

THE HALO OF HELL

A True Crime Account of Collaboration and Courage



In memory of Rudolf Vrba, the bravest man I ever met

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THE HALO OF HELL

EXTERIOR. *Camera pans convoy of two dozen black limousines, purring at mid-day on circular drive before onion-domed Cathedral of Transfiguration. Silhouettes of chauffeurs can be seen through dark-tinted glass. SOUND of mournful boom of church bell. Then muffled choir singing The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Beefy guards dressed in black wait on steps with walkie talkies, while 30 priests, led by a Cardinal, file with choreographed solemnity into church.*

TITLE: TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 1988

INTERIOR of church. *Scene could be from 1930's church in Budapest or Istanbul. Archbishop dressed in Eastern Orthodox garb. SOUND of him intoning in Latin as Cardinal and 30 priests file past open casket and gather behind pulpit. Incense, candles etc. Beefy honour guard of six stands beside casket. Three choirs flank altar.*

CLOSE UP of Stephen Roman lying in state, dressed in emerald green silk regalia with epaulettes and white gloves. Napoleon style headdress, sword and silver scabbard lie on Roman's chest. ABOVE PAN of choirs singing Battle Hymn of the Republic.

INTERIOR shot of young reporter with notebook standing underneath stained glass window, who has placed himself for direct view of front pew. A dapper but unobtrusive elderly man stands beside him. They are surrounded by others.

REPORTER: *(half whispers to man as choir sings)* I had no idea how important he was. This could be a state funeral.

KLIMA: *(smiling sardonically, with trace of Czech accent)* Or the burial of Napoleon. You're standing inside Stephen Roman's tomb.

REPORTER: His tomb?

KLIMA: There's a concrete crypt in the basement. He'll be sealed inside it tomorrow. Those guards standing beside his casket are to make sure nobody steals his body first - for ransom money. This *(Cermack gestures at church)* is his \$25 million gravestone.

REPORTER: Did you file past his casket? He's even dressed like Napoleon.

KLIMA: That's the regalia of a Knight Commander of the Order of Saint Gregory. The highest honour the Vatican will give a layman.

Reporter takes out notebook, pen, writes quick note.

REPORTER: (*nods to front pew*) I'm from the Globe. Dan Howell. That the family?

KLIMA: (*nods*) His wife, Betty. His brother George. Seven kids. You could almost say a dynasty.

Camera shot of black-veiled widow, seven grown children.

REPORTER: (*with pen poised*) You recognize any others in the front pews?

KLIMA: (*nods*). Of course. There's William Davis, former Ontario premier. Michael Wilson, federal finance minister. Mila Mulroney, the Prime Minister's wife. Robert Coates, former minister of defence. Paul Martin Sr., former minister of external affairs. The manager who ran Denison Mines for 30 years. The former manager of Solomon Brothers brokerage...

Choir finishes. Cardinal comes to pulpit.

CARDINAL: Dear friends. Before the eulogy and mass for our beloved Stephen Roman, I want to share with you a personal message sent to his wife Betty from the Holy See. These are indeed hallowed words for a man we all knew and loved as a father, friend, eminent industrialist, and devout servant of God:

Reads:

The Holy Father was greatly saddened at the sudden loss, and vividly recalls his special apostolic visit to bless the cornerstone of the Cathedral of Transfiguration. He prays for the soul of your deceased husband.

REPORTER: (*writing quote in his notebook*) There's my lead. A quote from the Pope himself! (*Gestures at scene to Klima*) This is some kind of epitaph.

KLIMA: (*caustic*) Well, there's lies, damned lies and then there's funeral eulogies.

REPORTER: I don't get you.

KLIMA: Would you care to know who else came to pay their last respects?

REPORTER: Sure - (*looks obviously at watch*) but I've got a deadline...

KLIMA: That distinguished looking elderly man standing behind Roman's casket is Joseph Kirschbaum. He was Roman's mentor. He got rich handling Roman's corporate insurance. He's an authority on Slovak culture, and speaks six languages...

REPORTER: (*surprised*) He's watching us now.

KLIMA: (*nods*) He's also a convicted Nazi collaborator. The half dozen men around him served in the Hlinka Guard, which helped send 70,000 Slovak Jews to the death camps in Poland...

REPORTER: (*shocked, disbelieving*) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I can't print anything like that! What kind of proof...?

KLIMA: It's history, Mr. Howell. There are court records, photographs, witnesses, documents. I'm a lawyer. I've been collecting evidence for nearly 50 years.

Cermack turns to look reporter straight in the eyes.

KLIMA: Some of it's personal. I'm a Czech. The first time I saw Kirschbaum, I was a student. After the Nazi invasion in 1939, they gave us a choice: go to a Nazi university, or work as slave labourers in their aircraft factories...

Choirs builds toward Glory! Glory, Hallelujah! final chorus

KLIMA: My whole class chose the factory. Some of us were assigned to crucial metal lathes. In a small way, we sabotaged production by cutting our palms with razor blades. (*shows scarred palms*) Then we rubbed dirt into them. The infections stopped us from working. So the lathes stopped. At night we watched him (*nods to Kirschbaum*) on the Nazi newsreels, praising Hitler and the fall of France.

Klima points to another man in pew near rear of church. Kirschbaum notices, his eyes follow and recognize Lenart. Lenart meets his gaze. Kirschbaum's eyes swing back to Klima. Klima meets his gaze. Kirschbaum whispers to one beefy guard.

Sudden crackle of walkie talkies, then beefy guards from church steps surround Klima and reporter, quietly muscle them out of church as choir begins requiem mass. No one notices they are being forcefully escorted out. As they are led down steps, camera pans cathedral. FADE OUT.

FADE INTO nearly identical cathedral in Slovakia, obviously at least a century old, weathered. A large crowd, mostly poor peasants, surrounds the steps. Farm wagons and horse carriages wait behind crowd. There are two black 1930's Mercedes touring cars with Nazi-style markings and pennants on aerials.

TITLE: VELKY RUSKOV, SLOVAKIA, NEAR THE RUSSIAN BORDER, 1937.

The camera sweeps the faces of a dozen Catholic clergy, dressed in black clerical robes and collars, who flank a speaker's podium set up on steps of church. Banners with black and white Slovak military insignia (variants of Nazi symbols) are draped across church. Similar crest on podium. Various men in blackshirt and Gestapo-style clothes

(armbands, berets, officer's uniforms, boots) stand stiffly on stage.

Durcansky, at podium, looks like a swarthy Mussolini with a moustache. He uses near identical gestures and speaking style. His voice, amplified by a halo broadcast microphone and a portable amplifier, volleys over an enraptured but sometimes cowering crowd. They've never seen anything like this.

DURCANSKY: ...Men of sacred Slovak soil! It is time to take back our enslaved nation from the Czechs, the Jews and the Marxists! They alone are responsible for the misery you suffer. Tell me: do you own the banks and the factories and the shops?

CROWD: No!!

DURCANSKY: *(pounds podium)* Do they pay you fair prices for your milk and meat and cabbages?

CROWD: No!!

DURCANSKY: Do they charge you fair prices when you buy the cured hams and breads and cheeses they make from them?

CROWD: No!!

DURCANSKY: For clothes and tools and furniture?

CROWD: No!!

DURCANSKY: Czechs are bandits, but the Jews are the worst! Any Aryan must be completely repulsed by the sight of such slimy, degenerate bodies, by their idiotically crazed faces, and their stocky legs. Our Hlinka movement says: Out with the Jews! Ship them to Marxist Manchuria where they can infect no one but their fellow Bolsheviks!

Crowd, priests, other officials on stage: Out with the Jews!

DURCANSKY: Let us solve the Jewish problem as in Germany. And let us always remember the immortal words of our beloved Father Hlinka: One God, one nation, one people!

Durcansky gives fascist salute, joined by all on stage. Crowd roars approval, salutes back. Camera picks up awestruck face of 16-year old STEPHEN ROMAN, standing at front of crowd beside his father and older brother. They are in church clothes. Roman's father, obviously a wealthy farmer, returns fascist salute. Roman looks up at him, beaming with pride.

KIRSCHBAUM, *dressed as commissioned officer, gives DURCANSKY fascist salute, takes over podium. Speaks in polished, academic tone.*

KIRSCHBAUM: Fellow Slovaks! The hour of independence is close at hand. Nationhood is inevitable. This is your sacred mission, (*gestures to clergy on stage*) which has the blessing of your church, and the man we all pray will soon be the first president of a sovereign Slovakia - Father Tiso!

Crowd roars as Tiso, almost a dead ringer for Friar Tuck, clasps Kirschbaum's hands, steps to podium.

TISO: (*beaming*) Thank you, Dr. Kirschbaum. Our cause has no finer allies than you and Dr. Durcansky. I bless you both.

Crowd roars approval. Durcansky and Kirschbaum click heels together, bow to Tiso. Tiso turns back to crowd, holds up Bible, his face now contorted with rage.

TISO: Yes - our sacred duty is to make sure Slovakia's national and racial purity is protected. (*pause*) And I say to you: The Jew is a boil on the face of humanity! The Talmud is a Satanic document. Even Jewish children spread immoral talk among our Christian children. So we must segregate them. We must prohibit Jewish children from attending Christian schools, public places like swimming pools and playing fields...

FADE OUT as crowd roars approval. Roman stares with obvious adoration at Tiso, Durcansky and Kirschbaum. Small scuffle as some Slovak teenage boys yell epithets and pelt vegetables at Jewish students, including teenage Rudolf Vrba and his brother Sammy, at rear of crowd.

TITLE: HALIFAX HARBOUR, 1937

FADE IN. Roman with brother coming down gangway from ship in Halifax. They are surrounded by hundreds of dirty, poorly dressed immigrants. The Roman brothers wear the same clothes as at Tiso rally. They carry huge suitcases, are wide-eyed and obviously overwhelmed. They are accompanied by two immigrant priests. Roman gives his bags to George, carries priests suitcases.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Police station. EICHMANN and his aide NAUJOCKS in SS uniforms, commanding phone and radio lines. Confused Slovak police, Hlinka Guards including STETTREISER, FIALLA.

TITLE: BRATISLAVA POLICE STATION, NOV. 3, 1938

POLICE CAPTAIN: But we have received no orders...

EICHMANN: (*barks to hapless police captain*) Your orders now come from Reichsmarshall Goering, not Prague! You have 48 hours to get them all on trains!

POLICE CAPTAIN: (*doggedly*) But I have no authority to requisition trains. Or the men to track down...

Durcansky and Kirschbaum enter in Hlinka Guard uniforms.

DURCANSKY: (*nods to SS men*) Herr Eichmann. What's the meaning of this?

EICHMANN: (*with air of banal officiousness*) Good evening, Durcansky. As you know, thousands of Austrian Jews are escaping official Aryanization orders by taking refuge in Slovakia. I am here to recover the currency and gold they fled with.

DURCANSKY: On whose authority? Your jurisdiction is Austria.

EICHMANN: Reichsmarshall Goerings'. My jurisdiction is now the entire eastern Reich. And its allied territories.

Durcansky exchanges worried look with Kirschbaum.

DURCANSKY: What are the orders?

EICHMANN: All Jews are a burden to the Greater Reich. Those in Slovakia are to be rounded up within 48 hours, stripped of all assets, and shipped to Hungary.

POLICE CAPTAIN: That's tens of thousands! The Hungarians will never allow Jews across the border, especially those without a penny. They have been dumping their own Jews into Slovakia!

EICHMANN: (*calm, penetrating look at Durcansky and Kirschbaum*) Then it appears our Hungarian allies are more loyal to the Fuhrer than the Hlinka Guard.

DURCANSKY: Our loyalty is beyond question, Herr Eichmann. (*to captain*) On the authority of the provisional Slovak government of Father Tiso, I order you to begin the deportations.

POLICE CAPTAIN: And if the Hungarians turn them back? What about women and children?

EICHMANN: (*shrugs*) The Jews think *they're* the master race. So let them make houses and food out of ice and mud. (*grins*) In the no-man's-land at the border. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Red Cross workers in makeshift camp in frozen field. A few tents, sacks of belongings. Poorly dressed Jews, most with star of David on coats, huddle around fires. Red Cross worker peels back blanket in horse cart. Two dead, frozen children underneath, arms around each other.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Kirschbaum and Hlinka Guards smashing Jewish shop windows, taunting Jewish shoppers. They enter raucous beer hall. Kirschbaum and a dozen Hlinka Guards whooping, singing, chugging beer served by silent, wary waiter LENART. All join in as Kirschbaum climbs onto table, orchestrates chorus:*

One god, one people, one holy nation
Delivered from Czechia's domination
Sacred Slovakia will only be free
When the last Jew hangs from a Vrba tree!"

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Kirschbaum and Durcansky, dressed in Gestapo-style uniforms, riding at night in Nazi touring car. Nazi pennant on aerial, insignia on car and Gestapo driver Naujocks. No sound as they drive past empty street after street of smashed-in store fronts, broken glass, fires. JUDEN and yellow star of David painted everywhere. LONG SHOT down alley. Nazi brownshirts cutting off beard, hair of a rabbi, throwing locks of hair in air with delight, setting on flame with matches.*

TITLE: KRISTALNACHT, BERLIN, NOVEMBER 10, 1938

NAUJOCKS: *(grinning to Kirschbaum and Durcansky in rear view mirror)* Reichsmarshall Goering's having a little fun tonight. He'll be in a good mood in the morning. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Kirschbaum and Durcansky, dressed in Slovak military uniforms (Gestapo black), seated before massive desk obviously waiting for an important meeting. They've been served coffee. Office has Nazi flags, insignia, models of Messerschmidts and Luftwaffe bombers on desk and bookshelves. Naujocks with notepad watches from corner of room.*

Door bursts open, GOERING strides in carrying sheaf of papers, wearing Reichsmarshall uniform. Naujocks snaps salute which Goering waves off. Kirschbaum and Durcansky jump to feet, give fascist salute.

KIRSCHBAUM/DURCANSKY: Heil Hitler!

GOERING: *(returning salute and sitting down)* Heil Hitler!

Goering nods for two to sit down, Naujocks to take notes.

GOERING: The delay could not be avoided, gentlemen. You saw the - Kristalnacht disturbance?

Kirschbaum and Durcansky nod.

GOERING: The Jew Devil brought it upon himself. *(waves papers, reads)* This is

Himmler's report. Dead: 136. Destroyed: 815 Jewish businesses, 29 warehouses, 171 houses, 191 synagogues. (*pauses, glowers*) What a goddamn waste!

DURCANSKY: (*confused*) Herr Reichsmarshal?

GOERING: The warehouses! My industrial secretariat needed them.

Durcansky and Kirschbaum nod, but say nothing.

GOERING: I have good news. The Fuhrer is prepared to recognise Slovakia as a sovereign state.

Durcansky and Kirschbaum exchange elated smiles, lean forward expectantly.

GOERING: *If ...*

(long pause, searching stare)

... Father Tiso accepts these conditions:

One. In the event of war, Germany will have full use of all Slovak airfields, troop barracks, power plants and railroad facilities.

Two. All Slovak heavy industries will give priority production for Germany and its allies.

Three. The Jewish problem in Slovakia will be settled (*waves papers*) as in Germany. Jews will have no citizenship, no property. Germany will purchase those Jews fit for labour, and arrange resettlement.

These terms are the only ones acceptable to Germany. Are you agreed?

DURCANSKY: Agreed, Reichsmarshal Goering.

GOERING: Excellent. A formal treaty will be drawn up by von Ribbentrop. In the meantime, Eichmann will provide your Hlinka Guards with the training, funds and weapons to achieve our common goals. Good day, and give the Fuhrer's warm wishes to Father Tiso. Heil Hitler!

Durcansky and Kirschbaum stand, give fascist salute. FADE OUT

FADE IN. Kirschbaum and Durcansky in Goering's office with other Hlinka Guards. Naujocks takes notes. High tension obvious.

GOERING: (*glowering*) Gentleman. Time is running out. You have only a matter of days to decide Slovakia's fate.

DURCANSKY: Herr Reichsmarshall - we implore you and the Fuhrer for protection from Prague...

GOERING: (*exploding*) The Czechs are a miserable pygmy race! They are oppressing a cultured people. Behind them is Moscow and the eternal mask of the Jew devil. The Reich will not allow a petty segment of Europe to harass the human race!

Dead silence in room.

GOERING: (*pounding desk, strutting*) You say Slovaks are not Czechs. You say you are loyal, aryan allies of the Fuhrer. We have given you money. Naujocks brought bombs to you and Kirschbaum. We have promised military protection...

DURCANSKY: And for that all Slovaks will be eternally grateful, Reichsmarshall Goer...

GOERING: (*thunders*) Then prove it! Tell Tiso to stop feeding his fat face with greasy hams while the Czechs mock us! Either he meets the Fuhrer and publicly asks for the Reich's protection, or your precious Slovakia will be swallowed up like a little pickled herring by our fascist friends in Hungary! FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Hitler's chancellery. Tiso, Durcansky, Hitler, two Nazi Generals gathered around table.*

TITLE: ADOLF HITLER'S CHANCELLERY. 6:40 P.M, MARCH 13, 1939

HITLER: (*in a tirade*) I alone am prepared to smash those pathetic pygmies in Prague at a moment's notice! I alone am prepared to eradicate the Jew and Gypsy (*glances at Durcansky*) vermin from eastern Europe and reclaim our rightful Lebensraum!

Tiso hangs head. Durcansky listens in grim silence.

HITLER: I thought from our many talks with Durcansky that the Slovaks wanted independence. But I have been keenly disappointed. Now I am unsure. So I have summoned you, Father Tiso, to clear this up (*bores in on Tiso*) in a very short time.

TISO: (*subservient*) Yes, Herr Hitler.

HITLER: (*screaming maniacally*) Do you want an independent existence or not? It is not a question of days, but hours! If you want independence on the agreed terms, I will guarantee it. If you hesitate or refuse to separate from Prague, I will leave the fate of Slovakia to events I cannot control.

Long silence. Ribbentrop enters hurriedly, carrying briefcase.

HITLER: (*feigning surprise*) Von Ribbentrop!

RIBBENTROP: Heil Hitler! Fuhrer, we have just received an intelligence dispatch! The Hungarian army has assembled on Slovakia's south border.

Tiso and Durcansky freeze. Hitler snatches dispatch, reads. Glares at Tiso.

TISO: Fuhrer! I beg of you time to consult with Dr. Durcansky. I promise we will prove worthy of your benevolence...

HITLER: No! No more delays! If you leave Berlin without signing this telegram (*Ribbentrop hands him paper*) declaring independence and asking me for immediate military protection, I will do nothing to restrain the Hungarians.

TISO: Fuhrer, I must ask you for time to approve a version translated into Slovak...

RIBBENTROP: Durcansky has already completed the Slovak translation, Father Tiso. (*hands him papers*) Please sign it at the bottom.

Tiso looks at Durcansky, who nods. Reads quickly. Signs.

HITLER: (*does little jig*) Excellent. My tanks will be in Prague within two days.
FADE OUT.

DARKNESS. *Ear-splitting roar (sounds like tanks rumbling) but turns out to be assembly line.* FADE IN. *Camera pans cavernous auto assembly plant. Whistle blows, plant phone rings, foreman (PUHKY) picks up, listens, shouts to workers: "Shuttin' the line down!"*

Gradually, line comes to halt. Silence. Men gape in awe. Grease-streaked 18-year old STEPHEN ROMAN puts down wheel, rim and truck wrench, comes to foreman's booth with a dozen other men. Puhky turns on radio.

RADIO: ... officially declared war on Nazi Germany after its brutal attack against Poland. German bombers, flying in surprise attacks from airfields in the Nazi puppet state of Slovakia, (*Roman and Puhky freeze*) have smashed Warsaw relentlessly. To repeat: Great Britain, France and Canada have declared war on Nazi Germany. Prime Minister King will make a national broadcast at the top of the hour...

Puhky abruptly turns off radio. Long dead silence, broken only by hissing steam valves.

WORKER: (*with thick Czech accent, brandishes a tire iron and shouts to Roman*) Roman! We had enough you lunch-room brag! Yellow Slovak scab - first you work here

while rest strike, make union. Then Slovaks break up old country. Now you make world war! Rot in hell, you, Hitler and fat priest Tiso!

Roman picks up truck wrench, brandishes at worker. Worker wields tire iron, lunges at Roman. Furious fight. Worker strikes Roman on forehead, Roman staggers, bleeding from brow. Crowd jeers Roman derisively as he is pulled away by Puhky.

WORKER: Get outa Oshawa, you bum! Go plant onions again what don't grow for weeds. Maybe some farmer rent you again instead of dumb horse! We gotta war! Nobody wants traitor! Nobody wants scab! FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Kirschbaum in military uniform at podium before huge crowd in public square, Bratislava. Slovak and Nazi banners, insignia etc. Tiso, Durcansky on stage.*

KIRSCHBAUM: *(triumphantly shouting above crowd)* Today, not only the French army capitulated to the Germany army...!

Crowd interrupts with cheers.

KIRSCHBAUM: ...but also that world which we have been against for a long time - when we were one of the nations which began the struggle for the victory of nationalism!

Louder cheers. Tiso and Durcansky beaming, clapping. Many German officials on platform, including Naujocks, Eichmann. Also Stettreiser, Fialla.

KIRSCHBAUM: Since today we are celebrating the German capture of Paris, let us remember the time when our motto was: Hitler-Hlinka! - the same line which triumphed today. Let us celebrate our victory today!!

Thunderous cheers, fascist salutes as Kirschbaum leaves podium and is embraced by Tiso on his way to podium. Naujocks, Eichmann watch with bored disdain - they're in a backwater. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Kirschbaum in Hlinka Guard uniform, with Tiso and Durcansky.*

KIRSCHBAUM: *(Handing papers to Tiso).* My office has drafted this final list of industries to be forfeited from Slovak Jews, and the legal notices which will remove their citizenship and forbid them attending schools and public places. *(Tiso, Durcansky nod approval).*

DURCANSKY: *(reading list).* I see the Lenart pharmaceutical factory is on here. Excellent. I will have it seized so it can supply morphine for our troops and German divisions on the Russian front. The Red Cross can find another supplier. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Slovak school classroom. Teacher stops Vrba as he packs up*

textbooks.

TEACHER: (*sympathetically, waving paper*) Rudi - I've something difficult to say. Under orders from Dr. Kirschbaum, Jews are no longer permitted to attend school. (*pause*). You are my top student. I would arrange a private tutor - but that has been forbidden too.

VRBA: (*slinging textbooks over shoulder*) Then I will teach myself. Even chemistry, French and Russian.

TEACHER: (*hands Vrba paper*). This also forbids Jews to possess textbooks. You must turn them in to Dr. Kirschbaum's office.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Vrba studying chemistry textbook at night by flashlight.*

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Vrba and brother Sammy, with yellow star on sleeves, enter movie theatre. Sign reads: Jews: Back row only. They take seats.*

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Vrba and his brother Sammy walk past Jewish houses with furniture on lawns for auction and laughing, scornful Hlinka guards making old Jewish man clean sidewalk with toothbrush.*

HLINKA GUARD: (*laughs*) Look! Another house full of Jewish junk on sale for peppercorn prices! (*winks*) I wonder who betrayed those Yids?

HLINKA GUARD: We'll know next week, when the informants move into the empty house.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Teen-age VRBA in crowd as Kirschbaum delivers tirade from theatre balcony in Bratislava.*

KIRSCHBAUM: (*brandishing pamphlets*) The cowards who wrote these leaflets and lies are enemies of every Christian Slovak, and our ally, the great German nation! But their time of reckoning has come. From today, the Jews will be excluded from businesses. This is their punishment for political betrayal, for profiteering, for enslaving Slovakia!

Great roar of approval from crowd. Kirschbaum spots Vrba, yells: "There is the Jew Vrba! Get him!" Mob chases Vrba through back streets, he escapes. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Vrba being beaten by Hungarian border guards, dragged to Slovak customs shed, then beaten by Hlinka guards. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Vrba in Slovak slave labour camp, using bread bits to play skittles with Fero Langer for prize of salami.

LANGER: Again? I can't beat you and you've already won half of this salami.

VRBA: (*cocky grin*) Sorry, Fero. But I'll need the other half - for when I escape.

Both grin, return to playing skittles against cell wall. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba being beaten by Hlinka Guards in forest; others hold snarling police dogs on leashes. FADE OUT.*

FADE IN. *Military barracks. Kirschbaum in beige officer uniform, medals on chest. Writing report at plain wooden desk. Naked light from single bulb in room. Bottle of vodka, glasses. Appearance of interrogation room. Anton Rushla, 30, enters in officer's uniform. Kirschbaum looks up.*

TITLE: DROGOBYCH, RUSSIAN UKRAINE, OCTOBER 1941

KIRSCHBAUM: (*surprised*) Rushla! From the law school in Bratislava!

RUSHLA: (*with equal surprise*) Kirschbaum! What are you doing on the Russian front?

KIRSCHBAUM: I'm on an intelligence assignment. I report directly to Father Tiso. And you?

RUSHLA: A military prosecutor with the Slovak army. I try soldiers who violate the army code. (*gestures*) You are sitting in my courtroom.

KIRSCHBAUM: And what have you to report?

RUSHLA: (*guarded*) Is this an official interview?

KIRSCHBAUM: No! No! (*offers vodka, nods to glass*) I'm just pleased to see a friendly face. Sit down. Tell me how our units are doing. Unofficially.

RUSHLA: (*sits, pours vodka, takes shot*) Unofficially, most of the boys are a mess.

KIRSCHBAUM: You mean they're badly trained?

RUSHLA: No. Their morale has been smashed.

KIRSCHBAUM: Why? The war is going well. The Germans will be in Moscow by Christmas.

RUSHLA: Maybe. (*pause*) Have you heard of the Einsatzgruppe?

KIRSCHBAUM: No. But tell me. (*pushes vodka to Rushla, who pours glass. Kirschbaum does same*)

RUSHLA: They are German SS squads. Since Slovak troops are mopping up here, the SS are ordering them to help.

KIRSCHBAUM: War is war. There is a price to be paid for preserving a civilized Europe.

RUSHLA: (*gives Kirschbaum penetrating look*) Then, unofficially, let me tell you what the price is, Kirschbaum. And why Slovak soldiers are deserting, or being sent home as mental cases, or writing their bishops saying they would rather die than fight on the German side. (*pause*) Isn't *that* why you're here?

Kirschbaum avoids Rushla's gaze, says nothing.

RUSHLA: The Einsatzgruppe are an extermination squad. Since June, they have slaughtered nearly 100,000 Jews in the Drogobych district alone.

Kirschbaum says nothing.

RUSHLA (*pours another shot of vodka, drinks*) Practice makes perfect. In every town, they always tell the Jewish leaders to assemble all Jews for resettlement - and bring their valuables. When they are in the square, the SS order Slovak soldiers to ransack the crowd, taking even their winter coats. Then the Jews are herded into trucks, and taken to the nearest anti-tank ditch, or quarry, or ravine. They are ordered to kneel, then razed by machine guns fired by Slovak soldiers.

Kirschbaum says nothing.

RUSHLA: The German who dreamed this up is named Eichmann. Wherever he goes, hell follows. Tell Tiso that. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Banquet scene. Tiso at centre of head table, flanked by Kirschbaum, Durcansky, Naujocks, many Hlinka Guard officers, Stettreiser, Fialla, Gestapo, clergy.*

EICHMANN: (*standing, giving speech to others*) Thank you for honouring me with this special state banquet. On behalf of the Reichsfuhrer, I wish to thank the Slovak government and Father Tiso for concluding the recent accord dealing with the Jewish problem.

Polite applause.

As you know, 17,000 Slovak Jews were deported to Poland for resettlement this spring. I expect to ship a further 35,000 this summer, depending on train availability. The Slovak government has agreed to pay Germany 45 million Reichmarks if all 90,000 Jews

in Slovakia are deported. This has the Fuhrer's full blessing, as well as Father Tiso's.

More applause.

EICHMANN: In exchange, Germany has waived all claims to the property of the deported Jews, and formally promised they will never resettle here. *(raises glass to toast)* This is an excellent example of efficiency and equity among allies of the Greater German Reich.

All at banquet table rise, give fascist salute, toast, clap.

EICHMANN *(thin smile)* And now, if you will excuse me, your interior minister has invited me to go bowling. Heil Hitler!

Banquet table: Heil, Hitler! FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Laughing Eichmann and drunk Hlinka Guards aim bowling balls at hapless youth (Lenart) trying to reset bowling pins. Eichmann whispers command, two guards drag Lenart to him. Lenart bows head, undoes belt, trousers drop. Laughter. FADE OUT.*

FADE IN. *Vrba being herded into rail cattle car by Hlinka guards with eighty others. Young cousin watches, she runs up with bag of cherries. FADE OUT.*

TITLE: RURAL SLOVAKIA, JUNE 1942.

FADE IN. *Vrba briefly sees brother Sammy in Majdanek slave labour camp, a brief wave, then they are violently separated by camp guards. FADE OUT.*

FADE IN. *Vrba on filthy, packed cattle car to Auschwitz. He notices a young Slovak pair.*

VRBA: Tomasov!

TOMASOV: Rudi! We thought you escaped to Hungary months ago!

VRBA: *(grinning)* Hlinka Guards caught me. But I'll make it yet... Is this lovely girl your sister?

TOMASOV: No - my bride. We married a month ago, because Tiso promised deported Jewish families will never be separated. So there are hundreds like us...

VRBA: Then there must be a celebration! *(shouting above rocking, clickety-clack of train)* Friends! Friends! We have newlyweds. Bring out whatever food and drink there is - starting with this salami! And let's make the Tomasov's a private bridal suite!

Smiles break out, food and wine flasks are passed around. Claps and singing, dancing. Some women hang blankets in one corner for the 'bridal suite'. To cheers, the Tomasov's go behind blankets shyly, holding hands, while party carries on.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. The train arrives at Auschwitz. SS guards and dogs surround, separate healthy men (including Vrba) from elderly, women and children. Pandemonium. Tomasov cries out as his wife is put on truck, goes to help, is viciously whipped across face by SS.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Vrba being tattooed with number 44070.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Midnight. Vrba in striped tunic and pants, works unloading Jews on "selection" platform, new arrivals see camp truck packed with dead bodies revealed by arc lights. Inhuman wails.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. On sondercommando detail, Vrba sees mass grave of children's burned bones.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Sweltering day. Vrba in front row of Auschwitz prisoners in striped tunics. Old Jewish man is inspected by SS, beaten to death for 3 missing buttons. Himmler arrives in black open Mercedes, orchestra plays "Triumphant March" aria from "Aida". Himmler passes directly in front of Vrba. Their eyes lock. FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

SS GUARD: (to Vrba) Prisoner 44070! Report to the Kanada sorting depot! Raus! Raus! Raus!

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Vrba, emaciated, working in the Auschwitz 'Kanada' food depot, luggage splits open, he is beaten for sticking fingers into broken marmalade jar.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Vrba sorting thousands of spectacles, baby prams, clothes, shoes, using pitchfork to pack mountains of human hair in crates.

VRBA: (to women prisoners silently splitting open piles of toothpaste tubes, running paste through their fingers) This is madness. Has the SS forgotten German soldiers on the Russian front need to brush their teeth, too?

WOMAN: (laconic) They have forgotten nothing. One in a thousand of these tubes has a diamond hidden inside. So even their soldiers' teeth go black.

VRBA: And all this human hair? What could they possibly -

WOMAN: Torpedos. I heard an SS say they pack them with hair to keep them

watertight.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Vrba working as a registrar beside Wetzler, copying tattoo numbers of dead being loaded onto trucks. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Himmler again at Auschwitz, this time to witness gassing of 3,000 Dutch Jews, including children. Himmler signals to SS man on roof, who drops in Zyklon B pellets. Himmler watches through small window with wordless satisfaction.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Vrba falls in love with inmate Alice Munk, they meet at Birkenau barbed wire fence each day. Later friends arrange one night alone. Tender love scene in barrack. Next morning, thousands of Czech men, women and children, including Alice and two female friends, are brutally beaten, herded onto trucks by SS for gas chambers. Vrba (with registry book, uniform) told to either board truck, or survive.

Vrba and Alice share fierce, final embrace.

ALICE: We'll meet again, darling, and it will be wonderful. But if we don't, it has already been wonderful.

SS GUARD: Raus! Raus! Raus! Let go of that girl, or get into the truck with her!

ALICE: Go, darling. Go now!

Alice breaks embrace, runs to truck, clubbed from behind by SS. Her friends pull her onto truck. Final sound is them all singing the Czech national anthem. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Camp friend tells Vrba: "They all went quietly, except for three woman who fought the SS to the death."

FADE OUT. FADE IN. Central square, rural Slovak village. Winter. Dead bodies laid out, dressed in ragged partisan clothes. A dozen frozen bodies are strung up, hanged on public display. Banner reads: "Hitler - Hlinka." German Nazi and Slovak flags intermingled.

TITLE: RURAL SLOVAKIA, MARCH, 1944

Brigade of German SS officers, uniformed soldiers and Hlinka Guards captained by Stettreiser, very young and wearing winter uniforms and helmets shuffle in line toward table set out in public square. Priests surround table, which has communion wine, holy water bowl, mass wafers. Both German and Slovak soldiers are being given communion by Tiso. Total silence but for muffled sound of Tiso and soldiers saying Hail Mary's. Last soldier files past Tiso.

GERMAN OFFICER: ACH TUNG!! (Soldiers snap to attention, salute officer and Tiso)

TISO: Honour to the protector, Adolf Hitler! Glory to his army and the SS! We have a protector in the German Reich, and a magnanimous guardian in Adolf Hitler!

GERMAN OFFICER: HEIL HITLER!

Troops stamp, give fascist salute, bark: Heil Hitler!

TISO: Soldiers of the German SS! I would like to read the following telegram I have sent to the Fuhrer:

With great joy and deep gratitude I have the honour to inform you that troops under the command of SS General of Police Hoffle have liberated Banska Bystrica. Cooperating with the Slovak Hlinka Guard, they are successfully clearing our territory of (*gestures to hanged men*) Czecho-Bolshevik bandits! The entire Slovak nation joins with me in rejoicing. We bless the heroic struggle of the Greater German Reich for the protection of European culture!

Camera follows Tiso as he salutes then decorates German soldiers with medals.
FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Vrba, Fero Langer and Arnost Rosin discussing plans to escape hidden inside truck tool boxes.*

LANGER: We have paid a German guard to help us escape. Some gold now, much more from my father when we get safely home. Come with us.

VRBA: It's an SS trick to get your gold, and seize your father's.

ROSIN: Rudi's right. We must escape, but this way is a trap.

LANGER: It's too late. I've given him the gold. We go tonight hidden inside tool chests on delivery trucks. Are you in?

Vrba and Rossin shake their heads. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba and other prisoners watch as Langer and five others with bullet-ridden bodies are set on chairs by SS in camp square, note pinned to Langer's chest says: "We're back".* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba and Wetzler sprinkle petrol on tobacco, scatter it on huge stack of wooden planks outside fence, then hide inside. Others replace planks. Work brigade returns to camp. Siren. SS guards with dogs search all around.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Two different SS guards begin removing wood planks, Vrba draws knife, then siren starts, SS guards grin: "They've caught them!" and run to officer's shed.*

FADE OUT.

TITLE: APRIL 7, 1944

FADE IN. *Vrba and Wetzler crossing ice cold creek, running into thick woods.*
FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba and Wetzler in mountain pass, ducking sniper fire from SS brigade.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba and Wetzler given food, refuge by Polish farmer. Driving pigs to market.* FADE OUT.

TITLE: ZILINA, SLOVAKIA, APRIL 25, 1944.

FADE IN. *Vrba dictates report about Auschwitz to Jewish leaders, who promise to immediately alert Jewish leaders in Hungary to stop deportations.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Auschwitz escapees Arnost Rosin and Mordowicz meet Vrba and Jewish leaders, tell of Greek and Hungarian Jews just killed at Auschwitz, at rate of 12,000 each day.*

FADE IN. *Vrba fights in partisan brigade against Nazis, Hlinka Guard. Throws grenades into Nazi-held schoolhouse. Next morning, sees cattle cars with terrified Slovak, Hungarian Jews.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Eichmann conniving to obtain \$2 million ransom from Budapest Jewish leaders to save Hungarian Jews, arranges train for selected families to Switzerland, but trains from Hungary to Auschwitz continue.* FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Vrba secretly meets Slovak papal nuncio, who cross-examines Vrba about details in report, then breaks into tears and promises to courier report to Red Cross in Geneva.*

TITLE: BERNE, SWITZERLAND, MAY 1944

FADE IN. *Papal nuncio and Kirschbaum (reading report).*

PAPAL NUNCIO: I have no doubt Vrba's report on the death camps is accurate. Millions have been murdered. That report has gone to His Holiness, Churchill, Roosevelt, the King of Sweden. The trains from Slovakia and Hungary are still running. They must be stopped. Soon the Swiss newspapers will begin printing this.

Kirschbaum mortified. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Basement of a monastery. Armed American soldiers come down stairs,*

accompanied by clucking priests. Kick open door, find huge, half eaten meal at a table in dungeon-like room. Tiso cowering in a dark corner.

TITLE: CATHOLIC MONASTERY, LIBERATED AUSTRIA, MAY, 1945

U.S. SOLDIER: Are you (*reading order paper*) Monsignor Joseph Tiso, former president of the Nazi puppet state of Slovakia?

TISO: You are Americans?

U.S. SOLDIER: Sure are. You Tiso?

TISO: (*with huge relief, crosses himself*) Yes! Yes! Thank God in His Mercy you're not Russians! As the Slovak president and a Catholic priest, I formally claim diplomatic immuni...

OFFICER: You're not claimin' nothin', mister. You're on your way to Allied headquarters in handcuffs and leg irons. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Kirschbaum and Durcansky in baroque-appointed study. Night. Both in business suits. Durcansky has no moustache, hair dyed silver. Coffee service and cups on desk.*

TITLE: SLOVAK CONSULAR OFFICE, BERNE, SWITZERLAND, JUNE 1945

DURCANSKY: They'll look for the Germans first. There are thousands on the Allied lists to arrest. If you can pay - even Eichmann got through the cordons...

KIRSCHBAUM: Where will you go?

DURCANSKY: Spain first. Franco's people have promised me asylum at the embassy here. Then Argentina.

KIRSCHBAUM: And money?

DURCANSKY: I have several hundred pounds of raw morphine from the Lenart factory packed into my Daimler. Black market prices are still high. And you?

Long pause.

KIRSCHBAUM: The Holy See has promised me sanctuary, if necessary. It is safe here for now.

DURCANSKY: But money?

KIRSCHBAUM: (*hesitates*) Most of the treasury gold and German currency was converted to Swiss Francs and deposited here long ago.

DURCANSKY: (*abrasively*) That money belongs to Father Tiso and the government in exile, of which I am the provisional head.

KIRSCHBAUM: (*testily*) I have no instructions to that effect...

Phone rings. Both jump. Kirschbaum answers.

KIRSCHBAUM: Slovak charge d'affairs. Yes, this is Kirschbaum.

Listens. Slumps into chair. Says goodbye, puts phone down dejectedly.

KIRSCHBAUM: That was Rome. Father Tiso has been arrested by the Americans because (*pause*) - the Vrba report is very damaging. Despite a protest from the Holy See, he's been sent to Prague - in chains. He will be tried as a war criminal.

Long pause.

KIRSCHBAUM: The Allies have sent the Vatican a list of Slovak names on their war criminal look-out list. Both our names are already on it. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Vrba receiving military decorations from Czech army.*

FADE IN. *Vrba enrolling in university, Prague.*

FADE IN. *Wide shot of row of shabby wooden houses in lower working class residential street. Close up of #114 porch. Main window has venetian blinds. Pebble-glass front door has black lettering which reads: The Concord Mining Syndicate.*

TITLE: TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1947

Inside downstairs is crammed with desks buried in newspapers, stock tip sheets etc. Phones ring constantly. It's a penny-stock boiler room. Young white males work phones at feverish pace, selling penny mine stocks by reading from scripts on desks. Walls have framed motto's like: "Never Take No for an Answer!" and "Penny Stocks: Tickets to Prosperity!". Pictures of Tiso, Vatican, crucifixes, mine headframes, etc.

Back kitchen has been converted into glassed in office, with two desks. Roman and Puhky on phones. Roman leaning back in shirtsleeves, suspenders, obviously in high spirits but routinely gives inquisitional glare into boiler room.

ROMAN: (*on phone*) ...this prospector lives in some log cabin with his Indian squaw and half-breed kid a coupla hundred miles north of nowhere, and whadya know? He's snowshoein' through the bush and he see's this old tree that's been blown over, right?

Blizzard or somethin'. Anyway, without even takin' out his prospectin' hammer or nothin', he looks where the roots were and guess what? Gold! Right there in fronta' his goddam face! Glitterin' on the ground!

Listens.

ROMAN: Yeah. One in a million. Anyway, so this Joe Burke stakes out all the claims he can. Then he takes the train 'ta Timmins and sends us a telegram. He woulda sold 'em to the highest bidder, except he had a deal with us first so he couldn't. Grubstakin' Burke cost us less than a hundred bucks, plus he gets shares.

Listens.

ROMAN: (*whispers triumphantly*) Dome bought the claims for \$350,000 cash.

Listens.

ROMAN: Last Friday. We all made 15 grand each. Plus now I got my boiler boys selling tie-on claims under a dummy company called JoBurke Mines, so people'll think its the tree stump claim. My brother-in-law, Johnny Gardon, is runnin' the price up right now inside the stock exchange. He tips us off when to buy a block a shares to make the suckers think there's a big play comin'. Then he phones and tells us when to sell - just before the suckers find out it's junk.

Roman listens, then laughs uproariously.

ROMAN: We call it: cleanin' up the market. 'Cause we clean up! Yeah, sure, Johnny's in with us. He's a director and shareholder of all my companies! Plus he's got a catbird seat inside the stock exchange. Doncha just love free enterprise? (*Roman roars again*) Okay, call me Monday. Yeah. Okay. Bye.

Roman slams down phone victoriously, broad grin to Puhky. Glances out window, glares, throws open office door.

ROMAN: (*barking*) Where the hell's Ambrosic? I'm not payin' people to piss the day away...

Ambrosic appears escorting FRANC JOUBIN, whose spectacles and impeccable clothes hide taut, athletic frame. Joubin's eyes quickly size up boiler room operation and Roman.

AMBROSIC: (*nervously*) Mr. Roman, sir, this is a Mr. Franc Joubin.

ROMAN: (*stunned*) The Franc Joubin who - the geologist for Joe Hirshhorn?

Joubin nods. Boiler room drops into silence. Everyone stares at Joubin, then

Roman. Roman looks over boiler room scene with chagrin.

ROMAN: (*barks*) Ambrosic - get down to the corner and bring back some coffee and a nice white cake. Whatever's the best. Go!

Ambrosic disappears. As Roman escorts Joubin into office, he motions through glass for Puhky to end phone call instantly. Puhky hangs up in mid-sentence.

ROMAN: Mr. Joubin, this is John Puhky, the vice-president of the Concord Mining Syndicate. John, this is Mr. Franc Joubin, the top geologist for Mr. Joseph Hirshhorn.

Handshakes.

ROMAN: (*pulling up chair for Joubin*) Mr. Joubin. Please sit down. (*long pause*) What can we help you with?

JOUBIN: I understand your Syndicate has first option on the gold claims of Joe Burke near the Groundhog River.

ROMAN: (*cagy*) We have several major mine claims, Mr. Joubin. And we got - have - an exclusive prospector deal with Joe Burke.

JOUBIN: I see. Before we proceed further, can you tell me when your Syndicate was incorporated, and your current capitalization?

ROMAN: (*blurts proudly*) January '46. And our treasury's got \$360,000.

Joubin's eyes flicker with surprise, then glance through window at low-budget boiler room set-up.

JOUBIN: That's an impressive fifteen months. Is your Syndicate prepared to sell the Groundhog gold claims?

ROMAN: Certainly. We have some very ...

JOUBIN: I'm speaking strictly of the original claims registered by Joe Burke.

ROMAN: Well, Mr. Joubin - our Syndicate is very confident that the JoBurke Mine claims are just as ...

JOUBIN: Gentlemen. I personally inspected Joe's strike site last week, then came here directly. Neither I nor Mr. Hirshhorn are interested in any tie-on claims. I take it the first claims have been sold?

ROMAN: (*deflated*) Yes. To Dome last Friday. (*Then proudly*) We got \$350,000.

JOUBIN: *(rising from chair to leave)* That's a shame, Mr. Roman. Joe Hirshhorn authorized me to start his offer at \$500,000.

Roman's face freezes. He can't speak.

JOUBIN: Good day, gentlemen. Thank you for your time.

Roman's face falls. Camera shot from street of Joubin leaving house, while Ambrosic arrives with cake. INSIDE SHOT of Roman smashing cake from hapless Ambrosic's arms, yells:

ROMAN: Goddamn Hirshhorn - that fuckin' New York Jewboy!

Cake splatters everyone and office glass. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Concord office, night. Roman, Puhky, Durcansky and Kirschbaum. Boiler room office lights out. Mood secretive, very sombre. Coffee cups, Slovak pastries etc. on desks.*

ROMAN: *(reading from handwritten script)* The members of the Canadian Slovak League are shocked and horrified at the unscrupulous, pre-decided...

KIRSCHBAUM: Pre-determined is correct, I think, Stephen.

ROMAN: Yes, sir. ... *(writes correction on page)* Pre-determined, revengeful trial of Father Tiso. We ask our government to protest and denounce this prostitution of justice and decency. Father Tiso is wholly innocent of any crime...

Roman looks to Kirschbaum and Durcansky. They nod approval.

ROMAN: *(continues reading)* We think that the collaborationists and quislings who were in occupied and helpless nations like Slovakia are wholly irresponsible and not guilty because they acted under grave fear, duress and brute German force.

More nods of approval.

DURCANSKY: *(shaking his head sorrowfully)* The Americans could have given him sanctuary at the Holy See. Instead, they sent him to Prague in handcuffs and leg irons ...

ROMAN: He's no war criminal. He's a holy Father!

Roman smashes his fist onto desk, sends coffee cups and pastries onto floor. Moment of dead silence, then Puhky begins picking up pieces.

KIRSCHBAUM: (*quietly*) The Vatican has appealed for clemency, but...

Telephone ring shatters nerves. Puhky picks it up. Listens.

PUHKY: It's the papal nuncio's office in Ottawa. For Dr. Kirschbaum.

Kirschbaum takes phone, listens. Slumps.

KIRSCHBAUM: (*hollowly repeating message from phone*) Father Tiso was hanged at dawn this morning. He was found guilty by a Czechoslovak war crimes court of 97 of 113 charges of treason and crimes against humanity.

Long pause. Dead silence in room.

KIRSCHBAUM: Father Tiso denied any wrongdoing. He said: If God allowed me to carry out my policy again, I would do exactly as I have done.

Kirschbaum listens for a few seconds. Puts down phone. Takes deep breath.

KIRSCHBAUM: Prague has issued international warrants for both of us. We will be arrested and sent to Prague unless we leave Canada immediately on our Vatican visas.

All sink into chairs. Roman slowly tears composed letter into pieces, then begins sobbing. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Roman on phone, gleefully reading page:*

Then comes the promoter so wily and sly
As hard to pin down as a flea
He spreads the manure and calls for a whore
As the nightclub resounds to his glee
He tips the old grandmother off with a smile
Paints a picture of golden return
Grandma bites like a trout, and always strikes out
But is always so willing to learn!

Roman laughs so hard he chokes, drops phone, holds guts. Wipes tears from his eyes. Picks up phone.

ROMAN: (*gasping for breath*) Grandma bites like a trout! George - you wouldn't believe it, but there's a million grandmas out there who'll cash in their dead husbands' life insurance for a trunk full of junk stocks printed up pretty. Sometimes I sell 'em the same junk property three, four times under different dummy names!

Listens.

Roman with predator grin.

ROMAN: Listen, George, I gotta make some calls. When Betty gets home tell her it'll hafta be a late supper, okay? But a real Slovak supper with good silver. Yeah. See ya at mornin' mass, then we'll look at the heifers. Bye.

FADE IN. *Roman and delegation of clergy facing a bureaucrat. Ottawa and Parliament Buildings can be seen through window.*

TITLE: EXTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPT. OTTAWA, 1947

BUREAUCRAT: I am sorry, Mr. Roman. (*reads from paper*) All passports issued by the former Slovak State or Tiso government are invalid documents. Any alien presenting such a document will automatically be refused entry into Canada. This government administered the Slovak State when it was a puppet regime established by Hitler. Should the notorious adherents to the pro-Nazi regime apply for entry to Canada, they will be refused a visa.

CLERGYMAN: (*bursts out with Slovak accent*) Don't fall prey to Czecho-Bolshevik lies! The condition of these Slovaks (*waves page*) is far more pitiful and cruel than that of any other racial group - including the Jewish! In the last three years, 14,416 of Jewish ethnic stock settled in Canada. From now on the Canadian authorities should give more consideration to Slovaks in the D.P. and refugee camps! FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Roman and Puhky in Concord office. Roman on phone. Puts receiver down, beaming.*

ROMAN: That was external affairs in Ottawa. Swamping them and European refugee agencies for immigration visas worked. They just approved a quota for Slovaks. They're asking the Canadian Slovak League to recommend names. Dr. Kirschbaum should be here soon. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Concord office. Punch bowl, glasses on desks. Christmas tree, decorations added. Photo of Tiso on wall. Roman, Kirschbaum, Durcansky, Puhky, Stettreiser, Fialla.*

KIRSCHBAUM: ...to base the Slovak government-in-exile in Montreal since I now hold a part-time university teaching post there. The revised immigration rules mean the finest men who served the Republic can now settle here. Political figures, administrators, Hlinka Guards. Perhaps even Dr. Durcansky.

ROMAN: (*raising punch glass*) To the Slovak government-in-exile, and the day our Republic is restored!

All toast.

ROMAN: To the memory of Slovakia's greatest martyr, Father Tiso!

All cross themselves, toast sombrely. Distant knock on door. Puhky leaves, re-enters with RCMP.

RCMP: I am looking for a Dr. Ferdinand Durcansky, travelling on Argentine passport #36933. He landed in Montreal on December 15, and was mistakenly given a 3-month visa. It expires in March, 1951. He gave this address as his sponsor. Is he here?

ROMAN: No. I was told he already left Canada to spend Christmas in Argentina.

RCMP: *(not convinced)* I see. *(pause)* I don't have a warrant for this house. But if you are in contact with Durcansky, tell him the British Foreign Office has notified us his name is on the official list of convicted war criminals. He will never be allowed to enter England, Canada or the United States again. If he is in Canada, I suggest he leave. Otherwise he will be arrested for obtaining a visa under false pretences. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Vrba with Czech professor. Chemistry classroom.*

PROFESSOR: Rudi - I have good news. After reviewing your marks and research papers, a rubber refinery in Poland has sent an offer to join the staff as industrial chemist. This is a rare --

VRBA: Which one?

PROFESSOR: *(reading paper)*. The former I.G. Farben factory near Katowice.

VRBA: No. I cannot accept.

PROFESSOR: *(incredulous)* Rudi! Nobody turns down such an offer these days -

VRBA: Ten thousand nobodies died building that plant. I was one of those slaves, conscripted from Auschwitz. I could never work there.

FADE IN. *Very large, swank office of Joe Hirshhorn. Massive Viennese oak desk dominated by miniature switchboard which can take ten calls. Hirshhorn dressed like showboat gambler, manicured. Modern art paintings and sculptures, pictures of mine headframes decorate office. Setting exudes power, confidence, style.*

TITLE: FINANCIAL DISTRICT, TORONTO, 1953

HIRSHHORN: *(flicks toggle, angles cigar, speaks in brash genuine Brooklyn accent)* Miriam, baby - what's next? It's only 10:30. The market's doin' nothin'. I'm gettin' bored!

VOICE: Franc Joubin just got off the elevator, Mr. Hirshhorn. Shall I send him

right in?

HIRSHHORN: Oh yeah! You bet. And fix us some rolls and coffee, would ya? (*Flicks off toggle, then on again.*) And Miriam - make sure my table at the King Eddy is booked. Mrs. Hirshhorn #3 and I are having lunch. (*Flicks off toggle, then on again*) And Miriam - get me Beaverlodge, Saskatchewan at 11:45. I gotta get the new ore grades a coupla hours before the market gets wind of 'em.

VOICE: Yes, Mr. Hirshhorn.

Joubin enters carrying geological survey maps. Smiles.

HIRSHHORN: (*swoops out of seat with broad grin, slaps Joubin on back affectionately*) Frankie! Ya look great! What's up? Ya got another winner for me?

JOUBIN: I've got something that looks very good, Joe. But it's going to take some money to make sure.

HIRSHHORN: That ain't a problem, Frankie!. It ain't a problem. As long as it costs me a dime and it pays out ten dollars, I always got yakahoolah for bums I love.

JOUBIN: (*smiling*) This'll be quite a bit of yakahoolah...

HIRSHHORN: So what are we talking?

JOUBIN: Twenty-five thousand, just for test drilling.

HIRSHHORN: (*unfazed*) Where?

JOUBIN: Algoma. Half-way between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie, just off the CPR line.

HIRSHHORN: (*grins*) Good. I can hear loaded ore cars already. Whadya got?

JOUBIN: (*laughing with infectious mood*) Uranium, maybe some copper. I've staked out 36 claims. Forty acres each.

HIRSHHORN: Grades as good as Beaverlodge?

JOUBIN: I don't know, Joe. All I've got is surface readings with a Geiger counter. But if my hunch is right, we might have the biggest uranium deposit on the continent.

HIRSHHORN: (*Whistles*) The Yanks'll buy every ounce of uranium we can dig up now that Russia's got the H-bomb.

Joubin nods sombrely.

HIRSCHHORN: (*quietly, stroking modern statue on his desk*) The arms race is good for business. I can double my money inside a year.

Joubin nods again.

HIRSHHORN: Give me what ya got, Frankie.

JOUBIN: A prospector named Gunterman called me after running a Geiger counter over rock samples other prospectors abandoned at the Soo mine recorder's office. The needle went crazy over one at the bottom of a cigarette tin. We went out to the site. I got good surface readings. But when we did some test pits, we found nothing. The claims lapsed. Gunterman died in a canoe accident.

HIRSHHORN: Yeah?

JOUBIN: I couldn't explain it, but I couldn't forget it either. Then I found these old Algoma geology maps. One's from 1914, the other's from 1922.

Joubin unrolls maps, spreads out on desk. Hirshhorn looms over them.

JOUBIN: Look at this, Joe. Here's the Gunterman site. See the fault line right beside it? Now - look. It runs right up here, then here, then here in a great big Z. It's about 80 miles long.

HIRSHHORN: I don't get ya, Frankie. Whadya gettin' at?

JOUBIN: This fault is like one in South Africa I just read up on. There could be thick reefs of uranium - like compressed gravel bars - the whole way along this Z. There could be six, ten - even a dozen mines worth.

HIRSHHORN: Son-of-a-bitch, Frankie! We could corner the world market! Where would ya start?

JOUBIN: I'd put a drill rig on Gunterman's site. We'd know after ten drill holes.

HIRSHHORN: Jee-sus! Get your boys, get a drill rig, and get up there! You got title to the claims?

JOUBIN: Just the Gunterman site.

HIRSHHORN: Good. You and me gonna do this like always?

JOUBIN: (*smiles*) Sure, Joe.

HIRSHHORN: I gotta love ya, Frankie. You're one in a million. How much ya

need for drills and a crew?

JOUBIN: Twenty-five thousand, I think.

HIRSHHORN: I'm feelin' felonious - so I'll give ya thirty to start.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Hirshhorn's office. Hirshhorn at desk on phone, Joubin enters with maps, notebook, wide grin.*

HIRSHHORN: (*looks at Joubin*) Sugarbunch - gotta go. My favourite rock doctor just walked in and he's lit up like Christmas. See ya tonight. (*pause*) Miriam, since you're listenin', hold all my calls for the next hour. Especially if it's Mrs. Hirshhorn # 3. Or #2. Or #1. It costs me at least a grand every time I talk to one of 'em.

Hirshhorn toggles off.

HIRSHHORN: Sing me some sweet stuff, Frankie. I got alimony problems. Whadya got?

JOUBIN: It's what I thought, Joe. The drill hit on fifty of the first fifty-six holes.

Hirshhorn reaches into desk, pulls out flask. Takes stiff shot. Offers flask to Joubin, who declines with a smile. Hirshhorn takes another lusty swig. Lights cigar.

HIRSHHORN: (*hoarsely as whiskey burns his throat*) What's the grade? Will it cover my alimony payments?

JOUBIN: (*grins*) That depends on how many more times you get married, Joe. The grade's two and a half pounds per ton. That's four times richer than Beaverlodge. It's the richest uranium find in the country.

HIRSHHORN: (*in awe*) Shit.

Long silence.

JOUBIN: There's more, Joe.

HIRSHHORN: Whatdya mean, Frankie?

JOUBIN: Once I knew what we had at the Gunterman site, I started drilling up the Z. I bet there's 80 miles of it. We've got to stake it all. Quick. Or somebody else will.

HIRSHHORN: (*shakes his head. Takes another shot*). Shit.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Machine shop for bush plane service. Tools, workbench, canoes, propeller on wall. Big 1953 calendar with woman in bathing suit leaning against float plane. Reads Laugoma Airways Fishing - Hunting - Prospecting. Art Stollery in prospector's clothes, Carl Mattaini in grease-covered overalls, working on engine block.*

STOLLERY: *(nods to half-drunk 40-ounce bottle of whiskey on workbench)* Have another shot, Carl. It's too dark to fly your *(nods out window)* Seebee again tonight.

MATTAINI: Well....sure, okay. Thanks, Art. *(pours drink into paper cup)*

STOLLERY: *(walking around shop, obviously sniffing for clues)* You takin' off at dawn again tomorrow?

MATTAINI: *(nervous)* Yeah. How'd you know that?

STOLLERY: *(nonchalant)* I'm bunkin' at the motel in Algoma Mills. Heard your plane for the last few days. Never stops, mornin' to night.

Mattaini says nothing. Stollery keeps inspecting.

MATTAINI: Fishin' parties. Spring bear hunt. You know.

STOLLERY: Sure. *(pause)* You know McVittie, the car dealer?

MATTAINI: Yeah, sure. Everybody does.

STOLLERY: Says he spotted Franc Joubin 'bout ten days ago.

Mattaini stiffens, but says nothing. Keeps working.

STOLLERY: You know Joubin, Carl?

MATTAINI: *(nervously)* Little bit. Works for Joe Hirshhorn.

STOLLERY: Yeah. Just built a big uranium mine in Saskatchewan. I used to prospect for him. One time, Joubin and me looked over a uranium claim this German kid had. Coupla miles from here.

MATTAINI: Sure. Gunterman.

STOLLERY: That's right. Gunterman. Have another shot, Carl. *(pours shot into his glass. Pours one for himself. Cheers!)*

MATTAINI: *(reluctantly)* Cheers, Art. *(drinks)*

STOLLERY: Joubin back there in the bush now?

MATTAINI: Couldn't say, Art. But nobody needs a float plane to re-stake those claims. You can walk in.

STOLLERY: *(deflated)* Sure - that's right, Carl. Shoulda thought of that... *(suddenly voice sharpens)* Only I thought Gunterman died on the Montreal River in 50, 51?

MATTAINI: Yeah. They found his broken up canoe.

STOLLERY: Then his claims must've expired. But you just said "*re-stake*" those claims. That what Joubin's doin'?

MATTAINI: *(nervous)* Look, Art. I'm not sayin' nothin'. Your business is yours. Joubin's is his.

STOLLERY: Sure. Okay...*(suddenly notices handwritten notes on calendar beside Mattaini. Wolf whistles as he moves in for closer inspection.)* Say - that is one stacked broad on your calendar, Carl! Howdya like to peel her bathin' suit off?

MATTAINI: *(laughs)* I'm gettin' kinda old for that stuff, Art.

STOLLERY: *(reading note on calendar)* Another thing 'bout this calendar, Art.

MATTAINI: Yeah?

STOLLERY: There's a pencil note under July 11. It says: "Joubin crew out. Quirke Lake. 9 a.m."

MATTAINI: *(Freezes. Gulps whiskey.)* I never said nothin', Art.

STOLLERY: That's right, Carl. And I won't say a thing. Just put me down at Quirke Lake on your first flight tomorrow mornin.

MATTAINI: Jeez, Art. I dunno if that's...

STOLLERY: There's five hundred bucks if you do, Carl. And if you don't, I'll fly to Quirke on the first flight I can outa Algoma Mills. And Joubin'll still think ya told me.

FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Early morning. Franc Joubin and a dozen men walking through bush with axes, stakes, Geiger counters, survey equipment etc. Covered in mud, sweating. Stollery appears in same perfectly clean clothes. Has hatchet, light backpack, green*

poplar stakes.

STOLLERY: (*weak grin*) Hello, Franc. Fancy meetin' you here. (*looks over crew, suddenly sees Geiger counters.*) Jesus, you got an army up here!

JOUBIN: (*stiffly*) Morning, Stollery. Carl Mattaini just fly you in?

STOLLERY: No - I came in yesterday.

JOUBIN: (*inspecting him.*) We just saw his plane take off, and you're clothes aren't even wrinkled. Where's your tent?

STOLLERY: Uh - back on one of the beaches on Quirke. Fred Jowsey's flyin' in this aft with the rest of the gear.

JOUBIN: You staking claims?

STOLLERY: (*lame laugh*) Well, I'm not back here to pick blueberries, Franc!

JOUBIN: You haven't got any survey gear. You haven't got a partner...

STOLLERY: I've been stakin' by sight line. Jowsey and I'll re-do 'em when he gets here. But I've got stakes and numbered markers.

Long silence.

JOUBIN: Where have you staked?

STOLLERY: (*gestures with arms.*) From Quirke over to that crest. Then over to that ridge. Then to that one. Then I canoed out to that island and staked there. It's all legal...

JOUBIN (*snaps*) You're lyin', Stollery. Mattaini dropped you off an hour ago. I had men on every plane that flew in yesterday.

Stollery says nothing. Long bitter silence.

JOUBIN: We haven't got time to settle this here, Stollery. So we'll stake this way. You'll see the rest of our claim posts. (*nods to one of crew*) He's a lawyer. Our claims are properly surveyed. So don't touch them, and don't stake over them. Now get out of our way.

FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Concord office. Roman and Puhky at desks. Boiler room in full swing.*

ROMAN: (*reading newspaper*) That goddam Jew! John - listen to this!

Joe Hirshhorn has done it again. The brash, Brooklyn-born mine promoter has just completed the most brazen-claim staking coup in Canadian mining history. Operating in total secrecy, Hirshhorn assembled a team of 80 prospectors, geologists, lawyers, accountants and cooks and flew them into the Algoma District to stake for uranium. They went in a month ago. Last week, they came out. In a single day they filed 1,400 claims, covering 56,000 acres - an area the size of Manhattan.

Hirshhorn's geologist, the highly respected Franc Joubin, says the ore grades are far richer than uranium mines in Saskatchewan. Shares in Hirshhorn's new uranium syndicate have climbed from \$1 to \$40 in one week. The Algoma bush is crawling with prospectors looking for any crumbs Hirshhorn's men might have missed. Canada is now the uranium capital of the world. And there's no doubt Joe Hirshhorn is Canada's mining man of the year again!

Roman slams down paper.

ROMAN: That goddam Hirshhorn! He can't do nothin' wrong! Gold in Timmins. Uranium at Beaverlodge. Shares at \$40 bucks. And all we're gettin's is less'n 40 fuckin' cents.

PUHKY: Calm down, Stevie. Calm down. We're makin' a good livin'. You got a farm. You got a new purple Cadillac...

ROMAN: (*barks*) Maroon!

PUHKY: Okay. Maroon. We've got a nice package of tie-on claims from Quebec to Whitehorse...

ROMAN: (*slamming fist on desk*) Screw tie-on claims! I'm sick of this penny stock racket and the nobodies in it. I'm sick 'a swindlin' widows and suckers who haven't got shit for brains. I'm sick of this dump. I want somethin' big. If that Jew can do it, I can too! FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Concord office. Night. Roman, Stollery and Duke Fingard, who is dressed, moustached and coifed like a snake-oil salesman. There's a 40-ounce bottle of whiskey on Roman's desk and some paper cups.*

ROMAN: I'm interested. (*pause*) But I gotta know a lot more about (*waves papers*) these claims.

FINGARD: Sure. Shoot.

ROMAN: How'd you get 'em in the first place?

STOLLERY: I staked them myself. Two days before Joubin came off the Big Z, I got a tip-off from the pilot who flew him in. So I flew in with two buddies and staked 80 claims coverin' 3,600 acres. Met Joubin in the bush. He had forty guys with Geiger counters. I was in his path. He had to go around my claims.

FINGARD: (*smoothly*) They're officially registered, Steve. Everything's strictly legal.

ROMAN: How come Joubin didn't stake 'em before you got there? All the papers say he's one 'a the best.

FINGARD: (*very cool*) It's a big country up there, Steve. Joubin staked 8,000 claims. Art staked 80. That's 100 to 1. Nobody can stake every inch of it.

ROMAN: Yeah, that's 100 to 1. So what's the chance of this one per cent bein' worth anything?

FINGARD: Good enough for Joe Hirshhorn to want to buy it.

ROMAN: (*quickly*) Whadya mean?

FINGARD: Hirshhorn made an offer on the claims. We turned him down.

ROMAN: (*suspicious*) Why?

STOLLERY: He wouldn't pay what they're worth. Tried to Jew us.

Roman looks at Stollery sharply. Stollery meets his gaze. Roman relaxes. Fingard notices.

FINGARD: How 'bout a drink. Anyone interested?

Roman and Stollery nod. Fingard pours drinks into paper cups he's brought.

ROMAN: What's the drill results?

FINGARD: (*cooly*) There aren't any yet, Steve. But we've spent \$15,000 on geology mapping and Geiger counter surface surveys. We're pretty sure...

ROMAN: I won't buy nothin' without drill samples.

FINGARD: Look, Steve. There are special circumstances. Most of the claims are under Quirke Lake and...

ROMAN: Under a fuckin' lake? What're you guys tryin' to dump on me here?

STOLLERY: (*barely concealing temper*) Look, Steve. The uranium doesn't care if its under a quarter mile of rock or a quarter mile of water...

FINGARD: What Art's tryin' to say, Steve, is that drilling will be expensive. It cost Joubin \$35,000 to drill less than 1,500 acres. We've got 3,600 acres...

ROMAN: So what you're sayin' is: I give you thirty grand cash plus a third of the shares. I get the claims and two-thirds of the shares. But I gotta pay maybe another sixty grand for drillin'. Then, if nothin' shows, I'm out ninety grand.

FINGARD: Steve -

ROMAN: (*snaps*) Not interested.

FINGARD: Steve, you've got to...

ROMAN: Not interested.

FINGARD: (*smoothly*) ...ask yourself why Joe Hirshhorn and Joubin want them.

Roman is jolted. Says nothing.

FINGARD: He offered us \$200,000 cash for the same claims. With no drill results. What does that tell you?

ROMAN: You turned down 200 grand?

FINGARD: (*without missing a beat*) Damn right. Because Hirshhorn wanted all the profits. What's 200 grand if the mine makes twenty million in the next ten years?

ROMAN: What if there is no mine? What if we drill inta' nothin'?

FINGARD: Steve. You know this racket. You get the drill results before anybody else. You can cash out at the last second. Hirshhorn's syndicate shares went from a buck to 145 bucks in a coupla months. Multiply whatever you make a share times three million shares. These aren't tie-on claims, Steve. They're right on the Big Z! The market'll go wild while you're drillin'...

ROMAN: So you're sayin' I can't lose.

FINGARD: Exactly. Run up the stock and dump it if the drills finding nothing. Or sell the claims when they hit a reef. Or build your own mine. Hirshhorn's already buildin' seven on the Big Z!

ROMAN: (*now convinced*) Yeah.

FINGARD: Think about it for a couple of days, Steve. We'll give you to the end of the week. Then we'll take 'em to INCO or Noranda. And don't forget: Joe Hirshhorn wants those claims.

FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Hirshhorn's office. Hirshhorn at desk. Joubin standing. Roman, Fingard, Stollery. All bristling with tension.*

HIRSHHORN: *(into box)* Miriam - no calls for the next hour. And doublecheck my table at the King Eddy. Franc and I are havin' lunch with Phil Kelly, the mines minister.

Hirshhorn toggles off.

HIRSHHORN: *(abruptly)* Roman, you're in over your head, and you're in legal trouble. You bought Stollery's claims, but they won't stand up.

ROMAN: I don't believe it.

HIRSHHORN: Suit yourself. You wanna fight it out in court, it'll cost you twenty grand just for preliminaries. You got that kinda dough?

STOLLERY: Don't let him bluff you, Steve. He's always got something up his...

HIRSHHORN: Stollery - you're scum. First ya jumped my claims and did such a shit job most of 'em are gonna be tossed out by the mine recorders office. Then ya tried to sell 'em back to me for one million bucks! Then you went up and down Bay Street floggin' 'em to every bucket shop huckster who'd let you in the door...

ROMAN: *(looking sharply at Stollery)* One million...?

FINGARD: *(quickly jumping in)* Mr. Hirshhorn, this isn't getting us anywhere...

HIRSHHORN: Then you turned to this snake-oil salesman for help. Then ya sold 'em to this sorry case whose shares are tradin' at, what?...*(checks stock page)* ...a pathetic 37 cents. Then you and Roman tried to secretly re-stake 'em this spring, only my surveyors caught you right in the act. I oughta have ya charged!

Roman, Stollery freeze.

FINGARD: *(cooly)* Settling this in court wouldn't be in anybody's interest, Mr. Hirshhorn. We've agreed to consider a private settlement on the property line, so let's hear what you have to offer.

Long pause. Hirshhorn sizes Roman up. Nods to Joubin.

HIRSHHORN: Franc and I want to look over our survey maps. Give us a couple minutes, then we'll maybe work somethin' out.

Hirshhorn and Joubin leave.

ROMAN: (*to Stollery*) You goddam crook! You sold me crap claims! You told me you turned that fuckin' Heebe down - and it was the other way around! It's not worth shit and everybody else on Bay Street knows...!

FINGARD: (*picking up map off Hirshhorn's desk*) Wait a second, Steve. Wait a second. C'mere quick - look at this!

Roman and Stollery rush to map.

STOLLERY: It's the Quirke Lake section. There's my claims. There's Hirshhorn's survey line.

ROMAN: Lookit the overlap, for fuck's sake! It's about a third 'a my property. Stollery - I'm gonna sue your ass for this...

FINGARD: No - look Steve. Some of the overlap claims have numbers pencilled in on them. Look. 2.3. 2.7 2.8. 2.3. What is that, Art?

STOLLERY: (*inspecting*) The ore grades. Joubin's drilling up there now. That's rich stuff. Look. That arrow's following the fault line. The highest grades are here...

ROMAN: Where? What's the claim numbers?

FINGARD: Blocks 62 to 80. (*listens*) Shh-sh! *All flee desk. Hirshhorn and Joubin enter with map. Hirshhorn goes to desk, puts new map over old one.*

HIRSHHORN: Listen, Roman. I'd just as soon tell you to go to hell. Franc's sayin' our surveys' airtight, but it'll take years if it gets dragged through the courts. I wanna sell uranium. So I've got one offer: let's split the disputed area. We'll take the east half, you take the west. Here, look.

All go over to new map.

FINGARD: You got any drill results up that way? How do we know where the reefs are, and the grades?

HIRSHHORN: We don't. You don't. That's why I'm offerin' to split it in half now.

ROMAN: So you're offerin' us claims 147 to 164? And you don't want claims 62 to 80?

HIRSHHORN: (*looking pained*) Yeah - or you could have...

ROMAN: (*snap answer*) We'll take blocks 62 to 80. That a deal? (*holds out hand for handshake*)

HIRSHHORN: (*looking crestfallen*) I guess so, yeah. You're sure you don't want the other...

ROMAN: No. Claims 62 to 80.

HIRSHHORN: (*Gives pained look to Joubin, shrugs, shakes Roman's hand*) Okay. That's the deal.

FINGARD: (*smiling*) Mr. Joubin, you and I can serve as witnesses. Mr. Hirshhorn, can I ask you to draw up a legal description and file it with the mine recorder?

HIRSHHORN: (*dejected*) Sure. By the end of the week.

Roman, Fingard, Stollery beam. Shake hands goodbye, leave.

Long pause. Hirshhorn and Joubin break into broad grin. Hirshhorn pats his black box affectionately.

HIRSHHORN: (*laughs*) I love this baby! Just leave this switch up and from Miriam's desk you can hear three greedy little bastards schemin' over a map!

Long pause.

HIRSHHORN: Frankie - I owe you a bottle 'a champagne. No - a case! You're a genius! How'd you know Roman'd go for exactly the opposite of what I'd offer?

JOUBIN: He thinks you're as greedy as he is.

HIRSHHORN: Yeah. And he hates Jews. Especially rich ones.

Joubin nods.

HIRSHHORN: (*laughing*) That phony map worked wonders, didn't it? Just like droppin' a grasshopper in front of a trout! Then whack! They all swallowed the hook right down to their sphincters!

Hirshhorn laughs raucously. Joubin tries to keep a straight face, but he can't.

HIRSHHORN: (*with great relish*) Roman's gonna die when he finds out he picked out nothin' but rock, and we got reefs that'll take thirty years to mine out! FADE

OUT

FADE IN. *Concord office. Roman fidgeting at desk. Puhky, Kirschbaum, Stollery, Fingard waiting anxiously.*

KIRSCHBAUM: ... *Kanadasky Slovak* would be a weekly newspaper like Czech immigrants already have. We would mail it to every member of the Canadian Slovak League, our clergy in Canada, and the most prominent Slovaks in the United States and Argentina. Dr. Durcansky would send articles from Buenos Aires. I would be honorary editor. It would help preserve the memory of Father Tiso.

ROMAN: (*distractedly*) That sounds fine, Dr. Kirschbaum. Would ten thousand a year cover everything?

KIRSCHBAUM: That's more than generous, Stephen. I'll telephone Dr. Durcansky...

Phone rings. Roman snatches it up.

ROMAN: Yeah? (*listens*)

(*To group*) It's Benner.

Where are ya, Ralph? (*listens*)

(*To group*) He's in Blind River.

What happened?

Roman listens, face begins to fall. Hangs up phone. Dead silence. Roman rubs chin furiously.

FINGARD: What's Benner found?

ROMAN: Nothin'. Fuckin' nothin'. That cocksucker Hirshhorn musta known somethin'! All we're gettin' is rock. Joubin's drills are hittin' reefs one after the other less'n a half mile away.

KIRSCHBAUM: Isn't there still a chance? If they're finding uranium nearby...

ROMAN: (*exploding*) Sure there's a fuckin' chance! A fuckin' one in a hundred...! (*stops, looks at Kirschbaum, hangs head*) Dr. Kirschbaum - I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I'm nervous this mornin'.

KIRSCHBAUM: (*bowing graciously*) No need to apologize, Stephen. It's understandable.

STOLLERY: What did Benner say, exactly?

ROMAN: (*glaring at Stollery*) He drilled till nine o'clock last night. Nothin'. This is the last hole, 'cause all the drillin' money's spent. Benner's in Blind River now, waitin' by the radio phone to see if his drill crew hit anythin' this mornin'.

Long silence, room dead silent. Kirschbaum collects hat, coat, gloves, cane.

KIRSCHBAUM: I'd better leave now. I hope the news gets better, Stephen. And thanks again for agreeing to finance *Kanadasky Slovak*.

ROMAN: (*absently*) Sure. It's an honour to help.

Kirschbaum leaves. Roman picks up phone, dials.

ROMAN: (*into phone*) Johhny? Benner found shit yesterday. How're we on the floor? Then sell fifty thousand shares at 35 cents. But make sure it don't set any big sellin' off. Yeah. Bye.

(*To group*) Denison's holdin' at 37 cents.

STOLLERY: (*livid*) What the hell you dumpin' for? That's my stock you're selling too, Roman!

Roman leaps from desk, makes lunge at Stollery. Others intervene.

ROMAN: You goddam liar! I just wasted thirty grand drillin' into those fuckin' junk claims you sold me...

Phone rings. Roman snatches it.

ROMAN: Yeah? Ralph? Whadya got? How deep? Whatdya think? Okay - tell 'em to keep drillin' till dark.

Roman slams phone down. Dials.

ROMAN: Johnny? Sell 200 thousand 'a Concord's Denison shares just before closin'. Sell the same 'a whatever else I got hidden in Denison. I don't fuckin' care - 35, 33, 30. Benner called again. They hit a reef, but the grade's only 1.4. We only got maybe 7 hours 'a drillin' left. Start dumpin' all my shares tomorrow mornin' as fast as ya can. (*glares at Stollery*) But don't sell any 'a Stollery's. Let him choke on his junk shares!

Roman slams phone down again. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Concord office. Roman and Puhky waiting by phone. Roman*

dishevelled, since he's been in the office all night. Phone rings, Roman snatches it up.

ROMAN: Ralph? Ya got anything? (*first stunned, then elated*) Goddam it! Are ya sure? What's the grade? Holy Mother of Mary - that's richer'n Hirshhorn's! How thick? (*crosses himself, says Hail Mary's*) Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Ralph! We're fuckin' rich!

Roman listens. Nods.

Okay, Ralph. Okay. Now listen. Get on the radio phone and tell your crew they all just made 500 bucks' bonus. Tell 'em to keep drillin'. Tell 'em they all gotta stay there and drill till the market closes Friday. No exceptions. That's three days. They'll get an extra 500 bucks a day each. And nobody uses the radio phone except you.

Listens.

ROMAN: Whadya mean, we're usin' Joubin's radio phone? (*listens*) Well why didn't someone get it fuckin' fixed?

Listens.

ROMAN: (*sheepish*) Well, ya shoulda explained. I woulda' sent ya money for *that*. Anyway. We gotta keep this secret. Just send a message that the crew's gotta stay there till the 17 th. Say nothin' else. Get one of 'em to jeep down the ore grades to you. No radio. Then you phone 'em to me right away. You get 10,000 shares for findin' that reef, and another 10,000 if you stay by that phone till Friday. Yeah. Bye, Ralph.

Roman slams fist on desk. Then jumps up, hugs Puhky, starts doing jig with Puhky around office. Both laugh.

ROMAN: (*singing like opera singer*) We're rich, we're rich, we're rich, we're rich...

PUHKY: (*laughing*) What'd Benner say?

ROMAN: They hit a reef mor'n twenty feet thick. The Geiger counters went crazy on the samples. They figure mor'n three pounds a ton. That's the fuckin' jackpot! Benner's gonna phone me the grades...(*stops suddenly*) Jesus Christ! What time is it? (*looks at watch. Roman wails*) Johnny's been dumpin' my stock for an hour!

Roman snatches up receiver, dials. Throws it down on desk in a fury. Puhky scrambles to put it back on cradle.

ROMAN: It's fuckin' busy! Johnny's dumpin' Denison shares and it's fuckin' busy.

Phone rings. Roman snatches it up.

ROMAN: (*volcanic*) Johnny! Goddam it! We got a crisis and your fuckin' phone's busy... Well, don't try and phone me here! I phone fuckin' *you*! Okay? Listen. We hit the jackpot! A twenty foot reef at mor'n three pounds a ton...

Roman blanches.

ROMAN: Ya sold it all? In one fuckin' hour? Who'd buy that much? (*listens*) Who's he broker for? Never heard 'a him. Never heard 'a him. (*stands bolt upright*) Joubin! You're tellin' me Franc Joubin bought a hundred thousand shares 'a Denison this morning???? How the hell'd he know...

Roman freezes.

ROMAN: (*yells at Puhky*) The fuckin' radio phone! (*listens*) Never mind, Johnny. Listen, ya gotta buy it all back and more. Whatever it takes. What's it down to? 31? Okay. Listen, we gotta have a million shares or somebody else'll own it. Maybe that fuckin' Jew. Even if ya havta go to 90 cents, do it!

Listens.

ROMAN: (*barks*) I'll put up the house, the farm, the car, the fuckin' cows if I gotta. Don't let me down, Johnny! Don't go mor'n ten feet away from this phone, and don't let anybody else touch it. Go! Buy 'em back!

Roman slams phone down. Slumps behind desk.

ROMAN: (*hollowly to Puhky*) Franc Joubin bought 100,000 shares ten minutes after the market opened. If we don't have a million shares when it closes Friday, somebody else'll own Denison!

FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Hirshhorn's office. Hirshhorn at desk, Joubin spreading map on desk.*

HIRSHHORN: (*grinning and shaking his head*) Jee-sus, Frankie! Roman fell for the phony map, but that little Slavic bulldog still ended up with the richest chunk on the Big Z!

JOUBIN: (*points to map*) Thanks to Stollery's claim that he staked posts on these islands. Most of it's under Quirke Lake.

HIRSHHORN: So what's that mean?

JOUBIN: We can spend ten years fighting it in court and probably win, or buy Roman's option today for one million shares at \$1.25 each.

HIRSHHORN: It is worth it?

JOUBIN: It's probably the richest reef on the Big Z. Buy it and you'd own every mine - with no risk of someone undercutting you. At that grade, the U.S. defense department will buy every pound at premium prices.

HIRSHHORN: The higher the grade of uranium, the cheaper the H-bomb?

Joubin nods.

HIRSHHORN: Any reason I shouldn't buy it?

JOUBIN: Well, it's always a gamble till you actually build a mine. But the geology's right.

HIRSHHORN: The cost?

JOUBIN: At the outside, I'd say \$35 million to build. But you'd get that back and then clear \$40 million in the first three years. There's no taxes till year four.

HIRSHHORN: *(takes flask from desk, takes shot)* Did you say it would clear \$40 million?

JOUBIN *(grinning)* Give or take a few...

VOICE: *(on box)* Mr. Roman is here to see you, Mr. Hirshhorn.

HIRSHHORN: Send him right in, Miriam. *(toggles off, winks to Joubin)* Let's have some fun, Frankie. Watch me make him dance one of those gavottes they do over in - what is it - Transylvania...?

JOUBIN: *(grins)* Roman's from Czechoslovakia. Gavottes were Louis the Fourteenth France. Transylvania's where Dracula lived.

HIRSHHORN: *(shrugs, grins)* Pardon my geography. *(throws arm across eyes, mimicks Dracula)* I want to bite his neck...

Hirshhorn and Joubin choke grins as glowering Roman enters with Fingard in tow.

HIRSHHORN: Gentlemen. We meet again. *(rises, shakes hands with Fingard but Roman crosses arms and only nods.*

ROMAN: *(tense, brusque)* Let's get down to business, Hirshhorn. You wanna buy my option or not?

HIRSHHORN: (*grins*) What's your hurry, Roman? You never heard 'a foreplay?

Fingard laughs, Roman glares at him.

ROMAN: I don't get what you're talkin' about, Hirshhorn. But the option runs out when the market closes this afternoon. One million shares, \$1.25 a share. Take it or leave it.

HIRSHHORN: What makes you think I want your mine, Roman? I'm already building seven on the Big Z.

ROMAN: Not the biggest. Not the richest.

HIRSHHORN: No. But it's one thing to own some rock. It's another to build a real mine. That why you sellin'?

Roman blushes, can't speak.

FINGARD: (*cooly*) Mr. Hirshhorn. We heard your routine the last time we were here. Things have changed. It's pretty simple. You've got four hours to buy at \$1.25. Otherwise, *we're* going to sell at least 60 million pounds of uranium to the U.S. defense department.

HIRSHHORN: Maybe it's not so simple. Whadya think's gonna happen when I tell the press I turned down this option? (*glances at report on desk*) Denison's gone from 8 cents to 60, then to two bucks, then back down to a buck twenty-five. You'll be a laughing stock when I tell my press pals that Denison's a dog! (*bursts out laughing*) A laughing *penny* stock!

ROMAN: (*choking with rage*) Since October 14, Denison's gone one way, Hirshhorn. Up. It tripled in one day!

HIRSHHORN: (*laughs derisively*) Yeah, so it did, Roman. But that's because you were dumpin' it, Frankie bought it at 33, and you had to buy it back at 90 to keep control! He made a five figure profit in one day.

ROMAN: (*livid*) Only 'cause he learned my drill results by fuckin' stealin' radio messages!

JOUBIN: (*calmly*) Nobody stole any messages, Mr. Roman. I didn't have to. Since you declined to fix your own radio, our boys delivered Benner's messages to your core shack. They just happened to have Geiger counters turned on when they did.

HIRSHHORN: (*laughing*) So the mornin' after Benner hit his reef, Joubin bought the shares an Einstein like you was dumpin'! Class guy that he is, he split the money with his drill crew!

Roman is speechless, clenching fists.

FINGARD: You might find this amusing, Mr. Hirshhorn. But we've got an option to sell. The price is \$1.25. If you don't buy it, somebody else will. The drill cores don't lie.

HIRSHHORN: Maybe not. But what're the papers gonna print? Joe Hirshhorn *droppin'* your option - or some numbers Steve Roman puts out after runnin' nothin' but a bucket shop all his life? And who's gonna lend you \$50 million to build a mine if I don't want your claims?

ROMAN: We'll find out, Hirshhorn. It's one million shares for \$1.25. Take it or leave it.

HIRSHHORN: I'll give you a break. (*toggles box*) Miriam - make me out a company cheque for \$1 million, payable today's date. Get it countersigned by accounting, then bring it here.

Fingard smiles, beams at Roman.

ROMAN: Tell her not to write nothin' unless it's for one and a quarter million.

FINGARD: Hey, Steve! - now wait a minute...

ROMAN: Stay outa this, Fingard. This is between me and Hirshhorn. It's \$1.25 a share or I'm walkin' outa here.

HIRSHHORN: Roman, you're a horses ass!

ROMAN: (*blurts*) Well, Mr. New York City Yid: I'm the son of a Slovak farmer. Where I come from, that's a compliment!

Roman storms out of room, Fingard chases after him. Long pause.

HIRSHHORN: (*shrugs to Joubin, with chagrin*) Shit. Either he's got more guts than I gave him credit for... (*pause, grins*) Or he's the stupidest, stubbornest son of a bitch the Toronto Stock Exchange has ever seen.

FADE IN. *New Roman office on Bay Street. Massive oak desk almost exact copy of Hirshhorn's, with switchboard on desk. Heavy oak bookshelves packed with leather-bound tomes etc. Garish decor. Huge florid Hapsburg painting of bear tearing apart antelope. Blood red carpet, maroon leather chesterfield. Carpenter working while Roman (dressed in suit like banker with gold watch fob etc.) watches closely. Kirschbaum enters.*

ROMAN: (*beaming, sweeps arms at office*) Dr. Kirschbaum! What do you think?

Pretty classy?

KIRSCHBAUM: (*looks around, smiles*) Very impressive, Stephen. But please, call me Joseph. There's no need to keep calling me Doctor.

ROMAN: (*pleased*) Sure. It's Joseph, then. You like the carpet and couch? Maroon's my favourite.

KIRSCHBAUM: (*clears throat*) It's very...

Workman behind desk bangs hammer. Roman turns and glares.

ROMAN: (*barks*) Make sure that platform's four and a half inches exactly! My chair goes on top of it, and the chair's got to fit with the desk. (*smooths hand on desk top*) Isn't this a beauty? It's an antique. Hand carved from Vienna.

KIRSCHBAUM: It certainly is. It reminds me of the desk Father Tiso signed the Slovak constitution on in 1939.

Both cross themselves. Moment of awkward silence. Hammer bangs. Roman glares at workman again.

ROMAN: Take your lunch early. I'll call you when to come back. When you're finished that platform, I want you to cut two inches off the chairs that go in front of my desk. Make sure it's nice and neat.

Workman leaves with lunch bag.

KIRSCHBAUM: You wanted to see me, Stephen?

ROMAN: (*beaming*) Yeah. How would you like me to set you up in business?

KIRSCHBAUM: (*startled*) Well, that's certainly kind of you Stephen. What kind of business?

ROMAN: Insurance. My uranium mine's gonna cost \$30 million. The banks say I gotta have all kinds - accident, construction, stoppage in deliveries, life. 'Stead 'a payin' ten different companies, Puhky says I should do it all through one company. You could do it. You'd have an office here, and we could run the World Slovak Congress outa here too.

KIRSCHBAUM: I don't know what to say, Stephen. It's a very generous...

ROMAN: Say yes. It'd be cheaper for me this way, too...

KIRSCHBAUM: And I don't know the insurance business...

ROMAN: You'd learn quick. You were Father Tiso's right-hand man. If you can run a country, you can run an insurance...

Phone rings. Roman snatches it.

ROMAN: Yeah? Johnny? *(to Kirschbaum)* 'Scuse me. My brother-in-law. *(into phone)* What's it doin? 114! How come? *(listens)* Well, shit, we can't build a mine with no money! And the banks won't give us a cent till Ottawa says it'll buy it all for the Americans. *(listens)* Any day now. Any hour. *(listens)* Listen - buy enough to get us back to a buck twenty. Okay? Yeah. Bye.

Roman slams down receiver.

ROMAN: Sorry. Where were we?

KIRSCHBAUM: Your company insurance.

ROMAN: Oh, yeah. What do you think?

KIRSCHBAUM: I'm flattered by your offer, Stephen. But my background's as a diplomat and I...

ROMAN: *(confused)* A diplomat?

KIRSCHBAUM: *(with hint of haughtiness)* From 42 to 45 I served as the Slovak ambassador to Switzerland. From 45 to 49 as Slovakia's provisional representative to the Holy See.

ROMAN: *(in awe)* That's right. I forgot that... *(pause)* Of course, it's your choice Dr. Kirschbaum. But I'd be honoured if you would consider it.

KIRSCHBAUM: I will, Stephen. I certainly will. I'll let you know in...

VOICE: *(on box)* Mr. Roman. It's the Eldorado call. Should I put it on hold?

Roman wheels around, forgets Kirschbaum, and races to box. Kirschbaum leaves as Roman toggles phone.

ROMAN: No, June, goddam it! ... What? June? *(furiously tries different toggles)* June - you there? *(freezes)* Yes. This is Stephen Roman. Oh. Pardon me, sir. Somebody got the lines crossed. *(listens for 20 seconds, gradually starts beaming)* Well, that's great news, sir! Great news! I'll have the lawyers read it over today, and I'll be in Ottawa Friday to sign the contract. *(listens)* No - I'll make the announcement myself. Monday, once the contracts are official. *(listens)* Very good. Thank you, sir. Goodbye.

Toggles off. Toggles on.

ROMAN: June? Make sure my table at the King Eddy's booked tonight for everybody and the wives. We're celebratin'. But get me Johnny Gardon first!

Roman waits ten seconds, phone rings. He snatches it up.

ROMAN: Juhnny! We got it. Eldorado's gonna buy the whole fuckin' mine's worth. For a \$180 million! Yeah! \$180 million, guaranteed! Can ya believe it? (*listens*) We gotta have it built and runnin' by April '57. We gotta produce 5,700 tons a day. And we gotta give 'em premium grade. They'll pay \$10.50 a pound! It'll only cost us \$4 a pound ta make it!

Roman listens.

ROMAN: Now listen, Johnny. The market's gonna go wild when it gets out. Ya gotta keep a lid on it. But keep buyin' Denison through the back door. Fifty thousand at a time. We got till Friday closin'. Monday, I gotta announce it.

Roman listens.

ROMAN: Yeah. Okay. We're celebratin' at the King Eddy at eight. Bring the wife. And ya know what? I'm gonna send a bottle a champagne over ta Hirshhorn's table with a card sayin: Thanks for droppin' that option. Thanks a hundred 'n eighty goddamn million!

Roman roars with delight, toggles off. FADE OUT

FADE IN. Roman's office. Roman and Puhky.

PUHKY: Steve - just renting two CPR passenger trains at thirty coaches each is going to cost \$40,000...

ROMAN: John - I don't care if the whole thing costs a hundred grand!

PUHKY: It's a lot of money, Steve. I don't know if the other shareholders...

ROMAN: Screw the other shareholders! I got a \$37 million mine built in fifteen months. I took the stock from eight cents to twelve bucks. And I'm gonna have a mine opening that'll make everybody forget Joe Hirshhorn's! Ya know they named a street after him in Elliot Lake already?

PUHKY: No, Steve, I didn't.

ROMAN: Well it's your job to know. Phone the town and tell 'em I wanna Roman Avenue. And a Denison Avenue, too. They intersect with Hirshhorn's, I want my street

signs on top! I got the biggest fuckin' mine!

Puhky nods. Long pause.

ROMAN: (*softening*) Besides, the opening's deductible as a business expense. So here's what I want: the two CPR trains'll take 500 guests from Union Station right to the mine. I want a banquet at Elliot Lake - everything first class. Leo Romanelli's orchestra. Corsages for the dames. On the train on the way up, everybody gets all the champagne they can drink, and all the fancy whadya call 'em - horse...?

PUHKY: Hors 'd oevres.

ROMAN: Yeah, those for the reception. Lester Pearson's the guest of honour. I want the room filled with politicians, the cream 'a Bay Street, mine managers, guys from the press. But make sure there's no Jews - unless they're deliverin' pickled herring on crackers!

Roman roars with laughter. FADE OUT

FADE IN. Banquet scene. Roman at front centre dining table with wife Betty (decked out in white satin dress, ruby and diamond necklace). Kirschbaum, Puhky, Fingard, Stollery, and wives flanking them. Pearson at podium.

PEARSON: (*burbling*) I just want to say how elated I am about Steve Roman and his electrifying success with the Denison Mine. As the Member of Parliament for Algoma, I know what a fantastic, fabulous, frenzied and furious pace he's set to build the biggest, richest uranium mine in the world!

Cheers and clapping from audience.

PEARSON: And, as a Nobel Peace Prize winner, I want you to know that Denison's uranium shipments to our American allies represent an outstanding contribution to world peace. Let there be no doubt. This product (*holds up ore sample*) stands between us and disaster!

Crowd roars approval. Roman beaming. Pearson comes to table, ebullient Roman introduces him to Kirschbaum.

ROMAN: Mr. Pearson - allow me to introduce the person who has done more for the Slovak people, and Slovakia's independence, than any other man: Dr. Joseph Kirschbaum.

KIRSCHBAUM: It's an honour to meet a man who is so respected on the world stage, sir. (*bows*)

PEARSON: Thank you, Dr. Kirschbaum. I...

ROMAN: Dr. Kirschbaum is the honorary president of the Canadian Slovak League. He speaks six languages. He was once Slovakia's ambassador to Switzerland, and the Vatican. Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent approved for him to emigrate in 1949!

PEARSON: (*surprised, impressed*) Well, then you are both a great credit to the Slovak people...

Photographer comes by, Pearson instinctively links his arms with Roman and Kirschbaum's, instantly smiles into camera. Roman winks to photographer, who moves on.

PEARSON: ...and living proof that every immigrant has the chance to make something of themselves in this great country of ours.

ROMAN: Our Slovak League has an annual banquet every year, Mr. Pearson. Mr. St. Laurent spoke in 1955. Would you be our guest of honour next year?

PEARSON: I'd be delighted, Steve. (*laughs*) If I get re-elected. So I better keep pressing the flesh... It's been a genuine pleasure, Dr. Kirschbaum...

They shake hands, Pearson moves on to work crowd.

ROMAN: (*grinning to Kirschbaum*) We'll put that picture on the front page of *Kanadasky Slovak*. Right under it we'll say a Nobel Peace Prize winner's gonna speak at our next banquet. The goddam Czechs'll die 'a envy!

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Roman's office. Roman and Puhky.*

ROMAN: (*throwing map on desk*) John, I told ya I wanted the Roman Avenue sign on top 'a Hirshhorn's!

PUHKY: I did the best I could, Steve. But Hirshhorn complained...

ROMAN: So goddam what! I complained, too!

PUHKY: (*patiently*) H comes before R in the alphabet, so that's how they decided. But they'll put Denison on top where it crosses Hirshhorn.

ROMAN: That's the kinda thanks I get for payin' all those fuckin' taxes in Elliot Lake?

PUHKY: They're not much, Steve. Denison's exempt from federal income tax for four years, and we can carry all the deductions forward after that. Based on the Eldorado contract, Denison should clear \$60 million by '62.

Roman beams, swells with pride.

PUHKY: But the miner's have got wives and kids. Most of them are living in trailers and shacks. There's no sewer and water lines. The wives are chopping holes in the ice to get water in winter. There was a jaundice epidemic this spring. Ninety got put in the hospital, mostly miner's kids. They need schools, doctors, sidewalks...

ROMAN: (*barking*) I told you ta hire just single men! That's why I built bunkhouses! If they want families, they can stay in some city somewhere and get sent the goddam paycheque!

PUHKY: (*shaking his head*) That won't work, Steve. Hirshhorn found out: you can hire 'em, but they won't stay. The turnover rate's 75 per cent every month. That's why Joubin wants to put the mines on the Elliot Lake tax base. He figures the better the town, the longer the miner's will stay.

ROMAN: No deal with Hirshhorn. Over my dead body.

PUHKY: It's not a deal with Hirshhorn, Steve. It's survival. If we don't meet the production schedule, we lose the American military contract and we're bankrupt. We can't mill 5,700 tons a day with the labour turnover we've got.

ROMAN: So whada we gotta pay? How do I know I'm not puttin' money inta Hirshhorn's pocket?

PUHKY: Every mine will pay the same tax per ton of ore mined. The town would be run by a three man council. You pick one. Franc Joubin will be Hirshhorn's man. You can both decide the other.

Long pause.

ROMAN: (*mutters*) Okay. But (*looks at watch*) when they get here, I want ya to tell the union this was my idea. And make sure the press prints that too.

PUHKY: Sure, Steve. (*pause*) Now what do you want do about the union?

ROMAN: What do I wanna do? Kick their Commie asses right back to fuckin' Moscow. What am I *gonna* do? Probly end up payin' 'em the best minin' wage in the goddam country! The only choice is what union.

PUHKY: But Mine Mill got the miner's vote, Steve. The Steelworkers aren't certified at Denison...

ROMAN: (*grins*) That's probly 'cause I gave orders not to let Steel organizers inta the bunkhouses.

PUHKY: But Mine Mills' got the worst radicals. Thibault and Harvey Murphy are Communists! They...

ROMAN: Yeah. And the Steelworker's got every other mine on the Big Z locked up, plus a coupla hundred thousand members across the country, plus a strike fund 'a \$2 million. Plus they're raidin' all the Mine Mill locals. A handful 'a Commies gettin' kicked to shit from two sides is what I want.

PUHKY: (*admiring*) I never figured it that way, Steve. That's a smart...

VOICE: (*on desk speaker*) The union men are here to see you, Mr. Roman.

ROMAN: Send 'em in. Hold my calls for an hour, 'cept Johnny Gardon. (*toggles off, winks to Puhky*) Watch me play 'em like a Stravidarius.

Thibault and Murphy enter, they introduce each other, shake hands.

ROMAN: (*barks*) Okay. Let's get started. I don't like unions. I don't like Communists. So I don't like you. But union's got legal rights in this province, and there's nothin' I can do about it. So we gotta live with each other.

THIBAULT: (*grinning*) The question is, Mr. Roman: how're the men who do all the work going to live? And how're the bosses who exploit them going to live?

ROMAN: (*evenly*) No, Thibault, the question is what'm I gonna pay your men an hour. And that's goddam all!

THIBAULT: (*calmly taking papers out of briefcase*) Then you better hold your calls for more than an hour, Roman. We've got a lot to negotiate. Hourly wages. Bonus wages. Maximum hours a shift. Pensions. Sundays off. Safety conditions. Radiation and silica dust levels underground. Bunkhouse conditions. You're making three different men share the same bed over three shifts...

ROMAN: (*jumping up, slamming fist on desk*) Don't give me that Commie shit, Thibault! Nobody's gonna come inta my office and dictate what I'm gonna do in my own mine. I built it. I run it. So I'm the fuckin' boss.

THIBAULT: (*calmly*) You might own it, Mr. Roman, but you didn't build it. And you're not down there with a rock drill, or muckin' out the stopes.

ROMAN: No - my job is to work outa this office n' make decisions that end up givin' 1,300 'a your men a goddam job! You wanna do your job and talk about what I'm gonna pay 'em? Or you gonna cry about guys gettin' their fingernails dirty?

Roman gives quick, smug smile to Puhky.

THIBAULT: (*calmly*) This is your first union contract, Mr. Roman. It shows. I've been through more than fifty. You're wastin' your breath. We either go through this list (*holds up paper*) or we shut your mine down.

ROMAN: Try it!

THIBAULT: Get wise, Roman. We shut the mine down, you can't meet the production schedule. You don't meet it, you lose the only uranium contract you have.

Roman freezes. Clenches fist, looks at Puhky in fury. Pause.

PUHKY: Then 1,300 men are out of a job, Thibault.

THIBAULT: (*laughs*) Then Denison shareholders drop \$37 million before they sell a single pound of uranium.

ROMAN: I'll get ya decertified. I'll deal with Steel!

THIBAULT: No you won't. Steel's already got 7,000 men signed up at Hirshhorn's mines. They've also got the truckers, the office workers, the plants that supply them. If Denison goes Steel, you're *worse* off. They got a 2-year contract. You want to face a Steel strike against every mine on the Big Z in '59?

ROMAN: (*livid*) Ya wanna workers paradise, Thibault, take a trip ta fuckin' Russia! I'm offerin' ya two fifty an hour, compared ta 'a buck sixty at the gold mines in Timmins and two twenty at INCO! Anythin' more'd kill the company...

THIBAULT: (*laughs*) Spare me that sob story, Roman. You think union organizers got the IQ of a rock bolt? First of all, the Yanks will be happy to pay an extra few cents a pound for premium grade. It makes their bombs cheaper. Second, a cost-plus contract means wages don't cut into your profits. Third, you're hardly on skid row. You've got a 560-acre farm and a 17-room castle stuffed with chandeliers and antiques...

ROMAN: How'd you know that, you bastard? And leave how I live outa this...

THIBAULT: (*smiling*) I can read, Roman. Pictures of you and your Tudor mansion are plastered all over the newspapers and magazines. I just show them to my men when your mine manager pounds the table and says three miners have to share one bunkhouse bed - and the lice they're infested with.

ROMAN: (*glowering*) You make me sick, Thibault. But I tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna book a room at the King Eddy, and I'm gonna lock up you and Puhky together until ya come out with a contract. I don't care if it takes a month. But after I sign it, I don't ever wanna see your Commie face in this office again. Now get outa here!

Thibault and Murphy smile, rise to leave. Puhky hangs head. Roman switches on toggle furiously.

ROMAN: June! Get me Johnny Gardon, and then get Clare ta bring the limousine downtown early. I'm goin' for a long walk up at the farm - ta get rid 'a the Commie stink I just picked up on my clothes! FADE OUT

FADE IN. Bright, hot June afternoon. Roman arrives at mansion and farm in maroon '57 Cadillac in same clothes. He storms out of car, slams door before chauffeur can go around to open it. Hot sunny day. Stamps into barn, grabs cattle cane and straw hat off hooks. Kirschbaum walks over from mansion. College age kids are putting hay in mow, sweating. Others polishing plumbing, etc.

KIRSCHBAUM: *(smiling, gesturing to sky)* Stephen! Isn't this a perfect day? Not a cloud...

ROMAN: *(glowering)* Perfect? I just spent the mornin' fightin' Commie unions!

KIRSCHBAUM: *(taken aback)* Oh. I'm sorry. Should I see you ...?

ROMAN: Naw. Just let me cool down a minute. *(yells to farmhand)* Hey, boy! Get up to the house and get a pitcher 'a pink lemonade. Bring it back on a tray with ice and glasses. *(barks)* Now!!

Farmhand drops bale he's about to put on conveyor. Starts running toward house. Roman brandishes cane furiously.

ROMAN: Your hands, idiot! Get in the barn and wash your fuckin' hands first! Ya think I want your sweat drippin' into my goddamn drink?

Kid runs into barn. Roman shakes head to Kirschbaum. Wipes forehead with handkerchief. Glares at second teenager, soaked with sweat from mow, stopped because no one's loading conveyor.

ROMAN: *(apoplectic, pointing cane at him)* Hey you! I don't pay you to sit n' watch the fuckin' clouds! Get inside and get stackin' til he gets back! *(Kid disappears)*

ROMAN: *(shakes head again)* Ya'd think they'd teach 'em the basics at an agricultural college. But every summer I hire some, and every summer they send me ones that just got outa diapers. I should stick with bringin' Japs over on temporary work permits. They're cheap and clean. And they know I can send 'em right back!

Roman and Kirschbaum go into barn. It's immaculate. Roman points to Holsteins.

ROMAN: *(cooling down)* There they are. Not a speck a dirt or a loose hair on

'em. I get the boys to lather their back ends with Oxydol twice a day, then vacuum 'em from stem ta stern. You're gonna sell purebreds, they gotta look like a million bucks.

Roman escorts Kirschbaum through barn. Proudly waves cane at various items.

ROMAN: See that? All the plumbin's polished brass. There - that mow will hold ten thousand bales. The floor's dressed white pine. Nothin' but the best.

Roman stops, nods to two Holstein's.

ROMAN: (*beaming with pride, smoothing flanks of one*) Here they are, Joseph. This is Dividend, and that's Uranium Atom. Two of my best. Next spring, when we go to the Vatican, their heifers'll be comin' with us. By the time we meet the Pope, they'll be with the Papal herd at - I forget the name of his castle.

KIRSCHBAUM: Don Gondalfo. This is all very impressive, Stephen. Very impressive. I'm sure the Holy Father will appreciate your donation.

ROMAN: (*beaming*) Thanks, Joseph. (*Long pause. Roman looks for something else to point out*) Didja notice the new edging on my driveway when ya came in? FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Roman's office. Huge Christmas tree loaded with decorations. Roman at desk, Puhky standing with notepad, report.*

ROMAN: (*impatient*) Whada we got this mornin'? You still gotta do my Christmas shoppin'.

PUHKY: Don't worry, Steve. (*checks notepad*) I've got: the cottage. Elliot Lake. The annual report and shareholders meeting. Your trip to the Bahamas.

ROMAN: Okay. What about the cottage?

PUHKY: The architect has finished the drawings. He's made up a materials list. We've got separate estimates on the rough construction, finishing work, landscaping, and the furnishings you and Betty listed. Plus the contractors fee.

ROMAN: Is this gonna kill me?

PUHKY: The total estimate is \$147,000.

ROMAN: For a fuckin' cottage? For a fuckin' COTTAGE?!! I just spent nearly thirty grand on my office at the mine! It's on the same property!

PUHKY: You said you wanted a place where Betty and the kids could stay. And it had to be as good as Hirshhorn's lodge down at Bootlegger's Bay.

ROMAN: Don't tell me what I fuckin' said. I didn't say to build a goddam cottage for a hundred and fifty grand!

PUHKY: Nothing's been ordered yet. You can cancel the whole thing if you want to.

Long pause. Roman glowers.

ROMAN: Naw. I've already paid for the architect. Go ahead.

Long pause.

ROMAN: A hundred and fifty grand. The taxes alone are gonna kill me.

PUHKY: No they won't, Steve. It's on the mine property, so it'll be taxed at the same rate Denison pays the town of Elliot Lake. You'll pay about a quarter the property tax other cottages pay just up the lake.

ROMAN: (*smiling*) Okay, then. Go ahead. What's next?

PUHKY: Hirshhorn's been putting a lot of money into the town. He donated a \$225,000 community centre, plus he made a big donation to the hospital. Denison's taking a lot of heat up there for not spending...

ROMAN: You just said Denison's paying the taxes of that fuckin' town! What the hell do they expect?

PUHKY: (*lowers head, waiting for Roman to explode*) Steve, all the mines combined pay the town \$150,000 a year in taxes. Hirshhorn pays more than two-thirds of that. The province had to back \$15 million in debentures for the roads, sewers, schools, the hospital...

ROMAN: (*snaps*) I thought you said Hirshhorn put money into the hospital?

PUHKY: He matches what the 7,000 Steelworkers donate to the hospital from the miners total payroll.

Long pause.

ROMAN: If Denison did that, would we be covered by the cost-plus clause? Or would it come outa profits?

PUHKY: I think we could swing it under the cost-plus. If not, it can be deducted from future taxes as a charitable donation.

ROMAN: Okay. I'll match Hirshhorn on the hospital. I mean - I'll match what our Mine Mill local puts in. Plus I'll make a donation to the Catholic church up there. Make sure the press gets that.

PUHKY: (*relieved*) Sure, Steve. Next: the Bahamas. The private jet's been booked. Leaving on January tenth, coming back on the twenty-first. You keeping the kids out of school?

ROMAN: Betty and the kids aren't going. It's more like, um, (*grins*) a working vacation. I want you. Dr. Kirschbaum will be coming. A coupla his friends from Slovakia, plus their girlfriends. And I'll need a secretary. I've discussed it with Marlene James. What you got on her?

PUHKY: Good work references. Parents from Scotland. Catholic. Divorced, but divorced a Jew. Twenty-seven. No kids.

ROMAN: (*grins*) Nice tits, too. 'N spunk. One day I needed you quick and sent her ta find ya. She started walkin' out the door and I yelled at her to run when she's workin' for me. She turned around and said she won't run for anybody in high heels. I coulda fired her on the spot.

PUHKY: Should I book a hotel room for her?

ROMAN: Yeah. But she won't go alone. So find one 'a the other good lookin' secretaries 'n tell her the Chairman thinks she's done such a good job she's got a free trip to the Bahamas comin'. If she hums and haws, tell her she gets paid her salary while she's down there. (*grins lecherously*) More if she works the moonlight shift!

Roman and Puhky chortle together. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Denison bunkhouse. Nels Thibault and Harvey Murphy with pamphlets. Half dozen miners playing cards at table.

MINER 1: The Steel guys say you're Reds. That you're gettin' orders from Moscow.

MURPHY: (*laughs*) Sure, Mario. The Kremlin calls us on a secret transmitter every night. They gotta know about every shift, every dollar all 1,300 of ya make on bonus, and what brand 'a beer ya buy with it. (*relaxed laughter*)

MINER 2: Steel's got pensions. Lotsa guys.

MURPHY: So if Steel's so great, how come Mine Mill's got the best pay on the Big Z? And how come Steel's done nothin' about safety? Nels' worked his ass off tryin' ta get the government ta wake up about guys gettin' killed 'n maimed. Last two months, 12 guys killed. Last year, 951 guys went to the hospital...

MINER 3: Yeah. But nobody said muckin' uranium's a piece 'a cake.

THIBAUT: But - what's your name?

MINER 3: Pete Pradonavik.

THIBAUT: Okay, Pete. Listen. The company's cutting corners on safety just to make more profit! You've got to have a union like Mine Mill to protect you from rockfalls, bad brakes on the ore cars, your lungs gettin' scarred with silica...

MINER 3: (*defiantly*) Yeah - but you're also sayin' ya wanna stop us from workin' 16-hour shifts 'cause a safety. Well - I'm against ya for that. Ya watch out, ya stay in one piece. I'm here 'cause I can make more dough on bonus than I can workin' at Timmins mines for two years!

Long silence. Some miners nod.

MINER 1: Look - mosta the guys at Denison think you're okay. But we gotta protect ourselves. Mine Mill's only got one local and...

Bunkhouse door opens, two burly Steelworkers enter with pamphlets. Instant tension. Steelworkers spread pamphlets on table.

WALLY ROSS: Evenin', men. We're with the United Steelworker's of America. The vote's Monday. You know Steel's got all the other mines on the Big Z. We're askin' for you guys to kick these candy-asses out. Here's (*points to pamphlets*) what we can promise ya.

MURPHY: Who you raidin' for, Ross? Steel or Senator Joe McCarthy? Why don't ya tell 'em why Steel wages are lower'n Mine Mills? Tell 'em why Steel's never done nothin' ta fight for better safety conditions and workers compensation. Sixty guys've died already.

ROSS: We're gonna get to that in the next contract, Murphy. And we'll back it up with a strike coverin' the whole Big Z! (*turns to miners*) I'm a miner. You're miners. These guys are nothin' but outside agitators...

THIBAUT: Save your breath, Ross. I've been Red-baited for the last twenty years. Who got the jaundice epidemic stopped? Who made Denison build a trailer park? Who got the bunkhouses cleaned up?

ROSS: (*ignoring him, facing miners*) Minin's a tough job. Ya got the toughest fuckin' bosses in the country. Who you want backin' ya - the biggest union in the country? Or a pack 'a pinkos who ain't got the money and muscle to take on a wheelbarrow operator, let alone Steve Roman?

Bunkhouse door bursts open, six Pinkerton guards rush in.

ROSS: (*sarcastically*) Surprise, surprise. Company goons again.

GUARD: (*brandishing nightstick*) Ross! Manson! You're under arrest for trespassin' on private property!

ROSS: (*grinning with bravado*) Fuck you!

Guards surround, punch and pummel two Steel organizers. Miners try to break up, are pushed back. Thibault and Harvey watch dejectedly. Ross and friend resist, enjoying the fight.

ROSS: (*yelling at miners as he fights, is dragged from bunkhouse*) There's your proof, boys! Steve Roman sicks his goons on us, but they never lay a glove on those guys. They're nothin' but traitors, liars and perverts. Monday - drive 'em back to Russia where they belong! Vote Steel! FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Roman's office. Roman at desk. Puhky stands.*

PUHKY: Bad news, Steve. Steel won the vote 675 to 304. Now they've got every mine on the Big Z.

ROMAN: (*pounding desk*) That's a fuckin' monopoly! That's gotta be illegal!

Puhky shakes head.

ROMAN: This country's had it. I can't run a monopoly, but those union cocksuckers can!

Long silence.

ROMAN: (*genuinely puzzled*) How come they kicked out Thibault? He got 'em the highest wages. He kicked 'n fought right up to the minister of mines. It cost me more for workers compensation, brakes on the ore cars, bunkhouses, a new fuckin' ventilation shaft...

PUHKY: I think taking sides against Steel backfired.

Roman freezes.

ROMAN: Whadya talkin' about? I did everything I could to make 'em lose. Every time one of 'em set foot inside the fence or showed up in the bunkhouse, I had 'em arrested. (*grins*) I even threw their CCF candidate Dick Hunter outa the bunkhouses in

the provincial election!

PUHKY: I know, Steve. But maybe it went too far. Once Denison issued 30 trespassing summonses against Steelworkers, I guess the miners figured: If Steve Roman's fighting Steel so hard, that's the reason to vote *for* it.

Roman's face crashes. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Roman's office. Late afternoon. Roman packing briefcase. Toggles box on desk.*

ROMAN: June, tell Clare to bring the car up from the garage, then come up and get my bags.

VOICE: Yes, Mr. Roman. (*pause*) It's Friday, sir. Have you decided about Lorraine Markely?

ROMAN: Oh yeah. Either she's too fat, or she's pregnant.

VOICE: She's pregnant, Mr. Roman. Four months.

ROMAN: You know my policy, Mrs. Pettit.

Long pause.

VOICE: Yes, sir.

ROMAN: Give her a week's notice. (*hesitates*) And - a month's pay. And a card from the Chairman wishing her all the best. Get me a replacement by the end of next week. There's plenty of good Catholic girls.

VOICE: Yes, sir.

Puhky bursts in, ashen-faced.

ROMAN: (*grinning*) John - you just shit your britches or what?

PUHKY: Ottawa and Washington made an announcement ten minutes after the stock market closed. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's not going to buy any more uranium. Not an ounce.

Puhky hands Roman telegram. Roman reads, totally rigid.

ROMAN: (*too stunned to explode*) We got a contract.

PUHKY: There's no other customers. Nobody to sell to.

ROMAN: (*not hearing Puhky*) It's legal and binding.

PUHKY: Elliot Lake's going to collapse. It'll be a ghost town.

ROMAN: (*snapping out of it*) Elliot Lake? ELLIOT LAKE? Who cares about that fuckin' hole in the wall, Puhky? I gotta company that's gonna get smashed ta...!!

Chauffeur knocks lightly, walks in.

ROMAN: (*wheels on him*) ...shit. Clare! Get your fuckin' face outa here! (*Clare freezes, hesitates*)

CLARE: But Mrs. Petitt...

ROMAN: (*purple in the face, throws paper weight at him*) OUT!! (*Clare vanishes*)

PUHKY: Wait a minute, Steve! Wait a minute. Denison's gonna be okay. The Americans are going to honour existing contracts. We've got to the end of '62.

Roman gives Puhky sharp glance.

ROMAN: What we got left in the contract? Guaranteed.

PUHKY: I did a quick check. (*reads paper*) Shipments of five million pounds a year. At our cost of \$4 a pound, that'll bring annual revenues of \$50 million, annual dividends of maybe \$5 million, and a net profit of \$12 million a year. Denison will still clear \$60 million by the end of '62.

ROMAN: (*calming down*) Well, that's not so bad. (*pause*) But how much uranium we got left in the ground after that?

PUHKY: (*hollowly*) At least a hundred million pounds.

Long pause. Roman buries his head in his hands, shakes it as if saying no.

ROMAN: I don't understand it. There's an arms race goin' on. The Americans are supposed to keep matchin' the Russians bomb for bomb.

TITLE: WEST GERMANY, 1961

JUDGE: On the basis of documentation obtained from the surviving SS records of Auschwitz, testimony of surviving prisoners, and the construction records of the corporate defendant, I.G. Farben, this court hereby awards to Rudolf Vrba, former

Birkenau prisoner #44070, a compensation payment of 2,500 German marks. The company must pay this as a penalty for employing slave labour in concert with the Nazi regime.

FADE OUT. NEWSBROADCAST, EICHMANN CAUGHT, TAKEN TO ISRAEL.

FADE IN. VRBA GIVING DEPOSITION FOR EICHMANN TRIAL.

EICHMANN TRIAL. EICHMANN SENTENCED TO DEATH.

ELLIOT LAKE MINER'S CLINIC. LENART (from Bratislava bowling alley), NOW DOCTOR, DOING SPUTUM TESTS, X RAYS OF MINER'S LUNGS.

TITLE: FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY, 1965

FADE IN.

JUDGE: (*reading legal paper*) The prosecution next calls witness Rudolf Vrba, former Auschwitz prisoner #44070. Lawyers for the accused former SS camp officials and medical staff will be allowed to cross-examine the witness once his testimony is completed. Mr. Vrba, please take the following oath before you begin....

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Hot July night, 1965. Between Roman's mansion and his barn, on a vast manicured lawns with a swimming pool and tennis court, the remains of a lavish barbecue/ banquet feast are laid out on tables under a striped tent. Hundreds of guests mingling, dancing, drinking to Leo Romanelli orchestra. Remains of steer still cooking on spit. White coated chefs, waiters, women delivering drinks on trays through crowd. No children. Banner hanging from tent reads: Romandale Farms Annual Auction.*

Roman, dressed in slacks and short-sleeve shirt, cruises through crowd in ebullient mood, obviously enjoying being host and star of the event. Eventually, he joins a knot which includes Kirschbaum, Stettreiser, Fialla, Puhky, Fingard and Stollery. Fingard is performing card tricks.

FINGARD: (*salutes Roman with wine glass, others join*) Here's to you, Steve! I didn't think you'd ever match the spread you put on last year, but you've outdone yourself again. The wine. (*holds up glass*) The women. (*nods lasciviously at waitresses ass as she passes by group*) The song. (*nods to orchestra*) It must have cost a fortune.

ROMAN: (*shrugs, beaming*) It's only money, Duke. Nothin' but the best for friends of mine. (*Roman notices cards, is immediately curious*) Ya got another card trick...?

Two guests arrive at group. Roman is immediately deferential.

ROMAN: Boys. The federal minister of agriculture, Bob Winters, and the minister of external affairs, Paul Martin, Sr.

Everyone shakes hands.

ROMAN: Hey - we've got two diplomats here! Paul - Dr. Kirschbaum was Slovakia's ambassador to Switzerland and the Vatican before he emigrated to Canada! Now he handles the insurance for all my companies - Denison, Great Lakes Cement, Primeau Argo, General Bakery, Standard Trust...

MARTIN: Well, I'm very pleased to... (*photographer suddenly appears, takes photo of Martin and Kirschbaum shaking hands, leaves*) ... meet you, Doctor Kirschbaum.

STOLLERY (*laughing, but with trace of envy*) You sure know how to auction off cattle, Mr. Winters. Anytime you want to come to my farm and get me world record prices, I'll throw you a banquet, too.

WINTERS: (*pats stomach, laughs*) I couldn't do more than one of these a year, Art. My arteries couldn't take it!

General laughter.

MARTIN: We just came to say goodnight and thanks, Steve. And I'll see you at the board meeting next month. Goodnight, gentlemen.

All shake hands, Martin and Winters leave.

ROMAN: (*to Kirschbaum, Stettreiser, Fialla*) Martin's on the board of my private holding company. (*winks*) It's great to have one of your directors sittin' inside the federal Cabinet - and nobody knows it. I got senators, a former premier, the federal Tory bagman... Duke calls it havin' a choir behind your pulpit.

Everyone laughs. Fingard absently picks up cards, begins shuffling expertly.

ROMAN: So what's your new trick, Duke?

FINGARD: (*shuffles, then smoothly lays down three cards*) Tell you what, Steve. Here's three cards. Here's number one, number two, number three. I'm gonna walk over to that dessert table and turn my back to you. You put your finger on one of the three cards. But don't move 'em, don't look at 'em, and don't say a word. Art'll call me when you're done. I'll tell you what card you picked.

ROMAN: (*grinning, intrigued*) Okay, Duke. Go get some dessert.

Fingard leaves. Roman puts finger on card, nods to Stollery. Stollery calls: Duke!

Fingard returns, carefully studies cards, presses fingers to temple, closes eyes as if receiving signal.

FINGARD: You picked card number one, Steve.

Astonished gasp from everyone. Roman amazed.

ROMAN: Lucky guess, Duke. Do it again.

Fingard repeats trick several times. Each time Roman is more amazed, watches Fingard ferociously. Demands he reshuffles deck. Demands he walk further and further away. Each time, Stollery calls him back, Fingard picks right card. Groups claps. Eventually:

ROMAN: Okay, Duke. I can't figure it out. But it's a great trick. Tell me how you do it.

FINGARD: *(smiling)* Can't do that, Steve. It'll have to stay a secret.

ROMAN: No. I wanna know. Tell me what the trick is.

FINGARD: Can't, Steve. It's the magicians code of honour.

ROMAN: Than do it again. I'm gonna figure it out if it takes all night!

Fingard repeats trick twice again. Stollery calls him back, he picks right card. Roman now very frustrated, obsessed.

ROMAN: Goddam it, Fingard! Tell me how ya do it!

FINGARD: I can't, Steve. How 'bout if I show you another one...

ROMAN: *(suppressed bark)* I'll give ya 500 shares a Denison! Just tell me the trick!

Fingard shakes head, rest of group shrinks back from scene as Roman becomes more frustrated, belligerent.

ROMAN: Okay. A thousand shares!

FINGARD: Look, Steve. I can't...

ROMAN: Five thousand, godammit! You do it one more time. I bet you five thousand shares 'a Denison I figure it out. Only reshuffle again. I'm gonna watch every move. And you walk over to the barn! You're not gonna hear or see *nothin'*!

Fingard reshuffles, lays down three cards. Roman watches like a hawk. Everyone else nods, satisfied. Roman waits until Fingard reaches barn. Picks out third card. Nods to Stollery. Stollery goes halfway, calls: "Duke, come on!"

Fingard returns, picks out right card.

ROMAN: (*erupts*) You goddam crook, Fingard! You're cheatin' somehow!

PUHKY: Steve. It's only a card trick...

ROMAN: (*snaps*) You stay outa this, John. Okay, Fingard, you just got 5,000 shares a Denison. How'd ya do it?

FINGARD: (*grins, trying to take away tension*) It's easy, Steve. All I need is my assistant, Art.

Roman's head swings sharply, his eyes bore into Stollery as if he's betrayed him.

FINGARD: You pick out card two, Art calls me back in two words like: Okay, Duke! You pick card three, he says: Come on, Duke! You pick one, he just calls: Duke!

FADE OUT *rest of group roars with laughter, applauds, while Roman's face crashes and he gives deadly glare to Stollery.*

TITLE: TORONTO, 1966

FADE IN. *Courtroom. Judge, jury and public benches empty. Lone stenographer poised to take notes. Kirschbaum in witness box. Two lawyers at separate tables piled with papers, books, etc.*

KLIMA: (*nods to stenographer to begin*) Re: libel action of Joseph Kirschbaum vs. *Nase Hlasy* publishing. Day two of pre-trial examination of evidence. June 7, 1966. Mr. Kirschbaum, are you ready to continue?

KIRSCHBAUM: Yes.

KLIMA: Yesterday, I presented numerous photographs of you, Joseph Tiso, Ferdinand Durcansky and other officials of the Slovak government taken during World War Two. Are you still denying their authenticity?

KIRSCHBAUM: I cannot identify any such photographs. I can only say they appear to be a likeness of me and those you mentioned.

KLIMA: Yet each one is stamped and notarized by the Czechoslovak archives. They appeared in newspapers in 1939, 1940, '41...

KIRSCHBAUM: Photographs and documents can be easily forged. Czechoslovakia has been a communist country since 1948. No archives can be trusted.

KLIMA: I show you photograph # 15. Is that not a photograph of you reviewing the army with Tiso?

KIRSCHBAUM: *(not looking at photo)* It is a likeness of Tiso and myself.

KLIMA: I show you a photograph of you as Secretary-General of the Hlinka Party, with Tiso and Durcansky in attendance at an executive meeting of the war-time Slovak government.

KIRSCHBAUM: It is a likeness of me, and Tiso and Durcansky.

KLIMA: Is that not the presidential chambers?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is a likeness of the presidential chambers.

Klima goes to table, picks up new sheaf of notes.

KLIMA: Mr. Kirschbaum. On November 11, 1938, did you and Ferdinand Durcansky have a private meeting with Nazi Reichsmarshall Hermann Goering in Berlin?

KIRSCHBAUM: We had some meetings with some German officials about that time.

KLIMA: But not Goering?

KIRSCHBAUM: He may have been present. It is very long ago...

KLIMA: Mr. Kirschbaum. German minutes captured by the Allies after the war confirm you met Goering on Nov. 11, 1938, in his office in Berlin. Here are photostats of the original German minutes, and translations. They confirm the meeting was to discuss an economic and military alliance between Slovakia and Nazi Germany.

KIRSCHBAUM: *(not looking at papers)* I do not deny it is possible.

KLIMA: And that there were promises the Jewish question would be solved as in Germany.

KIRSCHBAUM: I never said that. I had no authority to make such an obligation...

KLIMA: Did Durcansky make that promise?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible the Germans assumed such a promise had been

made for their own ends.

KLIMA: What does "solved as in Germany" mean?

KIRSCHBAUM: I could not say.

KLIMA: Did you not arrive in Berlin the very night Nazi's went on a rampage against Jews - the night known as Kristalnacht?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible.

KLIMA: Did you not see the fires, the windows smashed in, the damage? Did you not see the papers on November 11?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible. Certainly I heard of the demonstrations.

KLIMA: On February 13, 1939, did you meet Edmund Veesenmayer, an aide to SS chief Heinrich Himmler, to work out the terms of Slovakia's military alliance with Nazi Germany?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible. There were many meetings with obscure German officials...

KLIMA: (*goes to table, picks up book*) Mr. Kirschbaum. In your *own* published history of Slovakia, you wrote: About the middle of February one of the foremost agents of the Third Reich, Dr. Veesenmayer, notified several Slovak political representatives, including this writer, that Hungary wanted to occupy Slovakia on March 15, and indicated that the proclamation of independence by Slovakia could forestall this.

Kirschbaum silent.

KLIMA: Is this the same Edmund Veesenmayer who helped Adolf Eichmann deport 70,000 Jews from Slovakia, and was convicted by the Allies as a war criminal?

KIRSCHBAUM: I was not in Slovakia from 1942 to 1945. I had nothing to do with the Jewish question. I was a diplomat.

KLIMA: In March 1939, did the SS and Gestapo supply you and your Slovak confederates with bombs, and help set the timing of the Slovak insurrection?

KIRSCHBAUM: The independence of Slovakia was achieved by peaceful means. There was not a single death...

KLIMA: Mr. Kirschbaum. SS officer Alfred Naujocks was captured by the Allies. He readily gave details about his involvement with you, Durcansky and Tiso. Here are the minutes of his interrogation...

Kirschbaum refuses to look at papers. Stays silent.

KLIMA: Did you have a second meeting with Nazi Reichsmarshal Goering in March, 1939?

Kirschbaum stays silent.

KLIMA: Very well. I read into the record the following notes from the interrogation of SS officer Alfred Naujocks in London, 1945:

A few days before the occupation of Czechoslovakia by the Germans, Naujocks received orders to wait at Templehof airport in Berlin for a Slovak delegation which he was to accompany to an audience with Goering. Naujocks met this delegation. He remembers Durcansky and Kirschbaum. The Slovak delegation asked Goering for protection, support and economic aid for an independent Slovak state.

Do you deny this meeting took place?

KIRSCHBAUM: I do not deny it is possible.

KLIMA: I show you a photostat of the front page of *Slovak*, the Hlinka Party official newspaper, of April 21, 1939. Can you identify it?

KIRSCHBAUM: No. I doubt I ever saw it. I was not in Bratislava that day.

KLIMA: Where were you?

KIRSCHBAUM: (*flash of lost composure, seeing mistake*) In Berlin.

KLIMA: Why?

KIRSCHBAUM: I was part of a delegation. I was with other delegations to ... Hitler's birthday.

KLIMA: Was the object to participate in the rejoicing for Hitler's birthday?

KIRSCHBAUM: No sir.

KLIMA: What was it?

KIRSCHBAUM: All delegations, including Britain, were invited and it was a diplomatic protocol duty. It was frightening, not rejoicing.

KLIMA: Are you serious?

KIRSCHBAUM: It was frightening.

KLIMA: Why?

KIRSCHBAUM: Because they showed the German military might.

KLIMA: On June 4, 1939, did you give a speech in Devisnka Nova Ves?

KIRSCHBAUM: Very possibly. I gave many speeches during that time.

KLIMA: According to the official paper of your Slovak Hlinka Party, you gave the speech to denounce citizens who had distributed leaflets condemning Slovaks who celebrated Hitler's birthday. The report quotes your speech:

Tell me, where do you see the German slavery which the cowardly authors of this leaflet would have you believe? Every worthy Slovak man and woman knows that the Slovak nation has never had such opportunities as it does today. For that we must thank the great German nation.

Kirschbaum says nothing.

KLIMA: In October, 1939, after Nazi Germany invaded Poland with the help of Slovak troops and airfields, did you attend a ceremony where Tiso was awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of the German Eagle?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible.

KLIMA: Did you attend another ceremony in October, 1939, where Tiso decorated Nazi pilots who had used Slovak airfields from which to bomb Warsaw?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is possible.

KLIMA: Did you give a speech on June 21, 1940, from the balcony of the Slovak National Theatre in Bratislava, praising the Germany army and the fall of France?

KIRSCHBAUM: Press reports are known to be unreliable.

KLIMA: From several different newspapers reporting the same event?

Kirschbaum says nothing.

KLIMA: The June 21, 1940 edition of *Slovenska Pravda* reports your speech as follows:

Our political cooperation with the great German nation gives support and belief that in the future we will be an island of peace and prosperity. We are thankful that we

have as our leader Dr. Tiso. We are also thankful we have the Hlinka Guards. Because these represent our line alongside the great German empire, the line we will bravely continue in the future.

Kirschbaum says nothing.

KLIMA: On March 4, 1940, after the aryanization of Jewish property had begun in earnest, did you not say the following in a speech to farmers:

What the Slovak government does today is nothing else but a punishment for political betrayal. It is taking away the property of political profiteers when the Assembly passed the law regulating the ownership of land, and is excluding Jews from the economic life. This prevents them from further enslaving the Slovak people.

KIRSCHBAUM: I do not recall saying those words. I was not involved in the Jewish question. I was at that time the Secretary-General of the Party, responsible for political administration...

KLIMA: Then I read you Information Circular # 12.550/40, dated April 24, 1940:

The General Secretariat reserves the right to decide in the takeover of the following enterprises: vinegar, soft drinks, flour mills, distilleries, machine shops, quarries, wholesale stores. In cases in which it is in the public interest that the takeover of a particular Jewish property be proceeded with quickly, when the General Secretariat gives its decision, such decision must be accepted by the county office. On Guard!

Kirschbaum says nothing.

KLIMA: In the fall of 1941, Mr. Kirschbaum, did you serve as an intelligence officer for Tiso in the Drogobych area of the Russian front?

KIRSCHBAUM: I fulfilled my military service obligation before joining the Slovak diplomatic service.

KLIMA: And did you see, or were you informed about, the atrocities German and Slovak troops were committing against Jews?

KIRSCHBAUM: There were reports, but they were unconfirmed.

KLIMA: Ninety thousand Jews were murdered in five months, Mr. Kirschbaum.

Kirschbaum says nothing.

KLIMA: Before your diplomatic posting, Mr. Kirschbaum, were you in fact promoted four times and awarded the Hlinka Grand medal?

KIRSCHBAUM: It is no dishonour to serve my country with distinction.

KLIMA: I show you a photograph of you being decorated with a medal by the Slovak interior minister Alexander Mach on April 21, 1940 - Hitler's birthday. Beside you is Franz Karmasin, leader of the Nazi stormtrooper squad in Slovakia. Can you identify this photograph?

KIRSCHBAUM: I can only say it is a likeness of me, Mach and Karmasin.
(*pause*) I would like now to take a recess from these proceedings, please. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Roman's office. Roman, Kirschbaum, Kirschbaum's lawyer.*

ROMAN (*furious, to lawyer*) So what you're sayin' is we should just goddam quit? An let that little fuckin' Czech newspaper get away with printin' lies?

LAWYER: It's not a matter of quitting, Mr. Roman. It's a matter of... tactics. As it stands now, all the evidence raised by the defense lawyer has remained *in camera*...

ROMAN: In camera? I'm not payin' ya ta speak fuckin' Latin. Give me it in english, wouldja?

LAWYER: Very well. Dr. Kirschbaum's testimony, and all the exhibits shown by the defense, have remained secret. None of it has been heard by a judge, a jury, or the press. If we simply stay - stop - the libel action, it will remain in limbo. If we press for the case to go to trial, everything will come out.

ROMAN: So what? We've got nothin' to hide. Let's take 'em on. I'll keep backin' you, Joseph.

KIRSCHBAUM: That's very generous of you, Stephen. But I think our lawyer's making a good point. I'm beginning to think that all the publicity of a trial - even if we win - will do more damage than good.

ROMAN: I don't get you. We'd win.

KIRSCHBAUM: Yes. But even when you win a mudfight, you still end up covered in mud. (*adds unconvincingly*) There's a saying: a lie repeated often enough becomes the truth.

Long pause.

ROMAN: (*mutters*) That doesn't make any sense ta me. Some guy kicks ya in the nuts, ya kick him back harder. Ya don't walk away.

Uncomfortable silence. Kirschbaum and lawyer avert eyes from Roman. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Suburban Toronto street. Election campaign signs up on some lawns. Some say Barney Danson, Vote Liberal '74; others read Stephen Roman, Progressive Conservative*

Roman's 1974 maroon Fleetwood Cadillac, with dark tinted glass, purrs on street. Roman inside, reading reports, occasionally glances out window. Canvassers knocking on household doors. Kirschbaum is one of them, dressed in suit, carries pamphlets.

KIRSCHBAUM: Good afternoon, ma'am. My name is Doctor Joseph Kirschbaum. I'm campaigning on behalf of the federal Progressive Conservative candidate, Stephen Roman.

HOUSEWIFE: The millionaire guy?

KIRSCHBAUM: *(smiles)* Well, yes, ma'am. He's a very successful businessman. He thinks Canada needs to be run more like a business than Trudeau...

HOUSEWIFE: I like Trudeau. He's got sex appeal...

KIRSCHBAUM: *(nonplussed. Hands her pamphlet)* Here's one of Stephen's pamphlets. I hope you'll take the time to read it. There are very important issues...

HOUSEWIFE: *(peering down street)* That your purple limousine?

KIRSCHBAUM: No. It's Stephen Roman's. If you like, I'll let him know and he'll come and speak to you personally.

HOUSEWIFE: You mean he's inside it? He's canvassing from a Cadillac?

Kirschbaum nods.

HOUSEWIFE: Are you kidding? I wouldn't be caught dead talking to a millionaire in these clothes!

She grabs pamphlet, closes door quickly. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Roman on stage at public school gym. Election posters. Raucous crowd. Roman speaking from podium.*

ROMAN: ...tax system that takes from the wealthy and gives it all to the unemployed is an infectious cancer. Politicians have gotten carried away with taking from the haves and giving to the have nots...

Mixed cheers and boos.

ROMAN: Governments are taking more and more responsibility away from the people. But a complete breakdown occurs when people are educated by politicians - when the state takes care of you from cradle to grave. If Trudeau got his way, he'd take another \$1.5 million out of my hide. He'd break my company.

VOICE FROM CROWD: Read today's paper, Roman! You're a *corporate* welfare bum. Your company hasn't paid a cent in income tax on \$56 million in profits!

Some boos from crowd. Some cheers.

ROMAN: (*losing temper*) Yeah, well I don't sit around the house all day smoking pot and watchin' tv, mack! I'm proud of my profits! An I put 'em back into the country so people can work and I can make more!

Roman supporters erupt with cheers, waving Roman campaign signs. Roman beams. Counter volley of boos. FADE OUT

FADE IN. *Television newscast. Reporter on screen, giving election results.*

REPORTER: In another high-profile contest, Liberal cabinet minister Barney Danson smashed multi-millionaire Stephen Roman's second attempt to win a seat in the House of Commons. Danson increased his vote by 5,000, while Roman's vote dropped by 3,000.

Roman does not like to lose. He spent more than \$200,000 on his two campaigns. There were charges that PC party headquarters fixed his nomination at the expense of a popular Anglican minister, Elmer McVety. At rallies in shopping malls and school gyms, Roman had two dozen Romanettes, dressed in skimpy chorus girl clothes, for cheerleaders.

But all he has is two trouncings to show for it. Speaking to reporters at his campaign headquarters tonight after the vote was obvious, Roman had the following reaction:

TV screen shows clip of furious Roman surrounded by reporters.

ROMAN: Barney Danson is so full of shit! He's a despicable son of a bitch, and I want you to write that! I hope the people who voted for Trudeau can live with their decision without squawking for the next four years!

TV clips shows Roman barging away from reporters, storming out of campaign HQ without saying another word to anyone. Kirschbaum, Stettreiser, Fialla, Fingard, Puhky watch in dismay. FADE OUT

TITLE: WASHINGTON, D.C., 1969

FADE IN. *Hirshhorn in fur coat, and President Lyndon Johnston in long overcoat hamming it up for cameras beneath a tent canopy.*

JOHNSON: America is honoured and humbled by this priceless gift of 6,000 works of modern art, all collected and donated by one of our most ingenious industrialists, Joseph Hirshhorn. *(sideways wink, pause)*

He may be only five feet tall, but this museum will be a towering legacy.

Hirshhorn's ebullient visage turns to stiff smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Roman, Kirshchbaum and Ontario Premier Bill Davis in tuxedos before crowd of several hundred. Banner behind podium says World Slovak Congress. Slovak Republic symbols. Davis and Kirschbaum jointly presenting huge trophy to Roman. Durcansky, Stettreiser, Fialla etc. flank them on stage.*

ROMAN: Thank you, Premier Davis. Thank you, Dr. Kirschbaum. *(applause)*
And now I would ask the Premier of Ontario to begin a special candle-lighting ceremony to mark the union of Slovaks throughout the world.

Lights dim.

DAVIS: It is truly an honour, Stephen, for me to light this candle on behalf of a people who know that freedom takes many years to grow and only a few hours to die.

Applause. Davis lights bank of candles. Hotel staff arrive to light hundreds more. Applause.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Stage next day. Roman is moderator, Kirschbaum at his side, Stettreiser, Fialla on stage. Durcansky at lecture podium. Hall filled.*

DURCANSKY: *(barely restrained invective)* ...concentrated in the cities of southern Slovakia. That was one of the reasons for the growth of anti-Semitism. Another was the unnatural economic and social situation. Along with the Czechs, it was mainly Jews who had control of the entire economic life in Slovakia.

Roman and Kirschbaum stiffen, but Stettreiser, Fialla etc. nod, applaud enthusiastically. General applause from audience.

DURCANSKY: There existed, therefore, a certain parallel between anti-Semitism and a just division of national wealth. Anti-Semitism had no racial, but exclusively political, economic and social roots. I hope we live to see the day when the Jews draw the necessary objective conclusions - and relinquish their anti-Slovak attitude.

Heavier applause from audience. Durcansky takes cue.

DURCANSKY: (*winding up for finale*) The hostile, even malicious attitude of the Allies towards the Slovak republic during the war, and their constant activity in the interests of its destruction, have clearly proven they did not intend to mend their discriminatory conduct. Berlin learned to respect us. The Slovak republic was not the creation of Berlin, but just the opposite!

Stettreiser, Fialla, most of crowd rise for standing ovation, Roman and Kirschbaum do slowly. Durcansky bows, takes seat beside Roman. Roman goes to podium, clapping.

ROMAN: Thank you, Doctor Durcansky. We would now invite questions from the... - yes, you sir. Please give your name and occupation.

LENART: (*stands alone at audience microphone*) My name is Walter Lenart. I am a doctor. Long ago, my university professor in Bratislava told me that those who fail to make distinctions cannot teach history. (*approving nods from head table, audience*) Last night, we heard the Ontario Premier warn about the fragility of freedom. Today, we heard Dr. Kirschbaum and Dr. Durcansky give first-hand accounts of the Slovak Republic. With your permission, Mr. Roman, I would like five minutes to give my own.

ROMAN: (*pleased*) Certainly, Dr. Lenart.

LENART: I have your solemn word?

ROMAN: (*slightly startled*) Of course.

LENART: Thank you. (*turns to audience*) A first distinction: would all the Jews in this audience please raise their hands.

No hands are raised. Room goes silent as Lenart raises his own, turns to stage where Roman, Kirschbaum etc. have frozen.

LENART: (*calmly, with conviction*) In 1939, when I was 18, I was one of 90,000 Slovak Jews. Five years later, 70,000 had been wiped off the face of the earth. Tens of thousands of records prove how it was done: property seizure permits. Train logs. Ledgers verifying Slovakia paid Berlin 500 Reichsmarks for every Jew deported to Poland. The archives of Auschwitz itself.

Room dead silent.

LENART: Would anyone in this room deny this happened?

Dead silence.

LENART: Yet not a single word about this has been said at this conference. Not a single word has been written in the conference materials, or (*he holds up books*) the official histories Durcansky and Kirschbaum have written in the name of the World Slovak Congress. Not a single candle was lit last night. So I am going to light one by telling you a single Slovak history. Mine.

Long pause. Lenart faces audience.

LENART: In October 1939, I was a medical student at Bratislava University. Poland was smashed. Slovakia was a Nazi ally. One day, a dismissal notice was posted. All Jews were forbidden to study as doctors, lawyers, accountants or even pharmacists. It was signed by Joseph Kirschbaum, supreme commander of the Hlinka Academic Guard. In December, my father was formally notified that his business was to be aryanized - given to a politically reliable non-Jew.

He owned a factory which made morphine for the Red Cross. It was turned over to Durcansky, who instead supplied the Nazi's and the black market. As Tiso's General Secretary, Kirschbaum signed aryanization approvals. Next, we were stripped of citizenship. The decree was drafted by Kirschbaum. Next, my father was sent to the forced labour camp at Novaky.

By the spring of 1942, the trains had begun. My father and most of my uncles disappeared. Then my mother, and my aunts. I hid by day. At night I worked - for food - as a pin boy at a bowling alley in Bratislava. My identity stayed secret until May 29.

That night Adolf Eichmann was given a state banquet by Tiso. I know the date because afterward he came into my bowling alley. He was drunk. So were most of the SS and Gestapo officers with him, and some of the men on (*points*) this stage. They were laughing and bragging about how they would ship 90,000 Jews to oblivion. I was terrified.

They started bowling. Because they were very drunk, they bowled badly. Soon, they stopped counting the score. Instead, they began aiming for my hands and legs as I picked up the knocked-over pins. My hands got smashed so I couldn't keep up. That made them mad. They fired bullets over my head, and ordered me to come out. When that Hlinka Guard (*points to stage*) - Rudolf Stettreiser - found I had no papers, he dragged me before Eichmann and ordered me to take down my trousers.

Pause, total silence in room.

Eichmann looked at my penis. He smirked and said: *He's got the wrong kind of pin*. Everyone laughed. The next morning, I was put on a cattle car to Auschwitz. I arrived on June 1, 1942. I was young and strong, so they sent me to the Birkenau barracks. Every day, under the Sonderkommando SS, they made us dig up thousands of Jews from pits where they had been stripped, then machine-gunned. We dragged them to the ovens. If we refused, we were shot on the spot.

At night, we saw the glow from the crematorium make a radiant orange crescent in the sky, and ashes come down in silence, like flakes of silver snow. The smell was sweet. It was beautiful, if you could deny what you knew. That was when I knew hell has a halo, too.

One night, there was an explosion in the crematorium. The guards raced to it. I threw myself under the fence, and ran for hours. The Nazi's sent dogs. They were only minutes behind when I found a farmer's can of tractor fuel. I soaked myself with gas, and hid in the manure pile. The dogs tracked me to the spot, but lost the scent and disappeared.

I waited until the next night, then walked south, stealing food from the fields when I could. Moving only at night, I crossed back into Slovakia. Finally I came to the church of the Bishop of Spis. It was summer, the door was open. He found me behind the altar, starving. I showed him my tattoo. I told him about the ovens. He baptised me as a Catholic, and gave me these (*holds up faded yellow papers*) papers to protect me. He swore before God that he would tell Tiso and the Vatican to stop the trains.

Dead silence in hall. Roman pale, Kirschbaum, Durcansky etc. in a stiff tableau.

ROMAN: (*very subdued, barely audible*) We heard what you have to say, Mr. Lenart.

LENART: After the war, the Bishop showed me the letters he wrote. (*pause*) But the trains didn't stop. Another 50,000 Slovak Jews were deported after Tiso paid Berlin 500 Reichsmarks each. After Tiso *knew*. After these men (*points to stage*) knew.

ROMAN: (*trace of anger*) That's enough.

LENART: Mr. Roman. I have one minute left.

ROMAN: I said that's...

LENART: Mr. Roman, *you gave your word*. I will finish in one minute.

Roman waves hand disgustedly. Lenart continues.

LENART: At the end of the war, I saw the halo of hell a second time. My medical class watched a film on the atomic bomb, and the instant cremation of Hiroshima. Then Nagasaki by a uranium bomb.

The third time was after I emigrated to Canada. Because of a lack of doctors, I was assigned to the hospital in Elliot Lake. (*Roman looks up, startled*) Most of my patients were miners. Hundreds were maimed and injured every year. Soon, there was an epidemic of men crippled by lung disease. I took thousands of x-rays. Hundreds had a

faint white halo. Cancer. From working in rich uranium reefs with no ventilation...

ROMAN: (*barking now*) Now stop it right there, mister! This has nothin' to do with this conference, or the truth. You have no scientific evidence...!

LENART: I gave my report to your mine manager, Mr. Roman. It was sent back. So I sent it to the Worker's Compensation Board, the ministry of Health, and the federal Ministry of Labour. Today, I will send it to the press. There is an epidemic of lung cancer among miners in Elliot Lake. It's been caused by the very uranium ore you sold for American and British atomic bombs, Mr. Roman - enough to make ten thousand halo's of hell.

ROMAN: (*standing bolt upright*) Throw him out!

Several beefy Slovaks surround Lenart, start to physically escort him from room. As he is led out down length of room, audience boos louder and louder. Lenart shouts but keeps dignity.

LENART: I was there, Roman! I saw the faces of my neighbours when they came to see Tiso, and the Nazi generals. They *adored* them! They wanted to stay innocent - even when all the Jews lost their houses, and they disappeared in cattle cars. The Nazi crime was impossible to question, because it was built on a conspiracy of *innocence*. I am alive only because the Bishop of Spis dared to choose between my tattoo and the halo of Tiso's lies - lies that still bind everyone in this room!

Lenart ejected. Roman's face crashes. Kirschbaum and Durcansky remain aloof, crowd hums with outrage, disapproval. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. Vrba in courtroom.

LAWYER: Your honour, as the defendant Ernst Zundel is charged with inciting racial hatred in Canada, in part by denying the existence of the Holocaust, I call as my next witness University of British Columbia Professor Rudolf Vrba, formerly Auschwitz prisoner # 44070.

FADE OUT. FADE IN. *Massive gathering of 10,000 at Cathedral of Transfiguration. Bright, summer day. Dozens of Catholic clergy, including several bishops and cardinals. Many dressed in Byzantine rite raiments. Choirs sing. Huge media contingent. Television cameras mounted on scaffolds.*

TITLE: TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1984

Pope arrives with entourage, including convoy of black limousines. Beaming Roman, in dark business suit, leads white-cloaked Pope and delegation (including Kirschbaum, Puhky, Stettreiser, Fialla) to cornerstone of cathedral. Microphone and amplifier set up. Pope says a prayer, then blesses cornerstone. Takes Roman hands,

bleses and nods to him in gesture of approval. Crowd applauds wildly. Roman kisses Papal ring. Pope shakes hands with Kirschbaum.

ROMAN: Ladies and gentlemen. This is the proudest moment of my life. This cathedral is the first in all of North and South America to be personally consecrated by a Pontiff

Waves of applause from crowd. Pope smiles, nods.

ROMAN: When it is finished, it will be a replica of the church I worshipped as a boy in Slovakia. It is a symbol of God's beauty. It is a symbol of His truth. And it is also a symbol of my conviction that everyone is put on this earth to perfect a divine task. Mine is to save my own soul.

Thunderous applause, Pope nods approval. Roman beams. Vrba watches in audience. Kirschbaum sees Vrba. Both lock eyes. FADE OUT.

FADE IN. *Roman lying in bed. Bishop delivering last rites and absolution. Kirschbaum and Puhky look on gravely.*

TITLE: ROMAN DALE MANSION, TORONTO, MARCH, 1988

Long silence. All three watch Roman, who has choppy, laboured breathing. Suddenly Roman reaches out, Bishop comes closer. Roman grips his arm tightly.

CLOSE UP OF ROMAN'S FACE. *It is an inscrutable mask, impossible to tell whether it's reflecting the physical pain of a stroke, moral agony, or a spiritual joy so profound it is almost frightening to him. Roman struggles to make words, makes only unintelligible sounds. The Bishop chants absolution prayer. Roman remains unconscious, but becomes intensely agitated. Then finally he struggles to lean forward, yells in inhuman voice:*

ROMAN: I can see a halo!

Roman collapses, dead. Camera swings to face of the Bishop, who smiles with mixture of pity and profound conviction that Roman's soul has been saved. As Bishop crosses himself, camera swings to Kirschbaum, whose face is twisted in horror. FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: HAIFA UNIVERSITY, ISRAEL, 1998

Rudolf Vrba receiving honorary doctorate, giving brief address to audience which ends:

**"IT IS EVIL TO ASSENT ACTIVELY OR PASSIVELY TO EVIL AS
ITS INSTRUMENT, AS ITS OBSERVER, OR AS ITS VICTIM."**

END