

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 - EARLY MORNING, 4AM (STAGE/ICE RINK) 5

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 - EARLY MORNING, 4AM (STAGE ICE/RINK) 6

On the other side of the door, Yossef Guttfreund, 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 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'D. 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 CONNOLLY STREET - 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) 11BBB

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 1-3A 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 roll 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 (NEP 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 AIRFIELD) 15

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.

DAHPNA

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 rumped, 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?

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.
 Gutfreund falls to the ground.

46 INT. APARTMENT 1 AT 31 CONNOLLYSTRASSE - 4:30AM (STAGE/ICE 46 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 rousting 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 48B carpark.

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.

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
Mazeltov!

CARL AND HANS
Mazeltov!

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 smoke-dingy 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.

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 now, 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 16
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 SUPPLIES 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 kitchen dims and merges with another image, apparently reflected at first then growing in sharpness and solidity: 124

124 OMITTED 124

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

126A OMITTED 126A

127 EXT. THE PICTURE GLASS WINDOW OF A KITCHEN DESIGN AND SUPPLIES 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

Fear makes them sloppy.

*
*
*

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 Yusef! 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 133

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, BEIRUT - NIGHT 134

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

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

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 136

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.

150

INT. THE COMMON ROOM OF THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

150

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
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 - AFTRENOON

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 crummiest 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. 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 163

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?

PORTER (GREEK)
 He opened the door of the room, shot of 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...

HANS
 (to the Porter:)
 Quiet! Be quiet! Shut up!
 Does anyone speak Greek?
 What's he saying?

*
*
*
*
*

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 --

CARL
 Did we kill a Russian?
 That's -- Oh God, did we kill a -- that's not good, that's --

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!

CARL
 (over Steve:)
 Did you get the detonator!?
 We left the car, we didn't check for prints and we --

*

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.

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 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. Salameh 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

Was it him, did you see if it
was Salameh?

STEVE

It was Salameh! Of course it
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 windows 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 (TOKOIL97 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 Hoorne, 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 secrecies. We live and we die at the places where those secrecies 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 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 their 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 TARDEN, 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 in 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 opens 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)

Pffft!

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