

# MUNICH

Screenplay by  
Tony Kushner and Eric Roth

Based on the Book "Vengeance" by George Jonas

1

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM, MUNICH - NIGHT (NEP STADIUM)

1

The Munich flag is flying over the stadium. Past the flag, in a distance, the fence that encloses the Olympic Village.

In the dark outside the Village, a group of eight men in track suits, carrying heavy duffel bags, are silently, rapidly moving towards the perimeter fence.

2

OMITTED

2

3

EXT. OUTSIDE A PERIMETER FENCE OF THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE, MUNICH - EARLY MORNING, 4AM (NEP STADIUM)

Paolo, the first of 8 fedayeen, dressed as athletes in track suits, carrying duffel bags, are climbing over the wire fence.

A group of American athletes, happy and drunk, comes ambling down the sidewalk towards the Palestinians, laughing, trying to be quiet. The Palestinians freeze, looking at one another, alarmed; one of their number is halfway over the fence. Tony starts to unzip his duffel bag, ready to go for his gun. Issa stops him, saying something softly in Arabic. The Americans gather around the Palestinians.

AMERICAN ATHLETE (CASTING TBD)

Aw shame shame ! Closin' down the  
biergarten! Hundred meter dash  
powered by knockwurst and lager!

Issa smiles at him, shrugs to indicate he doesn't understand.

AMERICAN ATHLETE (CASTING TBD)

Where you guys from? What's your  
event?

AMERICAN ATHLETE (CASTING TBD)

He doesn't speak English, man.  
Let's help 'em over.

The athlete squats, cups his hands, indicates that he'll give Issa a boost over the fence. Issa indicates to one of his men to take the offer. The Americans cheerfully help the Palestinians climb over the fence, handing them their duffel bags.

Over the fence, the Americans and Palestinians shake hands and the Americans walk off toward their building. The Palestinians are surprised and amused, and also very nervous.

3A EXT. AN ALLEY BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS NEAR THE FENCE, OLYMPIC VILLAGE, MUNICH - EARLY MORNING, 4AM (NEP STADIUM)

The fedayeen are taking off their tracks suits, revealing ordinary clothes underneath.

4 EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - EARLY MORNING (STAGE/ICE RINK) 4

The Palestinians walk as a group through the sleeping Village, down an avenue of modern apartment buildings. They arrive at 31 Connollystrasse and stop.

They enter the building.

5 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT 1, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 5  
EARLY MORNING, 4AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

The Palestinians are silently removing their rifles from their duffel bags.

One by one we see them put stocking masks over their heads. They all look scared; some are eager, some just scared. They look at each other once the masks are on, giving each other courage.

A close-up on Issa's face, serious and intelligent; his eyes.

Issa motions to the others to be ready. He slowly inserts a passkey into the lock of the door of the apartment. He turns the key as quietly as he can. Very gently and slowly he begins to open the door.

6 INT. INSIDE APARTMENT 1, FRONT BEDROOM, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 6  
EARLY MORNING, 4AM (STAGE ICE/RINK)

On the other side of the door, Yossef Gutfreund, a wrestling referee, sees that the door is being opened by a man wearing a mask. He sees the glint of light on a machine gun barrel. He shouts to wake up the others. Then he hurls himself against the door. Someone on the other side manages to shove the barrel of an AK-47 in the way before the door can close. Guttfreund is struggling mightily against eight men to hold the door closed

Behind him, Tuvia Sokolovsky leaps up, breaks the glass in a window and starts to crawl out.

Down the hall in another bedroom, Moshe Weinberg, the wrestling coach, half-asleep in shorts and a t-shirt, is seen scrambling out of bed.

He turns into the apartment to scream out a warning to the other athletes

TV SCREEN:

7

ISRAELI BROADCASTING AUTHORITY'S SPECIAL MUNICH COVERAGE

7

Black-and-white, the Israeli anchor sitting at a strange angle in front of an aerial shot of the Olympic Stadium:

ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR

Good morning from Munich. 36 Years have passed since Jewish blood was spilled. The blood of 6 million. This morning Germany absorbed the blood of one or two of the Israeli delegation to the Olympics.

7A

INT. AN APARTMENT IN TEL AVIV - BARELY DAWN

7A

General Zvi Zamir is struggling out of his pajamas while watching television. His wife is in her bathrobe, crying. Several IDF officers are standing behind them, waiting.

ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

There is great uncertainty about how many Israelis are being held hostage in the apartment at 31 Connollystrasse in the Olympic Village.

Moshe Weinberg, the weight-lifting coach, was reportedly shot twice in the head, once in the stomach, and then dragged outside, where he died.

CUT TO TV  
SCREEN:

7B

A BBC REPORTER IS STANDING NEAR THE BUILDING IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE IN WHICH THE ATHLETES ARE BEING HELD.

BBC WORLD NEWS REPORTER

-- and it now appears that this group, calling itself Black September, has tossed a piece of paper out the window of the apartment, a list of demands --

CUT TO:

(NOTE: ISSA'S FACE IS BLACKENED WITH SHOEPOLISH IN THIS STOCK FOOTAGE, SO HE SHOULD HAVE A BLACKENED FACE IN FUTURE SCENES.)

8

EXT. A BAR ON A STREET IN HAIFA - EARLY MORNING

8

The bar has opened its doors and a television set is propped up on a table. A large crowd of Israelis, men, women, schoolkids, secular and religious people, a few Arab-Israelis, have gathered around.

BBC WORLD NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

They want what they call "the Israeli war machine" to release 200 Arabs in Israeli prisons which it insists are political prisoners, held without trial, or the hostages will be killed. The terrorist communique ends with an appeal for "revolutionaries of the world to unite."

8A

INT. IN GOLDA MEIR'S HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

8A

Golda in the dark, in silhouette, recognizable only by her profile and the frizzy hair, in a housecoat, cup of coffee and cigarette, watching.

A German reporter, who can be seen standing near the BBC reporter.

GERMAN REPORTER (IN GERMAN, SUBTITLED IN ARABIC)

The deadline for the release of the Palestinian prisoners is only two and a half hours from now.  
The governor of the state of Bavaria and the FDR Minister of the Interior are working to arrange a meeting with Issa, the head of the Black September group --

9

OMIT

9

9A

OMITTED

9A

10

INT. A COMMON ROOM SOMEWHERE IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE - EARLY AFTERNOON (NEP STADIUM)

Olympic athletes from around the world are watching the German Minister of the Interior doing a press conference.

Camera crews and individual photographers are filming them watching TV. Journalists from the USA, Spain and Italy are interviewing athletes from USSR (2), USA, Mexico, Japan, Sweden and Kenya. There's a murmur of translation into many languages.

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR (GERMAN)

The peace of the Olympics games has been shattered by a murderous band of criminal terrorists. The whole world views this deplorable deed with disgust.

CUT TO:

10A

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT ONE FRONT ROOM AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - - AFTERNOON (STAGE ICE/RINK)

All nine athletes are sitting on the floor, bound at the wrists and feet and to one another in groups of 3. The fedayeen stand around, holding onto their AK47s.

Two of the fedayeen have been hurt: Salah(aka Afif Ahmed Hamid) has a bloody bandage wrapped around his head-- there's a knife wound in his forehead. The left side of Badran's face is a swollen gory mess, a punch having cut him and knocked out teeth.

The television is on. Everyone's watching Paolo pull a stocking mask over his head, pick up his gun and step out of the room onto the balcony.

They watch him through the window, leaning over the balcony railing. His image simultaneously appears on TV. One of the fedayeen, Tony, notices the TV, nudges Abu-Halah, who looks at the TV. Then Tony turns to one of the athletes:

TONY (IN HEBREW:)

Everyone's watching. Everyone in the world.

The athletes also turn from watching out the balcony to watching the image on TV.

(PLAYBACK -- STOCK FOOTAGE)

11 INT. A SMALL CINDERBLOCK HOUSE IN AIDA REFUGEE CAMP OUTSIDE 1  
BETHLEHEM -- AFTERNOON

A large group of Palestinian woman are crowded in front of a television. There's no sound.

11A CUT TO TV SCREEN:

11A

In silence, the famous footage of the man -- Paolo -- on the balcony, bending to look down and around, wearing the stocking mask.

CUT BACK TO:

11 CONT' INT. THE HOUSE IN AIDA REFUGEE CAMP - AFTERNOON 11 CONT'D.

The women, watching, are discussing in murmurs what they see: On their TV, the same footage of Paulo on the balcony. Some of the women are shaking their heads in disbelief, some are smiling.

11B CUT BACK TO TV SCREEN:

11B

The footage of Paulo again. He looks over the balcony and then he goes inside. Over this, Jim McKay's voice, with Spanish and Arabic subtitling.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)  
See the man with the stocking  
mask... weird... does it mean "all  
right" or "it's all over... come  
and get us?"

11BB INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT ONE FRONT ROOM AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE -  
AFTERNOON (STAGE/ICE RINK)

All nine athletes and Issa, Tony, Abu Hallah, Kader, Badran and Salah are watching television:

CUT TO TV:

Paolo leaves the balcony.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)  
(with German subtitling:)  
This is live, this is happening  
now...

CUT BACK TO:

In the room: While everyone's watching Paolo on TV step off the balcony, the actual Paolo steps off the balcony and back into the apartment.

11BBB INT. A MEDIA HQ ABOVE A STADIUM - AFTERNOON (NEP STADIUM) BBB

In the stadium, hordes of Olympic officials and groundskeepers in blue blazers and uniforms are running about, conferring with clipboards, wielding brooms and maintenance equipment, tidying, working to get the games restarted, their behavior and demeanor bizarrely bright and energetic.

The staff in the media HQ is watching this going on, quietly discussing the action on the field, while behind them, on the TV monitors, footage of crowds assembled outside the Olympic village, protesting the games going on during the crisis. over this a BBC reporter is talking:

BBC WORLD NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
Prime Minister Golda Meir, holding fast to her government's policy of refusing to negotiate with the terrorists, says that no Israelis anywhere on earth will be safe if she gives in. Though one suspects there must be tremendous pressure to do so from the families of the captive men who --

11C INT. SECURITY ROOM IN THE OLYMPICS VILLAGE (NEP STADIUM) 11C

The Munich police are suiting up for the raid, putting on bulky kevlar vests and then track suits on top of them, checking ammo and assault rifles, putting these in sports bags, and watching the coverage all the while.

CUT TO TV  
SCREEN:

Footage of crowds at the Olympics stadium, track and field events going on.

GERMAN BROADCASTER (V.O.)

-- we're confirming now the International Olympic Committee's decision not to cancel the competition, to allow the Games to continue, only a few hundred yards from where this deadly standoff is taking place, now that the noon deadline has been shifted to 5PM and --

11D INT. THE MEDIA HQ - AFTERNOON (NEP STADIUM)

11D

Through the window of the media building, a crew is trying to focus a camera with a zoom lens on police activity across the street. Two producers are watching one of the several TV monitors:

CUT TO TV SCREEN:

ABC News desk, Jim McKay:

JIM MCKAY:

And can you tell us what you're seeing now, Peter?

The picture switches to footage of the Munich police dressed in a weird amalgam of athletic clothing, storm-trooper helmets, guns in gym bags, running about, scaling the roof.

PETER JENNINGS (V.O.)

Yes Jim, it's, well, that man is carrying a bag which obviously holds a large gun, and... These are Munich police officers who are preparing to wage an assault on the building as the 5PM deadline approaches, it's now 4:46 Jim and --

12 INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT 1 (FRONT ROOM), 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 1-2  
AFTERNOON (STAGE/ICE RINK)

The room's a mess, food and cigarettes and a barricaded door. AK-47s are propped on furniture. Several young Palestinian men are watching TV, discussing what they're seeing:

On the screen, the police are filmed crouching/running across the roof, and scaling the first and second floor balconies.

The Palestinians in the apartment are arguing quietly, urgently about what to do, pointing at the tiny figures on the screen, getting their guns ready for battle.

TONY (IN ARABIC:)  
It's going to happen, they're coming in.

SALAH (IN ARABIC:) We warned them, we said what would happen if there's any attempt, so maybe we have to do it.

ABU-HALAH (IN ARABIC:) It's just a show, it's just a fucking display, to show that they're tough, they won't risk it, don't panic.

TONY (IN ARABIC:) Go talk to them, go tell them to get back or something bad will happen.

ANOTHER GERMAN REPORTER (GERMAN V.O.) This assault on the building certainly seems rather disorganized and dangerous, and, and is apparently being televised, and one wonders if the Palestinians and their hostages inside are watching.

Issa, the leader, his face blackened with shoe polish, leaves the room.

13 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 1-3 LATE AFTERNOON (STAGE/ICE RINK)

Issa pauses for a moment, collecting himself, then walks down the hallway towards the exit, angry, unafraid.

A13A INT. SECURITY ROOM IN THE OLYMPICS VILLAGE (NEP STADIUM) A13A  
The same room as in scene 11C. The police are returning from the now-cancelled raid. They enter and throw down their weapons and gear on a table, furious, humiliated, disgusted. The television is playing:

CUT TO TV  
SCREEN:

Issa is standing with the German officials, engaged in discussion.

GERMAN REPORTER(V.O.)

-- when the leader of the fedayeen came out of the building and demanded that they call off the siege, pointing out that the entire operation was being watched on the television set within the apartment.

CUT BACK TO:

In the security room, the policemen have gathered, watching the TV, muttering, still very angry, disgusted at having been called off.

CUT BACK TO TV:

GERMAN REPORTER (V.O.)

Apparently new demands have been made to move the fedayeen and their hostages, though it isn't yet known where or when this might occur.

13A EXT. THE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 13A EVENING (NEP STADIUM)

A lone 16MM video camera, a crew of two people and a single flash photographer are filming and snapping shots of the scene unfolding at the far end of the garage:

A green bus is waiting, idling. The nine athletes, blindfolded and bound to one another, facing out encircling their captors, are walking carefully to the door of the bus.

This event is partly obscured from the camera by a crowd of police and government officials who are standing in between their distant perch and the events unfolding by the bus.

No one is speaking. The echoing garage is scarily quiet.

The hostages and all eight fedayeen are on the bus. The bus begins to rolls towards the exit.

CUT TO:

13B

INT/EXT. THE MEDIA HQ - NIGHT (NEP STADIUM)

13B

Inside the media HQ, a bank of television monitors, each with an on- or off-camera reporter speaking in a different language. The monitors are showing the bus leaving the garage and heading down Connollystrasse. The night footage on every monitor is grainy, chaotic and obscure.

## ENGLISH REPORTER

They're moving slowly towards the bus, obviously wary of an assault from the German police who are standing at a distance, as instructed...

## GERMAN REPORTER

This is our first glimpse of the hostages since this morning, it's hard to see anything in the dim light of the garage and -- The terrorists are hiding within the circle of their captives, using them as shields...

## FRENCH REPORTER

The fedayeen are still heavily armed, the Israeli athletes bound and blindfolded and they seem dazed and uncertain. No one is clear about where they're being taken but it's assumed to be an airport nearby.

## SPANISH REPORTER

We're being kept at a distance by the authorities who have promised the terrorists a safe and quick getaway out of the garage and away from this building that's now become famous the world over...

## ISRAELI REPORTER

As the long day has worn on, with deadlines approaching and passing unmarked, no further hostages having been killed since the bloody toll this morning, it's uncertain where things stand or what the abductors think they have to gain, other than their own safety.

## ARAB REPORTER

If rumors are correct, the bus will take the fedayeen and their prisoners to an airport for transportation to either Libya or Syria. This is a moment of great danger for everyone involved.

CUT TO:

13BB

EXT. AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT (NEBB STADIUM)

The same group of reporters from the monitors in the previous scene, arrayed in front of TV cameras with long lenses, and a number of still photographers as well, filming and photographing the bus leaving the garage. Policemen and soldiers in riot gear, are holding them at a distance from the garage.

As the bus leaves the garage, some of the journalists who have been talking to the camera stop talking and turn to watch the bus drive down the street.

14 OMIT SCENE 14

14

14A INT. AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE IN JERUSALEM

14A

A TELEVISION SCREEN:

The bus driving up Connollystrasse and out of the compound. Again, the video footage is incomprehensible night filming, a blur of lights and fragments of crowds, cars, buildings. A single Israeli reporter is heard.

ISRAELI REPORTER (V.O.)

No one seems to know if only the Arab gunmen will be taken in the helicopters, and no one knows of any airplane waiting at an airport to take the Arabs away. The West German agencies seem to be at cross purposes, even working against one another. That's all that's known now, nothing is known.

Someone's hand switches the channel on the television set.

The camera pulls back to reveal:

General Eytan Nadav and General Aharon Yariv, watching television. Yariv is on the phone, nodding, responding occasionally. Both men keep their eyes on the TV throughout

Behind them are many subalterns, high-ranking officers and civilians, watching the television and talking on the phone and to one another, strategizing.

Nadav whispers something emphatic into Yariv's other ear, who nods while continuing his conversation on the phone and TV watching.

The strange, confusing night footage continues in silence for a bit.

Eventually out of the confusion, two helicopters are discernible, flying from the Village.

BBC REPORTER(V.O.)

The decision's been made, what I'm hearing from here is that they are headed to an airport, called, um... Furstenfeldbruck, where a DC9 plane will be waiting to take the terrorists and their hostages to Libya or --

15

INT. A GUARD BOOTH AT FURSTENFELDBRUCK AIRPORT (TOKOL 15  
AIRFIELD)

A small television is playing as the guards, not watching, stare out the window -- the armored vehicles on television are roaring past the guard booth.

ON TV: night-time chaos again. Mostly we see bright lights piercing blackness, streaking the screen. Crowds, cars, soldiers, police, press. A German reporter is being shoved aside as enter the gates.

GERMAN REPORTER (V.O.)

There are armored cars now, they --  
They were stuck in traffic and now,  
an hour after we first heard  
gunfire and --

The sound of a big explosion. The TV camera lurches up to show a huge fireball, rising behind the perimeter fence from the direction of the runway and silhouetting the air traffic tower.

The guards in the guard booth rush out of the booth to see the fireball rising.

(PLAYBACK -- LIVE FEED)

16

INT. AN APARTMENT IN HAIFA -- LATE NIGHT

16

A young woman, the wife of one of the athletes, is sitting on a chair, clutching a framed picture of her husband. Behind her, a few friends and family are sitting. A teenaged girl is leaning against her chair, looking exhausted and frightened.

ON TV:

Israeli Broadcast Authority Munich coverage, the stadium backdrop, as before:

ANOTHER ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR  
We have reports now that all the  
hostages, all nine hostages are  
safe.

The wife of the athlete is rocking, slightly, trying to hold it in. She isn't sobbing but tears are streaming down her face.

ANOTHER ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR  
We repeat, we have confirmed, it's  
just past one AM, the fighting  
ceased at midnight, that all the  
hostages are safe, and --

CUT TO:

17

INT. A PALESTINIAN HOUSE IN HEBRON - LATE NIGHT

17

Men and women and children are watching the Israeli broadcast.

ANOTHER ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
All the hostages, we are told all  
the hostages are safe. And all the  
Arabs have been killed.

Some of the men and women begin to weep. A ululating cry rises from the women; it becomes a great piercing cry of mourning.

CUT TO:

18

INT. AN ARMY BARRACKS, THE GOLAN HEIGHTS - LATE NIGHT

18

Soldiers in the IDF are watching a small television set.

TV SCREEN:

ISRAELI NEWS ANCHOR  
It has been learned that three of  
the nine Arab terrorists have  
survived the gun and grenade battle  
at Furstenfeldbruck Airport and are  
now in German custody.

18A

OMITTED

18A

19-19A

OMITTED

19-19A

20

INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - EARLY EVENING

20

Later the same day. A modest, underfurnished modern Israeli apartment. Avner is sitting alone on a small sofa watching television, a grim, tight expression on his face. His large friendly dog, Charlie, is whining and nosing about for attention. Avner gently pushes him away.

CUT TO TV  
SCREEN:

20A

Grainy footage of the flag-draped coffins of the murdered 20A athletes being unloaded at Lod Airport.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
(V.O.)

The bodies of the eleven murdered Olympic athletes arrived this morning at Lod Airport.

The camera switches to show huge crowds gathered at night in downtown Tel Aviv.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION  
ANCHOR(CONT'D)

Enormous crowds have gathered on Dizengoff Street, and in Jerusalem on the plaza in front of the Knesset. People are weeping, tearing their clothes... The funerals, which will be held tomorrow in Jerusalem, are expected to draw tens of thousands of mourners.

21

CUT BACK TO:

21

Avner, watching, is clenching his right fist so tight his arm tremors, then hyperflexing, again to the point of tremors. With a sigh, Charlie settles nearby.

Daphna, Avner's seven-months-pregnant wife, opens the front door, carrying the mail. Avner looks up at her and then back to the TV. They don't say anything. He moves over to one end of the sofa, making room for her; she squeezes in between him and the arm rest. They watch in silence.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
These are the names of members of  
the Israeli team at the Munich  
Olympics who were held hostage,  
beaten, and finally murdered by  
Arab terrorists.  
David Marc Berger.

As she says each name, the face of the athlete appears on the screen. Avner repeats each name quietly, or noiselessly, after the announcer.

22 INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN 22

A hand places a grainy photo of an Arab man on a tabletop.

A MALE VOICE  
Dr. Wadi Haddad.

23 INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - EARLY EVENING 23

On the television, a shot of the flags at the Olympics village being lowered to half mast.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
Zeev Friedman.

24 INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN 24

Another photo of another Arab man.

A MALE VOICE  
Abu Daoud.

25 INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - EARLY EVENING 25

Avner and Daphna watching.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
Yossef Gutfreund.

26 INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN 26

Another photo.

A MALE VOICE  
Mahmoud Hamshari.

Another hand picks up the photo, passing it to yet another hand.

27

INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - EARLY EVENING

27

On the television, film footage of Paulo, standing on the balcony at 31 Connollystrasse, wearing his stocking mask, holding a gun.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
Eliezer Halfin. Yosef Romano.

28

INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN

28

Another photo.

A MALE VOICE  
Wael Zwaiter.

29

INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV-- EARLY EVENING

29

Avner and Daphna watching.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
Amitzur Shapira.

DAPHNA  
(softly:)  
Oh God. I think I knew his cousin.

30

INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN

30

Another photo.

A MALE VOICE  
Dr. Basil al-Kubaisi.

31

EXT. ON A SQUARE IN JERUSALEM - DAY

31

A procession of coffins, draped with Israeli flags, are making their way through a massive, somber crowd. People are weeping. A band is playing the Hatikvah.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
Kehat Shorr. Mark Slavin. Andrei  
Spitzer.

32

INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN

32

Another photo.

A MALE VOICE  
Kamal Nasser.

Another photo.

A MALE VOICE  
Kamal Adwan.

A MALE VOICE  
Mahmoud Yussuf Najjer, also known  
as "Abu Yussuf".

Another photo is placed as the previous photo is picked up.

A MALE VOICE  
Mohammed Boudia.

Another photo. Then another.

A MALE VOICE  
Hussein al-Chir. Ali Hassan  
Salameh.

33

INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - EARLY EVENING

33

Avner and Daphna, listening. Avner is still silently pronouncing the names.

FEMALE ISRAELI TELEVISION ANCHOR  
(V.O.)  
Yacov Springer. Moshe Weinberg.

Charlie is whining from the kitchen.

DAPHNA  
I tried not to think about you but  
I couldn't.

AVNER  
I have the world's most boring job.  
What's going to happen to me?

DAPHNA  
They were just athletes. They went  
to the Olympics. Look what happened  
to them.  
What now?

Avner smiles at her.

AVNER

Now?

Now we're going to have a baby.

34

INT. A ROOM IN JERUSALEM - TIME UNKNOWN

34

The tabletop, pictures of the Arab men in a disorderly pile.

A MALE VOICE

Eleven names.

The room is cluttered, shuttered, smoky, an air of siege and crisis, and all its occupants are dishevelled, weary -- they've been arguing, fighting, planning, arguing again for many many hours and it shows. Meir is rumpled, all business, hair a mess, wearing glasses.

Around the table ten people are seated: Golda Meir, General Zvi Zamir, General Aharon Yariv, General Eytan Nadav, Mike Harari, head of Mossad's Central Operational Group -- the voice announcing the names of the Palestinians -- and four other ministers, including Meir Shamgar, the Attorney General. Harari gathers together the photographs, and puts them in a folder. He passes the folder to the Attorney General, who has before him another folder, thick with documents.

MIKE HARARI

Give us the order and we begin.

Everyone at the table looks to Meir.

GOLDA MEIR

It's the same as Eichmann. We say to these butchers, "You didn't want to share this world with us, then we don't have to share this world with you."

(to the Attorney General:) There's legitimacy for this.

The Attorney General winces.

GOLDA MEIR

Ambushed and slaughtered again. While the rest of the world is playing games, Olympic torches and brass bands and dead Jews in Germany. And the world couldn't care less.

A MINISTER

We've responded. We sent seventy  
fighter jets.

ANOTHER MINISTER

A response no one heard.

A MINISTER

Air strikes on guerilla training  
centers. That's a response.

GENERAL EYTAN NADAV

No one notices what happens in the  
border camps.

A MINISTER

Sixty Arabs dead, at least, who  
knows how many wounded?

GENERAL NADAV

This is about fixing the world's  
attention.

GENERAL ZAMIR

Well it's not just a publicity  
stunt.

He holds up the photograph of Salameh for all to see.

GENERAL ZAMIR

Let me remind you: Ali Hassan  
Salameh. He invented Black  
September.

Brief silence in the room

GOLDA MEIR

These people... They're sworn to  
destroy us. Forget peace for now.  
We have to show them we're strong.

(a beat)

We have laws, we represent  
civilization. Some people say we  
can't afford to be civilized. I've  
always resisted such people.

She looks sharply at Harari, he looks back at her.

GOLDA MEIR (CONT'D)

(Angry:)

But I don't know who these maniacs  
are or where they come from.

Palestinians? Who are  
Palestinians?

(MORE)

GOLDA MEIR (CONT'D)

There are no such people. They're  
not... recognizable. You tell me,  
what law protects people like  
these?  
Today I'm hearing with new ears.

A nod to Harari.

GOLDA MEIR (CONT'D)

Every civilization finds it  
necessary to negotiate compromises  
with its own values. I have made a  
decision. The responsibility is  
entirely mine.

The Attorney General opens the document folder. He takes a photo, matches it with a document, and signs. He takes another photo, another document, and signs.

35

EXT. OUTSIDE AVNER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - MORNING

35

Avner comes out of his apartment building. A government sedan is waiting for him. A soldier is standing beside the car, holding open the curbside passenger door. Avner's surprised.

AVNER

Usually I take the bus.

SOLDIER

We're going to Jerusalem. Get in.

Avner peers inside the car. There's a soldier in the driver's seat. General Zamir is in the backseat. Avner looks back at his front door, then gets in.

36

INT. INSIDE THE CAR - MORNING

36

Avner climbs into the car. He salutes the general, awkwardly. Zamir nods. The car pulls out.

AVNER

You swore us in, my unit, when I joined Mossad.

General Zamir nods.

GENERAL ZAMIR

I don't remember you. Of course I know your father.

General Zamir picks up the Jerusalem Post and, ignoring Avner, reads. Avner stares out the window. The car drives on.

37

INT. GOLDA MEIR'S APARTMENT IN JERUSALEM - DAY

37

Avner and General Zamir enter the room.

Seated on a couch and comfy chairs in an ordinary apartment, paintings and photos on the wall: Golda Meir, Mike Harari, General Aharon Yariv, General Eytan Nadav and Ephraim.

Golda Meir looks calmer, resigned, more pulled-together than before. She's dressed to look official.

GOLDA MEIR

Avner. It's been...

AVNER

Two years since --

GOLDA MEIR

Sit. This is Harari.

Avner nods, wide-eyed.

GOLDA MEIR (CONT'D)

General Nadav over there, and this  
is General Yariv.

How are you? How is your father?

AVNER

He's... um, fine, thank you.

GOLDA MEIR

Coffee? Wonderful to see you again.

Avner shakes his head no, then yes. He looks at Ephraim, who smiles at him but whom no one has introduced.

GENERAL ZAMIR

(To Avner:)

Sit.

Avner sits, as does Zamir. Golda Meir serves him coffee.

GENERAL ZAMIR

The chief of Mossad, two generals  
and the Prime Minister. Obviously  
it's important.

GENERAL YARIV

This is something new. What  
happened in Munich changes  
everything. The rules, everything.

GENERAL ZAMIR

We want to ask you, will you undertake a mission? An important mission. You will have to leave the country and your family. Maybe for years.

GENERAL YARIV

And it's dangerous.

GENERAL ZAMIR

You can't talk about it to anyone, not even your wife.

GENERAL YARIV

You could die doing this, away from home, and no one will know where you're buried.

Silence.

GENERAL NADAV

(to Avner:)

Now you should say something.

GENERAL ZAMIR

Do you have any questions?

AVNER

So... this isn't about guarding tourists on El Al jets?

Zamir chuckles at this.

GENERAL NADAV

No questions? Did we mention how dangerous it is?

GOLDA MEIR

You know my sister died Tuesday?

AVNER

No, I -

GOLDA MEIR

Cancer. I couldn't go to the athletes' funerals because she died. That upset people, but... She was my sister. Family matters. Your wife is pregnant?

AVNER

Yes, seven months.

GOLDA MEIR  
Mazeltov.

Meir and Yariv exchange a look. Avner watches them.

GOLDA MEIR  
You were one of my favorite  
bodyguards, you know? I like neat,  
durable men.

AVNER  
You liked having the son of a hero  
around.

GOLDA MEIR  
Truth to be told, you don't look  
much like your father.

AVNER  
No?

GOLDA MEIR  
Your mother is who you resemble.

She stands, and everyone stands. She pats Avner's cheek.  
After briefly conferring with Yariv, Meir leaves the room.

GENERAL ZAMIR  
(to Avner:)  
What's your answer?

MIKE HARARI  
Eleven unarmed Jewish boys,  
butchered. That's Jewish history.  
It's a heavy burden.

Harari taps Avner's sternum, hard, with a blunt forefinger.

MIKE HARARI (CONT'D)  
I wish they'd asked me to do this.  
I wish I was younger.

Harari cocks an ever-so-slightly skeptical eyebrow at Yariv.  
Avner sees it.

GENERAL NADAV  
If we don't respond, if they think  
we're weak, there will be Munich  
every year. That's it, you see.  
Irrefutable. A new Munich, every  
year. On and on. We can't be  
weak.

Nadav, Yariv, Zamir and Harari stand, ready to go.

GENERAL ZAMIR

Tomorrow morning. If you can't decide in one day you can't decide.

Ephraim watches Avner watch the generals and Harari leave.

EPHRAIM

Her sister died, but I think she didn't go to the athletes' funerals because some people are angry at her for not negotiating with the terrorists. She didn't go to the funerals because she didn't want to be booed.

It's a good sign that you didn't ask questions. You'll say yes. I'm your case officer. My name is Ephraim.

Ephraim leaves. Avner is alone.

38 OMITTED

38

42 INT. AVNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Avner and Daphna are making love. She's on top. They're careful because she's so pregnant.

They finish. Daphna lies down.

AVNER

How late in a pregnancy before you have to stop having sex?

DAPHNA

Labor?

Avner laughs.

DAPHNA (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. You won't be around.

Silence. They lie still, not looking at one another. Then she looks at Avner.

DAPHNA (CONT'D)

Will you?

(not a joke:)

Whatever they want, make sure they give you a raise. I need things. For the baby.

AVNER  
I can't live with refusing this.

A beat.

DAPHNA  
Your mother, she knew what she was doing, she abandoned you at that kibbutz --

AVNER  
She didn't abandon me, my father had disappeared, he was in prison, she was overwhelmed, she --

DAPHNA  
So she put you in the kibbutz and abandoned you. And now you think Israel's your mother.  
So listen, Avner, I'm going to go along with this. Until I don't.  
You understand me?

AVNER  
I love you.

DAPHNA  
I'm not the hero's nice wife.

He grabs her. She resists. Then they hug, ferociously.

39 INT. ROOM 27-5-H, MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS, TEL AVIV - DAY 39

Ephraim is seated behind a desk in an entirely nondescript room. Avner is seated across the desk. Ephraim takes a sheet of paper from a desk drawer, slides it across the desk to Avner.

EPHRAIM  
First you resign from Mossad.

Avner looks at Ephraim, surprised.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)  
Your new contract. It says we do not employ you, offer you benefits or pension or legal aid or medical assistance. It's a contract that there is no contract.

Avner signs.

AVNER  
Do I get a copy?

EPHRAIM  
You don't.  
Your pension contribution refund.

Ephraim hands Avner a check and puts the signed contracts back in the desk draw, locks it. Ephraim stands.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)  
You are now officially unofficial.  
Unemployed and uninsured.

40

INT. ROOM 27-5-I, MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

40

An accountant's office adjacent to Room 27-5-H. Avner and Ephraim are standing. Behind a small, neat desk with an adding machine, an leathery-tough old man has interrupted his work to talk to them.

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
You'll open two accounts at the Union de Banques Suisses in Geneva on Rue de la Commerce. Operational funds in one box, in the other, your salary. Which you don't take till the mission ends, when you get what accumulates. Also for each of your men you open an account for his salary.

AVNER  
How many men do I --

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
In the operational funds box we will deposit two hundred and fifty thousand American dollars. You take it out, we put more in. I want receipts. You're not working for Baron Rothschild, you're working for Israel, a small country. I'm an old Galicianer from a mud hut in the Ukraine and I don't trust Yekke putzes let loose in Europe with unlimited operational expenses.

AVNER  
I'm was born in Israel, I'm not a Yekke.

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
Where's your grampa from?

AVNER  
Frankfurt.

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
You're a Yekke.  
I want receipts. Take a train or a subway, no one needs taxis and airplanes all the time. Your wife receives monthly a thousand dollars in her bank account.

EPHRAIM  
Also we'll leave messages in the box with the operational funds. And you can leave messages for us. But there shouldn't be messages.

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
I don't care about that. Bring me receipts. You got me?

AVNER  
I got you.

MOSSAD ACCOUNTANT  
Whatever you're doing, somebody else is paying for it. Remember.

The accountant dismisses them with a wave of his hand and returns to his calculations.

41

EXT. A STONE PIER BY THE SEA, JAFFA -DAY

41

Ephraim and Avner are eating baklava from a white cardboard box.

EPHRAIM  
We have eleven Palestinian names.  
Each had a hand in planning Munich.  
You're going to kill them.  
Eleven men, one by one.  
They're all in Europe now. You'll stay there as long as it takes.  
Europe only, not the Arab countries, that's for us, not you, and not the Eastern bloc, don't upset the Russians, who needs it.  
You will have no contact with us.

AVNER

You're not going to give me any information?

EPHRAIM

We deposit money from a fund that doesn't exist into a box we don't know about in a bank we never set foot in. We can't help you because we never heard of you before. You'll do what the terrorists do. You think they report back to home base? They don't. We want them dead.

They walk a bit. Ephraim finishes a piece of baklava, smacking his lips, breathing the air.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

Nothing better than eating something sweet by the sea. You can ask questions now.

AVNER

Am I alone? (silence)

EPHRAIM

Four others. They know useful things like cars, documents, clean-up to make sure you didn't accidentally drop your fake passport next to the dead body. You're the team leader.

AVNER

Who, um, who kills the targets?

EPHRAIM

You do. Who else? Use guns if you have to, but bombs are preferable. One of your guys knows how to make them. We want everyone to read in Le Monde some famous Arab terrorist is dead, who knows who blew him up?

AVNER

Why me?

EPHRAIM

What's wrong with you?

AVNER

I'm not an experienced field  
operative.  
(getting it:)  
So I'm not known.

EPHRAIM

And not even I know you now.

AVNER

And also I lived in Frankfurt when  
I was a kid, a Yekke Jew who knows  
his way around Europe --

EPHRAIM

That's a good reason and here's one  
more: You're ordinary, you aren't a  
Sabra Charles Bronson.

AVNER

I'm a Sabra.

EPHRAIM

Yeah I know. I know so much about  
you. A nice sabra with a dog and a  
baby on the way and you won't shoot  
Spanish bellhops. No bellhops, no  
civilians. That kind of trouble we  
can't afford.

The hard thing won't be finding  
them. Some of them, anyway, aren't  
so carefully hidden.

The hard thing will be not  
punishing yourselves by getting  
caught or getting killed.

AVNER

Are there other teams? Or --

EPHRAIM

You're underprepared. What else is  
new? Were we prepared to build our  
own country? We did it anyway.  
You'll figure it out.

AVNER

How come you're so sure?

EPHRAIM

Because every Jew on earth saw  
those eleven coffins and thought "I  
want to kill the ones who did  
this." You got lucky.

(MORE)

EPHRAIM (cont'd)  
You want to say this was a mistake?  
Want to pass this job on to someone  
else? Now's the time. No one will  
ever know.

A beat.

AVNER  
I already signed the contract.

EPHRAIM  
(Smiling, pleased:)  
What contract?  
Do you want the last piece of  
baklava?

Avner shakes his head no.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)  
Smart decision, you should avoid  
sweets. After all you just signed  
away your dental insurance.

In the movie, the following scene comes before the one that  
just concluded.

43 INT. ON BOARD A SWISS AIR FLIGHT TO GENEVA - NIGHT 43

The plane's half-empty, the other passengers are asleep.  
Avner has a row to himself. He's sitting by the window,  
staring out. He switches on the light overhead. His  
reflection appears. Another face appears in the reflection,  
apparently right behind Avner, a man in a stocking mask.  
Avner stares into the other man's dark eyes, veiled but  
visible through the mesh.

44 INT. IN THE HALLWAY OF APARTMENT ONE, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE, 44  
MUNICH - 4:25AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

The eight intruders are shoving as a group against a door.

45 INT. APARTMENT 1, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE, MUNICH - 4:25 AM 45  
(STAGE/ICE RINK)

On the other side of the door, Yossef Gutfreund is shouting  
to wake up the others. Behind him, Tuvia Sokolovsky is  
breaking the glass in a window and crawling out.

Finally the fedayeen succeed in forcing the door open.  
Guttfreund falls to the ground.

46 INT. APARTMENT 1 AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 4:30AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

Moshe Weinberg, the wrestling coach, rushes at Issa, who is entering his room; Weinberg slashes Issa across the chest with a fruit knife he's found lying nearby. Tony, entering the room behind Issa, fires a pistol and shoots Weinberg in the face. Severely wounded, he hurls himself at the man who shot him, dropping the knife on the ground.

47 INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT ONE FRONT ROOM, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 47  
4:45AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

Issa, Paolo, Abu-Halah, Badran, Kader, and Salah, brandishing AK47s, are tying up Springer, Shapira, Schorr, Spitzur and Gutfreund, screaming at them, interrogating them, asking for the whereabouts of other Israeli athletes. Weinberg is being herded out of the room.

48 INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT THREE AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 4:45AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

Tony, Badran, Paolo, Kader and Samir are rousing out of bed Berger, Tsobari, Slavin, Halfin, Romano, on crutches, and Freedman. Weinberg, face bleeding and bandaged with a scarf, is leaning against a wall.

48A INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT ONE, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE -- 48A  
4:46AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

The athletes from apartment three, hands raised, are being led into apartment one by the fedayeen. Weinberg, behind Tsobari, shouts at the others to run, and as he does he turns and smashes one of the fedayeen, Badran, in the face, tearing a gash in Badran's face, knocking out several teeth. Badran falls.

One of the fedayeen fires a pistol into Weinberg's head, killing him.

48B Tsobari escapes out a door which leads to the underground carpark. 48B

48B INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT ONE FRONT ROOM, 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 48B-  
4:50AM (STAGE/ICE RINK)

Romano, dropping his crutches, also runs, limping painfully, into apartment one. He grabs Weinberg's dropped knife as he runs up the spiral staircase.

At the top of the stairs he encounters one of the fedayeen: Salah, who is wearing a stocking mask. With great force Romano stabs Salah in his forehead. He screams, spraying blood, and staggers, the knife sticking straight out of his forehead. Romano runs into the room in which the first five athletes are captive (Schorr Springer Shapira Shpitzer and Gutfreund).

As Romano bursts into the room, covered in blood, he is confronted by Abu Hallah who fires killing Romano who falls heavily into the middle of the room, while the bound athletes inside cower from the gunfire.

48BB EXT. THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 4:55AM 48BB  
(STAGE/ICE RINK)

Tony, Kader and Paulo drag the body of Moshe Weinberg out to the sidewalk. They drop his corpse face-down on the sidewalk. They run back into the building.

49 INT. ON BOARD A SWISS AIR FLIGHT TO GENEVA - NIGHT 49

Outside the plane's window, the dawn is breaking in a thin red line on the horizon. Avner's staring at his reflection. He turns out the overhead light.

50 EXT. THE UNION DE BANQUES SUISSES, GENEVA - DAY 50

Establishing shot of the bank.

51 INT. THE SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT, UNION DE BANQUES SUISSES, 51  
GENEVA - DAY

Avner is in a private room in the vault. He has an empty knapsack with him. One large safety deposit box and five smaller ones are on the table. There's a pile of rubber bands on the table.

Avner opens the large box. It's packed with stacks of US dollars. He removes ten stacks of bills from the box, a great deal of cash, and puts them in the knapsack. Then he opens one of the smaller boxes. It's got a modest amount of cash. He closes the smaller box, leaving all the money inside. He makes sure all boxes are locked. He is fastidious.

Holding his knapsack, he pushes a button at the side of the door of the room. The door is opened immediately by a very pretty, very Swiss bank official, who smiles at Avner as she ushers him out of the room. He smiles back at her.

52

INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - DAY

52

It's a handsomely furnished apartment, solid furniture. Carl, Hans, and Steve and Robert are meeting for the first time. Everyone's dressed casually except for Hans, who wears a coat and tie. Behind them is a table set for dinner.

Avner emerges from the kitchen, wearing an apron, carrying a large steaming brisket on a tray.

HANS

A team leader who cooks! What a luxury!

AVNER

Years in the kibbutz kitchen.

STEVE

(to Avner:)  
You've done this before?

AVNER

Done what?

Sit.

Everyone sits. Avner starts serving.

STEVE

Because I joined Mossad ten minutes ago and I'm, I want to kill every one of these pigs but -- so, so some of you have training in --

CARL

(pointing to Hans:)  
He sells antiques.

HANS

Right here in Frankfurt! It's a front, but successful, I'm a documents and identities specialist with an sharp eye for early Danish modern.

ROBERT

I make toys.

CARL

I thought you made bombs.

ROBERT

Toys. In Brussels. But don't worry, I've been studying how to make bombs!

STEVE

(to Avner:)

Is it Ali Hassan Salameh? Is that our job? We're here to kill the guy who planned Munich, am I right?

Everyone eats.

ROBERT

After the Six Day War, I joined Mossad because I needed to do something, you know? For my people. When my son came along I thought, well. I've made a new Jew.

AVNER

My wife's expecting.

ROBERT

Mazeltof!

CARL AND HANS

Mazeltof!

ROBERT

That's wonderful! When?

AVNER

A couple of months from now.

ROBERT

Think we'll be done by then?

Silence. Eating. No one wants to talk about this.

CARL

It's strange, isn't it? To think of oneself as an assassin?

AVNER

Then think of yourself as something else.

HANS

A soldier. In a war.

Avner nods. Carl raises his glass to Hans, a toast.

STEVE

Right, and you know how to shoot, to assassinate people? Right?

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)  
I mean, mazels on the baby and all  
that, that's just great but, but --  
(to Robert)  
You make dolls, in a toyshop, and  
(to Hans)  
You shop for sofas and  
(Carl)  
I don't know what you do --

CARL  
I worry.

HANS  
His ulcers have ulcers.

STEVE  
(to Avner:)  
So why'd they make you team leader?

HANS  
Because he really knows how to cook  
a brisket.

AVNER  
You're only the wrong guy for the  
job if you screw it up.  
So let's not screw it up.

53

INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - DAY

53

From a high angle above the table: The table, lit by lamps, has been cleared for work. The eleven photographs of the targeted Palestinians have been laid out on the table as they were in scene 34.

AVNER  
There are seven hard targets,  
military, armed. And four soft  
targets, poets, loudmouth  
intellectuals. Each has blood on  
his hands, each is responsible in  
some way for Munich.

They examine the photos as they talk.

ROBERT  
How do we find our targets?

AVNER  
That's the tricky part. No help  
from Mossad.

A beat. Everyone considers this.

CARL

Let's not waste time with the Arab  
coffeehouses and mosques.  
Informers tattling on informers.

HANS

And the money we pay the informers  
gets funneled straight back to  
Black September.

CARL

The fedayeen in Munich had AK-47s,  
fake passports, plane tickets. Who  
paid for all that?

AVNER

We're forbidden the Arab countries.  
We can't go to Eastern Europe  
either.

CARL

Which leaves the European radical  
Left.

HANS

Palestinian sympathizers, and  
penetrable. Sloppy, even.

CARL

Money leaves trails. And it opens  
pathways.

The group continues to discuss, Avner watching. Steve,  
Robert and Hans are exchanging ideas. We don't hear the  
dialogue; as Avner watches, we hear the sound of a phone  
being dialled, ringing, someone picking up.

ANDREAS (GERMAN) (V.O.)

Hello?

AVNER (GERMAN) (V.O.)

Andreas? Guess who?

ANDREAS (GERMAN) (V.O.)

Holy shit!

AVNER (GERMAN) (V.O.)

Surprised?

ANDREAS (V.O.)

You punched me! You broke my jaw!

AVNER(GERMAN) (V.O.)  
 That was ten years ago.  
 (in ENGLISH)  
 And you were screwing my  
 girlfriend.

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. ANDREAS'S APARTMENT IN FRANKFURT - NIGHT

55

The apartment is an elegant shambles; clearly expensive, remnants of costly furnishings, but also posters from strikes and marches and a portrait of Fanon thumbtacked on smoky walls. Books are strewn everywhere.

Andreas and his girlfriend, Yvonne, are smoking pot; Avner is pretending to, but he isn't. There's also beer and wine. Yvonne is holding Herbert Marcuse's "Reason and Revolution":

YVONNE(GERMAN)  
 The problem is considering right  
 and wrong as ethical questions.  
 Marcuse says Hegel's "Philosophy of  
 Right" doesn't place "wrong" in a  
 moral category, it's --

ANDREAS(GERMAN)  
 Then it's OK to kill someone who --

YVONNE(GERMAN)  
 Free Will necessarily creates  
 wrong. That's in Marx, the blind  
 anarchy of capitalism. You have to  
 be willing to re-consider, right,  
 wrong, they're just ways of talking  
 about a terrible struggle, parts of  
 an equation, a dialectic -- strip  
 the sentiment out and try to come  
 to terms with historical forces  
 external to us and indifferent to  
 moral category.

ANDREAS (GERMAN)  
 (over Yvonne, after "You  
 have to be willing etc":)  
 She's amazing, isn't she?

AVNER(GERMAN)  
 (over Yvonne:)  
 I don't know what she's talking  
 about.

ANDREAS (GERMAN)  
(over Yvonne:)  
Neither do I but she's dead sexy,  
yeah?

YVONNE (GERMAN)  
Fuck you, pig.  
(to Avner, in GERMAN:)  
You don't read much, huh.

AVNER(GERMAN)  
I'm busy.

ANDREAS (GERMAN)  
What sort of business do you...

Andreas re-lights a joint he's holding and tokes it.

AVNER(GERMAN)  
I work for some Americans.

ANDREAS(GERMAN)  
Rich Americans, right?

Avner takes the joint out of Andreas's fingers, puts it in his mouth but doesn't toke. He takes an enormous wad of money from his pocket. He cracks up, as does Andreas. Yvonne puts Marcuse down and takes the money from Avner's hand, then the joint from his mouth. She tokes and starts counting the money.

ANDREAS  
Hey, Yvonne! Avner wants to get in  
your pants! He told me.

Andreas takes the joint from Yvonne. He tokes.

ANDREAS (IN ENGLISH)  
I really miss you, man, you know,  
we really loved each other.

AVNER  
That was, like, a long time ago,  
man, we were in high school!

YVONNE(GERMAN)  
It's sixty thousand dollars, Avner.

Avner starts to laugh again, as if he's stoned, Andreas joining in. Yvonne takes the joint, tokes.

AVNER(GERMAN)

(to Yvonne)

I have a few names, people I need  
to find. For my rich Americans.

(in ENGLISH:)

Give me my money, Yvonne.

He reaches for it. She pulls away, hanging on to the money.

AVNER(GERMAN) (CONT'D)

Are you Baader-Meinhof? Red Army  
Faction? What?

YVONNE

One hundred fifty.

AVNER

One hundred in cash.

Avner takes a smaller wad of cash out of another pocket.

ANDREAS(GERMAN)

One hundred... thousand!??!  
Dollars?!

AVNER

These people I'm looking for, you  
don't know them.

YVONNE

We might.

AVNER(GERMAN)

You don't. But I think maybe you  
know people who would.

A beat.

YVONNE (GERMAN)

And it's Americans? You work for --

Avner exhales. He takes a \$5,000 bill out of the new wad.

AVNER

See? James Madison. American.

Yvonne and Andreas look at one another.

YVONNE

We'll ask some friends.

56

EXT. A CAFE OFF THE PIAZZA NAVONA - DAY

56

Andreas and Avner are sitting at a table with Tony, a tough-looking Italian man, mid-40s, very serious, plates of pasta in front of them.

TONY

Hiding? The Arabs aren't hiding.  
Munich was a big success for them.

ANDREAS

Yeah, the implications of Munich  
for the struggle are incredibly, um

--

TONY

They got everyone's attention.  
They're recruiting. Making plans.  
Give me a few names.

Avner hesitates. They stare at one another. Andreas is ignored.

TONY

I can't help if I don't know who  
you're trying to find.  
We'll have to trust. You have to  
cross the line.

(makes a little "come to  
me" gesture, leans in:)

I trust you. You carry cash and you  
don't make speeches. Nowadays,  
everyone makes speeches. Like our  
friend Andreas. Talk talk talk.

Tony gives Andreas's face a gentle slap. Andreas tries to pretend not to be insulted.

TONY

So name me an Arab.

AVNER

Abu Yussuf. Abu Daoud. Wael  
Zwaiter. Kemal Nasser.

Tony nods noncommittally: "I've heard of them"

AVNER

Salameh.

TONY

Forget Salameh. Too hard.

ANDREAS  
(to Avner)  
Who are these guys? Why are you  
trying to find Arabs, it's --

TONY  
Sixty thousand per name. Dollars.

AVNER  
If it's good information.

TONY  
If it isn't good it doesn't cost.  
Wael Zwaiter's here. In Rome. He  
just translated "The Arabian  
Nights" into Italian. Tomorrow  
there's a reading. He's broke. He  
has a retarded niece he calls every  
day in Damascus.

ANDREAS  
(to Avner)  
Are you trying to join the PLO?

TONY  
(to Andreas)  
We need to talk alone.

Tony indicates Andreas should leave. Andreas looks to Avner, who looks back at him, blank.

TONY  
(to Avner)  
And also maybe you need people to  
help with your work, cars, vans.

ANDREAS  
(to Avner)  
Listen, be careful with this guy,  
he, they said he was dangerous.

AVNER  
(to Andreas, softly, in  
GERMAN:)  
Go. I don't want to see you hurt,  
either.

ANDREAS  
Hurt?

AVNER  
Tell anyone about this and, I don't  
know, just don't OK?

Andreas looks from Avner to Tony. The menace in Tony's face is unmistakable: "Or I will kill you." Andreas, shocked, looks back at Avner. Avner nods to him to confirm the impression he's just gotten from Tony.

Andreas leaves. Avner watches him go.

TONY  
Anything you need. We provide.

Avner turns back to Tony, thinking. He nods.

AVNER  
I need receipts.

57-58 OMIT

57-58

59 INT. A SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT IN ROME - LATE AFTERNOON

59

A one-room apartment, windows tightly shuttered, though golden Roman afternoon light is leaking in. There are several mattresses on the floor, and street maps, surveillance photos, documents, newspapers lie scattered about. Avner, Carl, Hans, Robert and Steve, dressed in the clothes they'll wear during the hit, are kneeling on the floor in a circle. Carl holds four straws in his fist. Avner watches; the others draw straws.

They compare. Robert has the shortest straw. The others look at him. He looks away, unhappy.

60 EXT. A SMALL COFFEE HOUSE/BOOKSHOP, ROME - DAY

60

A little courtyard patio restaurant outside the bookshop. A thin Palestinian man, Wael Zwaiter, is standing facing a small crowd of Italians and Arabs. He is holding a copy of his newly-published translation of "1,001 Arabian Nights."

ZWAITER (IN ITALIAN:)  
What attracts me to the Scheherazade story, to what you in the West call "The Arabian Nights" - - well I am not an Arab. I am Palestinian. And why has a Palestinian poet worked for years translating "1,001 Arabian Nights" from the Arabic into Italian? Apart from the expectation of enormous riches, I mean?

The audience laughs quietly.

Across the street, Carl is watching this performance.

ZWAITER (IN ITALIAN:)

I love what this classic says about  
the power of narrative, the  
relationship of narrative to  
survival. As long as the girl  
Scheherazade tells a story, she  
stays alive. For her, the stories  
are from fantasy. The stories of  
my people are from memory. We tell  
them, over and over, to save  
ourselves from oblivion. You see?  
Narrative can have the power to  
conquer death.

Zwaiter stands.

ZWAITER (IN ITALIAN:)

Thank you for coming to my reading.  
Thank you for listening to me.

The audience applauds politely. Zwaiter mingles with his audience.

61 EXT. A SMALL COFFEE HOUSE/BOOKSHOP, ROME - LATE AFTERNOON 61

A little while later. The small crowd has gone and Zwaiter is leaving. He walks down the street. Carl follows behind him.

62 INT. SMALL GROCERY STORE - LATE AFTERNOON 62

Zwaiter is using a payphone, speaking softly. At the counter, Carl is buying an apple. Zwaiter hangs up the phone, goes to the shelves and selects: a jar of maraschino cherries, some green-colored dish soap, a bottle of orange soda pop, a bottle of grape juice, a salami, bread, and fruit. He catches Carl's eye as Carl leaves the store. They smile and nod at one another, friendly.

63 EXT. OUTSIDE A SMALL GROCERY, ROME - LATE AFTERNOON 63

Carl emerges from the store, nods to Steve who is across the street in a Fiat, sitting next to a young Italian woman, who looks bored. Steve nods back at Carl and drives off.

Zwaiter comes out of the store, carrying two brown paper bags with groceries. He walks down the street. Carl follows behind him.

64

EXT. THE PIAZZA ANNIBALIANO - LATE AFTERNOON

64

A van enters the square. It pulls up next to a fountain in the center of the square. Hans hops out. He looks around the square. He spots Steve's Fiat across the square, parked curbside by an apartment building.

When Steve sees Hans get out of the van, he steps out of the Fiat. Steve positions himself a few doorways away, stepping into the doorframe to strike a match, light a cigarette. The bored Italian woman inside the Fiat drives away.

Zwaiter enters the piazza with his groceries. As Zwaiter's entering, the van has moved from the fountain and is approaching the parking space previously occupied by the Fiat.

As Zwaiter enters the building, Hans is stepping out of the van. Steve gets behind the van's steering wheel and Hans takes up Steve's former position.

65

INT. THE LOBBY OF ZWAITER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

65

The lobby is dark. Zwaiter opens the front door and steps inside. He juggles his grocery bag and reaches for the lobby light switch. He flicks the switch, and the light's timer starts.

Avner and Robert are standing between Zwaiter and the curved staircase. Zwaiter looks at the two men, and they look at him. Everyone's blank for a moment, then:

AVNER

Are you Wael Zwaiter?

ZWAITER

Yes? I'm sorry I -- I --

AVNER

Do you know why we're here?

A beat. Zwaiter shakes his head "no," confused. Robert and Avner draw their guns; Avner's gun gets caught momentarily in his belt. Zwaiter is frozen.

AVNER

Are you Wael --

ROBERT

He said yes already, he --

AVNER

I didn't hear him say that he --

Zwaiter walks slowly to Avner and puts his hand gently on Avner's gun; he tries carefully to lower it.

Robert fires two shots, through the grocery bags and into Zwaiter's chest. Zwaiter looks at Robert, shocked. Then Avner fires, two shots, again through the shopping bags, which Zwaiter continue to hold. Zwaiter screams in pain, then drops to his knees, then falls flat on his face, crushing the groceries in the bags. There's a sound of bottle breaking: maraschino liquid, green soap, orange soda, grape juice, mixed with dark blood, spill out under Zwaiter. He tries to roll over but can't; he's panting, sobbing.

ZWAITER

(almost inaudible:)

La, la. Aiuto, aiuto, please,  
please...

He rolls over onto his back. Robert walks up close and fires another shot right into Zwaiter's chest. Avner does the same. Zwaiter's already stopped moving. Dazed, they each fire again.

Robert and Avner stand over the body, guns out, breathing. Suddenly the timer clicks the lights off. Avner swivels in the dark, gun at the ready. He slams the light switch on and quickly locates, picks up and pockets the shell casings, counting to... seven. He looks for the eighth casing, then gives up.

Robert is crouching over the body. He holds his hand over his nose and mouth, smelling something terrible. He gags.

Suddenly the lobby elevator shudders and jolts into life. Robert and Avner jump. Someone on an upper floor is descending

AVNER

Move.

66

EXT. OUTSIDE ZWAITER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON 66

Avner and Robert walk briskly out of the building. The van is waiting. On the side of the van, a sign: "Maurizio and Sons, Gardening". Avner and Robert yank open the van's rear door and tumble in. Hans is inside, waiting, and Steve is in the driver's seat. They pull the door closed and the van drives off.

67

INT. INSIDE THE VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

67

Hans, Robert and Avner are seated on sacks of soil and fertilizer on the floor of the van. Gardening supplies and ornaments are all around them, swaying as the van drives through Roman streets. Everyone inside is adrenalated and freaked out.

STEVE

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED, WHY  
DIDN'T YOU SHOOT HIM?

AVNER

WE SHOT HIM!

STEVE

I DIDN'T HEAR A --

ROBERT

WE KILLED HIM! GOD DAMN, HE --

AVNER

EIGHT SHOTS!

ROBERT

HE SHAT HIMSELF! HE'S DEAD!

Everyone stops shouting. They sit in silence as the van sways. They take in the interior of the van: all around them, wrapped in clear plastic, are cheap painted plaster Virgin Mary garden statues, each holding a baby Jesus.

HANS

Hallelujah. It's a sign.

68

EXT. THE PATIO OF A SMALL HOTEL IN LATINA - NIGHT

68

Several hours later. A waitress is serving food. Awful bouncy Italian music is piped in. Hans, Steve, Avner and Robert are drinking wine, a little sloshed. There are no other customers.

Hans is poring over a pile of small pieces of paper -- receipts. Steve drinks, happy; Robert is drunker and glum. Avner is tense, watching the door, waiting for something.

Carl comes in, looking very tired. This is what Avner was waiting for. Carl sits next to Avner. The others watch.

CARL

Well, what do you want me to say?  
He's dead.

Carl reaches in his pocket and takes out a bullet casing. He tosses it to Avner. Avner pockets it.

AVNER

Have some wine. We're celebrating.

CARL

That old Pesach story. The angels are rejoicing because the Egyptians have just drowned in the Red Sea.

AVNER

I didn't say we're rejoicing.  
We're celebrating.

CARL

And God says to the angels "Why are you celebrating? I've just killed a multitude of my children."

Silence. Hans folds up the pile of receipts.

HANS

(to Avner)

Mr. Zwaiter. He cost us, by my calculation, roughly \$352,000.

AVNER

(to Carl)

You didn't finish the story. The angels respond to God. They say "We're celebrating, God, because when people hear what happened to the Egyptians they'll understand Your point."

CARL

Which was?

STEVE

Don't fuck with the Jews.  
I don't know about the rest of you  
but I'm not celebrating, I'm  
goddamned rejoicing.

Avner raises his glass.

AVNER

To the martyrs.

The others raise their glasses. They toast, and drink, and a sorrow descends as they remember.

Steve gets up and goes to the waitress. He grabs her and starts to waltz her around. She laughs, enjoying it. The other four watch this, then look at one another. Avner gets to his feet, then pulls Robert up, and they start to dance, Robert heavy, stumbling a little. Hans joins them, throwing his arms around their shoulders. Avner pulls Carl in. Steve leaves the waitress, joins the others. They dance a kind of heavy-footed hora out of time to the bad Italian pop. As they dance, awkward, self-conscious, a closeness settles in.

69 EXT. A STREET IN PARIS - DAY

69

A small side street in the Marais. Tony and Avner are standing outside a shop, waiting.

Louis, a Frenchman, slightly younger than Avner, arrives on foot. Tony introduces the two. It's all quite friendly. Tony whispers something to Louis, then gets into a car waiting by the curb. The car drives off. Louis takes Avner's arm and leads him away.

70 INT. A VEGETABLE MARKET/CAFE - DAY

70

Avner is shopping with Louis. Louis has a shopping list and is filling a macrame carry sack with vegetable.

LOUIS

Our service has been satisfactory?

AVNER

Pricey.

LOUIS

A Jew and a Frenchman. We could haggle forever.

AVNER

I'm not a Jew.

Louis nods, smiling. He shows Avner the shopping list.

LOUIS

What do you suppose a "ramson" is?

AVNER

It's a kind of wild leek. Not in season. Garlic will do.

LOUIS

My papa sometimes loses track of the seasons. I know nothing about food, why does he make me shop?

Louis hands Avner the shopping list. As they walk and talk, Avner hands Louis vegetables, consulting the list. Louis puts them in the carry sack.

LOUIS

You're wondering if I'm French  
Intelligence.

AVNER

Or CIA. Or KGB.

LOUIS

Or an agent with a profitable sideline in information. I could be anybody. You could be anybody too. Identity: That's the boring part. Here's what isn't boring: as long as you don't work for any government --

AVNER

I'm in private business.

LOUIS

Rich Americans, I heard. I'm in private business too. My family. We can locate almost anyone, for anyone, anywhere, and we're ideologically promiscuous. We love everyone. Or hate everyone, I get my feelings confused. If you're not working for any government: We know or we find. We don't find, you don't pay.

Louis takes a photo out of his bookbag. He slides the photo over to Avner. Avner looks down at it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Mahmoud Hamshari.

A beat. Avner turns the picture over. There's information written on the reverse. Louis hands Avner a series of black-and white photos, showing Hamshari leaving his apartment, getting into a car, talking with colleagues in front of the Arab League headquarters. Avner examines these as Louis talks.

LOUIS

He's one of your famous names, yes,  
Monsieur...?

AVNER  
Franz Storsch.

Avner hands Louis a folded copy of Le Monde. Louis looks inside, removes a fat envelope, puts it in the carry sack amidst the vegetables.

LOUIS  
Please call me Louis.

71

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM IN A HOTEL, TRIPOLI - DAY

71

At a long table behind microphones, facing a mob of reporters and cameras, Jamal al-Gashey, Adnan al-Gashey and Mohammed Safady, three of the Palestinians from Munich, are seated, their lawyer standing behind them. The press conference is in English, with someone translating over into French. al-Gashey is reading a statement.

JAMAL AL-GASHEY

What we did in Munich is the beginning, only the beginning. If justice is not done for our people, for the Palestinian people, further acts of violence, the people's justice, will occur.

71A

CUT TO:

71A

A television screen: Al-Gashey concludes his statement:

JAMAL AL-GASHEY

We are not acting alone. There are thousands, millions with us.

72

INT. A SAFE HOUSE IN PARIS - DAY

72

Hans, Carl and Steve, in overcoats, suitcases behind them, having just arrived, are standing behind a couch on which Avner and Robert are seated. They're watching the television.

ROBERT

A Lufthansa jet was hijacked coming from Damascus. The hijackers demanded the release of the three killers who survived Munich. The Germans agreed. Instantly. They're free. See? They're in Libya now.

72A CUT TO:

72A

The television screen, which shows an enormous crowd of people in Tripoli gathered to welcome the three fedayeen.

72 CONT'D. CUT TO:

72 CONT'D.

STEVE

(to Carl)

No qualms about rejoicing on their side, huh? Look at that! They're movie stars!

(to Avner)

We should go to Tripoli and kill them.

AVNER

We don't go to Arab countries. We stick with the names we've been given.

Silence. Avner produces a photo. Everyone looks at it and then looks back to the television, torn.

AVNER

Mahmoud Hamshari.

72B CUT BACK TO:

72B

On the television,

ANOTHER JOURNALIST

(OS, from the TV)

What do you think you achieved by killing the Israeli athletes?

As Adnan al-Gashey answers in Arabic, his lawyer translates:

LAWYER

We have... made our voice heard by the world.

73 INT. MAHMOUD HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT, PARIS - DAY

73

Hamshari, 50s, dapper, professorial, is seated, being interviewed by a journalist who is revealed to be Robert, smoking a cigarette, playing a tape of the released terrorists' lawyer saying:

LAWYER (V.O. ON TAPE:) We have made our voice heard by the universe, or... the world, who was not hearing before.

Robert clicks off the tape recorder.

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI  
What he meant by this is that the world will begin hearing us. We are for twenty-four years the world's largest refugee population, our homes taken from us, living in camps, no future, no food, nothing decent for our children.

Mme. Hamshari walks in, smiling at Robert.

ROBERT  
Was the attack in Munich justified?

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI  
The PLO condemns attack on civilians --

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI  
-- though for twenty-four years our civilians have been attacked by the Israelis.

MME. HAMSHARI  
Tell your newspaper that, about, about all the years and years of Palestinian blood, spilled by Israel, and who mourns for us? \*

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI  
Israel just bombed two refugee camps in Syria and Lebanon, two hundred people killed, right after Munich they did this, so is that --

MME. HAMSHARI  
It did not begin in Munich. And where does it end? How will it ever end?

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI (IN ARABIC)  
Please, Marie-Claude, whose interview is this?

MME. HAMSHARI (FRENCH)  
It's your interview, I'm just pointing out something that --

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI (ARABIC)  
I'm perfectly capable of covering  
all the essential --

Robert suddenly looks at his watch.

ROBERT  
Oh, Damn! Doctor, may I, please,  
your telephone, may I... I must  
call my editor, I'm sorry --

MAHMOUD HAMSHARI  
Oh yes, yes you said you... Yes,  
this way, please, here's the  
phone...

Hamshari leads Robert to the phone. He leaves Robert dialing the phone and goes to another room, speaking in French to his wife.

As Robert dials he lifts the phone and writes down on his pad the model serial number. He places the phone on the pad; he outlines the phone's base, then measures its height with his fingers and makes marks on the pad corresponding to this measurement.

A young girl comes into the room, sits down at the piano and starts doing practice pieces, shyly watching Robert while she plays. Robert draws in deep on his cigarette, getting her attention. He pops his eyes, puffs his cheeks, then blasts smoke through his nose, a dragon! The girl rolls her eyes, suppressing a smile, gets up from the piano and leaves the room, trying to look completely unimpressed.

74

EXT. OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT, PARIS - MORNING

74

Mme. Hamshari and the girl, Amina, carrying a schoolbag, leave the building and get into a parked car.

Across the street, a van is parked, marked with the France Telecom logo.

75

INT. INSIDE THE PHONE UTILITIES VAN - MORNING

75

Steve, Carl, Robert and Avner, dressed in France Telecom repair uniforms, Steve at the wheel. They watch Mme Hamshari and Amina drive away, , on their way to Amina's school.

76

INT. INSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

76

No one's home. Suddenly the front door pops open, Robert forcing it slightly, a bent wire in the lock.

Carl stands behind him clutching a valise, very very gingerly.

ROBERT

You don't have to baby it, it can't go off unless I push...

Robert takes a bakelite box with a toggle switch on it out of his pocket. He flicks the switch. Carl drops the valise. Robert catches it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And the switch only works after someone picks up the receiver.

CARL

(badly scared, VERY angry:)

That isn't... funny you stupid --

ROBERT

Sorry, sorry...

CARL

I hope you know what you're doing.

Robert goes to Hamshari's phone. Carl and Avner watch as he starts to install the phone bomb.

AVNER

(with a slight smile,  
quietly, to Carl:)

Do you think I know what I'm doing?

Carl considers this.

CARL

This man, we don't know what he did, specifically?

AVNER

Hamshari arranged the attempt to kill Ben-Gurion in Copenhagen a few years ago. He's organizing for Fatah in France.

CARL

Organizing.

AVNER

Yes.

CARL

And in Tel Aviv, they showed you  
the evidence for this?

AVNER

Not evidence, no, it was more...  
"Here's the story."  
I believe them. Absolutely. Don't  
you?

Carl doesn't answer.

AVNER

This is war, a crisis, you don't  
always have to, to...

CARL

Think.

AVNER

Scrutinize every -- Yeah, think.  
You want to wire Ephraim demanding  
evidence, you're on your own.

ROBERT

I'm done.

AVNER

Good.

(to Carl:)  
Don't think about it.

Robert demonstrates: He lifts the receiver on the phone, and  
a light on a remote control device lights up.

ROBERT

I see the light, I flip the switch.  
And... well, you know.

77

EXT. PHONE BOOTH, AROUND THE CORNER FROM HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT  
BUILDING, PARIS - MORNING

Carl is in the phone booth, pretending to talk on the phone,  
depressing the hang-up button.

At the next corner, Avner is at a kiosk, browsing through the  
magazines.

77A INT. INSIDE A FIAT, THE STREET IN FRONT OF HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT, PARIS - MORNING 77A

Around the corner, down the street, across from the apartment, a Fiat is parked. Steve is in the driver's seat. Robert's in the passenger seat, holding the remote control device on his lap. Hans is in the back seat.

77B EXT. IN FRONT OF HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 77B

Mme. Hamshari and Amina come out and get into a car parked in front of the building. Amina is carrying a schoolbag.

Avner up the street at the kiosk is watching. He nods to Carl, who nods back.

77C INT. INSIDE THE VAN - MORNING 77C

Hans, Robert and Steve watch Mme. Hamshari and Amina drive away.

Steve looks up the street at Avner at the kiosk. Avner, looking up at Carl, takes his hat off.

STEVE

Our leader has doffed his  
chapeau... M. Hamshari, the grim  
reaper is now dialing your number.

77D EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77D

A large moving truck pulls up, completely cutting off the Fiat's view of the apartment building.

Avner runs down the street, past the truck, looking in at the bored driver, who's obviously settled in for a long stop; and then he crosses the street to the Fiat.

AVNER

Is it blocking the signal, will the  
remote work?

Robert holds up the remote device; the toggle switch is taped,

ROBERT

I don't know, I... we'll see,  
probably it'll be OK.

STEVE

Go tell the truck, give him some cash and get him to move.

HANS

Get back to your position, you can't start improvising now, go back to the corner!

ROBERT

It's a powerful radio, um, thing, it, it's fine, I think.

While Avner and the others are talking, they don't see Mme. Hamshari's car, on the other side of the truck has come back down the street, in reverse. Amina gets out of the idling car and runs back into the apartment building.

77E EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77E

Avner returns to the kiosk; as he does he nods to Carl.

Carl starts to dial the phone.

77F INT. HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 77F

Amina runs up the stairs.

77G EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77G

Carl continues to dial.

77H INT. IN THE CORRIDOR TO THE HAMSHARI APARTMENT - MORNING 77H

Amina runs to her apartment door.

77I EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77I

Carl finishes dialling. The phone starts to ring.

77J INT. IN THE BEDROOM IN HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77J

Hamshari is putting on his shirt as Amina runs into the room.

AMINA (ARABIC)

Mommy forgot her glasses.

The phone rings. She goes to her mother's vanity and takes a pair of glasses from a drawer. She runs to the phone.

AMINA (ARABIC)  
I'll get it, Daddy.

She picks up the phone. A slight hum.

77K INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

77K

Carl, hearing the phone being lifted, raise his finger as a signal to Avner.

Avner looks down the street to the front door of the apartment building. He sees Mme. Hamshari's car. It registers that Amina is no longer in the car. Avner shoots a quick panicked glance up at the window of Hamshari's apartment, realizing suddenly what's happened.

77L EXT. THE PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

77L

Carl hears someone pick up the phone. He starts to ask if it's Hamshari when he hears Amina's voice.

AMINA'S VOICE  
Hello?

77M INT. INSIDE THE FIAT - MORNING

77M

The indicator light on Robert's remote lights up. Robert starts to move the tape off the toggle switch. He can't get the tape off.

77N EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

77N

Avner runs towards the Fiat. Behind him, across the street, Carl has dropped the receiver and is running as well across the street towards the Fiat.

77O INT. INSIDE THE FIAT - MORNING

77O

Robert is fumbling, having trouble getting the tape off the detonator switch. Steve and Hans are anxiously watching him.

77P INT. IN THE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

77P

Amina is holding the phone.

AMINA  
Hello? Hello?  
(to her father:)  
No one is saying anything.

Hamshari approaches the phone.

77Q EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77Q

Robert has peeled the tape off and puts his thumb on the switch. Suddenly Carl and Avner appear, pounding on the car's closed windows. Hans reaches over and stops Robert's thumb with his hand.

Carl and Avner are frozen, pressed against the windows. Avner draws his hand across his throat, meaning "abort."

77R INT. IN THE BEDROOM, HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77R

Amina looks up to her father.

AMINA (ARABIC)  
Nobody is saying anything?

Hamshari takes the phone.

HAMSHARI  
Hello?  
(in ARABIC:)  
Hello?

He hangs up.

77S EXT. HAMSHARI'S STREET - MORNING 77S

Amina comes out of the building and gets into the car, handing her mother a pair of sunglasses, which her mother puts on as she drives away.

77T EXT. ON THE STREET, OUTSIDE THE VAN - MORNING 77T

Hans Robert and Steve inside the van and Carl and Avner outside on the pavement watch Mme. Hamshari and Amina drive away. The other four all turn to Avner, who looks up at the Hamshari apartment.

77U INT. IN THE BEDROOM IN HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 77U  
Hamshari is tying his tie as the phone rings. He looks at it.  
The phone rings again. He answers it.

HAMSHARI  
Hello?

77V EXT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING 77V  
CARL  
Mahmoud Hamshari?

77W EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HAMSHARI'S APARTMENT -MORNING 77W  
The sound of an explosion, but dull -- people look up,  
confused. The glass in the window of Hamshari's apartment  
seems to bulge outwards. Thousands of cracks appear; the  
glass holds.

78-91 OMIT 78-91

92 INT. A SAFE HOUSE IN PARIS - AFTERNOON 92  
CLOSE UP on a child's wind-up toy, a tin clown which rolls on  
a ball across a tabletop, moving beautifully till it loses  
its balance and falls over. Robert, thoroughly wretched,  
picks up the toy, pries it open and tinkers with the weights  
inside.

Steve's watching TV and flipping through a magazine. Avner  
is grinding herbs in a pestle, preparing dinner. Hans is  
again working on the receipts. It's silent.

Carl arrives.

CARL  
He's at L'Hopital Cochin. I don't  
know how badly we hurt him, they  
aren't saying.

STEVE  
(to Robert:)  
Why did you put a goddamned  
firecracker in that phone?!

ROBERT

I didn't want to blow up the building! What do you want from me?!

STEVE

An Arab corpse.

Robert goes back to his work, miserable. Hans works on the receipts. He finishes.

HANS

Another two hundred thousand dollars, more or less, to eliminate target number two.

STEVE

If he's been eliminated. We should stick with guns.

AVNER

No one notices a shooting. Bombs accomplish a double objective: Eliminating targets, and terrifying the terrorists.

STEVE

That only works when the bombs work.

Robert stands abruptly, grabs his coat and heads for the door.

AVNER

Stay! That's an order!

Robert leaves, closing the door behind him.

93	OMITTED	93
94	OMITTED	94
95	OMITTED	95
96	OMITTED	96
97	OMITTED	97

98 OMITTED

98

99 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - MORNING

99

Carl is on the phone. A television is on, and he's watching it as he talks.

CARL

They discovered seven in a mail room near the embassy in, ah, Earl's court.

100 INT. A MAIL-SORTING ROOM, POST OFFICE, EARL'S COURT - DAY 100

Detectives and soldiers, some with guns, two holding bomb-sniffing dogs on leashes, are looking on while an army sapir, head-to toe in canvas and wicker armor, with great care is using tongs to extract another manila envelope from a stuffed mail bin. He places the envelope on the floor, alongside six others.

101 EXT. A PAYPHONE NEAR AN AIRPORT - DAY

101

Avner is talking on the phone to Carl.

AVNER

I guess they missed one.

102 EXT. THE ISRAELI EMBASSY, LONDON - MORNING

102

A handsome brick mansion at the end of a courtyard off a quiet London street. The Israeli flag is flying.

CARL (V.O.)

Right after Channukah, so I guess there was a big pile-up of mail, and they got careless.

103 INT. AN OFFICE IN THE EMBASSY - MORNING

103

The attache for Agricultural imports, Dr. Ami Sachori, is standing at his desk. He is sorting through a large pile of mail and looking over a report at the same time. He picks up a slightly-larger-than-letter size manila envelope. He tears it open. The envelope explodes, hurling Sachori in the air over his desk.

104 OMIT

104

105 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - MORNING

105

Carl on the phone, watching the television. On the TV, the Israeli ambassador to Britain.

## THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR

It has become much easier for these terrorist groups to operate in Europe. They take advantage of your open societies and your hospitality. And, ah, we believe that unless there is, there are strong concerted anti-terrorist measures, this menace will grow for you as it has for us.

## CARL

They've found other letters in Israel of course, Canada, Argentina, Vienna, Kinshasa, Paris and Brussels. Dozens of them, mostly mailed from the Netherlands. It's all Black September.

## THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR

And, ah, there should be no sympathy for these evil and perverted men -- that is the message of Munich, which has been reaffirmed by the murder in my embassy this morning. \*

106 EXT. A PAYPHONE NEAR AN AIRPORT - DAY

106

Avner is on the phone to Carl.

## AVNER

It's a response, then. To Hamshari.

107 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - MORNING

107

## CARL

And to Zwaiter. They're talking to us. We're in dialogue now. Where are you?

108 EXT. A PAYPHONE NEAR AN AIRPORT - DAY

108

Avner on the phone.

## AVNER

In New York, I'm checking on a lead. I'll call you back.

Avner hangs up. He walks away from the phone. The sign on the phone booth is in Hebrew.

109 INT. CUSTOMS DESK, LOD AIRPORT - DAY

109

An Israeli customs officer is examining a West German passport.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
What brings you to Israel, Mr.  
Storsch?

AVNER  
Business. And to see the Holy  
Sepulcher.

The agent hands Avner his passport.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Have a pleasant stay.

110 INT. THE MATERNITY FLOOR, A HOSPITAL IN TEL AVIV - DAY 110

Avner's mother, a woman in her 50s, disappointed, unhappy face, is waiting with Avner, who is a wreck. Other expectant fathers are waiting too.

AVNER'S MOTHER  
Are you going to see your father?

AVNER  
(shaking his head "no")  
Why is this taking so long?!?

AVNER'S MOTHER  
It isn't fast. We have the best  
hospitals in the world.  
When you were born, your father was  
elsewhere. I was alone.

AVNER  
He was in prison.

AVNER'S MOTHER  
Should you be here? Aren't you on  
duty?

AVNER  
You going to turn me in?  
How is he?

AVNER'S MOTHER

I don't visit your father so much.  
Wilma lets him yell at her all the  
time. She depresses me.

AVNER

How are you?

AVNER'S MOTHER

I'm managing, don't worry about me.

AVNER

Ma...

AVNER'S MOTHER

I'm proud of what you're doing.

AVNER

You don't know what I'm doing.

They look at each other. Avner looks exhausted, and sad.

AVNER'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

I look at you, I know everything I  
need to know.

111

INT. DAPHNA'S HOSPITAL ROOM

111

Avner and Daphna and Geula, the baby.

AVNER

She's frighteningly ugly.

DAPHNA

She takes after you.

He stands, walks to the door of the room, looks through the little window in the door at his mother, who is sitting in a chair in the hallway, looking lonely and grim.

He goes back to Daphna's bed.

AVNER

I want you to move.  
For a time. I've arranged a place,  
for us, in Brooklyn.  
I can't come back here again, not  
for... I don't know. I can see you  
there more often, and her.

Daphna looks at Geula.

DAPHNA (CONT'D)  
I have my family here, and your  
parents.

AVNER  
You want my parents to help raise  
her? Look what they did to me.

DAPHNA  
Don't you want your daughter to be  
an Israeli, Avner?

AVNER  
She'll always be an Israeli.

DAPHNA  
Not in Brooklyn. She'll just be  
another homeless Jew.

She strokes his face.

DAPHNA  
You're not so terrible.

AVNER  
I can't do what I'm doing if I  
can't see you, I can't...

DAPHNA  
What are you doing?

Silence.

DAPHNA (CONT'D)  
Don't do it, then.  
Avner, this is our home.

AVNER  
You're the only home I've ever had.

Daphna cracks up.

DAPHNA  
Oh, man, that is so corny!

She can't stop laughing.

AVNER  
It wasn't easy to say that!

DAPHNA  
I bet! God damn. Why'd I have to  
marry a sentimentalist?  
You're ruining my life!

112 OMITTED

112

113 INT. INSIDE A CAR PARKED ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE HOTEL 113  
OLYMPIC, ON THE CYPRUS COAST NEAR NICOSIA - DAY

Hans, Steve and Avner are watching Hussein Abad al-Chir, business suit, sunglasses and a checkered kaffiyeh, stepping into a limousine accompanied by three men with Russian faces.

Hans shows the others a photo. They look from the photo to the man getting in the car.

STEVE

Uh oh, waistline bulge, he has a gun.

HANS

As do the Russians.

AVNER

It's definitely him.

HANS

Hussein Abad al-Chir.  
His room is next to Israeli newlyweds. They're marrying in Cyprus because she's not Jewish.

STEVE

(mock horror)  
A mixed marriage! A shonde!

AVNER

OK, yeah, but you know, let's not blow them up.

STEVE

Robert's making the bomb. They have nothing to fear.

114 INT. A SAFE HOUSE IN NICOSIA - DAY, PERHAPS

114

The curtains are drawn. Lights intensely illuminate Robert at a table wiring six bombs together. He has a checklist and a hand-drawn diagram near him on the floor, which he consults as he wires. Steve, Hans, Carl and Avner are watching.

ROBERT

The KGB brings him home every evening.

(MORE)

ROBERT (cont'd)  
He turns on the light, he  
undresses, he turns off the light,  
he gets into bed.  
We blow up the bed.

CARL  
I knew a field agent who got too  
scared to sleep in his bed. So  
every night he slept on the floor  
of his closet. He still does. Every  
night. Sleeps in closets.

STEVE  
Be sure to include that anecdote in  
your memoirs, Carl.

ROBERT  
If al-Chir sleeps in his closet  
we're in trouble. If he gets into  
bed, his weight arms the device.  
When we see his lights go out, I  
wait a bit, hit the remote and...

115 INT. AL-CHIR'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL OLYMPIC - LATE AFTERNOON 115

Steve is holding up the mattress of the bed, sweating under  
its sagging weight, while Robert, on his knees, is carefully  
placing the bombs, in their frame, under the mattress, and  
wiring the detonators to a wire that dangles out over the  
bedframe with a lightbulb on the end of it. Carl guards the  
door, gun drawn.

A light knocking outside on the door. Everyone freezes. Carl  
opens it and admits Avner.

AVNER  
I checked in to the room next door.

CARL  
Why?

AVNER  
There are balconies. When I see  
him get in bed I'll signal by  
switching off the light.

CARL  
If the bomb's too powerful you  
could be killed.

AVNER  
That won't happen, right?

AVNER (CONT'D)

Robert?

ROBERT

(concentrating, not  
listening:)

It won't, no.

Robert helps Steve lower the mattress very slowly onto the bomb. Avner and Carl watch, not breathing. The mattress is now resting on the bomb. Robert checks the lightbulb. It's dark. He smiles, nods. He motions to Steve and they raise the mattress again. He makes adjustments on the bomb.

CARL

(softly, to Avner)

A boy or a girl?

Avner looks at him, surprised.

AVNER

A girl.

CARL

Mazeltov, Avner.

Avner nods, pleased, missing his family.

CARL

Did you see the papers this morning? News from Paris. Dr. Hamshari succumbed to his wounds. He's dead. So again, mazeltov, Avner.

Robert and Steve lower the mattress.

ROBERT

Now someone has to test it.

AVNER

Test it?

ROBERT

Lie on the bed. If the bomb's placed correctly the bulb will light. So who wants to test it?

STEVE

(to Robert:)

Why don't you test it?

ROBERT  
It won't blow up.  
(a beat)  
Prove that you trust me. One of  
you, get in the bed.

CARL  
Steve, you do it.

Steve looks at Robert and flings himself in the air and onto the mattress. The bulb lights.

116 EXT. THE BALCONIES ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE HOTEL OLYMPIC 1-6  
NIGHT

Avner is standing on the balcony. The room next to his is dark, and the room to the right of that room is lit. Below him, on the street, a car honks its horn twice. He goes to the railing and looks down. A limo is pulling up.

Wearing a bathrobe, the young bride in the room one over from Avner's comes out on her balcony for a smoke. She sees Avner and smiles at him. Her husband comes out, clad only in pajama bottoms. He nods to Avner, then puts his arms around his bride. They look at the sea; he kisses her neck. Avner wants to look and look and is embarrassed and looks away.

The lights in the room next to his are switched on. Al-Chir is in his room.

Silence, the sound of a brief phone call in Arabic. The bridegroom is whispering something to the bride. Avner, horny, lonely, stares at them.

Al-Chir steps out onto his balcony. Avner is startled.

Al-Chir nods at the bridegroom and bride. They smile at him and then the bridegroom leads the bride back into their room. Laughter comes from inside, followed by music. Their lights go out.

Moans and groans start to drift out. Avner stares, al-Chir stares, both men fascinated, at the dark open doorway of the newlyweds' room.

Al-Chir turns to smile at Avner.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Good evening.

AVNER  
Oh, uh, good evening.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Beautiful night.  
Where are you from? I can't place  
the --

AVNER  
Koln.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Yes? I wouldn't have guessed, it,  
I thought perhaps a Swede. I taught  
in Sweden. Near Eastern languages.

AVNER  
Really?

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Teaching Lebanese immigrant women  
how to clean houses in Swedish.  
Surprisingly remunerative. And  
such a beautiful country!

The sounds of love-making increase in volume.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR (CONT'D)  
Were you here last night?

AVNER  
No, I just checked in, just  
arrived.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Don't plan to sleep. They keep at  
it till dawn.  
I loved Sweden, I've loved all the  
places I've lived, but there's  
nothing like the Mediterranean. If  
you were born within sight of it  
you can't live without it.

Al-Chir takes a pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket.  
He takes out a cigarette, offers one to Avner who shakes his  
head "no."

AVNER  
Where were you born?

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
A town that no longer exists.

Al-Chir puts the cigarette in his mouth and pats his pockets  
looking for a match. Avner takes out a lighter, holds it out  
towards Al-Chir, who leans over his side of the balcony.

Avner flicks the lighter and, using his hand to shield the flame from the wind, lights al-Chir's cigarette. Al-Chir nods thanks, inhales, exhales.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
But the sea is still here.

The sex sounds from the newlyweds' suite become downright raucous.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR (CONT'D)  
There! For hours! Take a sleeping pill if you have one. You want to borrow one of mine?

AVNER  
I can sleep through anything.

HUSSEIN ABAD AL-CHIR  
Pleasant dreams.

He goes in his room. Then the lights go off.

Avner moves closer to the balcony railing where it abuts the hotel wall. He hauls himself up, then leans in. He hears al-Chir moving about, singing softly to himself. A tap running. Peeing. A toilet flush. Then the sound of a man lowering himself into bed with a sigh.

Avner leans further in. He can just see the foot of the bed, and al-Chir's legs sliding under the bedclothes. He lowers himself back to his own balcony, goes in his room, switches off the light.

A beat, and then an enormous explosion; the wall Avner's room shares with al-Chir's is pushed in and falls over, intact, knocking Avner back onto his bed. The fan in the ceiling above is sheered off and falls, nearly hitting Avner.

117 EXT. THE HOTEL OLYMPIC - NIGHT

117

Smoke and flames explode from al-Chir's room across his balcony.

118 EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL OLYMPIC - NIGHT 118

Glass and plaster and stone rain down on the street, bouncing off a car in which Steve and Carl are sitting.

Robert and Hans are in the car behind Steve and Carl's car, Hans driving, Robert holding the detonator. The car lurches forward, preparing to drive off as planned.

It screeches to a stop amidst the rain of debris as Carl jumps out of the first car. Carl slams his hand on the hood of Hans's car.

CARL

GO!

Hans pulls the car out and drives off as Carl runs to the hotel.

119 INT. AVNER'S ROOM, HOTEL OLYMPIC -NIGHT

119

Avner is trapped in a space between his bed and the wall, which is now leaning against the opposing wall, pictures on it dangling from their hooks. Avner struggles to get out.

120 INT. THE FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY OF THE HOTEL OLYMPIC - NIGHT 120

The hall is thick with smoke. Avner, covered in plaster dust, coughing, is emerging from his room.

To the left of al-Chir's doorless room, the newlyweds force their door and stumble out, naked, covered in dust. He's bleeding from a nasty cut on his forehead, and she's momentarily blinded by plaster dust and smoke. The groom turns to Avner.

GROOM

Oh my God! Oh my God!

AVNER

Are you alright?

GROOM

What... what happened?!!

BRIDE

I can't see!

The groom wipes at her eyes with his thumbs. Avner goes into their room and comes out with sheets. They wrap themselves.

AVNER

Get downstairs, the stairs, here.

He pushes them toward the stairs. The door to the stairwell opens and Carl, carrying a fire extinguisher, rushes past Avner, their eyes meeting. Avner leads the couple to the stairs as Carl runs into al-Chir's room.

121

INT. IN AL-CHIR'S ROOM, THE HOTEL OLYMPIC - NIGHT

121

Smoke and dust. The room is utterly destroyed. Carl blasts the fire extinguisher at small flames. He gropes for the light switch, flicks it.

The crystal chandelier, a burnt and twisted mess of metal, hanging by wires, lights up -- one or two bulbs are intact. An arm and a section of torso are dangling from the chandelier.

Carl switches off the light as Avner comes in. Carl wipes the extinguisher clean with his handkerchief, then drops it on the floor.

CARL

Let's get out of here.

122

EXT. ABOARD A SMALL FISHING BOAT ON THE OPEN SEA - NIGHT 122

The team is huddled over a thermos on the deck. They speak in whispers.

CARL

It was too powerful, it could have -

STEVE

Target number three. Outcome not in doubt!

CARL

(to Robert:)

The ceiling in the lobby cracked! You nearly demolished the -- You could have killed Avner. And --

ROBERT

The plastique wasn't what I asked for, it couldn't have been the grade I specified, someone changed the markings on the explosives.

STEVE

What does it matter, we got Black September's contact with the KGB!

CARL

(to Robert) What do you mean, someone changed the --  
(to Steve:) Shut up, please.

\*  
\*

HANS

Louis provided the plastique, right?

AVNER

Yes. Why?

A beat.

HANS

(to Avner:)

Why are we trusting him?

CARL

We have no idea who he is.

AVNER

He's finding our targets.

HANS

Yes, but --

AVNER

Without him we'd be nowhere in  
this.

ROBERT

The plastique was much more  
powerful than what I requested.  
Someone changed the label.

HANS

For all we know, Louis works for  
the PLO, and they're using us to do  
internal housecleaning.

AVNER

That's --

STEVE

Whose fishing boat is this?

Everyone looks at Avner.

AVNER

Louis arranged it.

Silence. Steve takes out his .22, undoes the safety, puts it  
back in its holster. The boat sails on in the dark.

123 EXT. THE PICTURE GLASS WINDOW OF A KITCHEN DESIGN AND SUPPLY  
STORE ON A FANCY STREET IN PARIS - NIGHT

It's late and misty. There are no pedestrians. Avner is  
looking at a brightly lit and very beautiful Swedish-Modern  
kitchen set up for display.

He's tired, but staring at the kitchen with real longing, his eyes traveling over every inch of it, drinking in what it means: luxury, security, domesticity, Daphna -- everything he's aching for.

124 Avner's hungry, weary face is reflected by the glass. The 124 kitchen dims and merges with another image, apparently reflected at first then growing in sharpness and solidity:

124 OMITTED 124

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

126A OMITTED 126A

127 EXT. THE PICTURE GLASS WINDOW OF A KITCHEN DESIGN AND SUPPLY STORE ON A FANCY STREET IN PARIS - NIGHT

Avner, watching in the glass, as the scene of carnage fades away.

Louis is standing next to Avner. He has an Alsatian by the leash. Avner turns to look at Louis, unfocused.

LOUIS

There was nothing wrong with the explosive. Bomb makers are nervous, which is understandable.

AVNER

There's nothing wrong with my bomb maker, it was your --

LOUIS

\*  
\*  
\*

LOUIS  
We've found three more names for you.

AVNER

Three?

Avner seems dismayed, as if someone's just put a heavy weight on his back.

LOUIS

Yes, three. Thought you'd be pleased.

AVNER  
I am. Who?

LOUIS  
Kemal Nasser, Kemal Adwan and  
Yussuf Najjer.

AVNER  
That's -- Adwan and Abu Yussuf?  
Where?

LOUIS  
Lebanon. They're in Beirut.

AVNER  
Beirut.  
Nasser, Adwan and Najjer.

LOUIS  
Serious characters.

AVNER  
Extremely serious.

Avner thinks...

LOUIS  
Smile, Monsieur Storsch. A second  
Christmas!

AVNER  
I'd like to pay you a little extra  
for this, for these three names.  
Six hundred thousand. Dollars.

A beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Monsieur Storsch, my group, we  
don't care much for governments.  
Any governments. We don't work with  
or for them. That's an absolute  
condition of... My theory. You  
understand?

They look at each other.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
If I learned that your sudden  
generosity was an attempt to buy  
our acquiescence in your sharing my  
information with, let us say... CIA  
or MI6 or, or Mossad, even.

AVNER  
I don't work for --

LOUIS  
Oh you have no idea who you work  
for, trust me, you don't.  
Lie to me and you will find me  
abruptly unreachable. And unhappy.

AVNER  
Let me buy you a drink.

LOUIS  
You save your money. At these  
prices, you're going to need it.

128 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - NIGHT

128

Ephraim, still in his coat, is standing amidst the team, which is busy, everyone working like clockwork preparing dinner. Avner is in the kitchen, assisted by Hans, simmering a gravy, making spaetzle over a boiling pot, chopping dill. Steve and Robert are setting the table, while Carl selects and pours wine like a sommelier. They're now a family, domesticated, concentrated, everyone knows what Avner expects of them. Ephraim watches, awkward, out of place, intrigued.

129 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - NIGHT

129

The team is digging in: sliced lamb, a big bowl of boiled potatoes, mint jelly, noodle soup, rolls, wine etc.. Ephraim has the place of honor and his coat's off now, but he still looks uncomfortable and out of place, picking at the food.

Next to Robert, sitting incongruously on the table, is a little crane, exquisitely detailed, with a claw hammer dangling from it. Ephraim glances at it from time to time -- everyone else ignores it, used to it.

EPHRAIM  
It's obviously significant  
information.

STEVE  
Abu Yussef! He's like number three  
in the whole Palestinian network,  
it's like Arafat, Habash and him!  
Of course he's significant, he's  
the brains of the fedayeen!

EPHRAIM

(overlapping Steve above:)  
Thanks for the instruction. And  
the enthusiasm. I know who he is.

STEVE

Next to Salalmeh, Abu Yussuf's the  
worst guy we're after, right? And,  
and Adwan plans all the actions in  
the West Bank, right? We get the  
significance! These are serious  
targets! We want to go to Beirut.

EPHRAIM

No. You keep out of the Arab  
countries. Mossad and the army  
will take care of it.

CARL

So much for no dead civilians.

EPHRAIM

(To Carl, grim:)  
You need to control yourself.  
(to Robert, irritated:)  
What is that, that contraption?

ROBERT

Oh! It's just a --

AVNER

You can't send the army. We can't  
allow that.

EPHRAIM

You can't allow it?

AVNER

Our source doesn't know we're  
Mossad.

EPHRAIM

You aren't Mossad.

Robert turns a tiny crank. The crane wheels around to the dish with he boiled potatoes. Robert turns another crank and the crane's claw drops into the bowl, opening as it descends. Another crank and the claw clamps around a potato. Robert turns cranks and pulls levers until the little crane has dropped the potato onto his plate. Ephraim stares at this, incredulous. Then he decides to pretend it didn't happen.

AVNER

If commandos go to Beirut, our source will cut us off.

EPHRAIM

Why don't you and I go for a walk and talk about this? Alone.

HANS

The food will get cold.

AVNER

(Over Hans:) We have to go to Beirut. It's our information. It's our job.

STEVE

(Over Hans:) Three names! We're good at this! We deserve this chance!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EPHRAIM

That's touching. In a juvenile sort of way. Listen, you've done reasonably well.

STEVE

"Reasonably"?!

EPHRAIM

You're spending a lot of money. Well, we expected that. The world's already forgetting Munich.

STEVE

The world forgot before the athletes were in their graves.

EPHRAIM

People are going to find it difficult, connecting these bodies with the crimes they committed. This is... unimaginably risky for us. You understand that, yes? For our country. Me being here with you, now, is risky. An operation like Beirut could become a big problem.

AVNER

Let us do it and it won't be a problem.

EPHRAIM

Look, lots of people in Mossad don't know about you. No one knows. Everyone's asking "Who's killing the fedayeen? Is it our guys? Why weren't we told?" Big egos, lots of screaming. Maybe I can include... one or two of you, but excluding Mossad, or the army, is impossible. Accept it.

AVNER

We will, but our source won't.

EPHRAIM

Who's your source?

Carl and Avner look at one another. Carl smiles.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

(to Avner:)

It's time you told me. And that, by the way, is not a request, it's an order.

CARL

You can't order him, he doesn't work for you.

EPHRAIM

(to Carl:)

Shut up.

(to Avner:)

I pay you, you work for me.

AVNER

I work for a metal box in a bank in Geneva. The box pays me.

EPHRAIM

You want it to find it empty?

AVNER

I want you to let us do our work.

CARL

You should be pleased, look how eager we've gotten!

STEVE

Some of us were always eager.

HANS

We've reached consensus that this was a necessary thing to do, even if it stretches the definition of our mission a bit.

AVNER

We want to do what we've promised to do, what we promised you and Israel and our source.

While everyone's talking, Robert repeats the potato lift with his crane. He drops the potato this time in Ephraim's plate.

Ephraim looks at the potato and then slams his hand down, hard, on the table!

EPHRAIM

(losing it, screaming:) WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? WITH ALL OF YOU? GROW UP AND DO IT QUICK! THIS IS, WHAT? A GAME? A FUCKING GAME! WHO HAS THE SOURCE, WHERE ARE YOU GETTING YOUR INFORMATION, GIVE ME HIS GODDAMNED NUMBER.

HANS

I hope the old lady upstairs enjoyed that. She's a little deaf but I doubt she had any trouble hearing you.

ROBERT

I think she's Leni Reifenstahl.  
The lady upst--

STEVE

She's not Leni Reifenstahl.  
(to Ephraim:) He's not kidding, he thinks she's --

EPHRAIM

Give me the source and we'll let you take part.

AVNER

Let us go to Beirut and use our source and find the rest of the targets. Let us do our job.

ROBERT

If she turns out to be Leni  
Reifenstahl can we kill her?

Ephraim looks around the table, furious. Without a word he stands, grabs his hat and coat and leaves.

CARL

Oh well. It was a good career.

ROBERT

I think our careers ended when we accepted this job.  
Don't you think? You heard him: No one knows we're here. No one will ever want to know.  
I think my life ended when I took this job.

130 EXT. THE PARKING LOT FOR DOVE BEACH IN BEIRUT - LATE NIGHT 30

Four Zodiac rafts are nearing the shore. Twenty Sayeret Matkal commandos are in the boat; some are in wetsuits, some are dressed as tourists, male and female. The boats pull up on beach. The commandos disembark. Sealed bags are opened containing shoes, pistols, grenades, knives and Uzis.

They move to the waiting cars and pile in. In the near distance there's an outdoor restaurant, with a bandstand. People are dancing and the band is playing top 40s hits, sung in Arabic. The cars drive out onto the main drag of the Arab Riviera: pre-1980s Beirut, beautiful hotels, casinos, electric lights.

131 INT. THE PLYMOUTH STATION WAGON, BEIRUT - NIGHT

131

Robert drives, Avner beside him. In the seat behind them, four Commandos, silent, huge, squeezed in uncomfortably. Another commando in the back is preparing Uzis. One of the commandos, disguised as a woman, early 30s, is stuffing hand-grenades into his bra. This is Ehud Barak, the squad leader.

ONE OF THE COMMANDOS

Ow, Ehud, you don't make a pretty woman.

BARAK

But I feel pretty, that's what matters.

(to Avner, holding out his hand:)

Ehud Barak.

Avner reaches back, shakes his hand.

AVNER

Um, Daniel.

BARAK

Daniel what?

Avner smiles and shrugs. Barak looks at his men; they're confused and suspicious.

ROBERT

You brought a lot of guns.

132 EXT. RUE VERDUN, BEIRUT - NIGHT

132

The other rental cars and the truck are waiting, with the rest of the commandos, the old man and woman from the truck, the other drivers -- all Mossad agents -- and Steve. The Plymouth station wagon and two other cars pull up behind an apartment building. The commandos pile out.

The Plymouth's tailgate is opened and the Uzis are handed out. Steve goes to Avner and Robert.

STEVE

A lot of guns, huh? To shoot three guys.

Avner nods, worried.

133 EXT. THE COURTYARD OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING, BEIRUT - NIGHT

Five Palestinian men, armed with old rifles and AK-47s, are smoking, talking, standing guard. The commandos in drag enter the courtyard. One of the Palestinians walks towards them. The commandos draw silenced Berettas and shoot; the Palestinians are shot before they can lift their guns. The commandos use knives to make sure all five are dead. Behind them, commandos in uniform, some with stockings pulled over their faces, rush silently in, Avner, Robert and Steve among them. Robert hesitates to watch the commandos dressed as women finishing their grisly work.

134 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABU YUSSUF'S APARTMENT, 134 BEIRUT - NIGHT

An explosion, blowing the door off Abu Yussuf's apartment.

135 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE KEMAL NASSER'S APARTMENT, BEIRUT - NIGHT

Another explosion blows the door of Kemal Nasser's apartment straight into his room.

136 INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE KEMAL ADWAN'S APARTMENT, BEIRUT - NIGHT

A group of commandos bursts round the corner, unexpectedly encountering twenty armed Palestinian men. The commandos immediately open fire with Uzis. The Palestinians are scrambling over one another, shouting, trying to take aim, blown to pieces by machine gun fire.

137 INT. KAMAL NASSER'S APARTMENT, BEIRUT - NIGHT

137

Commandos enter Nasser's apartment through the smoke. The room, apparently unoccupied, has been shattered by the blast that blew the front door into the room. The door has struck and is covering what's left of a table. Dozens of pages of paper, covered with text, thrown into the air by the blast, are fluttering down. Some of the pages are on fire. An intelligence agent among the commandos is rushing about, grabbing up the pages, blowing out flames and stuffing all printed matter he can find into a satchel.

The commandos use flashlights to look through the smoke all around the room, trying to find Nasser.

A COMMANDO  
Where the fuck is he?

One of the commandos, standing by the front door, which is now smashed up against the table, signals for the others to stop looking. Gun at the ready, the commando flips the front door over with his foot.

Nasser, in his thirties, a bloody mess, is barely conscious, crushed under the door. The commandos look at him for a moment. The one who's found Nasser gives a nod and then he starts firing into Nasser's body; the other commandos follow suit. Nasser's body jerks and dances as it's struck by bullets. Then the shooting stops. The commando uses his foot and slides the door over the corpse.

138 INT. KAMAL ADWAN'S APARTMENT, BEIRUT - NIGHT

138

Adwan, coughing and blind from the smoke, is rising from sleep in his bed, the television on, what's left of his door swinging from its hinges. Commandos are entering his room. He gropes for his Kalashnikov, screaming with rage as the commandos fire, their magnesium bullets driving him down on to the bed. He fires off a round of bullets in the general direction of his attackers, wounding one commando, perhaps severely -- his fire provoking a dramatic increase in return fire. Adwan's body is shredded by the bullets. The mattress he's lying on bursts into flames.

139 INT. ABU YUSSUF'S APARTMENT, BEIRUT - NIGHT

139

Abu Yussuf is trying to rise, wounded by bullets and from shrapnel from the bomb that tore off his door. His wife and his teenaged son, holding a metal tube from a vacuum cleaner, are standing in an inner doorway, screaming. Two commandos and Avner have entered the room, and the commandos are raising their guns, aiming at the wounded man. Yussuf's wife throws herself in front of her husband just as the commandos fire.

AVNER

(to the commandos:)

NO! STOP!

But it's too fast, too late and the gunfire kills the woman and her husband. Her bloody body topples onto his.

The boy raises the vacuum cleaner tube, growling, shaking, crying. All the guns in the room swing in his direction. The boy drops the tube, sinks to his knees and raises his arms in surrender.

140 EXT. THE COURTYARD OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING, BEIRUT - NIGHT

It's a gruesome mess, smoky air, shouting, and bodies scattered on the ground. Commandos rush out of the buildings.

141 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT BUILDING, BEIRUT - 141  
NIGHT

Avner and Robert emerge from the courtyard of the building into gunfire. In the apartment building across the street, another firefight is in full force -- automatic weapon fire, smoke pouring from a few windows, bodies of Palestinians lying on the sidewalk in pools of blood. Avner and Robert duck behind a bullet-riddled dumpster. A couple of Israeli commandos are there already, strafing the upper windows of the building with machine gun fire to provide cover for the commandos who are running out the front door.

A Sayeret Maktal Commando gives a signal with his right hand, and the other commandos, and Robert and Avner, head for their getaway rental cars. Other cars, burning, flipped on their sides, block the street. A narrow escapeway through the wreckage remains. The cars speed away.

142 OMITTED

142

143 EXT. OUTSIDE A COFFEEHOUSE IN PARIS - DAY

143

Avner is sitting at a table, waiting for Louis, exhausted, nervous. He's been reading several French newspapers. He checks his watch. He's been waiting a long time.

A big car pulls up, idling. The rear window rolls down. Louis is inside. Avner stays at the table. Louis stays in the car.

LOUIS

My papa would like to meet you.

AVNER

Who?

LOUIS

My papa. He runs our little group.

AVNER

I thought you ran the group.

LOUIS

Everybody works for someone.

A beat.

AVNER

I wasn't in Beirut.

LOUIS

Someone was there. The Israeli army, according to every newspaper on earth.

(beat)

But you stayed away. After you paid so extravagantly for the information.

Louis opens the door and slides over, making room for Avner.

LOUIS

I don't like to keep my papa waiting.

AVNER

I need to tell my people where I'm going.

LOUIS

You don't know where you're going.  
You'll need to wear this.

Louis takes a black sleep mask out of his pocket.

AVNER

Go to hell, Louis, I'm not --

Louis slams the door shut.

LOUIS

(to the man behind him:)  
We're done here.

The car starts to pull away from the curb. Avner stands up.

AVNER

Come on, Louis, it's crazy, you  
don't expect me to --

The car starts to drive away. Avner has to chase it a distance down the street. He catches up with it and slams his hand on the back of the car; it stops and the rear door opens again.

Avner hesitates, then gets in.

144 INT. LOUIS'S CAR - DAY

144

Louis holds out the mask. Avner takes it.

LOUIS

If you feel carsick, I brought  
candied ginger.

AVNER

I have a strong stomach.

Avner puts on the mask. Blackness.

145 INT. LOUIS'S CAR - DAY

145

Avner's mask is roughly removed. A group of young children are standing around the car door, looking in at him. One of the kids is holding his mask. As Avner, blinking, gets out of the car, the kids run off, chattering and giggling.

146

EXT. A FARMYARD, NEAR THE FRENCH ALPS - DAY

146

Very old stone barn, main house, sheds, a sheepfold, a stable, ringed by spectacular mountains. Geese and a dogs patrol the yard. The light is gorgeous, golden.

Avner walks towards the farmhouse and the sound of conversation.

147

INT. INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

147

Avner comes through the front door into a large common room/kitchen -- a room from the Middle Ages but with modern amenities, including in one corner a large commercial stove.

The room is full of adults and many children. Some of the adults look like working farmers, some like small-time business people. The driver of Avner's car and the large man are drinking wine. Louis is in a corner, talking to a woman, his sister Sylvie. Avner starts towards Louis when his sleeve is tugged. He looks down. An old man in a battered cap and coat, sitting on a stool, points towards the kitchen area.

At a counter near the stove, Louis's Papa, in his vigorous 60s, is chopping vegetables. He glances up, gives Avner a quick appraising glance, waves him over and continues with his cooking.

PAPA

Louis says you're a cook.

AVNER

I... I know how to cook.

PAPA

You'll help me. You bring these...

He hands Avner a big metal bowl filled with kidneys. He points to the sink.

PAPA (CONT'D)

There.

Avner brings the bowl to the sink, turns on the tap. Papa hurries over, nudges Avner out of the way, turns off the tap. He gestures with the large knife he's holding.

PAPA (CONT'D)

No! Don't wash! It will taste like boiled sponge.

AVNER

Then why put them in the sink?

PAPA

If the juices spurt out, it's big mess, the whole kitchen smells like piss. Peel off the fat.

He dexterously peels off a kidney's thin membrane of fat.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Let me see your hands.

Avner shows Papa his hands.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Too big for a good cook! That was my problem too.

Papa holds his right hand up, flat against Avner's.

PAPA (CONT'D)

I'd have been a master but I have thick stupid butcher's hands, like yours. We are tragic men. Butcher's hands, gentle souls.

He tousles Avner's hair, gently, affectionately slaps his face.

Across the room, Louis is watching their exchange.

148 INT. INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

148

Louis, drinking wine, is staring with an uncharacteristic sullenness out a window. He's watching Avner and Papa walking together towards an orchard.

149 EXT. THE FARMHOUSE ORCHARD - DAY

149

Papa is picking green plums off a tree, tossing them into a big basket Avner is holding.

AVNER

These are going to be too sour to eat.

PAPA

Skin them and prick them and boil them in sugar, bake them in honey and dough.

(MORE)

PAPA (cont'd)  
A little torture, you'll see how  
nice they are.  
You call me papa.

AVNER  
I can't do that.

PAPA  
No?

AVNER  
I have a papa already.

Papa stops picking and looks at Avner.

PAPA  
And you are devoted to him.

AVNER  
Am I here because of what happened  
in Beirut?

PAPA  
Your papa must be proud of his son.  
We'll pick a few, let the rest  
ripen. There are too many people ...  
to feed. But --

AVNER  
You have to feed your family.

PAPA  
(grinning:)  
Yes!  
We don't work with governments.

AVNER  
Louis said, but --

PAPA  
But you did what you had to,  
because you have to feed your  
family.

They turn to go back to the farmhouse.

Louis is in the window. Papa and Avner stare at him; Avner waves. Louis raises his glass in salute.

The whole group is seated around the massive table. Food and wine are being served by the women.

Papa is at the head of the table, Avner seated on his right. Louis and Sylvie sit a few seats down.

PAPA

(to Avner:)

I blew up trains, bridges, trucks full of Germans during the war. My brothers died. My papa and my sister were both hanged, she was a young girl.

SYLVIE

Papa, the guest doesn't want to hear your war stories.

PAPA

(ignoring her:)

We paid this price so Vichy scum could be replaced by Gaullist scum and the Nazis could be replaced by Stalin and America.

We stay away from government.

(to the table, crossing himself:)

We say grace.

The others start to cross themselves and pray.

LOUIS

Maybe our guest could lead us.

Papa looks at Avner. Avner starts to cross himself. Papa grabs his hand, stopping him.

PAPA

It's not required.

(to Louis, angry)

You lead us instead.

Louis deliberately crosses himself backwards.

LOUIS

Our Father, who gives us obedient, respectful clients who obey the rules according to which our business thrives --

Over this, one of the older woman raps her knuckles on the table.

PAPA (FRENCH)  
(to Louis, angry!)  
It's not all for business! I didn't  
do all this for the fucking money!

SYLVIE (FRENCH)  
Why'd you do it then? You've made millions from this.

PAPA  
(to Avner:) In my despair I fathered madmen who dress like factory workers but never do manual labor, who read nonsense and spout pompous bullshit about Algerians and, and who love nothing, not Algerians or French or flesh and blood or anything living.

(to Louis, pointedly:) So I have sympathy for a man who can say "I have a papa." Who does what he must for his family.

(to Sylvie, in FRENCH:) I did it for my family, for you. You... centaur! You minotaur!

Sylvie laughs at this.

PAPA  
I will say grace.

151 EXT. THE FARMYARD - AFTERNOON

151

Louis, the large man and the driver are waiting by the car. Papa and Avner stand apart. A small child is hanging on to Avner's hand, swinging. Papa holds a wax paper parcel tied neatly with green gardener's twine.

PAPA  
In the resistance there were occasionally some of your uncles, your cousins.

AVNER

PAPA  
Ruben, Benjamin and Moshe.

AVNER  
Oh.

PAPA  
When it came to killing Germans,  
even we didn't have such a fierce  
appetite for it.

(beat)  
There's some opinion that you  
should be punished for what  
happened in Beirut.

AVNER  
We didn't know so many would die.

PAPA  
I'm in business with death. Do you  
think I'm squeamish?

Papa pats Avner's cheek.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
The world has been rough with you,  
with your tribe, your family. It's  
right to respond roughly to such  
treatment.

Papa puts his arm across Avner's shoulder and walks him  
towards the car. When Louis is within earshot:

PAPA (CONT'D)  
You pay well and you pay promptly,  
so we'll continue together, but no  
more infractions.

AVNER  
None.

PAPA  
You remind me of myself at your  
age.

Louis hands Avner the mask and gets into the car.

AVNER  
(to Papa:)  
Thank you. You have my word.

Avner gets into the car, closes the door. Papa raps on the  
glass. The window rolls down, and Papa leans in to Avner. He  
hands Avner the parcel:

PAPA

A few andouillettes and some boudin noir, black blood sausage, and a Loire cheese, Selles sur Cher, they cover it in ash to preserve it.

AVNER

Thank you.

PAPA

You could have been my son.

Louis winces slightly. Avner's embarrassed.

PAPA

But you're not. Remember that.  
We'll do business. But you aren't family.

Papa walks away. The car drives off.

152 INT. LOUIS'S CAR, DRIVING THROUGH THE FRENCH ALPS - AFTRENGON  
Silence. Avner is blindfolded. He starts to lift the mask. Louis reaches over and roughly pushes it back in place.

153 INT. LOUIS'S CAR, ARRIVING NEAR THE KITCHEN DESIGN SHOP, 153 PARIS - LATE AFTERNOON

The car pulls up to a halt, curbside. Avner removes the mask.

Louis is thinking. Silence. Avner doesn't know whether to stay in the car or leave. He puts his hand on the door handle.

LOUIS

I have a new name for you.

AVNER

I want Salameh.

LOUIS

No.

AVNER

You know where he is. You know where all the names are. Salameh.

LOUIS

Untouchable.

AVNER  
I'm tired of hearing that.  
You're wasting my time.

Avner starts to get out of the car.

LOUIS  
Zaid Muchassi.

Avner doesn't recognize the name and doesn't respond.

LOUIS  
Zaid Muchassi. He's in Athens in  
two weeks.

AVNER  
Not one of our names.

LOUIS  
Nevertheless. He's Black  
September's KGB contact.

AVNER  
Hussein al-Chir was the KGB  
contact.

LOUIS  
But you put a bomb under Monsieur  
al-Chir's bed in Cyprus, and now  
he's defunct. Muchassi is his  
replacement. I hear he's much  
tougher than his predecessor.

Avner doesn't respond.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
We offer Muchassi's whereabouts at  
the new rate.

AVNER  
The new rate.

LOUIS  
Three names for six hundred  
thousand is \$200,000 for one name.

Avner nods.

AVNER  
I'll need you to get me a place to  
work in Athens.

LOUIS  
Of course... A safe house.

154 OMITTED

154

155 EXT. A STREET IN A CRUMMY NEIGHBORHOOD, ATHENS - DAY

155

Avner, Steve and Robert, carrying a duffel bag and a small suitcase, are standing in front of a derelict building, the crummieest on a block of really crummy warehouses; they're looking in disbelief at the address.

STEVE

Louis's idea of a joke?

ROBERT

I've had nightmares that look like this.

156 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, ATHENS - DAY

156

A large and utterly derelict apartment. It's unfinished and abandoned. Cinderblock walls, cement floor, dank. It's unfurnished, except for a small transistor radio, a few rickety chairs, a couple of crates and two stacks of old mattresses -- a pile of five, and a pile of four -- each pile tied with hemp. Carl counts the mattresses, while Hans is putting cartons of take-out food on one of the crates.

Robert is sitting on the floor, carefully wiring together four squat, dinged-up, rust-spotted cylinders, hooking these up to a remote-controlled fuse, and then placing the contraption into a small suitcase, surrounding each device with newspaper to prevent jostling. Four more of the cylinders, more decrepit than the ones Robert's working on, sit nearby on the floor. Steve and Avner watch him.

ROBERT

(talking while he works)  
When they explode they'll toss  
little white balls of phosphorus  
around his room. Each ball is like  
a little sun. It burns at around  
5,000 degrees. The air catches  
fire, everything melts. The bad  
news is they're grenades. I'm  
altering them to use with a remote  
detonator. And also I should  
mention they're quite old, only  
four looked viable. We'll have to  
dump the rest.

Robert puts the unusable four grenades in a canvas duffel bag.

AVNER

There's a porter at the hotel where  
Muchassi is staying. He'll let us  
in the room when Muchassi's out.

STEVE

Who provided these grenades?

CARL

Louis.

STEVE

Yeah. Thank him for that.

157 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, ATHENS - LATE NIGHT

157

Food containers are strewn about. Carl, Hans and Avner are fast asleep. Robert squeezes Avner's hand, gently. Avner opens his eyes. Robert makes a sign: Quiet. Steve is awake, gun drawn.

The door is opening.

Avner draws his .22, and he and Steve move to either side of the door. Robert picks up the suitcase and the duffel bag and steps behind Avner.

Four Palestinian men come into the room: one about fifty, two in their thirties, one of whom is the leader, named Ali, and one in his early twenties. One of the older men is carrying groceries. Ali flips the light switch. The Palestinian carrying the groceries drops them as he and his comrades all draw their guns.

ALI (ARABIC)

I have this house from the French,  
I have permission, I am with Fatah!  
PLO! PLO! It's been arranged, don't  
shoot or we'll kill you, don't --  
we have a right to be here, we  
paid.

AVNER

(over this, in pidgin  
ARABIC and GERMAN:)

Put your guns away! Do it, now,  
we'll shoot, we're... We paid too,  
we paid too, Red Army Faction! Red  
Army Faction!

ROBERT

ETA! ETA! Basque, Basque!

AVNER  
OK. OK. OK.

They're all pointing their guns. Avner glances at Carl, then then lowers his gun slowly. The leader of the Palestinian group follows suit. Carl, Hans and Robert lower their guns next, as do two more Palestinians. Steve and the youngest Palestinian continue to hold their guns out, a tense face-off.

ALI (ARABIC)  
Said, put it down, now.

AVNER  
(in GERMAN, to Steve:)  
Jurgen! You also!

Said lowers his gun, as does Steve, after a quick bemused glance at Avner. Everyone's got a finger on a trigger, scared.

AVNER (CONT'D) (HALTING ARABIC:)  
Who told you to come here?

ALI (HALTING GERMAN:)  
The man at the bar on Hadjidakis Street, the man who works for the French.

A beat.

AVNER  
What French? Louis?

The Palestinian leader shrugs, not recognizing the name.

ONE OF THE OLDER PALESTINIANS  
Who are you? English?

ROBERT  
I'm ETA.  
(pointing to Carl and Hans)  
They're Red Army Faction.  
(pointing to Steve:)  
He's ANC. Jurgen. Afrikaans.  
(pointing to Avner:)  
Bruno. He's from Hamburg.

ALI  
We're from Amman. I'm Ali.  
(pointing at the others:) Said, George, Abed.

Everyone nods in tense greeting.

ALI (CONT'D)  
We paid for two nights, he said it  
was safe.

AVNER  
He told us the same.

ONE OF THE OLDER PALESTINIANS  
Yes. Safe house.

AVNER  
Yes.

ALI  
So. So is it... So we're safe?

AVNER  
Safe.  
Everyone is safe.

158 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, ATHENS - NEARLY DAWN

158

Carl, Hans and Robert are sleeping, Robert curled around the suitcase, his head on the duffel bag. Steve is sitting on a mattress, gun still in his hand. The twenty-year-old Palestinian is leaning against a wall, also keeping watch. Two other Palestinians are asleep. The remnants of their dinner are mingled with the Israelis' take-out.

Avner and Ali are talking quietly.

The twenty-year old Palestinian goes to the radio, crouches, turns it on, fidgets with the dial till he finds a station playing Indian music, a woman singing in a high nasal voice. Satisfied, he resumes his post, staring at Steve.

Steve stands, goes to the radio, crouches, turns the dial to Greek taverna music. The Palestinian returns, crouches besides Steve, turns the dial back to the Indian station, then, looking up at Steve for an instant, continues to move the dial till he finds an English-language station, stopping when he hears the opening notes of The Staple Singers' "I know a place." With a terse nod of agreement, Steve gets up, goes to the mattress, sits, and the Palestinian goes back to his post.

Avner and Ali are talking while the radio plays behind them.

ALI

Eventually the Arab states will rise against Israel -- they don't like Palestinians, but they hate the Jews more. It won't be like 1967, the rest of the world will see by then what the Israelis do to us, and they won't help when Egypt and Syria attack. Even Jordan. Israel will cease to exist.

Avner doesn't respond. They look at each other.

AVNER

I guess. Only...

ALI

What?

AVNER

This is a dream. You can't take back a country you never had.

ALI

You sound like a Jew.

AVNER

(smiling:)

Fuck you. I'm the voice inside your head, telling you what you know is true. Your people have nothing to bargain with. You'll never get the land back. You'll all die, old men in refugee camps, waiting for "Palestine."

ALI

(a shrug, easy:)

We have a lot of children, they'll have children, so we can wait forever, and, and... if we need to, we can make the whole planet unsafe for Jews.

AVNER

You kill Jews, and the world feels bad for them, and thinks you're animals.

ALI

Yeah, but then the world will see how they've made us into animals.

(MORE)

ALI (cont'd)

They'll start to ask questions  
about the conditions in our cages.

AVNER

You're Arabs. There are lots of  
places for Arabs.

ALI

You're a Jew sympathizer. All you  
Germans are soft on Israel, you  
give us money but you feel guilty  
about Hitler, and the Jews exploit  
your guilt. My father didn't gas  
any Jews.

AVNER

Tell me something, Ali.

ALI

What?

AVNER

You really miss your father's olive  
trees? The crappy village he came  
from? You honestly think you have  
to get back all that... nothing,  
chalky soil and stone huts? That's  
what you want for your kids?

A beat. Ali looks into Avner's eyes.

ALI

It is. It absolutely is. It'll  
take a hundred years, but we'll  
win. How long did it take the Jews  
to get their own country? How long  
did it take the Germans to make  
Germany?

AVNER

And look how well that worked out.

ALI

You don't know what it is not to  
have a home. That's why you  
European reds don't get it. You say  
it's nothing, but you have a home  
to come back to.  
ETA, ANC, IRA, PLO -- we all  
pretend we care about your  
"International revolution." But we  
don't care. We want to be nations.  
Home is everything.

159 OMITTED

159

160 OMITTED

160

161 INT. THE HOTEL ARISTIDES, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - DAY

161

Hans and Robert, carrying a suitcase, watch a porter unlock the door to a room. Robert, then Hans step inside. The porter tries to follow them in. Hans blocks the doorway.

HANS

(to Porter:)

You go downstairs.

PORTER

No, I watch.

Hans hands him a few more bills. The porter smilingly accepts the money, but still he tries to see into the room.

PORTER (CONT'D)

You only take money in closet and  
papers, yes?

HANS

Yes.

Robert pushes past Hans, leaving the room.

ROBERT

Let's go.

162 EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - NIGHT

162

Two cars pulls up, about a hundred yards down the street from the hotel. Steve gets out of one of them. He looks both ways. The street is empty. He takes out a pistol with a silencer and shoots out the street light nearest the car.

Steve gets back into the car, driver's side. Hans in the passenger seat, Carl in the back with the duffel bag.

They wait.

163 EXT. THE SECOND CAR OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT

Robert and Avner are inside, Avner at the wheel. They're waiting. They're not speaking.

164

INT. FIRST CAR OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - NIGHT

164

Hans sees a black Mercedes coming down the street.

HANS

Look.

The black Mercedes arrives at the hotel. Two Russians in suits get out.

STEVE

The Russians arrive in their  
pumpkin coach, and...

A Palestinian man, Zaid Muchassi, comes out of the black Mercedes.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Cinderella.

165

INT. SECOND CAR OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT 165

Avner and Robert watch, slouched down, as Ali and another Palestinian from the safe house get out of the black Mercedes. Muchassi enters the hotel with the other Palestinians. The Russians stay outside.

ROBERT

Do we detonate if the other Arabs  
go into the room with him?

166

INT. FIRST CAR OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - NIGHT

166

Hans, Carl and Steve are watching the Russians.

STEVE

What are they doing?

CARL

Wait for the signal.

STEVE

Why are the Russians waiting? Why  
don't they leave?

HANS

They're waiting. We're waiting.  
Stay calm.

STEVE  
I'm calm. Tell the goddam Russians  
to leave.

167 INT. SECOND CAR OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT 167

Avner and Robert watch the Russians, lounging near the car,  
chatting and smoking. The wait is agonizing.

Finally a porter comes out the front door of the hotel. He  
lights a cigarette.

AVNER  
He's in his room.  
Do it.

ROBERT  
Is he alone? How do we know he --

AVNER  
DO IT! DO IT! FLIP THE SWITCH!

Robert flicks the switch. Nothing. Robert flicks the switch  
rapidly back and forth.

ROBERT  
Shit. Stupid shit piece of --

AVNER  
What?! What?! Oh fuck not again,  
not --

168 INT. STEVE, HANS AND CARL'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

168

They're waiting for the blast.

STEVE  
Where's the explosion, it should  
have exploded by now, what's --

CARL  
Another malfunction. Did the --  
Maybe it's delayed, or, or --

STEVE  
He screwed up again. What do we  
do?

Hans reaches over to the back seat, grabs the duffel bag.

CARL

Careful with that stuff! What are  
you --

Hans gets out of the car with the duffel bag. He walks  
briskly but calmly towards the hotel.

169 INT. AVNER AND ROBERT'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

169

Robert is pressing the remote. Avner grabs it from him and  
tries flicking the switch himself.

AVNER

It has to work, it has to, what's  
the matter with it, can't you make  
it -

ROBERT

We'll have to go back and retrieve  
the explosives, I'm sorry, I, I  
don't --

Robert spots Hans heading across the street towards the  
hotel.

ROBERT

What's he doing?

AVNER

Wait here.

Avner gets out of the car, crosses the street, and...

170 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT

170

... moves towards the hotel.

Hans, nodding to the KGB men, goes in to the hotel. The  
porter sees Hans and, surprised, goes in after him.

Avner is nearing the front door, but he stops when he sees  
Ali and the other Palestinian emerge from inside. Avner  
ducks into a doorway so that Ali doesn't see him. The  
Palestinians confer with the KGB agents. Avner doesn't know  
what to do next.

171 INT. THE STAIRWAY OF THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT

171

Hans is rushing up the stairs, the porter in pursuit.

PORTER

Hey! Hey mister! What are you  
doing? What are you doing in here?

Hans, as he goes up the stairs, hangs the duffel bag on his left arm, unzips it and takes out a grenade, transfers the grenade to his left hand, and with his right hand takes out his gun.

The porter, right behind him, freezes when he sees the grenade.

They're both panting with exertion.

172 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE MUCHASSI'S ROOM, HOTEL ARISTIDES 172  
LATE NIGHT

Hans, breathing heavily, stops outside Muchassi's door. The porter arrives behind him, keeping his distance.

Hans, grenade in his left hand, gun in his right, shoots the lock and kicks the door open. Then, clumsily, he pulls the grenade pin with his right hand, in which he still holds a gun. He tosses the grenade into the room, past Muchassi, who is scrambling to pull his gun from his coat. When Muchassi sees the grenade he forgets about the gun and rushes towards the door. Hans swings the duffel bag with his left arm, clouting Muchassi in the face, knocking him back into the room. Hans throws the bag into the room, pulls the door shut, then, dropping his gun, he hangs on with both hands to the knob as Muchassi, inside, tries frantically to pull the door open, yelling in Arabic.

There is a flash and the door tears off its hinges, blowing into Hans, pushing him with a THUD into the hallway wall opposite. Smoke rolls out of the open door. Hans throws the door off and staggers past the porter, who is pressed against a wall, terrified. Hans gropes in the wreckage for his gun, finds it, and stumbles down the stairs. A second, much larger explosion: the other bombs in the room detonate. Hans and the porter fall. Hans gets up and runs down the stairs.

173 - EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ARISTIDES - LATE NIGHT

173

The KGB agents and the two Palestinians look up as the glass in Muchassi's room's windows blow out, little balls of phosphorus sailing outward into the night air.

Ali and the other Palestinian, guns drawn, start back into the hotel, just as Hans is running out. Hans fires his gun at the black Mercedes's window, shattering it, forcing the Palestinians and the Russians to dive for cover.

The porter appears at the door of the hotel, shouting.

PORTER (GREEK)  
 BOMB! BOMB! THIS MAN THREW A BOMB  
 INTO THE ROOM! HE KILLED THIS MAN!  
 POLICE! KILLERS!

He runs after Hans, who is running across the street towards his car. One of the Russians takes aim at Hans. Avner, from the doorway, shoots the KGB agent in the back; he falls, screaming.

Hans and the porter duck in the middle of the street. Hans grabs the porter by his collar and drags him towards his car.

Back at the black Mercedes, Ali turns in the direction of the shot. He sees Avner. Ali fires, misses, forcing Avner to run to another doorway. Then Ali falls, hit by a bullet fired by Carl, who is standing across the street. Robert, standing next to Carl, also fires. Ignoring the bullets, the Palestinian in his 30s heads for Ali in the street.

Hans has reached the car. He shoves the porter in the back seat and dives in after him. Steve reverses the car and lurches into the street. Robert and Carl run, crouching, and scramble in to Steve's car, Robert in the back, Carl up front, as the other KGB agent starts firing. Bullets strike the car. The car door is open for Avner.

The Palestinian in his 30s is bending over Ali. He props Ali up, trying to see how badly he's hurt. Ali searches the doorways across the street till he finds Avner. They make eye contact for a moment just before the car screeches up, blocking the two men from one another's sight. The car drives off; the doorway is empty.

As the car drives away, the other two Palestinians run to Ali.

174

INT. THE FIRST CAR - LATE NIGHT

174

The car is tearing through the city. Robert and Hans try unsuccessfully to subdue the cursing, struggling porter. Steve, driving, holds up his .22 and fires a shot through the roof of the car. The porter stops struggling, but he's crying and cursing Hans.

PORTER (GREEK)  
 You lied to me and you  
 tricked me, you're going to  
 hell, you murderer, you  
 bloody monster!

HANS  
 (to Robert:)  
 This is thanks to you, are  
 you incapable of making  
 something that works?

PORTR (GREEK)

He opened the door of the room, shot off the lock and just threw a bomb right at that poor man! Oh my God, oh my God, that poor man, he tried to escape, you wouldn't let him he held the door and burned that poor man to death. Oh my God, oh my God...

AVNER

(over the porter, to Hans:)

You don't need Greek to know what he's saying, do you? Just shut this crazy asshole up? Did we kill that, that Arab guy, and the KGB, did we

--

STEVE

(to Robert)

Where did you get your training?! Every fucking bomb, every one has gone wrong, it's lucky you haven't blown yourself to kingdom come!

ROBERT

It isn't my fault if... I wasn't trained to do this! I WAS TRAINED TO DISMANTLE BOMBS NOT TO BUILD THEM!

The yelling stops. Hans stares at Robert, as does Steve through the rear-view mirror. The porter is now moaning to himself, softly.

STEVE

Holy shit.

175

EXT. IN A WAREHOUSE/MANUFACTURING DISTRICT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ATHENS - NEARLY DAWN

Avner and Hans are sitting on the hood of the getaway car, Steve is pacing and Carl is inspecting the car's interior, making sure no evidence is left. Robert is sitting on a cinderblock. The porter, sunk in deep dejection, is still sitting in the back of the car. A new car is parked nearby.

HANS

(to the Porter:)

Quiet! Be quiet! Shut up!  
Does anyone speak Greek?  
What's he saying?

CARL

Did we kill a Russian?  
That's -- Oh God, did we kill  
a -- that's not good, that's --

CARL

(over Steve:)  
Did you get the detonator!?  
We left the car, we didn't  
check for prints and we --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

\*

ROBERT

Shin Beit wanted bomb dismantlers,  
they pulled me from the army, a  
toymaker, they figured I'm good  
with small machines.  
After Munich, they asked if I could  
build bombs instead.

HANS

Give me some money.

Everyone hands him bills, till he has a large pile. He goes to the porter and offers him the stack of bills.

HANS (CONT'D)

Here.

Hans flings the money in the porter's lap. The porter spits in disgust and throws it back at Hans.

The team gets in the third car and drives away.

The porter watches them drive away. He looks at the money on the pavement, spits on it again, and walks away, leaving it to blow down the street.

176-186 OMIT

176-186

187

INT. A SMALL COFFEE HOUSE IN PARIS - AFTERNOON

187

Avner and Louis in a dim, mostly empty coffee house. Political posters on the wall protesting the war in Vietnam, the Algerian conflict, an ugly caricature of Nixon and DeGaulle. Louis is rather ostentatiously counting American money from an envelope Avner's handed him; this makes Avner nervous. small black-and-white television is playing on the bar, volume low.

LOUIS

Salameh is in London.  
He goes there periodically to meet  
with his CIA contact --

AVNER

His what?!

LOUIS

Salameh works for the CIA.

AVNER

Bullshit.

LOUIS

Salameh guarantees that Black September won't touch American diplomats. In exchange the CIA gives him lots of money. They don't ask what he uses it for.

AVNER

Did he tell them about Munich? In advance? Did the CIA know about Munich?

LOUIS

The CIA didn't even know Black September existed before Munich! Since then he's been busy, hasn't he?

Louis nods towards the TV.

LOUIS

All manner of costly exercises.

CUT TO TV  
SCREEN:

Footage of the Athens airport shooting: the shattered airport lounge, bodies on the ground, people wandering, dazed and bleeding; seriously injured people in hospital beds.

LOUIS

Shooting tourists in the Athens airport. Blowing up pharmacies in Amsterdam. And that Mossad agent in Barcelona before that. Europe hasn't been this interesting since Napoleon marched to Moscow!

Louis starts to count the money again.

AVNER

Do you have to do that?

LOUIS

Salameh is in London.  
For the usual price.

189

INT. HANS'S ROOM IN A SAFE HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT

189

Hans is bent over a desk, working fastidiously with razors, glue, a small iron, colored inks and stamps he retrieves from an open salesman's sample case, altering passports and visas. Robert sits near him, watching him work with interest. Carl and Steve are sitting. Avner is cleaning, checking and loading guns, a gun cleaning kit at hand, silent and removed from the others, brooding. Everyone's frayed, exhausted.

CARL

We followed him today from his doctor to his hotel.

AVNER

He's here for eye treatments.

STEVE

Salameh. You saw him? You followed him!?

AVNER

Yes.

STEVE

Salameh?

CARL

Wearing sunglasses in the rain.

STEVE

Why didn't you shoot him?!

AVNER

He had bodyguards. Civilians.

STEVE

Were they armed? Then they're not civilians. I'd have done it! If you'd ever give me have a chance to to actually shoot someone, I'm the only one who actually wants to shoot these guys!

ROBERT

You can take my place the next time out.

CARL

Maybe that's why we never let you do it. Your enthusiasm.

AVNER  
(overlapping above:)  
Only our target gets hurt.

ROBERT  
Since when?

STEVE  
Yeah, why start worrying now?

CARL  
Do you have any idea how many laws  
we've broken?

HANS  
Well, I forge the documents that  
get you in and over and across and  
around those laws so I have some  
idea, yes.

CARL  
Do you know how many treaties we've  
violated?

HANS  
And still I manage to get a night's  
sleep, every night. It's time to  
stop your hand-wringing, it's  
counter-productive.

STEVE  
Why don't you make a list of every  
single law, Carl, or, or...

CARL  
(overlapping above:)  
Including, incidentally, the laws  
of the State of Israel, which has  
no death penalty.

STEVE  
I'll tell you what your problem is,  
habibi:  
These guys we're killing are  
dressed in expensive suits, this is  
London and not some ugly Arab  
village, and that disorients you.

CARL  
I'm not disoriented, I'm keeping my  
sanity by occasionally reminding  
myself that in spite of the work I  
do...

ROBERT

I'm going to vote that we adjourn  
our little minyan for the evening.

STEVE

(Overlapping above:)  
But it's the same old war we're  
fighting, over the same old scrap  
of desert.

CARL

(overlapping above:)  
-- remembering I'm still at least  
in principle a human being --

HANS

Remembering that you're human is  
one thing, broadcasting it so  
relentlessly is something else.

HANS

(to Avner:)  
Are you going to call a halt to  
this? I'd recommend it.

CARL

(overlapping above:)  
A thing which I've noticed some  
people surrender all too willingly.

ROBERT

Let's find a pub. Who besides me  
needs a drink?

STEVE

We've brought our war to Kensington  
and, and Copenhagen and it's not  
like these European anti-Semites  
don't deserve that!  
Until we learn to act like them  
we'll never defeat them.

CARL

We act like them, all the time. You  
think they invented bloodshed? How  
do you think we got control of the  
land? By being nice?

STEVE

I think we have a double-agent in  
our midst. Pull down his pants,  
see if he's circumcised.

Carl suddenly goes for Steve. They knock into Hans's table, upsetting and ruining his work, spilling ink. Hans yells and scrambles on all fours to rescue his documents while Avner and Robert get in between Steve and Carl, who keep struggling to get at one another.

AVNER

Stop it! Goddamn it, stop it! Both of you!

ROBERT

Please, please, calm down, calm down. Everyone's just... Just tired and --

HANS

(over the above, to himself:)

Nonsense, nonsense, infantile undisciplined distraction and nonsense.

CARL

(to Steve, over above)

*My son died in '67, you foulmouthed sonofabitch! Everything you can ask I've done for Israel.*

HANS

(to Carl:)

Get a grip on yourself! Ask for a reassignment if this is so distasteful!

CARL

(to Hans:)

Isn't it distasteful for you?!

STEVE

No. And know what? The only blood that matters to me is Jewish blood. What's your problem?

(to Avner:)

Nice job leading, by the way.

Steve leaves the room, slamming the door as he leaves.

AVNER

We'll kill the bodyguards if they're armed.

CARL

They're armed.

AVNER

Then we'll kill them.

190

EXT. A STREET IN LONDON - NIGHT - RAIN

190

CLOSE UP of Salameh and his bodyguards, walking in the rain.  
Salamenh and his bodyguards are talking:

BODYGUARD ONE (IN ARABIC:)  
You could tell, she was hot for  
you, boss.

BODYGUARD TWO (IN ARABIC:)  
It's this thing about British  
girls. They were all over us.

SALAMEH (IN ARABIC:)  
Sami, you think every girl I meet  
is hot for me.

BODYGUARD THREE (IN ARABIC:)  
Maybe Sami's hot for you.

BODYGUARD ONE (IN ARABIC:)  
You know how you can tell? With  
girls? They swallow, and they  
widen their nostrils. When they're  
turned on. Really. Watch for it.

BODYGUARD THREE (IN ARABIC:)  
Maybe you should call that guy, the  
one who invited us, maybe he has  
her number, you know, you could  
call her and say... You know --

BODYGUARD TWO (IN ARABIC:)  
Say "Hi, is it true all British  
girls want to fuck Arab men?"

SALAMEH (IN ARABIC:)  
Stop trying to marry me off, I'm  
not ready.

BODYGUARD ONE (IN ARABIC:)  
Who's talking about marrying?

BODYGUARD TWO (IN ARABIC:)  
It's true, they all think it's cool  
to fuck an Arab. British girls.

BODYGUARD THREE (IN ARABIC:)  
Then how come none of them wants to  
fuck you?

BODYGUARD ONE (IN ARABIC:)  
 Damn! Damn! She was hot! And I am  
 lonely!

BODYGUARD TWO (IN ARABIC:)  
 And they're all super-experienced,  
 English women, they start young,  
 they know how to do stuff, stuff  
 the girls back home would kill you  
 if you asked them.

Avner starts to follow them across the street, Hans trailing behind. Steve crosses the street and follows them.

Keeping eye contact across the street, Steve and Avner follow the group of men as they turn a corner. Avner looks back and nods to Hans, then starts to walk, very quickly, to move ahead of the men, while Hans crosses the street to Steve.

Avner has moved ahead of the group of men. He crosses the street, walking ahead of the Arabs, Steve and Hans behind them.

Suddenly a big American man in a raincoat, appears next to Avner and punches him, hard, in the shoulder. Avner staggers to one side, almost falling. The American has both fists up, grinning idiotically, drunk.

DRUNK AMERICAN MAN  
 Come on get up Roger Burke you ugly  
 sumbitch! What the fuck are you --

Avner tries to ignore this man and keep walking, but the American starts sparring with him, jabbing.

DRUNK AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Put em up you fat wet pussy, let's  
 show these Limey fucks what a --

Avner tries to shove the American away as the three Arab men push past them and walk on ahead, Steve and Hans behind them. Two more Americans appear, one of whom is drunk, the other apparently not, blocking the sidewalk, separating Hans and Steve from the Arabs. The first drunk American keeps trying to spar with Avner.

DRUNK AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey, look who it is, it's  
 fuckin Roger Burke! Get up,  
 Roger, you fuckin jerk!

SECOND DRUNK AMERICAN  
 Waitaminnit waitaminnit  
 that's... who the fuck is  
 this, Orrin, who'd you think  
 this is.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Hans has managed to slip past the drunks and race ahead after the Arabs.

AVNER  
(trying to get past them)  
Get out of my --

THIRD AMERICAN  
Lay off it you asshole,  
that's not Roger Burke.

\*  
\*  
\*

The third American stops Avner from leaving.

THIRD AMERICAN  
Sorry about my friend, he's a fucked up belligerent guy with a serious drinking problem.

The first drunk American spins Avner around and this time lands a hard punch to Avner's jaw. Avner falls.

DRUNK AMERICAN MAN  
Aw, shit Roger I didn't --  
whyn't you duck?

SECOND DRUNK AMERICAN  
Awww, you moron, they're gonna call the cops or whatever the fuck they call em here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Steve grabs the first American and shoves him aside, against the nearest wall. The second drunk American throws himself on Steve, who tries to shake him off.

SECOND DRUNK AMERICAN MAN  
(calling to the third American:)  
Get 'im, get im you fag, he hit Orrin, hit him, what're you waiting for?

STEVE  
(trying to shake the guy off:)  
GET. THE. FUCK. OFF. ME.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The second American is laughing idiotically as Steve throws him off. Steve is ready to slug the third American when Hans returns.

HANS  
Forget it! Forget it! They, they had a car. They're gone.

STEVE  
Shit!  
(to the Americans:)  
Step back AWAY from us you --

AVNER  
Just, just, come on, come on, let's --

SECOND DRUNK AMERICAN  
Look, man, we're sorry, my friend  
thought you were --

AVNER  
It's OK, forget it we...

Avner, Hans and Steve walk away. Steve turns back and shouts at the Americans:

STEVE  
Goddamned asshole drunk Americans!

HANS  
We should have used Louis's men to help us, we... We're slipping. I can't, I can't believe we let him, we let him get --

AVNER STEVE  
Was it him, did you see if it It was Salameh! Of course it  
was Salameh? was him! God DAMN! \*

Avner turns around again, suddenly.

About 50 feet behind them, the drunk Americans are getting into a car. They no longer seem drunk. The first American smiles at Avner, winks and flips him the bird, then calmly gets in and the car speeds away, past Avner Steve and Hans.

191

INT. THE BAR OF THE HOTEL EUROPA, LONDON - NIGHT

191

Avner is sitting in at the bar, nursing a scotch neat, eying an attractive woman at the other end of the bar, drinking alone. She looks up, he looks away, and soon there's a game going on. He moves to a stool next to her.

AVNER  
Can I... ?

THE WOMAN  
(a London accent:)  
I have to go to bed soon. I work  
in the morning.

AVNER  
What kind of work?

THE WOMAN  
The kind that drives you to drink.

AVNER  
We must have the same job then.

THE WOMAN  
I love your accent.

AVNER  
I like your perfume.

THE WOMAN  
Cuts right through the smoke, does it?

She takes his hand, turns his wrist upside down, and lightly rubs the underside of her wrist, where women put perfume, on his. Avner sniffs his wrist, looking at her.

AVNER  
It's very nice.

THE WOMAN  
Look, I don't want to be forward, but... It's late and I do have to get up early, so...

AVNER  
So...

THE WOMAN  
So you're very nice and are you really going to make me ask?

Avner seriously considers it.

AVNER  
I... just... can't.

THE WOMAN  
Pity.

AVNER  
You're very attractive.

THE WOMAN  
I know.  
(sadly)  
If you come to your senses, once you get up to your lonely room, well, maybe I'll be here. Or maybe I'll be home in bed, alone.

AVNER  
Sorry.

He gets up and, dropping money for the drinks on the bar, leaves the room.

192

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT

192

Avner is going to the lift when he runs into Carl, just coming in from a drizzly night. Carl shakes his head "no" when he sees Avner.

AVNER

The drunk Americans. You think they were CIA?

CARL

They could have been. For all we know, Louis's CIA. They work both sides. Everyone does. Or Louis is Mossad. Maybe he isn't but they're using him to feed us information, with no direct link. Or Mossad is giving it to the CIA which is giving it to Louis. And Ephraim's demanding we give him Louis because he knows we expect him to do that.

AVNER

Stop chasing mice around the inside of your skull.

Carl considers Avner for a moment, then smiles.

CARL

I never thought you'd last.

AVNER

I thought the same about you. From the start you've seemed... reluctant.

CARL

I was born reluctant. Ask my mother. You ever feel reluctant, Avner?

AVNER

I'm... not comfortable with confusion.

CARL

I knew guys like you in the army. You'll do any terrifying thing you're asked to do, but you have to do it running.

Avner smiles.

CARL

You think you can outrun doubts,  
fear. The only thing that really  
scares you guys is stillness.

AVNER

And fatigue.

CARL

I envy your stamina. But...  
everyone's overtaken, eventually.  
The mice need a brandy. Will I  
meet you in the bar?

AVNER

No, I'm on my way up to...  
You'll be alright drinking solo?

CARL

Just a shot to numb the brain.

AVNER

Beware the local honey trap.

CARL

Indeed?

AVNER

You can't miss her. You don't  
really want to.

Avner starts towards the lift, then turns to say something to  
Carl. But Carl's already gone in the bar.

192A OMIT

192A

193 INT. AVNER'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL EUROPA, LONDON - NIGHT

193

Avner is on the phone.

AVNER

I'd like to make a collect call to  
Brooklyn New York, in the US. 212-  
625-6570. It's Avner.

The phone rings several times. Daphna answers.

DAPHNA

(V.O., very softly:) Hello...

OPERATOR

This is a trunk call from Mr.  
Storsch, do you accept the charges?

In the background, in Brooklyn, Avner hears the sound of a baby crying. He winces.

DAPHNA (V.O.)

Oh shit, Avner, you woke up the --

AVNER

Sorry, sorry.

OPERATOR

Do you accept the -

DAPHNA (V.O.)

Yes, yes.  
It took me hours to get her --

AVNER

Sorry, sorry...

There's muffled talking in the background, Charlie barking, Daphna bringing Geula from her crib to the phone. Avner listens intently.

AVNER

Hello?

DAPHNA (V.O.)

(still soft, trying to get  
Geula to sleep:  
I miss you too.  
You're in England? Or Australia?  
Or... ?

AVNER

Yeah.

I'm thinking, after I do this one thing I have to do, I can come to see you.

DAPHNA (V.O.)

Brooklyn is depressing, it's got more churches than Jerusalem.

Avner hears the sounds of Geula, gurgling, noise-making.

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

Listen to her talk.

Silence.

AVNER

(softly:)

I don't... Geula are you...?  
 Hey. Hey Geula. Are you there?  
 This is your daddy. I'm your papa.  
 I'm...

(He starts to cry. He  
 pinches his arm brutally  
 to stop the tears:)

Remember my voice, baby. Daddy  
 loves you. Daddy misses you. This  
 is what I sound like. OK.  
 Remember my voice.

DAPHNA (V.O.)

She fell asleep. She'll dream about  
 you.

194

INT. AVNER'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT

194

Avner is on the bed, not asleep.

195

INT. THE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE 195  
 MUNICH - NIGHT (NEP STADIUM)

From a distance, police and soldiers and government officials watch as the athletes, blindfolded and bound to one another, facing out in a ragged circle, shuffle-step towards a dark green bus; they encircle the armed fedayeen, who are using them as human shields.

The group awkwardly boards the bus, the fedayeen mixing in with the hostages and hastening them on board.

TONY

You're doing beautifully, really  
 beautifully, just keep moving and  
 don't stop.

SALAH

You're fine, this is all good,  
 everyone is doing what they should  
 do.

BADRAN

Are they -- those people, are they  
 photographing us? IS that allowed?

AN ATHLETE

Are we going to -- is it the  
 airport? Can we talk to someone,  
 just --

TONY

Shut up, OK? We'll just get on the bus, OK?

AN ATHLETE

Just to tell our families, just to say we're alright.

ABU HALAH

It'll be over soon. We get on the bus and we fly away and you go back to the Games or home. You go home.

AN ATHLETE

To Israel? We'll go back to Israel, right? I believe you, I believe what you're saying.

ABU HALAH

It's the truth. I'm telling you the truth.

Issa looks down towards the reporters and cameras.

ISSA

(to Tony:) Take off their blindfolds.

Tony nods, then nods to the other fedayeen, who quickly remove the athletes' blindfolds.

196

INT. ON BOARD THE BUS, MUNICH - NIGHT (NEP STADIUM)

196

The athletes are sitting, bound but not blindfolded, looking out the widows of the bus. The fedayeen crouch in the aisle of the bus, guns at the ready.

197

EXT. A FIELD OUTSIDE MUNICH OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT (TOKOL 97 AIRFIELD)

The Israeli athletes, still bound, their blindfolds now off, are being herded with panicked speed by the masked fedayeen from the dark green bus onto two helicopters. The helicopters' blades are already rotating rapidly. The bus and copters, captives and captors are ringed by dozens of police cars, sirens blazing, and German soldiers and policemen, all armed, all standing silently watching.

197A INT. INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT (TOKOL AIRFIELD) 197A

Yaakov Springer stumbles, and he falls against Abu-Halah, who clumsily grabs to keep the athlete from falling. They both fall in an embrace. Abu-Halah disentangles himself while his comrades shout at him. Abu-Halah, as he starts to stand, is laughing nervously; his laughter turns to terrified sobbing. The captives and the captors watch him losing it. Tony and Paulo step in, shove him aside, reach down and with angry, frightened violence haul Springer to his feet.

198 OMITTED 198

199 INT. AVNER'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT 199

Avner sits up in bed with great violence. He's having a panic attack, breathing hard, sweating.

200 INT. THE BAR IN THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT 200

Half an hour later. Avner comes into the bar, looking for Carl. Carl's not there, and neither is the woman.

201 INT. THE LIFT IN THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT 201

Avner smells something in the air. He raises his wrist to his nose and sniffs it. Matching scents.

AVNER  
Wow. Carl...

202 INT. AN UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY IN THE HOTEL EUROPA - NIGHT 202

Avner's on the way to his room. He has his key out. He passes Carl's room. He pauses in front of it. He sniffs the perfume again. He carefully puts his ear to the door. He listens. He grins, half amused, half jealous.

AVNER  
(softly)  
I saw her first, you asshole.

Avner turns to leave and then notices that the door is almost imperceptibly ajar. Avner listens, hesitates.

He knocks softly and waits. He knocks again.

AVNER

Carl?

He pushes the door open, slowly. Carl is lying face down, naked, on the bed.

Avner looks both ways down the hallway, draws his gun, and steps into the room, shutting the door.

203

INT. CARL'S ROOM, THE HOTEL EUROPA - LATE NIGHT

203

Avner, gun ready, surveys the room, checks out the bathroom, goes to the bed.

Carl's head is resting face down on the pillow, which is turning black with blood. At the base of Carl's skull, under the hair, is a small black hole.

He turns Carl's head, enough to see that the exit wound in his forehead is large. He gently puts Carl's face back into the pillow.

He crouches by the bed, doubling over, his face spasming into a scream. A hiss of air escapes his throat. He's shaking.

204

INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT, PARIS - NIGHT

204

Avner, Robert, Louis and Papa are seated, food in front of them. Only Papa is eating. Robert is drinking.

PAPA

You should have had the boeuf a la catalane, it's what they do best here, they're from the coast.

(to Louis:)

You have the parcel?

Louis puts a wax paper parcel tied with green twine on the table. Papa pushes it towards Avner.

PAPA

Pork sausages with garlic and pistachios.

LOUIS

Maybe he doesn't eat pork.

Papa shuts Louis up with a backhand wave.

PAPA

They're delicious. And a cheese from the mountains, it's made by women for St. Agatha's day, Tetoun it's called, our local word for "tits" -- milky and peppery and very good.

(to Louis:) Show our friend the photographs.

Louis hands Avner an envelope. Avner opens the envelope, removes four photos and examines them. He immediately takes one and hands it to Louis.

AVNER

That's her.

Louis looks at it, nods.

LOUIS

She's Dutch, not political, she's entirely business-minded. She lives in Hoorn, she's there now. This is dependable information.

PAPA

For which you pay nothing. We're giving you this. You understand why?

AVNER

Because you want me to believe you had nothing to do with my partner's murder.

They look at each other. Papa watches them.

PAPA

We inhabit a world of intersecting seccrecies. We live and we die at the places where those seccrecies meet. That's what we accept. Yes? We buy information for you from your enemies. This alerts them. You're not the only people looking for names.

AVNER

You're telling me that I'm being hunted now.

LOUIS

He's telling you it's time for you  
to quit.

PAPA

"The race is not to the swift, nor  
the battle to the strong. But time  
and chance happens to them all."

AVNER

I don't... That's... the Bible?

ROBERT

Ecclesiastes.  
"For a man knows not his time."

PAPA

"...As the fishes that are taken in  
an evil net, as the birds that are  
caught in a snare -"

ROBERT

" -- so are the sons of men snared  
in an evil time..."

Louis shows Avner another photograph. It's a grainy  
surveillance shot of Avner.

PAPA

Evil falls suddenly. Who can say  
when it falls?

205 EXT. THE TRAIN STATION IN PARIS - DAY

205

The team is on a platform marked AMSTERDAM. Steve and Hans  
climb on board. Avner starts to get on. Robert, who has  
been hanging back, waiting for this, grabs Avner's arm and  
stops him. Avner looks at Robert, confused. Then he steps  
back down onto the platform. Robert looks at Avner, but  
neither speaks for a moment. Robert reaches out and smooths  
the lapel on Avner's coat.

ROBERT

(softly:)  
You're going to kill her.

Avner nods.

ROBERT

We've killed nine men. And how  
many others died in Beirut?  
All this blood comes back to us.

Silence. Avner looks down the platform, up into the train.

AVNER

Eventually it will work. Even if  
it takes years. We'll beat them.

Robert looks at Avner, terribly sad.

ROBERT

We're Jews, Avner. Jews don't do  
wrong because our enemies do wrong.

AVNER

We can't afford to be that...  
decent anymore.

ROBERT

I don't know that we ever were that  
decent. Suffering thousands of  
years of hatred doesn't make you  
decent. But we're supposed to be  
righteous. That's what I was  
taught, that's Jewish, that  
beautiful thing. That's what I  
knew. Absolutely. And I think  
And I think I've lost that. Avner.  
I've lost that too.

AVNER

Oh that's, that's --

ROBERT

That's everything. I've lost  
everything. My, my soul.

A brief silence. Avner looks at Robert, who is looking down  
at the pavement.

AVNER

Go home and rest, OK?  
You don't have to do this one.

Robert starts to say something, then nods.

206 EXT. A HOUSEBOAT ON A CANAL IN HOORNE, THE NETHERLANDS - 206  
EARLY MORNING

A very quiet, misty morning. Avner, Hans and Steve cycle  
noiselessly down a road running parallel to a canal. They go  
past a houseboat, checking it out as they pass.

They stop their bikes, lay them in the grass across the road. They take bicycle pumps clipped to heir bike frames and quietly the road.

207 INT. IN THE HOUSEBOAT - EARLY MORNING

207

Jeanette is having coffee and a cigarette, wearing an old housecoat. Steve enters.

Jeanette puts down her cigarette, carefully.

JEANETTE

Well, and who are you?

Avner enters.

AVNER

You know why we're here?

JEANETTE

I want to get dressed.

She starts to reach in a drawer nearby.

JEANETTE

Maybe you want to hire me? You know how good I am.

They raise their zipguns. She lowers her robe, exposing her breasts.

JEANETTE

Please don't, please don't, it's such a fucking waste of talent.

They fire.

Hans enters and fires another bullet in her head.

208 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSEBOAT -- EARLY MORNING

208

In the windows of the houseboat, two flashes, two shots, then one more flash and shot.

209 INT. IN THE HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

209

Jeanette's body is sprawled in a chair, her housecoat open. Her eyes are open. Blood is leaking from her eyes, ears and mouth. Bullet holes in her chest, stomach, and forehead. A haze of smoke hovers near the ceiling of the room.

Avner, Hans and Steve are perfectly still. A fat housecat comes out of hiding. It mews. Avner moves to close up the housedress.

HANS

Leave it.

210 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSEBOAT -- EARLY MORNING

210

Steve, Hans and Avner emerge from the houseboat and, looking around, quickly go to their bikes, mount and cycle away.

210A OMITTED

210A

210B EXT. A FISH STALL AT AN OPEN-AIR FOOD MARKET, FRANKFURT 210B  
EARLY EVENING

It's raining, lightly but steadily, and cold. Avner, hollow, fatigued, inadequately dressed and soaking wet from the rain, is mechanically shopping for dinner. He's carrying a two bags full of food, bread, meat, vegetables, waiting for the fishmonger who is standing behind trays of fish on ice, wrapping a huge carp in paper. He's trying to look normal, but his eyes dart this way and that, checking out everyone who comes near him, giving away what's becoming a habitual, unconscious panicked paranoid.

As Avner waits, we hear Hans's voice:

HANS (V.O.)

In seven months we've killed six of the eleven names. We've killed one replacement. One of our targets is in prison, and four, including Ali Hassan Salameh, are at large. One of our own has fallen. One has been retired.

210C EXT. NEAR THE DUCKPOND IN THE OSTPARK, FRANKFURT - EARLY 210C  
EVENING

Avner is walking through the rain, getting heavier, burdened with sodden groceries, taking a shortcut through the park on his way home. He walks fast, glancing about, turning once to look behind, afraid of being followed or attacked. Again, Hans's voice:

HANS (V.O.)

Since we began: the other side has sent letter bombs to eleven embassies, hijacked three planes, killed 130 passengers in Athens and wounded scores more, and killed our military attache in Washington.

A man turns on to the path behind Avner and accidentally bumps into him. Avner startles, spins on the man, who jumps back, looking at Avner like he's nuts, and hurries away. Avner's barely-suppressed panic breaks loose. Breathing hard, he stops, sags, soaking wet, shivering, trying to collect himself.

210D INT. THE KITCHEN OF THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - EARLY EVENING

Avner is scaling, gutting, filleting the carp, working with a strange blind intensity, almost violent, but also with precision, care, skill. The kitchen's crammed with food, and a mess: a pot of soup, a roast chicken, curried potatoes, pickles, salad, braised vegetables, a pair of berry tarts, and heaps of chopped-up spices, herbs, garni, peelings, flour, eggshells. It looks like he's cooking for twenty.

HANS (V.O.)

Some of this was done by a Venezuelan called Carlos the Jackal, who replaced Zaid Muchassi. Who replaced Hussein al-Chir. Black September's original leadership has been decimated. But new leaders are emerging for whom Black September wasn't violent enough.

210E INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - EVENING

210E

It's pouring rain outside, thunder, lightning. Avner, Steve and Hans are seated at the table. There are two empty places -- Avner's set the table for five -- and a ridiculous amount of food. Avner and Steve eat. Avner's downcast and focusing on the food. Hans has a jumbled pile of receipts before him, but he's not working on them, nor is he eating. He's drinking, a near-empty bottle of vodka in front of him. Steve watches them both, feeling alone.

HANS

And to dispatch our six dispatched targets, we must have spent something close to two million dollars. Right?

STEVE

(to Avner, looking at the heaps of food:) You, uh, you've been cooking.

Avner nods, not looking up, eating.

STEVE

(pointing to the empty places:) Were you expecting company?

Avner stands, clears the two empty places.

HANS

Two million dollars. At least. Mrs. Meir says to the Knesset that the world must see that killing Jews will be from now on an expensive proposition. But killing Palestinians isn't exactly cheap.

Avner returns to his place, sits, starts to eat again and stops. No one is eating. Hans pours another drink.

HANS

(to Avner:) If all eleven were dead, you'd stop?

AVNER

Yes.

HANS

You're lying. What about their replacements? What if each time we kill we create six more?

AVNER

Then maybe I would have to keep killing them.

HANS

Forever?

Hans finishes off his glass and pours another. Avner starts to eat again.

AVNER

Five targets are still alive. Five more men to kill. Eventually, I suppose, you forget you were once someone who really hated doing it. Or who cares? What I feel, personally, gets less, every day. Someday, I'll get up in the morning, kill... go to bed at night. And I won't feel anything at all.

HANS

Huh.

Hans finishes off the glass and pours another drink. Steve reaches out to stop him, Hans pulls away.

STEVE

There's enough here to feed Bangladesh. Stop drinking and eat something.

HANS

I keep seeing the Dutch woman, you know, sprawled out like that. It's not that I wish we hadn't killed her. But...

(to Avner:)

I wish I'd let you close up her housecoat.

STEVE

Well, you weren't yourself.

Avner eats. Hans drinks.

210F INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - BEFORE DAWN

Steve is knocking softly but insistently on Avner's door. Avner opens the door.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I went to Hans's flat, over the, um, antique shop, just to check up, he was so... Anyway, he's gone somewhere. I waited. All night. He hasn't come back.

210G EXT. THE POND IN THE OSTPARK, FRANKFURT - BEFORE DAWN 210G

Bitter cold, and glittering: Some of the moisture from the night before has crystallized into hoarfrost. Hans is sitting on a bench, facing the pond. He's icy, dead. His hands are limp at his side, eyes open. His face under the frozen rain and condensation is completely grey.

Avner, shivering in the cold, sits next to Hans's body, looking around. He unbuttons Hans's shirt, moves the frozen fabric aside. It crackles. There's a dark narrow oblong wound in his chest above his heart, frozen blood crusted around it.

AVNER  
Knife.

Steve is standing nearby, gun drawn. The park's deserted.

STEVE  
He walked here every night, he...

Avner searches Hans's pockets, retrieving a wallet, an Austrian passport, a gun.

AVNER (CONT'D)  
They didn't take anything.

STEVE  
Who walks in a park at night?  
Maybe he was a homo. I don't know  
anything about him.

Steve sits on the other side of Hans.

AVNER (CONT'D)  
Louis will send someone.

STEVE  
He's selling us, he --

AVNER  
He walked here every night. Anyone  
could --

Steve's fighting hard not to lose control. Avner closes Hans's coat. Then his eyes.

STEVE  
This is ... awful.  
I'm... I'm going to check on, um,  
tell Robert. He should know, we  
have to be careful, we...  
(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)

It's awful.  
Avner?

Avner startles out of some reverie.

AVNER

What? I... I was... I wasn't  
listening.

210H OMITTED

210H

210I INT. THE SAFE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT - NIGHT

210I

Avner is alone in the safe house. He turns out the lights.

He walks to his bedroom. He's about to open the door to the bedroom, when he freezes, thinking he's heard a noise inside. He puts his ear to the door, listens. He goes back to the front room and gets his gun from his holster.

210J INT. AVNER'S BEDROOM, FRANKFURT SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

210J

He throws opens the door to his bedroom, gun at the ready. The room is empty.

He goes to the door of the closet. Gun ready, he opens the closet door.

210K EXT. A SMALL STONE COTTAGE, BATTICE, BELGIUM - NIGHT

210K

The cottage stands alone in a field. It's very dark outside, no other houses around. A few longhair sheep are rooting around for edible grasses. There's light in the cottage windows.

210L INT. INSIDE THE COTTAGE - NIGHT

210L

The cottage is a weird combination of explosives workshop and toy repair shop, bomb parts and disassembled toys intermingled; on one table is a huge, elaborate war game, beautifully articulated toy soldiers with working parts facing each other across a splendid, painted battlefield.

Robert is alone, coat hanging from a peg on the wall. He looks exhausted and sad. He's wearing plastic protective goggles. He's packing up the place, putting explosives, machinery in crates for detonation outdoors in the morning. He looks at his hands; they're trembling. He tries to warm them, rubbing them together. They're still trembling. He removes his protective goggles and rubs his eyes.

He takes tools from a wall cabinet, then stops: he finds a pouch of very old velvet. He removes it, opens it, and takes out a tallis and tefillin. He stares at these for a moment.

He sits. Then slowly, tightly he binds the tefillin around his left arm and his forehead. He covers his head with the tallis and begins to daven, reciting the Hebrew prayer for travellers.

ROBERT (IN HEBREW)

May it be thy will, Oh Lord our God  
and God of our fathers, to conduct  
us in peace...

210M INT. AVNER'S BEDROOM, FRANKFURT SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 210M

Avner is holding the closet door open. No one is inside.

He sits on the bed, hyperflexing his left hand, holding his gun in his right, not able to calm down, no idea what to do with himself.

He stands, slides a chair under the doorknob.

He paces the floor of the bedroom.

He hangs his gun, in its holster, near the bed. He carefully lifts the mattress to see if there's a bomb under it. Of course there isn't. He takes a pocket knife out of his pocket, opens it, lifts the mattress again and slits it open, then searches the innards, looking for a bomb. Again, nothing.

Robert's prayer is heard over the scene:

ROBERT (VO IN HEBREW)

... to direct our steps in peace,  
to uphold us in peace, and to lead  
us in life, joy and peace unto the  
haven of our desire. Oh deliver  
us from every enemy, ambush and  
injury by the way, and from all  
afflictions that visit and trouble  
the world. Send a blessing upon  
the work of our hands. Let us  
obtain grace, lovingkindness, and  
mercy in Thine eyes and in the eyes  
of all who behold us.

210N INT. INSIDE ROBERT'S COTTAGE, BATTICE - NIGHT 210N

Robert finishes the prayer.

ROBERT (IN HEBREW)  
 Hear the voice of our  
 supplications. For Thou art a God  
 who hears prayers and  
 supplications. Blessed art Thou,  
 Oh Lord, who hears all prayers.

Robert folds up the tallis, takes off the tefillin, puts them away.

2100 INT. AVNER'S BEDROOM, FRANKFURT SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 2100

Avner is undressing.

He sits on the bed. He reaches for the phone. Then he stops himself. He fishes for a swiss army knife and opens the screwdriver. With extreme care he lifts the phone, turns it over, and delicately unscrews the bottom plate. It's a normal phone. Without putting the plate back on, he dials 0.

AVNER

I want to place a collect call to  
 Brooklyn New York, the number is

~~212-62...~~

He stops, then hangs up the phone. He pulls the guts out of the phone, looking for something, a bug or a bomb.

He gets his gun from the holster and climbs into bed. He switches off the light.

He lies still, staring into darkness. He listens to his own breathing: shallow, panicked. He gets out of bed, checks the door, the chair propped under the knob. He listens through the door, his panic is building. He looks at the bed but doesn't go towards it. He looks at the closet, the door ajar. A moment's hesitation, then he steps inside the closet and closes the door almost completely, leaving a crack for air and sound.

210P INT. IN THE CLOSET - LATE NIGHT 210P

Avner curls up on the floor of the closet, leaning against an ironing board, cradling the gun. He tries to calm down.

210Q INT. INSIDE THE COTTAGE - NIGHT 210Q

Robert has resumed packing. He picks up a toy ferris wheel and winds it, sets it down and watches it spin around and around. He turns back to the wires and bottles and bricks of plastic explosives. He picks up a timer.

The ferris wheel slows down, then stops.

210R EXT. THE SMALL STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT

210R

An enormous explosion blows the cottage apart.

210S INT. IN THE CLOSET - MORNING

210S

Avner's asleep. The phone in the bedroom is ringing. He wakes up with a jolt, not knowing where he is. He tries to stand and rams his head on the clothes pole above him. Hangers rain down and the ironing board falls over.

210T INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, FRANKFURT - MORNING

210T

Avner stumbles out of the closet, freeing himself from the debris. He lunges for the phone. He picks it up.

AVNER

What?

210U OMITTED

210U

210V EXT. THE PICTURE GLASS WINDOW OF A KITCHEN DESIGN AND SUPPLY STORE ON A FANCY STREET IN PARIS - NIGHT

Avner is standing in front of the display, which has been changed -- a new but still beautiful modern kitchen. Behind him, reflected in the glass, he sees Robert, walking towards him, smiling gently. They make eye contact through the reflection. Robert seems to be standing right behind Avner. He's asking Avner something, either moving his lips or it's just a question in his eyes.

AVNER

It will be beautiful. Eventually.

Avner places his hand over Robert's face. Then he turns. Louis is standing there.

Avner stares at Louis, hard. Louis takes a handkerchief out of his pocket, then reaches past Avner to wipe away the handprint that Avner's left on the plate glass window.

LOUIS

Ali Hassan Salameh is in Tarifa, on the Spanish coast. He's in a compound guarded by all the predictable trouble.

Avner doesn't respond, staring at Louis as if not seeing him.

LOUIS

Bomb makers often die accidental deaths.

(shrugs)

In Athens, you shot a KGB agent. Many people must want to kill you, Monsieur Storsch. But why would I do that? You pay better than anyone.

A beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

It's dangerous, going after Salameh. But he planned the Munich massacre. Eliminate him and they'll let you go home. Don't you think?

They look at one another.

AVNER

Yes, Louis. I do.

They smile at one another, not friendly, but, Avner having acknowledged his affiliation, both know that this is the end of their business together.

LOUIS

You could have a kitchen like this someday. It costs dearly. Home always does.

211-223 OMITTED

211-223

224 OMITTED

224

225-233 OMITTED

225-233

234 EXT. THE TERRACE OF A GREAT MANSION ON THE COAST NEAR TARZAN,  
SPAIN - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Avner and Steve, in black clothing, faces grimed for camouflage, are crawling through the trimmed grass of a lawn, in the deep shadow of a garden wall, towards a great house, several of the windows of which are lit. Slung across their backs, Steve and Avner carry high-powered rifles.

234A EXT. THE LAWN OF THE MANSION -- NIGHT

234A

The house is nearer. Egyptian music can be heard.

Still lying flat in the grass, Steve's looking through night vision binoculars at large glass doors through which a vast library can be seen.

STEVE

Shit.

It's like a fucking fun house.

He hands the binoculars to Avner, lying beside him. Avner looks.

Avner stops, looks through the binoculars at the large glass doors of the room next to the library.

235 IN THE BINOCULARS:

235

The panels of glass in the exterior doors of the room are clear, smoke and amber, thick, wavy, bevelled. The room within is panelled with mirrors set at odd angles, and mirrored doors that swing open and close, catching and losing reflections. A row of big crystal chandeliers down the length of the room add myriad prismatic lights to the confusion.

A number of Arab men, perhaps as many as twenty, are moving large wooden boxes around. They're rendered cubist fragments by the distortions of the glass, the lights and the mirrors.

234A

CUT BACK TO 234A

Avner and Steve in the dark outside.

STEVE

Can you tell how many?

235 IN THE BINOCULARS:

235

Avner's moving the binoculars methodically back and forth, scanning the faces in the library. Suddenly he sees someone, only for an instant, who might be Salameh. Then he's gone.

234A

CUT BACK TO 234A

Steve and Avner.

AVNER

That's him. He's in there.

235

IN THE BINOCULARS:

235

Avner focuses the binoculars on the library again. He immediately zooms in on the back of the head of a man, standing near a series of mirrored doors. The man turns. It's definitely Salameh. He's talking to someone, smoking a cigarette.

Avner's focusing the glasses, bringing Salameh nearer. The sounds of the night intensify, the music, Arabic conversation from the house, crickets, the distant surf and Avner's own breathing.

Salameh suddenly stops talking, takes a deep drag on his cigarette -- and then he seems to look straight out the french doors of the library, out through their panes of distorting colored glass, out into the dark, as if seeking out and then locking directly with Avner's gaze.

One of the mirrored doors behind Salameh opens, then another, then another, and all at once the face in the binoculars is repeated, over and over, full face, profile, rear view, staring hard at something -- it seems to be Avner -- with a strange expression: familiarity, hatred, taunting.

236

CUT BACK TO 236

STEVE

Too many men. We're gonna get killed.

They hear a sound of someone walking on gravel coming from the garden behind them. They go completely flat and roll deeper into the shadows. Avner leaves the binoculars on the grass. They unsling their rifles and release the safeties.

A man is standing with his back to them, taking a leak. He has a kalashnikov slung across his back.

Avner sees the binoculars in the verge of the terrace. He taps Steve, and points.

Steve mouths a silent "shit" then starts to inch towards the binoculars. The peeing man is finished, he's zipping up his fly. Steve's elbow snaps something dry in the grass.

The man wheels around. It's a teenage boy, fourteen or fifteen years old. The boy sees Avner and Steve. He starts to fumble for his kalashnikov. Steve is already on his feet, taking aim, Avner close behind him.

Steve fires, then Avner, one bullet knocking the kid off his feet, the other hitting him in the eye, making his head explode. His body topples back into the bushes.

Avner and Steve hear shouts coming from inside the house. Someone in the dining room flings the door open and calls out something in Arabic. They crouch, edging back into the shadows. Suddenly there's a burst of machine-gun fire, sending stone and gravel and dirt flying.

Steve starts to run back towards the shore. Avner catches his arm, spins him around and drags him in the opposite direction. Avner runs in this direction, and Steve follows.

As they approach the main gates Avner trips, stumbles, cutting his face. He sits there, stunned. Steve hauls him to his feet and they resume their run to the gate.

Avner fires at the center of the locked gate while Steve turns and fires several rounds into the blackness behind them.

AVNER

GO!

Both men run at the two halves and crash into them. The gates burst open, and Avner and Steve run pell-mell down the drive. Noises of pursuit, running, shouting, from within the compound grow closer. There's a burst of gunfire nearby. Avner and Steve run down the road at top speed.

No one is pursuing. They keep running.

CLOSE UP:

Avner runs, as we'd seen him at the start of the sequence: face blacked, bloody cut, sweat, terror. He plunges into the grass field. He runs through the grass.

He throws his rifle away into the grass and runs.

His speed accelerates. He runs till the world falls away. It is no longer clear where he is.

The camera closes in on Avner's eyes.

250

EXT. THE RUNWAY AT LOD AIRPORT, TEL AVIV - DAY

250

Passengers are descending from an El Al plane. Avner is among them. A military jeep, no roof, is waiting. Two young soldiers are sitting on the hood. Avner approaches, looking like he expects to be arrested.

AVNER

I'm --

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS  
We know. You want to ride with us?

THE OTHER SOLDIER

Hop in.

As they get in the jeep, the two soldier in front, Avner in back, one of the soldiers turns to him.

THE SOLDIER

I'm Yehuda, this is Avi. Shin  
Beit. We're not supposed to know  
who you are, because we're not  
officers, we're just shit and no  
one tell us shit, but we've heard  
about what you've done, and we want  
to say it's an honor to meet you.

Yehuda turns back and starts the jeep. Avner, though he's not showing much, is stunned.

251 OMIT

251

251A OMITTED

251A

252 OMIT

252

252A INT. ROOM 27-5-H, MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS, TEL AVIV - DAY 252A

The same room in which Avner first signed for the mission.  
Nothing has changed. Avner is seated, thinking, waiting.

A man in civilian clothes walks in, carrying a large tape recorder, microphone, and loops of cable. He smiles at Avner, puts the equipment on the desk, and starts assembling it, whistling through his teeth.

Avner watches this. When the man is done he leaves with a friendly nod to Avner.

Ephraim comes in.

EPHRAIM

I have no problems with anything  
you guys did except the woman on  
the houseboat in Hoorn.

Avner is surprised.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)  
Steve's told us about her.

AVNER  
We took leaves of absence and  
killed her off the company clock.

EPHRAIM  
Don't be an idiot.  
Otherwise as I said we have no  
problems with the job you did.

AVNER  
Except three of my men died.

Ephraim nods.

EPHRAIM  
According to your colleague, I  
should say emphatically according  
to your colleague, not in any way  
your fault. He sings your praises.  
Best guy he ever worked for and so  
on.

AVNER  
Huh.  
Steve's not bad either.

EPHRAIM  
He says this French group -- Louis?  
Was his name? -- they sold the  
terrorists information regarding  
your whereabouts. They helped kill  
your men.

AVNER  
Bullshit.

EPHRAIM  
Tell us who they are.

AVNER  
They won't work with you. I can't.  
It's about loyalty.

EPHRAIM  
You're an Israeli officer. That's  
your only loyalty. That's it.

Avner doesn't respond.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

OK, so --

The door opens. General Yitzhak Hofi enters, two aides behind him. Avner stands, one of the aides closes the door.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

This is General Hofi of the Northern Command.

GENERAL HOFI

Listen, the Prime Minister is proud of you and your men. She wishes she could tell you herself, but she can't. She never heard of you, right?

Avner nods.

GENERAL HOFI (CONT'D)

Good. She says you've done a great thing for your people. For Israel.

Hofi embraces Avner, kissing both cheeks. Then he turns to go. He stops at the door and looks back at Avner.

GENERAL HOFI

That's it. There's no medal or anything.

He laughs pleasantly, then leaves.

Ephraim sits down at the tape recorder. He turns it on.

EPHRAIM

(into the mic:) Testing, testing...

He rewinds, pushes play. Listens to himself saying "testing, testing." Then he switches the machine back to record.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

June 16, 1973.

Avner Kauffman. Interview.

(to Avner:) Go ahead.

AVNER

What?

EPHRAIM

Tell me what you learned.

AVNER  
What I learned?

EPHRAIM  
Yes. What did you learn?

Avner stares ahead, not at Ephraim. A weight descends on him, sadness, remembering. Ephraim watches, impatient.

EPHRAIM  
Oh for godsake.  
Tell me the names and numbers of  
your sources.

Avner looks down, not answering.

EPHRAIM  
I can have you court-martialed.  
And I might.

Avner shakes his head "no."

AVNER  
You can't. I don't work for you.  
(meaning it:)  
I don't exist.

253 OMITTED

253

253A INT. AVNER'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT, TEL AVIV - DAY

253A

She lives alone. It's a small, very modest apartment. She's serving Avner tea. He looks terrible.

Avner looks at the only two pictures on the wall: a photo of his father, and a photo of Avner. Both men are in uniform.

AVNER  
You're divorced. Why do you keep  
his picture on the wall?

AVNER'S MOTHER  
Don't be ridiculous.  
Did you visit him?

Avner looks away.

AVNER'S MOTHER  
You look terrible.

Avner won't look at her.

AVNER

I'm... I'm not good right now, and  
I don't want to see him.

She nods her head.

AVNER'S MOTHER

I don't need you to tell me  
anything. It's taken a lot from  
you.

AVNER

I'm alive. Right? The rest of  
it... sorts itself out.

AVNER'S MOTHER

I'm not a fool, Avner.

AVNER

I never said you were a --

AVNER'S MOTHER

Some bonds you can't break. Ever.  
You are who you belong to.

They sit, not looking at one another.

AVNER'S MOTHER

Everyone in Europe died. Most of  
my family.

(a gesture as if something  
vanished in the air)

Pfffft!

I never talked to you about it.

AVNER

I knew.

AVNER'S MOTHER

You knew. So what was there to  
say? I didn't die because I came  
here.

When I arrived, I walked to the top  
of a hill in Jerusalem and I prayed  
for a child.

I never prayed before, but I prayed  
then. And I could feel all of them  
were praying with me.

She looks at him sadly, with ferocious love.

AVNER'S MOTHER

You're what we prayed for.  
What you did, you did for us.

(MORE)

AVNER'S MOTHER (cont'd)  
 For your daughter but also for us.  
 Every one of the ones who died --  
 died wanting this.

(she gestures to the space  
 around her.)

What we've had to take because no  
 one will ever give us. A place to  
 be a Jew among Jews. Subject to no  
 one.

I thank God for hearing my prayer.

Avner looks at her, finally.

AVNER  
 Do you want me to tell you, mama?  
 Do you want to know what I did?

They look at each other for a beat.

AVNER'S MOTHER  
 What's there to say? Whatever it  
 took, whatever it takes.  
 A place on earth. We have a place  
 on earth. At last.

254

EXT. IN FRONT OF LOD AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

254

Ephraim is dropping Avner off. Ephraim looks angry.

Avner takes a small white cardboard box from his knapsack and holds it out to Ephraim. Ephraim doesn't take it.

EPHRAIM  
 What is it?

AVNER  
 Baklava.

Ephraim takes the box, examines the bakery's sticker affixed to the top.

EPHRAIM  
 (with disdain:) From Rehovot? The only edible baklava is from the Arabs in Jaffa.

He hands it back to Avner.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)  
 Eat it on the plane. You're too thin.

(angry)  
 I hope it gives you bellyache.  
 Listen, forget it.  
 (MORE)

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

You go see your wife, your child,  
rest for a few more months. We're  
going to put you back in the field.

Avner doesn't respond.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

Not Europe. Probably Latin  
America.

AVNER

No.

EPHRAIM

You'll think it over.

AVNER

I won't. No.

EPHRAIM

OK, then you'll come back and --

Avner picks up his suitcase, heads for the plane. Ephraim  
watches him go.

As Avner enters the airport, he runs into a large crowd of  
Palestinian children, 30 or more kids, boys and girls ranging  
in age from ten to thirteen, pouring out of the airport. The  
kids are all in colored t-shirts that say, in Arabic script,  
"Kashefat Madressat Yaffa" with the same script and the  
Arabic letter "aleph" on armband on the left sleeve --  
they're in a kind of summer camp program ,returning from a  
field trip visit to the airport. They surround Avner as they  
exit, momentarily slowing his progress inside. The kids are  
chaperoned by three young women, their teachers, two in  
modern dress, one in a head scarf and traditional dress.  
Everyone's talking loudly, talking loudly and excitedly in  
Arabic.

Avner turns briefly to look at the kids. Ephraim has gone.

254	OMITTED	254
255	OMITTED	255
256	OMITTED	256
256A	OMITTED	256A
256	OMITTED	256

257 OMITTED 257

258 OMITTED 258

237 EXT. ON CLINTON STREET, CARROLL GARDENS, BROOKLYN - DAY 237

Chilly very early spring. Daphna is on the stoop, chatting with an old Italian lady who's leaning out of her first story window; Geula is sitting on Daphna's lap, chewing on a stuffed animal.

Avner's standing there, on the sidewalk, carrying a suitcase, looking at her. The cut in his cheek is still vivid. He's disheveled, he looks lost, deadly exhausted.

Daphna sees him, stands up, completely shocked. She sways a little. He's frozen, shy, uncertain, suddenly frightened to be here. Geula starts crying, scared.

238 INT. THE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT 238

Daphna comes out of the bedroom, looking for Avner. She goes into the living room. He's sitting on the window seat, looking out at the street, up and down, vigilant. Charlie sits nearby.

Daphna sees that Avner's jammed a chair under the doorknob.

He turns and looks at her.

DAPHNA  
Nightmares?

AVNER

Yes.

Yes.

(shakes his head,  
confused, laughs a  
little:)

I have no idea where I should be.

(He looks around the  
room:)

It's a nice place. You've made  
it... nice.

DAPHNA  
Come back to bed.

She goes back to the bedroom. She hasn't seen that Avner is holding his gun. He watches her go in, then he turns back to his vigil. His left hand is clenching, hyperflexing.

259 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BROOKLYN APARTMENT, CLINTON STREET - 259  
LATE AFTERNOON

It's full summer, blast furnace heat, kids playing in open hydrants, very green, very humid.

Avner is walking to his house. He looks heavier, healthier. His face in repose is still very, very sad, but years have lifted off it. He's dressed in paint-spattered, plaster-spattered work clothes, coming off a job in small construction.

He passes a car in a row of cars parked on the street. Someone's in the car but he doesn't notice it. When he's gone several feet past the car, however, something bothers him and he looks back. There's a man inside who might be looking back at Avner. The car pulls out and drives off down Clinton street. There's no license plate.

249 OMITTED 249

260 OMITTED 260

261 OMITTED 261

262 OMITTED 262

263 EXT. A PAYPHONE NEAR AVNER'S COBBLE HILL JOBSITE - DAY 263

Avner is at a payphone, dressed in his dusty construction clothes.

AVNER

Sylvie? I want to talk to your father.

Silence.

AVNER (CONT'D)  
Is Louis there?

SYLVIE (V.O.)  
No, he...

AVNER  
I want to talk to your father.

He reads from the phone dial.

AVNER (CONT'D)  
212-624-7880.  
I'll wait. He must call. I'll  
wait.

264 EXT. THE PAYPHONE NEAR THE COBBLE HILL JOBSITE - DAY 264

Almost an hour later. Avner is waiting. The phone rings.

AVNER  
Am I being hunted? Is my family  
being hunted?

265 INT. THE FARMHOUSE, THE FRENCH ALPS - NIGHT 265

Papa is pitting prunes, phone propped against a shoulder,  
alone.

PAPA  
How is your father? He's well?  
Your family is well?

266 EXT. THE PAYPHONE NEAR THE COBBLE HILL JOBSITE - DAY 266

Avner is silent.

AVNER  
I don't know. How's my family? Are  
they well? Are they going to be OK?

267 INT. THE FARMHOUSE, THE FRENCH ALPS - NIGHT 267

PAPA  
I'm sending you a parcel of sausage  
and cheese. Real cheese, the kind  
you can't get in America -- it  
isn't "pasteurized," so it doesn't  
taste like shit.  
It's a pleasure to hear your voice  
again. I think about you, with  
concern. Do you believe me?

268

EXT. PAYPHONE NEAR THE COBBLE HILL JOBSITE - DAY

268

Avner is silent, he doesn't know what to say.

PAPA (V.O.)

Avner?

You believe me, Avner?

Avner is startled.

AVNER

You know my name.

PAPA (V.O.)

Of course I do.

Listen to me, it's important. No  
harm will come to you from me.

Avner. I will never lie to you.

Papa hangs up.

Avner puts the receiver back in place. He leaves the phone booth. Slowly he shakes his head, "no," reaching a hard decision.

269

EXT. THE ISRAELI CONSULATE, MANHATTAN - DAY

269

Establishing shot. Avner, still dressed in his construction clothes, enters the consulate.

270

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY CONSUL, THE ISRAELI CONSULATE,  
MANHATTAN - DAY

The deputy consul, a young Israeli, is sitting behind his desk. Avner enters abruptly without knocking.

AVNER

If you're Mossad, you know who I  
am. If you don't, tell Ephraim that  
Avner came to see you.

The deputy consul rises. A secretary tries to come in the office. Avner shoves her out, slams the door and wheels on the frightened deputy consul who sits down again.

AVNER

Tell Ephraim I won't hesitate to  
kill other people's children if my  
child is hurt. Or wives if you  
hurt my wife. Or fathers if you  
hurt my father.

(MORE)

## AVNER (cont'd)

Word for word, tell Ephraim. I'll give everything to the newspapers. Who was at every meeting. Every bloody name. If anyone bothers us again.

The door behind Avner is forced open by armed embassy guards. They grab Avner, who doesn't resist.

239 INT. AVNER AND DAPHNA'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - LATE NIGHT 239

Daphna is asleep. Avner comes in. He gets into bed. He lies there, staring into the dark. He's crying silently. Daphna wakes up, looks at him; she reaches over to him, touches his face; he turns away from her. She moves over to him, holding him. She kisses him tenderly, consoling. The kiss is returned, becomes sexual. They start to make love, gently, uncertainly, then building in intensity and passion.

239A EXT. THE AIR OVER FURSTENFELDBRUCK AIRPORT - NIGHT 239A

A confused fragment of helicopter blades, tail-lights, a loud burst of noise.

239AA INT. AVNER AND DAPHNA'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - NIGHT 239AA

Avner stops making love to his wife. She draws him back into it.

240 EXT. FURSTENFELDBRUCK AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT (TOKOL AIRFIELD~~240~~)

The helicopters are landing on the tarmac of the airport. An 727 jet stands ready, ostensibly to take the fedayeen and their hostages to Cairo. Apart from a few spotlights, the airport and the runway are dark.

The helicopters land. The door of one of the helicopters (D-HAQU) opens, and Issa, Samir, Kader and Salah emerge, rifles ready, crouching.

Tony and Abu-Halah emerge from the second helicopter (D-HAQO). Issa and Tony move with great caution, away from the helicopter and towards the jet.

Tony and Issa approach the jet. They stop, frozen for a moment. They can see that the plane is dark and there's no one in the pilot's cabin. They suspect a trick. Issa and Tony turn back toward the helicopter. They begin to shout at their comrades back at the helicopters.

Flood lights atop the building and all around the field burst on, lighting up the runway.

Then from the runway's periphery, hidden snipers start firing. Abu-Halah and Salah are gunned down immediately. Paulo, Badran and Samir return fire. Bullets are being fired in all directions. Sniper fire hits Tony in the leg. There's shouting and screaming. Issa runs hiding behind a helicopter (D-HAQ0).

241 INT. AVNER AND DAPHNA'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - LATE NIGHT 241

Avner and Daphna continue to make love, but something changes. Avner grows silent, strangely concentrated -- he's trying to block out images inside his head. His lovemaking becomes rough, angry. He starts fucking her, furiously. Daphna is crying.

242 EXT. FURSTENFELDBRUCK AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT (TOKOL AIRFIELD)

Amidst the firefight, armored cars are slowly making their way towards the helicopters on the runway. Behind the armored cars are many soldiers and policemen. The fedayeen and the snipers are still firing. Soldiers begin firing as well.

Issa climbs into helicopter (D-HAQ0) and sprays machine gun fire into Friedman, Halfin and Springer, killing them and injuring Berger in the leg. Issa then leaps from the helicopter, pulls the pin of a grenade and throws it inside. It explodes.

Kader is spraying the other helicopter (D-HAQU) with machine gun fire.

243 INT. AVNER AND DAPHNA'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - LATE NIGHT 243

Avner is still on top of Daphna, fucking her. His eyes are screwed shut, he's growling, his face is contorted with hate, he's trying to hurt her. She's crying and scared but not stopping him. The baby, in a crib nearby, starts to cry.

244 INT. ABOARD A HELICOPTER ON THE RUNWAY - NIGHT (TOKOL AIRFIELD) 244

The helicopter is bursting into flames. The captive men inside are engulfed in flame.

245 INT. ABOARD THE SECOND HELICOPTER ON THE RUNWAY - NIGHT 245  
 (TOKOL AIRFIELD)

Kader's machine gun spray is ripping the cabin apart, striking the bodies of the helpless athletes (Gutfreund, Schorr, Slavin, Spitzer and Shapira), ripping them apart -- carnage.

WIDE SHOT OF AFTERMATH: The two helicopters in flames, the dark plane, bodies on the ground, smoke hanging over everything, men emerging from the shadows on the periphery into the floodlit devastation, the sirens flashing but everything completely silent.

246 OMITTED 246

247 INT. AVNER AND DAPHNA'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - LATE NIGHT 247

Daphna pushes Avner off her, violently. They both lie, panting, terrified.

He sits up, facing away from her. He reaches back to touch her. She flinches away, holding herself.

248 EXT. THE BACKYARD OF DAPHNA'S AND AVNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING, BROOKLYN - DAY

It's summer now, the weed growth is rampant. Avner is piling a wheelbarrow with all sorts of junk, waving Charlie away. He's still thin, still exhausted, frowning. The cut on his cheek is now healed.

Daphna calls from their rear window:

DAPHNA (V.O.)  
 Phone for you!  
 He's Israeli.

271 OMITTED 271

272 EXT. A PARK ON THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - DAY 272

Ephraim and Avner are walking past an overgrown park on the Brooklyn waterfront. There's an abandoned jungle gym at one end of the park.

EPHRAIM  
 You think we'd hurt your family?

AVNER

I think anyone is capable of anything.

EPHRAIM

I think you're losing your mind.

AVNER

Did I commit murder?

They stop walking. Ephraim looks out over the East River.

AVNER

I want you to give me proof that every man we killed had a hand in Munich.

EPHRAIM

I don't discuss such things with people who don't exist. You want to discuss, come back to existence. You want your daughter to grow up in exile?

AVNER

I want evidence.

EPHRAIM

Professor Hamshari with the beautiful wife and child? He was implicated in a failed assassination attempt on Ben Gurion, he was recruiting for Fatah France, enlisting sympathetic non-Arab fanatics eager to destroy the international Zionist conspiracy. You stopped him.

AVNER

We should have tried to bring him to Israel.

EPHRAIM

And Zwaiter, your harmless little writer in Rome? He was behind the bomb on El Al flight 76 in 1968, he worked on another bomb last August. I can go with this.

AVNER

According to evidence no one has seen.

(MORE)

AVNER (cont'd)  
If they committed crimes we should  
have arrested them, like Eichmann.

EPHRAIM  
If these guys live, Israelis die.  
Whatever doubts you have, Avner,  
you know this is true.  
We are telling them: if you kill us  
you will never be safe. We'll find  
you.

(beat)  
You did well, but you're unhappy.

AVNER  
I killed seven men.

EPHRAIM  
Not Salameh.

AVNER  
Fuck you.

EPHRAIM  
We'll get him, of course. You think  
you were the only team? It's a big  
operation. You were only a part.  
Does that assuage your guilt?

AVNER  
I don't even know anymore what I  
want from you. Did we accomplish  
anything at all? Every man we  
killed has been replaced by worse.

EPHRAIM  
Why cut my fingernails they'll grow  
back.

AVNER  
Did we kill them to destroy the  
terrorist leadership or the  
Palestinian leadership? Tell me  
what we've done.

EPHRAIM  
You killed them for the sake of a  
country you now choose to abandon.  
The country your mother and father  
built. That you were born into.  
You killed them for Munich, For  
the future. For peace. If you  
killed them. If I know you. If  
we have met before, which we have  
not.

(MORE)

EPHRAIM (cont'd)

If you signed a paper, which you have, saying you have no connection with us, with Israel, or any connection with anyone anywhere, anywhere on earth, Avner Kauffman, and you have no context. No wonder you're unhappy. I'm unhappy just looking at you.

AVNER

There's no peace at the end of this.  
Whatever you believe, you know that's true.

EPHRAIM

Here's what I know:  
Your father's sick. Your mother will be alone. You're a sabra, your wife and daughter are sabras. What I came to say is this. Come home.

Silence.

AVNER

No.

Ephraim looks down, then nods.

AVNER

Come to my house for dinner tonight.

A beat. Ephraim doesn't respond.

AVNER (CONT'D)

Come on. You're a Jew. You're a stranger. It's written someplace or other, I'm supposed to ask you to break bread.

Break bread with me Ephraim.

Ephraim shakes his head, sad.

EPHRAIM

No.

Ephraim walks away. Avner watches him go.

END TITLES OVER IMAGE:

ULTIMATELY, NINE OF THE ELEVEN PALESTINIAN MEN TARGETED FOR ASSASSINATION WERE KILLED, INCLUDING ALI HASSAN SALAMEH IN 1979.

END OF FILM