

sigmund freud and the curse of the mummy
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inspired by history

In 1909, the two most celebrated psychoanalysts of their generation, Sigmund Freud and Carl Gustav Jung, crossed the Atlantic together on an ocean liner, from Hamburg to New York, to attend a psychiatric convention in the United States. The journey took seven days and seven nights. On that journey they decided to analyze each others' dreams each morning. On that journey, a friendship which had lasted many years ended.

This script is inspired by those events.

INT. SHIP DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Papers are being thrown into a burning fireplace.

By an old man in a wheelchair, muttering to himself, crumpling up paper after paper and tossing them into the flames.

We see the room. Very large. Dark. Empty.

Except for chairs, randomly surrounding the old man, as if abandoned by a crowd after a lecture.

The fireplace into which the old man is throwing papers is situated in the middle of this vast space, like a large erect phallus.

Surrounded by the chairs, a hundred of them.

On a desk placed before the professor...

Clocks ticking, dozens of them, lit up by flames dancing into the darkness;

A calendar sits on the desk; September 1939.

The clocks all begin to chime on the hour together.

Without pausing, the professor begins to fling the clocks and the calendar into the furnace.

And the pile of autographed photos of the old man.

Then the books; the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Agatha Christie...

Then a collection of pipes, framed photos of family members, a photo of a young man, innocence in his eyes, fresh faced, unburdened by knowledge.

The old man grasps this last photo and stares at it. Hesitates before throwing it into the fire.

Is this really him?

A noise at the back of the room makes him look up.

A mysterious figure stands up and slowly starts to move towards the old man.

The photo falls to the floor, shattering glass.

The figure is moving to him with purpose, not stopping before the chairs, but scattering them aggressively in his path.

FREUD

I'm not ready. I'm not ready.

The mysterious figure who stops before the wheelchair ridden figure of Professor Freud is but his younger colleague, Professor Jung.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I'm not ready.

Professor JUNG, a compact, well preserved middle-aged man with a knowing glint in his eye, addresses FREUD politely, always walking on eggshells, yet seeming to enjoy the dysfunctional tension that exists between them.

JUNG

Excellent lecture, my dear professor Freud.

FREUD

To imply that the root of hysteria is suggestion, not heredity. That I fixed the books! Lies!

JUNG

The talking cure, you invented it, why shouldn't you gain from it?

FREUD

That was not hush money we paid the "wolfman".

JUNG

You're human too, why shouldn't you feel worthless and inferior, we all do.

FREUD

So what if my most celebrated case was in and out of analysis for sixty years?

JUNG

You couldn't exist if you cast no shadow.

FREUD

So what if he claimed analysis to be a catastrophe in his life? What has his opinion to do with my findings?

JUNG

Confess, professor Freud, throw yourself into the arms of humanity and cast off the burden of your moral exile.

FREUD stares at JUNG. Who sits in one of the chairs, with his back to FREUD.

JUNG (CONT'D)

I've been having the most terrible nightmares, professor. Apocalyptic. Rivers of blood, mountains of corpses, and the heavens raining down death and devastation on this bewildered human race, my wife has been quite distressed, I've not ceased waking her in the middle of the night with my tormented howls of agony. I feel I am going quite, quite mad. This overwhelming sense of foreboding. Oh well.

Slowly, FREUD is wheeling his chair across the room, towards JUNG, back turned. In his hand, a deadly knife.

FREUD holds the knife up, within striking distance. Silence, FREUD poised to kill, frozen in time. Calmly, JUNG turns and stares at FREUD.

FREUD

I'll kill you, I'll kill you.

JUNG

Why don't we go up for a cup of tea?

FREUD

There's no gas. You hear me, no gas, you used it all up in the chambers.

JUNG shrugs implacably and walks away.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Wait don't go, not yet. Stay.

JUNG turns around and looks at FREUD, perplexed.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I know you.

JUNG

Yes.

FREUD

Yes. All my life your words have haunted me. I know you.

JUNG

Yes.

FREUD

Yes but.

JUNG

Yes.

FREUD

And yet and yet. Well, I can't help thinking...I've seen your face, no?

JUNG

Yes.

JUNG has sat down in a chair and sings, a mesmerizing voice which undulates in an unearthly language.

His eyes are closed, arms resting on the chair like wings.

FREUD watches as in the distance, a lonely figure, BUSTER, the gopher, is picking up the chairs one by one, and throwing them across his back. With twenty of them on his back, walking away, he looks like a comical porcupine.

JUNG (CONT'D)

A little harmony I picked up in my middle-eastern travels.

Fascinating. The Koran says God is the invisible force that moves inside the womb.

FREUD

God. Give me Dog any day. Now there is my comfort. A panting unconditional love.

JUNG

(Looks at his pocket watch.) Time to go.

FREUD

The books. The books.

JUNG helps FREUD to wrap his books in a parcel.

Titles such as "Interpretation of Dreams", "The Cocaine Papers", "Civilization and its Discontents".

FREUD (CONT'D)

They're calling me a drug addict. A coke fiend, I believe, is the precise slur. Insinuating that my attitude was anything but that of scientific professionalism. Have you ever tried cocaine?

FREUD is holding out a snuff box.

JUNG

No. I have not. Thank you.

FREUD shrugs and snorts from the box. JUNG holds out to him the heavy parcel wrapped in Christmas paper. Places it in his lap.

FREUD

Ah yes, splendid. Heavy. Man has a brain, it must needs be developed. Most men are like children, don't you think? Stunted culturally. Undeveloped socially. I wrote about this in my last paper. Religion. Surely this phenomenon has its psychological roots in infancy. The child's affection for its mother, feeding at the tit, is no more than survivalism, then transferred to the father/protector, finally transferred in adult life to the illusion of a father in heaven and thus the lie is created, born from man's need to make his helplessness tolerable.

JUNG is pushing FREUD's wheelchair across the room.

EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY

FREUD wrapped in a coat, scarf, gloves, hat, carrying the heavy parcel in his lap as JUNG pushes the wheelchair.

FREUD shouts over the howling wind which is drowning out his words.

FREUD

Ah the childhood of the human race and its worthless delusion. If one man has gained an unshakable conviction of the true reality of religious doctrines from a state of ecstasy which has deeply moved him, of what significance is that to others?

FREUD points at BUSTER, the gopher, now getting entangled in deck chairs which he is trying to unfold. And talks to him.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Work. You don't know what the word means, I mean real work, electrical storms inside this skull here, compared with which your manual labour is mere horseplay. Forward.

JUNG pushes FREUD on.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Not all illusions need be false. For instance a middle class girl may have the illusion that a prince will come and marry her. This is possible. That the Messiah will come and found a golden age is much less likely.

JUNG

He wanted to change the world, instead it was the world that changed him.

FREUD

Scientific work is the only road which can lead us to a knowledge of the riddles of the universe. It is an illusion to expect anything from intuition and introspection, they give us nothing but wafts of our own mental life. You, professor Jung, with your morbid forebodings. A mystic. A traitor to reason, an agitator. This collective unconscious of yours is but another false idol, dressed up in intellectual conceit.

JUNG is pushing FREUD past the pool. Frolicking creatures.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Send your lost souls to me. My science is no illusion.

JUNG

Get thee to a synagogue. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?

FREUD

Pause. I want to pause here for a while. Garcon!

JUNG

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

FREUD

Garcon. Two teas. English tea. And an assortment of sandwiches, cucumber and egg, no crusts. Yes?

BUSTER nods and wanders away. FREUD surreptitiously admires the bathing creatures.

FREUD (CONT'D)

To sum it up; our dilemma is but a series of sexual restrictions which our primitive race has imposed upon itself.

JUNG

What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?

FREUD

A mystery to me, no understanding is possible unless you enter into a study of the beliefs in spirits and demons which are in themselves the product of an inferiority complex rampant in all cultures across this world. For the devil, like God is but the fiction of mankind's psychic suggestiveness...

JUNG

And hypocrisy is the tribute that evil pays to good.

FREUD

Touching...Heaven can't help us here. We owe nature a death.

JUNG

Death...breath?

Freud lights a pipe.

FREUD

Word-association. Yes? It'll relax us, kill time.

JUNG sits opposite FREUD.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Boss.

JUNG

Cross.

FREUD

Angry.

JUNG

Curse.

FREUD

Fountain.

JUNG

Youth.

FREUD

Mother.

JUNG

Frailty, thy name is woman.

FREUD

Father.

JUNG

So excellent a King that was to this Hyperion to a satyr.

FREUD

Don't be clever. Father in law.

JUNG

My father's brother but no more like my father than I to Hercules.

FREUD

You really mustn't quote the Bard at me, professor Jung, we must be quite strict about the parameters of this exercise. Power.

JUNG kisses FREUD affectionately on the cheek, then sits back down.

JUNG

Fear.

FREUD

Existence.

JUNG

Love.

FREUD

Myself.

JUNG

I give what I must.

FREUD

I take what I can.

JUNG

Panic.

FREUD

Necessity.

JUNG

Grace.

FREUD

Unknown.

JUNG

God.

FREUD

Sex.

JUNG

Incest.

FREUD

Forbidden.

JUNG

Fruit.

FREUD

Taste.

JUNG

Death.

FREUD

Sin.

JUNG

Sex.

FREUD

I don't wish to carry on with this.

You're leading.

JUNG

I am.

FREUD

Misleading me.

JUNG

There's always a hair in every bowl of soup.

FREUD

Why did you say that?

JUNG

It's an old swiss proverb.

FREUD

Soup? What soup? What are you on about?

JUNG

Merely to say that whereas in the physical realm, everything tends towards entropy, in the psychological realm, everything flows towards disintegration and destruction, and yet, without evil, we could not know good, for we live in a bipolar world, of north and south, hot and cold, sweet and sour, the essence of the conscious mind is to discriminate, to separate the opposites, to divide the world into ideologies and rule, but in actuality, these opposites merge upon the crucifix of persecutor and persecuted, man himself is the greatest danger to man, he himself is the origin of evil.

FREUD

Good.

JUNG

Communist.

FREUD

Fascist.

JUNG

Capitalist.

FREUD

Anarchist.

JUNG

Theory.

FREUD

Dogma.

JUNG

Resurrection.

FREUD

Poppycock.

JUNG

Butterfly.

FREUD

Caterpillar.

JUNG

Redemption.

FREUD

We must build a dam against this muddy tide of occultism, professor Jung.

JUNG

Que sera sera.

FREUD

We must not lose this war.

JUNG

There is providence in the fall of a sparrow.

FREUD

Hawk.

JUNG

Predator.

FREUD

Prey.

JUNG

Pray.

FREUD

Deny.

JUNG

Die.

FREUD

It has kicked the stuffing out of me...can't get about without this infernal wheelchair. I feel like an orange with all the juice squeezed out of me.

JUNG

Apple.

FREUD

Tree.

JUNG

Knowledge.

FREUD

Sin.

JUNG

Eat.

FREUD

Eve.

JUNG

Thirteenth rib.

FREUD

Unlucky number, that.

JUNG

And the number of the beast is man, who exists in a sequence of neutral events which the Buddhists call the Nidhanachain, of suffering, old age, sickness and death...

FREUD

Oh shut up.

JUNG

Man, whose days are numbered, who must endure the tension of opposites, for without this moral crucifixion, we are not the followers of Christ...

FREUD

No no no no, I won't stand for it...

JUNG

Instead we are swallowed into the sands of relativity, imitating Christ with reservation or not at all, as the conflict of good and evil is conveniently swept beneath the carpet.

FREUD

Time is money, professor, stop wasting mine.

JUNG

Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.

FREUD

Two faced. You all are.

JUNG

The phrase has been coined.

FREUD

Heads or tails.

JUNG

Around in senseless circles, like a demented creature.

FREUD

Cerebrus, swallowing its own tail.

JUNG

Cronos devouring his pride.

FREUD

Where are we going?

JUNG

The path appears to be chaos, for the way is not straight but it spirals.

FREUD

Returning again and again to a leitmotif, yes, I quite understand that, but where are the signposts? I see none.

JUNG

It's getting dark.

FREUD

I see none. Where are we going?

Ooh. The pain. The pain.

FREUD takes a bottle of liquid morphine from his pocket. JUNG helps him to sip. FREUD passes out.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

FREUD sits in his wheelchair at the bottom of the pool, holding his breath, staring up at what appear to be greek philosophers staring over the edge at him. JUNG, ghost white, with a crucifix hanging from his cheek, does a Nazi salute.

JUNG (V.O.)

Professor?

EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY

FREUD, stretched out on a deck chair, opens his eyes and sees JUNG looking down at him. JUNG gestures to the antiquated wheelchair.

JUNG

The world may be at odds with itself, good and evil ceaseless in their bewildering war for eternity, guilt, suffering and redemption remorseless in their incantations, but your wheelchair is present and available as always.

He looks around, confused. Other faces peer at FREUD, smiling ingratiatingly. These are his analytical associates, the eggheads. ROSEN, KRANTZ, GUILD and STERN.

ROSEN

Is he quite all right?

FREUD

Where am I?

KRANTZ

On board the liner.

FREUD

Liner?

He quickly feels for his body of work. Still there.

JUNG

The ocean liner sent by the gods to transport us from these antiquated European shores to the golden sands of a new world order, America.

FREUD

America?

GUILD

The psychiatric convention.

STERN

In New York.

JUNG turns and motions to the huge liner. FREUD sees for the first time, the ocean, and on the horizon, distant land, in the ship's wake. Blue skies. Above FREUD, a flock of seagulls coast on the wind, staring down at him.

A yellow glob lands splat in the middle of FREUD's forehead.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR – NIGHT

FREUD, in his wheelchair, wiping his forehead, being pushed by JUNG, through the convolution of humanity. On his lap, the heavy parcel.

Following like eager lapdogs are ROSEN, KRANTZ, GUILD and STERN.

JUNG

This journey you are embarking upon is into the primordial religious experience.

ROSEN

Ambiguous.

KRANTZ

The razor's edge.

GUILD

Surrender or be shattered.

FREUD

Still the mystic, Jung. Man castrates himself for God. Say your prayers, dear Professor, I shall submit to death in a truly scientific spirit of resignation.

STERN

Well phrased, Professor.

JUNG bumps the wheelchair into a wall.

FREUD

Ow. I'm old and sick, damn it. Trying to frighten me into my grave?

ROSEN

Careful, Carl!

JUNG

Don't be absurd.

FREUD

Absurd? You are too considerate.

KRANTZ

Too scrupulously pleasant, Carl.

GUILD

Manifesting intense and frequent death wishes towards the Professor here.

STERN

You are a cloud raining down guilt.

JUNG

This will prove to be a most informative journey.

INT. FREUD'S ROOM- DAY

FREUD is in the doorway of his adjoining room with JUNG. The four analysts of the apocalypse, attend like panting puppies. FREUD stares at them critically.

FREUD

How long am I stuck on this boat with you lot?

ROSEN

Seven days.

KRANTZ

And seven nights.

ROSEN

The "George Washington", that's its name.

KRANTZ

Could not tell a lie.

STERN

But he did cut down the apple tree.

ROSEN

Oh, he was a naughty boy...

GUILD

And we had this rather exciting idea, professor, if I may...

FREUD

Spit it out.

STERN

We thought we could all analyze each others' dreams over coffee and croissants in the morning.

ROSEN

It's a ridiculous idea.

FREUD

No it's not.

ROSEN

See, I told you it was a good idea.

FREUD

Good idea? It's a great idea, you shall all congregate in my quarters each day and I shall crack you open, you eggheads of the analypse, and I shall examine the yoke. Or absence thereof.

KRANTZ

And needless to say, we too shall examine your albumen, professor

Freud.

Silence. FREUD stares coldly at KRANTZ.

ROSEN

That is a highly preposterous suggestion, Krantz.

GUILD

Highly.

STERN

Preposterous.

GUILD

Just a suggestion. May I get you anything, professor? Glass of water?

A pill?

ROSEN is knocking on the closet in JUNG's room, and about to open it.

FREUD

Don't open that!

ROSEN

Just checking. Is this oak?

FREUD

This wallpaper is giving me a migraine already. Patterns mindlessly repeating themselves. Compulsive. Like you lot. Fresh air, that's what I need.

EXT. OCEAN LINER DECK – NIGHT

A horn bellows.

JUNG pushes FREUD along through the crowd. FREUD still holds the parcel on his lap. With one hand he holds a cane thrust out like a sword, with which he pokes at GUILD occasionally, or anyone else who gets in his way.

FREUD

An evil impulse towards the beloved one is always at the basis of the suppression, yes?

ROSEN

Yes, and the process goes further when the original death wish is replaced by the very fear for the loved one's death.

KRANTZ

Thus the tender altruistic trait of the neurosis merely compensates for the opposite attitude of brutal egotism.

FREUD

Precisely.

JUNG

Yes but nothing can exist without its opposite. Consciousness can only exist through continual recognition of the unconscious, without which we all fall into sin, for we all harbour within us evil itself.

GUILD

Here he goes again.

FREUD

Shut up, Guild, and Stern, you push me a while, Jung'll be pushing me over the edge before we know it.

STERN

Yes, professor, it would be my pleasure.

JUNG

Please let me assure you my dear Professor Freud, that I harbour in me

no hidden desire for your demise.

STERN

You merely refuse to recognize it.

FREUD

I presume we shall be dining at the captain's table tonight?

JUNG

Indeed.

FREUD

With?

EXT. OCEAN LINER DECK - LATER

The two professors now playing a game of ping pong on the upper deck, FREUD in his wheelchair, a paddle in one hand, sun umbrella in the other. His play is aggressive. JUNG returns his balls with the grace and delicatessen of a dancer, trying not to win.

Occasionally however he cannot resist a smash shot which he always succeeds in winning.

Two eggheads cheer on FREUD, a third manipulates his wheelchair. A fourth reads the list of dinner guests.

ROSEN

An American, by the name of Wild Buffalo Bill, he's been touring Europe with his wild west show. Let's see, a young painter whose leaps into a new style of painting called cubism have made him notorious in the old country, now he's out to conquer America...

FREUD

Name, I need a name...

ROSEN

Pablo Picasso. And his wife. Also. Ms. Sarah Bernhardt, the one legged actress, oh and a young physicist, name of Einstein.

FREUD

First name.

ROSEN

Albert.

FREUD

Albert Einstein. It has a certain ring to it.

FREUD knocks the ball straight into the lap of a pregnant girl with a strange look in her eye.

OPHELIA

(In Russian, a whisper)

What's in the net? I feel

frightened and shaken

is it a sweet-slipping eel

or a snake that I've taken?

She picks up the ball, slips it into her mouth and stares at them.

They stare at her. She stares at them. She pops the ball at them. It

bounces past them and over the edge into the churning swell of the ocean.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

(Italian) Love's a blind fisherman

love cannot see;

whisper the child, then,

what would love of me?

The professors are still staring at her.

EXT. OCEAN LINER – DAY

Ship's wake. We have just lost sight of land.

INT. SHIP BAR – NIGHT

As OPHELIA enters, followed by FREUD and JUNG, and the four Eggheads, who are looking alarmed and murmuring amongst themselves. OPHELIA sings in German now.

OPHELIA

It leaps in my hands, this is
anguish unguessed.

with cunning and kisses

it creeps to my breast

It sucks me, oh wonder

worms inside my sin

my womb bursts asunder

I am dying within.

The song has become louder and louder as bar guests look up. She performs for all who are curious enough to watch, becoming more and more extreme.

JUNG

Good voice.

OPHELIA

Where go and where hide me?

The pulsating thing

rages inside me

then spews forth its sting

What poison can this be?

O, that spasm again

It trembles in ecstasy

now I am slain.

FREUD

This isn't singing, it's shameless exhibitionism promulgated by some traumatic childhood event.

ROSEN

Yes indeed, this girl is one of the case studies being imported to the United States for us to analyze; she appears to have escaped.

KRANTZ

Stern is informing the proper authorities.

FREUD

Notice her stomach, I'd say the girl is some eight months pregnant.

GUILD

She believes she carries an immaculate conception.

FREUD

Hyperion to a satyr.

ROSEN

Formerly a quiet, soft-spoken creature, according to those who knew her, but always with a strange look in her eye, they say, its all in the file we have on her. The file.

FREUD

Yes, yes, she has obviously been subjected to a traumatic sexual encounter and exists now in this state of hysterical amnesia, not wanting to recall who violated her, possibly some family member...

ROSEN

Her father, an uncle, perhaps some gang of youths, a school teacher maybe, it's quite common, you know.

FREUD

Must you constantly jump in with a commentary upon my analysis, Rosen? Krantz, order the child a banana split, I must proceed with analysis of the child immediately.

JUNG

Go forth and slay the dragon.

FREUD

Guild, and Stern, take the books from me. Hello, young lady, sit down; where are you from?

GUILD has picked up the package. Stands there with it. OPHELIA sits in his lap.

OPHELIA (IN FRENCH)

Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?

JUNG

Ah. I believe she's asking where Denmark is.

FREUD

Denmark is east. Yes?

OPHELIA (CHINESE)

East, where the sun sets its golden table, and darkness comes to feast. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. Sex and death. Sex and death.

Young men will do't if they come to't,

By Cock, they are to blame.

Jung translates.

FREUD

Remarkable.

JUNG

Yes?

FREUD

She is quoting the bard. Shakespeare. Hamlet. Yes, now I recognize it. The song. Ophelia's mad ditty.

ROSEN

Quite brilliant, professor.

KRANTZ

Very perceptive.

GUILD

It's his favorite play, is it not?

FREUD

Sshhh!

She is pointing to the seagulls outside the window.

OPHELIA

Je suis une mouette.

JUNG

She says she is a seagull.

ROSEN

That's uh...

KRANTZ

Chekhov!

GUILD

Is she an actress?

KRANTZ

She's an hysteric, Guild.

GUILD

So she doesn't get paid for it?

FREUD

Sshhh!

OPHELIA

A dream, professor. In a godless land I am wandering in one door and out another, down one corridor, up another. I find an ashtray filled with butts. And hows and whys and where oh where my God art thou? Are you inside this machine? Naked inside the machine with me? Are you an impulse? Are you a corpse? Are you the miracle of maggots into flies? Are you in God, or are you the laughing boy and am I your science experiment? Am I pinned and wriggling beneath your evil eye? Am I fixed by your formulated smile? Because I am more than this dream. I am also the ghost in the machine. I am the dreamer. Wake up professor. Look at my hands.

The lines on the palms of her hands are as waves of sand whispered across the desert by an almighty invisible breath.

FREUD blinks and wipes his glasses.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Stop! All the characters stop and turn to stare at me. I have all the power. See?

Anyone sitting in the bar has indeed turned to stare.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Go away! I said get out of my sight!

Silence. They all start to withdraw. Including ROSEN and KRANTZ. GUILD can't, he's holding the parcel.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

And they go. This is my world. I am very angry with you professor. Because Kant's doctrine may have ruled out ever knowing God through these eyes, these ears, these fingertips, this nose, this tongue, but Kant did not invoke the absence of God, because that God may be outside our experience, yes, and he insists on this point, you intellectual impostors cannot prove that God exists or that God is an illusion, you are forbidden to judge in this matter. You may have faith. Or despair.

FREUD is uncomfortable now. She seizes his wrist with the strength of a madwoman.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Do you feel my flame? And how cold are you, Professor? You are the divided. You divide yourself from me, you divide yourself from this faith, but the distant sun still shines. With colors so sharp they cut my wrists. I love you.

She kisses him lovingly on the mouth. Smiles at the confounded professor. Kisses JUNG.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

I love you.

LITTLE BOY

OPHELIA!

A boy of eleven is motioning to OPHELIA to come with him.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Hurry! They're coming! Take my hand!

Out of nowhere, led by STERN, a team of men in uniforms appear and grab at OPHELIA, who begins to struggle like a wildcat. As they subdue her and drag her away, one of the men in uniform bows to FREUD. He is a subservient yet frightening individual. As if his subservience were just an act which he plays with exaggerated mockery.

UNIFORM

My apologies, Herr. Professor, she slipped away without being noticed, it won't happen again. She will be at your disposal in New York. And may I say what a great honor it is for me to serve a man of your standing, your greatness, your genius.

FREUD

Yes, thank you, quite, that will be all.

The uniformed man bows and quickly leaves.

Fascinated, FREUD gets up out of his wheelchair and follows him.

Because FREUD is completely unaware that he has miraculously acquired the ability to walk again.

For FREUD, without him or us noticing, is slowly going to become younger and younger throughout this journey.

BUSTER comes up, holding a banana split.

GUILD, carrying the package still, which is becoming lighter and more round, sits in the wheelchair.

JUNG, pushing GUILD in the wheelchair, follows FREUD who follows the uniform. BUSTER follows them all, holding the banana split. They exit the bar.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY

The professors follow in silence, at a distance. FREUD takes out a little tape recorder and speaks into it. In the distance, OPHELIA is screaming.

OPHELIA

The distant sun still shines with colors so sharp they cut my wrists.

FREUD

Immense sexual desire contrasted with very exaggerated sexual rejection. Transformation of love into hatred, tenderness into hostility, apparent in neurotic and paranoid cases, by the union of cruelty with libido. Every active perversion is here accompanied by its passive counterpart. She who in the unconscious is a prey, a victim, is at the same time a predator, a perpetrator of violence, she who suffers from masochistic feelings because of her repression is also a sadist.

Her memories are withdrawn from conscious disposal, concealing the roots of her own sexual disturbance from her. Hysterical amnesia

indeed. Damn it. Hold this.

FREUD hands JUNG his tape recorder, for the tape recorder has run out of tape. Instead he takes out a notebook, starts making notes. Puts the pad away, looks around for his package.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Where are my books?

He sees GUILD in the wheelchair with the package.

(From here on in, FREUD consistently repeats this process, becoming more and more obsessed with taking notes, until he runs out of paper and is forced to use anything he can lay his hands on. Napkins, tablecloths, wallpaper, his own body parts).

OPHELIA disappears around a corner, dragged screaming by the men in uniform.

OPHELIA

You are forbidden to judge in this matter. You may have faith. Or despair.

FREUD

Quick. Don't let her disappear.

FREUD hurries down the corridor, turns the corner. She is gone.

There is that little boy again, running past them to the door. FREUD stares at him and approaches.

LITTLE BOY

We have to help her!

FREUD

Shoo. Go on. Disappear.

LITTLE BOY

She's an angel!

ROSEN and KRANTZ appear from around a corner and run at the boy. They knock him into the wheelchair. All go tumbling over in a confusion of bodies.

FREUD

Careful!

When the eggheads stand, and pull GUILD up, the boy has disappeared.

ROSEN

The boy.

FREUD

The parcel, you fools! Precious cargo!

ROSEN

Sorry, professor.

The eggheads slowly pick up the parcel and place it on the wheelchair. From a room, a male hand puts on a Do Not Disturb sign. The door clicks shut.

He approaches and listens at the door. Is that sobbing coming from inside?

He is about to knock when the door opens rapidly and a hostile face peers at him.

UNIFORM

Yes?

FREUD

The girl. She's hysterical.

UNIFORM

Yes.

FREUD

She must be lightly sedated.

UNIFORM

Please do not concern yourself with her Herr. Professor, she is our responsibility.

INT. ROOM – DAY

FREUD gets a glance of OPHELIA, her hands bound up in a prayer position, her mouth sealed with tape, being held down and being electrocuted with some strange contraption, as her muffled screams...

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR – DAY

The uniform blocks his view.

UNIFORM

Thank you for your concern.

He begins to close the door.

FREUD

Don't mishandle her. I don't want damaged goods.

UNIFORM

Little late for that, isn't it, sir?

FREUD

Wait. I ordered this for her.

He turns to take the banana split. But BUSTER couldn't resist the temptation. He smiles weakly, with a chocolate smeared mouth. FREUD turns back.

The door is shut. He stares at it.

JUNG appears at his shoulder.

JUNG

Boo.

FREUD

She'll be fine.

JUNG

Hungry?

FREUD takes a note of the time on his watch, and the room number.

FREUD

I expect she'll be fine. What?

JUNG

Come along old crocodile. Feeding time.

FREUD

Wasn't I supposed to open this?

He raps on the package with his knuckles.

JUNG

When it gets light.

FREUD

Oh. Yes. When it gets light. What are you doing with that wheelchair?

Is something wrong with Guild?

JUNG throws up his hands.

JUNG

I haven't the slightest idea.

FREUD

Guild, is something wrong with you? Cant you walk?

GUILD

I expect I can.

FREUD

Then stand up, man. And walk.

Guild stands up, as Freud walks off down the corridor;

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

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hamlet represents the type of man whose active energy is paralysed by excessive intellectual activity. He is able to do anything but take vengeance on the man who killed his father and has taken his father's space in bed next to his mother...the man who shows him in reality the repressed desires of his own childhood. He wants to return to the womb, ladies and gentlemen, the womb from whence he came.

INT. SHIP DINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on FREUD, who is lecturing a table of passengers.

FREUD

The loathing which should have driven him to revenge is thus replaced by self-reproach, by conscientious scruples, which tell him that he himself is no better than the murderer whom he is required to punish. And thus, he exists in a heightened poetical state of paralysis for three entire acts before at last succumbing to the primal act of blood lust which prompts his tragic fall in act five. I have here translated into consciousness what had to remain unconscious in the mind of our hero for the blood lust to explode onto the stage of our public theatres. Were I to have Hamlet on the analyst's couch, this is how I would dissect his actions, or lack thereof.

A table of characters applaud.

FREUD and JUNG seated at the captain's table, surrounded by;

An elderly SARAH BERNHARDT who sits between the professors, flirting with JUNG.

BERNHARDT

"There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this."

JUNG

"Why she would hang on him as if increases of appetite had grown by what it fed on; and yet, within a month."

BERNHARDT

"These words like daggers enter my ears. No more, sweet Hamlet."

FREUD has taken out his notebook again and is scribbling away.

He glances up at a man on the opposite side of the table, staring intensely at him.

The man is young, angular, on fire. He is also scribbling away on the tablecloth, drawing FREUD.

This is PICASSO. His wife is drunk and she laughs bitterly.

WIFE

The label said 'drink me' and now the bottle stands sober but empty by the open window contemplating suicide.

She gently pushes the bottle over. It crashes.

BUSTER appears because after all, we are in the first class dining room, and pompous elegance is the order of the evening. BUSTER

immediately cleans up the broken glass. Places another bottle before her; the label says "drink me".

FREUD continues to write, but has run out of paper. Starts to take out the sheets he has filled his pockets with, but no, all scribbled upon, not one white sheet left.

He looks at PICASSO scribbling away on the tablecloth, stares at the table and begins to write on it.

A voice speaks softly, on FREUD's right.

He turns to look at ALBERT EINSTEIN, thirty; surrounded by ELSA 32, and ILSE, 14.

He is talking across FREUD, to JUNG.

EINSTEIN

Within the eternally recurrent nature of existence as we seem unable to grasp it, our minds are an irrelevance, like the turning on and off of a light bulb for an instant. My dialogue is only with the author invisible, a soliloquy perhaps, inside my head, a search certainly, a mathematical equation, $E=mc^2$.

BERNHARDT

What does it mean though, $E=mc^2$?

EINSTEIN

How much do you weigh, miss Bernhardt, if I may be so forward.

BERNHARDT

Oh, I'm too old to be coy. 203lb, including the wooden leg.

EINSTEIN

The amount of energy inside you as we speak is equal to your mass, 203lb, multiplied by the speed of light, 186 000 miles an hour, and that amount must be squared, in other words...

EINSTEIN does a quick calculation on the tablecloth, borrowing FREUD'S pen.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

36 540 000 multiplied by 36 540 000 is 1.3351716 000 000 000 000 000.

EINSTEIN hands the pen back, dropping it.

BERNHARDT

Goodness, but what does that mean?

FREUD

My pen.

FREUD disappears under the table. Notices JUNG's hand caressing BERNHARDT's wooden leg. Looks opposite to see PICASSO also under the table, staring at him with intensity, then resurfacing to carry on scribbling. Between his thighs, PICASSO's wife performs energetic fellatio.

EINSTEIN (V.O.)

That anything is possible. That you are a love bomb. That God is you and you are God, if you can but conceive it.

FREUD resurfaces.

BERNHARDT

Well. Not the time to start a diet I'd say. Waiter...

FREUD looks over at PICASSO again. Who still scribbles and stares, his eyes violating FREUD's psychic space.

EINSTEIN

Yes. The question is, how do we tap this energy inside us?

PICASSO

How?

EINSTEIN

It's a natural process called fusion. Come, let me feast upon you.

ELSA leans over and kisses EINSTEIN.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

It's called a kiss. Ilse, my pudding.

ILSE leans over and kisses EINSTEIN.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

There. I have tapped the most valuable source of energy in the universe.

PICASSO

And the opposite?

EINSTEIN

It's called fission. Split an atom. Chain reaction. Bang. Not very nice.

PICASSO

You have a very nice wife.

EINSTEIN

Oh, she's not my wife. She's my mistress. And her daughter, Ilse. I must love somebody, and this somebody is them. If my wife ever grants me a divorce, I'm not even sure which of these I should marry. You see, Elsa solves all my mathematical problems for me, whereas Ilse, simply makes life worth getting up for in the morning. Age cannot wither her. Surely not.

PICASSO

Yes. Life is a process that must be constantly renewed or it becomes the disease; the poisoned stagnancy of a puddle. Science cures the flesh, but what cures the soul?

CAPTAIN

Culture, perhaps?

PICASSO

Culture? Do you know that culture means breeding. Look it up in a dictionary. Or better still, go steer the ship, make sure we don't run into any icebergs, captain. Culture is breeding decadence which devours us from within, a cultivated society is the disease itself which multiplies and overwhelms this planet like a cancer which will eat it alive. Art, like God, is dead. Because of your "culture". This is why the great men, the "artists", the conquerors of time and space must by nature be monsters. We're alone, fuck your ship, fuck your culture, I row my own boat. I spit in the hypocritical eye of your morality. Love is not a moral imperative; it's aesthetics. And Love is cruel. All in the wrist! I cut through your lies with my brush. Altruism is a lie. I don't believe in loving you, though I might fuck your wife behind your back because she's pretty enough. A scorpion is a scorpion, not a prince. And a wolf in sheep's clothing is still a wolf. Your species is finished! But my painting, like life itself, is never finished.

FREUD has stopped scribbling. He watches as PICASSO ejaculates in the

mouth of his submerged wife. BERNHARDT rhapsodizes.

BERNHARDT

Everything is plundered, betrayed, sold. Death's great black wing scrapes the air. Misery gnaws to the bone. Why then, do we not despair? By day from surrounding woods, cherries blow summer into town. At night, the deep transparent skies glitter with new galaxies, and the miraculous comes so close to the ruined, dirty houses; something not known to anyone at all, but wild in our breast for centuries.

Everyone applauds and she smiles graciously.

PICASSO's wife reappears, wiping her lips on the tablecloth. PICASSO calls out to FREUD.

PICASSO

Huh? How much you think some cultured pig will pay for this tablecloth now?

FREUD's attention is diverted by BUSTER's arm ceremoniously placing a plate with a boiled egg in a cup before PICASSO's wife.

And each dinner guest receives the same in a comic sweep, as BUSTER somehow juggles eggs and manages not to let one drop and break. A wave of laughter breaks across the table.

EINSTEIN

He attempts to defy gravity. Unavoidably a particle of light caught in the vortex of time. Just like a scientist, yes, professor?

FREUD

Explain yourself.

EINSTEIN

A scientist cannot avoid participating in the system he studies. In other words, if I observe your behavior, I will change the way you behave.

FREUD

Your particle of light suddenly starts behaving like a light wave just because one happens to be observing it in a certain way? I read your paper. Prove it.

But EINSTEIN does not answer. Merely observes FREUD dispassionately. As does PICASSO. And everybody. Silence. Until FREUD becomes uncomfortable beneath their gaze and makes a self-conscious gesture.

EINSTEIN

Ah ha! One cannot remove oneself from the experiment. We are inextricably caught in the web.

PICASSO

Said the spider to the fly. You are the fly. I too have tried reading your papers. I cannot understand this special relativity.

EINSTEIN

Well, time in itself has no real meaning. It's all relative, for example, if a heavy woman sits in my lap for one minute it seems like an hour, but if a pretty little thing sits in my lap for an hour, it seems to fly by like a minute.

PICASSO

Ah! This I understand.

JUNG

How many analysts does it take to change a lightbulb? One, but the lightbulb has to want to change.

Before the table, ROSEN, KRANTZ, GUILD and STERN appear, happily panting for their master's approbation.

EGGHEADS

Surprise!!!

ROSEN

We've got a little surprise we put together.

KRANTZ

To show our true appreciation for you, maestro.

GUILD

And our loyalty to the cause.

STERN

Undying.

FREUD

This is not appropriate.

KRANTZ

We adore you, professor.

ROSEN

Watch the eggs!

The eggs all crack open at once and out jump miniature dancers in tutus and fairy tale costumes.

Held aloft by strings which are being manipulated by the four puppeteer egghead analysts.

The little puppet people have begun a musical number, Hollywood style. They sing.

CHORUS

Psychological types.

Psychological types.

You got the extrovert type.

And the introvert type.

Both can believe in the hype,
become the psychotic type.

And when your dreams haunt you at night

get analyzed, they'll make you right

they'll wash your brain with words just like

infantile oedipal

symbols are interpreted as unconscious tabootabootabootaboo

and pathological wish fulfillment theories incite pleasure

tabootabootabootaboo

the motive of course being

incest

Tabootabootaboo

tabootabootaboo

Psychological fees make you look good on your knees

mater and pater fucked us up

come back next week, cheques only, please.

FREUD has noticed that one of the dancers is OPHELIA, that fascinating pregnant girl who disappeared earlier.

She is dressed as little red riding hood.

FREUD abruptly reaches in through the chorus line who scream and start to run away.

He is King Kong now. His hand sends dishes and glasses and little puppet people toppling over. Others at the table are late to react in restraining him. FREUD grabs OPHELIA as she holds onto the LITTLE BOY, dressed as a lamb, and slips her into his pocket.

CAPTAIN

Are you sea sick?

FREUD

Take your hands off me.

WIFE

The old man had too much to drink.

PICASSO

Let him go, he's drunk, so what? A little cruelty never did any harm.

You think this is something? I invite you all to the bullfights.

Toreador. Man and the beast, face to face. Who is the clever one and who dies? Fuck cricket or baseball or golf with the little ball, pfft, oh, bye bye ball, stupid. We have the cape and we have the sword and we defy the gods for we are warrior poets.

WIFE

Ooooooh.

PICASSO raises his hand at her abruptly and she falls off her chair in fright. Then he whips the tablecloth out from under everything, grabs a fork and poses like a matador over his wife, sprawled out on the floor. He lets out a terrible yell. And pokes her in the breast. She screams. But FREUD has noticed the sketch of himself, on the tablecloth, like a canvas, hanging off PICASSO's shoulders.

He approaches what amounts to the cubist style, his face, a puzzle, fractured, schizophrenic. He grabs at the tablecloth.

FREUD

That's not me.

PICASSO

I am a mirror and I have reflected upon you.

WIFE

Pablo, wait for me!

And Picasso's face, now inside a mirror, is whisked away by BUSTER.

FREUD is left holding the tablecloth. Absent-minded, he drapes it around his shoulders.

JUNG

Tired?

FREUD

Yes. I need to sleep.

JUNG

Come. Goodnight, all. We're going to bed.

ROSEN

To bed already?

KRANTZ

But it's breakfast time.

GUILD

Sshh.

STERN

The two of you?

FREUD is wandering away absent-minded. BUSTER holds out the parcel with one hand. It has the weight of an empty suitcase now. JUNG takes it and follows FREUD. So do the four eggheads.

JUNG

Your parcel.

FREUD

Ah. Yes. What is it?

JUNG

Open it when it gets light.

EINSTEIN

I thought they were going to throw me in the madhouse, professor! For thinking these thoughts!

FREUD looks around at EINSTEIN, sitting back, cigar in his mouth, arms wrapped around ILSE and ELSA. He winks. FREUD turns back to JUNG, still walking away.

FREUD

When does it get light? You know you mustn't refer to us going to bed in that way, people will think we're, they won't think correctly. After all, you're like a son to me. A wayward son, who wants his father removed so he can rule the coop, I saw you tonight, showing off to that mystical mathematician. A closet theologian. And with your hand up that actress' skirt. I saw her in a play once. In Paris. Turn of the century, was it? Hasn't the room shrunk?

They are having a hard time leaving the dining room, there is a crowd, packed like sardines in a can.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Are we in first class?

KRANTZ

I don't know, are we? Is this first class?

FREUD

This doesn't seem right.

GUILD

No, no, I concur with the professor, it does not in fact seem right at all. So...so...

FREUD

So cramped.

STERN

My feeling precisely. Cramped. And claustrophobic.

ROSEN

Are you feeling quite well, professor?

FREUD

Yes, of course I am, what are you attempting to imply?

ROSEN

Oh, nothing, simply...

FREUD

Then shut up. Let me breathe.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Also crowded, beyond comfort. But it is because FREUD is becoming a

giant. The numbers go up...up, stopping at a floor where all the passengers disembark with difficulty.

ROSEN

Well. This is our floor.

KRANTZ

Do you wish to analyze our dreams, professor? Crack open some eggs.

Ha.

FREUD

What?

KRANTZ

I recall a plan, this morning, we said, to congregate and analyze contents of aforesaid eggs...I mean heads. Eggheads.

FREUD

In the morning, yes.

KRANTZ

Yes.

FREUD

In the morning.

ROSEN

Nightcap.

KRANTZ

Yes?

ROSEN

Nightcap. Night.

KRANTZ

Indeed. Night. So.

GUILD

Delightful.

STERN

Professor?

Silence. He stares at them suspiciously. An awkward moment.

ROSEN

Well. Goodnight then. Carl.

JUNG

Professors Rosen. Krantz. Guild. And Stern.

The doors close quickly on FREUD and JUNG, leaving them alone.

FREUD

Puppies, all fighting over the bone I throw 'em. But it's still my bone. And when I die, you think I don't know you'll tear me limb from limb like a pack of hungry hyenas?

JUNG does not respond, but smiles a mercurial grin at him.

FREUD (CONT'D)

What are you grinning at? I'm right, aren't I? You've got some hidden agenda up your sleeve?

Jung stares at him hard.

JUNG

You wish to analyze my dreams too in the morning?

FREUD

If you wish, however I am well aware that you hold back details, not a lie as such, but an omission. The greatest of sins is the sin of

omission.

JUNG

That's projection, if ever I heard it, my dear professor Freud.

FREUD

I'm brutally honest, professor Jung, at all times, and it's cost me a friend or two over the years, maybe you're next. Come on, out with it. You have something to say to me.

JUNG

Forgive me father, for I have sinned, I have given the matter much thought over the past few years and I can no longer support your theory that sex is at the root of all neuroses.

FREUD

I see.

JUNG

In my humble opinion, your theory is one-sided, you neglect the spiritual aspect of mankind's personality, not hard to do since you deny the existence of a soul within us, an energy as such, that is by its immutable nature, immortal and cognizant of its own existence.

FREUD

You traitor! I made you who you are! I created you! Without me, you're nothing! You hear? Nobody!

The doors slide open. JUNG shrugs and walks away. FREUD follows, with difficulty, having to force himself through the doors of the elevator, for he is not only getting younger but his size is making it impossible for him to stand straight.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY

A normal sized JUNG is walking down the corridor. Giant FREUD lumbers after him like a bear.

FREUD

Jung. Carl Gustav Jung. You are being insubordinate. And I will not be put in a box, you hear? I cannot be confined.

JUNG

Confused yet?

FREUD

I am not confused. Not I.

JUNG

Perhaps you should take a note, Sigmund, of your growing inability to comprehend the situation.

JUNG disappears into his room. Locks his door. FREUD bangs on room 1961 with his foot.

FREUD

I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow this door down.

FREUD enters room 1939, once again, with difficulty, having to crouch down like an animal and push in.

Kafka meets Alice in wonderland.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FREUD growls at the adjoining door. Then he remembers and reaches into his pocket. Carelessly pulls out little red riding hood and the boy dressed as a lamb.

As FREUD crushes himself in a corner of the room, OPHELIA and the

LITTLE BOY, crouch in the other, as far away as they can from this bad tempered giant.

FREUD

I'm not going to eat you. Little red riding hood. I'm not the big bad wolf. Although I do enjoy a juicy morcel of tender lamb.

He laughs darkly.

LITTLE BOY

Yes, it's all very strange indeed. If I try and explain to you what has been happening to me, I am going to sound like an utter mad fellow.

OPHELIA

Try me.

LITTLE BOY

Professor Freud. I know who you are.

FREUD

You do, do you?

LITTLE BOY

Yes. And you must help us. Hide us.

FREUD

Hide you? From whom? Stop fidgeting.

OPHELIA

Kid, I'm waiting.

LITTLE BOY

Well, I'm having a dream. And in this dream of death, I suppose it must be, because how else to explain the inexplicable, I am growing younger with each passing moment, as if I were on a journey into the past, and also a...an exploration into the inadequacies of my own psyche.

OPHELIA

You lost me kid.

FREUD

Hide you from whom? Stop moving about. Lie on the couch.

LITTLE BOY

No! I don't know who they are. I suspect your colleagues, the eggheads, are somehow the brains behind it all, and the uniformed guards who took her prisoner follow their orders, trouble is she has no memory of what this is all about, and nor do you and I because the past is the future, I think, or the future is the past, we're just living this out, in different dimensions of time, yet we're able to share spatial dimension, I wish Einstein were here to explain this, but he's not, and we really don't have time anyway, because you're going to wake up in a minute from a terrible dream in which you are turning into a big bad wolf...

FREUD

A big bad wolf, hm? This is your son?

OPHELIA

Him. Nope. Never met him before in my life. I gotta get out of here.

LITTLE BOY

Please! Ophelia, you have to help me! You're the one who woke me up.

OPHELIA

Whaddya mean?

LITTLE BOY

Professor, they've somehow managed to erase her memory banks through electric shock therapy. Ophelia.

OPHELIA

Yup.

YOUNG FREUD

That's me. In forty years. Yes, I remember the trip we took, Professor Jung and I, it was 1909, but how could I remember that if I'm nine and it happened in forty years' time? So somehow, you're a part of all this, a very big part, so you have to help me, because I'm getting younger by the second and soon I won't be able to walk, or talk, or even change my diapers, so you're going to have to help me.

OPHELIA

Thanks a million.

FREUD

Illegitimate, hm? Interesting case. So you deny that this rather perturbed little boy is your son?

OPHELIA

I don't have a son.

FREUD

I remember you well. You were pregnant. You were due to deliver any day. And now you claim a hysterical pregnancy. You deny your own son? What's your name, lamb?

LITTLE BOY

Sigmund. I'm not her son. I don't think. Maybe I am. But I'm getting younger. Hasn't anyone noticed?

OPHELIA

Nope.

YOUNG FREUD

Well then, don't you think it's odd that we're talking to a giant who is about to turn into a werewolf?

FREUD

Now look here, enough! Who the devil are you? What do you want?

LITTLE BOY

I'm you!

OPHELIA

Look, I don't know who the fuck this kid is, I'm just a goddamn dancer on a cruise ship is all I know, Ophelia's my name, hell, it's not even my name, it's my goddamn stage name...

LITTLE BOY

We're in a dream professor, we're dying and our life is flashing before our eyes.

FREUD

You want to play mind games with me? Huh?

LITTLE BOY

No.

FREUD

Huh? I'll show you the big bad wolf.

And sure enough, FREUD begins to snarl, and slobber, and his eyes become ferocious as his jaw begins to extend and his teeth begin to grow and hair begins to grow thick across his terrifying face. He advances towards little red riding hood and the lamb on all fours as his snarl becomes a howl.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - DAY

JUNG stands over FREUD, crouched on all fours, howling himself awake. Normal again, in size and features. FREUD collapses to the floor, terrified by this dream, staring up at JUNG and whining.

FREUD

What was that? What was that?

JUNG

You were howling in your sleep. Like a wolf. On all fours.

FREUD

I'm drenched. So thirsty. Pass me that water will you. What time is it?

JUNG

Still dark.

FREUD remembers his parcel. Searches for it with his eyes. JUNG holds it effortlessly up.

JUNG (CONT'D)

Be getting very light soon. What were you dreaming about?

FREUD takes the parcel, climbs onto his bed and hugs it like a pillow. It is soft and pliable now.

FREUD

Oh. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God...

JUNG

Speak now or forever hold your peace.

FREUD

I...I...I can't remember.

JUNG

Analyze this.

JUNG walks back through the adjoining door into his room.

FREUD reaches into his coat pocket. OPHELIA is not there.

Silence.

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

Ommm...

FREUD rises to see what is happening.

INT. JUNG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is JUNG, standing in a meditative yoga poise.

FREUD

What are you doing?

JUNG

Ommm....

FREUD

Carl, what are you doing?

JUNG

Ommm...

FREUD

Well, whatever it is, you look ridiculous.

FREUD takes the snuff box from his pocket and sniffs some white powder.

JUNG

Is that the cocaine?

FREUD

It's for my studies. It keeps me alert for long bouts. I can accomplish the work of many men with it.

Jung takes the box and studies it, pours some powder onto his hand, spilling it.

JUNG

Like coffee?

FREUD

Careful! Yes, like coffee but without that sense of anxiety, you know, too many cups and one's hand begins to shake.

JUNG

How do I take it?

FREUD

Generally speaking, one ingests it nasally.

JUNG takes a snort. Sneezes. Takes another snort.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Easy, I've a limited supply.

FREUD takes the box back. Returns it to his pocket. A painting on the wall catches his eye.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I wonder what's going on in here?

He stares at the painting. Four hooded disciples sit at a table, staring out at the viewer, as if they were expecting an answer to some question. A large book lies open at a blank page.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Huh? You want to know what I think? I think whoever gave life to you was not an accomplished painter. The creation is lacking a certain *je ne sais quoi*.

Behind FREUD, JUNG is feeling the effects of the cocaine. He is jumping around the room like a mad Tai Chi master.

JUNG

I don't feel a thing. Am I supposed to feel anything in particular?

FREUD

A certain vibrancy, an alertness of all the nerve endings, the thought process itself is renewed, as if every passing mundane thought were some profound revelation.

JUNG howls like a wolf.

FREUD (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're talking about.

JUNG howls again.

FREUD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JUNG

You and I were in an elevator, we had an argument, the doors opened and I went to my room and locked the door, but you...the world was fast becoming too small for you. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll

blow this door down.”

Silence. FREUD has gone white.

FREUD

How did you know that?

JUNG

I was there, wasn't I? Hey, this feels good. Give me some more.

FREUD

This is some kind of trick.

JUNG

Irrefutable proof of a collective unconscious, wouldn't you say? And that cupboard is about to make a very loud noise.

A terrible crack emanates from the cupboard. JUNG and FREUD turn to stare at it. The door creaks open, is that a mummy inside? Silence.

FREUD

Go and see what it is.

JUNG

Give me more cocaine.

FREUD

Go and see.

JUNG

Give me more cocaine and I will.

FREUD

You said it was going to happen, it's your fault.

JUNG

Sigmund Freud and the curse of the mummy.

FREUD

Oh, this is silly. I'm going back to bed.

FREUD turns to go back into his room but the door is no longer there.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Where's the door?

JUNG

What?

FREUD

The door, to my room.

JUNG

There is none. Remember, you said you didn't want adjoining rooms.

FREUD

I did.

JUNG

Yes. You insisted we change, that's why we went on deck to play ping pong.

FREUD

Of course I remember, don't be like that.

JUNG

Like what?

FREUD

Don't use that tone of voice with me, it's annoying me intensely.

JUNG

What tone of voice?

FREUD

That tone of voice.

He leaves the room, slamming the door. Silence. FREUD opens the door.

FREUD (CONT'D)

What's my room number?

JUNG

1939.

FREUD exits again.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY

As Freud wanders down, past the door numbers.

1961...59...55...49...45...1939...

Tries the door, locked. Searches for a key.

Finds it in the midst of yet more papers scribbled upon, they seem to be multiplying in his pockets like rabbits;

He eats a few. Then he opens the door. Enters the room. Shuts it.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Goes straight to the toilet, looking around for the little people.

INT. SHIP BATHROOM - DAY

He takes down his pants, sits and strains to defecate.

A line of paper comes out from between his thighs.

He finds a pen in his breast pocket and continues to write on it, mumbling beneath his breath.

FREUD

I am defecating right now. Strange, because paper is coming out of my anus. Could Jung be right? Am I dreaming? It would seem so. Is it a result of the liquid morphine I have ingested for the pain, a combination of this and the cocaine I am using to stay alert? Must investigate further into the matter.

FREUD rises from the toilet, searching for a pair of scissors. He opens the door, trousers still around his ankles.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A crowd of guests greet him with a chorus.

GUESTS

Surprise!

They hold up glasses of champagne.

ROSEN

Happy birthday, professor.

KRANTZ

And a happy new year!

GUILD

His trousers are down.

STERN

Sshh.

The eggheads drop their trousers to imitate FREUD.

Streamers attached to balloons litter the room. Everyone starts to sing "Happy Birthday" as he crosses the room, the streamers wrapping around his arms, legs, neck, starting to strangle him.

BERNHARDT

No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet, the drink, the drink!

I am poisoned.

She kisses him suggestively.

She is riding on BUFFALO BILL's shoulders. Falls off.

BERNHARDT (CONT'D)

Oops!

BUFFALO BILL

I wiped 'em out, thousands, hundreds 'n' thousands of 'em, that's why they call me Buffalo Bill, glad to meet you, professor Freud, I'm no intellectual, but I hear you're a pretty smart guy, I didn't make dinner, God forgot me for a little while back there and I was a sinner indeed, you had you some of the night ladies they got on this here boat, that ass is cheap, you can buy yourself three at a time, Lord have mercy, they are bad girls but hell, we're just a bunch of little hydrogen bubbles sitting on a rock in the middle of deep blue godless nothing so let's have us a good time, hey, I'm talkin' to you, nobody turns their back on the man with the bang bang.

BUFFALO BILL has taken out his revolver and holds it to FREUD's head. FREUD keeps on taking notes. Disassociated emotionally, as if her were watching his life rush past before his eyes in slow motion. The room goes silent.

The eggheads imitate FREUD, pull out their pads, and take notes.

And BUSTER is knocking back the drinks on his tray.

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

(Grins) Thought I was serious there for a moment, huh? Glad to make your acquaintance, sir, where's Sitting Bull? Damn it, I told that Injun to stick close, want to introduce you, professor, sir, to the most feared man in the United States of America, that is till we wiped out his tribe and brought the bastard to his knees. We did a terrible thing, back then, to them Injuns. And we'll do it again, to anyone who stands in our good old capitalist freedom of speech way. Hell, there were great numbers of settlers who needed land and the Injuns were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves. Same with that there Panama canal. And them Iraqi oil fields. We took it. An' that's why it belongs to us. I'm not gonna beat around the bush. I make no apologies. Hell. We're in Hell. Might as well own a piece of it. Go out in a blaze of glory. Say. Why don't you analyze me, professor Freud?

FREUD

No thanks.

BUFFALO BILL

No, I insist.

FREUD

No.

BUFFALO BILL

Don't make me put a death wish to your head.

BUFFALO BILL takes out his six shooter again. FREUD and the eggheads take a note.

FREUD

I can't analyze you, you have no conscience.

BUFFALO BILL

O. He thinks I'm vulgar, hell, I'm no hypocrite. What you see is what you get.

BUFFALO BILL grabs a glass from BUSTER's tray of drinks.
FREUD takes his opportunity to escape. Moving across the room, he is being choked by those streamers.

Past PICASSO, who is wildly tying balloons together around his naked wife, creating fantastic shapes while entering her violently from behind.

PICASSO

Everything I touch is art.

WIFE

He's a genius.

Past JUNG, who leans against a wall, wolfishly leering. Eating the confetti like spaghetti. He pulls out a knife and strokes FREUD's cheek with it.

JUNG

Got any more, huh? Huh? Got any more? Ever seen yourself through a wild man's eyes, white man? You're a neurotic wreck, restless, unstable, possessed by the demons who never really went away, no, they went inside you, they're not haunting your attic, the spooks are flying around inside your head, don't give me the evil eye, gimme more. C'mon, gimme the drugs, you twisted individual.

JUNG roughly searches his pockets for the cocaine. Finds it. Winks at FREUD, and cuts away some of the tangled confetti. FREUD walks away, still entangled by confetti, but able to walk.

Up to EINSTEIN.

FREUD

Did you see a young girl, very pretty young girl in here? With a little boy? I think she might need to be sedated. I'm a doctor. I can help her.

In a rage, EINSTEIN picks up a chair and smashes it against the wall.

EINSTEIN

A hundred and sixty million tons of sunlight a day, and still, we're not grateful? What is wrong with us?

FREUD

Help. I'm trapped.

EINSTEIN

We're all trapped, and that prison is in here.

EINSTEIN taps his head. SITTING BULL steps forward, stares at FREUD. He raises his tomahawk and swings it across FREUD, cutting him loose from the confetti.

FREUD pulls up his trousers.

Having regained his dignity, he turns to formally thank SITTING BULL. Who has vanished.

BUFFALO BILL

Here, don't forget to open your present before it gets really dark. BUFFALO BILL bounces the parcel like a basketball. Throws it at FREUD, who fumbles it. It bounces over to the door.

FREUD turns to the door to see OPHELIA and the LITTLE BOY. They are little people, in a land of giants, slipping under the crack of the door.

FREUD

There they are.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY

FREUD opens the door but sees no little people. Nevertheless, he hurries down the corridor, bouncing his package like a basketball, turns the corner.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FREUD stands there, bouncing his parcel. BUSTER passes him, placing a cardboard bucket outside each door.

FREUD

What's that for?

BUSTER mimes throwing up, and weaves away.

FREUD rummages in his pockets, finds the paper with OPHELIA's room number.

EXT. OPHELIA'S ROOM - DAY

FREUD stands there. He listens at the door. He knocks. No answer. Tries the handle. Locked.

He walks away. Leaving the ball/parcel lying in the middle of the corridor.

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors ping open, FREUD enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors ping shut. FREUD stares at himself in the elevator mirror. He notices for the first time how young he has become. He approaches the mirror, touches his skin. His reflection talks to him.

FREUD'S REFLECTION

What an interesting dream you're having. You're young again, smooth skinned again,

blood pressure is down you're young again and you're going down, down, down, fearlessly down into the primal of me, for I am God. You are in Me, I am

the universe.

FREUD'S reflection raises one leg. So does FREUD.

FREUD'S REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Thought is irrelevant. Let us think no more upon the motives of mankind.

PING! The elevator door opens.

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

An embalmed mummy stands there, pointing at FREUD.

MUMMY

You think, therefore I am.

FREUD's reflection eyes him distantly.

The doors ping shut.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

One leg up, arms stretched out to either side, FREUD's reflection still isn't moving. It smiles, though.

FREUD'S REFLECTION

I don't think you can hold that position for much longer. Can you? I can. Forever. I'm not constrained by the gravitational pull. This is what is known as the Buddhist duel, first one to succumb to the illusion of pain, loses. Longing for a puff of the old pipe, glass of

port, are you not? Say, where's the parcel? Oh no, the parcel, you forgot the parcel, it's in the corridor, it must be in the corridor, or did we leave it in the dining room, no, that slippery fellow, Jung reminded us to bring it along, so in his room or our room? Damn, why didn't we get adjoining rooms, now you have to go out down that corridor and we keep getting lost, running into these damn cowboys and indians and actresses and the little ones in tutus. Too too sullied flesh. To be or not to be. That is the question. And why are you trying to consistently escape that question? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Get down on your knees because I am the greatest Jew since Jesus.

FREUD lowers his arms and leg and turns away from his reflection.

FREUD'S REFLECTION (CONT'D)

You turn your back on Love? Huh? Who the fuck do you think you are? Huh? You're mine. Without me, you're nothing.

FREUD'S Reflection lashes out at the mirror. It cracks from within. He smashes it again, it collapses into a thousand pieces.

FREUD stares at his reflection in one of the shards of glass by his foot.

FREUD'S REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Wait. I said wait. Please. I don't want to just end. No. I'll pay you money. I'll give you anything, just don't, don't, don't, it's a sin, you know, and the legal consequences are severe. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and if a camel could pass through the eye of a needle then rich men could enter the kingdom of heaven, you understand, so this is my hell, I'm rich, and I don't want it to end, how much? Take everything just don't leave me.

The reflection looks at Freud, pleadingly

REFLECTION

You've got the money. Cough up.

FREUD ignores his reflection.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Just take a piece of me. Just one piece and keep it with you always and I'll be there for you, whenever you need me. Because you need me. For sentimental reasons. I'm company. I haven't always said the right things but I can start, yes, I can see where you might need me to be silent at times. I'm company. No. No.

For the doors to the elevator have opened. FREUD's package lands in his arms. FREUD steps out.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

The elevator doors close behind him. Holding his package, FREUD looks around him. He is on top of the ocean liner.

The deck is empty save one isolated figure, lying in a deck chair, surrounded by the eggheads and uniformed security. FREUD approaches.

ROSEN

Ah. Professor. What are you doing up here?

KRANTZ

Trifle chilly.

ROSEN

Come. Let's get you wrapped up, you're an icicle.

GUILD

Are we going inside?

STERN

Are we gleaning your affliction? Professor?

FREUD

Who is that?

ROSEN

Who?

KRANTZ

Where?

GUILD

When?

STERN

Why indeed?

HAMLET

Rosen, Krantz! Guild and Stern. Leave me in peace now.

ROSEN

Yes m'lord.

They all withdraw. FREUD finally gets a good look.

A young man, all dressed in black, a princely melancholic cloud hangs over him. This is HAMLET. He looks up at young professor FREUD without much interest.

HAMLET

Who sends you?

FREUD

No-one, my Lord.

HAMLET

Not my mother? My father in law? What's in the package?

FREUD

I don't know.

HAMLET

Why not open it and find out?

FREUD

Not until it gets light.

HAMLET

I opened a letter from the Pretender of Denmark earlier addressed to the King of England and I found to my dismay that it was a letter requesting that I be put to death upon my immediate arrival. Damned smiling villain. Why I didn't just run him through when I could have, I'll never know. Conscience as they say is three parts wisdom and ever one part coward. Instead, I elaborated this complex scheme to put on a play about an adulterous brother who kills the King and then marries his Queen. I observed him turn pale, I caught him out, so he's fucking my mother, my father's ghost shows up and tells me the bastard poisoned him, but I thought the spirit might be the devil abusing me to damn me, so I put it off and off, but even when I had my proof I couldn't do it. Why? Why? And now it's too late. Now I am exiled, and look at me, a coward, pigeon livered or ere this I should have fattened all the region kites with this slave's offal. Bloody bawdy villain, remorseless, treacherous, lecherous villain O! Vengeance!

FREUD

Sshh. You mustn't blame yourself. It all comes down to your mother.

HAMLET

Frailty, thy name is woman.

FREUD

You see, you weren't able to act because of your feelings towards your mother.

HAMLET

Feelings?

FREUD

Incestuous desires. You want to sleep with your mother...

HAMLET is on his feet in a flash and has a dagger to FREUD's throat.

FREUD speaks quickly.

FREUD (CONT'D)

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." You are the type of man whose active energy is paralysed by excessive intellectual activity, you are able to do anything but take vengeance on the man who killed your father and has taken his place in bed with your mother because this man shows you in reality the repressed desires of your own childhood. You want to return to the womb, from whence you came.

HAMLET

I'll cut your throat from ear to ear you filthy pig.

FREUD

The loathing which should have driven you to revenge is thus replaced by self-reproach, by conscientious scruples, which tell you that you are no better than the murderer whom you are required to punish. And thus, you exist in a heightened poetical state of paralysis for three entire acts before at last succumbing to the primal act of blood lust which will prompt your tragic fall in act five.

HAMLET

Act five? What are you talking about?

FREUD

I am merely trying to help you fulfill your destiny.

HAMLET

My destiny? What do you know of my destiny? Who are you?

FREUD

Professor Freud, at your service. You have stabbed Polonius in the Queen's chambers, you are killing everyone except for the guilty party, because you are in denial, you cannot consciously accept your deeply felt love for your mother. When you were a child, you secretly wished for your own father's death, did you not?

HAMLET drops the knife and turns away.

HAMLET

I don't know. I might have. I was fond of her.

FREUD

These memories are locked away. Repressed because they are forbidden. Psycho analysis will help you to remember the deepest darkest secrets which are preventing you from becoming who you are meant to be.

HAMLET

I love my mother so deeply. It is an unnatural thing, is it not?

FREUD

Lie down. No, not at all. It is the state of unconscious infantile bliss from which we are wrenched in adolescence. The shame is society's. The moral taboo placed upon an emotional state which is quite natural, transforms this love into a guilty secret we must often bear until death.

HAMLET is lying down in the chair.

HAMLET

What should I do?

FREUD

Well, you can't run away from your life, Hamlet. At some point, you have to fulfill your destiny.

HAMLET

So go back? Kill a King?

FREUD

What is the alternative? A life of regret, shame, sorrow, self-loathing, a half life.

HAMLET

How all occasions do inform against me and spur my dull revenge. What is a man if the chief discourse of his time be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

FREUD

Precisely. I would say, go back. You don't have to kill a King. Just see what happens.

HAMLET

I'm going to die, aren't I?

FREUD

Every man dies. Not every man truly lives.

HAMLET

You're right. Can I buy you a drink?

FREUD

Ah. I'm afraid ethical practice forbids me to have social intercourse with my patients.

HAMLET

We'll teach you to drink deep 'ere you depart.

FREUD

And the eggheads are in on it by the way.

HAMLET

Rosen, Krantz and Guild and Stern, I know. I'll take care of them.

HAMLET takes him by the shoulders and points across the deck. There, at the other end, blinking neon lights.

EXT. IMMORALITY CLUB - NIGHT

A sign in green neon lights, with a blood red flashing cross falling in between "Immor" and "ality", to spell Immor T ality.

There is a very long line of people waiting to get in.

The bouncer recognizes HAMLET approaching and respectfully ushers him past the crowd.

FREUD and HAMLET make their way inside.

INT. IMMORALITY CLUB - NIGHT

As FREUD and HAMLET walk through a parting red sea, into the warm effervescence of this haven, a voice soothingly whispers.

VOICE

Welcome to the Immor-t-ality club. Surrender thought. Everything is possible. Everything is permitted. Everything Is free. Drink what you like. Eat. Take as many drugs as you like. Relax. Death does not rain down on anyone here. Love anyone you like. Leave your shadow at the door. He died for your sins. Evil is no more. You have entered Eden. The hippest beat throbs flirting with angel voices chanting distant hymns.

They have entered a biblical oasis, lush with greenery, and tropical birds, with pools which naked bodies fornicate in, and waterfalls which laughing children stand beneath, fountains of color which others drink from.

Beautiful bodies float past with rainbow drinks.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I demand only one obedience of you all.

The crowd all chants.

CROWD

DO NOT EAT THE BANANAS.

FREUD looks up at the banana trees surrounding them.

He reaches out to pick one.

HAMLET slaps his hand away and points to hidden cameras placed around the oasis, watching for transgression.

FREUD frowns at a camera which observes him.

Suddenly, his perspective travels through the lens.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The space is filled with two TV monitors for eyes and bananas galore. A chimpanzee sits in the centre of the room, watching FREUD through the TV monitors whilst devouring bananas.

BUSTER is cleaning up the banana peels with a broom.

INT. IMMORALITY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

FREUD stares at the surveillance camera.

VOICE

I didn't hear you.

CROWD

DO NOT EAT THE BANANAS.

VOICE

Bravo, mein liebschen kinder, because disobedience brings exile from the Immortality club.

JUNG hugs FREUD, then does a huge line of cocaine and inhales a large joint. He looks like a demented 60's hippie.

JUNG

It's fucking Paradise, man, you wanna try some of this shit, it is pure Colombian, no fucking shadow, man, this joint took my doubts and my filthy evil transmigratory thought process and just...sucked me dry, I'm clean. Pristine. To be in a permanent state of lucidity, where at last all of this just...is...you feeling it, Sigmund?

HAMLET

Well, I'm going to get as drunk as I possibly can. And then I'm going

back, something wasn't rotten in the state of Denmark after all.

EINSTEIN

It was rotting in here.

He taps his forehead.

HAMLET

To be. Simply to be. No question. Feel that breeze.

A breeze washes over them.

EINSTEIN

To be whole again. Not a black hole in sight, no eye of the needle you try to squeeze through with your camel like Moses, coming close to the thick darkness, squaring the speed of light lost in space.

JUNG

No squares, man, no tension of opposites, no good and evil to have and hold til death us do part, man, I don't know who's behind all this, but oh, the genius. Let it go, Sigmund. Relax. Take a pill.

EINSTEIN, HAMLET and JUNG clink glasses and down them in one.

BUFFALO BILL

Hey, watch this!

BUFFALO BILL whips out his gun and shoots SITTING BULL. Blood and guts spill everywhere, but SITTING BULL does not suffer. BILL laughs and does it again. Nothing.

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

Uh oh. Looks like you just found that great spirit in the sky, you miserable red skinned mule, 'cause I can't have you pistol whipped no more, just kidding, of course in the United States of America, we believe in the equal rights of all citizens, including the injun, and the negro, and the chinaman and any one else you'd like to throw into the pot, we'll take 'em all, we'll give 'em jobs, God bless us, lookit this one here, ninety five and still makin' a livin', ain't ya. Dollar a month he makes, and food 'n' lodgin' thrown in, 'course I'm makin' a pretty penny too, but hell, that's the global market economy, you can't beat it, and besides, the inspiration was mine, a wild west travelling show, with cowboys and injuns, and lassoing clowns and all that shit thrown in, I got the idea and put the whole kebang together, and pretty darn exciting it is. Yes sir, that's entertainment. Clowns with their pants falling down, now why don't you do some entertaining, earn your keep old man river, be a star. Go on, give 'em that speech of yers.

SITTING BULL

The land is our great mother, the air is our father, the rivers and the lakes are our brothers and sisters. We must love and respect them.

BUFFALO BILL

Sure we got that commandment, number seven, right? Number three, do not kill.

FREUD listens to SITTING BULL. BUFFALO BILL has gone back to shooting people, including EINSTEIN and JUNG.

FREUD

I was wrong, I thought life was sex, I wanted to make a dogma of it, I wanted a new religion and I was to be its Moses, it was a disease, I was sick, wasn't I?

SITTING BULL

What will you do when the land is covered in talking wires and you cannot drink the water from the rivers?

FREUD

My friend, if I may call you friend, I have been irrevocably led to the awareness that there comes a time when life can only be understood backwards, but it must continue to be lived forwards.

SITTING BULL

What will you do when the sky is filled with flying machines and you cannot breathe the air you need?

We catch snatches of other conversations.

JUNG

I was just drinking about where it had disappeared to.

EINSTEIN

You mean thinking. You were thinking about where it had disappeared to.

JUNG

No. I think I mean drink, not think. I'm drunk.

EINSTEIN

Stinking. Whoa!

A butterfly floats past them, they try to catch it in the air. It lands next to FREUD. An ancient Chinese sage turns to him. CHUANG TZU smiles.

CHUANG TZU

If you want to seek the truth, you must seek it as a man whose hair is on fire seeks water.

Behind CHUANG TZU stands OEDIPUS, his eyes poked out, laughing at himself.

OEDIPUS

For I was blind but now I see

A mother's breast was meant for me.

HAMLET is shooting himself repeatedly in the head.

HAMLET

To die, to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

VOICE

Welcome to the Immor-t-ality club. Surrender thought. Everything is possible. Everything is permitted. Everything is free. Drink what you like. Eat. Take as many drugs as you like. Relax. Death does not rain down on anyone here. Love anyone you like. Leave your shadow at the door. He died for your sins. Evil is no more. You have entered Eden. I demand only one obedience of you.

CROWD

DO NOT EAT THE BANANAS!

VOICE

I can't hear you...

CROWD

DO NOT EAT THE BANANAS!

HAMLET

To sleep perchance to dream, aye there's the rub, for in that sleep of

death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil
must-give-us-pause.

HAMLET shoots FREUD in the face. He collapses to the floor.
He looks to his left. On the floor next to him lies NAPOLEON. Beneath
his white stallion, which defecates all over his face. NAPOLEON wipes
it away and turns to FREUD with a deadly serious look.

NAPOLEON

Now that's power.

VOICE

And now, my children, Ophelia.

FREUD sits up, because in the distance, he sees OPHELIA, who is
singing a twenties Charleston song.

OPHELIA

Yes, we have no bananas, no bananas, no bananas. Yes, we have no
bananas, no bananas, no bananas.

FREUD has by now become a teenager. He approaches her.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Yes, we have no bananas, no bananas, no bananas. Yes, we have no
bananas, no bananas, no bananas.

But everyone stops dancing and singing, because OPHELIA has grabbed a
banana.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Sigmund. You want a banana? Sigmund?

Silence. She very deliberately peels it.

Staring right into FREUD's eyes.

She slips it into her mouth and bites off half.

FREUD drops to his knees, holding his crotch.

Alarm bells have started to sound, people are screaming and
scattering. General chaos.

OPHELIA grabs FREUD by the hand.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Across the walls and the bodies of those fleeing now flash horrifying
images of death and destruction.

OPHELIA and FREUD cannot find an exit. Too many bodies, too much
confusion, too many awful images.

And so they stop.

The confusion clears.

They are surrounded by the shadows of men who move forebodingly
towards them, step by step, in silence. There is no escape.

A disappointed voice soothes them.

VOICE

Don't try to escape. It will only make matters worst. You have
violated the code. You have tasted the banananality of evil, you are
contaminated. You shall be escorted from this club never to return.

FREUD

But why can't she eat a banana?

VOICE

Because I say so.

FREUD

By whose authority? Who do these men answer to?

VOICE

These are the Agents of SPITE. They are authorized by my authority to escort you from these premises and to take the necessary precautions to avoid further disobedience amongst the club members. Your membership is revoked.

An agent in uniform has handed FREUD a card. He reads it.

SPeCial InTolerance Enforcers. SPITE. A snake symbol wrapped around the letters, eating its own tail.

They have grabbed onto OPHELIA and they are tying her hands up in that praying position again. They cover her mouth with tape.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Burn the witch.

A metal contraption is placed to OPHELIA's head and switched on.

Electric currents send her into convulsions.

FREUD

Stop.

The uniforms all turn to stare at him.

FREUD (CONT'D)

This woman is not a biochemical complex. She is a human being. She's not an animal. We must repudiate the positivism which succeeds in masking violence as love.

UNIFORM

Are you a jew?

Silence. One of the uniforms drops FREUD with a crushing blow to the face. They laugh and kick him a few times. One of them cuts off his head with a laser.

FREUD's severed head screams.

The uniforms pick up his screaming conscious head and start throwing it to each other.

BUFFALO BILL appears, catching FREUD's head mid flight.

BUFFALO BILL catches his head and dribbles it on the ground, basketball style. He stares down the uniforms.

Behind BUFFALO BILL appear his back-up, Western style.

BUFFALO BILL

Now hold on there, fellas, see, wherever I stand in these here snakeskin boots is United States territory, far as I am concerned, now we may have done some bad shit in the past, but hell, the past is the past, and now is now and I am obliged to inform you gentlemen that all weapons must be left with the correct authority on board this vessel, namely me, so just hand them space gadgets over nice and easy, or tomorrow may never come for some of you, because my boys here tend to get a little excited, ain't seen action in a while, why they're just itching for trouble, and we wouldn't want that now, seeing as we've got six shooters and all you seem to have brought to the party is some light sabers and a electric vibrator, fight just wouldn't be fair now, would it, you goddamn evildoers?

BUFFALO BILL flings FREUD's head across the room.

EINSTEIN catches his head. Kisses him on the brow. Whispers in his

ear.

EINSTEIN

Now we know far too much about ourselves to pretend we are 100% good and not egotists to the marrow. Always, behind what we imagine are our best deeds, stands the devil, patting us paternally on the shoulder and whispering, "well done."

Drop kicks him to PICASSO.

Who manipulates his head, painfully; FREUD screams again.

PICASSO

IT'S MY MASTERPIECE!

FREUD now looks like a Picasso portrait, two eyes on one side of the face, the nose sticking out in a peculiar angle.

SITTING BULL takes the head from PICASSO and places it back on the headless body.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - DAY

FREUD, now prepubescent, blinks, and is unpicassoesque. He sits up in his bed, looks around and begins to laugh incredulously. What a dream. The ship is being tossed around by a terrible storm at sea.

It's as if some overwhelming great spirit is shaking the vessel to its very foundations.

The boyish FREUD imperviously jumps out of bed and rushes to JUNG's bedroom door, flings it open.

INT. JUNG'S BEDROOM - DAY

BOY FREUD enters and beholds ROSEN, KRANTZ, GUILD and STERN, huddled around the table, staring expectantly at him.

A giant book between them, open at a blank page.

Just like in the painting on JUNG's wall. They also look green around the gills. Desperately seasick.

ROSEN

Well?

FREUD

What?

ROSEN

You've slept. We need you to give us the ending now, Sigmund.

FREUD

Ending to what? Where is Ophelia?

ROSEN

To the Journey. Like Moses you have led us out of slavery to a false idol, and you have handed us down the New Commandments, Thou shalt not have sexual relations with your patients, for example, and Thou shalt have one hour long sessions, but we still haven't got an ending.

KRANTZ

And it can't be forgiving either, we have a title, The Wrath of the Lamb, but it's got to be divisive. Strike down the faithless blasphemers who have abandoned your precepts, Breuer, Fleiss, Adler, Stekel, Jung, Rank, strike them down. The traitors to our cause!

GUILD

Tell us your dreams, Sigmund.

FREUD

I don't have time to talk about that anymore. It's too late for talk.

STERN

We're not really interested in what you want, Sigmund. We're beyond what you want. You must destroy the infidels.

FREUD

I don't want to write anymore books. Waste of time.

ROSEN

Grow up, Sigmund.

FREUD

I don't feel very grown up.

KRANTZ

Well, can you just throw us a few crumbs. Anything. Just...off the top of your head, we'd be most grateful.

ROSEN

Krantz, that's not the way to talk to the child, you can't use reason, you have to be stern with it.

STERN

I beg your pardon?

ROSEN

I said you have to be stern with...

STERN

Yes?

ROSEN

You have to discipline the brat. Now sit down. I said sit down.

FREUD

No.

ROSEN

Sit down or I'll give you the beating of your life. I've been waiting for this moment for years.

ROSEN picks up a horsewhip.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

I'll show you the abuse of power, boy. Start talking.

As ROSEN slowly circles the room, FREUD retreats.

FREUD

I, Sigmund Freud, am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the last...

ROSEN

Are you writing this down?

GUILD, STERN, and KRANTZ are scribbling away.

GUILD

Yes!

STERN

Yes yes!

FREUD

I am he that lives and was dead, alive forevermore, behold I hold the keys of hell and death, write me down...

ROSEN

Wait, what are you saying?

FREUD

For the locusts are like battle horses, crowns of gold on their heads, teeth like lions, faces like men, hair like women and tails like

scorpions and they can hurt men for...five months...

KRANTZ

Five months?

ROSEN

Lord have mercy...

ROSEN's face is a pitiful mask of suffering. He retches violently.

FREUD

Weep not, my hair is white as snow, my eyes are like fire and my voice...

FREUD jumps up on a table and pulls open the porthole. Rain and salt water come splattering in.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Is the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, it puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of...

ROSEN

Stop him!

BOY FREUD jumps over ROSEN's head as he stumbles at him and rushes for the door. He flings it open and rushes out.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Down the corridor he runs. The four eggheads of the apocalypse rush out after him, and pursue him as he turns a corner.

They reach the corner. BOY FREUD has disappeared.

The eggheads, whilst still displaying slapstick tendencies, are becoming more ominous, more creature-like, more desperate. Perhaps like a Bosch painting.

ROSEN

Damn it!

KRANTZ

Ideas? Any ideas?

GUILD

He mentioned the girl. Ophelia.

STERN

Yes, he's going to try and warn her, that's my educated guess.

ROSEN

Split up. Krantz and I will stake out the dining area, you head for the ship bar.

INT. SHIP BAR - DAY

Full blown storm, passengers retching everywhere.

Boy FREUD runs in and sees OPHELIA talking to an old man.

OPHELIA

The distant sun still shines, with colors so sharp they cut my wrists. I love you.

She kisses him passionately on the mouth. Smiles at the confounded professor. Kisses JUNG.

YOUNG FREUD

Ophelia!

He is motioning to OPHELIA to come with him.

YOUNG FREUD (CONT'D)

Hurry! They're coming! Take my hand!

Out of nowhere a team of men in black uniforms appear and grab at OPHELIA, who begins to struggle like a wildcat. As they drag her away, one of the men in uniform bows to FREUD.

YOUNG FREUD hides and watches the proceedings.

UNIFORM

My apologies, Herr. Professor, she slipped away without being noticed, it won't happen again. She will be at your disposal in New York. And may I say what a great honor it is for me to serve a man of your standing, your greatness, your genius.

FREUD

Yes, thank you, quite, that will be all.

The uniformed man bows and quickly leaves.

Fascinated, FREUD gets up out of his wheelchair and follows him.

GUILD stands there, with the heavy package, staring at BOY FREUD, who stares back warily.

GUILD gets into the wheelchair.

JUNG follows FREUD, pushing the wheelchair.

Followed by BUSTER with the banana split.

They exit the bar.

BOY FREUD follows at a distance.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Seen from BOY FREUD's perspective, the professors follow in silence, at a distance. FREUD takes out a little tape recorder and speaks into it.

OPHELIA

You are forbidden to judge in this matter. You may have faith. Or despair.

FREUD

Immense sexual desire contrasted with very exaggerated sexual rejection. Transformation of love into hatred, tenderness into hostility, apparent in neurotic and paranoid cases, by the union of cruelty with libido. Every active perversion is here accompanied by its passive counterpart. She who in the unconscious is a prey, a victim, is at the same time a predator, a perpetrator of violence, she who suffers from masochistic feelings because of her repression is also a sadist.

Her memories are withdrawn from conscious disposal, concealing the roots of her own sexual disturbance from her. Hysterical amnesia indeed. Damn it. Hold this.

For the tape recorder has no tape in it. Instead he takes out a notebook, starts making notes. Puts the pad away.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Where are my books?

OPHELIA disappears around a corner, dragged screaming by the men in uniform.

OPHELIA

You are forbidden to judge in this matter. You may have faith. Or despair.

FREUD

Quick. Don't let her disappear.

FREUD hurries down the corridor, turns the corner. She is gone.
BOY FREUD runs past them to, standing at the door. FREUD stares at him, approaching the door.

BOY FREUD

We have to help her!

FREUD

Shoo. Go on. Disappear.

BOY FREUD

She's an angel!

ROSEN and KRANTZ appear from around the corner and run at the boy. They knock him into the wheelchair. All go tumbling over in a confusion of bodies.

FREUD

Careful!

When the eggheads stand, and pull GUILD up, the boy has disappeared.

ROSEN

The boy.

FREUD

The parcel, you fools! Precious cargo!

ROSEN

Sorry, professor.

The eggheads slowly pick up the parcel and place it on GUILD's knees in the wheelchair.

INT. PARCEL- NIGHT

There he is, cramped, inside a very small space, with OPHELIA, as little red riding hood. She looks at him, surprised.

YOUNG FREUD

Hello.

OPHELIA

How did you get in here?

YOUNG FREUD

It's a long story. I'm Sigmund Freud.

OPHELIA

What the hell are you doing in my egg, kid?

YOUNG FREUD

I have to talk to you. It's a matter of life and death.

OPHELIA

OK, we're about to do a big Hollywood number, jump out of these eggs, surprise the passengers. You shouldn't be in here.

YOUNG FREUD

Please let me stay. I'll be quiet.

OPHELIA

Shit. It's too late to get you out. OK. You gotta let me focus.

YOUNG FREUD

I'll be quiet.

OPHELIA

Where are your parents, kid?

YOUNG FREUD

Look, I don't have time to explain. But please, I can't lose you again.

Something very big is happening. Something very strange.

OPHELIA

Lose me again? Look. How old are you, kid?

YOUNG FREUD

I don't know.

OPHELIA

Ten? Something like that?

YOUNG FREUD

Yes. Can I stay in here with you?

OPHELIA

All right, just stay inside the egg, and after I'm done with the big musical number, we'll go somewhere and have a cup of coffee, or a coke. Find your parents. OK?

YOUNG FREUD

Yes.

OPHELIA

Now shut up, I gotta concentrate.

We hear a rhythm of knocks outside the egg.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Here goes nothing.

The eggshell starts to crack open.

INT. SHIP DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Storm.

OPHELIA pops out of the eggshell, to the applause of an audience of giants; JUNG, EINSTEIN, PICASSO etc...

YOUNG FREUD watches from the safety of his egg as OPHELIA and the chorus line begin to tap dance and sing that song.

CHORUS

Psychological types.

Psychological types.

You got the extrovert type.

And the introvert type.

Both can believe in the hype,
become the psychotic type.

And when your dreams haunt you at night

get analysed, they'll make you right

they'll wash your brain with words just like

infantile oedipal

symbols are interpreted as unconscious tabootabootabootaboo

and pathological wish fulfillment theories incite pleasure

tabootabootabootaboo

the motive of course being

incest

Tabootabootaboo

tabootabootaboo

Psychological fees make you look good on your knees

mater and pater fucked us up

come back next week, cheques only, please.

BOY FREUD looks at the strings attached to the dancers. He looks up to see who is manipulating them, and sees the four eggheads.

BOY FREUD

Uh oh.

For ROSEN has noticed him too, and elbows KRANTZ, who looks down at BOY FREUD. But just then all hell breaks loose.

The giant FREUD reaches in for OPHELIA and all the dancers scream and scramble for cover.

The boy FREUD jumps out of the eggshell and makes a run for OPHELIA. As he takes OPHELIA by the hand, she is whisked up by a giant palm. Darkness.

INT. FREUD'S COAT POCKET - NIGHT

OPHELIA

OK, what the fuck is going on?

OPHELIA and YOUNG FREUD are pulled of the coat pocket.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As FREUD crushes himself in a corner of the room, OPHELIA and the LITTLE BOY, crouch in the other, as far away as they can from this bad tempered giant.

FREUD

I'm not going to eat you. Little red riding hood. I'm not the big bad wolf. Although I do enjoy a juicy morcel of tender lamb.

He laughs darkly.

LITTLE BOY

Yes, it's all very strange indeed. If I try and explain to you what has been happening to me, I am going to sound like an utter mad fellow.

OPHELIA

Try me.

LITTLE BOY

Professor Freud. I know who you are.

FREUD

You do, do you?

LITTLE BOY

Yes. And you must help us. Hide us.

FREUD

Hide you? From whom? Stop fidgeting.

OPHELIA

Kid, I'm waiting.

LITTLE BOY

Well, I'm having a dream. And in this dream of death, I suppose it must be, because how else to explain the inexplicable, I am growing younger with each passing moment, as if I were on a journey into the past, and also a...an exploration into the inadequacies of my own psyche.

OPHELIA

You lost me kid.

FREUD

Hide you from whom? Stop moving about! Lie on the couch.

LITTLE BOY

No! I don't know who they are. I suspect your colleagues, the eggheads, are somehow the brains behind it all, and the uniformed

guards who took her prisoner follow their orders, trouble is she has no memory of what this is all about, and nor do you and I because the past is the future, I think, or the future is the past, we're just living this out, in different dimensions of time, yet we're able to share spatial dimension, I wish Einstein were here to explain this, but he's not, and we really don't have time anyway, because you're going to wake up in a minute from a terrible dream in which you are turning into a big bad wolf...

FREUD

A big bad wolf, hm? This is your son?

OPHELIA

Him. Nope. Never met him before in my life. I gotta get out of here.

LITTLE BOY

Please! Ophelia, you have to help me! You're the one who woke me up.

OPHELIA

Whaddya mean?

LITTLE BOY

Professor, they've somehow managed to erase her memory banks through electric shock therapy. Ophelia.

OPHELIA

Yup.

YOUNG FREUD

That's me. In forty years. Yes, I remember the trip we took, Professor Jung and I, it was 1909, but how could I remember that if I'm nine and it happened in forty years' time? So somehow, you're a part of all this, a very big part, so you have to help me, because I'm getting younger by the second and soon I won't be able to walk, or talk, or even change my diapers, so you're going to have to help me.

OPHELIA

Thanks a million.

FREUD

Illegitimate, hm? Interesting case. So you deny that this rather perturbed little boy is your son?

OPHELIA

I don't have a son.

FREUD

I remember you well. You were pregnant. You were due to deliver any day. And now you deny your own son? What's your name, lamb?

LITTLE BOY

Sigmund. I'm not her son. I don't think. Maybe I am. But I'm getting younger. Hasn't anyone noticed?

OPHELIA

Nope.

YOUNG FREUD

Well then, don't you think it's odd that we're talking to a giant who is about to turn into a werewolf?

FREUD

Now look here, enough! Who the devil are you? What do you want?

LITTLE BOY

I'm you!

OPHELIA

Look, I don't know who the fuck this kid is, I'm just a goddamn dancer on a cruise ship is all I know, Ophelia's my name, hell, it's not even my name, it's my goddamn stage name...

LITTLE BOY

We're in a dream professor, we're dying and our life is flashing before our eyes.

FREUD

You want to play mind games with me? Huh?

LITTLE BOY

No.

FREUD

Huh? I'll show you the big bad wolf.

And sure enough, FREUD begins to snarl, and slobber, and as he advances towards little red riding hood and the lamb on all fours and his snarl becomes a howl, OPHELIA and the LITTLE BOY make a run for the door.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

OPHELIA and the LITTLE BOY slam FREUD's door shut and run for their lives from the howling within.

They turn a corner and stop, breathless.

OPHELIA looks at the young FREUD next to her, puzzled.

OPHELIA

This ain't right.

At which point, a young woman appears at the other end of the corridor, dragged screaming by the men in uniform.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

You are forbidden to judge in this matter. You may have faith. Or despair.

OPHELIA watches astonished as in some parallel universe, she is dragged screaming into a room.

A male hand puts on a Do Not Disturb sign. The door clicks shut.

OPHELIA and YOUNG FREUD approach from one end...

OLD FREUD and JUNG from the other. They all listen at the door. Is that sobbing coming from inside?

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Well, do something!

OLD FREUD is about to knock when the door opens rapidly and a hostile face peers at him.

UNIFORM

Yes?

FREUD

The girl. She's hysterical.

UNIFORM

Yes.

FREUD

She must be sedated.

UNIFORM

Please do not concern yourself with her Herr. Professor, she is our responsibility.

OPHELIA has slipped past into the room with YOUNG FREUD.

INT. ROOM – DAY

Outside, FREUD gets a glance of OPHELIA, her hands bound up in a prayer position, her mouth sealed with tape, being held down and having her forehead electrocuted with some strange contraption, as the door closes on him.

In the room, OPHELIA is now watching herself being given “electric brain therapy”.

Tears run down her cheeks. She gazes blankly around. A file catches her eye. She picks it up and opens it.

There is a picture of her, smiling, younger.

On the pages, as she starts to read are words;

“incestuous”, “schizophrenic hallucinations”, “virgin birth”, “electric shock treatment”, “pregnancy terminated”.

INT. CUP OF COFFEE – DAY

A spoon stirs the darkness.

INT. SHIP COFFEE SHOP – CONTINUOUS

OPHELIA stirs her coffee, with a six year old FREUD sitting next to her. He is becoming more and more childlike. He has ice cream all over his face and the floor. Losing his focus. OPHELIA stares at him, watching this change which is happening so fast. In the background, BUSTER sweeps the floor.

OPHELIA

Sigmund! Don't throw your ice cream on the floor.

YOUNG FREUD

Why?

OPHELIA

Because it's not polite.

YOUNG FREUD

Why?

OPHELIA

Because you don't have to clean it up, that guy has to. Sorry.

BUSTER shrugs and sweeps on.

YOUNG FREUD

I don't care. I want the banana room.

OPHELIA

What's the banana room?

YOUNG FREUD

The banana room!

BUSTER looks up and pays attention.

OPHELIA

Don't do this to me Sigmund. I need to talk to someone about this. I was pregnant. Where did the child go? Where did my memory go? They just erased my memory? How do they do that?

YOUNG FREUD

I want the banana room.

OPHELIA

Sigmund! Where's the banana room?

YOUNG FREUD

The banana room!

He is fidgeting as if desperate to go to the toilet.

OPHELIA

You're old enough to go on your own.

YOUNG FREUD

I want you to take me!

OPHELIA starts to cry again.

OPHELIA

I can't go any further. I'm tired. How did my life get so fucked up?

YOUNG FREUD

Mummy? Why are you crying?

OPHELIA

I need you to be a very good little boy right now, Sigmund.

YOUNG FREUD

Don't cry mummy.

OPHELIA

Can you do that? Can you be a good little boy?

YOUNG FREUD

Yes.

OPHELIA

I gotta figure something out here. This is crazy.

YOUNG FREUD

Mummy. Mummy mummy mummy...me me me me...

OPHELIA

I'm not your god damn mother, kid!

YOUNG FREUD

Mummy mummy mummy...me me me me...

OPHELIA yells at people in the coffee shop.

OPHELIA

Hey! Has anyone seen this kid's parents? He's driving me crazy.

Anyone?

YOUNG FREUD

MUMMY MUMMY MUMMY! ME ME ME ME...

OPHELIA

Have you just peed in your pants, Sigmund.

YOUNG FREUD

Yes!

OPHELIA

Jesus Christ. I'm just a fucking dancer on a ship. I don't need this shit.

She gets up and stalks away. YOUNG FREUD jumps out of his chair and runs after her.

YOUNG FREUD

I want the banana room, mummy. Mummy, where are you going? Mummy!

OPHELIA

I can't. OK. Sigmund. Mummy's gotta go get some banana room paper to wipe up the mess. So I want you to sit right there and be a good boy and mummy will be right back, OK? Go on. Eat your ice cream.

YOUNG FREUD

OK.

OPHELIA

I'll be right back. Hey, Buster, keep an eye, will you?

BUSTER nods OK.

The immature four year old sits down and eats ice cream.

OPHELIA walks away without a glance back.

BUSTER is sweeping. Through the coffee shop window he notices the eggheads congregating, looking for the little boy.

They enter the coffee shop.

BUSTER grabs the kid and ducks beneath a table.

BUSTER looks at the baby FREUD and puts his finger to his lips as the legs get closer and closer to their table.

ROSEN

Ladies and gents, anyone seen a little boy accompanied by this woman? They are escaped lunatics, we have a situation on our hands, as you may well be aware, we are professors Rosen, Krantz, Guild and Stern, travelling to a psycho-analysis convention in New York...

Screams in the coffee shop because just then, the embalmed mummy whom FREUD saw in the elevator, enters the shop.

MUMMY

You think, therefore I am.

Amidst screams and confusion, BUSTER observes the creature being surrounded by the eggheads and the uniformed authorities.

UNIFORM

Is this him? Professor. I'm going to ask you to lie down on the ground.

ROSEN

That's not him, it's a split. It's his sub-conscious fear.

MUMMY

I'm an Egyptian, not a Jew.

HAMLET runs past them at full speed, into the coffee shop.

ROSEN

Hamlet! Damnation. Who let him loose?

KRANTZ

Lockdown! We need lockdown!

HAMLET starts to throw chairs and tables at the authorities and the eggheads.

HAMLET

My excellent good friends! How dost thou Guild and Stern? Ah, Rosen. Krantz! Good lads, how do you both? What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

ROSEN

Prison, my lord?

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

KRANTZ

We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET

Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

BUSTER takes the opportunity to start moving with the BABY FREUD under the tables, towards an exit.

GUILD

Why then your ambition makes it one. 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET

O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

As the authorities attempt to contain the madness, BUSTER slips into the ladies' toilet with BABY FREUD.

INT. LADIES' TOILET

BUSTER places BABY FREUD in a washbowl and proceeds to look under each toilet cabin for OPHELIA.

OPHELIA

Hey! Fucking creep!

She exits the cabin and stares at BUSTER.

YOUNG FREUD

Mummy mummy mummy!

OPHELIA

Hey...what are you doing with my kid?

BUSTER, starts to motion excitedly towards the exit.

Just then, HAMLET bursts through the doors, swinging a chair at the authorities.

HAMLET

Mother! Mother! Mother!

A stall is kicked open. There stands SARAH BERNHARDT.

BERNHARDT

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET jams the ladies' toilet door closed. The authorities pound at it from the exterior.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

She points to the toilet bowl.

BERNHARDT

Come come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Everyone starts to climb into the toilet bowl. BUSTER first, then

OPHELIA and baby FREUD, then HAMLET.

BERNHARDT

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, by the rod, not so.

He pulls her in. As the toilet door gives way with a splintering crunch.

INT. TOILET BOWL - NIGHT

Our characters are sliding down a rabbit's maze of holes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

OPHELIA lands through a chute into a leather analyst's couch. She catches her breath and turns to stare at this bizarre environment.

The space is filled with two TV monitors for eyes and bananas galore.

One by one the others appear through chutes onto leather couches,

through holes which appear to be nasal and oral cavities, because they appear to be...

IN THE INTERIOR OF FREUD'S HEAD.

Like a Salvador Dali set, surreal touches all around. Melting clocks. Trompe l'oeils everywhere, staircases leading nowhere, a Las Vegas blinking neon lit mix of ancient Roman and Egyptian architecture.... Objects belonging to FREUD litter the room, ancient Egyptian artefacts, pipes, and clusters of bananas everywhere. Like the interior of a surreal spaceship.

There sits the chimpanzee in the centre of the room, watching the TV monitors whilst devouring bananas. Next to the chimp is a very happy two year old baby FREUD, slobbering bananas all over himself. Throwing the peels all over the floor.

BABY FREUD

Banana room! Banana room!

On the TV screens the earlier drama unfolds.

OPHELIA

Fasten your seatbelts...

OPHELIA, HAMLET, SARAH BERNHARDT and BUSTER watch as...

From FREUD's severed head POV;

The uniforms pick up his screaming conscious head and start throwing it to each other. A scream, then BUFFALO BILL appears, catching FREUD's head mid flight.

BUFFALO BILL catches his head and dribbles it on the ground, basketball style.

BUFFALO BILL flings FREUD's head across the room.

EINSTEIN catches his head. Speaks to him.

Drop kicks him to PICASSO.

Who manipulates his head, painfully; FREUD screams again.

SITTING BULL takes the head from PICASSO and places it back on the headless body.

HE STANDS UP.

INT. IMMORALITY CLUB - NIGHT

Teenage FREUD dusts himself off and starts to walk through the cast of characters, who stand in silent awe.

Close up on his eyes.

INT. FREUD'S HEAD (SURVEILLANCE ROOM) - NIGHT

OPHELIA watches through his eyes, the TV monitors, as FREUD walks past BUFFALO BILL, EINSTEIN, HAMLET; all start to spontaneously applaud him.

They follow him as if he were a resurrected prophet.

EXT. IMMORALITY CLUB - NIGHT

The MUMMY approaches; hands FREUD the parcel, now a floating balloon. BUFFALO BILL and the SPITE agent dance together.

INT. FREUD'S HEAD (SURVEILLANCE ROOM) - NIGHT

As he advances through the club, OPHELIA watches with tears in her eyes as all the characters in this story are now parting like the red sea, to stand on each side of FREUD, the resurrected prophet; all applauding the young boy. Getting younger by the second. Now twelve. Some weep. Others reach out to touch him, or to kiss his cheek.

EXT. OCEAN LINER DECK – HIGH NOON

As FREUD pushes through the doors into the morning air to the cheers of his people.

Following him are JUNG and EINSTEIN. SITTING BULL, BUFFALO BILL and the SPITE AGENTS, PICASSO and his wife.

And the EGGHEADS! Suddenly appear and throw themselves at FREUD, clawing at him.

EGGHEADS

The future is Freud! Freud is the future!

INT. FREUD'S HEAD (SURVEILLANCE ROOM) – HIGH NOON

The EGGHEADS are clawing their way through FREUD's eyes into the inner sanctum! They are his crazed disciples.

EGGHEADS

We are the eggheads. We are in Freud and Freud is in us.

ROSEN

Give us our savior! We want to praise him!

EGGHEADS

He is the voice of many angels and that number is two hundred thousand thousand and out of his lion's mouth comes fire and brimstone.

ROSEN

Smite the infidel, o father!

EGGHEADS

The Kingdom of Heaven is within! Behold the lion of the tribe of Judah. Hide us from the wrath of the lamb!

ROSEN

Everything is becoming. Nothing is!

They have crawled inside and advance on the child, eating bananas.

HAMLET leaps up and pulls his rapier, begins to fence with the eggheads, like Errol Flynn.

OPHELIA grabs the child and tries to shield him.

The chimp throws banana peels.

The eggheads slip on the banana peels.

BUSTER clobbers KRANTZ over the head with a clock.

BERNHARDT clobbers GUILD over the head with her wooden leg.

HAMLET dispatches STERN and ROSEN through a trapdoor.

OPHELIA

My hero!

OPHELIA begins to sing. She holds baby FREUD in her arms.

As she sings, outside, everyone else begins to join in, wildly enthusiastic.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

(v-o) Love's a blind fisherman

love cannot see;

whisper the child, then,

what would love of me?

EXT. OCEAN LINER DECK – HIGH NOON

As FREUD, now seven, walks out into the new day;

CHORUS

And when your dreams haunt you at night get analysed,
they'll make you right

they'll wash your brain with words like infantile oedipal symbols are interpreted as unconscious
tabootabootabootaboo
and pathological wish fulfillment theories incite pleasure
tabootabootabootaboo the motive of course being incest Tabootabootaboo
tabootabootabooand life but a dream flowing into another
dreamomnamahshivayah
(do not think thoughts do not think thoughts)
Out onto the deck they all dance.
FREUD's face is getting younger at a speed now visible to the human eye;

5...4 1/2...4...3 1/2...3...

INT. FREUD'S HEAD (SURVEILLANCE ROOM) - HIGH NOON

Hamlet advances and kneels down, smiles.

He addresses the child.

HAMLET

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

OPHELIA is wailing. The child is gone.

EXT. OCEAN LINER DECK - HIGH NOON

And the balloon lifts the FREUDIAN child up spinning towards the sunlight...

INT. FREUD'S HEAD (SURVEILLANCE ROOM) - HIGH NOON

OPHELIA, inconsolable...

Up and up we spin into the spiralling light...

INT. WOMB - BIRTH

Spiralling down a roaring tunnel, carried by the torrent, head first, the conscience about to be born into the world is hurtled towards the light. Closer and closer come the distant cries of childbirth, mingled with OPHELIA's weeping.

INT. FREUD'S BEDROOM

FREUD opens his eyes. He is in bed.

Next to him lies an embalmed mummy.

He sits up on the edge of his bed, rubbing his eyes. Pulls on his slippers.

MUMMY

You think, therefore I am.

THE END