

The Wunderkind

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EXT. NORDHAUSEN V-2 ROCKET FACILITY, LAUNCH SITE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: NORDHAUSEN, GERMANY 1944

NAZI OFFICERS crowd around a tin shed in an open field.

Using binoculars they watch a TECHNICIAN run from the base of a SIXTY-FOOT ROCKET to a blast shelter nearby.

VOICE OVER RADIO (O.S.)
Four. Three. Two. One. Ignition.

A giant rush of flame licks out from beneath the rocket as it slowly rises and arcs up into the night sky.

Illuminated by the rocket's blast, a smile creeps across the face of KARL DREXLER, 40, a tall man with an arrogant face.

Drexler lowers his binoculars and nudges the man next to him, S.S. OFFICER FRANZ FOLTERN, 50, with the face of a thug. A scar runs across his left eye.

FRANZ FOLTERN
Merry Christmas, Mr. Churchill.

The Nazis laugh -- all but one. JULIUS HEINRICH, 23, he is the only man not dressed in uniform. Heinrich is way younger than the others.

He watches the rocket intently with no expression then lowers his field glasses and taps his watch as he counts.

HEINRICH
Twenty-two, three, four. Now.

He points up to the rocket. It glides through the sky. Heinrich cocks his head to the side, Drexler smiles.

Suddenly the rocket EXPLODES IN A GIANT FIREBALL.

The OFFICERS cringe, Heinrich smirks.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
Very good, it made it into the third stage by three seconds.

Drexler is furious, he clenches his jaw.

Heinrich signals to an AIDE, who pulls up in a VOLKSWAGON JEEP and whisks him away.

Drexler grabs his hat and smacks a JUNIOR OFFICER with it.

DREXLER
Goddamnit!

The other officers watch in fear as Drexler accosts the man.

DREXLER (cont'd)
Why is the altitude gauge still
failing?

Foltern grabs Drexler's arm and leads him out of the shed.

DREXLER (cont'd)
Elevation, it's a simple fucking
principle!
(to Foltern)
And who is this child to tell me
how to do my job? I have socks that
are older than him.

Drexler throws his hat in the dirt and stomps on it.

FRANZ FOLTERN
The Fuhrer sent Herr Heinrich,
however young, to bring your camp
up to speed. I think we ought to
trust him. Or do you disagree with
his choice?

Drexler looks into Foltern's grizzled face and regains his
composure.

DREXLER
No, of course not. Thank you,
Franz.

Foltern stares Drexler in the eye for a beat then walks away.

Drexler picks up his hat and dusts it off.

EXT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, RAIL YARD - DAY

A FREIGHT TRAIN grinds to a halt and TWO NAZI SOLDIERS open
the doors.

As the TIRED MEN fall out of the train they peer up into the
night sky.

A thin line of flame trails a rocket as it climbs then
suddenly EXPLODES.

A STRAGGLER trips in the mud. A SOLDIER kicks him. When he
doesn't rise the soldier lifts him back on the train.

NAZI SERGEANT

Line up now, quickly! Men who have experience with machinery here, men who have experience with books here.

ARIEL BRAUER, 23, stout and handsome with a warm face, looks back at the boxcar.

Ari watches as JACOB STONE, 40s, steps off the train. Jacob surveys the scene calmly.

He pulls off his reading glasses and drops them in the mud.

NAZI SERGEANT (cont'd)

Books here! Machinery here!

Jacob gets in the machinery line. Ari follows him.

FOLTERN walks between the two lines examining the men. He nods to the sergeant.

NAZI SERGEANT (cont'd)

Book men, back on the train!

Ari watches as the confused men climb back onto the train, one BOOK MAN stops halfway up.

BOOK MAN

I have both. I'm an accountant but I was raised on a farm.

Foltern approaches with a crooked grin.

FRANZ FOLTERN

They need all the accountants they can get at the next stop.

He grabs the man's face and shoves him back into the train. TWO SOLDIERS bolt the door shut.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, PRISONERS' BARRACKS - DAY

Ari pulls his striped laborer's uniform over his head. The dirty fabric chafes the fresh serial number tattooed on his forearm.

JACOB (O.S.)

When you're on the assembly line, put packing grease on it.

Ari looks at him with curiosity. Jacob is filthy from a shift in the plant.

Jacob shows Ari his forearm, it's smeared with grease.

He takes Ari's arm and looks at the serial number. **777429**.

JACOB (cont'd)
777. You know chemistry?

ARI
My family ran a brewery.

JACOB
400 level, you went to University?

Ari nods.

JACOB (cont'd)
They'll put you in charge of a crew.

Ari looks at the number on his arm.

JACOB (cont'd)
Hungry?

ARI
Eh, I could maybe make room for something small.

Jacob cracks a tiny smile. He hands Ari a bread crust from inside his uniform and Ari wolfs it down.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

TITLE CARD: 6 MONTHS LATER

The hangar is filled with machinery. JEWISH PRISONERS toil to assemble engine components under the watchful eye of NAZI TECHNICIANS.

Looking exhausted, Ari checks a gauge on a tank marked FLAMMABLE and turns a valve, releasing pressure with a HISS.

Jacob approaches holding a clipboard and the two exchange a knowing glance.

Jacob looks at a PRISONER seated a few feet away attaching a vane to a rocket. Next to him is a bucket of rivets.

Jacob signals to him with a slight nod.

The prisoner intentionally pinches his hand in the riveter and SCREAMS out in pain.

He deliberately kicks the bucket of rivets, scattering the metal pieces all over the floor.

A TECHNICIAN and THREE SOLDIERS quickly surround the man. The technician slaps the man across the face, grabs a soldier's club and beats him.

Checking that the Nazis are distracted, Jacob reaches into his pants and removes a bottle of blue liquid.

He opens a fuel tank and pours in the contents of the bottle.

The Nazis finish abusing the prisoner and he scrambles on the floor picking up the rivets.

Jacob bends down to help the man grab a rivet from under the tank. When he rises, Julius Heinrich is standing in front of him along with TWO SOLDIERS.

Jacob lowers his eyes. Heinrich reaches his hand down the front of Jacob's pants and removes the empty bottle. He drops it on the floor. It shatters.

Heinrich pulls a pistol from his suit jacket and shoots Jacob in the temple, killing him instantly.

HEINRICH

If the next launch fails, I'll kill every one of you.

Heinrich exits without another word.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, PRISONERS' BARRACKS - NIGHT

The crowded room is filled with silent expectation. TWO MEN struggle to hold Ari so that he can peer through a crack in the roof.

NERVOUS PRISONER

Has it gone yet?

An OLD PRISONER on a top bunk near Ari SHUSHES him.

NERVOUS PRISONER (cont'd)

He can't kill us all, who will work the plant for him? He needs us.

Ari looks down at the man -- that's bullshit and you know it.

The nervous prisoner stares at the floor and MUMBLES.

ARI'S POV: THROUGH THE CRACK HE WATCHES THE ROCKET TEAR THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY AND DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON.

Ari gestures and the men lower him. The nervous prisoner stands in front of him.

NERVOUS PRISONER (cont'd)
Did it work? Did it fly?

Ari nods to him. The nervous prisoner drops to his knees and starts davening.

ARI
When you're done thanking him I
hope you beg his forgiveness.

He pushes the prisoner aside and climbs into his own bunk.

INT. PRISONERS' BARRACKS, NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY - NIGHT

Ari lays awake staring up. The men are all sleeping.

Suddenly a LOUD LAUGH rumbles in from outside. The men stir.

The door bursts open and FRANZ FOLTERN enters with a NAZI OFFICER carrying a SOMETHING HEAVY wrapped in a sheet. Foltern is beside himself with laughter.

FRANZ FOLTERN
A little thank you gift, my Hebrew
friends.

The officer whips off the sheet revealing a half eaten roasted hog, the apple still in its mouth.

Foltern and the officer exit the barracks in hysterics.

The prisoners slowly climb out of their racks and surround the pork staring down at it.

In the front of the circle, the Old Prisoner looks at Ari and then addresses the others.

OLD PRISONER
No one touches it! We won't give
them the satisfaction.

The men slowly nod, some grumble but all back away.

Ari tears a hunk of meat off and stuffs it in his mouth. He pulls the apple and tosses it to the old man.

ARI
Fuck them, I'm hungry.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, OFFICERS' MESS HALL - NIGHT

The Nazis sit around a long table covered with a feast. Heinrich is at one end, Dr. Drexler at the other.

YOUNG OFFICER
... for them it's cannibalism!

The table erupts with laughter. Heinrich only smiles politely.

DREXLER
Congratulations, your plant is running at full efficiency.

The officers all raise their glasses. Heinrich doesn't have a drink in front of him.

DREXLER (cont'd)
Have some champagne, sir. You're old enough to drink, aren't you?

The table goes silent as all eyes are on Heinrich.

Finally he cracks a wide smile. He signals for the young officer to pour him a glass.

HEINRICH
Here's to *your* plant, Doctor. May the rest of the Fuhrer's efforts go as well.

The officers all CHEER and guzzle champagne.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
I'd like to take a photograph on this momentous occasion.

Heinrich stands and holds up a shiny new CAMERA.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
A present from my fiancée.

He gestures for all the officers to crowd together at the far end of the table around Dr. Drexler.

DREXLER
She must be very in love, to give such an expensive gift. I never knew what happiness was until I got married. And then it was too late!

Big laughs all around.

DREXLER (cont'd)
Everybody smile for the nice girl.

The Nazis grin for the camera and the bulb flashes.

EXT. OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

TITLE CARD: BRAZIL 1973

A RED PICK-UP TRUCK is parked next to a barbed wire fence on a long stretch of empty road surrounded by ranch land.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

In his scarred hand, the driver grips a worn copy of the photograph of the Nazi dinner at Nordhausen.

The hand belongs to Ariel Brauer, now in his 50's, a lion of a man, his appearance forged by a life of war.

His Nordhausen serial number, **777429**, is still legible on his forearm. Ari is wearing a cowboy hat and a pair of coveralls crusted with red dirt.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: The arrogant smiles of the Nazi officers.

Ari tosses the photo on the seat next to him. He shakes a smoke out of a soft pack and lights it.

He grabs a pair of binoculars and gazes at the gate of a ranch a mile south of where he's parked.

WALKIE TALKIE (V.O.)
(Hebrew / subtitles)
First position, check in.

Ari flicks a long ash off the end of his cigarette.

WALKIE TALKIE (V.O.)
(Hebrew / subtitles)
First position, check in. Repeat,
first position, check in.

He sets the binoculars down, reaches under the seat slowly and picks up the walkie.

ARI
Sargeant Noar, we have two rules
for the radio. One, always use
English, there's only one military
in the world that speaks Hebrew.
And two, never use the radio.

Ari switches the walkie off and puts it back under the seat. He picks up the field glasses and settles in for the wait.

INT. WAITING ROOM, SHERIFF'S OFFICE, RURAL BRAZIL - DAY

The kind of place where disputes over livestock are settled. The only thing that isn't covered in a layer of dirt is the MIDDLE-AGED SECRETARY.

AGENT SAMUEL BRAUER, 27, waits on a bench. Sam is handsome and athletic but modest, he has the kind of disarming smile that might even win over the lady at the DMV, but he's not having any luck with this one.

Sam looks over at the secretary who's leafing through a Brazilian tabloid and deliberately ignoring him.

He opens a MANILA ENVELOPE and withdraws a copy of the same Nordhausen photo. His copy is marked: CONFIDENTIAL - PROPERTY OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

On this print all the Nazis have the word DECEASED stamped over their faces except for one: Franz Foltern.

He pulls out ANOTHER PHOTO, this one in color. It shows a white-haired man getting out of a new Mercedes. The man has a deep scar running through his left eye -- it's FRANZ FOLTERN, 30 years later.

SAM

(Portuguese / subtitles)

Do you expect he'll be much longer, Miss? It's been an hour.

The secretary doesn't take her eyes off her magazine.

SECRETARY

(Portuguese / subtitles)

He's in a very important meeting.

Sam gets up and puts his sunglasses on.

SAM

(Portuguese / subtitles)

Please tell him I'll be back in a few hours.

She nods and Sam exits.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, RURAL BRAZIL - DAY

Sam looks at the brand new CORVETTE STINGRAY parked next to the office. The shiny sports car looks out of place in the dusty lot.

Sam walks around the old one story building and stands by an open window.

He tucks the manila envelope into his waistband, grabs the ledge and jumps up through the window.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, RURAL BRAZIL - CONTINUOUS

Sam lands on his feet with a LOUD THUMP.

The LOCAL SHERIFF, 40's, takes no shit, has his cowboy boots up on his desk and is leafing through a CATALOGUE OF CAR STEREOS. He is unfazed by Sam's abrupt entrance.

SAM
(Portuguese / subtitles)
I need to talk to you.

The secretary charges in, stumbling on her high heels.

Sam looks at the stereo catalogue.

SAM (cont'd)
(Portuguese / subtitles)
I realize you're a busy guy but
this is urgent.

Moving as little as possible the sheriff lowers the stereo catalogue and waves the secretary out.

SHERIFF
Sit please.

SAM
You speak English.

The sheriff smiles, showing some gold rimmed teeth.

SHERIFF
Better than you speak Portuguese.

Sam sits. He pulls out the recent photo of Foltern.

SAM
I'm looking for this man.

The sheriff lowers his boots off the desk, leans forward and takes a quick glance at the photo.

SHERIFF
I've never seen him before.

SAM

He's German. Does vehicle import and export. Maybe you ought to take another look at the photo to be sure.

The sheriff's self-satisfied smiles grows.

SHERIFF

I am sure.

SAM

He's been renting land in your county for two years. Keeps his cars on it while he's waiting for them to clear customs.

SHERIFF

Many people rent land in my county. It is not as small as you might think.

SAM

No, it's quite large. In fact this particular man hasn't left your county in over 18 months. But he's going to in about an hour.

SHERIFF

And?

SAM

I need to ask him some questions.

SHERIFF

What kind of questions?

SAM

He can help me find another man I've been looking for, for even longer.

SHERIFF

What do you want from me?

SAM

When I come into another man's jurisdiction, snatch up one of his citizens, throw a sack over his head and drag back with me I like to notify the local authorities.

The sheriff's eyes narrow.

SHERIFF

And why would I let you do this?

Sam gets up and walks to the window behind the sheriff's desk. The sheriff watches with annoyed curiosity as Sam crowds his personal space.

Sam flips open the blinds. He looks at the Corvette.

SAM

Thing about this guy is, turns out some of his cars have been, let's say, borrowed long term without permission.

An uneasy look flashes across the sheriff's face.

SAM (cont'd)

Your vette come with the stock stereo?

Sam reaches over the sheriff, grabs the car stereo catalogue off the desk and leafs through it.

SAM (cont'd)

G.M, can't make a radio for shit, can they?

Sam places a FAT KNOT of hundred dollar bills on the desk.

SAM (cont'd)

What do you say you give me a hand with my German friend and I'll get you a new one? And of course, no need to check the VIN on the Stingray.

The sheriff looks at the money for a beat.

SHERIFF

Let me see your photo again.

SAM

Take a look at this one, it's even better.

Sam hands him ANOTHER PHOTO. In it the sheriff stands in front of the Corvette as Foltern hands him the keys.

The sheriff's eyes dart from the photo to Sam. His smug look falls from his face.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari listens to Samba music on the truck's radio and watches the ranch driveway through his binoculars.

Suddenly A NEW MERCEDES SEDAN barrels down the ranch driveway, a dust cloud filling the sky in its wake.

Ari's face lights up. He turns up the music and puts the truck in gear.

INT. CORVETTE - OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

The old two-lane highway is very narrow and bordered on both sides by fences that come right up the side of the asphalt.

The sheriff drives, Sam rides shotgun. They're going 1000 miles an hour and Sam is watching the road intently.

The sheriff opens his window, slaps a flashing light on the roof of the Stingray and winks at Sam.

SHERIFF

It's a great car.

Sam nods and points out the windshield. The sheriff puts his eyes back on the road just in time to swerve around a STATION WAGON from the 50's.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

What time did you say was his flight?

SAM

Noon. But I can't take him at the airport.

The sheriff looks at the clock in the dash. It's 11:30.

SHERIFF

Not a problem.

He guns the engine and passes an OLD JEEP.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

Why didn't you just show me the photograph? You knew I would be forced to help.

SAM

That would have been rude.

The sheriff shows his gold teeth again.

They come up behind a CONVOY OF FARM TRUCKS HAULING BANANAS and the sheriff steers into the opposing lane to pass.

The Stingray jets past a BANANA TRUCK and Sam grips the door handle tight.

SHERIFF

The German, he was a Nazi?

SAM

That's right.

The Corvette is almost past the LEAD TRUCK from the convoy when a BUS approaches head on. At the last second the sheriff relents and swerves back into their lane behind the truck.

SHERIFF

And you just want to question him?
I won't let you kill him, not for any amount of money. I don't care how the CIA thinks it works down here.

The sheriff dips back into the opposing lane and guns it past the FINAL BANANA TRUCK.

Sam pries his eyes from the road and looks at the sheriff.

SAM

I need him alive, I'm looking for his old boss.

EXT. OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari's red pick-up cruises on the old two-lane black-top.

Up ahead the clean new Mercedes sedan motors along.

Ahead of them is a LONG CONVOY OF CATTLE TRUCKS.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari watches the Mercedes pull up to the rear bumper of the last CATTLE TRUCK in the convoy. Its brake lights flicker.

ARI

You don't have the balls.

The Mercedes swerves out into the opposing traffic lane and passes the truck.

Ari shrugs appreciatively. He grips the wheel with both hands and puts the pedal to the metal.

EXT. OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

The Mercedes works its way to the front of the convoy, speeding past the CATTLE TRUCKS one at a time, dipping back into the lane as it overtakes each of them.

Ari stays one truck distance behind the Mercedes as he fights through the convoy.

INT. FOLTERN'S MERCEDES, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

The DRIVER of the sedan is a YOUNG DARK-SKINNED BRAZILIAN. FRANZ FOLTERN is in the seat next to him. An OLD WHITE WOMAN dozes in the backseat.

The driver pulls out beside the FRONT TRUCK of the convoy.

He looks out the side window past Foltern in the passenger seat and into the BLOODSHOT EYES OF A BULL staring out of the cattle carrier.

Foltern smacks his arm and the driver looks out the windshield just in time to pull back behind the LEAD TRUCK and avoid colliding with an APPROACHING CAR.

Foltern gives the driver a stern look.

As the driver pulls back into his lane, Ari gets in front of the truck the Mercedes just passed and pulls up behind Foltern's car.

INT. CORVETTE - OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

The sheriff looks at Sam checking his watch.

SHERIFF

This is the only road to the airport. Relax, we'll make it.

Sam nods. Coming at them on the opposite side of the road is the CONVOY OF CATTLE TRUCKS.

When the Corvette is two hundred yards from the grille of the LEAD TRUCK in the cattle convoy the Mercedes swerves out into their lane and passes.

Sam whips his head around and looks back at the Mercedes.

SAM

That's him!

The sheriff taps his brakes.

SHERIFF

I know.

Suddenly Ari's red pick-up swerves out into their lane.

Ari's pick-up is twenty feet in front of the sheriff's Stingray, and they are both going over 90 miles an hour.

Sam and Ari lock eyes. A smile flashes across Ari's face.

They are going to collide.

At the last second Ari clears the lead truck, jerks back into his own lane and misses the sheriff's bumper by inches.

The lead truck blares its AIR HORN.

The sheriff swerves off the side of the pavement, smashing the side of the Corvette into a fence.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
(Portuguese / subtitles)
MOTHERFUCKER!

The sheriff grinds the Corvette off the fence but before he can turn around, the convoy of banana trucks he just passed has to pass him.

The sheriff waits in silent rage.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari looks in the rearview mirror and chuckles.

He cranks the stereo up so loud that the drum beats make the rearview mirror shake.

He spots a helicopter floating above the vast stretches of ranch land before him.

Ari reaches under the seat, grabs his walkie and turns it on.

He guns the engine and pulls up behind the Mercedes.

INT. CORVETTE - OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

As the last banana truck passes, the sheriff flips a bitch and floors it.

SAM
You'd better hurry if you don't
want Foltern to be killed now.

SHERIFF
The man in the truck?

SAM
Yes.

SHERIFF
You know him?

SAM
Unfortunately.

SHERIFF
Does he work for your agency?

SAM
He works for Mossad.

The sheriff glances at Sam confused.

SAM (cont'd)
Israeli.

SHERIFF
You are sure, you only saw him for
a moment?

Sam pulls an automatic PISTOL from his waistband.

SAM
He's my father.

The sheriff looks at Sam, then at the pistol in his hand.

SAM (cont'd)
We don't get along.

INT. FOLTERN'S MERCEDES, OLD INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari speeds forward and pulls up next to the Mercedes.

The driver smiles at Ari when he hears the music blaring out of the pick-up. Ari smiles back.

Foltern gives his driver a disapproving look.

Maintaining the same speed as the Mercedes, Ari gestures at the driver to roll down his window.

Nervously checking the road ahead for oncoming traffic, the driver rolls down the window.

He is confused when Ari continues to gesture, pointing downward.

DRIVER
(yelling)
Que?

Ari pulls out an UZI SUBMACHINEGUN and aims it at the Mercedes.

The terrified driver ducks his head and Ari fires into the Mercedes, riddling the old white man with bullets.

In the backseat the old woman wakes SCREAMING.

The Mercedes swerves off the road and crashes into a barbed wire fence.

The driver gets out of the sedan and runs.

Ari slams on his brakes, reverses back to the Mercedes and calmly gets out of the pick-up.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari drops the clip out of the Uzi and reloads. He walks over to the driver's side door and reaches in.

As Ari grabs Foltern by the shirt collar, the old woman slaps him.

He grabs her wrist and deftly cinches a short length of cord around it. He jerks her forward and binds the other end of the cord around the front seat's headrest.

ARI
(German / subtitles)
I'm not here for you, sweetheart.

She backs off whimpering and Ari drags Foltern out onto the dirt and knocks the sunglasses off his face.

Ari takes a fresh copy of the Nordhausen photo and pins it to Foltern's shirt.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Franz Foltern's face has been circled.

Foltern looks up at Ari and coughs blood into his white beard.

ARI (cont'd)
(German / subtitles)
Good to see you again, Franz.

Ari fires a single round into Foltern's forehead and walks back to his truck.

From inside the pick-up the walkie-talkie is calling out.

WALKIE TALKIE (O.S.)
Police vehicle inbound! Police
vehicle quarter kilometer!

Ari looks at the road and sees the sheriff's Corvette bearing down on him with its light flashing.

He hops back into the truck smiling.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

He puts the truck in gear and rams the barbed wire fence that separates the old highway from the ranch that surrounds it.

Ari looks out the window and sees the sheriff's Corvette getting closer.

Ari's truck is stuck on the fence. He grinds into reverse and backs off.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

The sheriff arrives and jumps out of the car, pointing his revolver at Ari from behind his door.

Sam bolts out of the Stingray and runs over to Foltern.

Ari slams the truck back into the fence, stretching the wires tight and breaking through.

The sheriff fires and shatters the truck's rear window.

Ari revs the engine. A cloud of dust sprays up from behind the pick-up as it bounds over a small hill moving away from the highway.

The sheriff jumps back into his Corvette.

As Ari pulls away from him, the sheriff fires another shot -- this one explodes the driver's side mirror on the truck.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, BRAZILIAN RANCH LAND - DAY

Ari looks in the rearview mirror and smiles at the sight of sheriff taking aim at him while driving.

EXT. BRAZILIAN RANCH LAND - DAY

The sheriff is keeping up, but his Stingray is taking a hell of a beating to do it.

The sheriff takes another shot. It hits Ari's back tire.

The truck fish-tails, sending a wave of red dirt over the windshield of the sheriff's car.

INT. TOYOTA PICK-UP, BRAZILIAN RANCH LAND - DAY

Ari works to maintain control of the pick-up. A steep hill approaches and he guns the engine.

The truck sails up over the hill -- but just beyond it is a larger hill. The front end of the pick-up slams into the second hill, jerking Ari forward into his seat belt.

EXT. BRAZILIAN RANCH LAND - DAY

Ari snaps off his seat belt and hits the ground running.

He moves like a man half his age as he disappears over the top of the hill, holding onto his hat.

The sheriff drives after him but the second hill is too steep for the Corvette and it slides sideways.

He climbs out and chases Ari on foot.

The sheriff is just about to reach the crest of the hill when a HELICOPTER lifts up over the edge so close that the wash from the blades forces him to the ground.

INT. HELICOPTER OVER BRAZILIAN RANCH LAND - DAY

Ari smiles at the sheriff as the helicopter pulls away.

The furious sheriff takes aim with his tiny revolver and fires a shot in vain at the helicopter.

Laughing, Ari dusts himself off as he's helped into a seat by an ISRAELI SOLDIER in civilian clothes.

Ari slumps down in his seat, pulls his cowboy hat down over his eyes and settles in for the ride.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Sam stares down at Foltern's lifeless body. A pool of dark blood seeps into the chalky dirt around the corpse.

SAM

Fuck!

Sam pulls the photo Ari pinned to Foltern off and pockets it.

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, LANGLEY, VA - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the LANGLEY BUILDING. It's pouring.

INT. OFFICE, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - NIGHT

In the small back office SENIOR AGENT JACK HOYT, 50's, and AGENT PHIL LINDEN, 40's, sit on opposite sides of a desk. These men are as government-issue as the furniture in the room.

On the desk a newspaper headline reads: NAZI OFFICER FOUND HIDING IN BRAZIL, ASSASSINATED.

KARL DREXLER, now in his early 70's, paces while watching the rain hit the one tiny window. Drexler is spry for his age, he's taken good care of himself.

LINDEN

Dr. Drexler, relax. They all think you're dead. They think you've been dead for thirty years.

DREXLER

This is what you said after Schultz was assassinated.

LINDEN

It was true then too. No one is looking for you.

DREXLER

You have a man in your own agency searching for me.

Linden shoots a quick glance at Hoyt.

LINDEN

Brauer? He's not looking for you, he's looking for your old boss at Nordhausen, Heinrich.

DREXLER

Heinrich was never my commander!

HOYT

Of course not Doctor. And considering that Heinrich *is* dead, he's not going find him either.

Drexler stops pacing for a fraction of a beat, then continues.

LINDEN

The point is no one's even looking for you. We don't even know if this thing in Brazil was related to the others.

DREXLER

I'm not a fool.

HOYT

Dr. Drexler, rest assured the United States'll do everything in its power to guarantee your safety. We've been looking after you for thirty years and we've never once had an incident where your safety was compromised.

LINDEN

Karl, you need to relax. The hours you've been putting in on the strategic defense initiative are catching up with you. Why don't you take a few days off?

HOYT

That's a good idea. We can bring you up to Boston to see your daughter again.

Drexler stops pacing and smiles at Hoyt.

DREXLER

Clever of you to play into my sentimentality for my daughter. Don't worry about what I'm thinking, worry about your job.

Drexler turns and abruptly exits the room. Linden leans back in his chair and looks at Hoyt.

LINDEN

That went well.

HOYT

He'll calm down. He gets spooked every time they get one.

LINDEN

You think we need to move him again?

HOYT

Won't be necessary.

LINDEN

Hope not, that was five years ago and I'm still getting over it.

HOYT
Nobody's looking for him. We gave
them a body for christsake.

LINDEN
How the hell did he know about Sam
Brauer?

HOYT
I found that interesting as well.
It doesn't matter now anyway.

LINDEN
I hope not. He called from the
airport, pissed as hell. His father
beat him to Foltern by five
minutes.

Hoyt picks up the paper and looks at the photo of Foltern
dead in Brazil.

HOYT
That's perfect.

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, LANGLEY, VA - NIGHT

Rain pours down as Sam climbs out of a TAXI and walks toward
the lobby. The taxi starts to pull away from the building.

DREXLER (O.S.)
Hold the taxi please!

Sam steps back into the rain and stops the cab. He opens the
door for Drexler, who climbs in and slams the door.

Sam looks in at Drexler, Drexler locks eyes with him then
looks abruptly away. The taxi pulls out of the parking lot.

It is quickly trailed by an UNMARKED SEDAN carrying TWO
AGENTS.

Sam watches the cars go then continues on into the building
with a curious look on his face.

INT. OFFICE, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - NIGHT

A SECRETARY leads Sam into the office Drexler just left.

Linden greets him with nod, Hoyt doesn't even look up from
his paperwork.

LINDEN

It's good to see you Sam but you didn't have to fly all the way back to just to debrief.

Sam drops his C.I.A. ID card, his pistol and the Nordhausen file onto the desk in front of Linden.

SAM

I'm done.

LINDEN

Just wait a minute.

SAM

Nope, I'm done waiting for you.

LINDEN

What does that mean?

Sam tries not to lose his temper but fails.

SAM

For three months I waited for a green light to move on Foltern! Three fucking months only to get beaten to him by five minutes!

LINDEN

Calm down, you know how it works. We gotta pursue every diplomatic recourse available.

SAM

Well, while you were pursuing fucking recourse, the Israelis got the hit.

LINDEN

You didn't want a hit. If all you'd wanted to do was to kill the fucker it wouldn't of been a problem.

SAM

Do you hear yourself talk?

LINDEN

Fuck you. Climb off your high horse, you make it sound like you were asking for the easiest thing in the world.

SAM

I wanted to arrest a known war criminal.

LINDEN

In a foreign fucking country!

SAM

But it's alright for me to kill him in a foreign country?

LINDEN

What is this, student council? It's not about right and wrong, it's about getting it done.

Sam turns to Hoyt.

SAM

And what about justice?

HOYT

You work for the C.I.A., Sam. Justice Department is a few miles down the parkway.

Sam nods slowly then turns to the door.

LINDEN

What about your Wunderkind?

Sam walks back to the desk, flips opens the file and grabs the Nordhausen photo.

There's a "DECEASED" stamp on every face now.

SAM

Foltern was the last lead. Thanks to you, any chance I had of finding Heinrich died with him.

Sam tosses the photo at him and walks out.

Linden follows him to the door and locks it. He faces Hoyt with big smile.

LINDEN

I'm impressed.

Hoyt gives him a smug nod and returns to his paperwork.

LINDEN (cont'd)

You think he'll keep looking freelance?

HOYT
Nope, he's done.

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, LANGLEY, VA - NIGHT

Sam walks out of the building. He stops and looks back at the rain falling on the CIA seal.

EXT. KARL DREXLER'S DRIVEWAY, BETHESDA, MD - NIGHT

DAVIS and SAMPSON, the agents who trailed Drexler from Langley, sip coffee in their unmarked sedan parked in Drexler's driveway.

A LOUD CRASHING SOUND comes out of the closed garage.

Both agents stare at the garage door.

DREXLER (O.S.)
SCREAMING CURSES IN GERMAN.

Another HUGE CRASHING SOUND.

Davis eyes the rain splashing down on the windshield.

SAMPSON
I got us the coffee, amigo.

DAVIS
Shit.

He climbs out of the car and walks to the front door.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Agent Davis enters the creepy old house slowly.

DAVIS
Dr. Drexler?

DREXLER (O.S.)
LOUD GERMAN CURSING.

Agent Davis opens the interior door to the garage.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in pajamas, Karl Drexler stands on a stool trying to reach a metal box at the top of a shelving unit. Several other boxes lay smashed open on the ground.

DAVIS
Dr. Drexler?

Drexler jumps in fright when he hears Davis.

DREXLER
Schiezen! You don't knock? You're
going to give me heart failure.

DAVIS
Sorry, Doctor.

DREXLER
I've told you, no shoes inside!

Davis looks down at his dripping shoes and slides them off.

DAVIS
Sorry, Doctor.

Drexler returns to trying to pull the box down.

DAVIS (cont'd)
Can I give you a hand, sir?

DREXLER
I'm fine, I am not a cripple.

He strains and the stool almost tips.

DAVIS
Sir, let me get it for you. Please.

Drexler looks at him. He reluctantly climbs off the stool, refusing a hand down from Davis.

Agent Davis steps up onto the stool and reaches for the box. He gets a hold and lifts, but the box is bound to the shelf with wires he cannot see.

DAVIS (cont'd)
Whatcha got in here, Doctor?

He looks down at Drexler. Drexler is holding an electrical cable. He presses the exposed wire end to the metal stool.

The wire runs into the circuit box on the wall.

Davis convulses as the voltage pours through his body. He falls off the stool with a THUD.

Drexler pulls Davis' gun from his holster. He reaches into the agent's jacket and fishes out a silencer.

Drexler screws the silencer onto the pistol then shoots the agent in the heart.

EXT. KARL DREXLER'S DRIVEWAY, BETHESDA, MD - NIGHT

Agent Sampson is surprised to see Drexler open the front door. He rolls his window down.

Drexler waves for him to come into the house.

DREXLER

Can you give us a hand please?

Sampson reluctantly puts his coffee down and climbs out of the sedan.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The instant Agent Sampson steps inside, Drexler shoots him in the temple spraying the front door with blood.

Drexler pulls the agent's corpse inside and peeks out. He takes off his pajama top -- revealing a shirt and tie underneath, and uses it to wipe blood off the door before shutting it.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Drexler drags Agent Sampson's body down the steps.

At the bottom Agent Davis lies next to MRS. DREXLER'S DEAD BODY. Her throat has been slit ear to ear.

Karl Drexler calmly covers the three bodies with a tarp and heads up the stairs.

EXT. PORCH, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE, SILVER SPRING MD - NIGHT

Sam waits in the pouring rain. He rings the bell again then reaches down behind a planter and finds a key.

Before he can use it, JUDITH BRAUER, 50's and still very beautiful, opens the door. She is shocked to see Sam.

She gives him a huge hug and kisses his cheek. Then she shoves him away. Judith has a slight Israeli accent.

JUDITH

You could have at least called.

She hugs him again.

JUDITH (cont'd)

You're soaked. Come in, there's some of your old clothes upstairs.

INT. DINING ROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam dries his hair with a towel. He's wearing a well-worn sweatsuit with JEFFERSON H.S. TIGERS printed on the front.

He looks at the wall above the fireplace. It's COVERED WITH FAMILY PHOTOS, mostly of him and his mom.

Sam picks up a FRAMED PHOTO OF ARI RECEIVING AN ISRAELI MEDAL taken years back. He shakes his head and puts it back.

Judith enters carrying a plate of leftovers and two coffees.

JUDITH
They still fit.

Sam looks down at the sweatsuit.

As she puts the plate on the table we see that she has a Nazi serial number tattooed on her forearm. Sam sits.

JUDITH (cont'd)
If I had known you were coming I might have cooked.

SAM
This is fine. Thank you.

JUDITH
It'll have to be.

Judith sips coffee apprehensively and watches Sam eating.

JUDITH (cont'd)
I half expected to see you.

Judith glances at the NEWSPAPER on a chair by the door.

JUDITH (cont'd)
So?

SAM
So what?

JUDITH
So why are you here? To the best of my knowledge you haven't even been in the United States in two years, let alone visiting your mother.

Sam stops eating and looks up at her.

SAM
I quit.

A happy look of surprise falls across Judith's face.

SAM (cont'd)
I knew you'd be happy.

JUDITH
If you're not, why'd you do it?

SAM
I didn't really have a choice.

JUDITH
There's always a choice.

SAM
Not always.

JUDITH
Always.

Sam gives her a look.

JUDITH (cont'd)
OK then, explain it to me.

SAM
Don't worry about it.

Judith digs in her purse and pulls out a pack of smokes.

JUDITH
God knows, the last thing I want is for you to go back to them. But you show up at my house after two years with something on your mind, I'd be a shitty mother if I didn't find out what you've been doing all this time.

Sam smiles at his mother despite himself.

INT. OFFICE, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE, SILVER SPRING, MD - NIGHT

PROFESSIONAL CAMERAS and LIGHTING EQUIPMENT fill her cluttered home office. Judith grabs a loupe from the top of a stack of photos and uses it to view the Nordhausen photo.

JUDITH
And this has something to do with what I saw in the paper about your father?

SAM
They didn't use his name in the article.

JUDITH
I've known the man long enough to recognize his work. Were you there?

Sam nods.

JUDITH (cont'd)
The paper said there was a shoot-out, he didn't shoot at you did he? I'll kill him.

SAM
No. He shot this man.

Sam points to the image of Foltern in the Nordhausen photo.

SAM (cont'd)
The sheriff shot at him, but he got out in a helicopter.

JUDITH
You sound sad the sheriff missed.

Sam shrugs. Judith lights a cigarette and chuckles softly.

JUDITH (cont'd)
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?

SAM
What does that mean?

Judith exhales smoke and waves the question off.

SAM (cont'd)
Why do you still keep a picture of him downstairs?

JUDITH
The one with the medal?

SAM
Yeah.

JUDITH
I was proud of him.

SAM
How can you be proud of anything he does?

JUDITH
I went through a lot with your
father.

SAM
Until he left.

Judith is silent for a beat.

JUDITH
Work has always been his priority,
I knew it when I married him. Some
people are that way, even if they
don't like it themselves.

SAM
He likes it just fine.

JUDITH
This coming from you, who I haven't
seen in two years?

SAM
Don't compare me to him.

JUDITH
That comparison would be so off? I
moved us 6000 miles away and what
happens? Instead of my son growing
up in Israel chasing ghouls and
ghosts, he's in Virginia doing it.

Judith looks at Sam and sees him closing off. She puts her
hand on his arm and gestures to the photo.

JUDITH (cont'd)
All right, enough. Please? Tell me
what I'm looking at?

Sam looks at her for a beat. He turns the desk lamp so that
it shines on the photo and shifts his tone.

SAM
These are the officers that ran
your camp.

JUDITH
My camp?

SAM
Nordhausen.

Judith looks at the photo again and shivers.

SAM (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Maybe we shouldn't.

Sam reaches for the photo. Judith waves him away.

JUDITH
I can handle a photograph.

SAM
Actually, what I'm interested in isn't in the photo, it's the man who took it. The camp commandant.

Judith places the photo on the desk and looks at Sam.

JUDITH
Hitler's wunderkind.

SAM
That's right. Julius Heinrich. Born in Munich in 1920. A child genius, at twenty-two he had earned a Ph.D.

JUDITH
So young.

SAM
Very young. In 1944 Heinrich went to Nordhausen as Hitler's special envoy. He took over the rocket works and increased production by over 500%. But, he left no paper trail -- no photographs and no records.
(beat)
He knew.

Judith looks at the photo again.

JUDITH
Knew?
(beat)
That they were going to lose?

Sam's face lights up.

SAM
Exactly. And that there were going to be repercussions.

JUDITH
War crimes.

SAM

Right. No record, no files, no photographs. No evidence.

JUDITH

They told me he burned the camp to the ground with himself inside.

SAM

That's what we and the Russians claim. But we both stole every bit of technology we could and took as many Nazi scientists as possible to boot. No one wants anyone asking questions. The truth is there's no physical evidence of his death.

JUDITH

So what do you think happened?

SAM

I think a psychopathic genius who planned for what he saw as the inevitable Nazi defeat didn't stake his life on them winning.

JUDITH

So?

SAM

So, Heinrich's not the type of man who just gives up.

JUDITH

You think he escaped?

SAM

Assumed a new identity.

JUDITH

And disappeared by himself?

SAM

I'm guessing he had help.

JUDITH

From one of these men?

SAM

Most likely. But there's no one to ask, they're all dead.

Judith stares at the photo. She lights another cigarette with the first.

SAM (cont'd)
How can you still smoke so much?

JUDITH
Maybe if you stopped chasing ghosts
and made me some grandchildren I'd
quit.

She grabs an ashtray.

JUDITH (cont'd)
Have you ever thought it might be
best to leave the past in the past?

SAM
How could you of all people say
that?

JUDITH
Never forget, but move on. The war
is over, we won.

SAM
You have all those family photos
downstairs and not one of them is
from before I was born. This man
should face the consequences of his
actions.

JUDITH
If he's still alive he has to live
each day knowing what he did.
(beat)
The best revenge is living well.

SAM
I don't want revenge. That's the
difference between me and my
father, I want justice.

JUDITH
Sam, I lost my family, my youth and
even my husband to them. I'm just
happy to not lose my son.

She gets up and kisses Sam on the top of his head.

JUDITH (cont'd)
You're a young man. Live in your
time now, not in my past.

Judith exits the office.

EXT. JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE, SILVER SPRING, MD - LATE NIGHT

Sam sits on the porch steps. The rain has stopped and he looks up at the bright moon in the clear sky.

He looks down at the Nordhausen photo in his lap.

Sam tears the photo in half, then in half again.

He gets up and as he walks to the front door HEADLIGHTS swing into the driveway.

Sam walks to the driver's side window of the car, an unmarked GOVERNMENT SEDAN.

Agent Linden smiles wide at Sam from behind the wheel, Agent Hoyt sits next to him with a blank expression on his face.

LINDEN

Evening, Sam. You're up late.

SAM

What are you doing here?

LINDEN

This is your last known address in D.C.

SAM

Why are you here?

LINDEN

Hop on in. It's cold out there.

Sam doesn't move.

LINDEN (cont'd)

We got a bit of a situation and could use your expertise. Climb in.

SAM

I don't work for you anymore.

LINDEN

You talking about your little outburst today? Pressures of the job, don't worry about it.

Linden holds out Sam's gun and C.I.A. ID.

SAM

I'm not worried about it.

Sam looks at the gun and ID without taking either, then over to Hoyt who stares straight ahead.

LINDEN
Come on, hop in.

SAM
I'll call you tomorrow.

Hoyt looks at Sam for the first time. He grabs Sam's gun from Linden, cocks it and points it out the window at Sam.

HOYT
You think I drove here in the middle of the night for you to call me in the morning? Get in the fucking car before I shoot you with your own goddamn gun.

Sam smiles at Hoyt's anger.

SAM
It is kinda chilly out here.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN ON STREET, SILVER SPRING MD - NIGHT

Sam sits in the back, Linden pulls out of the driveway and drives fast.

Linden eyes Sam's sweatsuit in the rearview mirror.

LINDEN
Nice outfit.

Sam looks down at the sweatsuit.

SAM
Why am I in this car?

LINDEN
We've got a bit of information you might find interesting. An asset of ours broke contact.

Hoyt hands a recent photo of Karl Drexler to Sam.

SAM
I saw this man yesterday at Langley.

Linden looks at Hoyt and smirks, Hoyt looks away.

LINDEN
It's possible, we had a meeting.

SAM

Who is he?

LINDEN

Karl Drexler. Formerly of the Nordhausen rocket facility, currently of the United States Defense Department. At eleven o'clock, Dr. Drexler killed his wife and two members of his security team and took off running.

Linden sees Sam's shocked look in the rearview and grins. Hoyt's face shows his annoyance at Linden's fun.

SAM

Karl Drexler is alive?

LINDEN

That's what I'm telling you.

SAM

He worked for you?

LINDEN

Until four hours ago, he worked for us all.

SAM

What about his remains, the dental match.

LINDEN

It's not hard to get a dental match if you got the man to give you a mold of his teeth.

SAM

And you let him get away?

LINDEN

We didn't expect a 72 year-old Ph.D. to kill two armed field agents.

SAM

He's a trained S.S. officer.

LINDEN

Apparently with a good memory.

Sam glares at the photo of Drexler.

SAM

You had me run around in fucking circles all this time when you could have let me question him about Heinrich.

LINDEN

Our hands were tied. Do you know who Karl Drexler is?

SAM

He's a Nazi you harbored for thirty years and now you want my help to clean it up.

LINDEN

When Dr. Drexler first came to the agency he spoke of another man who he was working with. Another officer from Nordhausen.

HOYT

We have reason to believe that Drexler may have been in contact with Heinrich, your Wunderkind.

LINDEN

He may be looking for him again, now that he's out in the cold.

SAM

Fuck you. You're baiting me.

Hoyt turns and faces Sam over the seat. He's furious.

HOYT

Drexler's not just some rocket scientist, he's *the* rocket scientist. The master architect of the United States nuclear missile arsenal. Your 'justice for all' bullshit takes a back seat to nuclear winter, son. Be a fucking professional. This is the best lead you could ever hope for.

Sam stares at Hoyt for a beat.

SAM

I'm bringing him in alive. I'm not burying it for you.

Hoyt turns around. Sam sits back and looks at the picture of Drexler.

Linden smiles and passes Sam his pistol and his ID.

SAM (cont'd)
Where are we headed?

LINDEN
You're going to be working with an
outside expert.

Sam stares at Linden's eyes in the rearview mirror.

HOYT
The Israelis have agreed to loan
him out. He's the best there is.
I'm not taking any chances.

SAM
I should have fucking known.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT, DIPLOMAT'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Ari relaxes with a glass of scotch. He takes off his linen sport coat and sets it next to him on the leather couch.

Sam and the agents enter. The DOOR GUARD gives Sam's worn sweatsuit a look which Sam ignores.

Ari's face lights up when he sees Sam. He sets his drink down and stands up.

Hoyt shakes hands with an ISRAELI DIPLOMAT. They walk to a table in the back and the diplomat hands over some papers.

ARI
Hello, Samuel.

He reaches to give his son a hug, Sam just sits down across from him. Ari forces a smile.

LINDEN
I'll be back in just a moment.

Linden joins Agent Hoyt. Ari sits and sips his drink.

ARI
There was a girl at the bar a
moment ago. I prefer not to drink
alone, but it's better than no
drink at all.

Sam looks at Ari's luggage. The tags from the Rio de Janeiro airport are still on the bags.

ARI (cont'd)
You're looking well, very fit.

Ari points to Sam's sweatsuit then puts his hand on his own round belly.

ARI (cont'd)
I've failed to take as good care of myself. How is your Mother?

SAM
They brief you on the plane?

Ari takes a sip and forces another smile.

ARI
They briefed me.

SAM
Good. I think the best place to start is his office, what level of clearance are they giving you?

ARI
I assume full clearance, or what would be the point. And I agree, about the office.

Linden and Hoyt join them along with the Israeli diplomat.

ISRAELI DIPLOMAT
The papers are in order. Good luck.
(Hebrew / subtitles)
Watch your back with these people.

Ari looks at Sam and sees that he understood.

ARI
Thank you.

LINDEN
The hotel's downtown. We'll catch up in the morning and you two can start at Drexler's house.

Ari downs the remainder of his scotch and looks at his watch.

ARI
Why not go now? Every minute we waste is one he uses.

LINDEN
OK. I'll have the car take us there directly.

SAM
We'd like to see his office, at the
D.O.D.

Linden looks at Hoyt who hesitates, then nods agreement.

ARI
(to Sam)
I'll ride with you.

Sam looks at his father then shrugs and heads for the door.

INT. SAM'S PICK-UP TRUCK, D.C. STREET - NIGHT

The two ride in silence on the near empty street.

ARI
I haven't been here in four years,
the city is still wild at night?

SAM
Five.

Ari looks at his son.

SAM (cont'd)
I graduated Annapolis five years
ago.

ARI
Right, sorry. Mind if I smoke?

SAM
Yes, I do.

Ari shakes a Marlboro out of a soft pack. Sam looks at the serial number tattooed on Ari's forearm as he lights his cig. Sam rolls down his window.

ARI
I wish we had the chance to talk in
Brazil, but under the circumstance,
you understand I had to leave.

Ari looks at Sam for a reaction, Sam gives him none.

ARI (cont'd)
You don't like what I did? You
think Foltern deserved better?

Sam thinks before responding. When he does he keeps his eyes on the road.

SAM
I think there are other people
beside Foltern.

ARI
I don't follow.

SAM
Executing an old man on the side of
the road in Brazil may feel good to
you, it might even make me happy.
But dragging him kicking and
screaming into the light of day is
a less selfish goal.

Sam pulls the truck into the Department of Defense lot and
parks it next to where Hoyt and Linden wait.

Ari looks at his son. He crushes out his cigarette and gets
out of the truck.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - NIGHT

A TEAM OF FEDERAL POLICE guard the door.

As Sam and Ari enter the large office A MAN IN BLUE COVERALLS
wheels a huge stack of files out past them.

Sam looks around the recently emptied office. Dust marks on
the desk show where objects have been removed.

Ari opens Drexler's closet. A long row of identical suits
hang in their plastic dry cleaning wrappers.

ARI
Meticulous.

LINDEN
He hated the meetings. Kept those
at his office for when he needed
them.

SAM
Meetings?

LINDEN
Subcommittee on Defense.

SAM
Karl Drexler went before Congress?

Hoyt throws Linden a dirty look.

LINDEN

If you need anything else contact me and we'll try to get you clearance.

SAM

Try?

HOYT

We will do what we can. Drexler was working on multiple projects, all with elevated security ratings.

Sam opens a file cabinet, it's empty.

SAM

It's going to be a lot harder to find your man with my hands tied behind my back.

LINDEN

We've got to work with the realities of the situation.

SAM

The situation is he's hiding. If you help him, it's harder.

Ari is enjoying the argument.

HOYT

I'm giving you access that you've been wanting for years and you're asking for more. You can't have it.

LINDEN

We'll be back at seven. Call if you need anything.

He hands Sam his card. Sam opens another drawer in Drexler's desk. This one's empty too.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - LATER

The federal cop dozes in his chair at the door. He wakes up, looks into the room, then nods off again.

Sam sits at the desk leafing through papers. Ari paces.

ARI

There are three ways for him to successfully exit so suddenly.

Snapped out of his daze, Sam looks up at Ari.

ARI (cont'd)
 One, he improvised. Two, he had everything ready and on standby. Or three, he had a plan in the waiting.

He opens the closet and gestures to the identical suits.

ARI (cont'd)
 This man did not like to improvise. Having everything prepared was his first choice, but that's expensive and very difficult to sustain undetected for several decades. So that leaves the contingency plan.

SAM
 Something he needed some time to spin-up.

Ari smiles and his son.

ARI
 Exactly.

Sam picks up Drexler's office calendar.

SAM
 But everything he did was routine. Everything was scheduled.

Sam flips to the front of the calendar and reads. He gets up.

SAM (cont'd)
 I know someone we can ask.

EXT. HOUSE, URBAN D.C. - EARLY MORNING

Sam and Ari sip coffee out of to-go cups. Sam RINGS THE BUZZER.

Sam RINGS again. The LOCK CLICKS, the door swings open and a HUGE MAN points a shotgun into Sam's face.

Ari yanks Sam out of the way and reaches for his pistol.

HARRIET MORGAN (O.S.)
 Harold! Put that damn thing away.

HARRIET MORGAN, 50's, curlers in her hair, rushes to the door and grabs the shotgun from Harold. She looks at Sam and Ari.

HARRIET MORGAN (cont'd)
 You from the agency?

SAM

Yes ma'am.

Sam shows her his ID.

HARRIET MORGAN

Damn it, Harold, where are your glasses? Who comes robbin' a place and rings the damn bell!

(to Sam and Ari)

Come in. You hungry?

Harold walks back into the bedroom scratching his ass through his jockey shorts.

INT. HARRIET MORGAN'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Ari and Sam sit in the breakfast nook.

HARRIET MORGAN

I'm sorry again about Harold. We had a break-in last month.

SAM

No problem.

Harriet serves them scrambled eggs and bacon and sits down with a coffee.

HARRIET MORGAN

It's strange. You work for a man for twenty years and then he just up and disappears. Even at the Department of Defense it's strange.

Sam does not eat. He watches as Ari loudly chews his bacon.

SAM

I know you've been debriefed but can you think of anything he did that was out of the ordinary? Any variation in the routine?

HARRIET MORGAN

That man lived on routine. Never did anything that wasn't scheduled.

Some egg falls from Ari's mouth to the table. He scoops it onto his fork with his thumb and eats it. Harriet enjoys his gusto, Sam does not.

SAM

He didn't call anyone?

HARRIET MORGAN
No one that wasn't routine.

SAM
Nothing weird?

HARRIET MORGAN
Honey, you said routine, not weird.
Everything he did was weird. You
see that closet?

Harriet pulls a cigarette out of the pack. Ari watches.

ARI
Do you mind? I ran out.

HARRIET MORGAN
Be my guest.

Ari bums one, lights it and smokes as he eats.

ARI
Within the routine, was there
anything he did infrequently?

HARRIET MORGAN
How infrequently?

ARI
(mouth full of eggs)
Once every six months, once a year?

HARRIET MORGAN
Not really.

She takes a long drag of her cigarette and thinks.

HARRIET MORGAN (cont'd)
Well, the bank.

SAM
The bank?

HARRIET MORGAN
He did that once a year.

SAM
What's that?

HARRIET MORGAN
Once a year he'd get a call from
his bank.

Sam opens Drexler's file.

SAM
Bethesda Mutual?

HARRIET MORGAN
The other one.

SAM
What other one?

HARRIET MORGAN
Alexandria Savings and Loan.

Sam
He lived in Bethesda.

HARRIET MORGAN
He moved to Bethesda.

SAM
When?

HARRIET MORGAN
1968.

SAM
And he kept a bank account in
Alexandria?

HARRIET MORGAN
He was loyal.

SAM
What was the call about?

HARRIET MORGAN
Reminder to pay his bill.

SAM
Bill for what?

HARRIET MORGAN
Don't know.

ARI
Why not mail a bill?

SAM
If he asked them not to.

Sam looks at the clock on the kitchen wall. It's six-thirty.
He pulls on his sweatshirt and gets up.

Ari looks at him and takes another bite of eggs. Sam watches
impatiently. Finally Ari gets up.

ARI
Thank you for the breakfast. Very
delicious.

HARRIET MORGAN
You want a smoke for the road?

ARI
You are too kind.

EXT. SAM'S PICK-UP, ALEXANDRIA S&L PARKING LOT - DAWN

Sam's truck is the only car in the bank's lot. Ari is asleep with his face on the side window. A cigarette smolders in his hand. Sam watches his father with distaste.

SAM
Can you roll down the window.

Ari drowsily turns to Sam.

ARI
It's cold out there.

Sam stares at him. Ari rolls down the window, hacks up a smoker's loogie and spits.

SAM
It's impolite to smoke and eat.

Ari has to think for a second before he understands what the fuck Sam is talking about. He sits up and looks at his son.

ARI
I don't think she cared.

SAM
It's still impolite.

ARI
Why are you worried about my
manners? You give a shit what
people think of me? Of your Father?

SAM
It's just rude.

ARI
There are only so many things you
can concern yourself with in life,
Samuel. Try to pick important ones.

A BMW SEDAN pulls into the lot and parks.

The UPTIGHT BANK MANAGER, nervously gets out of the BMW and walks toward Sam's truck.

Sam opens his door.

BANK MANAGER
Can I help you gentlemen?

Sam fishes out his CIA ID CARD and shows it to him. The bank manager eyes Sam's sweatsuit.

SAM
Can we talk inside?

INT. ALEXANDRIA SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Ari and Sam wait in the lobby. The bank manager comes out of a door from the rear of the bank and hands Agent Linden's business card back to Sam.

BANK MANAGER
You understand I had to check. I woke him up. He told me to help you in any way I can but my hands are really tied without a warrant.

SAM
I understand.

BANK MANAGER
I thought the CIA didn't have operations within the United States' borders?

SAM
We're working in conjunction with the justice department on this.

BANK MANAGER
I see. Well I'm sure that it won't be difficult to obtain a warrant then.

SAM
We're in a bit of a rush. Maybe you could answer some questions for me, until the warrant comes through?

BANK MANAGER
Frankly, I would prefer not to.

Ari takes a half step closer to the manager.

SAM

How about just some simple ones?

BANK MANAGER

I can try, but I can't tell you anything that could make the bank liable.

SAM

Did Karl Drexler maintain an account here?

BANK MANAGER

It's a matter of public record that he did.

SAM

Great. Did he make any changes to his account in the recent past?

BANK MANAGER

We take the privacy of our clients very seriously. I apologize, but I can't answer a question of that nature without appropriate documentation releasing the bank from liability.

SAM

Can you tell us what type of account he had?

BANK MANAGER

I'm afraid I won't do that either.

Ari steps in again, he is uncomfortably close.

SAM

What type of account would have a yearly bill?

BANK MANAGER

If you'd like I can give you a table of bank fees.

Ari has moved so close to the man he can smell his breath.

ARI

Please, just tell us.

The manager backs away a half step and bumps into the wall.

BANK MANAGER

None of our accounts are billed annually.

(beat)

Well, the fee for a safety deposit box could generate an annual bill.

SAM

But you could pay that in advance.

BANK MANAGER

Actually, the bank has a policy against pre-paying for deposit boxes. If we cease to offer that service we wish to avoid the obligation of maintaining a box.

SAM

Did Karl Drexler have a safety deposit box?

BANK MANAGER

If he did, that would be confidential.

Ari draws a .45 and slams the barrel into the bank manager's forehead. This startles Sam almost as much as it does the manager.

SAM

What are you doing?

The manager looks to Sam for help.

ARI

I need you to take us to his deposit box. If you say no I will shoot you in the knee. It will hurt. If you say no a second time I'll shoot you in the other knee and you may not walk again.

SAM

Calm down!

ARI

I'm very calm.

Ari racks a round into the chamber and shoves the gun into the managers' knee.

ARI (cont'd)
(to manager)
I will calmly shoot you in the
knee. *I* do not work for the CIA.
I'm not even American. Three
seconds. Three, two...

The manager looks to Sam for help, Sam shrugs.

BANK MANAGER
OK. OK. OK. OK.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

Ari holds the gun to the bank manager's back as he nervously fumbles with the master key and opens the safety deposit box.

In it is all of DREXLER'S IDENTIFICATION; his D.O.D. ID, his DRIVER'S LICENSE. The box also contains EMPTY PAPER BANDS that once held \$10,000 in hundred dollar bills. Lots of them.

SAM
Shit.

Ari pushes the manager away and looks in the box.

ARI
Fuck!

Sam grabs a handful of money bands and counts them.

SAM
He's got about five hundred
thousand with him.

ARI
We go back to the office and keep
looking. Start over. Mizdayen!

Sam shows the money band to the terrified manager.

SAM
Are they all from the same bank?

The manager hesitates and Ari glares at him.

ARI
This is not a secret, answer the
question!

Sam hands him some more bands.

BANK MANAGER
These do appear to be from one institution.

SAM
Who puts the band on? The mint or the bank?

BANK MANAGER
These were put on by a bank.

SAM
How can you tell?

BANK MANAGER
It's numbered. Coded.

SAM
What bank?

BANK MANAGER
I don't know.

ARI
I want you to know.

BANK MANAGER
I don't know the codes by heart!
There is a book in my office.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The manager slowly leafs through the book. Sam paces. Ari glares. The manager shakes his head and puts the book down.

BANK MANAGER
It's not in the Northeast.

Ari cocks the hammer on his 45. The manager grabs another book and skims it, his hands shaking. Ari smiles at Sam who ignores him.

BANK MANAGER (cont'd)
Wait. Here it is, Florida.

ARI
Where in Florida?

The manager nervously turns a page.-

BANK MANAGER
Gold Coast Trust. Miami Beach.

ARI
Gary Leck.

SAM
Who?

ARI
Import-Exporter. I tracked him
assisting a Gestapo Officer in
Miami a few years ago.

Sam grabs the phone off the manager's desk and dials.

Sitting under the no smoking sign, Ari lights up. The bank manager watches Ari.

BANK MANAGER
Could you spare one?

Ari smiles warmly and shakes a smoke out of the pack for him.

SAM
(into telephone)
I need a jet to Miami.

He looks over at the smoking, trembling bank manager.

SAM (cont'd)
And you're gonna need to send a
follow-up to the bank.

INT. SAM'S PICK UP TRUCK, BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

As they climb back into Sam's truck TWO AGENCY SUITS speak calmly to the bank manager. Sam shuts the door and glares at his father.

Ari waves off his look.

ARI
I'm not a meter maid. Bankers like
him all over Europe grow rich on
money stolen from us. I have no
patience for his technicalities.

SAM
They're not technicalities, they're
laws.

ARI
The man we're looking for drank the
blood of our people and when he was
done, your government gave him a
napkin to wipe his fucking chin.

Sam fires up the truck and pulls out of the lot.

SAM

Around here people have rights, you don't get to pick and choose who they apply to.

Ari scoffs.

ARI

I'm not an American, Samuel, I'm a Jew.

SAM

Well I'm both.

ARI

Yes. I hope you never have to chose one over the other.

INT. KARL DREXLER'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Agent Hoyt leafs through a file then slides it into a slot in an large industrial SHREDDER.

Agent Linden enters carrying breakfast in a bag.

LINDEN

They're going to beat us to Miami.

HOYT

That's all right. The Israeli will make it work.

Linden hands Hoyt an egg sandwich and starts in on his.

LINDEN

He pissed off that bank manager pretty good.

Hoyt shrugs -- so what?

He grabs a file off the desk at random and pushes it into the shredder.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - DAY

Alone on a chartered jet, Ari and Sam settle into their seats.

Finally out of his sweatsuit, Sam undoes the button on the cuff of his just-purchased shirt and rolls up his sleeve.

SAM

I don't think of Miami Beach as a great spot for Nazis. A wolf in sheep's clothing, I guess.

ARI

You're not in an office anymore.
 (Hebrew / subtitles)
 Years of jerking off does not make you a good fuck.
 (English)
 You understand the meaning?

Sam nods, unamused.

SAM

Don't worry, I'm ready.

ARI

I hope so.

A pretty STEWARDESS brings Ari a glass of scotch then hands Sam a newspaper and a glass of water.

SAM

On second thought, you have a can of Bud for me?

STEWARDESS

Of course. Would you like a glass?

SAM

No, thank you.

She gently reaches behind Sam's neck, pulls the PAPER TAG from the shirt's collar and hands it to him.

STEWARDESS

I like your new shirt.

She gives him a smile and heads back to the galley.

SAM

I'm not the little boy you left behind.

Ari looks at Sam then lays back and folds his pillow in half.

ARI

I see that.
 (quietly sarcastic)
 You're a grown man who needs to impress papa.

SAM
Excuse me?

ARI
(Hebrew / subtitles)
Nevermind.

Ari turns on his side and closes his eyes.

The stewardess returns with Sam's beer. He sips it and stares out the window.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Sam uses a payphone. Ari smokes and watches an ELDERLY JEWISH COUPLE walking through the terminal.

Sam hangs up and joins Ari.

SAM
Leck has a house near Liberty
Square on 60th.

INT. RENTED SEDAN ON MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

Ari smokes in the passenger seat while Sam drives.

ARI
The stewardess was pretty.

Sam looks up from the map he's holding against the steering wheel to glance at Ari.

ARI (cont'd)
Did you fuck her?

SAM
Excuse me?

ARI
You were out of your seat.

SAM
I was using the head.

ARI
You were gone for a while. Being nervous upsets your stomach?

SAM
I'm not nervous.

Ari nods -- whatever you say.

ARI

She liked you. You saw, no?

SAM

The fact that I didn't fuck the stewardess on the company-chartered plane or that I took a shit while we were flying does not mean I'm nervous about the mission.

Sam looks at the map and makes a sudden turn through a yellow light.

SAM (cont'd)

And if you think I do what I do for a living to impress you, or anyone else for that matter, I'd like to point out that I didn't want you on this job, I've repeatedly asked them to pull you off, and I don't exactly go out of my way to keep in touch when I'm not being forced to fucking work with you!

Sam glances at Ari to see if his words had an impact. They did. Ari fumbles for a cigarette.

ARI

Feel better?

Sam roughly hands Ari the map.

SAM

A little. How about we stop with the family therapy and you navigate so we can catch this scumbag and go back to not speaking to each other for years at a time.

Ari folds the map and tucks it into the center console.

ARI

Make a left at the third light.

INT. RENTED SEDAN IN FRONT OF GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Ari drive slowly past the Spanish mansion where a uniformed SECURITY GUARD paces in the circular driveway.

EXT. GARY LECK'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ari walks the sidewalk in front of the mansion, an unlit cigarette dangling from his lip.

He waves to the guard.

ARI
Got a light?

The guard nods and Ari walks up the driveway to him.

As the guard reaches into his pocket Ari whips out a SLAPJACK and slams it against the guard's skull, knocking him out.

Ari rolls him over, pulls the HANDCUFFS off the guard's belt and cuffs him.

Sam pulls the rented car into the driveway with the lights off.

He pops the trunk and gets out.

Ari pulls the keys off the guard's belt then roughly drags him to the trunk.

SAM
Take it easy.

Ari flips the guard back over and tears open his shirt. The guy's chest is covered in NEO-NAZI TATTOOS.

Sam grabs the guard under the arms and helps Ari throw him into the trunk, hard.

EXT. GARY LECK'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

A door in the wall behind the tennis court slowly opens.

Ari peeks in, then enters carrying his silenced .45.

Sam follows after him.

They move slowly and quietly through the expansive yard.

Ari tries the guard's keys in the back door.

He finds the right one, nods to Sam and then opens the door very slowly.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM, GARY LECK'S MANSION - NIGHT

The interior of Leck's house shows off his extreme wealth.

Ari and Sam creep through silent house.

They reach a long hall. Ari signals for them to split up. Sam nods and move in opposite directions.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam moves past a hanging tapestry.

He pauses to listen -- the muffled SOUNDS OF A COUPLE HAVING SEX enter the room

INT. KITCHEN, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ari looks around the cavernous kitchen.

He opens the pantry door and explores the shelves.

INT. HALLWAY, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam moves toward an open door at the far end of the hall.

INT. PANTRY, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ari pulls on a shelf and a wall of canned food swings out revealing a HIDDEN STAIRCASE.

INT. OFFICE, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the huge PARTNERS DESK in the ornate office an AFRICAN-AMERICAN COUPLE is having pornographic sex. They're very young and very high.

GARY LECK, 60s, wearing a white tennis outfit, sits at the desk watching with rapt interest.

A GRIZZLED SECURITY GUARD, late 40's, suit and tie, stands behind Leck watching as well.

GARY LECK
Harder, please.

The sound of Sam cocking his pistol gets their attention.

The couple stops fucking and stares at Sam in the doorway.

MALE SEX PERFORMER
You didn't say nothing about no guns.

The guard slowly reaches into his jacket. Sam gets a step closer and aims at the guard's chest.

SAM
Keep your hands out of that jacket unless you want some holes in it.

Sam gestures down and the guard slowly lowers himself onto the Persian rug.

The naked guy on the desk starts to get up, blocking Sam's angle on Leck and the Guard.

SAM (cont'd)
Lay down, dummy!

He does as told, pressing himself against the naked girl.

GARY LECK
I don't know where he is.

SAM
Oh? Where who is? Stand up!

Leck doesn't move.

GUARD
Who are you? I want to see a badge.

SAM
Fuck you!
(to Leck)
You, Stan Smith, get the fuck up
now.

The guard puts his hand on Leck's leg -- 'stay put'.

Leck shoots a glance to the door at the back of the office. He makes a slight move toward it then thinks better of it.

Sam takes a step closer.

Unbeknownst to Sam, a second, YOUNGER GUARD moves into the room silently, pointing a shotgun at the back of Sam's head.

SAM (cont'd)
I said get up.

Sam spots the girl's eyes looking behind him and he turns.

His cheek presses into the barrel of the younger guard's gun.

GUARD
Shoot him.

Confusion crosses the younger guard's face.

GUARD (cont'd)
Shoot him now!

ARI (O.S.)
Do not!

Startled, the younger guard turns back to the door and fires.

Ari is crouched on the floor half hidden behind the door frame.

He returns fire killing the younger guard instantly.

The couple on the desk bolt up and run for the back door.

The older guard jumps up, pulls his pistol and fires.

Sam dives down behind the desk.

Leck runs to the back door where the naked couple struggle to get it open.

He shoves them aside, opens it and runs out into the back yard.

The guard crawls around the huge desk toward Sam who in turn crawls after him, circling the desk.

Ari runs out the back door after Leck.

The guard fires at Sam's foot -- missing, he shatters the base of Leck's chair.

Sam whips around and fires back, but the guard dips back behind his corner of the desk.

EXT. GARY LECK'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Leck runs across his palatial back yard. All that tennis has paid off, he moves fast for a man his age.

Behind him, Ari, winded, struggles to keep up.

Leck cuts through the tennis court moving toward the rear gate where Sam and Ari entered.

Ari is way back, Leck is gonna make it.

Ari drops to one knee, aims his pistol carefully and fires.

INT. OFFICE, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam ejects the unfinished magazine out of his pistol and slips in a fully loaded one.

He takes a deep breath, starts to inch forward around the desk, then stops.

Sam listens for a beat. Suddenly he swings his arm up so that his pistol is flat on the desk and fires four quick shots.

He pulls his arm down and waits.

The guard's body rolls off the desk and hits the carpet with a THUD.

Sam stands up and kicks the gun out of the guard's hand.

EXT. GARY LECK'S TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

Leck is hung up on the net. Blood runs from the hole in the back of his skull into a pool that spreads on the freshly painted clay court.

Ari pulls Leck's body off the net.

SAM (O.S.)
What the fuck did you do!

Sam bends down to check Leck's pulse. Ari laughs at this.

SAM (cont'd)
What's fucking funny?

ARI
The hole through his brain will
stop his pulse.

Sam is thoroughly disgusted.

ARI (cont'd)
Were you planning to interrogate
him?

SAM
That would get us farther than
shooting him in the fucking back.

ARI
A man like this has a team of
lawyers. He's not talking to you.

SAM
Right, so fucking kill him!

ARI
In your world of attorneys and due
process there has to be some point
where push comes to shove, no? Or
did you talk that guard into
handing over his pistol?

Sam stands up and yells into Ari's face.

SAM
(screaming)
I don't give a fuck how goddamn
tough you are and how I'm a some
fucking pussy desk worker, you
asshole! You just killed our last
fucking lead!

Ari takes a step back and wipes some spittle off his cheek.
He smiles and calmly gestures for Sam to follow him.

ARI
Come.

INT. PANTRY, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ari leads Sam down the hidden staircase.

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The dark room is furnished with a cot, a desk and chair and
some bookshelves.

Sam looks at the cot, it has been used recently.

Old NAZI PARTY PHOTOGRAPHS hang framed on the walls.

Leaning against the wall by the desk is a life size OIL
PAINTING OF HITLER.

Ari moves the painting revealing a SAFE. He bends down and
begins to work the combination.

ARI
With proper safe etiquette, you
chose a random combination and
memorize it. Half the time these
schmucks use Hitler's birthday.

The safe opens with a CLINK. Ari stands up.

ARI (cont'd)
The idiot saved us three hours of
safe cracking.

Sam reaches into the safe and eagerly pulls out several
folders.

He looks up at Ari who winks then drops the oil painting over
the chair so the back rips through the canvas.

ARI (cont'd)
Maybe another lead, no?

Sam gives his father a small smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A team of UNIFORMED CLEAN-UP MEN swarm through the house.

Agent Hoyt and Agent Linden sit on Leck's couch with Sam leafing through a file from the safe.

Sam hands Hoyt a PHOTOGRAPH OF RINALDO SANTOS, 50's, a greaseball.

SAM

Drexler doesn't want to travel south with that much cash so they funnel it down to this guy who keep the locals out of it.

Sam hands Hoyt a PHOTO OF SANTOS WITH A TEENAGE BOY.

SAM (cont'd)

Santos is having a homosexual affair, probably arranged by Leck. Drexler trades him the negatives in return for safe transfer of the cash and some connections.

AGENT LINDEN

What's our time frame?

SAM

Immediate.

AGENT HOYT

You have a contact point?

SAM

Niteroi, just outside of Rio.

Linden looks to Hoyt.

AGENT LINDEN

If they know he's left the country, the Soviets will be looking for Drexler.

SAM

I can handle that.

Linden gives him a look -- oh yeah?

AGENT LINDEN

How's our friend working out? He sure doesn't mind making a mess.

Sam looks at them, trying to get a read on Hoyt.

SAM

It's not the way I operate, but it has its advantages. That said, I don't think I'll need him anymore.

AGENT LINDEN

No? He got us everything we have so far.

SAM

I could have acquired the same information without violating the charter.

Hoyt laughs.

AGENT HOYT

Without violating the charter? How long you think that'd take? Drexler'd be dead of old age.

(beat)

We'll get you to Rio by dawn. Both of you.

INT. PANTRY STAIRWAY, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam walks down the secret stairs as a CLEAN-UP MAN walks up carrying the framed Nazi party photos.

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER, GARY LECK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ari stands by a bookshelf holding a bible and a NOTE in his hands. When Sam opens the door it surprises Ari and for a tiny instant he moves as if to conceal the note and bible, but then he doesn't.

SAM

We're on a flight to Rio in an hour.

Sam looks at the note in Ari's hands.

ARI

You know the S.S. trick?

Ari opens the bible and shows Sam the note, a YELLOWED PIECE OF PAPER FOLDED IN HALF.

SAM

Yes, emergency communication!

Ari looks at his son with pride.

ARI
You have done your research.

SAM
I didn't know they used the bible.

ARI
Smart, no? There is a bible in almost every home. Himmler's favorite passage, Jeremiah 48:10.
(reading)
Let him be cursed who does the Lord's work halfheartedly; let him be cursed who keeps back his sword from blood.

Sam removes the folded piece of paper and examines it. There's something written on the back. Sam reads it aloud.

CLOSE ON NOTE AS SAM READS.

SAM (V.O.)
We keep our truce? If you ask her, you will see I never told them. - K.D.

Sam unfolds the piece of paper -- a TELEGRAM dated June 5, 1968.

CLOSE ON TELEGRAM AS SAM READS IT ALOUD.

SAM (V.O.)
What bad fortune to have crossed paths. Be assured, no matter what they forgive or guarantee, if you tell them I WILL FIND YOU! Good luck in the new world. - J.H.

Sam looks up at Ari -- holy fucking shit!

SAM
It's him! J.H. is Julius Heinrich! Karl Drexler is attempting to make contact with the Wunderkind!

ARI
And you wanted to go to Brazil without me.

The thrilled look on Sam's face flickers to embarrassment at his father's words, but when Ari smiles Sam looks back at the telegram in his hands; he's overwhelmed at the discovery.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Sam and Ari are seated in first class. Sam holds the yellowed telegram staring at it. Ari sips a scotch.

ARI
Does it feel good to be right after
all this time?

SAM
It'll feel good when I get him.

ARI
I am impressed, Samuel.

Sam looks at his father. For the first time he smiles at him.

SAM
Sometime in June of 1968 Heinrich
came across Drexler by chance and
sent him this to warn him off
telling his handlers.

ARI
Apparently it worked.

SAM
Maybe. I want to know who the woman
is Drexler refers to?

Sam flips the telegram over and reads aloud.

SAM (cont'd)
If you ask her, you will see I
never told them.

ARI
She may be of key importance.

SAM
And why does Drexler think Heinrich
would go to the house in Miami?

Ari shrugs.

SAM (cont'd)
I'd like to ask Gary Leck.

ARI
I know. I am sorry.

SAM

Don't be sorry, just do me a favor, when we find Drexler, let me take him before you kill everyone in site.

ARI

Samuel, I am proud of you. Even if you hate me, I am. And I will do what I can to keep him alive, but remember it is not only me.

Ari extinguishes his cigarette, reclines his seat and closes his eyes. Sam folds the telegram and closes his eyes as well.

SAM

I don't hate you.

Ari cracks an eye and looks at his son.

INT. TERMINAL, RIO DE JANEIRO AIRPORT, BRAZIL - DAWN

Sam and Ari move through the terminal with other tired PASSENGERS.

SAM

I need a minute.

He points to the men's room. Ari nods and follows him in.

Concealed behind a bank of pay phones LEONID KAMKOV, 30's, a Soviet civil servant in disco clothes, watches them enter the bathroom. He drops a coin into a pay phone.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, RIO DE JANEIRO AIRPORT, BRAZIL - DAWN

Ari finishes at a urinal and walks to the sink to wash his hands.

He looks at the basket of hand-towels next to the sink. Next to the basket is a tray of assorted colognes and a half-full tip jar. Ari suddenly tenses. He scans the men's room.

Ari looks under the toilet stalls. Two sets of feet indicate that two stalls next to each other are occupied.

With the sink still running, Ari grabs a large bottle of cologne and quietly steps over to the first stall door.

Ari kicks in the door, scaring the hell out of Sam who is sitting on the toilet with his pants around his knees.

Ari looks surprised to see Sam, he immediately yanks him off the toilet.

SAM
What the fuck!

Suddenly the divider between the two stalls drops and a MAN WITH A GREASY BANDANA COVERING HIS FACE lurches at Sam swinging a thin hooked knife.

He rakes the blade down Sam's back as Sam leaps out of the stall scrambling to pull his pants up.

Ari smashes the bottle of cologne across the assassin's face and kicks the man back into the stall.

The assassin falls back and sits on the toilet swinging the knife at Ari to back him off while he regains his composure and blinks the cologne out of his eyes.

Sam whips off his jacket, steps into the stall and throws his jacket over the hand in which the assassin holds the knife.

Sam jerks up on the jacket pulling the man off balance and at the same time slams his fist into the side of the man's head.

The assassin is stunned but for only a brief instant. He grits his teeth and shoves the knife up -- the tip of the sharp blade pops through Sam's jacket.

Crammed into the small space of the stall, Sam and the assassin strain against each other's power, Sam shoving down on the knife hand, the man inching it up to Sam's throat.

Ari steps over Sam into the stall, flicks his zippo and presses the flame into the man's hair.

The cologne that drenches the assassin's head ignites. The man screams, drops the knife and swings around to douse his face in the toilet.

Ari rears up and kicks the man in the base of his skull with all his might.

The assassin instantly goes limp and collapses. Ari snaps his zippo shut and stands up breathing hard.

Sam stares down at the man lying in a pile by the toilet.

ARI
Are you alright?

Sam remembers the cut on his back. He feels for it and brings back a bloody hand.

SAM
I'm fine.

Ari turns him to look. The gash is not small.

ARI
I will suture it at the hotel.

SAM
How'd you know?

Ari opens the janitor's closet. The BATHROOM ATTENDANT falls out, his throat slit.

ARI
They never leave the tip jar
unattended.

Sam looks at the tip jar by the sink.

Ari smiles. He walks to the sink and washes the sweat off his face. He is spent.

Sam bends down and examines the dead man.

SAM
Not Russian.

ARI
Contract.

SAM
We need to move on now.

ARI
I agree.

Ari takes off his jacket and puts it on Sam covering his bloody back.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO AIRPORT, BRAZIL - DAY

Sam and Ari get into a TAXI.

Wearing oversized aviator sunglasses, LEONID KAMKOV steps out of the terminal and watches their cab drive away.

INT. TAXI ON COASTAL STREET, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL - DAY

Sam leans back on his cut and winces. The blood is beginning to seep through Ari's jacket.

SAM
Did you make the man in the
aviators?

ARI

Yes.

SAM

He was by the men's room when we went in.

ARI

Working with our friend no doubt.

SAM

Should we circle back and see what he knows?

ARI

No, we need to fix you up. And I'm surprised you would propose that.

SAM

Why? I'm still operational.

ARI

It's not that. He's K.G.B. Any question we ask would likely tell him more than we could get from him. We couldn't leave him alive.

(beat)

Samuel, always listen for the answer that comes in the form of a question.

Sam stares out the window as they drive past a beach.

SAM

Odd that the Russians hired a contract killer, no?

ARI

What do you think I am to your agency?

Sam looks at his father. Ari lights a cigarette.

INT. RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

The apartment is decorated like Leonid was dressed, very flashy and extremely tacky. If the Kremlin knew how their money was being spent there would be hell to pay.

A loud KNOCK sounds on the door and IVAN YERMALOV, 250 pounds of muscle, answers it. He has to remove a heavy crossbar to open the door. Ivan's hands are bloody and it's not his blood.

Leonid enters holding a six-pack in each hand and smiling.

IVAN
You never want to work.

LEONID
I'll drink yours if you'd like to
keep complaining.

Ivan grabs a beer.

IVAN
How is the Israeli?

LEONID
He is as good as I said.

IVAN
Did our man get the American?

LEONID
Nope.

IVAN
The locals are worthless.

LEONID
Any information from your friend?

Ivan's face jumps like he just remembered something and
rushes into the bathroom. Leonid follows.

INT. RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

A system of ROPES and PULLEYS has been set up above the tub.
A BOUND and BLEEDING BRAZILIAN MAN hangs by his feet upside-
down, with his head under the bloody water.

Ivan grabs a rope and hauls him up. The man coughs out a
mouthful of blood and takes the biggest breath he can hold.

IVAN
Where is he?

BRAZILIAN MAN
Please lord Jesus, I don't know!

Ivan punches the man in the gut. He retches and coughs.

BRAZILIAN MAN (cont'd)
Please, I am not lying! Please!

The man is sobbing. Leonid doesn't like to watch it.

LEONID
I don't think he's lying.

Ivan looks at the man for a beat then shrugs and begins to lower him.

BRAZILIAN MAN
Thank you. I speak the truth, I
swear it. Praise Jesus. Thank you.

Ivan keeps lowering him until his body is submerged. A look of abject terror fills the man's face and he begins to writhe trying to get air. Ivan is loving it.

Leonid looks at Ivan and leaves the bathroom disgusted. Ivan laughs.

IVAN
You're burying this one.

Smiling Ivan turns on the tap in the tub.

INT. RIO HILTON - DAY

Sam sits on the edge of a table with his shirt off. Ari sews up the knife slash on his back.

The cut runs parallel to Sam's spine for over a foot. It's held shut by black sutures.

Ari dabs blood off the wound with gauze and pushes the needle through Sam's skin for the final stitch. Sam doesn't flinch.

Ari steps back and admires his work.

Sam hands him a roll of duct tape.

ARI
It's some of my best, Samuel,
they'll hold.

SAM
All the same, I don't plan on
babying it.

Ari begrudgingly tears off a length of tape and presses it on the wound over the stitches.

Sam stretches, testing the tape then walks over to his bed.

Laid out neatly on the bedspread is a BRAND-NEW-IN-THE-BOX .45 AUTOMATIC, several magazines, and a cleaning kit.

Sam loads a clip.

Ari starts in on a tray of room service.

ARI

The food here is excellent and I ordered too much. Please eat some. You need your strength.

SAM

I'm alright, thanks.

Sam carefully unpacks the pistol. He deftly field-strips the weapon. Using the cleaning kit he oils the parts.

He quickly reassembles the gun, slaps in a full magazine and racks the slide.

He drops out the magazine, racks the slide again, ejects the round, replaces the round in the magazine and starts over.

Ari pushes away his food and lights a smoke, watching.

ARI

There is nothing to be nervous about. Your training will serve you and I'll be with you.

SAM

I'm not nervous, I'm familiarizing myself with the weapon.

ARI

A .45 is what you carried in Florida, no?

SAM

Not this one.

ARI

Ah, I see.

Sam repeats the drill then opens his neatly packed shaving kit. He pulls out an old fashioned safety razor and removes the blade.

Sam makes a tiny incision in the waistband of his underwear, and slides the razor into the band by his hip.

SAM

May I?

He takes Ari's cigarette and melts the edge of the elastic band sealing the blade inside. Ari finds this quite amusing.

Sam gets up and begins to dress.

SAM (cont'd)
How soon 'til you're ready? I'd
like to be in Niteroi by sundown.

Ari tears open the box to his new .45, shoves the pistol in his waistband, dumps a handful of bullets into his pocket, takes one last bite of dinner and grabs his hat.

ARI
Let's go.

Sam looks at him for a beat. Ari points to Sam's hidden razor blade.

ARI (cont'd)
I have my electric razor if I need
an emergency shave.

Sam grabs a dinner roll off the tray and they head out.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK ON STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - DUSK

Sam drives. Ari smokes. No one talks.

The sunlight is almost gone as Sam cuts the lights and parks on a narrow street with the truck facing down a steep grade.

Ari opens the glove box and hands Sam a pair of brand new binoculars, then pulls a set for himself.

They gaze at the large villa at the base of the hill. It's the nicest house on the block with a huge swimming pool.

SAM
I'd like to have been here an hour
ago.

ARI
Don't worry. Like rats, they wait
for dark.

SAM
Even still.

ARI
I asked you if I could drive.

SAM
What does that mean?

ARI
Nevermind.

SAM

What?

Sam puts his binoculars aside and looks at his father. Ari does not take his attention off the house.

ARI

You are an excellent driver, very safe.

SAM

You don't think so?

ARI

I do think so, that is why I said it.

SAM

So what is it?

ARI

Nothing.

SAM

Say it.

Ari looks at Sam.

ARI

Did you notice the cars passing us?

SAM

Yes. They drive like shit down here.

ARI

Did you notice that every car passed us?

SAM

Not every car.

ARI

The old woman on the moped? The cripple?

SAM

She wasn't crippled.

ARI

But she had a cane, yes?

SAM
Would you rather have been stopped
by the police?

ARI
You're a curious person, Samuel.

SAM
What does that mean?

ARI
You're in a foreign country to kill
a man, yet you're concerned with a
speeding ticket.

SAM
Right, why be careful? If we get
pulled over, fuck it, just slit the
cop's throat. And I'm not here to
kill, I'm here to arrest.

ARI
Arrest? At best the Brazilians
would view it as an abduction.

SAM
All the more reason to use caution.
There's a time and place for
everything.

ARI
Correct. I believe the time...

Ari goes silent and points out the window. Sam looks.

THROUGH BINOCULARS:

The lights come on in the pool behind the villa. A HANDSOME
YOUNG POOL BOY runs out naked and dives into the blue water.

RINALDO SANTOS follows him. Santos has sweated through his
oversized linen suit and he is angrily gesticulating at the
pool boy to get out of the water.

The pool boy is being coy. Santos chases him from one edge of
the pool to another trying to coax him out.

Sam turns to Ari.

SAM
Is he stalling for time?

Ari drops his binoculars and pulls his gun.

ARI
Shit, yes.

Sam and Ari jump out of the truck.

EXT. STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam and Ari run toward the house.

Sam is well ahead of his father. Just as he is about to cross the street to the villa, a SILVER MERCEDES pulls into the driveway and cuts its lights.

Sam ducks in between two parked cars. He reaches out and grabs Ari as he passes and yanks him in.

ARI
What are you doing? It's him!

He grips his father's shirt tightly.

SAM
Look right.

Outraged, Ari careful peers out. He calms when he spots the HALF-DOZEN UNIFORMED POLICEMEN concealed in the hedges of the house to the right of the villa.

SAM (cont'd)
And left.

The yard of the house on the other side also has SEVERAL UNIFORMED MEN lying in wait.

They are all watching Drexler as he gets out of the Mercedes and stretches.

ARI
Shit!

SAM
Who are they?

ARI
Our bad luck. This is what the boy was stalling for. They're here for Santos, but if Drexler spots them he'll run.

EXT. SANTOS VILLA, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Drexler reaches back into the car and grabs an envelope. He closes the door and walks to the front of the house.

Just before he rings the bell he stops, slaps the side of his head "oops!" and returns to the Mercedes.

He gets back in and bends down.

EXT. STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

SAM

What the fuck's he doing?

Ari doesn't respond, he just watches.

Everybody waits.

EXT. SANTOS VILLA, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Finally a POLICEMAN steps out of the shadows towards the Mercedes. At that exact moment the reverse lights come on and Drexler guns the car backward, peeling out of the driveway.

EXT. STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

The Policeman runs towards him.

Drexler slams the back of the Mercedes into the car parked in front of the two cars that Sam and Ari are hiding between.

The chain reaction smashes the parked cars together. Sam leaps out but Ari is too slow. His left leg is crushed between the cars' bumpers.

Ari stifles a scream and Sam rushes around to him.

Drexler pulls a pistol and shoots the Policeman in the chest.

The other policeman fire at Drexler's Mercedes.

Stray bullets slam into the cars Ari is stuck between.

Drexler guns the engine and pulls away, freeing Ari. Sam drags Ari out of the line of fire behind a parked van.

ARI

Go!

Sam quickly attends to Ari's leg.

ARI (cont'd)

What are you doing? Get him!

SAM

I have to stop the bleeding.

Ari's injury is bad, the bone juts out slightly.

Sam pulls off his shirt and slides out his belt. He carefully packs the shirt around the leg and works the belt to keep pressure on the gushing wound.

In the street Drexler's Mercedes has stalled from the hail of bullets into the engine block. Smoke pours from the hood.

Drexler grabs the dead policeman's rifle and takes cover behind the Mercedes. From there he is exchanging fire with the police. The old man is a good shot and two of the less concealed policeman drop.

Suddenly a GARBAGE TRUCK rounds the corner. The DRIVER sees the firefight and locks his brakes -- too late, he smashes into the Mercedes, wedging his truck in the narrow street.

The shooting stops and the police begin to yell orders.

Sam peers around the van and sees the police slowly moving toward the truck.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK, STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

The terrified driver hides on the floorboard.

Drexler opens the passenger side door of the cab and climbs in crouching. He presses his pistol to the driver's head.

DREXLER
(Portuguese / subtitles)
Drive!

Shaking, the driver gets up behind the wheel and puts the truck into reverse. He grinds back off the Mercedes.

DREXLER (cont'd)
Forward!

The driver's eyes go wide but he obeys, putting the truck in drive he moves towards the policemen.

EXT. BEHIND PARKED VAN, NITEROI, BRAZIL - DUSK

Ari uses his elbows to drag himself to where he can see the street from between two cars.

ARI
Samuel!

He turns to his father. Ari pulls a grenade out of his jacket and rolls it to Sam. Sam is surprised to see a grenade.

ARI (cont'd)
Throw it into the truck!

Sam looks at him, then at the grenade.

ARI (cont'd)

It has a long fuse, pull the pin now, when he passes, throw it in the cab.

Sam looks back into the street. The police are backing away from the truck. All that can be seen of Drexler is his hand holding the pistol to the temple of the terrified truck driver.

Sam watches. The truck is now right next to where he is hidden, he could easily toss the grenade into the cab.

Sam locks eyes with the terrified truck driver, sweat pours down the man's brow.

ARI (cont'd)

Throw it!

Sam stares.

The truck passes him and pushes up against the bumper of an empty POLICE CAR that blocks the tight street. The car is no match for the heavy truck, which shoves it out of the way and continues down the street.

ARI (cont'd)

What are you doing?

From behind, the policemen shoot at the truck's tires. One goes flat but it still moves forward, its speed increasing.

SAM

They've got him.

Ari lets out a sigh and collapses.

ARI

No. They do not.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK, STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

As the truck clears the intersection, Drexler fires a round into the driver's head and pushes his body out the door.

He guns the engine, speeds down the block a hundred yards, then jerks the wheel, slamming the truck diagonally into the parked cars so that it is blocking the entire street.

EXT. GARBAGE TRUCK, STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Drexler quickly climbs out of the cab.

He unscrews the cap to the truck's gas tank, stuffs his handkerchief halfway in, lights it and runs down the street.

EXT. STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

The policeman slowly move toward the truck from behind.

A policeman spots the burning gas tank, shouts a warning and they all back away.

The tank blows, engulfing the cab in flames.

A BRAVE POLICEMAN walks around the truck, climbs onto a parked car and peers into the cab.

He shouts down to his companions and they scan the street.

Drexler is long gone.

EXT. BEHIND PARKED VAN, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam watches the policeman return from the truck empty handed.

SAM

Fuck.

He looks over to the villa and sees Santos being led out in cuffs. After Santos, the pool boy exits smiling.

SAM (cont'd)

Fuck!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam sits with his head in his hands, his eyes closed.

Using a cane Ari hobbles into the room his ankle encased in a sturdy cast.

ARI

Your concern better be for the mission and not me. I've fought wars with worse than this.

Ari taps the cast with his cane and Sam manages a smile.

SAM

You're OK?

ARI

No. I'm old, fat and slow.

SAM

I got us a room. We can figure out where to begin again tomorrow.

ARI

No, there's only one thing to do now.

INT. TERMAS BAR, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

The bar is loud, fun and full of RIDICULOUSLY ATTRACTIVE BRAZILIAN WOMEN, some working, some partying.

Ari shakes a pain pill out of bottle and downs it with a sip of scotch. Across the table Sam sips a beer. Several empties clutter their table.

ARI

A Brazilian woman can take my mind off anything.

Sam nods and takes a sip of his beer.

SAM

How the fuck are we gonna find him now.

ARI

Ah-ah-ah, we don't think of the mission any more tonight.

SAM

Without Santos we got nothing.

ARI

I have been doing this for many years. There's always something. Clear your head for now.

A BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS, 18, sets the next round on their table.

ARI (cont'd)

Thank you, sweetheart.

Ari slips money into her tight back pocket and pats her butt. She kisses him gently on the lips and walks back to the bar.

SAM

I think she likes you.

ARI

No, they just know me here. Besides, she's too old for me.

Ari winks at his son and takes a gulp of his fresh drink.

A group of CUTE LOCAL GIRLS near them are celebrating a birthday and the BIRTHDAY GIRL keeps looking over at Sam.

ARI (cont'd)
Enjoy it while you can, Samuel, the mind may sharpen but the body does not.

Ari takes a sip and leans in close to Sam.

ARI (cont'd)
When I was your age and it was hard I couldn't even bend it. Now, if it gets hard at all, I can bend it in half.

Sam smiles and sips his beer.

SAM
Maybe you're getting stronger.

Ari laughs. Sam shakes his head.

SAM (cont'd)
Thanks for the hard-on quality update, I was wondering.

ARI
Fuck you, without my hard-ons you wouldn't exist.

The birthday girl is clearly making eyes at Sam. He smiles politely then returns his attention to Ari.

SAM
This is a good bar.

ARI
If you like this, there is a place in Sao Paulo I have to take you to.

SAM
Sao Paulo?

ARI
Yes. I think we go there tomorrow.

SAM
What's in Sao Paulo?

Ari sips his scotch.

ARI
It's a beautiful city. And filled
with Germans.

Sam looks at Ari trying to read more from his face. Ari waves his finger at Sam.

ARI (cont'd)
Ah, no! This is my fault. We do not
talk about work tonight!

Ari finishes his scotch and slams the glass on the table.

Birthday Girl and her REDHEAD FRIEND get up and begin to dance to the loud music.

They wave at Sam and he waves back. Ari turns to see them then looks at his son.

The girls gesture for Sam to join them. He smiles, downs his beer and begins to slide out of the his booth.

ARI (cont'd)
Aha. So you're not made entirely of
stone after all!

SAM
Only the important part.

Sam puts his empty bottle on the table and leans down to Ari.

SAM (cont'd)
One work question: what's with the
fucking hand grenade?

ARI
Well, some people feel safer with a
razor blade in their underpants,
others prefer a grenade.

Sam laughs. Ari waves Sam away.

ARI (cont'd)
Go now. The best revenge is living
well. And I promise Drexler will be
just as dead when I kill him next
week.

Sam joins the girls on the dance floor.

Ari lights a cigarette. He hefts his heavy cast up onto the seat next to him and closes his eyes.

INT. V-2 ROCKET ASSEMBLY LINE, NORDHAUSEN, GERMANY 1944 - DAY

Young Ari walks the line at the plant, clipboard in hand.

He watches a NEW PRISONER slide two pieces of rocket engine together. When they don't fit the man shoves them roughly.

Ari smacks him with the clipboard.

ARI

Gentle. Always gentle.

The prisoner glares up at him with pure rage.

ARI (cont'd)

Would you rather be slapped by me
or shot by him?

The prisoner eyes the NAZI standing guard and returns to his work. He carefully slides the two pieces together, they fit.

INT. NORDHAUSEN V-2 ROCKET ASSEMBLY LINE - CONTINUOUS

High above the assembly line on a walkway, Julius Heinrich watches Ari's interaction with the new prisoner.

He points to Ari and signals to a S.S. OFFICER.

HEINRICH

Bring that one to my office.

INT. JULIUS HEINRICH'S OFFICE, NORDHAUSEN - DAY

Heinrich sits at a huge oak desk smoking and reading Ari's file. In front of him is a LARGE PLATTER OF FRESH FOOD.

There is a knock at the door.

HEINRICH

Enter.

The S.S. Officer pushes Ari in and shuts the door.

HEINRICH (cont'd)

Sit. Please.

Ari slowly sits. Heinrich pushes the platter toward him.

HEINRICH (cont'd)

Eat.

Ari doesn't move. Heinrich takes a deep drag of his cigarette.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
Either I've made a miscalculation,
or you're not a man that will take
stupid pride over survival. Eat.

Ari reaches for an apple and takes a bite. Heinrich pours a glass of water and slides it to Ari.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
I have a proposal.

Ari nods. He devours the apple and starts in on some bread.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
You men are not as easily replaced
as some might think. I need an
ally.

Ari looks up from stuffing his face.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
I won't ask you to inform on
anyone, I assume you wouldn't do it
anyway. What I need is a friend and
the way to make friends is through
kind deeds.

Ari is shoving raspberries into his mouth. He looks up at Heinrich who opens his file.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
You're married, yes?

Ari nods.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
I can bring your wife here.

Ari drops a handful of berries.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
And after her, any family members
and friends we can find. You have
no children?

Ari shakes his head.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
Good. I can't help children. I want
to help you, but I need someone to
help me. Are you that man?

Ari peers into Heinrich's eyes, he peers back. Ari's eyes fall to the platter of food on the table. He stares.

He grabs a loaf of bread, stuffs it into his pants, stands up and nods.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
Excellent. This will work well.

He stands and extends his hand to Ari. Ari waits a beat, then shakes it.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, PRISONERS' BARRACKS - NIGHT

Ari shuffles into the barracks along with the rest of the PRISONERS. He's a broken man and knows it.

Ari stops in front of the bunk belonging to the new prisoner who he smacked earlier in the day. Ari tosses the loaf of bread to him and continues up to his bunk.

The man devours the untouched loaf.

INT. TERMAS BAR, BRAZIL, 1973 - NIGHT

Ari sits with his eyes closed. Sam returns to the table.

SAM
You OK?

Ari cracks one eye and looks at his son.

ARI
I'm gonna to turn in.

SAM
That's probably a good idea. You need help to your room?

Ari looks at Birthday Girl waiting for Sam by the dance floor. He stands and drains the remainder of his scotch.

ARI
No. Do you need help with her?

SAM
I think I got it.

ARI
Good boy.

Ari pinches Sam's cheek and makes his way out of the bar.

Sam returns to Birthday Girl, she kisses him and pulls him back onto the dance floor.

INT. TERMAS BAR, ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ari peers back into the bar and sees Sam dancing. He waves to Birthday Girl's Redhead Friend at the bar. She glances over to Sam, sees that he's not looking and approaches Ari.

Ari hands her two hundred dollar bills and quickly exits.

INT. SAM'S HOTEL ROOM, NITEROI BRAZIL - NIGHT

The door swings open filling the dark room with light and Birthday Girl pulls Sam in kissing him passionately.

Sam kicks the door shut and they tumble to the bed.

She pulls Sam's shirt off and then her own. She straddles him and kisses his neck. She runs her hand over the tape on his back and stops.

She turns him to look at his back, then looks up at him with a curious expression.

SAM

It's fine.

She peers into his eyes then kisses him deeply.

Things get hot fast.

Suddenly she stops.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

A espera um minuto, a bíblia.

Sam does not understand.

BIRTHDAY GIRL (cont'd)

A bíblia. A bíblia!

She turns on the light.

SAM

What?

She grabs the cross hanging between her breasts.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Não em lugar com uma bíblia!

Sam still has no idea. She grabs the copy of the bible off the night stand, opens the front door and places it outside.

She locks the door and returns to the bed.

BIRTHDAY GIRL (cont'd)
 (thick accent)
 No with bible right there.

She shoves Sam back on the bed and kisses his chest, slowly working her way down. Sam is enjoying himself.

Suddenly he sits bolt upright. He turns on the light and searches for his shirt. He finds it and heads for the door.

BIRTHDAY GIRL (cont'd)
 O que são fazendo?

SAM
 I'm sorry. Happy birthday.

EXT. ARI'S HOTEL ROOM, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam slips on his shirt and pounds on Ari's door. He paces and knocks again.

SAM
 Wake up. It's me.

ARI (V.O.)
 (through door)
 What time is it?

SAM
 I don't know, late. Let me in.

ARI (V.O.)
 It's open.

EXT. ARI'S HOTEL ROOM, NITEROI, BRAZIL - CONTINUOUS

Sam enters. Ari is in bed curled up under the covers.

SAM
 You sleep with the door unlocked?

Ari shifts in bed and the sound of a PUMP SHOTGUN RACKING A SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER comes from under the covers.

ARI
 Better than a hotel lock.

SAM
 The bible.

ARI
 What about it?

SAM
Santos' villa. We have to check the
bible for a note from Heinrich.

Ari thinks for a beat.

ARI
Drexler won't return there.

SAM
He has to. It's the last known
point of contact.

Again Ari thinks before responding.

ARI
They could have a contingency.

SAM
Regardless. We have to check.

ARI
OK. Yes. Is there urgency?

SAM
Are you drunk? Of course.

ARI
Yes, OK. We'll go. Give me a minute
to get dressed.

SAM
You can't go with that foot.

ARI
I'm coming.

SAM
I'll be back in a half hour.

ARI
Fuck you! I'm coming.

SAM
You'll be an operational liability.

ARI
(angry)
Samuel, you don't have to call me
papa or give me hugs, but remember
this: I wiped shit off your ass
when you weren't capable of doing
it yourself! I'm coming.

(MORE)

ARI (cont'd)
I'll be in the lobby in five
minutes. Now get out of my room.

Sam hesitates then exits.

Ari rubs his eyes. He tosses back the covers revealing that he is FULLY DRESSED including a boot on his good foot.

He sits on the edge of the bed and lights a cigarette.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam paces. A VALET pulls up and hands him the keys.

Sam looks at the keys in his hand.

SAM
Fuck it.

He climbs into the truck and drives off.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Leonid crouches behind a parked car across the street from the Villa.

A FAT POLICEMAN sits at the front door dozing in the heat.

Leonid turns and gives a hand signal. Ivan pops out of the shadow of a neighboring house and creeps toward the villa.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Ari walks out of the lobby. He stops and looks at the valet.

ARI
He left?

VALET
Yes sir.

Ari stands motionless for a beat.

He pulls a knot of cash from his pocket, peels off \$1000 and holds it out to the valet.

ARI
May I buy your car?

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK ON STREET, NITEROI, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam is parked on the street overlooking Santos' villa.

He looks at the villa and the policeman asleep out front.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Ivan and Leonid are crouched on the floor of the huge master bedroom.

Ivan points to the bookshelf on the other side of the room and they crawl towards it moving silently on the shag carpet.

EXT. SIDE WALL, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam slowly creeps along pressed to the side of the villa. He startles a bird and it flies up, RUSTLING THE LEAVES.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Ivan and Leonid hear the BIRD RUSTLING THE LEAVES and freeze.

They listen for a moment to the silence. Ivan shrugs it off and they continue on.

Leonid shines a flashlight on the bookshelf and Ivan searches. He locates the bible and pulls it off the shelf.

Leonid moves in closer as Ivan opens the book.

He finds THE NOTE, pulls it out and unfolds it. Before we can see what it says A THUD sounds from inside the bathroom and they both turn towards it.

Leonid shuts off the flashlight and waits.

INT. BATHROOM, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam crouches on the tile floor beneath the window.

He turns on a dim red flashlight, clenches it in his teeth and crawls to the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - CONTINUOUS

Crawling, Sam pushes open the door and enters the bedroom.

As his head clears the door frame, Ivan kicks him in the face.

Sam leaps to his feet and pulls the bathroom door shut but Ivan sticks his arm in blocking it from closing.

Sam pushes the door back open, then slams it on Ivan's arm with renewed effort. Ivan SHOUTS IN PAIN.

EXT. SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

The dozing policeman jumps to his feet, pulls his pistol from its holster and enters the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SANTOS' VILLA, BRAZIL - NIGHT

Sam kicks the bathroom door back open into Ivan. Ivan stumbles backwards and Sam smashes his fist into Ivan's face.

Continuing to gain ground, Sam delivers a swift kick to Ivan's shin sending him to one knee. As he falls, Sam strikes him on the side of his head with the butt of his flashlight.

Ivan drops but manages to kick Sam's feet out from under him.

Sam lands on top of Ivan, trading blows to the face.

Suddenly, Leonid pulls a pillowcase over Sam's head from behind. Ivan grabs Sam's covered head and delivers a series of powerful head butts until Sam goes limp.

Ivan rolls Sam off of him, leaps to his feet pulling a revolver and fires three shots into the bedroom door.

The door swings open and the fat policeman drops into the room, dead.

Ivan rubs the side of his head and wobbles slightly.

IVAN

Leave the cop. Take him.

INT. BATHROOM, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Sam comes to with his head in ice water. Ivan hauls him up.

Sam is bound with rope, hanging upside-down above the tub in Ivan's makeshift torture chamber wearing only his underwear.

IVAN

Where is meeting?

Ivan punches him in the gut. Leonid watches apprehensively.

IVAN (cont'd)

Where is meeting?

No response. Ivan lowers him into the freezing water.

And waits.

And waits.

Sam begins to writhe and Ivan hauls him out.

LEONID
You know where they are meeting in
Sao Paulo?

Sam is still. He looks into Leonid's eyes.

Ivan grabs Sam's ears and yanks them like he's trying to pull them off of his head.

IVAN
You no hear him? Where meeting in
Sao Paulo?

He drops Sam into the tub, banging Sam's head on the bottom.

He hauls Sam up so his mouth is just above the water line and when Sam goes to take in a breath, he drops him back in.

Sam chokes.

Finally he lifts Sam out.

IVAN (cont'd)
Where meeting?

Ivan spins Sam so that he is facing his back. He reaches up and tears the duct tape off of Sam's wound. Several of the stitches pop out.

Sam's muscles tense from the pain but he makes no sound.

IVAN (cont'd)
Where is meeting?

Again Ivan pulls on his ears. Sam jerks his head back and forth but it's no use. Ivan laughs.

LEONID
(Russian / subtitles)
You realize it is possible that he
didn't tell him?

IVAN
(Russian / subtitles)
Don't speak! Even in Russian.

LEONID
(Russian / subtitles)
Don't be stupid. You think he
speaks Russian?

IVAN
 (Russian / subtitles)
 Shut up! Get out. Now!

Ivan shoves Leonid out of the bathroom. He boxes Sam in the kidneys again, turns off the light and exits, leaving Sam alone in the dark.

INT. HALLWAY, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Ivan is furious, he grabs Leonid's shirt and yells at him.

IVAN
 Idiot! Not in front of the subject.

LEONID
 Why? It doesn't matter. All I'm saying is maybe he doesn't know.

INT. BATHROOM, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

IVAN (O.S.)
 (Russian / subtitles)
 How could he not know?

Sam listens to them arguing outside the door. He strains against the ropes reaching for the elastic of his underwear.

INT. HALLWAY, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Ivan is red with rage. Leonid calmly explains.

LEONID
 (Russian / subtitles)
 It is possible he doesn't.

IVAN
 (Russian / subtitles)
 He knows.

LEONID
 (Russian / subtitles)
 Why did he come back if he knows?

Ivan looks at him for a beat.

INT. BATHROOM, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Sam is straining with all his might. The effort is making him swing, which in turn makes the ropes tighter.

LEONID (O.S.)
(Russian / subtitles)
You are so quick to torture him to
death. Maybe you are asking the
wrong questions.

IVAN (O.S.)
(Russian / subtitles)
I will not have you questioning me!

We hear the sound of Ivan SLAPPING Leonid.

Sam's hand reaches his waist. He squeezes the razor blade out
of his waistband bloodying his fingers.

He frantically hacks at the rope that binds his wrists.

INT. HALLWAY, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Leonid stares at his feet.

IVAN
(Russian / subtitles)
Stay out. I will be the judge of
what he knows and does not know.

Ivan heads back into the bathroom. Leonid sulks off to the
kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Ivan flips on the light and sees Sam standing by the tub. Sam
instantly slashes the razor across Ivan's face.

Ivan gets into a fighting stance and smiles -- his bottom lip
falls off!

Ivan's hand instinctively goes to his mouth.

Sam leaps at him and drives his shoulder into Ivan's stomach,
knocking the wind out of him and bringing him down. Ivan's
head smacks hard on the tile floor.

Moving with frightening speed, Sam rolls Ivan over, drives
his knee into the back of his rib cage, grabs a fistful of
hair and yanks Ivan's head back, exposing his neck.

Sam slides the razor blade up under Ivan's jaw and drags it
across his neck slitting Ivan's throat.

He hauls Ivan over the edge of the tub and shoves him under
the ice water. A massive amount of blood and air gurgle out
of Ivan's neck.

Ivan is still. Sam stands up on shaky legs and vomits.

He takes a deep breath, grabs the revolver out of Ivan's pants and heads out the door.

INT. KITCHEN, RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE, RIO - DAY

Leonid sits at the table drinking a beer and watching LOUD BRAZILIAN TV. When he sees Sam he drops the beer and bolts for a shotgun leaning on the wall by the fridge.

Sam fires two shots at Leonid and he collapses on the floor.

Sam steps over him and grabs the shotgun.

He turns Leonid over and presses the barrel of the shotgun into his teeth.

SAM
(Russian / subtitles)
Where's the note?

Leonid coughs up blood and smiles.

LEONID
(Russian / subtitles)
You do speak Russian.

SAM
Not well. Where's the note?

Leonid winces in pain and slides himself back away from Sam.

LEONID
You didn't know, did you?

SAM
Where's the note?

LEONID
You didn't know.

SAM
Where's the fucking note?

Leonid points to an open OFFICE SAFE next to the couch.

Sam reaches into the safe and removes the bible from Santos' villa. He pulls out the SMALL FOLDED NOTE.

CLOSE ON NOTE: SAO PAULO, 2PM TOMORROW. - J.H.

Sam sits on the couch and stares at the small piece of paper in his hand.

LEONID

He is your father but you did not know that he was Heinrich.

Leonid manages to prop himself up against a wall. Blood runs out of his nose and down his shirt.

SAM

Did you see him place the note?

LEONID

Yes. He went into the villa a half-hour before you came. We waited, then went in. You surprised us.

Sam gets up and walks over to Leonid. He bends down and gently opens Leonid's shirt.

Leonid has a bullet hole in his chest and one in his side. Blood trickles from both.

Leonid is wearing a gold necklace with a Star of David pendant. Sam looks at it for a beat then begins to treat the wounds.

Leonid gestures for Sam to back away.

LEONID (cont'd)

Pointless. Get me a cigarette.

Sam grabs a pack off the table, puts one in Leonid's mouth and lights it.

He points to the star pendant.

SAM

I thought you weren't allowed to have that?

LEONID

I'm not. But Moscow is 14,000 kilometers away.

Sam nods.

LEONID (cont'd)

He is really your father?

Sam looks him in the eyes but says nothing.

LEONID (cont'd)

But you did not know.

Sam walks back to the safe and removes SEVERAL FILES.

He opens one and leafs through it. The file contains A PHOTOGRAPH OF SAM.

He closes it and grabs the rest of the files out of the safe.

Leonid has a coughing fit and blood froths out of his nose.

LEONID (cont'd)

He didn't even tell his own son.

Sam scans the files furiously, taking in all the information.

SAM

How could he get this past Mossad?

Leonid cracks a small grin, there's blood between his teeth.

LEONID

He was there before there was a Mossad. And besides, no one looks for something they don't want to find. He's their great hero. He brought them the heads of dozens of Nazis.

Sam snaps out his shock.

SAM

Where are my clothes?

Leonid stares at Sam with glassy eyes. He's fading out.

LEONID

What about the wife?

(beat)

Your mother?

A look of stunned shock comes over Sam's face.

The cigarette falls from Leonid's mouth and lays on his stomach, burning his flesh.

Sam picks up the cigarette, crushes it out and closes Leonid's lifeless eyes.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON CITY STREET, RIO - DAY

Sam's bloody face and clothes draw looks from PASSERS BY. He listens to the PHONE RINGING THROUGH THE RECEIVER.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TELEPHONE wakes Judith up. She answers half asleep.

JUDITH
Hello?

SAM
(through phone)
What's your name?

JUDITH
Sam? Is that you?

SAM
(through phone)
Your real name.

JUDITH
Sam? What time is it?

SAM
(through phone)
What's your real name, mom?

JUDITH
Oh my God.

Judith sits up in bed and turns on the bedside lamp.

JUDITH (cont'd)
Sam, where are you?

SAM
(through phone)
I want to know your real name.

JUDITH
How could he tell you? He swore to
me he would never tell you!

SAM
(through phone)
He didn't. What's your name?

Judith slowly lights a cigarette. Her hand is trembling.

JUDITH
Heidi. My old name was Heidi.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON CITY STREET, RIO - DAY

Sam's jaw clenches at the sound of her words.

JUDITH
(through phone)
Where are you? Can you come here?

SAM
I'm in Brazil.

JUDITH
(through phone)
Is he in Brazil?

SAM
I don't know where my father is
now.

JUDITH
(through phone)
Not your father, Dr. Drexler.

SAM
What? What did you just say?

JUDITH
(through phone)
That's who you are looking for
isn't it?

SAM
What the fuck is happening?

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JUDITH
I'm sorry Sam. I really am.

SAM
(through phone)
What the fuck do you know about
Karl Drexler?

Judith takes a deep drag off her cigarette.

JUDITH
It's coincidence that I know
anything about him at all.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON CITY STREET, RIO - DAY

JUDITH
(through phone)
His daughter went to Annapolis with
you.

Sam drops the receiver. He digs in his pocket and pulls out
the telegram from Gary Leck's basement.

Holding the telegram, Sam picks up the dangling receiver.

SAM
June fifth, nineteen-fucking-sixty-eight. He saw him at my fucking graduation!

JUDITH
(through phone)
Yes. After your father scared him with that telegram Drexler found me. Found us. He persuaded me to meet with him.

Sam leans his forehead on the wall of the phone booth.

JUDITH (cont'd)
(through phone)
He asked me to convince your father not to ruin it for all of us.

SAM
Good God.

Judith begins to cry.

JUDITH
(through phone)
I'm sorry Sam. I was afraid. I am still afraid.

Sam stands up upright in the booth.

SAM
Where did you meet him?

JUDITH
(through phone)
What?

SAM
You said you met Drexler. Where did you meet him?

JUDITH
(through phone)
At a hotel downtown.

SAM
What hotel? Can you remember?

JUDITH
(through phone)
The Four Seasons. Why?

SAM

Because Dr. Drexler's a creature of habit.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judith lights a second cigarette with the butt of the first.

JUDITH

Don't. Sam, come home. You're not like them. Let it be and come home.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON CITY STREET, RIO - DAY

Sam swallows hard. He is trembling.

SAM

Don't do that. Don't use your Jewish mother bullshit. You're not even Jewish.

(beat)

I'm not even Jewish.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judith is crying hard.

JUDITH

You are Jewish. I made sure of that. Being Jewish is not about what's in your veins, it's about what's in your head.

SAM

(through phone)

Did you kill them? Did you help him kill the real Brauers?

Judith is silent. She drops her cigarette into the carpet and crushes it.

JUDITH

Hold on a second, honey, I need an ashtray.

She reaches under the mattress and pulls out a revolver.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON CITY STREET, RIO - DAY

Sam hears the LOUD CLICK OF THE REVOLVER COCKING.

SAM

Mom?

JUDITH
 (through phone)
 I love you, Samuel. Just because
 our lives were a lie doesn't mean
 yours is.

The SOUND OF A GUNSHOT crashes through the phone.

SAM
 Mom? MOM!

Sam slams the phone. He holds his head in his hands and collapses in the phone booth.

INT. OLD DATSUN TWO-SEATER ON HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari steers the valet's car through the morning traffic.

He lights a smoke and stares at his own eyes in the rearview mirror.

INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS, NORDHAUSEN FACILITY, 1945 - DAY

Heinrich paces, smoking. ARTILLERY SHELLS EXPLODE nearby knocking a picture off the wall.

A SQUAD OF NAZI SOLDIERS stand before him changing into prisoners' uniforms. Beside them is a pile of Nazi uniforms and rifles.

The SQUAD LEADER approaches Heinrich nervously.

SQUAD LEADER
 Sir, we could keep our weapons and
 say we took them off dead soldiers.

HEINRICH
 You have blue eyes, blond hair and
 are two meters tall. It's
 suspicious enough.

The man stares at him anxiously.

HEINRICH (cont'd)
 Fine then. Bring me one.

Relieved, he obeys retrieving a machine gun off the pile.

Heinrich takes the weapon, cocks it and fires into the man's chest. He drops and the others stare in fear.

Heinrich fires into the group slaughtering all of the men.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Heinrich loads the soldier's uniforms and several boxes of files into a blast furnace and slams the metal door shut.

He walks the room cranking every valve up to its maximum.

Behind him a glass meter shatters and flames spray from a pipe on the wall.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, OFFICE - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN, who resembles A VERY YOUNG, GAUNT JUDITH BRAUER, waits in the barren office.

She closes the door then pulls the wax paper off a sandwich and begins to eat it ravenously.

On the empty desk in front of her is an automatic pistol. She stares at it while chewing.

The door opens and Heinrich enters. Startled, she moves to conceal the sandwich but he sees it and gives her a disapproving look.

HEINRICH

I've told you, only enough to stay alive. We have to look exactly like them.

YOUNG JUDITH

Yes. But I'm eating for two.

Heinrich stares at her -- holy shit!

A smile forms on his face. He hugs her and kisses her forehead then steps back.

HEINRICH

We have to do it now.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, HALLWAY - DAY

Young Judith and Heinrich stand in front of a metal door. She watches as he searches through a full key ring.

Heinrich finds the correct key. He looks at her.

She looks at the pistol in her trembling hand.

Heinrich points to Judith's belly.

HEINRICH

For him.

She nods and Heinrich unlocks the door.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, STORE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Young Ari sits on the floor hugging his YOUNG WIFE. Their eyes stare out at Judith and Heinrich void of all expression.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, HALLWAY - DAY

Young Judith fires two shots into the storeroom.

We hear TWO BODIES COLLAPSING TO THE FLOOR.

She lowers the pistol and Heinrich takes it from her.

INT. NORDHAUSEN ROCKET FACILITY, INFIRMARY - DAY

Heinrich sits at a table naked from the waist up, he is deathly gaunt. He finishes tattooing the last digit of Ari's serial number on his forearm.

777429.

He slips on the shirt of Ari's tattered uniform.

Seated across from him Judith is also wearing a prisoner's uniform.

She is oblivious to the beads of blood that seep out of the fresh tattoo on her forearm. Heinrich wipes it for her.

HEINRICH

One more task. Then we go.

Heinrich pulls a pair of medical scissors out of his pocket, stands up and drops his pants. Judith's face goes white.

INT. OLD DATSUN TWO-SEATER ON HIGHWAY, BRAZIL - DAY

Ari pulls his hand out of his pants. He crushes out his cigarette and looks at the tattoo on his arm.

777429.

He takes the exit for Sao Paulo and lights another smoke.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: UNITED STATES EMBASSY, RIO - DAY

INT. C.I.A OFFICE, U.S. EMBASSY, RIO - DAY

Agent Hoyt sits at the desk reading the Russian file. Linden reads over his shoulder.

Sam paces, still wearing his bloody and ragged clothes.

LINDEN

God damn!

Hoyt passes the file to Linden and looks up at Sam.

LINDEN (cont'd)

So Drexler managed to get a message to the Soviets tellin' them who Ari Brauer really was. They dug up Heinrich's old dental records and checked 'em against Ari's.

Hoyt pulls PHOTOSTATS OF TWO SETS OF DENTAL X-RAYS from the file. He lays them over each other, they are identical.

HOYT

It is a solid cover.

LINDEN

I'll say. Impressive setup. He brought everyone that could ID the real Brauer to the camp and had them killed. Then he assumed the identity of Brauer as a survivor and starting killing all the Nazis that could ID him as Heinrich. Shit, he was only one away from it working.

Linden and Hoyt look at the files nodding in appreciation of Ari's duplicity.

SAM

Too bad you couldn't figure an angle to use it for yourselves.

Hoyt looks up at him, just slightly embarrassed.

HOYT

What do you need for Drexler?

SAM

A jet to Sao Paulo. It has to have diplomatic clearance. It has to wait for me and take off for American soil without questions when I board with two prisoners, and it has to be ready an hour ago.

LINDEN

(sarcastic)

Anything else?

SAM
Yeah, some new clothes.

HOYT
You know where the meeting is?

SAM
I know when it is.

Hoyt grabs the note from the file and looks at it.

CLOSE ON NOTE: SAO PAULO, 2PM TOMORROW. - J.H.

LINDEN
Sao Paulo's a big town.

SAM
I know where Dr. Drexler is.

HOYT
Where?

Sam looks at him without responding.

LINDEN
You're asking for an awful lot to go on trust.

SAM
We do it my way exactly or I don't do it.

Hoyt and Sam lock eyes for a beat. Hoyt looks away.

HOYT
The plane will be ready in a half hour.
(to Linden)
Give him what you're wearing.

Linden winces then begins to undress.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: SAO PAULO FOUR SEASONS, BRAZIL - DAY

Taxis wait out front as guests enter and exit.

INT. LOBBY, SAO PAULO FOUR SEASONS, BRAZIL - DAY

The wall clock by the elevators reads 1:20.

An elevator opens and Dr. Drexler walks out and over to the concierge.

He grabs a copy of the WASHINGTON POST and reads it as he exits the hotel.

EXT. SAO PAULO FOUR SEASONS, BRAZIL - DAY

The DOORMAN signals to a waiting TAXI. It pulls up and Drexler gets in.

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - DAY

A Plexiglas partition separates the driver from backseat.

Drexler scans the newspaper without looking up.

TAXI DRIVER
(Portuguese / subtitles)
Destination, sir?

DREXLER
(Portuguese / subtitles)
Port of Santos.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF TAXI, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - DAY

The driver, wearing a cap and sunglasses, puts the cab in gear and pulls out onto the busy street.

The DRIVER IS SAM.

He looks in the rearview mirror at Drexler who is still reading the paper.

SAM
(Portuguese / subtitles)
East or west side of the port?

Drexler is engrossed in what he's reading.

SAM (cont'd)
(Portuguese / subtitles)
Sir?

Drexler responds without putting down the newspaper.

DREXLER
I'm not going to the port.

Drexler slides open the partition and tosses a PISTOL onto the front seat next to Sam.

DREXLER (cont'd)
 If you drive to the embassy I'll
 tell you where your father expects
 to meet me and you can do as you
 please.

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - DAY
 Drexler folds the paper and puts it in his lap.

DREXLER
 An old woman and two intelligence
 agents were murdered in Virginia
 three days ago and it still hasn't
 been in the paper. Do you wonder
 why? You think they want me in an
 open courtroom?

Sam looks at Drexler in the rearview.

SAM
 I don't give a fuck about them. I'm
 going to put you in a courtroom.

DREXLER
 And let your father go? I knew him
 when he was an insolent little shit
 just like you. Now drive us to the
 embassy, this is above your...

The rear WINDOW SPLINTERS as a bullet zips through it.

Drexler clutches the side of his neck. Blood seeps through
 his fingers.

A HAND GRENADE is tossed through the window. It lands in
 Drexler's lap, then rolls onto the floor between his feet.

EXT. BUSY STREET, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

Ari, riding in the passenger seat of the CAR next the taxi
 signals for his DRIVER to go.

As they pull forward he sees Sam behind the wheel of the taxi
 and a look of shock flashes onto his face.

ARI
 (to his driver)
 Stop!

The driver shakes his head -- hell no!

Ari opens his door and rolls out as his car speeds away.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF TAXI, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - DAY

Sam jams on the brakes, slamming himself into the steering wheel.

He climbs out and back to Drexler's door.

INT/EXT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - DAY

Drexler gasps, gushing blood as Sam pulls his hand away from his neck. Sam does not see the grenade at Drexler's feet.

Ari wraps his arms around Sam's waist and hauls him to the ground just as THE GRENADE EXPLODES spraying shards of glass and metal out of the open door.

EXT. BUSY STREET, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

Stunned and moving very slowly Sam blinks and looks at Ari.

Honking TRAFFIC BLAZES PAST THEM on the crowded street.

Ari examines Sam for damage. Blood runs out of Sam's ear but other than a few cuts and scrapes on his face he looks fine.

Ari smiles and gets up. Sam lays flat on the ground and stares up at his father.

ARI
Goodbye, Samuel.

Moving like he's stuck in glue, Sam waves for Ari to come closer.

Ari takes a step toward Sam and bends down.

Sam lurches at Ari and grabs his broken ankle. He jerks the cast and Ari drops to the ground.

Ari screams out in pain. Sam yanks the cast back and forth.

Ari uses his good foot to kick Sam in the face but Sam won't let go.

Ari draws his pistol and presses the barrel into Sam's teeth. Sam freezes.

ARI (cont'd)
Enough!

AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER BLOWS PAST THEM BLARING ITS AIRHORN.

Sam lets go and Ari scoots back, keeping the pistol on Sam.

Ari moves himself back some more and slowly gets to his feet. Sweat pours down his face.

He tucks his pistol into his waistband and takes a step back from Sam.

A car blazes past them.

Sam, fumbling, pulls his gun and aims at Ari who smiles.

ARI (cont'd)
You won't shoot me. Do you know why?

Ari thumps himself in his chest with his thumb.

ARI (cont'd)
Because of how *I* raised you!

Ari turns and limps away.

Sam lowers his pistol. He works to get to his feet -- but he just can not do it.

Ari turns back to face his son.

ARI (cont'd)
You always thought I left because you weren't important to me. Can you not see that it was the exact opposite reason?

Ari glances down the road, an OVERSIZED SEMI TRUCK is barreling toward them.

SAM
Every single piece of your life is some kind of self-serving lie.

Ari stops and stares at Sam. He limps back to his son.

ARI
Why did you ever think you were not good enough for me when it's so obviously the other way around?

Ari bends down and touches Sam's cheek.

He drops his pistol into Sam's lap, smiles and steps in front of the semi truck.

40 TONS OF METAL SLAM INTO 180 POUNDS OF MAN.

Smoke pours out of the truck's brakes as it skids to a halt.

Sam turns to look at the stopped truck, tries to force himself to his feet and collapses face down on the asphalt.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A PRETTY AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE opens the blinds and bright sunlight fills the sterile room.

Laying in a hospital bed Sam cracks his eyes and squints.

NURSE
Good morning.

Sam looks at her confused.

NURSE (cont'd)
I'll tell them you're up.

She exits.

Sam opens and closes his jaw, wincing. He rubs his temples.

Agent Linden enters the room, followed by Hoyt.

LINDEN
How're you feelin'?

SAM
Where am I?

LINDEN
Walter Reed. Got you out as quickly as possible.

SAM
How long have I been here?

LINDEN
Sixteen hours.

Sam swings his legs over the side of the bed.

LINDEN (cont'd)
Take it easy, buddy, you got yourself a grade three concussion.

SAM
Where are my clothes?

Sam gets up and walks toward the dresser. His legs falter and Hoyt catches him before he crashes to the floor.

Hoyt and Linden help Sam back to the bed.

HOYT
We've already been to your
mother's.

Sam looks deeply troubled.

SAM
The plot she has in Elisavetgrad,
she can't be buried there.

Hoyt doesn't get it.

SAM (cont'd)
She can not be buried in a Jewish
cemetery.

HOYT
Buried?

LINDEN
(to Hoyt)
I told you we should have opened
it.

Sam looks up, confused. Hoyt hands him an envelope.

Sam looks at it for a beat then tears it open.

CLOSE ON NOTE AS SAM READS.

JUDITH (V.O.)
I am sorry, Samuel. I am a
murderer, a liar and a coward. But
also a survivor. I hate myself for
what I've done, but I'm not ready
to die. Always remember what I told
you - just because our lives were a
lie doesn't mean yours is. Goodbye.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH BRAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judith sits holding the phone. Tears run down her face.

SAM (V.O.)
(through phone)
Did you kill them? Did you help him
kill the real Brauers?

Judith stops crying. She gathers her resolve.

JUDITH
Hold on a second, honey, I need an
ashtray.

Judith reaches under the mattress and pulls out a revolver. She holds it to her temple right by the receiver and cocks the hammer.

SAM (V.O.)
(from phone receiver)
Mom?

The pistol is quivering in her hand.

Suddenly she pulls the pistol and the receiver away from her head and fires into her pillow.

SAM (V.O.)
(from phone receiver)
Mom? Mom!

Judith sits on the bed listening to Sam and sobbing silently. She turns on a lamp, reaches under the bed and opens a safe.

She pulls out a pair of passports and a stack of cash.

She leaves the phone laying on the bed and exits the room.

CLOSE ON RECEIVER.

SAM (V.O.)
(from phone receiver)
Mom? MOM!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sam looks at Judith's note in his hands.

He lays back in the hospital bed and stares out the sunny window.

THE END