

The Debt

2/1/08

1 EXT. THE SKY. NIGHT. 1

Blackness. A shape slowly begins to take form: a STAR OF DAVID. We pull back further to reveal that we have been looking at the tail of an EL AL JET.

2 INT. EL AL JET. 1967. NIGHT 2

An Israeli AIR HOSTESS, immaculate in her stylish 60's uniform, treads the aisle softly. Row upon row of smartly dressed passengers, all sleeping peacefully.

All, that is, except SARAH SINGER, 29. Beautiful despite the large surgical dressing that covers half of her face and the bruises that cover the other half. Poised despite having the air of someone who has recently been through hell. She stares blankly ahead, wide awake.

Sarah is flanked by two slumbering male companions: STEPHEN GOLD, 39, who leans against her, and DAVID PERETZ, 28. Taller, slimmer and the better looking of the two, he remains elegantly contained in his seat, arms folded. They too look somewhat ravaged, but they are, at least, asleep.

Sarah musters up a fairly convincing smile when the hostess reaches her side.

HOSTESS
Trouble sleeping? May I get you anything?... A pillow?

SARAH
No, no... thank you. I'm fine.

3 EXT. TEL AVIV. DAWN. 3

Dawn breaks over Tel Aviv. Whitewashed Bauhaus concrete, glittering glass towers and absurdly blue Mediterranean water. Brutal and breathtaking, all at once.

The plane slices through the bleached-out sky on its descent.

4 INT. EL AL JET. MORNING. 4

The last passengers file off the plane, leaving Sarah, Stephen and David alone in their seats. Stephen nudges Sarah.

STEPHEN
Sarah. Breathe.

SARAH
I'm breathing.

Stephen looks at them both.

STEPHEN
Ready?

David and Sarah nod.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
This is our moment. Enjoy it.

And all three stand, eyes focussed ahead on the door that will lead them to the outside world, and the future.

5 INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 5

This could be the office suite of some big business CEO, but for the armed men on either side of the doorway, and the assembly of dignitaries, some in military uniform.

Behind his desk, Mossad Director ISAAC SHARETT, 55, rises to his feet along with an agent we will meet later, AVI REVIVO, 40. At the door, the armed guards step aside and Sarah, Stephen and David, now suited and flawlessly groomed, enter to rapturous applause.

David and Sarah give Sharett a respectful nod. Stephen, however, steps forward and offers his hand.

STEPHEN
Director. It's an honour.

Sharett smiles and shakes Stephen's hand heartily.

SHARETT
The honour is mine, Agent Gold.
(nodding to the other two)
Agent Peretz. Agent Singer. Please, sit.

He gestures at three vacant seats and the three comply gratefully before Sharett addresses the room.

SHARETT (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, at 11.00 a.m. This morning, the Prime Minister made an official address to the Knesset regarding the events of last week...

David, Sarah and Stephen stiffen visibly.

6 INT. KNESSET BUILDING. DAY.

6

We see the PRIME MINISTER before a hall of assembled MINISTERS, making an announcement. The sound is dipped and we hear instead:

SHARETT (V.O.)
...and confirming the role of The Mossad in the capture and accidental demise of Szymon Mosiewicz... I am delighted to say that his announcement was met by the ministers with a standing ovation.

As one, the assembled ministers rise to their feet, clapping.

7 INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

7

Back in the directors office, the room receives this news with applause of their own. And the three agents finally allow themselves to exhale.

SHARETT
And now that the matter is in the open, the Prime Minister has given me the honour of awarding each of you the appropriate decoration...

He gestures for them to be upstanding. Agent Revivo hands him three ORDER RIBBONS.

SHARETT (CONT'D)
...For an act of valor with exemplary value.

He pins the first to Stephen's shirt and the second to David's.

When he comes to Sarah's, she can't meet his gaze. He reads her like a particularly large-print book.

SHARETT (CONT'D)
Sarah, you have no reason to feel guilt. Do you remember what Samuel told the King of the Amalekites?

She hesitates, dry mouthed. David steps in.

DAVID

"As your sword bereaved women, so
will your mother be bereaved among
women."

Stephen looks confused, but Sarah nods her understanding.

SARAH

He who lives by the sword shall die
by the sword...

SHARETT

Exactly. And this man did not use a
sword. He used a scalpel. A bone
saw. Ice. Gas. Typhus. Scalding
water. Petrol. Heat lamps. Poison.
If you ask me, Sarah, he got off
lightly.

With some effort, Sarah gives Sharett a nod of accord.

8 INT. MOSSAD HQ - CORRIDOR. DAY.

8

Sarah, David and Stephen walk down the long, corporate-
looking corridor away from Sharrett's office, each holding
the stiff card commemorative DOCUMENTS that accompany their
honours.

The GUARDS in the corridor applaud as they pass. Stephen,
striding a little way ahead of the other two, acknowledges
them with just the right measure of dignity and pride.

Sarah breaks into a trot to catch up to him.

SARAH

Stephen.
(he doesn't hear her)
Stephen.

He smiles down at her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I think I'm pregnant.

The smile melts away.

9 INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY

9

ECU of a glass, lying the floor. A napkin is thrown over it
before a FOOT stamps down, SHATTERING it.

We pull back to reveal Sarah and Stephen standing beneath a chuppah, getting married.

For the first time we see Sarah's face without the surgical dressing. Even her expertly applied make-up cannot entirely hide the scar that runs the length of her right cheek.

10 INT. TEL AVIV HOTEL. NIGHT.

10

The wedding reception - a relatively liberal and unmistakably high society affair. Hundreds of people, a fashionable Israeli band, a heaving buffet table, unsegregated dancing.

Stephen and Sarah slow-dance together.

The camera drifts off them to find David, alone at a table, a bottle of whisky in front of him that he clearly intends to finish. The reception room behind him is virtually empty but for people grabbing partners and jostling past him to dance.

A small child skids by, delighted to have discovered the slippery properties of the highly polished floor, knocking into David's chair as he does so, just as David is about to take a swallow from his glass. Whiskey spills down David's white shirt as the child, blissfully unaware, gears up for another run in the opposite direction.

Sarah notices him and their eyes lock. She notes his obvious isolation with concern, and walks over. Stunning in her wedding dress, and now slightly tousled hair-do. She holds out her hand sympathetically, perhaps a little drunk.

SARAH

Dance with me?

DAVID

Thanks. But no. I'm fine. Though I was actually thinking I might join in with that guy in a minute.

(re: the sliding child)

That looks like fun.

SARAH

Oh, David. Pleeese? Come on.

He shakes his head decisively. Her face clouds over as she realises that there's something genuinely amiss, and she sits down beside him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

David, I...

She's interrupted by Stephen's arrival at her side. He looks at his watch and gestures jovially at the whiskey bottle.

STEPHEN

On the hard stuff already?

He leans over from behind Sarah's chair, and rubs her belly possessively.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Actually, we should get you to bed soon.

David raises his nearly empty whiskey glass in a mocking toast, a sarcastic expression on his face.

DAVID

Well, may I just say -

But before he can continue Director Sharett appears at his side.

SHARETT

Ah, here they are - my three heroes! Sarah, Stephen - Mazal Tov to you both. Now, if I may be so bold, may I borrow the bride for just a moment?

(helping her up)

Come.

He leads her away to talk in private.

SHARETT (CONT'D)

I apologise for approaching you here, now. But I wasn't sure when I'd next have an opportunity. As you can imagine, things are...

(wryly)

a little busy at the moment.

SARAH

I can imagine. Perhaps you can shed some light on what the hell President Johnson is waiting for?

SHARETT

Put it this way... The US act, they don't act... It's not going to make a difference. We have no choice.

SARAH

A pre-emptive strike against Egypt?

SHARETT

These are desperate times.

(a beat)

Which is why I wanted to speak to you. Sarah... Israel needs a hero. And I think it could be you.

Sarah's hands move to her belly.

SARAH

Sir, I'm sorry. But I don't foresee myself changing my mind about returning to the services. Even when the baby is -

SHARETT

Oh I know. And that's why you're perfect. I'm talking about a national hero. Someone to inspire the public. Someone who embodies the Israeli fighting spirit.

He hands her a business card.

SHARETT (CONT'D)

A publisher I know well. Call her before you leave for your Honeymoon. And my publicity office will contact you on your return.

SARAH

I'm... flattered. But... I need to think about this. I need to talk to Stephen. And David. What happened in Berlin... It's their story as much as mine.

SHARETT

Oh, I've already discussed the matter with Stephen. He's in full support. And of course their identities will be protected.

His piece said, he begins to steer her back to the table.

SARAH

I'm no hero, sir.

He ignores her. It seems demurral is not an option. And now they're back with David and Stephen. Sharett beckons to a nearby PHOTOGRAPHER.

At Sharett's bidding, the four pose together. A CAMERA CLICK and the image freezes.

A HAND holding a PEN comes into frame and a huge LETTER "S" is scrawled on the image, across Sarah's face. We pull back to see...

11 INT. TEL AVIV BOOKSHOP. 1997. DAY.

11

...That this is now the back cover of A BOOK. The hand completes the signature - Sarah Singer - and we pull back further to find a much OLDER SARAH, now 59, seated behind a table piled high with copies of the new book.

A sizeable queue snakes away through the vast, American-style book shop. Everywhere, posters hang showing the cover of the book. The title reads: SAFE HOUSE by SARAH SINGER.

Behind her stands her daughter, REBECCA, 30 and very pretty.

Sarah hands the signed book over to a beaming OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

Thank you so much, Ms. Singer. Or may I call you Sarah?

SARAH

Of course. And it's my pleasure.

OLD MAN

It's an honour to meet you.

The man walks away, his place swiftly taken by a PRETTY STUDENT who hands Sarah another copy of the book.

Rebecca leans down and whispers to her mother.

REBECCA

Mum, this has to be the last one. They're waiting to start the reading.

SARAH

So let them wait. God knows how long some of these people have queued up. I at least owe them a signature.

REBECCA

Seriously, mum. You were meant to start twenty minutes ago.

SARAH
 (trying to sound casual)
 Your father here yet? Or David?

REBECCA
 I haven't seen them.

Sarah kisses her daughter on the cheek and turns decisively back to the student.

SARAH
 Who's it to?

REBECCA
 Ok. I'll call dad. You've got until
 I get back.

STUDENT
 Menachem. It's for my grandfather.

Sarah turns over the book and begins distractedly to sign it, all the while scanning the room for something or someone.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
 It doesn't trouble you that he had
 no trial?

SARAH
 Sorry?

STUDENT
 Mosiewicz. Do you not believe in
 every man's right to a fair
 hearing?

SARAH
 I... I've answered that question
 many times. I'd gladly answer it
 again if there weren't so many
 people waiting. But if you read the
 book, you'll -

STUDENT
 Like I said: it's for my
 grandfather.

12 INT. BOOKSHOP DOORWAY. DAY.

12

Rebecca fidgets impatiently, her cellphone to her ear.

13 INT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY.

13

An OLDER STEPHEN, 69, now in a wheelchair, answers his own cellphone. In front of him is A PACKAGE, and a sheet of PAPER on which he will write a letter during the course of this call.

We intercut between Stephen and his daughter.

REBECCA

Dad? Where are you?

STEPHEN

I'm so sorry, baby. Something came up. A big thing.

REBECCA

You're not on the way?

STEPHEN

I'm still at HQ. Please tell your mother how sorry I am, will you?

REBECCA

Dad, you can't! You... You have to be here! You know how important it is! They want a picture of the three of you -

STEPHEN

David's there?

REBECCA

Yes. Yes he is. And frankly, if anyone had a right to have issues with what mum wrote, it's him. Not you. So.

STEPHEN

Rebecca... Don't tell me lies. David's not there.

REBECCA

You think that running Mossad gives you some special ability to tell when people are lying?

STEPHEN

(amused)

I think that I can tell when you're lying. Because I'm your father.

Baby, I've got to go.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
 We really do have a situation.
 Serious one. I'll call you
 tomorrow.

He hangs up, folds the letter, and places it in the package,
 which he seals shut.

*

14 INT. TEL AVIV BOOK SHOP. DAY.

14

*

A couple of hundred people are gathered around a raised area
 with a podium. A slightly disappointed Sarah takes her place
 her, receiving a loud round of applause.

SARAH
 (into the microphone)
 Um... In the decades since the
 publication of my first book - "In
 Our Hands" - my first attempt to
 tell the story of what happened in
 Berlin... I have been asked so many
 questions. Fascinating, and very
 legitimate, questions. And it was
 that, really, which prompted me to
 put pen to paper - or I guess I
 should say finger to keyboard!...

The audience chuckle politely. Completely behind her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 To, uh, tell my story once again.
 But this time, with no holds
 barred... To the occasional chagrin
 of my ex-husband Stephen Gold and
 my good friend David Peretz.

More polite chuckles.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Neither of whom could be here
 tonight, unfortunately... But, er,
 I felt it was important for people
 to better understand the human face
 of the intelligence community. To
 understand the power of those
 emotions that cannot be switched on
 and off at will. And the role that
 they play.

Sarah sits down and slips on a pair of reading glasses and
 picks up copy of the book.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm told that ninety percent of you have requested that I read chapter twelve... which doesn't particularly illustrate what I've just been talking about... But for the sake of democracy...

She opens the book and puts on her reading glasses.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(reading)

"The morning began as every other. As I prepared his breakfast, the doctor watched me, unblinking; that now too-familiar blue-eyed stare. Eyes that seemed to become colder and more penetrating with the aching slow passing of each day. With my customary trepidation, I approached him and reached down to remove his gag...

On the left hand page, beside the page from which Sarah reads, is a photograph of DOCTOR SZYMON MOSIEWICZ, late 20s, in SS uniform. We track into it, and it morphs into...

15 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. DAY.

15

...MOSIEWICZ himself. Now aged 53 and tied to a radiator pipe, hands bound behind his back, and wearing a tight gag that is currently being untied by a young Sarah.

As she leans in closer to remove it, a RAZOR slices her cheek open.

Sarah stumbles back, hand to her face, as Mosiewicz springs forward - his hands free, after all - and slashes at her again with the razor, catching her on the collar bone with such force that the razor breaks.

Her training kicking in, Sarah attempts to disarm Mosiewicz with a Krav Magah move intended to break his forearm. But shock has dulled her precision. She succeeds only in forcing the arm away and sending the broken razor skittering across the floor.

As she catches sight of the blood soaking through her shirt, Sarah, aghast, loses concentration for a crucial split second, in which Mosiewicz takes a closed-fist swing at her. It connects, hard, in her face. A hideous crunch, and Sarah crumples, blood squirting from her nose.

The doctor begins to run, but, driven by adrenaline and desperation, Sarah scrambles onto all fours and lunges at him, catching hold of his trouser leg as he moves towards the door.

Mosiewicz grabs a LAMP from a nearby table, and smashes it across the back of Sarah's skull. She's down now, and we expect the doctor to make his escape, but apparently he's not finished. Seizing her collar in one hand, he punches her again, twice, clinically and hard, before allowing her to drop limply to the floor. And finally, he's gone.

16 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE LOBBY. DAY. 16

Mosiewicz runs down the stairs of the apartment building toward the door to the street.

17 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. DAY. 17

Sarah lies motionless. Then a cough. And another. And finally she rolls over and she spits out a mouthful of blood - is that a tooth in there? - before dragging herself to a CHEST OF DRAWERS. Tugging one open, she pulls out a GUN fitted with a silencer, and pulls herself over to the nearest window.

An urgent struggle with the sash window - it won't open. Down on the street below, we see Mosiewicz bursting from the building and running away.

A final, last-chance effort, and Sarah has the window open. Her POV is blurred, the gun in her hand shaking in the foreground as, in the distance, the figure of Mosiewicz gets smaller and smaller and threatens to vanish entirely from view.

Sarah raises the gun, and - just as Mosiewicz is about to disappear forever - she FIRES. A single shot. And, improbably, incredibly, the tiny figure of Mosiewicz drops.

Sarah lowers the gun in disbelief, and we hear a thunderous ROUND OF APPLAUSE.

18 INT. TEL AVIV BOOKSHOP. DAY. 18

The bookshop audience are applauding.

Sarah, her reading complete, snaps the book shut and removes her glasses. She forces a dignified nod of acknowledgement, but is clearly uncomfortable.

SARAH

I'm not sure that killing a man should be applauded. But thank you for listening. And thank you for coming here tonight.

19 INT. TEL AVIV BOOKSHOP. NIGHT.

19

It's dark outside now, and Sarah is back behind her table again, signing what's left of the book stock.

The last book in the pile completed, she hesitates, then flips the book open to the central photograph section, to a picture of:

Herself. With David and Stephen. All in their prime.

She flips the page. Three individual shots of the triumvirate, recent ones. Sarah, well-groomed and handsome. Stephen in his chair. David wearing a grave look.

REBECCA

They have to close up now.

Sarah gives a start, lost in the picture and surprised to find Rebecca there. She pushes the book away hurriedly.

SARAH

I know, I was just signing what was left of the stock. My agent said I -

REBECCA

Mum. David's not coming.

SARAH

I know.

Sarah gets up slowly, gathers her handbag and jacket, and moves off, leaving the book still open on the table.

The camera tracks in on the photograph of David.

20 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

20

We pull out of the photo again to find OLDER DAVID, 58, book in one hand, a very large tumbler of whiskey in the other, staring at the same shot.

If a man's surroundings reflect his inner psyche, then David is not doing so well. This place is a shit-hole.

His DOORBELL chimes, and David drains his glass before getting up to answer it.

21 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 21 *

David opens the front door to find a YOUNG AGENT, holding a package: the one we saw Stephen prepare earlier.

YOUNG AGENT
It's from Stephen Gold.

22 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 22

David places the package beside the book, stares at it with some trepidation for a moment or two, and finally opens it.

Inside: Stephen's LETTER, two PASSPORTS, various DOCUMENTS and two BALLPOINT PENS.

David studies one of the pens, clicking the button to extend the nib. What emerges is not a nib but in fact a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. David is not entirely surprised.

Setting the pen/syringe down again, he picks up the letter, opens it and reads it.

He pours himself another tumbler of whiskey and, without hesitation, downs it in one go.

Walking over to a ramshackle shelf, piled chaotically with books, CDs and documents, David rifles through the debris, sending piles of junk clattering to the ground. He sifts through the CDs, looking for something, until finally, in a stack of CDs without cases, he finds what he's looking for. He slips it into his STEREO.

The Animals' "House of the Rising Sun" begins to play. Loud.

Business-like, David refolds the letter and carefully deposits it in a WASTEPAPER BASKET with the passports, pens and documents.

Fetching a box of long cigar-smoker's MATCHES from his desk, he strikes one and tosses it in. The contents of the bin IGNITE and David languidly drinks another glass of whiskey as he watches them burn.

He flicks slowly through the photographs in the book again for a moment before tossing it into the fire.

And finally, he returns to the package where he take up one of the syringe pens. He clicks the needle out. A scant moment's hesitation, then he jabs it into his arm. Another beat. He crumples to the floor. Glassy-eyed and unmistakably dead.

The room is still now. Just the music. And then the PHONE. Ringing and ringing and ringing until it stops.

23 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT. 23

The feminine, tidy and beautifully decorated room of a well-off woman no longer encumbered with a husband.

Sarah sits on the edge of her bed, cordless phone to her ear, and we hear the BEEEP cue to leave voicemail.

SARAH

David... Me again. I was just worried that my last message sounded... I don't know... Anyway, just to say that I hope you know I'm not angry, and obviously it would have been lovely to see you tonight but it's fine. And just... You were missed. That's all. And, uh, yes... It went well, I think. Call me?

She disconnects the call, climbs into bed and switches off the light. The DIGITAL CLOCK on the bedside table says 11:10.

24 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT. 24

The bedside clock says 00:04, and yet Sarah's eyes are wide open, and we are reminded of the young Sarah we saw on the plane at the start.

She's firmly awake, but when the DOORBELL rings, she is nevertheless groggy and disoriented. She flips on the light and throws on a robe.

25 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 25

Sarah answers the door to find Stephen, in his wheelchair.

SARAH

(rising panic)

Stephen? What is it? Has something happened? Is Rebecca alright?

STEPHEN
Of course she is. Calm down.

SARAH
(relieved and annoyed)
What are you doing out alone? In
the middle of the night? Are you
insane?

In response, Stephen glances over his shoulder and we see two YOUNG MOSSAD AGENTS. Hanging back discretely, but ever-alert. One of them is the man we saw before outside David's house.

Stephen reaches into his coat pocket and draws out A PACKAGE. Identical to the one that David received. He holds it out.

STEPHEN
I needed to give you this.

Sarah doesn't take it.

SARAH
What's the matter with you? Do you
know what time it is? This'd better
be important.

STEPHEN
(sarcastic)
Why, did I wake you up?

She takes the package and goes to shut the door.

SARAH
Goodnight, Stephen.

STEPHEN
Sarah... David's dead.

Slowly, she opens the door again, and stands aside: an invitation to come in. Stephen powers the chair forward into the hall and Sarah closes the door as the body guards step on the porch to take their posts outside.

26 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

26

Sarah lowers herself into a chair opposite Stephen.

SARAH
How?

Stephen nods at the package in her hands, gesturing for her to open it.

She does so, exactly as David did - carefully placing each of the items - passports, two pens, documents - onto her coffee table and finally opening the letter.

She reads it and, when she has finished, she dissolves into tears and curls into a ball, sobbing, her face hidden from Stephen.

He wheels himself closer to try and comfort her, but she writhes away, tucking herself further into the corner of the sofa, away from him, knowing that he cannot reach out any further.

27 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

27

On the porch, one of the young agents sparks up a cigarette, and both gaze into the distance, bored, until they hear muted YELLING coming from inside.

The two cast a concerned eye towards the window where it's possible to catch a glimpse, inside, of Sarah and Stephen.

The SHOUTING grows louder as a tracking POV shot takes us through the window, where we see the two, now in the middle of a full-blown altercation.

As if sensing the eyes of the agents on them, the two look directly at us before turning back to one another again. Stephen raises his finger to his lips. Sarah responds with an aggressive riposte that we cannot hear.

28 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. DAY.

28

ECU on the two pens. Lying on Sarah's nice satin bedspread. Beyond them lies her open suitcase, into which she is packing a neatly folded stack of clothes.

She has her mobile phone cradled at her neck, into which she speaks as she continues to pack.

SARAH

Rebecca darling, it's mum. Thought I'd try you again before I left.

She opens a FALSE BACK in the case, into which she slips the documents.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll call when I get to the airport. But if I don't get you...

From a high shelf in her wardrobe, Sarah retrieves an oddly old-fashioned and heavy-looking HAIR-DRYER. She blows off the dust that has gathered on it and cracks it open - it clicks apart into two pieces - one half apparently containing the usual working of a hairdryer, the other a hollow shell covered by a dark metal plate.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say, you know,
please don't worry about
anything... I think this little
break is just what I need.

Into the hollow side, she slips A GUN. She replaces the metal plate, snaps the two pieces together again and places the hairdryer alongside a sponge bag in the suitcase before zipping it up.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I'll be back in a few days. But
Just... You know, look after
yourself, won't you? Don't work
too hard. Make Alon do some of the
cooking now and again. And be
careful on that bloody moped,
please?

Finally, Sarah yanks up the PULL HANDLE of the bag. It comes right out, detached from the case, and she flips it over to drop the pens into the hollow handle.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I love you so much. Bye bye, my
darling... Bye bye.

She fits the handle back into place, throws on her coat, pockets her phone and leaves the room without looking back.

29 EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT. NIGHT.

29

Sarah climbs from a cab and enters the building, pulling the wheeled suitcase we saw before. Frail and utterly alone.

30 INT. AIRPORT SECURITY. NIGHT.

30

A long but well-managed queue. Sarah is at the front. She struggles to lift her suitcase onto the conveyor belt. A SECURITY GUARD steps forward to help, and is surprised by the weight of the case.

GUARD
(joking)
What have you got in here? Lead?!

Sarah gives a nervous smile, tries to banter back.

SARAH
Oh you know us women... Can't
travel without our own weight in
make up and face cream!

The guard grins and hefts the suitcase onto the conveyor belt. Sarah shifts nervously from foot to foot as it glides into the X-RAY MACHINE.

The X-RAY MAN leans forward and squints at the x-ray image on his screen, then stares back at Sarah.

The case emerges and Sarah reaches for it, but the x-ray man puts his hand out to stop her.

X-RAY MAN
I'm going to have to detain you a
moment, I'm afraid.

Sarah freezes.

SARAH
Is something wrong?

X-RAY MAN
Yes - I can't possibly let you go
without giving me an autograph.

He smiles broadly and produces a piece of paper and a pen.

31 INT. EL AL JET. NIGHT.

31

A tired-looking air hostess shuffles down the aisle, occasionally banging her drinks trolley into somebody's seat arm. Row upon row of sloppily dressed passengers, all sleeping peacefully.

Sarah is wide awake and seated between two male students who are both in a heavy, and possibly alcohol-induced, slumber. She wears a haunted look, not far different from the one she sported when we last saw her on an El Al jet, back in 1967.

We track in on her face as she stares into the distance and gradually her faces changes before our eyes, the lines smoothing, the years falling away until she is transformed back into the young Sarah we first saw.

And we pull back to find...

32 EXT. EAST BERLIN STREET. DAY.

32

...that Sarah is in a long, deep kiss with David, on a busy street. Behind them is an imposing looking building.

Finally they break, but continue to hold each other close.

When they speak, they do so in GERMAN, subtitled.

DAVID

Sure you don't want me to come with you?

SARAH

I'm sure. I won't be long. Love you.

She kisses him playfully on the nose.

DAVID

Love you.

Sarah grabs the lapels of David's coat and pulls him close again for another kiss before finally breaking away and walking up the steps of the building.

33 INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

33

A sparse but smart Doctor's waiting room. A nurse in bright starched whites sits at a small reception desk.

Half a dozen well-dressed women, a couple of them visibly pregnant, look up at Sarah as she enters. She ignores them and moves confidently over to the nurse.

The pair converse in German.

SARAH

I wonder if you could tell me please, what would be the earliest appointment you have available?

NURSE

Have you seen the doctor before?

SARAH

(shaking her head)
My husband and I only moved here this Summer.

The nurse hands over a sheaf of forms and a clipboard.

NURSE

Fill these in for me and I'll take
a look at the diary.

34 EXT. BERLIN STREET. DAY.

34

Sarah walks back down the steps to where David is waiting. He puts his arm around her and they begin to walk.

They speak in German.

SARAH

So: Thursday morning. Ten o'clock.

DAVID

Great.

He gives her a reassuring squeeze as they continue to walk, soon turning left into a quiet side-street.

David looks behind him. They are alone on the street. He drops his arm from around Sarah's shoulder.

Playfully, she picks up his hand and guides it back around her shoulder again, stepping in front of him so he can't continue to walk ahead. Before he can protest, she seizes his lapels and moves in for another kiss.

He rears back and, grabbing her forcefully by the wrists, pushes her away, shocked.

Alone now, they speak to one another in ENGLISH.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Sarah smothers her look of mortification, stuffs her hands into her pockets, and begins to walk briskly again, staring down at the pavement. David walks along beside her.

SARAH

I'm sorry... I thought...

DAVID

Whatever you thought, you thought
wrong.

SARAH

I can see that. I made a mistake.

DAVID
You certainly did.

They continue to walk a little way in silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sarah, failure is not an option on this mission. Do you understand that?

SARAH
Of course I do.

DAVID
Getting distracted is not an option. Getting confused is not an option. Making a mistake -

SARAH
(interrupting loudly)
I KNOW! David -

DAVID
(interrupting, passive-aggressive softly)
You can debrief Stephen and I together at the apartment.

And with that, he strides on ahead, leaving her behind, her face burning.

35 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY.

35

The same location in which we saw Mosiewicz and Sarah earlier. A large, typically East European apartment. The familiar-looking lamp sits portentously on a side-table.

Sarah enters through the front door, puts her keys away and switches on the lamp.

SARAH
Stephen?... David?

STEPHEN (O.S.)
In here.

36 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

36

Stephen sits at a large polished dining table, files, papers and photographs spread out before him.

David is here, still flushed from his brisk walk and folding his coat neatly over the back of a chair. Clearly, he wasn't far ahead of Sarah.

When Sarah walks in, Stephen beams, glad to see her. David simply stares straight ahead.

Sarah removes her own coat and takes a seat.

SARAH
(stiff, professional)
No opportunity for a positive ID.
But the appointment is made.
Thursday, ten hundred hours.

She reaches for a pen and snaps the lid off.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Now - if you'll pass me a sheet of
paper, please, Stephen? - the
layout of the clinic is as
follows...

37 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 37

Sarah lies in bed. Wide awake, yet again.

38 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - MEN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 38

David and Stephen lie in a double bed, a wall of pillows between them, eyes closed, but clearly restless.

Stephen turns over, dragging the blanket with him. He kicks at it, trying to give David's fair share back.

STEPHEN
Sorry. Again.

DAVID
No problem. Again.

A moment of silence. Then:

STEPHEN
You're sharing a bed with the wrong
agent.

DAVID
Really, it's fine. Don't worry
about it.

STEPHEN
I didn't mean that. I meant -

DAVID
(smiling)
Oh... I see. Well, for once I'd
have to agree with you.

STEPHEN
Why don't you go next door?

DAVID
Don't be ridiculous.

STEPHEN
Go on. Go next door. Do some method
acting.

David sighs.

DAVID
God's sake, Stephen. You're
beginning to sound like her.

STEPHEN
(joking)
In that case, I think I'll be
sleeping with one eye open.

DAVID
Trust me, you're not my type.

STEPHEN
Likewise. She is, though.

DAVID
Is what?

STEPHEN
My type.

DAVID
Ah Stephen. As appropriate and
professional as always.

STEPHEN
Listen, you're welcome to play by
the book. But don't start expecting
everyone else to. Want my advice?
In our line of work it makes sense
to take any perk you can get.
(a beat)
So you have no interest in her?

David hesitates.

DAVID
Here and now? None.

David turns his back on Stephen and closes his eyes.

39 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 39

Giving up on trying to sleep, Sarah rises from the bed, throws on a robe and pads out of the room...

40 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 40

...and into the dining room. She sits down at the table, the files and papers still spread out from the debrief earlier.

Sarah opens a folder, and begins to leaf through a stack of photographs, at first forcing herself to look but soon compelled, unable to stop.

- A pile of severed legs.
- A woman's arm with a thick scar running its entire length.
- A man covered in mustard gas wounds.
- A close up of a torso with a vast gangrenous wound.
- Two men covered in phosphorus burns.
- A naked woman, barely more than a skeleton, being supported by a Nazi nurse.
- Two small boys, twins, their eyes swollen almost shut.
- And finally, a photograph of Mosiewicz, in his uniform.

Breathing hard, Sarah forces herself to maintain a steely demeanor.

A comforting arm snakes around her from behind and she looks up sharply to see... Stephen. Trying to hide her disappointment, she gives the hand at her waist a friendly pat before removing it.

SARAH
I'm just going over the files. I
wanted to... be prepared. For
tomorrow.

He gently prises the photographs from her hand and slips them back into the file.

STEPHEN

The best preparation is a good night's sleep.

Sarah throws him a look over her shoulder - she would sleep if she could! - before turning away again. Stephen begins to rub her back. She tenses.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You can do this. There's no need to be afraid.

SARAH

I'm not afraid.

Stephen gives an affectionate laugh and moves his hands to massage her shoulders. Reluctantly, she relaxes into it.

STEPHEN

Oh come on. Any woman in your position would be. But very few could handle the fear. And you can. You think they'd have given you something like this for your first assignment if you couldn't handle it? They know you can, and I know it. Knew from the first day I saw you in training.

She throws him a sceptical look.

SARAH

You can drop the flattery, Stephen. I think we both know that me getting assigned to this mission has a lot less to do with my abilities than the fact that I've got...

STEPHEN

Well, yes you have. But, paradoxically, you also have balls.

SARAH

(suppressing a smile)
I was going to say "two X-chromosomes". Actually. But thanks.

He reaches round and gives her his best attempt at a friendly, cuddly, non-predatory hug.

STEPHEN

Shall I make us some tea?

She smiles and shakes her head.

SARAH

I should go back to bed. Try and sleep. But... thank you, Stephen.

He pats her on the arm, trying to adopt the air of a man who doesn't mind in the least, and cheerfully ushers her out into the corridor.

41 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS. 41

They reach the door to Stephen's bedroom first and he swings the door open before giving her another friendly hug.

STEPHEN

Night night. Sleep well.

Over his shoulder, Sarah looks into the room where David lies, shirtless, tangled in the covers. He's awake, and their eyes meet for a little too long until David looks away and turns over.

The hug over, Sarah forces a smile.

SARAH

You too.

42 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 42

43 Sarah lies in bed, eyes wide open, once again. 43

43 INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY. 43

Three radiant pregnant women chat happily as Sarah sits staring straight ahead.

A silhouetted figure looms into view through the frosted glass of the door to the doctor's surgery. The door opens and the nurse leans out.

(As before, all dialogue at the clinic is in German, subtitled.)

NURSE

Frau Roget?

With a smile, the nurse gestures for Sarah to enter.

44 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

44

A brightly lit room, with a gynecological chair at its centre. A curtained screen has been placed beside the chair, effectively sectioning it off from the rest of the room.

Around the side of the screen we can see the doctor - Mosiewicz - across the room, his back to us, washing his hands at a small basin.

The nurse hands Sarah a MEDICAL GOWN.

NURSE

If you could put this on for me
please?

(patting the chair)

And then just take a seat. The
doctor will be with you in a
moment.

Sarah nods, and the nurse leaves.

Just the sound of RUNNING WATER now, and Sarah's tense breathing as she looks anxiously at the chair before removing her skirt and fumbling with the buttons on her blouse before managing to remove that too. Finally, she puts on the gown.

A tray of MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS stands nearby. Sarah glances at it uneasily and hesitates for a moment before slipping off her underpants, stumbling as she steps out of them.

Finally, she reaches into the neck of the gown to free the SILVER LOCKET NECKLACE she is wearing and climbs onto the chair.

A pause and then, tentatively, she lifts her feet into the stirrups, tugging the gown to cover herself as best she can.

She tries to steady her breathing, focussing on the ceiling. A bright surgery LIGHT swings overhead.

And there she waits. Anxious, trapped and exposed.

The sound of running water ceases, we hear a few footsteps, and then there he is. Szymon Mosiewicz. Standing before her.

MOSIEWICZ

Good morning, Frau Roget. I'm
Doctor Bernhardt.

SARAH
Good morning, doctor.

He draws up a small stool, sits down and reaches for the SPECULUM.

MOSIEWICZ
Alright now, this is my hand... and
this is the speculum. Which is
going to be a little cold.

He frowns slightly.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Relax, please?

More frowning.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Do you find you often suffer from
vaginal dryness?

SARAH
I... don't know. I don't think so.
Maybe.

The doctor shifts his free hand slightly and though we don't see what he does, we see the surprise, revulsion and subsequent humiliation on Sarah's face.

MOSIEWICZ
That's better.

He pushes the speculum into place, opens it and begins the examination.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Ovaries appear to be fine. How long
have you and your husband been
trying for a baby?

SARAH
Nearly two years.

MOSIEWICZ
Hmm. And how often are you having
intercourse, generally? How many
times a week?

SARAH
I don't know. Two, three? Sometimes
more.

MOSIEWICZ
Ah, young love! Alright, let's
see... your cervix is slightly
retroverted. Tilted backwards?

SARAH
Really?

Sarah raises her hand to her locket necklace and begins to
fiddle with it as she listens.

MOSIEWICZ
Mmm. But that generally shouldn't
affect fertility.

The angle from which we next see Mosiewicz, and the way the
image of his face freezes in black and white, tells us
clearly that this locket conceals a camera device.

SARAH
That's good to know.

MOSIEWICZ
You have a slight accent, Frau
Roget. Foreign accent. Where are
you from?

Subconsciously, Sarah's hand flies to her neck to cover the
locket.

SARAH
Argentina. We just moved here... A
few months ago.

More frozen images of Mosiewicz.

MOSIEWICZ
Whereabouts in Argentina? Buenos
Aires?

SARAH
Yes.

The doctor fetches a swab.

MOSIEWICZ
Alright, this might feel a little
uncomfortable for a moment.

It does. Sarah winces.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Good good. All done.

SARAH
We're finished?

MOSIEWICZ
For today. I'll see you again next week when you're a little further along in your cycle, alright? And we'll see what we can find.

Sarah winces again as he removes the speculum and nods in agreement.

45 EXT. BERLIN STREET. DAY.

45

Sarah stumbles down the steps of the clinic to where David is waiting. They hug, and he slips his arm around her shoulder as they begin to walk.

Despite being in the main street the two forget to speak to one another in German, and instead converse in English.

DAVID
Are you alright?

Sarah nods, subdued and a little shaky.

SARAH
I've got another appointment for next Wednesday.

David gives her an awkward squeeze of reassurance. They continue to walk in silence, taking the left turn into the quiet side street we saw them in earlier. This time, David doesn't move his arm from Sarah's shoulder.

Sarah stops and reaches behind her neck to unclasp her locket. She studies the back and hands it to David.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Looks like it worked.

And then, realising that his arm is still around her:

SARAH (CONT'D)
You can let go now. There's no one here.

But he doesn't. Sarah stares at the ground, unable to contain her smile, but afraid to catch his eye.

DAVID
You did a good thing Sarah. A brave
thing. Well done.

As they continue to walk, a SMARTLY DRESSED MAN turns into the street and walks towards them from the opposite direction, jingling his CAR KEYS in his hand.

As he nears David and Sarah, the man fumbles the keys and they fly from his hand. David dips down to pick them up and hands them back to the man with a smile.

SMARTLY DRESSED MAN
Vielen dank!

DAVID
Bitte sehr.

Sarah and David nod their goodbyes and continue on their way, and we follow the smartly dressed man as he continues on his, closing in on his hand, in which he now holds his keys and the locket.

We see him tuck it into his jacket pocket before we jib up over the buildings to see for the first time the grim and foreboding sight of THE BERLIN WALL.

46 INT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY.

46

C/U on grainy copies of the photographs of Mosiewicz taken by Sarah. Now in the hands of Mossad director Sharrett. He studies them, watched by agent Avi Revivo. Finally, he looks up.

SHARETT
You're satisfied.

REVIVO
Sixteen Birkenau survivors, sixteen positive IDs. And our guys have signed off on the comparative study with the 1942 picture. I'm 100% satisfied.

Sharett nods his approval.

SHARETT
So. Tell them we'll give the green light as soon as the extraction plan is in place.

REVIVO

That could take a few days to set up, sir.

SHARETT

Fine. Tell them, stay in the holding pattern. Maintain contact. And prep for scenario Alpha.

47 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT.

47

Sarah, in her robe, runs the hem of a partially-made WHITE GARMENT through a SEWING MACHINE

In the corner, David sits smoking, dishevelled and clearly stressed. Sarah stares over at him; he is either oblivious or ignoring her.

Stephen enters wearing just his undershirt and trousers. He hands Sarah a mug.

STEPHEN

More coffee?

She takes it gratefully, has a sip, then whisks the garment out of the machine and holds it up. It's unfinished, but a fairly good approximation of a medic's white coat.

SARAH

Try this on.

As Stephen slips into it, he catches Sarah glancing over at David again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

When did he last sleep?

STEPHEN

Don't worry about him. I'm worried about you. When did you last sleep?

SARAH

I am worried about him, though.

STEPHEN

He'll be fine. You should have seen him in Ecuador. Stayed up for something like five nights straight. He can deal with it.

(a beat)

So?

SARAH

So what?

STEPHEN

So, you didn't answer my question.
When did you last sleep?

Sarah smiles, ignoring the question again. She tugs at the coat, straightens the unfinished collar.

SARAH

(re: the coat)
How does it feel?

STEPHEN

The arm holes are a bit tight. But otherwise... Nice job. Actually, do you think the sleeves look too long?

She scrutinises the sleeve, nods and kneels down to start unfolding and re-pinning the cuff.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Did you ever think when you got into Mossad, that after all those years of training, the highest levels of marksmanship and krav magah, that you'd actually spend an entire night of your first big mission sewing?

Sarah can't help but laugh. She brandishes a pin at him.

SARAH

I'll have you know I'm a black belt in dressmaking. You'd better watch yourself.

He holds up his hands in surrender.

STEPHEN

Whatever you say. I learned a long time ago not to argue with an armed woman.

They laugh together, and Sarah goes back to her pinning. She steals another glance over at David, and this time, catches him looking at her. He looks away hastily and lights another cigarette. Stephen catches her.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Forget about it, Sarah.

SARAH
Forget about what?

STEPHEN
Nobody really knows him. He's got no real friends. The entire time I've known him, he's never dated. I know you girls like to think people can change. But they don't. David's alone, and he'll stay alone. He doesn't let anyone close.

Sarah thinks this over.

SARAH
Not even his family?

A grim pause.

STEPHEN
Auschwitz.

SARAH
All of them?

STEPHEN
Every last one.

48 INT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY.

48

Agent Revivo and Director Sharrett study a MAP OF THE BERLIN RAIL SYSTEM, on Sharrett's desk. Revivo uses a PENCIL to point as he speaks.

REVIVO
Okay, there are ten Geisterbahnhofe in East Berlin.

SHARETT
Ghost stations.

REVIVO
Precisely. The trains run through, they don't stop. Problem is, we're looking at a subway system and 24 hour armed guard on the station entrances. But here: Bornholmer Strasse, this one is overground.

SHARETT
Alright...

REVIVO

There's an entrance for track maintenance right about here. And our rail contact can make sure it's unlocked and unmanned for a 5 minute window. Then there's a short walk along the track to the platform. Where the train is going to make an unscheduled stop.

SHARETT

You found a driver.

REVIVO

We think so. But this is going to be dictated by his shift. He's on a different route. He's going to need to trade assigned shifts with a co-worker. There are variables here.

SHARETT

So. We take what we can get. And from there?

REVIVO

Into the American sector, straight to Templehof airbase. The agents transfer Mosiewicz to the care of two of our guys on a private charter. Then they transfer by car to Tegel International airport to take the return portions of their passenger flights home via Milan.

SHARETT

Good work. Now all we need is Mosiewicz.

49 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

49

Once again, Sarah is in the chair, Mosiewicz looming between her legs, his fingers inside her.

Again, they converse in German, subtitled.

MOSIEWICZ

How did you find me?

SARAH

(pure panic rising)
What?

MOSIEWICZ
Who told you about me?

SARAH
Who... told us?

Mosiewicz looks confused by her reaction.

MOSIEWICZ
Were you referred by a doctor...
Your insurance company... Or?

SARAH
(trying to conceal her
relief)
Oh, Doctor Eisenberg.

MOSIEWICZ
Ah-ha. How is the old jew?

SARAH
Very good. Very well. Yes.

Mosiewicz picks up a cotton SWAB with a set of thin metal
TONGS and dips into a jar of CLEAR LIQUID.

MOSIEWICZ
This may burn a little.

It does.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Is there a history of fertility
problems in your family, Frau
Roget?

Sarah shakes her head, unable to talk in her discomfort.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
How many brothers and sisters do
you have?

SARAH
None. It's just me.

MOSIEWICZ
An only child?

Sarah nods. Mosiewicz smiles, not unkindly.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
And yet you say there's no family
history of fertility problems?

SARAH

Actually... My mother could no longer give birth after the war.

MOSIEWICZ

The war changed a lot of people.

50 EXT. BERLIN STREET. DAY.

50

Sarah and David turn into their quiet side street. Again, David does not remove his arm from Sarah's shoulder.

DAVID

As bad as the first time?

SARAH

Yes. No... I don't know.

DAVID

Only once more. Then never again.

SARAH

Let's hope so.

He squeezes her close to him and kisses the top of her head. She looks up at him, overwhelmed. He stares straight ahead.

51 INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT.

51

Sarah sits at the table wearing her nightgown and robe, reading. Stephen wanders in, shirtless. She doesn't look up.

Stephen wanders over to the bathroom, reaches for the doorframe and begins to perform a series of perfectly executed pull-ups. He glances over to see if Sarah is watching. She isn't.

Off this scene, the camera jibs up to...

52 EXT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE - ROOF. CONTINUOUS.

52

...The roof of the apartment building. David is here, and at first it appears that he is just staring into the distance. But as we close in on his right hand, we see that he is holding a small RADIO UNIT in his hand, and holds one finger to a small earpiece in his ear, listening intently.

We begin to hear the MORSE CLICKS of the coded message David is receiving, getting louder and clearer as we drift away from him...

53 EXT. AERIAL TRAVELLING SHOT. CONTINUOUS. 53

...and across the moonlit rooftops of East Berlin, swooping along the Berlin Wall, past a checkpoint, across the bleak gravel and trip wires of the "death strip" - the no-man's land between the East and West portions of the wall - and into West Berlin.

Here the clicks of the morse signal continue to grow louder as we fly through the streets and into an upper window of a building...

54 INT. WEST BERLIN APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS. 54

...And into a nondescript room, in which an Israeli agent sits (we may recognise him as the Smartly Dressed Man from earlier) works swiftly and intently at the MORSE TRANSMITTER KEY in his hand.

55 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT. 55

Stephen's rather ostentatious pull-up display is still going on as David bursts in. Sarah looks up immediately and closes her book. Stephen jumps down heavily, out of breath.

DAVID
We have a green light.

Sarah reacts. Thankful, exhilarated and terrified, all at once.

SARAH
Tomorrow.

David nods.

56 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 56

Sarah lies awake. Beyond her door, we hear the PIANO being played. Some nondescript light classical piece.

57 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 57

Stephen is playing. Sarah, still putting on her robe, walks in and slips onto the piano bench beside him. He continues to play as he speaks.

She listens for a while, then begins playfully to plink occasionally at the high keys closest to her.

Stephen gives her a mock stern look, then casually stops playing, pretending not to really mind.

STEPHEN
Can't sleep? Nervous about
tomorrow?

She gestures at the keyboard, deliberately ignoring the question.

SARAH
Go on. Play some more.

STEPHEN
What shall I play?

She shrugs.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
What's your favourite song?

SARAH
Hmm. Let's see... Um... oooh, you
know what I really like at the
moment - do you know how to play
House of the Rising Sun?

As he begins, Stephen can barely contain his joy at the fact that she's chosen a song he can play extremely skillfully.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Wow.

To his delight, she listens intently.

David enters and joins them at the piano. Sarah smiles up at him. He offers her his hand. She can't quite take this in.

DAVID
A dance?

She accepts. And, tentatively they begin to dance. Close.

SARAH
(whispering)
David. I'm scared.

He draws her closer still, cradling her head against his chest, burying his face in her hair as they move together.

We see an expression cross Stephen's face. An expression that says "well this is just fucking great".

Abruptly, he concludes his performance of House of the Rising Sun and begins to play an extremely fast rendition of Chantilly Lace.

An awkward moment for Sarah and David, the mood broken, just as Stephen intended. They stop dancing. David pats her on the shoulder.

DAVID

I'm going back to bed. Tonight of all nights, we should at least try to sleep, if we can.

Sarah catches his arm as he turns to go, pulling him to her again.

SARAH

Aren't you scared? Just a little?

DAVID

Of course I am.

Spontaneously, they hug. OC, we hear Stephen's increasingly violent piano playing.

Sarah tilts her face up to David's for a kiss. He shakes his head. A wistful but firm refusal.

Sarah wheels round and storms across the room, back to Stephen, and sits heavily down beside him. She throws David a tear-streaked stare before clumsily, urgently, taking Stephen's face in her hands and kissing him.

David stands, trapped momentarily in the horrible, resonant silence that remains as Stephen's hands leave the piano to clutch at Sarah.

The piano bench SCRAPES across the floorboards as Stephen and Sarah drop to the floor, tearing at one another's clothes.

And finally, David turns and leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

58 INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

58

Sarah sits apart from the cheery expectant mothers.

NURSE

Frau Roget? The doctor will see you now.

59 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

59

Sarah is in the chair for what she knows will - whatever happens - be the last time.

As before, they converse in German, subtitled.

MOSIEWICZ

Alright, this is my hand. And this is the speculum. It's going to be a little cold.

SARAH

Okay.

He begins the exam.

MOSIEWICZ

You had intercourse last night.

SARAH

Yes.

MOSIEWICZ

Good, good.

Sarah flinches.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

A little tender?

She nods.

He withdraws his fingers and taps his thumb and forefinger together, the residue on them stretching into sticky strands. He studies this with interest.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

See how the cervical mucus is the consistency of egg white? This is good. You're at the most fertile stage of your cycle. Excellent timing, Frau Roget. This way, we'll know - if you don't fall pregnant this month - that there might be a more complex problem.

She nods again, alarmed. He resumes the internal exam.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

You have nothing to fear. You're in good hands. Have faith in me, you're going to see results. Ask any of my patients and they'll tell you.

SARAH

Any of them? How about your patients in Birkenau, Doctor?

Mosiewicz looks up in shock.

With impressive power, Sarah clamps his head between her knees. Swiftly, she grabs a fistful of his hair and forces his head down, so as to keep him more firmly immobilised between her thighs. We now see that she has A SYRINGE concealed in her hand. She jams it into the side of his neck.

Mosiewicz falls limp, his face dropping into her groin. A moment's pause and then she pushes him to the ground, leaps up and deliberately knocks the tray of medical instruments to the floor.

Scant seconds later, the nurse runs in and reacts in panic at the sight of the prone Mosiewicz.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He collapsed!

NURSE

What happened?!

SARAH

I don't know! I don't know! He just clutched his chest and collapsed!

The nurse grabs for the phone and dials.

NURSE

(into the phone)

I need an ambulance! Karlstrasse 42, fifth floor. The clinic. My husband has had a heart attack.

Sarah reacts to this revelation.

60

INT. A VAN. DAY.

60

David and Stephen are here, wearing white coats. David wears a stethoscope around his neck. Both listen intently to the scanning equipment that is on the seat between them.

The following conversation is in German, subtitled.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (O.S.)
(filtered)
Your name please?

NURSE (O.S.)
(filtered)
It's Frau Bernhardt, please, please
hurry!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (O.S.)
(filtered)
The ambulance is already on the
way, madam.

David and Stephen give one another the nod and Stephen starts the engine.

61 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY. 61

Sarah, now out of the medical gown and dressed in her own clothes again, looks anxiously out of the window.

The nurse crouches by the unconscious Mosiewicz, monitoring his breathing.

SARAH
I didn't know he was your husband.
I'm so sorry.

In the distance we hear a siren.

62 INT. REAL AMBULANCE. DAY. 62

The siren is loud now, since we're inside a real ambulance, with two real medics. They speak in German, subtitled.

FIRST MEDIC
(into radio mouthpiece)
Actually inside the clinic, yes?
Copy that.

63 EXT. REAL AMBULANCE. DAY. 63

Cars pull over to allow the speeding ambulance to pass.

64 INT. VAN. DAY. 64

Stephen bangs his fist in frustration on the steering wheel.

65 EXT. VAN. DAY. 65

The fake ambulance, stationary, revving aggressively, in a small traffic snarl-up behind a delivery van.

66 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY. 66

Sarah is still at the window. There's another burst of siren - louder now - the real ambulance is getting closer.

The nurse wipes away a tear, tense and frightened.

NURSE

(to no one in particular)

Oh god! Come on, come on! Hurry!

Sarah touches her shoulder sympathetically.

SARAH

They're coming. They'll be here in a moment, honestly. It's going to be fine. He's going to be... fine.

NURSE

Thank you... thank you.

The siren stops again and Sarah darts back to the window to see a vehicle pulling up. Whether it's the real ambulance or the fake one, we're not sure, and neither is she.

SARAH

They're here. Stay with him. I'll get the door.

The nurse nods gratefully.

67 INT. WAITING ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 67

Sarah dashes past the concerned patients and flings open the door to see... David and Stephen, holding a stretcher. Utter relief.

68 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

68

Sarah leads them in. David crouches down beside Mosiewicz and takes his pulse.

DAVID

Okay, we're going to need to take him to the hospital immediately.

He and Stephen open up the stretcher and transfer Mosiewicz to it with some efficiency.

NURSE

Is he going to be alright?

DAVID

We'll do everything we can.

NURSE

Oh god!

Sarah and the nurse follow David and Stephen as they carry the stretcher out through the waiting room.

69 INT. REAL AMBULANCE. DAY.

69

The first medic scans the building numbers while the second medic drives.

FIRST MEDIC

Eighty eight... Eighty six... What are we, forty two?

A car pulls out very slowly in front of them. The second medic sighs and turns on the SIREN again.

70 EXT. BERLIN STREET. CONTINUOUS.

70

We hear the siren of the real ambulance starting up not-so-very-far-away down the street as David, Stephen, Sarah and the nurse hurry down the stairs towards the waiting vehicle.

David and Stephen hurriedly load the stretcher into the back, the siren growing ever closer.

The nurse goes to climb in after him, but David stops her.

DAVID

So sorry, Madam, but you'll need to meet us at the hospital.

NURSE

But... I want to travel with him.

DAVID

Not possible I'm afraid. New regulations.

He slams the back doors shut and drives away, leaving Sarah and the nurse on the pavement.

SARAH

Don't worry, he's in good hands now, I'm sure.

As Sarah walks away, we - and the nurse - begin to register that the siren is growing louder with every second.

The real ambulance pulls up, and the medics leap out, dashing straight past the confused nurse and into the clinic.

Sarah casts a final, slightly guilty, glance at the nurse. Then she walks away briskly and doesn't look back.

71 INT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY.

71

Sharett, Revivo and a group of assembled agents are assembled in Sharett's office, obviously in fine spirits, having just received news of the mission's success. As the agents begin to talk among themselves and filter out of the room, Sharett leans over to Revivo.

SHARETT

The train is set for Friday, yes?
(off his nod)
And the agents have been informed?

REVIVO

I'm sending details of the extraction plan in this evening's communiqué. Do you have any personal message for them?

SHARETT

68

Just our congratulations. Tell them I look forward to commending them in person in two days time. And... Be careful.

68

72 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

72

David, Sarah and Stephen sit around the dining table, plates of food before them. Stephen eats voraciously while Sarah picks halfheartedly, and David not at all, smoking a cigarette instead.

Suddenly, Stephen downs his cutlery, wipes his mouth and reaches behind his chair, producing a paper bag which he hands to Sarah.

SARAH
What's this?

STEPHEN
For you.

She opens the bag to find: a VINYL 7 INCH SINGLE. We can't see the cover. She smiles, touched, but a little uneasy.

SARAH
...Thank you.

Stephen gestures to her to put it on. She walks to a RECORD PLAYER in the corner and complies.

The House of the Rising Sun begins to play.

The music fills the room, Sarah sits back down at the table, shell-shocked and far from at ease. Stephen resumes his meal and we pan across the room and down to where we see...

Mosiewicz. Seated on the floor, against the wall, tied to a pipe. Tape over his mouth. Watching.

He stares towards them as we hear the clacking and scraping of Stephen's knife and fork.

73 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DINING ROOM. DAY

73

With an unsteady hand, Sarah approaches Mosiewicz, stirring a bowl of oatmeal. He stares at her, his gaze unwavering, deliberately unsettling.

In the silence, we hear rain falling heavily outside.

Finally she sits beside him, and removes the tape from his mouth. He says nothing, just opens his mouth obediently.

Sarah feeds him a spoonful of oatmeal. He speaks to Sarah in German, subtitled.

MOSIEWICZ
What's your name?

Sarah ignores the question.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Rachel? Hannah?... Sarah? Esther?

She tries not to flinch at hearing her name.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
You Jews don't stray far from your roots, do you? All those biblical names. It's a good thing. Excellent thing.

Sarah spoons in another mouthful.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Very satisfying book, the bible. I loved it as a child. Studied it.

A pause. And now, to Sarah's extreme surprise, he begins to speak to her in English, and now continues to do so throughout.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
It's all about retribution, really, isn't it? Higher justice.

Sarah hesitates, but tries to conceal her surprise.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Yes. I understand you perfectly.

Sarah quickly spoons in another mouthful, a bigger one. Wishing he'd stop talking. He doesn't take his eyes off her for a moment.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
You weren't lying at the clinic when you told me about your mother were you?

Sarah shovels in another mouthful, although he's not yet done swallowing the last one. Nevertheless, he gulps it down, determined to maintain some semblance of control and dignity.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
It's funny... People tend to tell the truth when their genitals are being touched.

Sarah thrusts the spoon towards him again, but this time he turns his head away to refuse it.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
 You're different to the Jews in
 Birkenau, you know. You have...
 strength. Rage.

Sarah pushes in another big spoonful of oatmeal. Mosiewicz swallows it as fast as he can. He won't be silenced.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
 But it's not just me you're angry
 with, is it? Not just the Reich.
 You're angry with your mother, too.

Tears well in Sarah's eyes. Another spoonful goes in. Mosiewicz swallows faster.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
 You rage at her weakness.

She mashes another big spoonful into his mouth, hard. He chokes it down.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
 You loathe her for it.

She goes in with another spoonful but this time, Mosiewicz spits it in her face.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
 You Jews never knew how to kill.
 You only knew how to die.

Determined not to show emotion in front of him, Sarah stands and hurriedly wipes his mouth with a cloth before silencing him with a fresh piece of tape and darting into the bathroom.

74 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

74

Alone now, Sarah fights back tears as she wipes the oatmeal from her shirt and washes it from her face.

Turning to find Stephen standing behind her, she composes herself.

SARAH
 Did you hear any of that?

STEPHEN
 What?

SARAH

He can understand every word we're saying!

STEPHEN

It won't be long. David'll be back any minute with all the details. You'll only have - what is it? - one more shift? Not long. Don't let him get to you.

Sarah nods and wipes at her face again.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

If it'd make you feel better, I could shoot him in the knee or something?

Sarah laughs, shakes her head.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Balls?

She laughs again and he puts his arms around her for a comforting hug. But before either can speak, they hear a door bang open loudly.

75

INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DININGROOM. CONTINUOUS.

75

David enters, hair wet from the rain outside. He tears his coat off and throws it sharply onto the table.

DAVID

Well, looks like we're not getting out of here any time soon.

Sarah and Stephen emerge from the bathroom.

STEPHEN

What?

David busies himself tightening the ropes at Mosiewicz's wrists and ankles. He doesn't look up.

DAVID

Train driver's shift got changed.

SARAH

'Til when?

DAVID
They don't know.

STEPHEN
What do you mean?

DAVID
I mean they don't know. There isn't
a date. So... We wait. We stay
here. Until it's rescheduled.

SARAH
But it'll be soon, yeah?

David fixes her with a look.

DAVID
Not necessarily.
(a beat)
Did you feed him?

SARAH
(rising panic)
Isn't there some other way out? We
just need to get him to the
airfield, there must be... I mean,
what did they say?

DAVID
(insistent)
Has he eaten?

STEPHEN
What do you care if he's eaten?!

DAVID
I care that these shifts are
actually working! Supposedly it's
your shift now, Stephen, but I come
in and you're in the bathroom with
Sarah! So forgive me if I'm less
than confident that everyone's
doing what they're supposed to be
doing!

(wheeling round to Sarah)
Now, answer the fucking question:
Did you feed him?

SARAH
YES! I fed him just now!

Mosiewicz observes the group with curiosity, as he has done
throughout, and continues to do.

DAVID

Okay, listen to me. We could be here several more days, or it could be weeks. We need to make sure we have a system, and we need to make sure that we stay focussed. Every eight hours, when we change shifts, we take him to the bathroom...

SARAH

I know!

DAVID

(ignoring her outburst)
...Whether he wants to go or not. At the beginning of the shift, we give him water. At the end of the shift, he eats. Whether he wants to or not. We shave him once a day. We never talk to him. We never leave him unattended. We focus. And we get through this. Agreed?

STEPHEN

(grudgingly)
Agreed.

Sarah, still fuming, just nods.

76 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. MONTAGE.

76

An armchair has been pulled into place directly opposite where Mosiewicz sits on the floor. From Mosiewicz's POV, we see:

- Day. Stephen sits polishing a gun.
- Night. David lights a cigarette.
- Day. Sarah flops into the chair and just sits, staring into space.
- Day. Thunder outside. Stephen wearing just his undershirt, inspects his nails.
- Night. An increasingly unkempt David blows smoke rings. OS, from one of the bedrooms, we hear a the rhythmic thump of a bedstead against the wall, punctuated by Sarah moaning.
- Day. Sarah messy-haired, perches on the edge of the chair beside David, her leg touching his. They sit in silence for a moment before he crosses his own legs, breaking the contact.

- Day. Sarah, is in the chair when Stephen comes up behind her and strokes her neck. She wheels around, irritated.

- Night. Stephen rises from the chair to be replaced by David, the two barely acknowledging one another.

77 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. DAY. 77

Sarah prepares a bowl of shaving cream.

78 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. CONTINUOUS. 78

Sarah strips the tape off Mosiewicz's mouth, smears the cream over his face, and begins to shave his neck. Both of them aware that she is holding a STRAIGHT RAZOR at his throat.

MOSIEWICZ

Do it.

Sarah catches her breath, stops.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You want to. You want to so badly.

I can see it in your eyes.

Sarah breathes deeply, avoids eye contact, continues.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

A different angle, the smallest pressure and it would be done. The work of a moment.

SARAH

(softly, still no eye contact)

I wouldn't give you the satisfaction of avoiding trial.

Mosiewicz laughs. She's talking. A small victory.

MOSIEWICZ

You like to believe that. But in fact, you can think of nothing else. It's eating you alive.

Slowly, deliberately, Sarah starts shaving the other side of his throat.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
You picture it, don't you? My
jugular vein opening. You wonder if
the blood would spill out, or
spurt. Would it pump out onto the
walls? You imagine it on your
hands, your face. You can almost
feel it.

She moves the razor to his cheek, keen to get this finished
as swiftly as possible.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
And part of you wants to do it just
to prove to me that what I said
about the Jews isn't true.
(a beat)
You want to know what stops you?
(another)
You think that resisting your urge
to kill is what makes you humane.
What gives you the humanity you
believe I lack.

SARAH
(feigning disinterest)
Mmm-hm.

MOSIEWICZ
Only by telling yourself that I am
a lesser human being can you
justify your crime to yourself.
(a beat)
And make no mistake, this is a
crime you and your colleagues are
perpetrating. What will you tell
the police if you are discovered?
That you were following the orders
of your government? That you were
pawns? Or that you believed you
were acting in the service of a
righteous cause? We're not so very
different, you and I.

Finally, he has succeeded in riling her. With fierce and
violent pressure, she wipes away the remainder of the shaving
cream, leaving his face raw. She slaps a new piece of tape
over his mouth, hard, and gets up.

79 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

79

Incandescent with rage, Sarah throws the razor and the bowl into the basin.

Stephen rushes in and holds her close.

SARAH
I didn't mean to talk to him.

STEPHEN
Shhh. It's alright. Deep breath.

She complies.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Go and get some fresh air or something, okay? I'll take over.

SARAH
There's another two hours to go on my shift.

STEPHEN
I know. Doesn't matter.

Stephen strokes her hair and rubs her shoulders and she begins to relax a little.

SARAH
Sure?

STEPHEN
One hundred percent.

He kisses her on the forehead.

80 EXT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE - ROOF. NIGHT.

80

David is here again, finger to his ear, waiting to receive another message. Sarah sits beside him, just keeping him company. Because she wants to.

Their eyes meet and there is so much unspoken longing here that it's not long before Sarah can no longer stand to leave the tension unbroken.

SARAH
Anything yet?

He shakes his head, gestures at his watch and touches his finger to his lips.

81 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT. 81

Mosiewicz is standing, walking unsteadily to the bathroom, supported by Stephen, his hands tied. Stephen holds a gun at his back.

82 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS. 82

With some reluctance, Stephen undoes Mosiewicz's trousers and pulls them down, along with his underwear. He looks away, more out of distaste than a desire to protect than man's dignity. He pushes Mosiewicz down to sit on the toilet and stands back, the gun trained on him.

Mosiewicz's gaze is firmly fixed on something. We follow his eyeline to:

The razor standing in a mug beside the basin.

Stephen notes his stare, but misunderstands.

STEPHEN

You want water? I suppose you can have your water now.

Carefully, with one hand - the other keeping the gun leveled at Mosiewicz - Stephen dumps the razor out and fills the mug with water.

He removes the tape from Mosiewicz's mouth, and gives him a drink. After a sip, Mosiewicz pauses and smiles up at Stephen.

MOSIEWICZ

So tell me, I'm curious: how long did you wait after he rejected her before you made your move?

Stephen is visibly startled, but says nothing.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

I see you watching. Watching the way she looks at him.

Stephen gives him another drink of water.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

If you think she has feelings for you, you're deluding yourself. When she's with you, she pretends you're him. I guarantee it. You think she closes her eyes when you're fucking her because she's enjoying it?

Stephen politely offers the glass to Mosiewicz in a remarkable demonstration of self control.

STEPHEN

Some more?

Mosiewicz shakes his head. Stephen calmly pours the remaining water away.

MOSIEWICZ

There again, whore like that probably doesn't care. Considering she got wet pretty fast when I touched her, I'd hazard a guess that she's not especially fussy about who she spreads her legs for.

STEPHEN

(re: the toilet. Or is it.)
Finished?

MOSIEWICZ

Yes, thank you.

In a business-like manner, Stephen hoists Mosiewicz back to his feet and pulls up his trousers.

83 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

83

Mosiewicz's is back in his usual place, his ankles re-fastened together, his hands behind the pipe. Stephen, standing over him, appears to be keeping it together extremely well, though he applies fresh tape to Mosiewicz's mouth with just a little more relish than necessary.

The job done, Stephen withdraws the gun from where he has holstered it in his waistband, and stares at it for a couple of beats before hurriedly walking over to a CABINET and shoving it into a drawer. He slams the drawer shut and stands beside the cabinet, forcing himself to take a few deep, controlled breaths.

Then he moves over to the piano in the corner, as far away from Mosiewicz as he can get.

Stephen begins to play the piano. Nicely at first, and then he begins to mess around, deliberately hitting discordant notes.

Mosiewicz laughs.

Stephen begins to laugh, too. Continues the game. Soon, both men are laughing together.

Both continue to laugh as Stephen rises from the piano, walks towards Mosiewicz and stands over him.

A pause. And then Stephen strikes Mosiewicz. A single, open handed blow. Mosiewicz reels.

Stephen steps away and sits down heavily in the armchair, struggling for control. Then he's up again.

He turns on the RECORD PLAYER, places the needle on the disk - House of the Rising Sun - and cranks it up loud. Then he rips off his shirt and undershirt.

He stares Mosiewicz in the eye... And drops to the floor before him where he begins, frenetically, to execute army-style push-ups. Faster and faster and faster until, bubbling over with rage and adrenalin, he rushes at Mosiewicz and taunts him, growling and posturing like an animal preparing to for a possibly-lethal demonstration of masculine dominance.

At the sound of this inhuman roaring, David and Sarah rush in, down from the roof, both still wearing their outdoor coats.

SARAH

Stephen!

DAVID

What the hell...? Put your shirt on!

STEPHEN

(rounding on him)

Why? Are you jealous?

SARAH

Oh my god, what's the matter with you?

David hauls Stephen up and grips him firmly by the arms.

DAVID

Calm down, Stephen. There's no need for this. Listen to me. We'll be out of here tomorrow evening.

STEPHEN

What?

Sarah rubs Stephen's back, trying to calm him down.

SARAH

The train. It's been rearranged. Tomorrow at eight.

Stephen throws his arms around Sarah and David in a sweaty group hug of utter relief.

84

EXT. BORNHOLMER STRASSE STATION. NIGHT.

84

This place lives up to our every expectation of a ghost station: eerily deserted, it's faded posters and notice-boards somehow lending it the air of a location abandoned in haste.

Sarah, David and Stephen wait on the windswept platform with Mosiewicz, who is seated in a WHEELCHAIR, a woolen BLANKET over his legs.

Sarah rearranges Mosiewicz's blanket, and we see that his hands are tied to the armrests of the wheelchair. He stares at her. At first she refuses to meet his gaze, then at last she does.

MOSIEWICZ

Ironic, isn't it? Me. Forced onto a train. To carry me to my eventual extermination.

Sarah looks away sharply.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

And see how easy it is for you to do this, when you believe that your cause is just. Ironic indeed.

STEPHEN

Not really. I don't recall there being any due legal process at the camps, Mosiewicz. I don't believe that anyone executed there had committed any crime. Correct me if I'm wrong.

David shoots Stephen a stern look for talking to their prisoner and interjects.

DAVID
I make it nearly eight.

Stephen and Sarah check their own watches and shake their heads.

STEPHEN
One minute to.

At this moment, we begin to hear the sound of a DISTANT TRAIN approaching.

Stephen seizes the handles of the wheelchair, and all three take a step forward in readiness, squinting into the darkness, down the track. The train gets louder as it nears.

Seconds later, the LIGHTS of the train appear, and all three cannot contain their smiles of relief. But the smiles soon start to fade.

SARAH
He's not slowing down. Why isn't he slowing down?

In a blur of noise and light, of faces in lit train windows caught for a split second and then gone, the train hurtles past them and races away into the distance.

STEPHEN
Fuck!

All three react, looking at one another in abject dismay and disbelief as they stand on the empty platform, silent now as the sound of the train fades into the distance.

MOSIEWICZ
(smirking)
Well, well... Imagine how different history might have been if we'd been as incompetent as you.

STEPHEN
(to David)
What happened?

SARAH
How does he know what happened?!
None of us know what happened!

DAVID

We go back and wait for word from
West Berlin. That's all we can do.

Stephen nods and begins to push Mosiewicz in his chair - still chuckling to himself - down the platform, towards the maintenance walkway. The other two follow.

When they reach the end of the platform, David jumps down onto the walkway, ready to help Stephen lift the chair down. But before they can get any further, they hear a SHOUT, and look up to see: two armed STASI OFFICERS, running towards them from the other end of the platform.

They speak in German, subtitled.

FIRST STASI OFFICER

Hey! What are you doing here?

MOSIEWICZ

They're spies! I've been kidnapped!
You must help me!

Sarah walks towards the officers.

SARAH

Wait, let me -

The second officer levels his gun at her.

SECOND STASI OFFICER

Who are you? Papers! Now!

She puts her hands up. Then, impossibly fast, she goes for the officer's arm. A horrible SNAPPING of bone, the gun flies from his hand, and he falls to the ground.

Before the other officer can react, Stephen is on his back and has tackled him to the ground.

An intense fight ensues, and for the first time we see the results of the agents' Mossad training in full effect. Mosiewicz watches in alarm as, with extraordinary precision, the three agents disarm the officers, leaving one unconscious and the other on the ground and groaning.

STEPHEN

Everyone alright?

The other two nod. Stephen walks calmly over to the still-conscious officer and swiftly applies a shoulder grip that leaves him out cold.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Good. Then let's go.

He strides off towards Mosiewicz. Trapped in his wheelchair and most decidedly not smirking any more.

85 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT.

85

Sarah sits at the table, her head in her hands. Stephen paces up and down.

STEPHEN
This isn't good. This isn't good at all. They're going to come looking for us. We have to get out. Fast.

SARAH
But we can't. I mean, WE can. But not with him.

She gestures over at Mosiewicz, who is back in place, tied to the pipe and gagged again, watching them carefully.

SARAH (CONT'D)
They'll search a car. And even if we sedated him or something, he'd need papers, and -

She tails off as David jogs in, breathless and ruddy faced from the cold of the roof. Stephen, Sarah - and Mosiewicz - look at him expectantly.

DAVID
Okay: problem. The train driver backed out on us.

STEPHEN
No shit.

SARAH
Just tonight, or altogether?

DAVID
Altogether. So they're coming up with a new plan.

STEPHEN
How long is that going to take?

DAVID

God knows. But it's going to be at least another week before we can be replaced.

SARAH

What? You didn't tell them -

STEPHEN

Replaced?? No one is taking this bastard away from me. I caught him. I'm bringing him home.

SARAH

(correcting him)

We caught him. The three of us.

STEPHEN

(to David, ignoring her)

How could you even let them suggest replacing us?!

SARAH

After all we went through... We can't...

STEPHEN

What did you tell them? Did you agree to it?

David ignores him and begins checking Mosiewicz's bonds again. He tightens the rope at Mosiewicz ankles.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Did you agree??

DAVID

Get out of here. Both of you.

86 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT.

86

David approaches Mosiewicz with a bowl of oatmeal and strips the tape from Mosiewicz's mouth.

MOSIEWICZ

Another week, then. Another week of watching them together.

David starts to feed him.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
You know she's only with him
because of you, don't you?

David continues to ignore him.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)
I'm curious: you pretend not to
care, when clearly you do. I've
seen your face when you listen to
them fucking. All that noise... You
do realise she only makes it for
your benefit? It's you she loves,
not him.

David calmly places the bowl down on the floor.

DAVID
What does a monster like you know
about human emotion?

MOSIEWICZ
What makes you so sure I'm a
monster?

DAVID
Oh spare me this conversation.
You're going to tell me you believe
that your atrocities were
justifiable because you committed
them in the name of science and
progress. And I'm going to
disagree. So don't waste your
breath.

MOSIEWICZ
You'd disagree that my work was in
the service of progress, or that by
being so it was justifiable?

DAVID
You call operations without
anaesthesia progress? Blinding
children with chemicals while you
tried to change the colour of their
eyes? Replacing the hands and legs
of innocents and watching them die?
(losing his cool now)
You truly believe that is PROGRESS?

MOSIEWICZ
Why else would I participate?

DAVID

There's no explanation for your actions, and I'm not looking for one.

David feeds him another mouthful.

MOSIEWICZ

I don't believe you.

DAVID

Okay, you really want to know what I think? I think all of you have a fervent, pathological belief that you're genuinely members of a superior race. With a divine right to eliminate any other. But that's all it is. Hubris. Proper, pathological hubris. The delusions of madmen.

MOSIEWICZ

Hubris. Indeed.

(a beat)

Herr Hitler was fascinated by the Jews, you know. There were those who said - and still say - that they taught him everything he knew.

DAVID

Save your breath, Doctor. I have no interest in your nonsense.

MOSIEWICZ

A chosen race. God's own people. A people who insisted on a matrilineal system to ensure racial purity. A people who chose a single secular leader - be it Moses or Joshua - to lead them into battle for their divine right. To slaughter those who did not follow the scripture. The Israelites slayed every man, woman and child in Samaria, didn't they? Didn't they rid their promised land of any who might taint the race, or at the very least place them in servitude? Your ideas, not ours. Every last one of them.

(a beat)

(MORE)

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

You can accuse the Reich of hubris and egotism, but if you look a little further back in history, I think you'll find that it was the Jew who wrote the book.

DAVID

Enough now. Enough of your crap.

MOSIEWICZ

You doubt that the Jew is egotistical? I saw it! Every day I saw it! Every one of them, thinking only of how to avoid being flogged, or kicked, or killed. Do you know why it was easy to exterminate you people? Why it only took four soldiers to lead a thousand people to the gas chambers? Entire families? Because not one, out of thousands, dared to resist, dared to be the first to fall. Not one would sacrifice himself.

David, incensed, raises his fist to Mosiewicz but, at the last moment, regains control. Fist still clenched hard, he lowers his hand, measuring his breaths.

Mosiewicz smiles.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

Ah, so you concede.

David shakes his head in disbelief, determined not to let himself become riled.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

Frankly, you should be grateful for the cowardice of your people. Grateful to the Reich. In fact, perhaps you'd like to take this opportunity to thank me, on behalf of the Jews.

David sighs. What now?

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

Without us, you'd have no State of Israel. You think your Zionist movement would, in a million years, have succeeded if we hadn't put an end to Jewish society in Europe?

(MORE)

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

Every time you Jews see your
precious flag fly you should give
thanks for what the Nazis did.

David picks up the plate of oatmeal and smashes it forcefully into Mosiewicz's face. It shatters. Then, he punches him repeatedly, as hard as he can.

Mosiewicz slumps down, limp. And still David punches him.

Sarah and Stephen run in, with Sarah reaching him first. She throws her arms around him, trying to stop him, but - instinctively - he throws a punch behind him. It connects, splitting her lip and sending her flying to the ground.

Stephen runs at him, knocking him to the floor, and remains lying on him, the two of them breathing hard, the assault finally over.

Mosiewicz slumps forward, held up only by the rope at his wrists binding him to the pipe on the wall.

Stephen picks up David, whose hand is bleeding profusely, and, supporting him, begins to lead him out of the room. Stephen nods in the direction of Mosiewicz.

STEPHEN

(to Sarah)

Are you going to be alright with
him?

SARAH

I'll be fine.

STEPHEN

(to David)

Come on. You're coming with me.
We're going to find another way
out.

87 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

87

Sarah drenches a cloth under the tap. The razor lies beside her in its bowl beside the basin.

88 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. CONTINUOUS.

88

Sarah wipes at Mosiewicz's face. It's a mess. He comes to, wincing and groaning.

MOSIEWICZ

Thank you... Thank you...

SARAH

It's okay. He... He shouldn't have done that.

She tears off a new strip of tape and places it over Mosiewicz's mouth, gently this time.

Struggling to calm herself, Sarah starts up the record player and settles into the armchair opposite him, drained and exhausted. Mosiewicz closes his eyes again.

89 EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE. NIGHT.

89

From afar, we see a car waiting at the barrier. A BORDER GUARD hands a PASSPORT and PAPERWORK back to the driver with a polite nod of thanks.

He speaks a few words to the driver that we can't hear - we're too far away - and moments later, the trunk pops open. The guard inspects it thoroughly before closing it and producing a MIRROR, which he uses to search underneath the chassis.

Stephen and David, watching from afar, exchange weary looks. This isn't going to work. They begin to walk alongside the wall, looking around them for ideas.

STEPHEN

Let's think about things people have done before.

DAVID

Um... Tunnel. Air balloon.

Stephen throws him a well-deserved raised eyebrow.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I wasn't suggesting, I was just - you said 'what have people done before'.

(starting to lose it)
We're screwed, Stephen.

STEPHEN

David -

DAVID

(all control lost)
We're stuck. We can't get him out. We're fucking stuck here, in that fucking apartment, with him. We're screwed!

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (raising his voice)
 Completely fucking screwed!

Across the street, a few late-night passers-by stare over to see what the commotion is about.

STEPHEN
 David, David, calm down... Okay...
 I've got it. Listen. How about
 this: We get a Trabant...

And we dissolve to...

90 INT/EXT BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY.

90

A tiny Trabant car, driven by Stephen. Sarah is in the passenger seat, David and Mosiewicz in the back. The car comes screeching round a corner, towards an office building.

Unexpectedly, it roars into the lobby of the building, and into the elevator.

Stephen leans out of the window and presses the button for the top floor.

The elevator doors open, and the tiny car forges ahead, down a long, corporate corridor, and into an open plan office where it ploughs through the room, knocking desks and chairs out of the way, never slowing down.

Finally, it reaches what appears to be a dead end - a large blank wall. Stephen turns to Sarah, who nods. Stephen floors the pedal and smashes out through the wall.

From outside the building - it becomes apparent now that the windows are bricked up - we see the car erupt in a shower of bricks and sail through the air, over the wall, over the deathstrip and into West Berlin.

The dust barely has time to settle before the car accelerates again towards an autobahn and freedom.

91 EXT. THE WALL. NIGHT.

91

David stares at Stephen in disbelief. Stephen gives him a quizzical "what, you don't like it?" look for as long as he can before bursting into laughter.

Relieved, David begins to laugh too, and the pair laugh together - far more than Stephen's nonsense merited, something verging on hysteria and a nervous release from the unbearable stresses of the past weeks.

Stephen slaps David on the back.

STEPHEN
You alright now?

David nods.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Come on. We'll work this out.
There's got to be a way. Let's go
back, talk to Sarah, yeah?

92 INT. SAFEHOUSE - DININGROOM. NIGHT.

92

From the record player comes the rhythmic, scratchy click of
of the needle trapped at the end of the disc.

Sarah has fallen asleep in the armchair opposite Mosiewicz.

Mosiewicz watches her carefully. And, behind his back, his
hands begin to move. Momentarily, we realise that they are
doing so with purpose: he leans sideways - still watching
Sarah intently - and his fingers stretch to find A SHARD OF
THE BROKEN PLATE.

With some effort, he eases it up into his fingers and begins
to manipulate the sharp edge against the rope tying him to
the pipe.

From his POV, we now see: the razor. Where it always is. By
the basin. And yet closer to being within his grasp than it's
ever been.

Sarah opens her eyes sleepily, just for a moment and
Mosiewicz freezes. She sees nothing untoward. And her eyes
flutter closed once more, for what seems like only a moment.

She opens them again to see: Mosiewicz, suddenly standing
over her. The razor in his hand, held high. With one powerful
motion, he brings it down, slicing her cheek open.

Now, events unfold exactly as we saw earlier in the account
from Sarah's book.

Sarah leaps up, then stumbles back, hand to her face, as
Mosiewicz springs forward and slashes at her again with the
razor, catching her on the collar bone with such force that
the razor breaks.

She attempts to disarm Mosiewicz with a Krav Magah move, but
succeeds only in forcing his arm away and sending the broken
razor skittering across the floor.

Catching sight of the blood soaking through her shirt, Sarah, aghast, loses concentration, and Mosiewicz takes a closed-fist swing at her. A hideous crunch, and she crumples, blood squirting from her nose.

Mosiewicz begins to run, but Sarah scrambles onto all fours and lunges at him, catching hold of his trouser leg as he moves towards the door.

Mosiewicz grabs the LAMP from a nearby table, and smashes it across the back of Sarah's skull. She's down now, and we expect the doctor to make his escape, but apparently he's not finished. Seizing her collar in one hand, he punches her again, twice, before allowing her to drop limply to the floor. And finally, he's gone.

93 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE LOBBY. NIGHT. 93

Mosiewicz runs down the stairs of the apartment building toward the door to the street.

94 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT. 94

Sarah lies motionless. We wait for her to cough as we saw her do before. But she doesn't. She just continues to lie still.

An uncomfortably long period of time passes with no sign of movement whatsoever. This definitely isn't how we remember it.

95 INT./EXT. VIEW FROM THE WINDOW. CONTINUOUS. 95

Down on the street below, just as before, we see Mosiewicz bursting from the building and running away. But now Sarah is not even standing here to see it.

96 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 96

Sarah hasn't moved. She's out cold.

97 INT./EXT. VIEW FROM THE WINDOW. CONTINUOUS. 97

In the distance, the figure of Mosiewicz gets smaller and smaller and threatens to vanish entirely from view.

And this time, it does. He's gone.

98 INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE. NIGHT.

98

David, cradling Sarah's head in his lap, holds a blood-soaked tea towel to her cheek. With his other hand, he dabs gently with a handkerchief at her split lip: his handiwork.

Stephen bursts in, out of breath.

STEPHEN

Nothing. Not a trace. Nothing at all.

(a beat)

How's she doing?

DAVID

I thought she was coming round just before. But she's still out cold.

Stephen removes the gun from his inside pocket and lays it on a nearby side table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(a grim jest)

Who's that for - you or him?

STEPHEN

Suicide is not the worst option here, believe me.

(a beat)

I'll head back out in a moment. Just wanted to see how she was.

DAVID

He's not going back to the clinic, Stephen. He's gone. That's it. Fifteen years, it took them to find him. You think you're going to do it again in fifteen minutes?

STEPHEN

So you just want to give up. Do you want to make that phone call or shall I? You think this is going to go away? EVER? This is a national embarrassment.

DAVID

I don't see that we have any choice.

David lifts Sarah into his arms and, struggling at little at the dead weight, starts to carry her toward the bedroom. He kicks open the door.

Sarah stirs a little, opens her eyes groggily and closes them again. Stephen follows David into the room, livid.

99 INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS. 99

David drops Sarah onto the bed.

STEPHEN

You want to tell them how he got
hold of a piece of broken plate?
You want to tell them Sarah fell
asleep? Wonderful. Just don't
expect any support from me.

David sits down beside Sarah. Her top has ridden up. He protectively tugs it down. He brushes a strand of her hair back from her battered face. She lets out a little groan.

Both men freeze, eyes on her, waiting to see if she is finally coming round. But no more sound follows. Stephen picks up where he left off.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You're not taking me down with you,
David. I've done nothing wrong.
Remember that.

DAVID

(spluttering)
What?! You can honestly say with
all confidence that you've behaved
professionally on this mission?

STEPHEN

I haven't let my emotions get in
the way of duty. So, yes. I can.

DAVID

Are you serious? It was only the
fact that I kept my fucking
emotions in check that gave you the
opportunity to get yours out in the
open!

Stephen laughs derisively.

STEPHEN

Sorry, are we talking about emotions, here? Or dicks? Because if I'm not mistaken, it seems to me that, despite the fact that we're facing a world of trouble, the end of our fucking careers and total, utter humiliation, we appear to be sitting around discussing dicks.

Sarah opens her eyes, looks at them both, then closes them again before she speaks weakly.

SARAH

Shut up. Both of you.

She opens her eyes again and the men fall silent. She sighs deeply before speaking

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let me make something clear: I want to take responsibility. I screwed up, I'll face the consequences.

DAVID

Sarah, no -

STEPHEN

(interrupting)

Sarah, listen to me: only four people know what happened here. Us, and him. And he's gone. Like you said, David: what he did after the war, he'll do it again. New life, new identity... If people were to think he'd died here today, he'd be the last to deny it. He'd thank us.

DAVID

What are you suggesting?

STEPHEN

That we tell a new truth. A truth where none of us did anything wrong. Our truth.

Sarah sits bolt upright.

SARAH

(increasingly angry)

I don't need your protection, Stephen.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
 And if this about you trying to
 cover your own arse, forget it. I'm
 not getting involved in some
convoluted... This was my screw up.
 It has nothing to do with either of
 you. This isn't your decision to
 make...

Her increasing animation has reopened the wound on her cheek.
 She touches her hand to her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Shit.

David hands her the bloodstained tea towel and glares at
 Stephen.

DAVID
 (to Sarah)
 Take it easy. Rest now. We'll talk
 more later.

100 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 100

Sarah stirs. David is sitting protectively beside her. He
 brushes a strand of hair from her forehead.

DAVID
 (shouting into the hall)
 Stephen! She's awake.

Stephen steps in. Evidently, he was standing just outside the
 door.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 You want to tell her, or shall I?

SARAH
 Tell me what?

STEPHEN
 The decision has been made.

She stares at him, then David, confused.

SARAH
 What decision?

DAVID
 Stephen contacted the Embassy an
 hour ago. It's done.

SARAH
What did you say?

But she knows what he said. Stephen doesn't answer.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(struggling to accept it)
Why did you...? Why would you do
that? Without asking me....
without...

DAVID
He did it for you. For all of us.

STEPHEN
Congratulations. You killed
Mosiewicz. We got rid of the body.
You're a national hero. We all are.

Sarah closes her eyes. No choice left but acceptance. She looks gravely at the two men, speaks softly.

SARAH
How could you?

To her surprise, David takes her hand in his.

DAVID
You do understand that we can never
speak of it, Sarah? No matter what
happens. No matter where our lives
take us. Even if we marry - we
never tell anyone. Wives, husbands.
Children. This stays between us
alone.

Sarah squeezes his hand. Resigned. Pragmatic.

SARAH
I understand.

Stephen places his hand over their hands.

STEPHEN
And I'll always be around for you,
Sarah. If you need to talk... I'm
not going to disappear. I'll always
be in your life, I promise.

She forces a nod of acknowledgement, then looks at David, waiting - hoping - for a similar pledge. It doesn't come.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
 So this is a pact, alright? Solemn
 oath. The truth stays in this room.
 Between three of us. Always.
 Agreed?

DAVID
 Agreed.

SARAH
 (after a beat)
 Agreed.

101 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - 1997 - NIGHT. 101

The two young Mossad agents we met earlier stand exchanging awkward glances as, from within the house, we hear an argument raging.

SARAH (O.S.)
 The truth stays between the three
 of us? Fucking great idea - except
 there weren't just three of us,
 were there? There were four!

102 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS. 102

Older Sarah and older Stephen, just as we saw them together before: Sarah, curled up in the corner of her sofa, just out of Stephen's reach.

SARAH
 "He'll be the last to deny it?"??
 Remember that, Stephen? Remember
 SAYING THAT?!

Suddenly, as if sensing they're being watched - or perhaps just becoming aware of the volume Sarah has reached - the two simultaneously turn to towards the window onto the street, aware that Stephen's men are waiting outside. This is the moment we saw earlier.

STEPHEN
 Shhh. Keep it down.

SARAH
 Why bother?

She throws the newspaper cutting in his direction.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Won't be long before everybody
 knows. Oh shit. Shit!

She buries her face in her hands.

STEPHEN
 Did you read it properly? All the
 way through?

SARAH
 He's alive. He's in Russia. What
 else is there to read?

STEPHEN
 Well, firstly, it's just a local
 paper. Secondly, look how they're
 reporting it... "claiming to be the
 Surgeon of Birkenau"... And here,
 look: "the man, described by
 doctors at the home as suffering
 from dementia."
 (he scans the piece)
 "...Intends to investigate
 further..." They're not buying it,
 Sarah.

SARAH
 For now. Then they do investigate
 further. They find out the truth.
 The world's press descend. It's
 finished, Stephen. It's over.
 (gesturing at the package)
 I don't know what you think all
 this crap is for.

STEPHEN
 Yes, you do. Believe me, I'd do it
 myself if I could.
 (gesturing at his chair)
 But I can't. And David has bravely
 taken himself out of the picture.

SARAH
 You fucking... How could you -

STEPHEN
 (interrupting)
 So that leaves you.

SARAH
 I'm an old woman!

STEPHEN

And this is a very old man we're talking about.

SARAH

Are you mad?

STEPHEN

I'm only suggesting that you actually go and carry out exactly what you've been taking the credit for doing the last thirty years anyway.

SARAH

(a low blow)

You... This was your idea! All of it! I didn't ask for any of this! And now you want me to cover your arse? Save you the shame? The head of Mossad, kicked out for being a liar? Yeah, that would be a pity.

Stephen wheels over as close to her as he can manage and talks to her in a quiet snarl. He's intimidating with a capital I.

STEPHEN

Listen to me you fucking whore. Don't pretend to be the victim here. You were entrusted with one of the most important missions in the history of your country, and all you could think about was trying to fuck some pretty-boy agent who didn't even want you. And when your colossal ego couldn't handle the knock-back, you threw yourself at me instead. If you'd spent less time thinking about cock and more time focussing on what you were supposed to be doing, Mosiewicz wouldn't have escaped in the first place. So don't you ever, ever try to turn this around on me again. You owe me, and you owe David and you owe your country, and you fucking well know it.

Sarah chokes back tears of shock and anger.

SARAH

Get out, Stephen.

He doesn't move. She sobs a while more, then composes herself.

STEPHEN

If the truth comes out... To be honest, I don't care what my staff think of me... Or the public. The only thing I care about is Rebecca.

Sarah looks up at him sharply. He's struck a nerve.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Poor Rebecca. So proud of us. You should have heard her talking about you earlier. The book launch and everything. You're her whole world. And now she's going to find out the truth. Her mother and father are a pair of self-serving, cowardly, dishonest cunts.

Sarah swallows hard, glares at him and grabs for the newspaper article. She wipes her eyes and begins to reread.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I've managed to pour water on this at the office for now, but if anything more appears... if the newspaper manage to secure the interview they're talking about... an enquiry from our end is going to be unavoidable. You've not got long.

Sarah reaches for the package. She pulls out the PEN, and then ANOTHER PEN. She knows what these are.

SARAH

Two?

STEPHEN

The other one is for you. If you fail.

103 INT. EL AL JET - 1997 - NIGHT.

103

The plane has landed, and the last of the passengers file off. Once again, Sarah is the last to rise from her seat. The air hostess, standing nearby, regards her with concern.

SARAH

Who do I see about placing a
classified advertisement, please?

RECEPTIONIST

That would be me. 100 rubles for
twenty words. 5 rubles a word after
that. Do you have the advert with
you?

SARAH

Oh... No. I'll bring it in later.
What time will there be someone
here until?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm here until five. But I can just
write it down for you, if you want?

She uncaps her pen, holds it poised and ready.

SARAH

Ah no... Thanks, but I need to
think about the wording. I'll bring
it in. Thanks for your help.

The girl shrugs.

109 EXT. CAFE. DAY

109

Sarah stands talking on a PAY-PHONE in the corner of a cafe
whose grimy front window affords her a view of the newspaper
office.

SARAH

Stephen? Just to update you: I've
found the offices of the newspaper
that ran the piece. If I can get
into the journalist's files, I
should have the name and location
by tonight.

She pauses to listen to Stephen's response.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Of course I've got a fucking plan.

She hangs up the phone crisply and returns to a small table,
where a plate of unappetising food lies mostly untouched. She
places her knife and fork together on the plate as a waiter
approaches. They converse in Russian (subtitled)

WAITER
Finished?

She nods and he picks up the plate.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Coffee?

SARAH
Black, please... And a vodka.

The waiter returns with the bottle. Sarah hesitates, staring at the glass, then raises it in a toast before draining it in one.

She sets the glass down and it is refilled. We match cut to:

110 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - 1970 - NIGHT.

110

Another glass of vodka. It is picked up by a younger Sarah, (now 31). She is here with a younger David (now 30). In the same house we saw before, but decorated in a way that not only reflects the earlier era, but also a masculine presence.

BABY TOYS are strewn across the floor.

SARAH
To your retirement.

The two clink glasses. David knocks back his shot of vodka. Sarah follows suit, but starts giggling before she can swallow, and ends up spitting it down her front. They laugh.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(still laughing)
Shh! Shh! We'll wake Rebecca!

David put his finger to his lips and tries hard to stop laughing. Sarah leans back and takes a good look at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I don't think I've seen you smile
for... I don't know. Long time.

DAVID
Yeah. I suppose I was very... I
should have quit way before now.
Only mystery is why it took me so
long. You had the right idea.

SARAH

Well, I didn't have much choice,
did I? Rebecca on the way... It
wouldn't have been much of a life
for her, both parents in that line
of business.

David nods and pours two more vodka shots. They drink. This
time, Sarah gets hers down.

DAVID

Well, I appreciate you celebrating
with me. Thank you.

SARAH

Don't be silly! Don't have to thank
me... I mean, it's my pleasure.
We've... missed you.

DAVID

Same. You still writing?

SARAH

Yeah, when I can. Rebecca is kind
of hard work at the moment.
Terrible twos and all that. And
since the promotion, Stephen's
hours have just gone crazy, you
know? But, yeah. Still writing.

He smiles at her and she looks away, afraid of what might
happen if she meets his gaze.

111 INT. RUSSIAN CAFE - 1997. NIGHT.

111

The waiter hovers the vodka bottle over Sarah's glass and
looks at her quizzically. She wipes a tear from her face and
glances out of the window before answering.

SARAH

Oh... no. Thanks. Just the bill
please.

Across the road, a group of people leave the newspaper
office. Inside, the receptionist puts on her coat and picks
up her handbag.

112 EXT. RUSSIAN STREET. CONTINUOUS.

112

Sarah runs across the road, dodging a passing car, and
arrives, breathless, at the door to the newspaper office.

113 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE LOBBY. CONTINUOUS. 113

Sarah rushes in and over to the receptionist's desk.

SARAH
I'm so sorry! Nearly missed you,
there!

The receptionist stares at her, confused, not remembering.
Sarah fishes in her bag and proffers an envelope.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My classified ad?

The girl takes it, remembering now.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh yeah. Thanks.

Sarah hands over a 100 RUBLE NOTE.

SARAH
No, no, thank you.

The girl drops the envelope onto her desk, and slips the
money into a small DESKTOP DRAWER UNIT, as Sarah leaves.

114 EXT. RUSSIAN STREET. CONTINUOUS. 114

Sarah crosses the street and stops in a doorway beside the
cafe. Across the road, through the window of the newspaper
office lobby, she sees:

115 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE LOBBY. CONTINUOUS. 115

The receptionist taps a code into an alarm key-pad before
letting herself out.

116 EXT. RUSSIAN STREET. CONTINUOUS. 116

From her doorway, Sarah notices a young man, 25, waiting a
little way down from the office. We will later come to know
him as YURI. He calls to the receptionist as she locks up.

YURI
God's sake, Katia, come on! I'm
freezing!

The office finally secured, the receptionist trots up to him and takes his arm, and they walk away.

117 INT. RUSSIAN HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 117

It's dark and Sarah is lying on her bed, but she's wide awake and fully dressed. The bedside alarm GOES OFF.

The CLOCK reads: 1:00 am.

She gets up and fetches a TORCH and a PENKNIFE. After placing them in her bag, she slips on some GLOVES and her coat.

And she's gone.

118 EXT. RUSSIAN STREET. NIGHT. 118

Sarah arrives at the door to the newspaper office. A quick glance over her shoulder establishes that no one is watching.

Withdrawing her penknife, Sarah flips out an attachment and fumbles at the lock. We soon realise that it is no ordinary penknife. The door swings open.

119 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - LOBBY. CONTINUOUS. 119

The alarm begins to BEEP. Sarah whips out her torch. A quick twist and the beam becomes ULTRAVIOLET.

As Sarah moves swiftly towards the alarm box, the beam from the torch sweeps across the girl's desk, and we see Sarah's envelope glowing a deep PURPLE. We may also notice that the desktop drawer unit where the girl placed the money is smudged with purple FINGERPRINTS.

Sarah opens the alarm box and shines her beam onto the keypad. We see four PURPLE FINGERPRINTS, one deeply pigmented, the other three progressively less so.

Sarah takes a deep breath and punches the four marked keys in what she hopes is the correct order. The alarm falls silent.

She moves quickly out of the lobby...

120 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 120

...and into the main, open-plan office.

Using her torch on its regular setting, Sarah scours the desks for information.

Recognising the name on the unopened mail on one desk, Sarah dives down to the FILING UNIT beneath it and begins to rifle through the files.

Presently, she finds an OLD PICTURE OF MOSIEWICZ. He wears SS uniform, the same shot as the one in her own file, all those years ago.

Behind it, a stack of SCRIBBLED NOTES. She begins to scan them.

121 EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE BUILDING. NIGHT. 121

An extremely drunk Yuri and equally drunk receptionist have returned and are trying to open the door. It takes them a moment, as - unaware that it was unlocked - the girl has accidentally locked it. Yuri tussles with her playfully, keen for her to let him try instead, but she swats him away, rattles the handle, turns the key again and finally they're in, with much loud giggling at their own incompetence.

122 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 122

Their laughter is clearly audible from here. Sarah, still crouched beneath the desk, freezes.

123 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - LOBBY. NIGHT. 123

The receptionist stands by the alarm box, drunk and confused, as Yuri, impatient and equally drunk, comes up close behind her and reaches round to clumsily unbutton her coat.

RECEPTIONIST

That's so weird.

The coat undone, Yuri reaches round and snakes his hands up inside her sweater. She ignores him.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I swear I set the alarm.

YURI

What?

RECEPTIONIST

The alarm's not on.

YURI
Who gives a shit?

He moves his hands from her breasts to grab her around the waist and pull her away from the alarm box. She gives a jokey shriek and laughs as they stagger into the main office.

124 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 124

Yuri hits the lights.

Sarah is now completely visible, crouched beneath the desk.

The girl turns the lights off again, laughing. Yuri turns them back on and drags the girl away, towards where Sarah is hiding. She's in plain view. If they weren't drunk and preoccupied, they'd see her immediately, no question.

To Sarah's horror, Yuri leads the girl straight to the desk she is hiding under. With comical drama, he sweeps everything off the desktop and onto the floor.

Papers, pens and stationery items rain down past Sarah, followed by his coat and scarf, her coat, his jacket, her sweater, her bra.

The receptionist giggles and hitches up her skirt and Yuri pushes her down onto the desk.

Yuri's legs are now just inches from Sarah's face, and she is utterly trapped under the desk.

Yuri's trousers come down, the desk begins to move violently and both Yuri and the receptionist unexpectedly let loose with a drunken and incredibly explicit running commentary.

Sarah listens, frozen in fear and oddly aroused, all at once.

An EMPTY VODKA BOTTLE tumbles off the desk and lands with a hollow thump on the floor beside her...

125 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 1969. 125

...We pull back to find that the bottle is now on the floor at Sarah's home, where the younger Sarah and David sit, decades earlier. Sarah picks it up.

SARAH
Looks like we're out of vodka.

DAVID

Do we really need any more?

They both know the answer. They stare at one another, each utterly trapped in the other's gaze. A long beat. Then they're on one another with unrestrained urgency.

Two years of unreleased sexual tension channeled into one kiss. Never mind electricity; this is like being plugged into the national grid.

This can only end one way, and it does. They don't even manage to get their clothes off first. Sarah tears open her shirt, hitches up her skirt; David's trousers only make it as far as his thighs. This can't wait.

126 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM - 1997 - NIGHT. 126

Sarah remains trapped under the desk, caged by the entwined legs of Yuri and his colleague.

This is no French farce - it's really quite bleak, and we truly feel for Sarah. Miserable, afraid and utterly alone.

127 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 1969 - NIGHT. 127

David and Sarah are on the floor, fucking like the world is about to end. Which, in a way, it is.

OS, we hear a key in the door, the door shut. David and Sarah spring apart, hurriedly rearrange their clothes, but it's too late. Stephen is in the room, standing over them.

STEPHEN

I just spent the last week at work lying through my teeth to justify your leaving. And now this. I can't fucking believe you'd do this.

DAVID

I'm sorry. Stephen...

Stephen ignores him and crouches down close to Sarah, staring at her with considerable menace. Struggling with her shirt, now missing several buttons, she can't meet his eye.

STEPHEN

Mosiewicz was right. You're a slut. No wonder they picked you for the job.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

"We need someone who doesn't mind spreading their legs for a Nazi". No problem, we've got just the girl. She'll pretty much spread 'em for anyone.

She starts to cry.

SARAH

Shh. Stop shouting. You'll wake Rebecca.

Stephen grabs her roughly by the shoulders, hisses in her face through gritted teeth.

STEPHEN

I'm not shouting.

DAVID

Stephen, stop it... Calm down.

Stephen rounds on him.

STEPHEN

Don't ever tell me what to do in my fucking house, when I'm talking to my fucking wife. Get out! I'm serious. Get out now.

Sarah leaps up and runs over to David.

SARAH

I'm going with him.

DAVID

Sarah, don't... Sarah -

SARAH

(shouting)

No! You took advantage of me, Stehen. I was vulnerable and confused and... You took advantage. David was a gentlemen. He was... professional! He was thinking about focussing on... on what we had to do! And all you could think about was you couldn't stand that I was attracted to him and not you! And you know what? I don't think you even wanted me! It was all about winning, wasn't it? Proving a point, proving you were the fucking alpha male!

OS, we hear a toddler start to CRY. But Sarah carries on, getting steadily louder, borderline hysterical.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I know you'd like to just keep
 blaming me forever, but that's
 SHIT! All of this is your fault!
None of it would have happened if
 you'd just fucking LEFT ME ALONE!

Stephen lunges towards Sarah, but is stopped by David. He takes a swing at David instead, who effortlessly avoids it.

Blind with anger now, Stephen picks up a heavy-looking glass ashtray and runs at David. Forced into defensive action, David grabs Stephen's arm and flips him over his shoulder. Stephen lands heavily, awkwardly, on a coffee table.

A shocked silence, but for the sound of the baby crying from OS. Something is very wrong. Stephen remains in the twisted position in which he fell.

His eyes widen, his mouth opens soundlessly as he tries, but fails, to speak. He can't move his arms or legs at all.

Sarah runs to him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Stephen!

DAVID
 Shit...

STEPHEN
 Oh god... Help me.

SARAH
 Don't move.

Stephen looks at her imploringly.

STEPHEN
 I can't.

128 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM - 1997 - NIGHT.

128

Sarah closes her eyes as we hear Yuri and the receptionist's desk-top tryst come to its loud conclusion.

Yuri does up his trousers and ducks down close to Sarah to pick up their coats and other items of clothing. He doesn't see her. He and the girl proceed to dress.

YURI

Ready?

The receptionist crouches down next to the desk, and picks up a handful of papers, her face mere inches from Sarah's.

RECEPTIONIST

Shouldn't we tidy up your crap?

She remains crouched, scrabbling for a stapler and the empty vodka bottle. One tiny turn of her head and the two women will be face to face.

YURI

Nah. Fuck it.

The girl shrugs, stands, and dumps the few things that she has in her hands onto the desk before following Yuri out.

The light goes out again.

Shaking, Sarah flicks on her torch and replaces the items she is still holding from Yuri's file into the filing cabinet.

From OS, we hear the BEEP BEEP BEEP of the alarm being reset.

Sarah's heart sinks.

OS, we hear door to the street SLAM closed, and the KEY TURNING in the lock.

Sarah's eyes alight on A MOTION SENSOR, blinking in the corner of the room. This is not good.

She waits. And eventually - no choice - she darts from under the desk and runs for the door.

The motion sensor lights up and the alarm strikes up loudly with a warning BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

Sarah runs for the lobby.

129

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - LOBBY. CONTINUOUS.

129

Frantic, Sarah dashes to the alarm box, the insistent beep-beep-beep even louder here. Fumbling horribly, she turns on the ultraviolet beam but the pigment has obviously been partially smeared away when the girl reset the alarm, and it's no longer possible to discern the order in which to push the buttons.

Sarah struggles to remember, then desperately punches in a sequence. Nothing happens. The beeping continues.

No other options remaining, Sarah runs for the door, pulls out the skeleton key attachment on her penknife and wrestles with the lock. The alarm beeps on, surely about to go off at any moment.

Finally the door swings open and Sarah bolts into the street.

Moments later, the alarm CLANGS into action. Sarah keeps running down the darkened, empty street and doesn't look back.

130 INT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY.

130

The same office we saw back in 1967, redecorated. And now the man behind the big executive desk is Stephen, on the phone.

STEPHEN

Hang on.

He taps at his computer keyboard.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Stalina. Military hospital. Medium security. Located next to a non-nuclear military base.

131 INT. RUSSIAN HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

131

Sarah is on the phone to Stephen, and we intercut between the two.

SARAH

So how far is that from here?

At his desk, Stephen taps some more.

STEPHEN

...About a hundred and fifty miles. Pretty much the middle of nowhere.

SARAH

Medium security? At a hospital?

STEPHEN

This is Russia we're talking about, Sarah.

(a beat)

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
 So, it doesn't look like they've
 got to him yet?

SARAH
 The journalist has his interview
 scheduled for midday.
 (a beat)
 Anything come up on the name?

STEPHEN
 Yeah, an Ivan Bentok worked for the
 Russian military medical service.
 Junior surgeon. Retired in 1975.
 Right age.

Sarah leafs through a rail map as she listens.

SARAH
 Shit. The closest station is...
 (a beat, a frown)
 This isn't going to work by train.

STEPHEN
 So drive.

132 EXT. RUSSIAN STREET. NIGHT.

132

Dawn is threatening to break, but the streets are still
 deserted.

Sarah darts down a side-street where a row of beaten-up cars
 are parked.

A deep breath and she approaches a red one. Hands trembling,
 she fumbles her penknife from her bag and gets out the
 FLATHEAD SCREWDRIVER. Inserting it under the weather-
 stripping on the quarter-glass, she holds a tube of lipstick
 flat behind it for leverage and pushes her weight against the
 handle.

A CRACK runs through the glass. Sarah shifts the position of
 her tools, gives another push and the whole sheet POPS OUT.
 She just manages to catch it before it falls to the ground.

She studies her hand for a moment - it's cut, but not too
 badly - before snaking it through the gap and unlocking the
 door from the inside.

133 INT. RED CAR. NIGHT. 133

Sarah uses the screwdriver to lever off the dashboard cover, switches to the NAIL SCISSOR attachment, then hesitates at the spaghetti of wires that confronts her.

A pause as she searches her memory, then she works fast: ripping out the coloured wire, splicing the ignition wires and finally touching the starter wire to the splicing.

The car chokes into life. And she's away.

134 INT/EXT. RED CAR. DAY. 134

The car chugs through the deserted early morning streets.

Inside, Sarah glances down at a map open on the passenger seat and kicks at the accelerator. The engine WHINES.

Beyond the windscreen, the landscape shifts from grim suburban outskirts to equally grim open countryside, but Sarah's mind is elsewhere.

She glances down again, and we see that on top of the map is a sheet of paper on which Sarah has written the address of the Stalina Hospital. We close in on the word: HOSPITAL. And dissolve to...

135 INT. HOSPITAL - 1967. NIGHT. 135

... A SIGN that reads: HOSPITAL.

We pull back to find a drained, glassy-eyed younger Sarah walking the corridor. Eventually, she reaches a small deserted waiting area. David is here, on a plastic bench, his head in his hands. He stands up expectantly when she arrives. She shakes her head. It's not good news.

SARAH

He won't... be able to walk.

DAVID

Ever?

She shakes her head again. David reacts in queasy horror.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is he awake?

SARAH

He doesn't want to see you. He said... To tell you... That all he asks is that no one ever knows.

DAVID

What do you mean?

SARAH

You were never there. It was an accident.

(a beat)

And... we can't see each other. Anymore. Ever.

DAVID

Of course.

David takes her hands and kisses her on the forehead. He gazes at her wistfully.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Sarah.

This wasn't the response she wanted. Angry tears spring to her eyes.

SARAH

Just... "Goodbye, Sarah?" You come back into my life and, and leave... just... carnage... and then it's that easy for you to walk away? Are you fucking serious?

He stares at her, confused.

DAVID

I don't... Know what you want.

SARAH

(sobbing)

I don't feel any different! Why would I suddenly feel any different? I can't turn it on and off! I don't get how you can just say goodbye to me, and...

She starts to sob uncontrollably.

DAVID

But, you said...?

SARAH
I know what I said!

She throws herself onto him and he holds her as she cries.

DAVID
Let's just... do the right thing.
For once in our lives.

She cries even harder for a while. Then she turns her face up to him and tries to kiss him. For the second time in Sarah's life, David pushes her away. And although this time he's far more gentle, this is much, much worse. She pulls away, defeated.

SARAH
Just... Don't say goodbye. Don't say it.

DAVID
Ok. I won't.

She gives a polite nod of gratitude. He takes one last look at her. Then he turns and walks out of her life.

Sarah sits down heavily on the bench seat and begins to cry. We dissolve to...

136 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - 1997. DAY. 136

...Another WOMAN, sobbing on a bench. As we move out, we see a sign (Cyrillic, subtitled), that reads: STALINA HOSPITAL.

For all its cursory attempts at homeliness - the flower tubs, the neat brick walkway, the curtains at each window - this is unmistakably a stark and functional military institution.

Sarah's red car does a slow drive by.

137 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. CONTINUOUS. 137

Sarah strides up to the young male REGISTRAR behind the reception desk.

SARAH
Good morning. I'm here to visit Mr. Bentok?

The man squints at her, checks his register and squints at her again.

REGISTRAR

You're from the newspaper? Eleven O'clock appointment? Hmm... Because I have a man's name here. And non-relatives do need to pre-register. They sent you instead?

SARAH

Oh, no, no. I'm Mr Bentok's niece. Anna Barov. Here for moral support! I've been before, if you remember?

A moment's scrutiny, then a shrug.

REGISTRAR

Well, our visiting hours haven't changed, I'm afraid.

He points to a metal PLAQUE that reads:

VISITING HOURS: 11:00am - 1:00am, 5:00pm - 8:00pm

Sarah glances at her watch. It's 10.25.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

Take a seat?

SARAH

(turning on the charm)

Do you think I could perhaps sneak up a little early? I really need to have a little time with him before his... other visitor arrives. I'm sure you'll understand, given the situation.

The man shakes his head 'no', friendly but firm.

Changing tack, Sarah moves closer, cocks her head flirtatiously and lightly strokes his hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(seductive, girlish)

Do you think there's anything you might be able to do to help me out, here? I'd be so grateful if you'd be prepared to make an exception. You'd be my absolute hero...

The man freezes at first, then recoils from her, aghast.

REGISTRAR
What are you doing?

In a horrible moment of clarity, Sarah realises that the passing years have rendered the coquettish approach unworkable. She quickly withdraws her hand.

He points to a waiting area.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
Eleven O'clock. Help yourself to coffee.

138 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA. DAY. 138

Sarah sits down, staring at a large WALL CLOCK. It's second hand TICKS loudly in the quiet reception. And we flashback to a few days earlier...

139 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - 1997 - NIGHT. 139

Sarah stands outside, hesitant. Finally, she pushes the doorbell. We hear it CHIME. A long, long wait, and eventually David opens the door.

They stare at one another, neither able to speak, overwhelmed by their emotions, and we realise that, in all likelihood, they have not seen one another for decades - probably not since the hospital. Finally Sarah breaks the silence.

SARAH
May I come in?

140 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS. 140

David shuts the door and they fall into a tight, urgent hug that lasts for some time.

When finally they part, David motions Sarah into the living room.

141 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 141

David gestures apologetically at the squalid room.

DAVID
I'm sorry about... all the mess.

Sarah waves his apology away and clears herself a space to sit on the debris-strewn leather sofa. She swishes her hand over it, revealing a streak of completely different-coloured leather, and we realise just how thick the dust is here.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm told that apparently you eventually hit a point when it doesn't get any worse.

(a beat)

I'm still waiting for that.

Sarah sits down.

SARAH

It's okay.

DAVID

It's not. I should dust. But sometimes it seems like there's no point. You can make everything look as shiny as you like. But have you ever looked into a ray of sunlight? It's all there.

Their eyes meet, and both are seeing the metaphor here.

SARAH

And you know it's going to come back.

(wistful)

True.

DAVID

Yep. Come back and smother everything. Again. Always.

(a beat)

How did you find me?

SARAH

Well, there are some advantages to having an ex-husband heading up Mossad.

(a beat)

You did know that Stephen and I...

DAVID

Yeah. Yeah, I heard. Sorry.

SARAH

Don't be. It's fine. We're fine. And... He's been a good dad to Becky. So.

DAVID
(a disbelieving headshake)
Director of Mossad... Crazy.

Sarah nods her who'd-have-thought-it agreement.

SARAH
So... When did you get back from
England?

DAVID
January. Ran out of money. Well, to
be fair I ran out of money long
before that. But January I ran out
of favours. So here I am. Home
sweet home.

SARAH
(awkward)
Do you need any... thing? Money.
You know. Because if you did, I...
I'd really like to...

DAVID
Don't be ridiculous! I can't take
money from you.

SARAH
I have another book coming out. The
launch is tomorrow... That's sort
of what I came here to tell you.
Anyway, I think by rights some of
the profits should go to you
anyway.

DAVID
Why?

SARAH
I don't know. It's your story too.

DAVID
What is?

SARAH
The book. It's a re-telling. It's
more... Honest than the first one.

David's eyes widen.

DAVID
Sarah, you haven't!

SARAH

God! No! No, of course not! God. I just mean it's more truthful about what happened... between us. In Berlin. You and me and Stephen.

DAVID

Right...

SARAH

Are you okay with that?

A long silence.

DAVID

Truth... Is good.

(a beat)

Do you ever think about him?

SARAH

Every day.

DAVID

For years I wished that we'd managed to bring him home. Then I realised that wasn't what I wanted at all. Thirty years, one thought, one regret... It's eaten me alive... Not killing him when I had the chance.

Their eyes lock.

SARAH

I know.

142 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. DAY.

142

The clock says 10.35. With a renewed sense of urgency and determination, Sarah approaches the reception desk again. Another man is talking to the registrar, and Sarah dutifully lines up behind him.

The registrar is studying the man's ID. When he hands it back, we see that it is a PRESS CARD, identifying the man as YURI KRUPSKAYA. We may recognise the man in the photograph as Yuri from the newspaper office.

REGISTRAR

Okay, Mr. Krupskaya... Mr. Bentok is in room 414.

(MORE)

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
 You can take a seat over there.
 Help yourself to coffee.

Sarah hurries away towards the front door before Yuri has a chance to turn around.

143 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - PERIMETER. CONTINUOUS. 143

Sarah keeps walking away from the building, her eyes searching urgently for an alternative way in.

Iron GATES prevent visitors from circling the building within its high surrounding WALLS.

Wandering outside the perimeter instead, Sarah stops at a quiet spot beside a large DOOR.

Looking around first to confirm that she is unobserved, Sarah withdraws from her handbag what appears to be a small, slim METAL ROD. As she telescopes it out to a longer length and holds it up over the wall, we realise it is a PERISCOPE.

144 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - THROUGH PERISCOPE. DAY. 144

In the tiny lense, we see what Sarah sees: a side entrance of the building beside a small garden. Nurses and elderly patients sit and stroll around.

An ELDERLY WOMAN in a wheelchair glances up from the book she is reading and appears to stare directly at us.

145 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - PERIMETER. DAY. 145

On the other side of the wall, Sarah collapses the gadget to its original size and continues her walk.

She comes upon an open gate beside a row of DUMPSTERS and WHEELED TRASH CANS. She darts in through the gate, making a beeline for the open back DOOR ahead, but a COOK looms from inside and eyes her sternly.

COOK
 The entrance is round the other side.

SARAH
 Oh... I... Thanks. Thank you.

She moves away slowly, in the hopes that he'll go back in, but momentarily, he lights up cigarette. He's not going anywhere for a while. And he continues to watch her.

So Sarah returns to her circuit.

146 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA. DAY. 146

Yuri sits staring at the clock. It says: 10.41.

147 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - PERIMETER. DAY. 147

Sarah is using her periscope aerial again.

148 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - THROUGH PERISCOPE. DAY. 148

In the lens, we see a back section of the hospital that appears to be deserted. There is a fire escape door here. This would be the perfect ingress to the building, if only Sarah could somehow get here.

149 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - PERIMETER. DAY. 149

Sarah replaces her gadget in her handbag and stares at the wall, thinking, before turning purposefully and walking back in the direction she came from.

150 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA. DAY. 150

Yuri continues to wait. The clock says: 10.43.

151 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL. DAY. 151

Sarah is back at the dumpsters. As quietly as she can, she pushes a wheeled trash can away and around the corner.

At the section of wall behind which lies the quiet area and the fire escape door, Sarah stops and wedges the trash can into place against the wall.

Carefully, she climbs on top of the trash can and, gripping the wall, jumps up to get on top of it. At this sudden movement, however, the bin wheels away from beneath her. Her hands slip from the wall and she falls to the ground, landing heavily. There's a sickening CRACK, and Sarah shrieks in pain.

With nauseous dread, she studies her right arm. Her hand hangs limp, the wrist swollen and jutting at an alarming angle. Neither Sarah nor we need a medical degree to know beyond doubt that it is broken.

Whimpering in pain, Sarah tries to gather herself. Deep, uneven breaths.

Sarah scrabbles in her handbag with her left hand and produces one of the syringe pens we saw earlier. She shoves it into her pocket.

A beat, and then she dives into her bag once more and withdraws the other pen. We may recall that this one was for Sarah's personal use, if she failed in her mission. She swallows hard and places it into her pocket along with the first pen.

Then, she throws her handbag into the bin and re-closes the lid.

Finally, she braces her hands against the wall, takes a deep breath and, with considerable force, smashes her face against the concrete.

She reels back, her cheek and forehead reddened and grazed. She touches her fingertips lightly to her eyebrow and studies them.

A beat, and then she launches herself into the wall again. This time when she checks, there is blood on her fingertips.

Satisfied, she staggers away.

Arriving back at the large door we saw earlier in the section of wall behind the garden, Sarah takes another breath and SCREAMS. She beats on the door with her fists.

SARAH

Help me! I've been mugged! Help!

Nothing.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Help! Please! Help me!

There is a rattling from the other side of the door, and we hear a bolt sliding into place. The door swings open and a pair of nurses stare at Sarah in shock. ALEXANDRA and SOFIA, both in their 20s.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He took my bag! A man back there - my wrist! Oh god!

Sofia rushes forward and put her arm around Sarah, guiding her into the garden.

SOFIA
 (panicking)
 We don't have a casualty department
 here! Come in, okay? I'll call an
 ambulance!

SARAH
 Is there another hospital nearby?

ALEXANDRA
 Forty minutes away.

SARAH
 Oh god, it hurts!

A male nurse, SERGEI, runs over. The following happens
 quickly with everyone talking over one another.

SERGEI
 (to Sarah)
 What happened?

SOFIA
 She was mugged outside!

SERGEI
 Have you called security?

ALEXANDRA
 I'll do it now.

She hurries away.

SARAH
 I think it's broken.

SERGEI
 Take her inside.

SOFIA
 Come upstairs with me. What's your
 name?

SARAH
 Anna Barov. My uncle is a patient
 here.

Sergei runs to the door, scanning the street for the invented
 mugger. Sofia takes Sarah by her good arm and leads her away.

SOFIA
 Come on.

152 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA. DAY. 152

Yuri paces, impatient. The clock says: 10:50.

153 INT. MEDICAL ROOM . DAY. 153

Sarah sits up on an examination couch, her wrist and forearm now in a tight bandage. Sofia gently moves the arm into an upright position against Sarah's chest

SOFIA

That should help a little until you
get it set properly at the
hospital. Keep it upright, okay?

Sarah nods gratefully.

Sofia glances out of the door to make sure no one is watching, then shakes a couple of pills out of a bottle and hands them to Sarah.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I shouldn't really do this... You
won't tell anyone?

SARAH

I promise... Thank you.

Sofia hands Sarah some water and she swallows the pills.

SOFIA

No problem. It's a long way to
travel back to town. I broke my
wrist once. No pain like it.
Anyhow, the ambulance is on its
way. Have a lie down, huh? Those
might make you a little sleepy.

Sarah gives Sofia a grateful smile as she leaves, but her expression returns to rising concern the moment she's alone. Sleepy is not good.

Sarah jumps up, forces her fingers down her throat and runs to the sink where she heaves up the pills.

The CLOCK on the wall says 10:57.

Sarah looks at it anxiously and throws open a cupboard, and then another, looking for something.

- 154 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. DAY. 154
Yuri walks over to the reception desk.
- 155 INT. MEDICAL ROOM. DAY. 155
Sarah pulls off her sweater, wincing in pain. Using only her good left hand, she hurriedly pulls off her skirt and tights and stashes her clothes in a cupboard before pulling on a HOSPITAL GOWN.
- 156 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. DAY. 156
The registrar smiles at Yuri and points towards the bank of elevators. Yuri nods and heads towards them.
- 157 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. 157
Sarah hurries down a corridor, trying in vain to do up the ties at the back of her hospital gown. With only one good hand, it's nearly impossible.
- 158 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. DAY. 158
Yuri pushes impatiently at the elevator button. And not, we guess, for the first time. He pushes it again, repeatedly. Finally, frustrated, he walks away and begins to make his way to the nearby stairs, instead.

We now intercut between Yuri and Sarah as both make their speedy way toward's room 414.
- 159 INT. ROOM 414. DAY. 159
Sarah enters quietly. In the bed, a very elderly man lies asleep.

Sarah first checks the chart at the foot of his bed. The names reads:

IVAN BENTOK.

She crouches down beside him. A big moment. He may be old and helpless, but regardless: she is once again in the same room as the Surgeon of Birkenau.

The morning sunlight slants in through the half-closed slatted blinds, falling in rays onto the bedsheets. Sarah looks at the thick DUST dancing in the shafts of light.

Steeling herself, she takes one last, cold look, draws out her pen and clicks to extend the hypodermic needle it conceals. With a swift push, she injects the contents of the "pen" directly into the IV tube that leads to a canula in the back of his hand.

SARAH
(softly)
For you, David.

It's over. A final moment's pause to take this in, and Sarah is out of there.

160 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS.

160

Sarah closes the door behind her and walks towards the elevator, passing Yuri on her way. Intent on checking the room numbers as he hurries down the corridor, he doesn't even glance at her.

Looking back over her shoulder, Sarah is alarmed to see him entering room 414.

At the end of the corridor, the elevator doors open - DING! - and Sarah breaks into a trot, holding her bad arm up against her chest and gritting her teeth at the increasing pain.

A NURSE exits the elevator as Sarah enters, and, not recognising this roaming patient, turns back with a confused double-take. But it's too late. The lift doors have closed.

161 INT. LIFT. DAY.

161

Alone now in the lift, Sarah starts to cry.

The lift door opens and a DOCTOR enters. She tries to compose herself. He looks with concern at her patient's robe, injured face and obviously traumatised state.

DOCTOR
Are you supposed to be out of bed?

SARAH
Oh, yes... I'm fine. I just...
Needed some company. You know how
it is.

The doctor nods sympathetically.

DOCTOR
 Good idea, good idea. Off to the
 rec. room?
 (off her nod)
 Heading that way myself.

The lift doors open at the ground floor, and the doctor puts a friendly hand on Sarah's back and steers her away from the front doors and freedom, and down a corridor instead.

162 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS.

162

As she and the doctor walk the corridor, Sarah sees SOFIA, the nurse who cared for her earlier, approaching. Sarah bows her head as low as she can manage.

Sofia passes without noticing her, and Sarah can finally exhale.

163 INT. REC ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

163

A large room, full of elderly men and women, a few in patients robes, others in pyjamas or comfortable leisure clothes. Some talk and play cards. Others sit alone doing puzzles or reading. Many eat plates of food from a large BUFFET TABLE near the door. But most appear to just be staring out of the windows or into space.

DOCTOR
 Here we go.

Sarah smiles her gratitude and takes a seat at a table alone, as close to the door as possible, and watches the doctor as he moves away, intending to make a break for it at the first opportunity.

The doctor makes his way to a corner where he begins talking to an OLD WOMAN ATTACHED TO A DRIP. He glances over at Sarah again and she throws him a little wave.

Looking around the room, biding her time before she can escape, Sarah surveys the sea of old faces.

Suddenly, her eye is drawn to a card table where four men play a lively game of bridge. Her eyes alight on the face of one of the men. And her world implodes. Without a shadow of a doubt, it is Szymon Mosiewicz.

Somehow, she has killed the wrong man.

Sarah reacts, frozen to the spot.

Slowly, Mosiewicz, rises from his chair and begins to walk across the room towards her. She looks down, desperate. But he passes without seeing her and exits into the corridor.

A couple of beats and Sarah rises too and begins to follow him.

As she passes the buffet table, she reaches out to a platter of smoked fish and swipes a CARVING KNIFE lying beside it.

164 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS. CONTINUOUS.

164

We follow as Sarah stalks Mosiewicz through the corridors until, rounding a corner, it appears that he has gone.

The corridor is lined with doors, and Sarah begins to try them. Two are locked, and a third leads to an empty room.

Looking further down the corridor, however, she spots a sign denoting that another, further along, is in fact the men's restroom.

Without hesitation, Sarah pushes open the door and enters.

165 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM. CONTINUOUS.

165

The cubicles are empty, but we can hear the sound of someone urinating. Sarah steps silently into the room.

Mosiewicz is here, at the urinals. Sarah moves closer, stealthy and without a sound, the knife gripped tightly in her good hand.

Suddenly, he turns. A sudden movement from Mosiewicz and a look of utter surprise on Sarah's face before she looks down to see that in his hand he holds: A PAIR OF SCISSORS. Their tips covered in blood. Her blood.

The knife falls to the floor, and Sarah falls beside it, her hand moving weakly to her clavicle, where a blood stain is beginning to spread across the patients' gown.

Mosiewicz stands over her.

MOSIEWICZ

You Jews never knew how to kill.
Only how to die.

Sarah moves her lips, but no words come out. Mosiewicz begins to wipe the scissors clean with his handkerchief.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

I knew you'd come. The moment senile old Bentok lost it. My stories, his stories, he didn't know the difference. Poor old fool didn't even know his own name any more. Started blabbering to anyone who'd listen... I knew it wouldn't be long.

(a beat)

I should never have told him, of course. We should take our secrets to the grave, people like me... And you.

A sudden movement from Sarah now, and the carving knife is in Mosiewicz's leg. The scissors drop to the floor as he stumbles back against the wall.

Sarah struggles to her feet and comes at him again with the knife. Mosiewicz grabs both her wrists, causing her to cry out in pain. In her weakened state, it's not hard for him to gain the upper hand. The knife falls again, and shoots away across the tiled floor.

Mosiewicz grabs Sarah by the neck and pushes her towards the row of basins. He forces her face down hard onto a GLASS SHELF above the nearest basin. It shatters.

He grabs her hair and smashes her face onto the basin.

We're not sure for a moment if Sarah is still conscious. Until she reaches for one of the SHARDS OF GLASS that have fallen into the basin. Bloodied but unbowed, she wrestles her way out of Mosiewicz's grip, wheels round and slashes blindly at him. He raises his hands to his face in defense and the glass slices deeply through his palms. He staggers backwards.

Sarah throws herself onto him and they fall to the ground. There is a dreadful crack as Mosiewicz's head hits the tile. As he lies momentarily stunned, Sarah maneuvers onto to him, pinning his arms, and holds the shard of glass to his neck.

Mosiewicz looks at her impassively.

MOSIEWICZ (CONT'D)

What happened to the woman who was so determined not to give me the satisfaction of death, the satisfaction of avoiding trial?

SARAH

You'll have your trial, Mosiewicz.
Higher justice.

(a beat)

Very satisfying book, the bible. I
think that's what you said.

MOSIEWICZ

You don't have to kill me, you
know. Bentok was the only one who
knew. And Bentok is dead.

Sarah hesitates a moment.

SARAH

How... do you know?

MOSIEWICZ

Because I killed him this morning.
The journalist was due to return.
It was the kindest thing to do.
He'd lost his mind, anyway.

SARAH

You...

MOSIEWICZ

I'll protect your secret and you'll
protect mine. As we have for 30
years. It's what we both want.

Sarah shakes her head slowly and presses the glass more
firmly into his neck. Mosiewicz swallows hard.

SARAH

If we Jews know so well how to die,
Mosiewicz, I hope you observed us
carefully. I hope you watched, and
you learned. Because you're looking
at one who knows how to kill.

With that, Sarah presses the glass again into Mosiewicz's
throat. He winces. But it does not break the skin.

Sarah hesitates a moment. And then she tosses the shard of
glass aside and stands up.

Mosiewicz begins to chuckle.

MOSIEWICZ

Are you sure?

Never taking her eyes from his, Sarah reaches down and removes the syringe pen embedded in his thigh.

He looks down in alarm, his laughter stopping abruptly as he feels the cold creep of lethal chemicals through his veins. He looks back at her, eyes wide. And then he's gone.

SARAH

Yes.

Working quickly and calmly, she drags Mosiewicz's body over to the basin.

Then she leaves, closing the door behind her.

166 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. 166

Sarah hurries away as inconspicuously as she can, trying to conceal the blood leaking into the gown from her shoulder wound.

167 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR. DAY. 167

Sofia, the nurse, arrives at the door to the medical room with TWO MEDICS. One pushes a wheelchair. Sofia turns the handle and swings the door open.

SOFIA

Mrs Barov? The ambulance is here.

168 INT. MEDICAL ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 168

Sofia and the medics step into the room to find...

Sarah. Wearing her clothes again, standing beside the bin for hygienic disposal of medical waste items. She snaps it shut.

SOFIA

Mrs. Barov?

Sarah turns and makes a convincing play of grogginess.

MEDIC

(to Sarah)

Let's get you into the chair.

He guides her into the wheelchair. As he starts to wheel her out, the second medic spots the bloodstain.

SECOND MEDIC
 (to Sofia)
 She has a puncture wound also?

SOFIA
 I, I didn't... see. I'm sorry. She
 was in so much pain with her wrist.
 I didn't know.

MEDIC
 (to Sarah)
 We're going to get you downstairs.

And the two medics begin to lift her gently into the chair.

169 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL. DAY. 169

The ambulance pulls away down the drive, turns into the main road and speeds away. That the siren is not on is surely a good sign.

170 INT. EL AL JET. NIGHT. 170

A PRETTY AIR HOSTESS walks the aisle, past row upon row of sleeping passengers.

Sarah is here in a window seat, awake once again, her head resting against the window. She's bruised and her arm is in a sling, but for the first time, she is wearing an expression of perfect serenity.

She closes her eyes. And in just a few moments, the deep rise and fall of her chest tells us that, at last, Sarah is sound asleep.

171 EXT. EL AL JET. NIGHT. 171

From outside the window, we see Sarah's peaceful face. We pan away, along the body of the plane, past the rest of the windows, towards the tail...

...Where we come to rest upon: the Star of David.

FADE TO WHITE.

172 THE END 172