a quitter. You don't give up. Perhaps that began the spark between us, you were persistent with me even when my father was trying to run you into the ground.

BREUER  
(places a hand on her stomach)  
And look what my persistence has done.

Mathilde smiles. They kiss. The door to the room opens, it is another Doctor.

DOCTOR  
Uh... Dr. Breuer. There is someone here looking for you.

BREUER  
Can't it wait.

DOCTOR

They say it's an emergency. With the Pappenheim girl.

Josef's heart sinks into his stomach.

BREUER

What?

Mathilde turns over, away from Breuer, silently.

DOCTOR

She says she's going into shock or something. Come, please, talk to this woman.

Breuer can see a woman trying to poke her head in from behind the Doctor.

BREUER

I will handle this as quickly as possible.

MATHILDE

And then will you come back for me? Will we go home and live normally, raising five children without more interruptions?

BREUER

No more.

MATHILDE

There will always be interruptions. Your life spins around and around in cycles. Always coming back to the same point. You never diverge because you don't know how, you just keep spinning, revolving around the same type of people, the same problems, until one day, you just stop spinning.

Breuer looks hurt by his wife's words. Breuer can't find anything else to say, so he slips out silently.

INT. VIENNESE HOSPITAL, RECOVERY WARD -CONTINUOUS

He turns to this woman who looks very scared. Breuer is furious.

BREUER

Bertha is better now. What do you need of me?

WOMAN

I don't know. She is crazy. She is screaming in pain. Don't know why.

Breuer is obviously perturbed but gestures for this woman to lead the way.

INT. OUTSIDE BERTHA'S BEDROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Breuer, followed by the hobbling woman, rushes to the door.

WOMAN

(breathlessly)

Wait... she...

She tries to warn, but the LOUD MOANS that penetrate into the hall are questions begging to be answered. Breuer charges in.

Bertha is SPRAWLED across the bed. The sheets have been RIPPED and thrown about the room. SWEAT drips from every pore as she grasps the side of the bed and MOANS in apparent pain. Her legs are spread open under her dress into a stirrup-like position.

Recha smokes calmly in a corner, stone cold to her daughter.

Bertha sees Breuer and SNEERS. He is a paralyzed deer in the headlights of her eyes.

BERTHA

(accusatory)

YOU!

HE SNAPS out of it and SCURRIES to her bedside clumsily, tossing his hat and aside.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I didn't ask for you. You didn't have to come.

He WIPES her forehead. Her body shudders with pain. She FLAILS as waves of pain course through her.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

But, I'm glad you are here.

BREUER  
When did this start?

WOMAN  
About two hours ago.

BERTHA  
It'll be any minute now.  
(pause)  
I forgive you.

She cries out with a SHARP pain. Breuer for once is lost. He stops his feeble attempts to check her blood pressure, pulse, etc.

BREUER  
Bertha, look at me... look at me. What is wrong with you now? You're fine, there is nothing wrong with you.

Bertha's face innocently questions him.

BERTHA  
Nothing is wrong with me? What is wrong with you? If you want to leave, then go!  
(pause)  
Is that it? Be the man... leave the whore who- AHHH!

She YELLS out.

BREUER  
What?

BERTHA  
It's coming.

BREUER  
Bertha! Bertha, What's coming?

WOMAN  
Doctor, you don't understand.

BERTHA  
Josef! Our child! How can you be so Cruel-  
OOHHH!! Now, Now...

It finally SLAPS Breuer. But Bertha isn't PREGNANT. Breuer turns to Recha, who icily observes.



BREUER  
 (to Bertha)  
 You're not pregnant! You're not having a  
 child. It's in... your mind.

BERTHA  
 You can't deny this Josef. She's coming,  
 and you can't stop it!

Breuer BACKS away from the bed where Bertha is WRITHING in  
 happy agony. Breuer is absolutely STUNNED.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
 I feel her, she's here!!! I'm sorry about  
 everything. I love you. I'll love you and  
 our child forever.

BREUER  
 (losing it)  
 Bertha! There is no CHILD! Look at  
 yourself. You are imagining this. You  
 are... making it up.

Bertha's face contorts into a SAD DISBELIEF.

BERTHA  
 (angrily)  
 I never said you had to stay. No one is  
 keeping you here.

BREUER  
 Yes. You are!

BERTHA  
 I'll love this child by myself if you-

BREUER  
 STOP IT! JUST STOP IT!

BERTHA  
 I WON'T!

BREUER  
 You must!

Bertha HURLS a LAMP at Breuer. He ducks in time for it to  
 SHATTER against the wall behind him. A small piece SCARS his  
 face, drawing blood. He checks his pockets; empty.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 (to Recha)  
 Did Herr Pappenheim have a watch.

Recha motions to the Woman. She understands and SLIPS out.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 Quickly, please!

TEARS STREAM down Bertha's cheeks. Shaking slightly, He preps a syringe of Chloral from his medical bag.

BERTHA  
 Please, stay! We could be happy. I love you and I don't want you to leave.

Breuer INJECTS the sedative into her thigh. She gradually calms down. Her whole body, including her legs, begin to go LIMP.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
 I love you. Do you hear me?

The nurse enters and Breuer hastily YANKS the chain-watch out of her hands.

BREUER  
 Listen to me. Look at this watch, Bertha... Bertha! Focus.

She complies but continues to mumble.

BREUER (CONT'D)  
 You MUST close your eyes. I will count to five and by that time you will be asleep. Focus on the watch and hear my voice.

BERTHA  
 (whispering)  
 I love you and I want to be yours forever.

BREUER  
 1...2...

BERTHA  
 Stay...Stay...

BREUER  
 3...

BERTHA  
 (groggily)  
 She's coming out.

BREUER  
 4...

BERTHA  
 She's ours...

BREUER  
 5.

He snaps his fingers and her head LOPS onto the pillow with exhaustion. The woman shivers. Recha is a statue.

RECHA  
 Are you going to tell us how *this*  
 happened?

Breuer takes a moment, and then:

BREUER  
 (to Recha)  
 I can tell you what *will* happen. She will  
 awake tomorrow in no better state than  
 tonight, but I am no longer what she  
 needs. Your daughter is beyond my help.

Breuer gathers his things quickly.

WOMAN  
 What?

BREUER  
 I will send for another doctor. And I  
 will recommend her to the Sanatorium  
 Bellevue.

RECHA  
 (still unmoving)  
 Have you been with my daughter?

BREUER  
 Been with? I have "been with" your  
 daughter every day for almost two years  
 trying to help her while you stand  
 outside the matter so that you don't have  
 to *feel*.

I am sorry about your other two girls,  
but the sorrow you felt for them was  
normal. Their tragedy never meant you  
could not love you last daughter.

RECHA

How dare you.

There is a LONG, STEELY SILENCE.

BREUER

(checking himself)

I assure you madame, any such idea of ill-  
mannered behavior is ridiculous and has  
no foundation in truth.

(pause)

My wife *is* waiting for me, however.

It is entirely possible Recha will NEVER MOVE from her spot.  
She STALKS him with her eyes as he takes up his hat. He  
approaches Bertha one last time.

With abandon for Recha's suspicion, he leans in to kiss  
Bertha's forehead.

BREUER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I do love you, Bertha Pappenheim, but it  
would take ages for me to explain, to  
figure it out myself even.

(beat)

You will awake tomorrow and try to forget  
all of this. This night, your symptoms,  
even me. Do you understand.

Bertha nods.

BREUER (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

He glances at Recha and the woman before FLEEING from the  
room, stealing one last glance at the unmoving BERTHA as he  
shuts the door. We spend a small eternity on the door  
before:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION, VIENNA -MORNING, 1882

Breuer stands with his entire family, including a new child as they board yet another train.

BREUER (V.O.)

That summer we vacationed in Venice for quite awhile as you know.

EXT. VENICE SHOPS -DAY

The husband and wife sit at a café without talking to each other. They have supplanted everyday home life for an everyday foreign life. Mathilde reads a paper while Josef watches people. They don't bother to connect with each other.

BREUER (V.O.)

It was a second honeymoon for us. I think Mathilde was happy. Or should I say hope.

CUT TO:

INT. BREUER'S LOUNGE -NIGHT, 1886

Breuer has situated himself in the couch, staring at the ceiling. Freud sits in the Chaise behind him.

FREUD

Hope is so risky these days. Better to rely on thought.

BREUER

So you see why publication would be a bad idea.

FREUD

To the contrary, I see every reason why you are being petty.

BREUER

What?

Breuer sits up, turning to see Freud.

FREUD

So this girl had a crush on you. The relationship that developed between you played a role. That is substantial to the work.

BREUER

No, it's not substantial, it's unusual. Don't you understand. There is no case to publish. She wasn't even cured. I failed.

FREUD

You are blind.

(beat)

Your treatment is momentous. You ended neurotic symptoms by scouring through repressed memories, by digging through the substance of the inner-mind. It's amazing. The last bit is unfortunate.

BREUER

Unfortunate?

FREUD

If you had stuck with it-

BREUER

I became the problem.

FREUD

That may have been all you allowed yourself to see, but there is more to it than that. You could have continued and worked through it.

BREUER

You are wrong, Freud.

FREUD

I am never wrong.

BREUER

I guess I'll have to take your word for it since most of your theories are non-falsifiable.

FREUD

Ah, the truth surfaces at last.

BREUER

I will not publish this mockery of a story. I just thought you should know it for your own studies.

FREUD

What if we published with the omissions.

BREUER  
Have you lost your entire sense of  
professional ethics?

Freud gathers his coat and hat and moves into the  
FOYER

as Breuer follows

FREUD  
You stubborn fool! I will convince you  
yet.

BREUER  
Good luck. God, you really are a pompous-

FREUD  
I am leaving.

Freud opens the front door, but turns.

FREUD (CONT'D)  
But I have one question for you, why the  
name Anna O. Where did the pseudonym come  
from.

BREUER  
The water symptom was the first to go. It  
was because of the dog. The dog belonged  
to Wilhelm's girlfriend, Anna.

FREUD  
And the "O?"

BREUER  
I don't know...

FREUD  
Uh-huh...  
(sexually explicit)  
I think I know where it came from.

BREUER  
You are a childish pervert!

Laughing, Freud slams the door behind him. Mathilde calls  
from an adjacent room.

## MATHILDE (O.S.)

If the children are awake from all of that, you are putting them to back to bed.

Breuer reflects on the evening for a moment before turning to check on the children's bedrooms. The frame is left empty.

## INSERT TITLE 1

Breuer treated very few patients after Bertha. He eventually published the Case of Anna O with four of Freud's case in 1895 in *Studies on Hysteria*. Indeed, he did omit many of the taboos of the case, including the hysterical pregnancy. He even went so far as to say, "The element of sexuality was astonishingly underdeveloped in her..."

## INSERT TITLE 2

Freud's part in the publication became famous, and with subsequent publication became well respected and admired. Freud himself credited Breuer with the creation of Psychoanalysis for nearly fifteen years, before abandoning his friend altogether and accepting the distinction himself.

## INSERT TITLE 3

Bertha Pappenheim was in and out of hospitals for the next eight years before moving to Frankfurt with her Mother in 1890. She started working in a orphanage for Jewish girls and quickly rose to the top. She was responsible for saving thousands of girls' lives by the time of her death, and is now looked upon as the founder of the Jewish Feminist Movement. She never married.

FADE OUT:



## CONCLUSION

Dr. Breuer treated Bertha Pappenheim from the fall of 1880 through the late spring of 1882 in Vienna. While he reported officially years later that the case was an extreme success, and that success became a famous springboard for a famous medical practice, there is now much question as to the actual goings on of the case. The story here is most like the stories corroborated by unpublished letters from Freud to his wife Martha, and small side notes he was to later give during random speeches and presentations.

Overall, I mean to suggest that even the beginning of a medical science is rooted in inefficiencies and human error as all things are. Moreover, that this fallible beginning has an crucial connection with the art form of film, that the art of film itself is a mirror of our psyche, like a surrealist painting from Salvador Dali or Max Ernst. I believe film to be an incredibly useful tool in the exploration of the mind, for what more mimics it? What art more reminds us of how we remember a dream than a moving visual with some sound, some text, and much underlying meaning? Some near-sighted Hollywood executives still believe that the place for inner character development is to be strictly limited to novels; films are a place for stories driven merely by action. Yet modern films like *Fight Club* and *Memento* are exploring this connection with great success, proving that they work just as well as novels do to present the inner thoughts of character.

One thing I've learned is that trying to answer a slew of questions about the relationship between psychoanalysis and film with finality is next to impossible, but exploring them is a different process entirely. By raising the questions dramatically, we can each make of them what we will. The reader has a direct impact on the story and the way it is presented by the way he or she interprets it. This is, of course, the goal of many good screenplays; to have each person react differently, with different emotions and different logic, even though they each experience the same story. Again, in this way, the film form is a mirror. Even though the frame of the mirror can be of many different substances like metal, wood, plastic, and the mirror can be different shapes and sizes, there is still a place in the center in which we see ourselves reflected, and that is after all why we look into the mirror in the first place.

## VITA

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Dan graduated from Rowlett High School third in a class of over 600. The National Merit Scholar is at Texas A&M University on several scholarships including the President's Endowed, the Director's Excellence, and the National Merit Scholarship. Dan has directed the past two Texas Film Festivals, held in Rudder Theater annually, and is already preparing for his third, the festival's eleventh year. He has written two other screenplays, but mainly for himself rather than for academic pursuits. He plans to enter the numerous festivals and contests held worldwide for screenwriters. This will also be the screenplay he uses to apply for graduate work at film schools.