

EICHMANN

Based on the true story of the Mossad's mission to capture
the Nazi war criminal, Adolf Eichmann

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by

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1 **OVER BLACK:**

SUPER:

"He said he will leap into his grave laughing, because the feeling of having six million Jews' deaths on his conscience gave him extraordinary satisfaction."

- Dieter Wisliceny, quoting Adolf Eichmann, 1948

Wind. The GROWLS of an approaching THUNDERSTORM as we PRELAP-

2 **EXT. GARIBALDI STREET. BUENOS AIRES. NIGHT**

The year is 1960, and we are in the San Fernando barrio, on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Rain slaps the asphalt road. Small bungalows, illuminated by kerosene lamps, cast shadows across large yards. We glimpse families relaxing, dining, celebrating together...

3 **INT. BUICK. NIGHT**

THREE MOSSAD AGENTS sit in silence, staring forward as rain pounds their '53 black sedan. They watch a KIOSK and BUS-STOP nearby. Their hood is open, as if they've broken down.

Behind the wheel sits RAFI. Normally so warm and calm, now this short man's eyes bulge behind thick specs and his hand jitters. UZI, the dripping-wet beast of a man by his side, clenches his fists against the cold.

In the back sits PETER MALKIN. Handsome, in a gaunt kind of way. A caged animal. In the eyes, grim determination.

 UZI
 (checks watch)
 Like clockwork, you said.

 RAFI
 I know what I said, habibi.

 UZI
 Well, my watch isn't broken.

 RAFI
 We can't turn back. Not now.

 UZI
 Peter?

They both turn. Malkin doesn't look at either of them.

MALKIN

He's here.

Climbs out of the car. Both Rafi and Uzi turn to see-
-a GREEN/YELLOW BUS (No.203) wheezing towards the kiosk.

4 **EXT. GARIBALDI STREET. NIGHT**

Striding forward, Malkin dons a pair of fur-lined leather gloves. Breathes, steadying himself. Looks up as-

-WHOOSH. The bus DRIVES STRAIGHT PAST THE KIOSK.

MALKIN

No. No, no!

Behind him, leaning out of the car window, Uzi hisses-

UZI

Where is he? What do we do?!
Where's Attila?!

Off the look of TOTAL PANIC IN MALKIN'S FACE AS WE CUT TO-

5 **TITLES: EICHMANN**

The SCRATCHING of a fingernail grows louder and louder-

6 **INT. DINING ROOM. VILLA MINOUX. DAY (JANUARY, 1942)**

A brown stain, on a slate-grey collar. Try as it might, the clipped, tobacco-stained thumbnail is failing to shift it.

Over the sound of the scratching, a general MURMUR builds to-

HEYDRICH (O.S.)

Herr Eichmann?

Looking up from his collar, ADOLF EICHMANN finds himself at a plush dining-table surrounded by 14 HIGH-RANKING NAZIS. This is the Wannsee conference. During the next hours these men will seal the fate of approximately six million human beings.

Attractive in his way, Eichmann appears languid and calm. Not in the eyes, though. They betray a man constantly evaluating. Always searching for weakness, for opportunity.

He clears his throat. His right hand twitches briefly. Stops.

EICHMANN

Gentlemen. I begin by stressing our enemy threatens not only our war and our country but also our families. My eldest is six. My second only two and a third is on the way. I am sure I speak for everybody gathered here when I say we will give our lives and souls today to guarantee the safety of Germany's children.

There's a small RUMBLING of approval from the collected men. Eichmann smiles thinly. The sense he was hoping for more.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

But how? We tried reasoning with the enemy. We've tried deportation. But no, no, the foolish Jew has stayed put. So. We adapt. Before I continue, a glass to Herr Heydrich, Lange, Schöngarth and our men in the Einsatzgruppen for their work in the Ukraine dealing with the Slav and the Eastern Jew.

Eichmann lifts a glass of wine. Those at the table raise glasses. Several KNOCK ON THE TABLE in support. Heydrich, Lange and Schöngarth nod in appreciation.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

But Reichsführer Himmler has noted a problem. A bullet in a Jew is a bullet not in an enemy soldier. Plus, dispatching women and children this way is... problematic. The men hesitate. And with 10.3 million to go- the exact break-down is in document 171 there- we cannot afford even a second's hesitation per Jew. Now. Within six weeks, the camps of Belzec, Sobibor and Auschwitz-Birkenau will be operational. The MoT, the Foreign Office and we at the RHSA will strive to relocate all enemies of the Reich to the camps. At present, we process about 2000 a day, but with the zyklone B proposal- details in appendix C- permanent gas chambers and a more efficient train timetable, by next year it will be that many every hour. By 1949, if we follow the plans I've outlined in your files, our children *will* live *and* thrive in a Jew-free Europe.

Silence, for a moment. Then, Heydrich KNOCKS the table. All the others follow suit, BANGING louder and louder. For a moment, Eichmann basks in the glory. That's more like it.

As it dies, Heydrich begins to speak. But Eichmann returns to his collar. Licks his thumb. Tries the stain again. This time, it shifts. And, as the sound of SCRATCHING BUILDS-

WE SMASH INTO A RAPID MONTAGE OF THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE FINAL YEARS OF WW2. Stalingrad, Tripoli, the Pacific, Normandy Landings, the Red Army, the Berlin bombing, Hiroshima, the liberation of the camps...

Over footage, a mishmash of NEWS ANNOUNCEMENTS, CHEERS, MUSIC, CHURCHILL AND EISENHOWER proclaiming an Allied victory- BUT, LOUDER THAN THE NOISE, COMES A BROADCAST-

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

As the Nazi high command are rounded up, several remain missing. With the world's eyes turned to Nuremberg, the question on everyone's lips is: where is Adolf-

7 **EXT. ROSENHEIM PRISON CAMP. DAY (1945)**

AMERICAN PRIVATE

Eichmann? Where is he?

An AMERICAN PRIVATE, chewing gum and flanked by two others, stares at an assortment of Wehrmacht soldiers and officers. They stare blankly forward, refusing to engage.

Taking the gum from his mouth, the American Private plants it on a defiant Wehrmacht SOLDIER'S nose.

The Wehrmacht Soldier PUNCHES the American Private.

NEARBY

Hidden by a makeshift barracks and beside a barbed-wire fence, Eichmann watches a FIGHT break out. Sees other American soldiers running over to help break it up.

Eichmann tears the arms from a jacket. Wraps the sleeves around his hands. Grabs the barbed-wire fence.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

Dear Vera. My darling wife. My love.

Scrabbles up and, in a few moments, is on the other side. Quickly runs into the woods. As he PASSES A TREE-

8 **EXT. TOTENGEBIRGE MOUNTAINS. LOWER SAXONY. DAY (1946)**

Knee-high snow covers this lush alpine landscape. All around, LUMBERJACKS hack at trees. On a stump, an old RADIO.

One Lumberjack chops with a particular ferocity. It takes a moment to recognise EICHMANN, such is his beard and dress.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

*I hope with all my heart that you
and the children are safe.*

Bright red in the face, he stops. Lets the axe slip from his hand. Approaches the radio. Robert Jackson, lead American Prosecutor at Nuremberg, in his opening statement:

ROBERT JACKSON (ON RADIO)

*The wrongs, which we seek to condemn
and punish, have been so calculated,
so malignant, and so devastating,
that civilisation cannot tolerate
their being ignored, because it
cannot survive their being repeated.*

Eichmann lies in the snow as he listens. Snowflakes drift onto his cheeks. They MELT the moment they touch his skin.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

*I miss you. Though I have not spent
the past years a prisoner, I will
not be free until you and the boys
are with me.*

Finally, Eichmann sits upright-

9 **INT. CHAMBER. SAN ANTONIO CHURCH. GENOA. DAY (1950)**

Beard thicker, hair greyer, Eichmann sits in a camp-bed. A candle flickers. Above him, boots STOMP on floorboards.

ITALIAN OFFICER (O.S.)

Hey, shit-head, when was he here?!

The SMASH of something shattering. AN ARGUMENT breaks out.

A door opens. BISHOP HUDAL rushes in clutching a Red Cross passport, ticket and landing permit. Whispers instructions.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

But there is a plan. I will leave.

The priest points to another door. Shaking his hand, Eichmann takes the documents and opens the wooden door-

10 **EXT. GIOVANNA C SHIP. DAY (!950)**

-stepping out onto the upper-deck of an OLD STEAM-LINER.
Stares at the now-distant Italian coast. A smile on his lips.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

*To a place of opportunity and
safety. I am already arranging for
you to join me in this new land.*

Turning, Eichmann sees a muscular BLONDE MAN nearby. Blind in one eye. He notices Eichmann. Recognises him. Salutes.

EICHMANN (V.O.)

*Life will be good for us there. I
promise you, my love.*

A smile on Eichmann's lips as he turns back to the sea...

11 **INT/EXT. PERSONNEL. SHIN-BET HQ. TEL AVIV, ISRAEL. DAY (1960)**

Outside, a young Tel Aviv BUSTLES. White-stone buildings, already faded by the scorching Israeli sun. A stretch of ocean, the yellow beach. All noise and excitement and energy.

But inside this stuffy office, TWO MEN sit in silence. One, a PERSONNEL OFFICIAL, turns a tape recorder on. The other is PETER MALKIN. Heavier set than when we first saw him.

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL

For the tape, state your name.

MALKIN

Malkin, Peter.

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL

Mr. Malkin, can you describe your present role within Shin Bet?

MALKIN

Desk monkey.

(off the official's look)

Collections department, German desk. Tactical co-ordination and execution. Previously, disguise specialist and field operative.

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL

And you've been out of active service for eight months now, yes?

MALKIN

I haven't been counting.

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL
And do you understand why?

MALKIN
Anti-Semitism?

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL
Mr. Malkin.

He stops the tape. Fixes Malkin with a look.

PERSONNEL OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
The point of today is to figure out whether you're ready to return to the field. So are you gonna fuck me around, or d'you wanna go back to chasing the bad guys? Hmm? OK. Let's try that again.

Off Malkin, staring straight forward.

12 **INT. BATHROOM. SHIN-BET HQ. DAY**

A tap runs. Malkin leans over the sink. A hip-flask, clenched in one hand. He takes a hit. Lets it sit before swallowing.

Returns the flask to his pocket. Ignores someone BANGING on the door. Puts his hand down on the sink-

-a BLUE, WOVEN BRACELET comes out from under his jacket sleeve. He stares at it for a long moment.

13 **INT. CANTEEN. SHIN-BET HQ. DAY**

Malkin sits at a steel bench, chewing through falafel balls. Clusters of people sit and talk, but Malkin remains alone. His jacket is off, and his bracelet visible.

Across from him he notices a dark-haired, sharp-eyed agent HANNA enter with a friend. He watches her a moment.

AHARONI (O.S.)
How's it in purgatory, fuckhead?

Stood with two friends, CIA-trained AHARONI sneers at Malkin. A sense of superiority hangs off him like a bad cologne.

MALKIN
You should come visit more often.

AHARONI
Oh yeah?

MALKIN

Yeah. It'd make a welcome change to the inside of the Old Man's ass.

The friend blurts out a laugh. A look from Aharoni.

Across from them, Hanna is looking over. Makes eye contact with Malkin. Aharoni sees.

AHARONI

We just got back from Cologne. *Long* nights. You know what she told me, about you and her? It wasn't that you hit the prick we were meant to be watching. It wasn't you fucking my mission. No, no. She said it was more your limp dick and faggoty bracelet-

WHUMP! Malkin SLAMS Aharoni's head into the table- Aharoni recovers, GRABS MALKIN'S HAND, TWISTING IT BACK-

-but Malkin TURNS, too quick, seizing Aharoni's arm- holds it as he JABS Aharoni in the rib, DROPPING HIM.

The room respond- people CHEERING, WHOOPING, some joining in-

Aharoni's two friends weigh in- Malkin DUCKS a swipe from the first- LIGHTNING-FAST PUNCH TO THE GUT, ELBOW TO THE FACE-

-the second GRABS MALKIN, but he SLIPS OUT OF HIS GRASP, SPINS AND SHOOTS HIS HAND OUT, GRABBING THE GUY'S THROAT AND-

-SLAMS HIM DOWN INTO THE GROUND.

Just as another Mossad agent goes to enter the fray- THREE PEOPLE GRAB MALKIN FROM BEHIND, DRAGGING HIM OFF. He tries to wriggle free. And, as he's pulled away a NOISE- the sound of a GAS-FIRE IGNITING- BUILDS AND BUILDS-

In amongst the crowd, we catch a GLIMPSE of an incongruous WOMAN- blonde hair, red cheeks, DRESSED LIKE A POLISH PEASANT-

Malkin STOPS STRUGGLING. Stares at where this woman was a moment ago. He doesn't even notice as he's dragged past Hanna.

14

INT. HAREL'S OFFICE. MOSSAD HQ. DAY

Stood at his window staring out, is 48-year-old spymaster ISSER "Old Man" HAREL. Built like a pitbull with a voice to match. His secretary DVORA, at her type-writer nearby.

Sat in the centre of the room is Malkin. Watches Harel, who looks like he's deciding whether or not to explode. Finally-

HAREL

Dvora, out you go. Come on. You know what you get like when I get angry. Get on! Move it!

Affronted, Dvora stares daggers at Malkin as she leaves.

HAREL (CONT'D)

First you waste 30 minutes playing clowns at your reassessment. Then you put six-inches worth in our chief interrogator's face.

MALKIN

(beat)

It won't happen again.

Harel studies him a moment.

HAREL

You know I used to grow oranges, on the Herzliya kibbutz?

MALKIN

Oh. You've never mentioned it.

HAREL

You wanna talk about your smart mouth as well as your shitty attitude?

(Malkin holds hands up)

It was before all this. Brits were still here and people like us could grow oranges. Arabs worked with us then, peacefully. One of 'em, name no-one could remember or pronounce, looks like a stereotype of a stereotype. So we call him Arab the Arab, which he seems to have no problem with. Nice guy. Family man. But one morning I wake up to gunfire. And Arab, who just last night was wrapping Diphenyl paper around oranges- now he's got his hands on a Kalashnikov.

MALKIN

So what, you shot him?

HAREL

You know what I saw, before I did? He hesitated. Stood in a pool of blood. And I could see him thinking: how has this happened. Why am I here, doing this? He was lost.

MALKIN

And then he was dead.

HAREL

Six months, unpaid leave- I hear another peep it'll be a year. Come back when you know why you're here.

15 **EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH. NIGHT**

Sat looking out over the quiet stretch of sand and rolling waves, Malkin toys with the bracelet on his wrist.

A CLINK of bottles nearby. He doesn't turn. Finally RAFI EITAN plumps himself down beside Malkin. Opens two beers.

RAFI

You're an asshole. You know that?

MALKIN

Only 9-5. Sometimes weekends.

RAFI

Well, it's 6.30 on a Tuesday, so.

He hands Malkin a beer. They both take a swig.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Heard about your talk with the Old Man. It won't be six months. I'll talk to him, don't worry.

MALKIN

Maybe I shouldn't be doing this. Maybe he's right, Raf.

RAFI

About nobody liking you, probably. About the other stuff? Nah. You just need to get laid for once. Get it out of your system.

Rafi looks at Malkin, who cracks a small smile. Chuckles.

16 **EXT. RUGBY PITCH. BUENOS AIRES. DAY (1960)**

A beautifully-kept pitch encircled by wooden bleachers. A SMALL TEAM of enormous men run drills, training for the Torneo de la URBA. As one guy (ANTONIO) DEMOLISHES ANOTHER-

17 INT. UNDER BLEACHERS

A MOAN sneaks from sweet-faced, brown-haired SYLVIA HERMANN as a firm hand eases its way up her thigh. A blond-haired GUY kisses her neck. But when he angles for the inside-thigh...

SYLVIA

Uh-uh, not a chance. Klaus, Klaus!

Pulling his face from her body, KLAUS' looks at her, smiling. Raffish and chiselled, he's not used to being rebuffed.

KLAUS

You're not enjoying being bad?

SYLVIA

I am a good Catholic girl. And any prospective, uh-

KLAUS

(kissing her neck again)
Husband? Lover? Client?

SYLVIA

-any boy has to meet my Papa first.

KLAUS

And... if he likes me?

SYLVIA

If. Then. Maybe.

KLAUS

You think he's free tonight?

18 INT. DINING ROOM. HERMANN HOME. NIGHT

Sparsely decorated, but spacious. An open door leads onto a patio and small garden. The remnants of an asado on the table-pamplona, lamb etc. Two bottles of Cordoban wine, one empty.

Klaus and Sylvia sit opposite her father LOTHAR, whose kind, bearded face is covered by a broad grin. The scars beside his eyes and their vacant look betray his blindness.

KLAUS

-the second my hand touches the ball, Antonio smashes me. PING! Ham-string goes. My father said he practically heard it. Otherwise, I'd be playing.

LOTHAR

And that's how you two met, is it?

KLAUS

No sir, I'm not sure Sylvia's ever watched a rugby *game*...

He grins at her. Playful, she kicks him under the table.

SYLVIA

We met at the dance-hall in Olivos.

LOTHAR

"Rock n roll" is it? Pah.

SYLVIA

Papa, you haven't even heard it!

Sylvia rolls her eyes. Klaus places a hand on her arm.

KLAUS

Your father just has more refined tastes. Bach. Wagner. Am I right? Music from the old country.

LOTHAR

I thought I heard it in your voice!

KLAUS

We came over in '52. I was at school in Bad Aussee, for a time.

LOTHAR

But your accent?

KLAUS

We moved all over. My father was the Obersturmbannführer, so.

This hits Lothar. A slight quiver in his voice.

LOTHAR

And you miss it? Will you go back?

KLAUS

I like it here. The air, the ladies. Besides, I hear things, you know?

LOTHAR

Oh?

KLAUS

Jews. Again. Press, government. Fingers all over. Demanding. Oh we suffered so much, give us sympathy, give us money, power! Bleugh. Ask me, we should've finished the job.

Sylvia gasps in a playful way. Slaps his wrist. Klaus laughs. Ever the rockstar, no apologies for being controversial. His hand moves to Sylvia's thigh and she grabs it. Wags a finger.

LOTHAR

Your father, the Obersturmbannführer?
Wasn't that Adolf Eichmann?

KLAUS

(distracted)
Once upon a time.

Sylvia manages to dislodge Klaus' hand. She mouths "later" to him. Unseen by either, a strange look has come over Lothar.

19 **INT. STUDY. HERMANN HOUSE. NIGHT**

The house now silent, Lothar sits at his desk. Takes a sip from a glass of scotch. His hand trembles.

After a moment, he takes a fresh piece of paper. Inserts it into his brail typewriter. Begins to type...

20 **EXT. OCEAN ROAD. BEIT YANAI. ISRAEL. DUSK (A MONTH LATER)**

Sun dipping low into the ocean. Driving an old Sabra Sussita, a now-bearded Malkin cruises past endless fields.

21 **INT. CORNERSTORE. HAIFA. EVENING**

Malkin watches the SHOP-KEEP hoick a carp out of a bathtub. Takes the fish to a grinder.

A CHEER nearby grabs Malkin's attention. He turns to a group of OLD MEN playing cards. Sat on little plastic chairs, they drink schnapps, smoke Luckys. Mood seems vibrant. Happy.

Except for one guy. With them, but separate. Only three teeth left, a whisp of white hair. Rake thin. And, on his forearm, a TATTOO. A letter, then numbers. Like a cattle stamp.

He sees Malkin looking at him. Pulls his sleeve down, covering the tattoo. Returns his focus to the cards.

22 **INT/EXT. ANIA'S APARTMENT. SAME**

Stepping inside, Malkin swings the door shut with his foot.

MALKIN

Mama?

23 **INT. KITCHEN. ANIA'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Cramped and cluttered. Malkin enters only to be GRABBED in a hug by his mother ANIA. He lets her, but doesn't reciprocate.

ANIA
Are you hungry?

MALKIN
Mama! You bought a refrigerator?

Nestled in a corner sits a gleaming-white GE refrigerator.

ANIA
The whole block's come up to see it. Come, feel how cold it is.

MALKIN
You know you can't afford this.

She forces his hand into the refrigerator.

ANIA
Look, look! And don't give me that face. I've been saving some of what you give me. And I kind of sold the telephone.

MALKIN
The telephone?!

ANIA
What, I only call you, everyone else I can shout to out the window. It'll be OK. You take good care of me.

She lets go of Malkin. Takes the fish. Goes to cook it. Misses the look from Malkin. Maybe it's him who can't afford it. He glances at the refrigerator.

Several framed photos on top. His father, his brothers... and one of the BEAUTIFUL POLISH WOMAN Malkin saw standing in the canteen. She's wearing a bracelet identical to Malkin's.

24 **INT. DINING ROOM. ANIA'S APARTMENT. LATER**

Shabbat. Ania lights candles, then mutters the kiddush over wine. Malkin watches. On the walls, more family pictures. She finishes. Malkin takes the cloth from two loaves of challah. Tears off a chunk. They eat in silence.

Ania goes to serve the fish. A KNOCK at the door interrupts. Malkin, waving his mother down, gets up to answer it.

25 **INT. ENTRANCE. ANIA'S APARTMENT. SAME**

Opening the door, Malkin finds- Hanna, standing there.

MALKIN
What're you doing here?

HANNA
Rafi wants to see you. It's urgent.

ANIA (O.S.)
Peter? Tell me that's a lady guest??

MALKIN
No, Mama. It's work.

ANIA (O.S.)
Does she want to see the refrigerator?

MALKIN
No, we're talking, Mama, Christ.
(to Hanna)
Give me a second.

Malkin heads inside, leaving Hanna there.

26 **EXT/INT. STREET/CAR. NEAR BAR. NIGHT**

Pulling up at the curb, Hanna kills the engine. They sit in silence. Both daring the other to talk first.

HANNA
You and your mother. Are you close?

MALKIN
I'm all she's got. So, you know.
And you, Aharoni. You close?
(she doesn't respond)
Guess it's none of my business.

HANNA
What do you want from me, Peter?
(off his silence)
You are so. Argh. Look, you be as fickle as you like. What I want from you hasn't changed. And no. We both know what he's like.

Malkin takes this. Opens the door to climb out-

HANNA (CONT'D)
What Rafi has to say. It means great things for Israel. For our home.

Malkin gets out of the car. Off Hanna, watching him go.

27

INT. BAR. MOMENTS LATER

Cigarettes and their smokers fill this cushion-ridden dive with a dull haze. Sat at the bar, Rafi turns as Malkin enters.

He looks back to the BARMAN. Nods at him. A small bell is rung. Immediately, the bar begins to empty. The Barman deposits a bottle of arak by Rafi, then heads out himself.

MALKIN

That kind of a chat, huh.

RAFI

What happened to your Mama's phone?

MALKIN

Don't ask.

Malkin sits beside Rafi. Pours himself a generous glass.

RAFI

Peter. Where's Adolf Eichmann?

MALKIN

(beat)

I heard rumours. Kuwait, with the grand Mufti. Wiesenthal almost caught him in Altaussee. So he says.

RAFI

We... think we might've found him. Buenos Aires. Argentina. Lothar Hermann, a German Jew living there, claims his daughter is dating Eichmann's eldest son.

MALKIN

No?! What are we doing talking!

RAFI

It's complicated. For starters, Lothar is- well, he's blind. So there's that.

MALKIN

So someone goes out to check.

RAFI

Even then. Courtesy of Manus and Friedman we have the photo of him. But it's a decade old. Older, even.

MALKIN

Send me. I'll know if it's him.

RAFI

That brings us on to the "you" part.

MALKIN

I have to be there, Raf.

RAFI

No, Peter. You have to *lead* there.
I'll be overseeing, but I need a
mind like yours in charge.

A silence, as Malkin studies his friend. Rafi's smiling.

MALKIN

You've got the team already. Don't
you? Come on! Who's in?

Rafi raises his eyebrows. You tell me...

28

INT. GARAGE. TEL AVIV. DAY (ONE WEEK AGO)

Hunched over a car's bonnet, bald giant UZI toils away. Feet
up, aviators accentuating movie-star looks, YAAKOV reads.

MALKIN (V.O.)

*You'll have someone who knows their
way around a car. Uzi. It has to be.*

UZI

(looking up)

Did I say something to upset you?

MALKIN (V.O.)

*A navigator, for routes in and out.
So, Yaakov. Christ though, those two.*

Yaakov tries to ignore Uzi, but he keeps staring. Eventually-

YAAKOV

I'm reading.

UZI

Yeah, but for an hour?

YAAKOV

Christ habibi, d'you hurt your head
over-thinking that hard?

As a SQUABBLE breaks out- RAFI steps into the room.

RAFI (V.O.)
Best of the best.

29 **INT. CANTEEN. SHIN-BET HQ. DAY**

Sat eating a measly salad, Baghdadi Jew EPHRAIM chews slowly.

MALKIN (V.O.)
You'll need an expert.

RAFI (V.O.)
Ephraim. He knows the city and the language better than anyone.

MALKIN (V.O.)
How's his temperament?

Rafi approaches from across the room. Ephraim eyes him coldly. Pulls his salad closer. Not until I'm finished.

RAFI (V.O.)
Little better, since the diet.

30 **INT. DANI'S OFFICE. SHIN-BET HQ. DAY**

Hunched over a desk, his pale skin and long limbs making him look like the ghost of a spider, DANI adds a final detail to—a picture of a beautiful NAKED LADY. Surrounded by forgery equipment and work he's probably supposed to be doing.

MALKIN (V.O.)
Dani. Best forger there is. We'll need passports, visas, all sorts. Plus he could do with the sunshine.

He hasn't noticed RAFI, at his doorway. Watching.

RAFI (V.O.)
I mean, it's winter over there. But of course we're taking Dani.

31 **INT. RAFI'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

MALKIN
 The doctor?

RAFI
 Hanna. Trained by Yoni Elian as an anaesthesiologist. She's a great field medic too. You OK with that?

MALKIN
Why wouldn't I be?

Rafi finishes his drink rather than answer.

MALKIN (CONT'D)
You'll need a disguise guy.

RAFI
Yeah, we will. And it'd be handy-

Rafi KNOCKS his glass from the bar- Malkin CATCHES IT.

RAFI (CONT'D)
-if we had someone with the reflexes
to catch the bastard.

MALKIN
Rafi. It's gotta be me.

RAFI
Don't preach to the converted
habibi. I've spent the past few
days working on Isser. Now it's
your turn. If you want in on this
Peter, show him we need you.
(then)
If we do this. If we catch *the* Adolf
Eichmann. Maybe when our time's up,
we can all go to rest happy, eh?

Off Malkin, his mind whirring. An energy has returned.

32 **INT. STUDIO ROOM. MALKIN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT**

Pacing the halls of his own home, Malkin drinks straight from the bottle. Stares at ARTWORK hanging on his walls.

Fixates on an abstract that looks similar to the WOMAN on his mother's fridge. Even in this painting, she wears a bracelet that matches the one Malkin toys with now.

Malkin turns. On the other side of this sparse room stands a SINGLE BED. Above it are PHOTOGRAPHS, stuck to the wall.

He approaches. We see that the pictures are all WANTED NAZIS. Names are scrawled underneath. Mengele, Strangl, Rauff, Schaeffer... dozens and dozens. Some- like Wolfgang Pilz, Eugene Sanger- have CROSSES through them. Most don't.

And there, at the top of them all, is a picture of a young Adolf Eichmann. Staring out. It's his picture that Malkin focuses on. For the longest moment, he just glares at it.

Finally, Malkin screws the lid back onto his bottle.

33 **EXT. MOSSAD HQ. DAY**

Climbing out of his car, Malkin runs towards the entrance.

34 **INT. UNDERGROUND POOL. MOSSAD HQ. DAY**

Swimming an aggressive front-crawl, Harel comes to the end of a length. Hauls his hairy self out of the pool. Grabs a towel.

35 **INT. CHANGING ROOM**

Drying himself, Harel pulls off his goggles- JUMPS at the sight of MALKIN, sitting there waiting.

HAREL

Christ. Gimme a damn heart-attack.
What're you doing here?

MALKIN

You weren't in your office.

HAREL

So how'd you get in?

MALKIN

Security's actually pretty lax. You should have someone look at that.

HAREL

Yeah, I'll get right on it. Lemme guess-

MALKIN

The Eichmann mission. I can help.

Harel grunts in exasperation, more to himself than Malkin. Sets off towards the showers. Malkin follows.

MALKIN (CONT'D)

He'll be living under an alias. New hair, new look. We need a specialist, someone who can spot that sort of thing a mile off.

HAREL

Aharoni's out there now. He'll conduct surveillance, our people here will analyse the photographs.

MALKIN

Aharoni, you serious?

HAREL

He's your superior, a fine agent and he's done a shit-ton more for this country than you, *pisher*.

MALKIN

The escape route then. We've known Argentina's sympathetic to Nazis for years now. You try and get him out, road, rail, air, there's no telling who'll recognise him.

HAREL

Towel.

Malkin passes it. Follows Harel as he walks back to lockers.

HAREL (CONT'D)

I have other disguise guys. Ones I know can hold their temper. Who aren't still on unpaid leave. And who don't bug me when I swim!

MALKIN

You know you don't have another agent who will give as much as me. You know what they took from me.

By the lockers now, that last part causes Harel to pause. He looks back at Malkin.

HAREL

What, you think this is a cabaret?

Malkin, getting it, turns around. Harel gets dressed.

MALKIN

You told me to come back when I knew this was what I wanted. Here I am. Besides, the team need me. Let me prove it to you.

HAREL

(beat; looks back)

And how you gonna do that? Cause a mission this important, you're sure as hell not going out until you do.

Off Malkin, considering the challenge.

36 **EXT. POLICE STATION. SAN FERNANDO. BUENOS AIRES. DAY**

A row of '58 police-cars sit outside a dilapidated building. Two OFFICERS smoke and jabber away in Spanish.

37 **INT. ALMIRÓN'S OFFICE. POLICE STATION. SAME**

The room is thick with the fug of cigars. Sat in a cracked leather chair is thick-moustached RODO ALMIRÓN. Chief of this district but with an air suggesting he dreams of far greater things. Opposite sits a GUEST we only see from behind.

They both take drags. Almirón puffs out perfect circles.

ALMIRÓN

(re: cigars)

We raided a Perónist hideout last week. Caught one of the bastards. We wanted information on his comrades. So we tickle his toes, before long he squeals about "under the floorboards". We look, and we find many things. Like these.

The guests nods, slowly. Takes another puff on the Cuban.

GUEST

Be gentle. Violence just begets violence. But when your enemy thinks you're his friend? Then. But I'm not here to talk about these rebels, these children, am I?

That voice. Clearly belongs to ADOLF EICHMANN. He's aged well. Seems physically stronger. A sense of ease around him.

Almirón picks up a BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS from his desk. Drops it on a coffee-table in front of Eichmann.

ALMIRÓN

You've hidden well these past years. But there is a fight coming. Our world slips closer to chaos. And our enemies, it seems, are converging.

Papers like *Der Wag, Argentinisches Tageblatt*. The headline of the top one reads "IS ADOLF EICHMANN IN ARGENTINA?"

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)

The rat we caught. He was a little Cohen. His comrades need weapons, money, explosives. If they find you, that's valuable information.

EICHMANN

What are you proposing?

ALMIRÓN

We hide you like we did Mengele.
Just until things quieten down.
Then, when the time comes for me
and my men to make our play-

EICHMANN

You want my help.

ALMIRÓN

We *need* it, Herr Eichmann. We cannot
road-block our enemies into defeat.
We need a more *permanent* solution.
And no-one is more qualified.

EICHMANN

(beat)

You know what I do on my Saturdays,
Rodo? I dig. Saw. Chop. The whole
day. Klaus and Dieter help. Horst,
when he's home. And little Ricardo.
He rides on Daddy's shoulders.

ALMIRÓN

This life. For a man like you?

EICHMANN

My wife is happy. My boys too.
Klaus is in love, even. We have run
enough, and I will not make them
run further. I appreciate your
concern, I do. But the world will
forget Adolf Eichmann, and it will
never know who Ricardo Klement is.

Almirón ponders this. Stubs out his cigar. Stands.

ALMIRÓN

You may force yourself to forget.

Opens the door to his office- outside, a bull-pen full of
Almirón's officers. He addresses them-

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)

Boys. My guest is leaving.

They turn. Stand and, as one, give the NAZI SALUTE.

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)

But we have not forgotten. Please.
Consider my proposal, Herr Eichmann.

A smile plays on Eichmann's lips.

38 **INT. SYLVIA'S ROOM. HERMANN HOUSE. NIGHT**

The trumpets and crone of Elvis erupt as a vinyl spins *Hardheaded Woman*. Posters of '50s rock icons juxtapose wedding dress pictures. Sylvia dons pink lipstick, humming along.

39 **INT. DINING ROOM. HERMANN HOME. NIGHT**

Sat at the table, Lothar hears Sylvia racing downstairs.

SYLVIA

Back by 11 Papa, don't wait up.

LOTHAR

Sylvia, darling. Can I talk to you?

She hesitates. Tugs her red skirt down slightly.

LOTHAR (CONT'D)

You know, a father doesn't need sight to know it's too short. But, I suppose, a daughter's dress always is. Where are you off to?

He reaches out for Sylvia's hand. She takes it.

SYLVIA

The ABC club. Klaus' brother just got back from Cincinnati. He brought the new Hank Ballard and the Midnighters record with him. We're gonna twist, papa!

She playfully tries to do "the twist" with Lothar. But he doesn't respond with much enthusiasm.

LOTHAR

Sylvia, there's something I need to tell you. I've tried, over the past few days, but there just never...

SYLVIA

What is it?

LOTHAR

(beat)

You're Jewish, my love.

SYLVIA

What? No Papa, we're Catholic.

LOTHAR

By choice, yes. But not by birth. By birth you are Jewish, as am I. It's the real reason why we left Germany. And it- it's the real reason why I will never see you as the beautiful woman you have no doubt become.

SYLVIA

I don't... What does it mean?

LOTHAR

Nothing, maybe. Or- we'll talk it over my love. For now, all it means is that you must stop seeing Klaus.

SYLVIA

What? No! Why would you say that?

LOTHAR

Darling, listen, there is a man coming soon, he will explain-

SYLVIA

I love him, Papa.

LOTHAR

Sylvia, calm down, let me finish- Klaus' father, he's responsible for-

SYLVIA

I don't care about his father!

LOTHAR

It is complicated, Sylvia, enough!

SYLVIA

No, it's *simple*. You said it yourself: I'm a woman. I don't care if I'm Jewish, or who his father is. I am *not* going to stop seeing him!

With that, Sylvia turns and leaves. Lothar flinches as he hears the front door SLAM shut.

40

EXT. STREET CORNER. BARRIO OLIVOS. NIGHT

Shivering in the cold, Sylvia's illuminated by approaching headlights. The ROAR of engines draws closer as we see-

A GROUP OF BIKERS approach. Moto Guzzi four-speeds, red and black, twenty of them. One slows to a stop in front of her. KLAUS passes her a helmet.

SYLVIA
Who are these people?

KLAUS
Just friends, baby.

SYLVIA
Are they coming to the club?

KLAUS
You'll see.

She hesitates a moment. Shakes it off. Puts the helmet on. Climbs onto the bike. Klaus TEARS after the other bikers.

41 **EXT. ROAD-BLOCK CONSTRUCTION. NIGHT**

SOLDIERS build a military-grade ROADBLOCK. Barbed-wire, road-spikes. Rifles, slung over shoulders. They wave the bikers through as they approach.

42 **EXT. WOODED HILL. BARRIO BALVANERA. NIGHT**

Pulling to a stop, Klaus jumps off. Hurries towards a group of bikers collected on the verge of a hill with their bike headlights on. They're drinking, and watching whatever's below them. Sylvia goes to join him, when a friend (FRANCESCA) grabs her. They walk over together.

FRANCESCA
Hola chica! Ready to party?

SYLVIA
Cesca, who are these people?

FRANCESCA
You mean Klaus hasn't introduced you? Chica, they're Tacuara. They keep the city safe.

SYLVIA
Don't the police do that?

FRANCESCA
They try chica. But today, a bomb went off in San Nicholas. It killed two people! Another in Boca last week. The police can't keep up. So they help with the fight.

SYLVIA
Fight against who?

FRANCESCA
People like that.

They've reached the edge of the hill. Sylvia lets out a GASP when she sees-

-TWO YOUNG JEWISH MEN, trapped by a fence and blinded by the bike's headlights. They're shouting at the Tacuara in Spanish, demanding to be let go.

Klaus, a bottle of Cordoba Extra in hand, swaggers to the front of the group. We notice several of them are wearing grey shirts with MALTESE CROSSES stitched into them.

KLAUS
Comrades! These *vermin* threatened the peace of our city. They build bombs. Their mouths spit lies and their manhoods- if we can call them that- get far too close to our women.

A JEER from the gathered crowd. The accused shout OBJECTIONS- Sylvia watches on, horrified- *this* is her boyfriend Klaus-

KLAUS (CONT'D)
You will not be judged by corrupt courts, or by the police, hamstrung by red-tape. Tonight, we will be your judges. Let the trial commence!

ANTONIO (O.S.)
Hey, Klaus!

Waving for attention, Antonio (who we glimpsed briefly on the rugby pitch) drunkenly holds up his empty beer bottle-

-and SLINGS IT at the two Jewish Men. It SMASHES as it hits one of them.

Klaus LAUGHS, as do several others. A few more BOTTLES are thrown- some pick up sticks, HURLING THEM WITH FEROCITY-

-SYLVIA SEEMS FROZEN TO THE SPOT- SHE'S MORTIFIED, TERRIFIED-

-BLEEDING NOW, the two Men try and flee over the fence-

KLAUS
(picking up a stone)
Oh no you don't-

As he goes to SLING IT STRAIGHT AT THEM-

SYLVIA
STOP!!

She grabs his arm. WRENCHES the stone out of his hand.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Leave them alone! They're scared!

Several of the Tacuara boys are watching now. Embarrassed, Klaus throws her off. Glares at her. A beat.

KLAUS
Go home, Sylvia.

She looks at him, at Francesca, at the Tacuara. At the men, who have used the distraction to climb the fence...

Sylvia turns and walks away. Francesca hurries after her. Puts an arm around her. Fuming, Klaus watches them go.

43 **EXT. HERMANN HOUSE. NIGHT**

Heels off, feet bloodied, Sylvia approaches her home.

44 **INT. DINING ROOM. HERMANN HOME. NIGHT**

She closes the front door. Goes to head upstairs-

AHARONI (O.S.)
That her?

She FREEZES. A stranger is sat with her father. AHARONI. Lothar nods to him. Sylvia approaches, slowly.

LOTHAR
Darling. This man is from Israel.

AHARONI
Can you help us find him?
(off her silence)
I've just flown for 39 hours. It included, but was not limited to, having the mosquitos of Senegal dine like kings on my pulmonary artery. So, no fucking around. Can you help us find Adolf Eichmann?

Off Sylvia, who turns from Aharoni to her father. Lothar seems to be watching her with his sightless eyes.

45 **EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH. EVENING (DAYS LATER)**

SPRINTING across the sand, Malkin drops to push-ups. Up, SPRINTS BACK. Sweat drips. Muscles, growing tighter.

46 **EXT. MOSSAD HQ. NIGHT.**

The sounds of MUSIC, in the distance. The night has begun.

47 **INT. EMPTY OFFICE. SAME**

At his desk, Malkin applies a dark-tipped pencil to his face. Creates wrinkles. He wears a salt-and-pepper beard, and a wig.

Done with the pencil, he looks at himself in the mirror. Almost completely unrecognizable.

He unties his bracelet. As he does, a female voice whispers-

VOICE (O.S.)

Peter...

He spins around, surprised- to find HANNA standing at the doorway. She's been drinking. Giggles at his disguise.

HANNA

Nice look! Hey. Are you OK?

MALKIN

(shakes it off)

Bringing out my inner geriatric.

HANNA

A group of us are headed out. If you want some dutch courage?

MALKIN

I can't. Thanks.

Hanna goes to leave- changes her mind. Steps into the room instead. Looks over Malkin's assorted wigs.

HANNA

Did you know there are penguins in Argentina? Down in Patagonia. I'm gonna convince Rafi to organise a trip for us all. After we've, you know. Got him.

Hanna takes a step closer to Malkin.

HANNA (CONT'D)

But. *But* I don't think you'll get to meet them. The penguins. Because you see, your hair- it's all wrong.

MALKIN

Oh yeah?

HANNA

It's a disaster. Here-

She comes close. Close enough to comb her fingers through his wig, restyling it. Malkin opens his mouth, but no words come.

They lock eyes. Hearts beat. A lifetime, in the silence.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Say it. Just, let go. Talk to me.

(off his silence)

You need this. You do. Don't you?

MALKIN

Yeah. Yeah, I do.

(breaking away)

Have a good night.

He turns back to the mirror. Hanna stares at him for a moment. Leaves. Malkin watches the reflection of her go.

48 **EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK. HAIFA. LATER**

Checking his watch, Isser Harel scours passersby, looking for Malkin. He spots a decrepit old man walk up to him-

HAREL

Christ. Age does not suit you.

He heads upstairs. MALKIN, hunched, shuffles after him.

49 **INT/EXT. ANIA'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

The door opens. Ania stares out at the two strangers outside.

ANIA

Can I help you?

HAREL

Shalom Mrs. Malkin. We work at the Foreign Office with Peter. Is he in?

(she shakes her head)

Would you mind us waiting for him?

My name is Isser. This is- Stephan.

Malkin nods. She takes a step back. Welcomes them in.

50 **INT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

Settling himself on the sofa, Malkin keeps his eye on Harel. Ania returns from the kitchen with two glasses of water.

HAREL

You live by yourself, Mrs. Malkin?

ANIA

Please, Ania. No one calls me Mrs. Malkin anymore.

HAREL

Did your husband leave you?

She hesitates as she hands the glasses of water to them.

Harel catches Malkin's eye. It becomes clear what he's doing.

Ania turns to a cabinet, on which sits a framed picture of a tall, strong man and his three young children.

ANIA

He didn't leave me. But he is gone.

HAREL

He died in the camps? In the Shoah?

ANIA

(beat)

After. When he heard about what had happened. What they did to our people. Our family. But I'm sure Peter has told you about it.

HAREL

No. He hasn't.

ANIA

Oh. Not once?

MALKIN

Mrs. Malkin, we can wait elsewhere-

HAREL

Not once. You lost family?

ANIA

Fruma. Peter's sister. She had three little ones. They were all... Taken. When we heard, Peter's brother- my Jacob- he just gave up. The grief was too much. He was saying kaddish when the car hit him.

Harel looks at Malkin. He's deriving no joy from this.

HAREL

And Peter's father?

ANIA

His heart couldn't bear it. Any of it. And so he followed our Jacob.

HAREL

Why were they so weak? Look at Peter. He's still alive.

That noise, FIRE IGNITING, builds somewhere within Malkin.

ANIA

Peter is not alive. Not really. He denies himself a life. Blames himself, for what they did. For Fruma. And so he is a ghost in this world. Alone, always.

HAREL

Like you. All alone. Pathetic, no?

Breathing steadily, Malkin tries to calm himself. He counts carefully under his breath: one, two, three-

ANIA

I- I'll die soon enough. But Peter... He really never spoke of his brother? Of Fruma?

Harel turns to Malkin.

HAREL

He told me he was an only child.

Too much for Ania. Her lip wobbles. Chokes down a small SOB.

ANIA

Sorry, I'm sorry, could you...

Malkin doesn't move, nor react. After a moment, Harel nods.

HAREL

Of course. I'm sorry, Mrs. Malkin. I'll be outside.

He leaves. Ania, tears on her cheeks, gazes at the picture of her husband. Rocks back and forth, trying to mutter kaddish.

Standing, Malkin goes to reach out to her-

ANIA

Please. You go too.

Taking his hand back, Malkin turns and walks out.

51 **EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK. HAIFA. MOMENTS LATER**

At the street edge, Harel hails a cab. Shakes off the feeling of what he's just done. Footsteps approach.

HAREL

We wait for confirmation that the target- codename: ATTILA- is live.

A cab stops. He climbs in. Before he drives away-

HAREL (CONT'D)

You held it together. Fine. But you screw this operation up, make me regret it for even a heartbeat, you're not just off the team, you're out of the damn country.

The cab pulls away, leaving Malkin alone in the street.

Moments later, and MALKIN LETS RIP. Nearby bins bear the brunt of his rage- HE KICKS, PUNCHES, SMASHES-

Slowly tires. Eventually, he stops. Pants.

Glares at terrified PASSERSBY, daring them to say something.

52 **INT/EXT. FIAT TRUCK/MECHANIC'S. SAN FERNANDO. ARGENTINA. DAY**

Behind the wheel, Aharoni tinkers with a lens hidden in the base of a BRIEFCASE. Lothar sits beside him, sightless eyes staring out of the windscreen, as if watching-

SYLVIA, standing outside a mechanic's shop, deep in conversation with a GREASE MONKEY. Motorbikes everywhere. In her hands, she's carrying a small crate of beer.

The Grease Monkey shakes his head. Sylvia looks disappointed.

AHARONI

This is feeling goose-chasey...

Slipping a beer out, Sylvia offers it to the Grease Monkey. After a quick glance over his shoulder... he takes it. Points to a spot in the distance.

AHARONI (CONT'D)

Huh. Make an Israeli outta her yet.

Sylvia returns to the car. Climbs into the back.

SYLVIA

Garibaldi Street. 10 minutes.

53 **EXT. ROADBLOCK. SAN FERNANDO BARRIO BORDER. LATER**

Sat squat between swaying Jacaranda trees on a quiet street, armed SOLDIERS patrol this fortified position.

Aharoni pulls up nearby. Waits in line. They watch as soldiers wave cars through one at a time. A Chevrolet saloon has been pulled over. THREE MIDDLE-AGED MEN stand nervously by their vehicle as a SOLDIER rummages through their trunk.

AHARONI

What the fuck...

SYLVIA

Our 150th Independence Day is soon.
Most people just want to celebrate.
But the government has a lot of
enemies. Or so it says. Don't stare.

Eyes back on the road, Aharoni narrowly avoids the fierce glare of the SOLDIER who stops them. Pokes his head in, scouring the inside of the car-

-when the soldier searching the Chev's trunk SHOUTS in Spanish. He's found an ANTIQUE RIFLE.

The THREE MEN TRY TO EXPLAIN- but the SOLDIERS begin BEATING THE MEN MERCILESSLY.

With a final glare at Aharoni, the Soldier WAVES THEM THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK. They drive on without looking back.

54 **EXT. GARIBALDI STREET. DAY**

Pulling to a stop across the road from Number 14, Aharoni kills the ignition. They all stare at the house on Garibaldi Street. On a raised embankment nearby, a train rumbles past.

AHARONI

Our entire mission rests on this.
Confirm his identity, and get him
to the door. Understand?

LOTHAR

If you feel you are in danger, even
for a moment, you leave. Alright?

AHARONI

He won't hurt you. Not in his own
home. But, yeah. Good luck.

With a deep breath, Sylvia climbs out of the car.

55 **EXT. 14 GARIBALDI STREET. DAY**

Sylvia walks to the door. Hand, trembling. Reaches up and gives a gentle knock. Waits. Silence stretches. No sound inside. She reaches up again-

-when the door SWINGS OPEN. VERA EICHMANN, a stout, motherly woman, stands in the doorway.

VERA EICHMANN
Can I help you?

SYLVIA
Mrs. Eichmann? I'm a friend of Klaus'. Sylvia. I had a gift for him I was hoping to drop off.

A moment. Vera scrutinises Sylvia... breaks into a smile.

VERA EICHMANN
I wondered when we'd meet you!

56 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Ushered into a sparsely furnished space, Sylvia spots an ENORMOUS BOUQUET OF FLOWERS on a small dining table.

SYLVIA
Oh my. They're beautiful.

VERA EICHMANN
Aren't they just? Fresh today.

SYLVIA
Is it a special occasion?

VERA EICHMANN
This year even more so.

Just then, they hear the sound of a RASPBERRY being blown, followed by a CHILD'S SQUEAL. Footsteps draw closer-

-the backdoor OPENS. And there, silhouetted by the midday sun, a small child in his arms... stands Adolf Eichmann.

There's an odd serenity to him. Such tenderness, in the way he holds his son. He bends his neck and, pressing his lips to his little boy's stomach he BLOWS. Young RICARDO GIGGLES with glee. As Eichmann looks up- he spots Sylvia.

EICHMANN
Oh. Hello there.

VERA EICHMANN
Darling, this is Sylvia.

EICHMANN
Not *the* Sylvia? Ha. We had no idea
you'd be calling. It's a pleasure.

SYLVIA
I just wanted to- to give Klaus-
The beer crate-minus-one suddenly looks very out of place.

VERA EICHMANN
Would you like some coffee, dear?

SYLVIA
Oh no, I don't want to be a bother.

EICHMANN
Oh, please. Vera buys the beans
from an Italian. Arabica, I think.

Before Sylvia can object, Eichmann has approached Vera. He
plants a kiss on her lips. Hands her Ricardo.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)
He'll need a nap soon.

VERA EICHMANN
Has Daddy tired you out, little
munchkin? Has he?

Vera retreats into the house with Ricardo. Eichmann watches
her go. Turns to Sylvia.

Smiles. Something off about it. Not suspicious. Just... off.

EICHMANN
What do you think?

SYLVIA
Excuse me?

EICHMANN
The house! Still needs electricity,
but she's getting there.

SYLVIA
Oh. It's lovely, Mr. Eichmann. Did
your sons help you build it?

EICHMANN
(beat)
You mean Klaus and Dieter?
(MORE)

EICHMANN (CONT'D)
I'm their uncle, Ricardo. Their
father died during the war.

SYLVIA
Oh, I'm so sorry. That's awful.

EICHMANN
I'm curious- was it Klaus that gave
you this address?

Just then, the front door closes. Eichmann turns just as
KLAUS ENTERS. He FREEZES when he sees Sylvia.

KLAUS
What the fuck are you doing here?

EICHMANN
She's brought you a present, Klaus.

SYLVIA
(holding up the beer)
One of them fell out but- I wanted
to apologise. For leaving the other-

KLAUS
Who told you where I live??

EICHMANN
There's no need to raise your voice.

Just then, Vera enters with a tray of coffee and cake.

VERA EICHMANN
Klaus, darling. Are you going to
join us for cake?

He grabs Sylvia by her wrist. Pulls her towards the entrance.

EICHMANN
Now hold on just a minute...

57 **INT/EXT. ENTRANCE. EICHMANN'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS**

Storming down the corridor, dragging Sylvia behind him, Klaus
ignores Eichmann, who follows him.

EICHMANN
Klaus, that's about enough.

Swinging open the door, Klaus goes to haul Sylvia outside-
-when his father GRABS HIM BY THE JAW IN A VICE GRIP. In a
split second, Klaus is reduced to a vulnerable little whelp.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)
That is not how we raised you to
treat ladies. Is it?

Eichmann's grip TIGHTENS. Klaus lets go of Sylvia's arm.

KLAUS
Sorry, father.

For a split second, Eichmann's eyes flicker to Sylvia.

EICHMANN
You don't need to call me that.

He lets Klaus go.

Rubbing his jaw, Klaus leaves the house. Jerks his head for Sylvia to follow.

Eichmann steps out after them. Watches them walk away- when he catches a glimpse of something REFLECTING THE SUN-

ACROSS THE STREET, IN THE CAR

Aharoni, the lens of the briefcase-camera pointed at Eichmann, REALISES HIS MISTAKE. Snaps one last photo. Throws the briefcase down, hits the ignition, and drives.

LOTHAR
Wait, wait, Sylvia-

AHARONI
She's alright. We'll circle back.

LOTHAR
Was it him? Did he see you??

Off Aharoni, gripping the wheel, deep in thought.

58 **INT. BEDROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. SECONDS LATER**

Pulling open a chest of drawers, Eichmann takes out a REVOLVER. Checks it's loaded, moves to the window- no sign of the car. He breaths steadily. Thinking.

59 **EXT. KIOSK. BUS-STOP. SAME**

Approaching the bus-stop, Klaus GRABS Sylvia.

KLAUS
Francesca and I had a little 'chat'.
OK? She told me what you are.
(MORE)

KLAUS (CONT'D)
 (leans close)
 You tell anybody what happened
 between us, and I will cut your
 tongue out and make a fucking
 Hanukkah candle out of it.

With that, he turns on his heel and leaves Sylvia. She struggles to hold it together.

60 **INT. MALKIN'S APARTMENT. MORNING (TWO WEEKS LATER)**

A fast, rhythmic SWISHING sound. The sun is barely up, but Malkin's already SKIPPING like crazy. A total machine.

He stops. Next, finger-tip chin-ups on his door-frame. The photograph wall of NAZI OFFICERS and the abstract painting of Fruma all watch Malkin as he works and pushes and sweats.

Finally, he finishes. Picks up a phone. Makes a call.

MALKIN
 Rafi? I'm ready.

61 **EXT. ORANGE GROVE CLEARING. DAY**

A HAND DRIVES INTO RAFI'S THROAT, ANOTHER AROUND HIS WAIST-Malkin, with the help of Uzi, CARRIES RAFI to a parked car-

YAAKOV
 39 seconds.

They put Rafi down. Reset. Nearby, the team watches.

MALKIN
 Again. We need sub-30. Let's move!

RAFI
 No, no. Uzi, we're swapping places.
 My back can't take any more.

MALKIN
 Raf, Attila is half Uzi's size.

RAFI
 Yeah, and he's twice mine. So, you
 have a nice big margin of error.

YAAKOV
 Don't go easy on him, habibi.

UZI
 I don't want to hurt Peter.

MALKIN

You won't. We ready? Ephraim-

EPHRAIM

Learn it! Un. Momento. Señor. Easy.

Malkin gives the thumbs up. Walks quickly towards Uzi-

MALKIN

Un momento-

Uzi CRACKS Malkin straight in the balls. DROPS HIM instantly. The group BURST OUT LAUGHING as Malkin GASPS for breath. Uzi immediately crouches down-

UZI

I'm sorry Peter. You said I wouldn't hurt you.

RAFI

Take five everyone.

Malkin waves Uzi away- he's fine. Laughs, even. Uzi wanders over to Hanna, Ephraim and Yaakov, embarrassed. Rafi sits.

RAFI (CONT'D)

You alright? How're the mini-Peters?

MALKIN

I'm OK. They're OK.

Rafi chuckles. Silence settles as they stare over the grove. Red stone hills in the distance. No countryside like it.

RAFI

You know why you're doing this?

MALKIN

Sure. For the glory of Israel.

RAFI

Come on, don't do that. Don't bullshit me.

MALKIN

Well, why are you doing it?

RAFI

For my kids. So they can know what we went through. What we stand for.

MALKIN

And if you didn't have the family?
The white picket fence.

RAFI

You know I only have the fence so the damn dog doesn't kill the postman.

MALKIN

What do we stand for, Raf?

RAFI

Something good, in a world that's so bad. So. Why're you doing this?

Malkin glances at Hanna. She's laughing at something. As he watches- Uzi passes in front of her-

Suddenly, it's the WOMAN Malkin keeps seeing. His sister, FRUMA. She stares at Malkin-

-he frowns- rubs at his eyes- looks back-

-Hanna again. Looking at him, confused. Everything OK?

RAFI (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

Climbs to his feet as a CAR APPROACHES. SKIDS TO A HALT nearby. Skinny forger Dani pokes his head out.

DANI

We've got a problem.

62 **INT. RAFI'S OFFICE. MOSSAD HQ. DAY**

The Team pour over DOSSIERS with OPERATION ATTLILA rubber-stamped across the front. Harel enters, looking stressed.

HAREL

Christ Rafi, d'you clean in here?

RAFI

It's a delicate eco-system sir.

Harel loads slides into a PROJECTOR. The photos Aharoni took appear on the opposite wall. They're blurry. Unclear.

MALKIN

Christ. We don't have time for this!

HAREL

(shooting Malkin a look)
As you can see from the file, Sylvia Hermann claims the target only ever referred to himself as "Ricardo". Surname "Klement". The boys' uncle.

(MORE)

HAREL (CONT'D)

Comparing these pictures to the only others we have on file of Eichmann-- well, you can all see the issue.

YAAKOV

Says here she heard the boy call him "father"?

HANNA

"You don't have to call me that."

RAFI

You've had the whizz-kids take a look at 'em?

HAREL

IDs at Tel Hashomer came back with: "Inconclusive".

The group take a moment, considering what's in front of them.

HAREL (CONT'D)

As it stands, we lack the evidence to begin. If we seize an innocent Argentine, we could trigger a war. Aharoni's assessing options, but until we have superior intelligence--

MALKIN

(reading the file)

Flowers, in the house. And here-- the wife implied it was an anniversary? What day was she there on?

HAREL

Malkin, I was in the middle of--

YAAKOV

The 21st of March.

HAREL

Oh, well why doesn't everyone just start interrupting me.

Fired on by an idea, Malkin approaches Rafi's desk. Sifts through files at break-neck speed.

RAFI

Be careful, don't--

A pile of docs SLIP OFF THE DESK AND SPILLS ACROSS THE FLOOR.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Asshole.

Finding what he's after, Malkin holds it up to the group. A smile spreads across his face. A marriage certificate.

MALKIN

Vera Eichmann: "*This year more than others.*" Why is 1960 special? Anyone wanna guess which day, 25 years ago, Eichmann married his wife? Oh yeah. 21st of March. Ricardo Klement is Adolf Eichmann. We found Attila.

Harel takes the doc. Studies it. Eyes back on Malkin.

HAREL

Let me speak to the President.

Taking the certificate with him, Harel leaves. Several hands clap Malkin on the shoulder- nice work.

He glances over at Hanna. She smiles. He gives a small smile back but turns immediately to Rafi, who's discussing logistics. The smile slips from Hanna's face.

63 **INT. DINING ROOM. MALKIN'S MOTHER'S. NIGHT**

Sat at a table with Ania. Malkin counts out shekel notes. Puts a sizeable wad on the table.

MALKIN

Not for refrigerators. OK?

ANIA

Why so much? Where are you going?

Silence. Malkin pushes the money towards her.

MALKIN

Things will be different, Mama. When I'm back. They will.

ANIA

Wherever you're going. If it brings you peace, I will be happy.

Malkin stands. Kisses her forehead. As he leaves-

ANIA (CONT'D)

Am Yisrael chai.

64 **EXT. PHONE-BOOTH. GARIBALDI STREET. DAY**

Eichmann stands at a pay-phone. Dials.

EICHMANN

This is a message for Rodo Almirón.

Eichmann hesitates. Thinks. Glances across at the side of the road he saw Aharoni and Lothar on.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

Tell him I'd like to accept his offer. It is time for us to move.

65 **EXT. WOODLAND. DAY**

Almirón stands, smoking a cigar. He's staring at something, deep in thought. We don't see what.

ANTONIO, now dressed in police uniform, approaches. Whispers in his boss' ear. Doesn't look at what Almirón's observing.

ALMIRÓN

Have Regina arrange tickets to Uruguay. Sort security, make sure word doesn't spread. Understood?

Antonio nods. Eager to please. Goes to leave-

ANTONIO

What do you think happened?

Now we see what Almirón sees- TWO MANGLED CORPSES. The Jewish Men Antonio, Klaus and the Tacuara were attacking.

Almirón puts out his cigar.

ALMIRÓN

Suicide. Such a shame.

Walks off, leaving Antonio to stare at the bodies. Their injuries suggest death was not self-inflicted.

66 **INT. ISSER HAREL'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

Stood in front of Harel's desk, Malkin looks ready.

HAREL

I briefed the others as they left. But I wanted to speak to you alone.

67 **INT. SDE DOV AIRPORT. NIGHT**

Malkin hands over a passport. Loads bags onto scales.

HAREL (V.O.)
President Ben-Gurion greenlit this mission on one condition. Do you know what that was?

68 **INT. AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 304. NIGHT**

Strapped in, Malkin sketches in a South American Guide Book. The beginnings of a picture of his sister, Fruma.

MALKIN (V.O.)
We're not killing him. You want us to bring him back to Israel. Alive.

HAREL (V.O.)
Ah. Rafi told you?

Malkin glances up. Notices a DAD strapping his KID in.

MALKIN (V.O.)
No sir. I figured that one.

He looks away as the Dad hands his boy a TEDDY-BEAR.

69 **INT. ISSER HAREL'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

HAREL
 How so?

MALKIN
 The whole world deserves to see him punished. For what he did.

HAREL
 I'll be there too, in an apartment downtown. But there's only so much I can do. If you're caught, Israel will deny all knowledge of your existence. If you fail, Eichmann escapes justice. Leads a long life. Maybe he goes on to do it all again. So don't fail. For Israel. OK?

Off Malkin, considering this.

70 **INT/EXT. AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 304. NIGHT**

Malkin leans back as the plane SURGES DOWN THE RUN-WAY-

Outside, the plane hurtles up, up into the sky, over the Mediterranean, leaving Israel far behind.

71 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

Sat with a small glass of scotch, staring from his window, Eichmann contemplates the world outside.

He turns to the table. Sheets of hand-written paper lie before him. He continues to add to them.

72 **EXT. EZEIZA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BUENOS AIRES. DAY**

A military check-point outside the terminal checks every car that heads in or out. A plane WHOOSHES down to land.

73 **INT. PASSPORT CONTROL. LATER**

Stood in front of a rotten-toothed BOARDER GUARD, Malkin waits patiently. The Guard eyes him suspiciously. Eventually STAMPS his passport.

74 **EXT. ARRIVALS. MOMENTS LATER**

Carrying two heavy bags, Malkin emerges from the airport-

To find AHARONI, leaning on a FORD TRUCK. Wrapped up against the cold. Malkin approaches.

MALKIN

This the Old Man's idea?

AHARONI

Rafi's.

Malkin nods. Puts a bag down. Extends his hand.

AHARONI (CONT'D)

First Garibaldi, then we head to the safe-house. Get in the car.

He climbs in the cab. Malkin swallows the snub. Picks up his bags. Places them in the back.

75 **EXT. RICCHIERI FREEWAY. DAY**

The truck ploughs along the quiet freeway. Green fields, either side. A bunch of ABANDONED CARS rust away in both.

76 **EXT. AVENIDO NUEVO DE JULIO. BUENOS AIRES. DAY**

A glitzy street lined with Parisian architecture.

Billowing flags, bustling coffee-shops, ornate grated balconies. The Truck rumbles past them all.

77 **EXT. AVENIDO MAIPU. BARRIO OLIVIO. DAY**

Grand architecture replaced by quiet residential roads. An ARMY JEEP loaded with soldiers rolls past the FORD TRUCK.

78 **INT/EXT. FORD TRUCK**

Aharoni and Malkin drive in silence. After a moment-

MALKIN

How'd you get the cars?

AHARONI

Guy called José Moskovits. The Old Man knows him. He's the buyer. Cars, houses, food, weapons.

MALKIN

We don't need weapons.

Silence stretches. Aharoni glances at Malkin.

AHARONI

You think you coulda taken better photos of Attila. Don't you?

MALKIN

Did I say that?

AHARONI

Tell me I'm wrong.

MALKIN

(beat)

I wouldn't have let him see me.

AHARONI

There it is. That Malkin-flavoured bullshit. You self-righteous prick. You think I'd let him see me?

MALKIN

Guessing so. 14 Garibaldi, right?

Malkin nods out of the window. Aharoni looks to realise-
-they're approaching Eichmann's house... and there's a big "En Venta" (For Sale) sign out front.

Aharoni slows to a stop.

AHARONI
Fuck me.

MALKIN
The Old Man just might.

AHARONI
We don't know what this means.

MALKIN
It means you spooked him.

AHARONI
Listen fuckhead, before you start-

VERA EICHMANN (O.S.)
Hola? Hello? Are you here to see
the house?

They turn to find Vera Eichmann, standing outside the house, staring at the two of them. Little Ricardo, on her hip.

VERA EICHMANN (CONT'D)
We weren't expecting anyone till 4?

AHARONI
No ma'am. We're just exploring the
area. Thanks.

With a curt nod, Aharoni drives off. In the rear-view, Malkin keeps an eye on Vera and baby Ricardo watching them go.

79 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY**

An eight-foot wall surrounds the decrepit house. Rotting wooden slates juxtapose faux-opulent Corinthian columns. A house that has never been loved nor cared for.

The Ford Truck and a Vauxwagon sit outside. French windows lead out onto wooden decking and a small garden.

MALKIN (V.O.)
*We need to move, quickly. The next
few days count for everything.*

80 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. DAY**

Surrounding a big table with a map spread across it are Malkin, Uzi, Dani, Ephraim, Hanna, Rafi and Aharoni.

Malkin glances at Rafi, who nods. He looks at Aharoni, who looks away. Close enough.

MALKIN

So, here's what needs to happen if we're going to make this work.

81 **EXT. RAILWAY EMBANKMENT. DAY**

Lying perfectly still, it's almost impossible to see MALKIN, half-covered in foliage and brush. Binoculars are watching-

MALKIN (V.O.)

First thing's first. We learn him. His life, his routine. Everything.

EICHMANN. Walks to the road. Then to the kiosk/bus-stop. Buys cigarettes and a paper. Right on cue, the 203 bus turns up.

MALKIN (V.O.)

I want to know when he leaves, how he leaves, how fast he walks, where he walks, what the light is like, when he returns. Spare no detail.

MALKIN scribbles a note down in a notebook.

82 **INT. 203 BUS. NIGHT**

Eichmann climbs on. Sits beside an old WOMAN. Takes a bag of her shopping onto his lap to make room.

AHARONI (V.O.)

He works in a Mercedes factory in Gonzáles Catán. We could grab him somewhere near there?

MALKIN (V.O.)

It's too far away. Plus he's not alone consistently enough.

RAFI (V.O.)

How about his return journey?

Hat tilted to hide his face, RAFI clocks Eichmann, a few rows in front of him. Jots a note down.

RAFI (V.O.)

There's a blind-spot. Beside a ditch about 40 metres from his house. There's a bush that should stop any family members spotting us.

83 INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. DAY

RAFI

Plus, it's dark as anything. And the only time he's routinely alone.

YAAKOV

Between us and Garibaldi we can avoid road-blocks. When it comes to getting him to the harbour, less so.

84 INT/EXT. VAUXWAGON. NEAR ROAD-BLOCK. DAY

Parked in a residential street, Ephraim chews through a batch of empanadas drenched in chimichurri. Watches something.

MALKIN (V.O.)

OK. So we'll need our escape route water-tight.

RAFI (V.O.)

Isser wants Attila back here before we leave to clarify it's him.

MALKIN (V.O.)

Ephraim?

Outside, the GUARDS OF A ROADBLOCK change over at the end of a shift. Ephraim checks his watch. Scribbles down details.

EPHRAIM (V.O.)

Cevallos, Matienzo then down via Boulogne to here. Far as I can tell, roadblock soldiers switch at 2000 or 0800. That's when we slip through.

85 EXT. DECKING. TIRA. DAY

Yaakov pours over a map, marking their escape route in pencil. On the table across from him, Uzi tinkers with an engine.

UZI (V.O.)

We're gonna need new cars.

RAFI (V.O.)

What about the ones we've got?

Uzi loosens a screw- OIL spurts out, covering Yaakov's map. Stares daggers at Uzi, who looks mortified.

YAAKOV (V.O.)

Trust me. We need new cars.

86 INT. EMPTY ROOM. TIRA. DAY

Hanna, Rafi and Aharoni turn this room into a cell. Bolt the bed to the floor, hammer blankets up over the windows-

RAFI (V.O.)

The plan is to smuggle him onto a meat-packing ship set for West Africa. The exact departure time varies. Weather and tide dependent.

MALKIN (V.O.)

So, we make sure it's safe to hold him here at least for a few hours.

Hanna rigs a BELL system to the FRONT DOOR. Checks it works. Every time the front door opens, the bell RINGS.

87 INT. STUDY. TIRA. DAY

Pouring over his desk, an X-acto knife slices paper. A magnifying glass, distorting Dani's pale features. Nearby, a small stack of passports and some Argentine peso notes.

MALKIN (V.O.)

Dani. Passports? Visas?

DANI (V.O.)

They're coming, they're coming!

He sits up, flexing his hand against cramp. As he does, he casts an eye over the pictures of ladies he's drawn.

88 INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. NIGHT

MALKIN

They need to be ready soon. We don't have a second to waste.

89 EXT. BASE OF EMBANKMENT. NIGHT

Malkin goes to clamber up the bank towards the train tracks- STOPS as he sees a POLICE-CAR driving by. Squat, black and armoured, Argentine police-cars look more like police-tanks.

MALKIN (V.O.)

This city's imploding day by day. We get this done soon, or we're gonna find ourselves buried in the rubble.

Finally, they pass. In the ensuing darkness, Malkin climbs.

90 **EXT. RAILWAY EMBANKMENT. NIGHT**

Rain tumbles down on Malkin, who is in his usual spot. Binoculars are out, but he doesn't need them to see-

-CARS AND MOTORCYCLES OUTSIDE OF THE EICHMANN HOUSEHOLD.

He presses the binoculars to his eyes.

91 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE**

Lamps illuminate A SMALL PARTY. Klaus, to one side, his arm around a NEW GIRL. Chats with his brother DIETER and boys from the Tacuara. Vera plays the host, glass in hand. An Astor Piazzolla record plays in the background.

A fork TAPS on a glass. Attention shifts to the sofa where Eichmann the entertainer stands. Someone kills the music.

EICHMANN

Now, you all know no party of ours is complete without a speech or three. But brief, but brief, OK. To you, firstly. Friends, loved ones, new and old. Argentina is nothing without you. We will miss you all.

A general CHEERS from the crowd. Glasses are raised.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

Then, to my wife. My Vera. You have come to the ends of the Earth for me. And, as we prepare to embark on a new adventure together, I want you to know how grateful I am. For your love, your support. Now, *this* is really pushing it *but* if you'll endure a moment more. I'm a bit late this year, darling, but-

VERA EICHMANN

Oh no!

From behind the sofa, Eichmann draws a VIOLIN.

EICHMANN

Oh yes! This year it's Andreas Hofer's "My Love, Do Not Forget Me".

Approaching, Vera pulls Eichmann down into a gentle kiss.

VERA EICHMANN

Silly man.

He stands, taking a faux-pompous pose. Begins to play.

92 **EXT. RAILWAY EMBANKMENT**

The trill of the music is faint now. The crowd surrounding Eichmann sway with the music. The image BEGINS TO SHAKE-

ON MALKIN

Malkin trembles, his breathing heavy. Lowers the binos. That sound, A FLAME IGNITING, THRUMMING LOUDER AS IT BUILDS-

A FOOTSTEP, nearby. Malkin SPINS, INSTANTLY IN DEFENCE MODE-
It's Hanna. She holds her hands up.

HANNA

At least come back long enough to
update us. Maybe take a shower?

Malkin shakes it off. Nods. Hanna sets off down the hill.

Unable to help himself, Malkin steals one last glance back at the house- FREEZES when he spots-

-a TRIO OF POLICE-CARS coming to a stop outside the Eichmann house. Each of the men who exit (one of whom is Almirón) carry gifts. They head inside.

Malkin lowers the binoculars, mind whirring.

93 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. NIGHT**

Pouring a drink, Almirón sees Eichmann approaching. Tilts his glass. What a party. In response, Eichmann hands him a BUNDLE OF PAGES he's carrying.

EICHMANN

I've got a few more volumes in me.
This is mostly logistics. How we
organised the camps, methods of
removing inmates etcetera.

Almirón's smile widens. He holds up his glass and ROARS-

ALMIRÓN

To the long life of our host!

The crowd respond accordingly. Eichmann basks in it.

94 INT/EXT. CAR/TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. NIGHT

The car pulls to a stop outside the house. Malkin opens his mouth to say something- stops. Hanna looks at him, waiting. The words just won't come. She gives up. Goes to climb out-

MALKIN

Back in Israel. You told me the news about Eichmann was good for our home. And I realised. Watching him. His family, friends. I don't... I haven't felt that. Home. Not since Poland. Since I left my sister. Fruma. Since they, uh.

(all coming out now)

I know I had my chance. I know you think I don't- that I can't talk to you. But I want to. I do. I want to know what music you like. What food, what movies, what you do when you're not...

HANNA

Hunting Nazis?

MALKIN

And when I think about you. About us. I feel close to it. That feeling. But then I just can't. Because they're out there. And I- I don't deserve it. To be happy. Not while people like him can be too.

Malkin takes a moment. Stares into the darkness outside.

MALKIN (CONT'D)

But if we do this. If we get *the* Eichmann, make him pay. It'll be different. It will. So when we're back, maybe we could go for dinner? At, uh. The Colony Hotel. Maybe?

A beat. Hannah laughs. Malkin, affronted, turns to her.

MALKIN (CONT'D)

What, seriously?

HANNA

Peter. We have the same job.
(off his look)
So I know how much you earn.

Malkin laughs, as he gets what she's saying.

MALKIN

OK so *starters* at the Colony Hotel.

HANNA

We could share a starter.

MALKIN

Then we go to Azura, or Lina maybe.
Some masabacha, hummus.

HANNA

Beer.

MALKIN

Beer, yeah.

HANNA

I would like that.

MALKIN

You would?

HANNA

You know I would.

Malkin nods. Hanna smiles. Climbs out. Malkin watches her go.

95

INT. KITCHEN. LATER

Rafi finishes stirring a coffee. Hands a cup to Malkin.

RAFI

You think it'll be a problem?

MALKIN

We'll have to get him out of the
country quickly. No way we can know
if it's specific officers or the
police in general.

RAFI

I'll speak to the Old Man.

MALKIN

Let's have the cars sorted tomorrow.

Rafi nods. A moment's silence. He studies Malkin.

RAFI

Are you smiling?

MALKIN

What? I'm not smiling.

RAFI
 You are. Christ it's like the
 heavens opened. Angels are weeping.
 You got laid. Tell me you got laid?

Malkin bats Rafi across the head. They laugh.

96 **EXT. GARDEN. TIRA. DAY**

Next morning, Malkin, shirtless, practices walking up to and grabbing an invisible target, over and over. Totally focused.

97 **INT. STUDY. TIRA. DAY**

Dani, wiping sleep from his eyes, returns to his desk. He settles. Finishes writing the serial number on a 1000 peso note. Places it on top of the others.

Picks up two INTERNATIONAL DRIVERS LICENSES with Yaakov and Uzi's pictures on. Admires his handiwork.

98 **EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP. BARRIO PALERMO. DAY**

Yaakov, aviators on, hands the licenses to an ARGENTINE CAR-SALESMAN. As the guy checks them over-

-Yaakov nods to Uzi, who heads towards a parked Chrysler.

Keeping an eye on several POLICE-CARS across the street, outside a municipal building, Uzi bends down. Draws a new LICENSE PLATE from a rucksack.

Unscrews the old plate. Chucks it into the trunk. Closes the lid. Another glance around- begins attaching the other one-

BOOOM!! AN EXPLOSION BURSTS FROM THE SIDE OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING- UZI CRACKS HIS HEAD ON THE BUMPER IN THE BLAST-

-clutches his head, falling back- doesn't see the license plate he's left, dangling half on.

Across the road, CHAOS AS THE POLICE BLOW WHISTLES, PEOPLE SCREAM. SOME OFFICERS CALL FOR SUPPORT, others STOP passing cars, searching them, but one, looking around wildly-

ANTONIO

Hey!

Antonio spots Uzi. The car, and the dangling license plate. He hurries over, his hand on his revolver.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
What're you doing down there. Hey?

Uzi clutches his head, groaning. Yaakov's over in an instant.

YAAKOV
Easy, easy. What's the problem?

ANTONIO
Am I talking to you, Vince Taylor?
I'm interested in your friend here.

YAAKOV
Up you get, habibi-

Yaakov realises his mistake a heartbeat too late.

ANTONIO
That Hebrew? You Israeli?

YAAKOV
(beat)
Everyone says it in New York. I
don't know where it's from.

ANTONIO
Oh, so you're American?

YAAKOV
(holding out his license)
Last I checked.

ANTONIO
Huh. Alright. Alright. And the
license plate. Just came loose,
right? Tell you what. I'm gonna
have a look in your trunk.
(nobody moves; he takes
out his revolver)
Open it.

Yaakov glances at Uzi. He's recovered, but looks from Antonio
to Yaakov, unsure what to do.

A beat. Another. Antonio pulls the hammer back on his gun-
Yaakov bends down. Inserts the key-

POLICE OFFICER
AQUI, AQU!!!

Antonio turns. A group of officers have SWARMED a vehicle-
the trunk is open- LOADED with explosives. Two STUDENTS are
being dragged from the car and beaten with truncheons.

Frowning, Antonio pockets his pistol. Without another word, turns and runs over to join the others.

YAAKOV

Nice and instinctive there, Uz.

Hoists the big guy to his feet.

99

INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. AFTERNOON

The entire team are gathered. A tension, as tempers run high. Harel paces the room.

HAREL

And you're sure he said Israeli?

Yaakov nods.

AHARONI

What do we do? Reassess?

MALKIN

We need to move. Tonight.

RAFI

The room's barely ready. The "new" cars haven't been serviced since the 1920s. We're not ready.

MALKIN

If we don't move tonight, and he catches even the vaguest hint of suspicious Israelis in town, that's it. We've lost him. Maybe forever.

HANNA

Peter's right.
(to Malkin)
You're ready, aren't you?

MALKIN

Yeah. Una momento-

EPHRAIM

Un momento, Christ!

HAREL

I need to speak to the President.

MALKIN

We can do this. We have to do this, tonight. Does everyone else know what they're doing?

The group look at one another. After a moment, Yaakov nods. So does Uzi. Ephraim. Rafi. Eventually, even Aharoni does.

HAREL

(beat)

Well what the fuck are you waiting for, a gold medal? Move!

100 **EXT. DRIVEWAY. TIRA**

Working fast, Uzi fiddles with the insides of a Buick. Nods to Yaakov, at the wheel. He hits the gas. The engine ROARS.

101 **INT. STUDY. TIRA**

Dani continues to work. Nearby, Malkin applies a wig to Aharoni. Firmly positions it on his head. Gestures to Rafi, who's up next.

RAFI

Don't be a prick about it.

102 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA**

Yaakov pours over the map. Rubs out one line. Draws another.

103 **INT. BEDROOM. TIRA**

Hanna tugs on a dark blue jumper. Opens a medical kit. Extracts a syringe and a small vial. Checks it.

104 **EXT. DRIVEWAY. TIRA. NIGHT**

Piling out of the house, all dressed in dark clothing, Malkin, Rafi and Uzi climb into the dark Buick, while Aharoni, Hanna and Yaakov get into the grey Chrysler.

Dani and Ephraim swing the gates open. The cars stream out. In the distance, THUNDERCLOUDS begin to gather.

105 **INT. MERCEDES-BENZ FACTORY. NIGHT**

AN ASSEMBLY LINE. Truck bodies pass through SEARING FLAMES before a TEAM OF WORKERS attach panes of glass. One truck after the other, after the other, after the other.

Eichmann watches them. Enraptured. A door opens nearby. A MANAGER asks for a chat but neither we nor Eichmann hear him.

106 **EXT. GARIBALDI STREET. NIGHT**

Proceeding slowly, the Buick eases to a stop on the edge of the road. Immediately, Uzi climbs out. Pops the hood. Begins to fiddle. Not long after, smoke begins to rise.

107 **INT. CHRYSLER. NIGHT**

Watching from behind the wheel, Aharoni's parked across from the kiosk, perpendicular to Garibaldi.

It starts to rain.

108 **INT. BUICK. NIGHT**

Rafi checks his watch.

Every second ticks LOUDER and LOUDER.

Malkin's eyes, fixed on a patch of shadow near to Eichmann's house. He fondles the bracelet on his wrist.

Movement, in the dark. Malkin leans in to get a closer look-

KNOCK KNOCK!

A CYCLIST, JABBERING in Spanish, outside the car, offering to help. He is pointing to the exposed engine.

Quickly, Uzi clambers out. Manages to get rid of the guy.

Uzi climbs back in, dripping wet. Rafi checks his watch.

RAFI

Like clockwork, you said.

109 **INT/EXT. 203 BUS/GARIBALDI STREET. NIGHT**

The gangly BUS-DRIVER whacks on the wipers.

We move BACK, through the bus. ASSORTED PASSENGERS talk, read, snort and snuffle. The bus slows, approaching the kiosk-

No-one goes to get off so the bus CONTINUES ON. We keep moving backwards and backwards until-

-we're outside the bus, looking at Malkin, soaked in rain, exactly where we left him at the beginning.

UZI (O.S.)

What do we do?! Where's Attila?

Spinning on his heel, Malkin bolts back to the car.

MALKIN

We stay put.

UZI

You think he knows?

MALKIN

No, look - through the trees.

Just visible in 14 Garibaldi, Vera Eichmann prepares dinner.

MALKIN (CONT'D)

You don't have your family schlep
round the world only to leave
without them at the last minute.

UZI

He escaped without them before.

RAFI

We need to consult with the others-

Just then, A SECOND 203 BUS APPROACHES. The sound of it
wheezing its way into the stop. All eyes turn-

-to see TWO PEOPLE GETTING OFF.

One, a woman, turns and walks in the opposite direction. But
A MAN WALKS TOWARDS THEM.

THEY TENSE. Eyes search the darkness, for a clue, a sign-

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates the night for a split-second-

-IT IS ADOLF EICHMANN. APPROACHING.

MALKIN

Start the engine.

RAFI

Peter-

But he's gone. Moving towards Eichmann. Rain, hammering down,
the clouds belching out crashes of THUNDER every few seconds.

Closer. Getting closer.

All Malkin can hear is his breath. Heavy. Another FLASH OF
LIGHTNING- and SOMETHING CATCHES MALKIN'S ATTENTION-

-movement, in the darkness? Is someone there??

IN THE CHRYSLER:

AHARONI
What the fuck is he doing?

ON MALKIN:

Malkin SNAPS OUT OF IT AS EICHMANN WALKS STRAIGHT PAST HIM-

MALKIN
Señor?

Eichmann stops. Turns, sharply.

MALKIN (CONT'D)
Un momenti-to señor.

The tiniest mistake. But in that split second, Eichmann knows.
And, as he OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SCREAM-

-MALKIN GRABS HIM AROUND THE THROAT. But Eichmann's faster
than he looks- fingers SQUEEZE MALKIN'S WRIST, NAILS BITING-
WITH A SHOVE, MALKIN AND EICHMANN TUMBLE INTO A MUDDY DITCH-
IN BUICK:

RAFI
Let's move, let's move-

UZI
Wait!

He points- Vera is staring out of the window. Did she hear??

IN DITCH:

Animals don't fight this scrappy. Drenched in mud, Malkin
PRESSES into Eichmann's neck- reaching back, EICHMANN TRIES
TO GET TO MALKIN'S EYES, SCRATCHING, POKING-

-TWISTING HIS BODY, Malkin begins to drag Eichmann up the
slope of the ditch- when Eichmann's SCRABBLING HANDS FIND A
ROCK- HE SWINGS IT AT MALKIN, CRACKING HIM IN THE SKULL-

For a split-second, Malkin's grip weakens, and Eichmann lets
out a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM-

IN BUICK:

Vera back at her cooking- LOOKS UP AS SHE HEARS THE SCREAM-

RAFI
GO, GO!

Uzi REVS the engine, drowning out most of it, as the car guns towards the ditch. Heads to the blind-spot by the hedge/ditch.

IN DITCH:

Eichmann tries to stand, to run- Malkin CRASHES INTO HIM, tackling him to the ground. PRESSES HIS FACE INTO THE MUD-

In doing so, Malkin catches a glimpse of Fruma's bracelet. That THRUMMING sound begins. And, as he glances up-

FRUMA. WATCHING. A TIMELESS RAGE CONTORTING HER FEATURES.

TIME SLOWS, as Eichmann STARTS TO DROWN IN THE MUD. Malkin doesn't let up, gazing at his sister-

When the Buick SCREECHES TO A HALT. Uzi BURSTS THROUGH THE FORM OF FRUMA, hurrying down the side of the ditch.

MALKIN SNAPS OUT OF IT. Lets Eichmann up to breathe.

He and Uzi drag Eichmann up the side of the ditch. Neither see Eichmann JERK HIS HEAD, FLINGING HIS GLASSES INTO THE MUD.

The Chrysler appears immediately afterwards. HURLING OPEN THE DOOR, Yaakov throws Hanna a look- SHE READIES THE SYRINGE-

Malkin and Uzi BUNDLE EICHMANN INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR. HANNA GRABS AT HIS ARM, SEARCHING FOR THE VEIN-

-when Eichmann SLAMS HIMSELF BACK INTO HER- HANNA'S HEAD COLLIDES WITH THE WINDOW, SHATTERING IT WITH THE IMPACT-

The syringe falls to the floor- rolls under the chair-

ON EICHMANN HOUSE:

The COMMOTION has Vera Eichmann spooked. She's got the REVOLVER. CHECKING IT'S LOADED, SHE RUNS TO THE DOOR-

ON BUICK:

Rafi SLAMS his foot down, engine roars- WHEELS SPIN-

ON CHRYSLER:

AHARONI

Keep the fuck's mouth shut,
everyone in, NOW, MOVE!

He hits the accelerator- ENGINE SPLUTTERS- SURGES FORWARD-

Uzi slams the door shut. Hops into the Buick with Rafi. Malkin stays in this car, hand clamped over Eichmann's mouth.

Yaakov locates a pair of BLACKED-OUT GOGGLES. Eichmann never once stops staring at Malkin.

MALKIN

(to Hanna)

Are you OK? Did he hurt you?

Malkin reaches out to her. Takes her head in his hand, searching her eyes. She looks back. Smiles. Woozy, but OK.

It's the last thing Eichmann sees. Yaakov slips the goggles over Eichmann's eyes. Suddenly, their enemy goes very still.

110 **INT/EXT. CHRYSLER/RESIDENTIAL ROAD. NIGHT**

The car drives in silence. Interrupted by the CHURNING of the engine, as Aharoni tries to shift gear. He GROWLS in fury.

Hand stemming the blood from her head, Hanna catches a GLIMPSE of Malkin, in the moonlight. Bloody and muddy. Eichmann lies between them.

They drive on.

111 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. NIGHT**

Drenched, Yaakov and Uzi haul gates open. The cars zip inside. A BODY is bundled into the house.

112 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Aharoni, Uzi and Malkin carry Eichmann in. Put him on his feet. He stands still, goggles on. His right hand TWITCHES.

Harel and Dani enter the room. Both see Eichmann. A grim smile on Harel's face. Dani looks like he's about to faint.

Hanna enters, carrying her medical bag. Spotting her, Harel nods to Eichmann.

She undoes his shirt. Takes a tape-measure and small light from her medical bag. Examines him. After measuring his head-

HANNA

Circumference is 22". Matches. Scar on the left brow too. But there's no SS number tattoo, nor blood-type. Dentures, but no cyanide capsule.

Harel looks at Uzi. Gestures he stay here. To the rest of the group, he jerks his head- outside, now.

Aharoni and Harel step out. As Malkin goes, Uzi touches his shoulder. So does Rafi, then Yaakov. Dani, Hanna, Ephraim. Each of them showing their appreciation in this silent way.

113 **INT. CORRIDOR. TIRA**

The group huddle around Harel.

HAREL

I want Attila's identity confirmed.
Eliminate all doubts. Aharoni, you,
and you alone, are permitted to
talk to him. Get a confession. This
is not a success until you do.

Aharoni nods. Together, they return to the room.

114 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM**

Aharoni approaches Eichmann. Forces him onto the bed. Removes the goggles. Eichmann squints, as his eyes adjust.

EICHMANN

Ah. I thought so.

AHARONI

If you are honest with us, you will
not be harmed. Do you understand.

EICHMANN

I do.

AHARONI

What is your name?

EICHMANN

Ricardo Klement.

AHARONI

What is your name?

EICHMANN

Would you like to see my passport?

AHARONI

What is your name?

EICHMANN

Ricardo Klement.

AHARONI

What is your profession?

EICHMANN
Foreman, Mercedes-Benz factory.

AHARONI
Who is your wife?

EICHMANN
Vera.

AHARONI
When was your third son born?

EICHMANN
March 29th, 1942.

AHARONI
What is your name?

EICHMANN
Ricardo Klement.

Eichmann continues to answer questions in the background, but we focus on Malkin. Something isn't right. He whispers to Uzi-

MALKIN
He was wearing glasses.

Suddenly, it dawns on Uzi. He turns to Rafi and WHISPERS. A similar expression infects Rafi... And Eichmann NOTICES.

AHARONI
What is your name?

EICHMANN
Ricardo Klement.

AHARONI
Was your SS number 45,381?

Eichmann eyes the group. The whispers. The panic. They know.

EICHMANN
The cavalry will, I think, be amassing already.

AHARONI
When is your birthday?

Malkin and Eichmann lock eyes. Without looking at Aharoni-

EICHMANN
My name is Adolf Eichmann.

115 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. NIGHT**

Uzi THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE CHRYSLER- MALKIN GETS THE GATE-
IN HIS RUSH TO OPEN IT, HE BREAKS PART OF THE LATCH-

Forget it. Leaps into the car. They tear into the night. From
the shelter of the porch, Harel watches. Chews his lip.

116 **INT/EXT. CHRYSLER. NIGHT**

TEARING THROUGH NEAR-DESERTED ROADS, Uzi SWERVES the car
around a slow-moving tractor.

MALKIN

Can't it go any faster?

A loud TOOT of an ON-COMING CAR'S HORN- Uzi SWINGS BACK into
the correct lane-

UZI

Peter, have you got any idea how
much good luck and fairy dust is
holding this tin-heap together?

117 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. SAME**

Baby Ricardo, BALLING HIS EYES OUT. Klaus enters a house in
chaos. His younger brother DIETER is pacing the living room.
Vera is trying to calm little Ricardo, but rushes to Klaus.

VERA EICHMANN

Klaus. What do we do??

He looks at her. The fear in her eyes.

118 **EXT. EICHMANN'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

Armed with his father's revolver and flash-light, Klaus
scours the road. His motorbike, parked at the curb.

His small beam of light dances across asphalt- suddenly
SUBSUMED AS A 203 BUS SURGES TOWARDS HIM.

Klaus looks up- WAVES for the bus to slow down. It doesn't.

KLAUS

Prick!

But, as the bus passes, there's a loud CRUNCH as its wheels
crush broken glass into the road.

Klaus picks up a shard. Examines it.

Turning, he looks to the nearby ditch. Sees the churned grass, the mud. And, swinging his flashlight-

-he spots a SHIMMER OF LIGHT.

Approaches. Bends down to find HIS FATHER'S GLASSES, THERE IN THE MUD. He goes to extract them-

WHEN A SCREECH grabs his attention. He LOOKS UP, JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE CHRYSLER ARRIVE AT GARIBALDI STREET-

IN CHRYSLER:

UZI

Fuck!

MALKIN

Keep driving, go, GO!

ON KLAUS:

HE AND MALKIN lock eyes. But then Klaus' gaze strays to the Chrysler's SMASHED WINDOW- TO THE GLASS ON THE ROAD-

AND AS THE PIECES FALL INTO PLACE- KLAUS RAISES THE REVOLVER-

IN CHRYSLER:

MALKIN (CONT'D)

The lights!

Uzi KILLS THE HEADLIGHTS AS- BANG! BANG!

The car goes dark as Klaus fires. Unclear if he's hit them.

Adrenaline coursing, Klaus hurls himself towards his MOTORBIKE. With a ferocious KICK, the engine GROWLS TO LIFE.

119 **INT/EXT. CAR/SAN FERNANDO ROAD**

Lights out, the Chrysler SKIDS AROUND A CORNER. Its back SWINGS, impossible to control. RAIN CONTINUES TO POUND DOWN-

MALKIN

Take a left, a left!

WHITE-KNUCKLES WRENCH THE WHEEL AS-

-A BEAM OF LIGHT FROM KLAUS' MOTORCYCLE APPROACHES-

Teeth bared, revolver raised, Klaus TAKES AIM- FIRES!

SMASH! The CHRYSLER'S BACK WINDOW takes the impact- both Malkin and Uzi duck, as Uzi SWINGS ONTO A MAIN ROAD-

-SLIPS between two SLOW-MOVING TRUCKS- SWERVES, ALMOST LOST IT- normally an artist at the wheel, even Uzi struggles now-

A HORN BLARES as he SLIPS IN FRONT OF A BUS- IT TURNS SHARPLY-

-FORCES KLAUS TO SLOW AS THE TAIL OF THE BUS ALMOST HITS HIM-

120 **EXT. SLIP-ROAD**

The Chrysler thunders into the darkness of the slip-road. A few moments later, Klaus' motorbike SCREECHES AFTER THEM-

121 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT**

Racing along, another SHARP TURN FROM UZI- TOO MUCH THIS TIME, the BACK OF THE CAR SPINNING THEM AROUND-

-to see the LIGHT FROM KLAUS' bike, getting brighter on a nearby road- the SCREAM OF HIS ENGINE, LOUDER- CLOSER-

Malkin glances over his shoulder-

MALKIN

Reverse!

UZI

What?!

MALKIN

Just do it, now!

Ramming stick into reverse- the car MOUNTS SOMEBODY ELSE'S DRIVEWAY- HURTLES TOWARDS A TINY SPACE BETWEEN TWO HOUSES-

MALKIN (CONT'D)

To the right, just a touch to the-
(off movement)

No, your other right-

Sweat dripping, KLAUS SOUNDING SO CLOSE NOW, Uzi turns the wheel just a hairs-breadth-

ON KLAUS:

He approaches a turn. Hard left. Eyes scanning ahead-

KLAUS

FUCK!! Fuck, fuck!

NO SIGN OF THEM ANYWHERE.

REVVING his engine, Klaus shoots down the road, straight past-
-THE DRIVEWAY WHERE THE CHRYSLER IS HIDDEN.

Malkin and Uzi raise their heads, making sure it's safe. That was way too close.

122 **INT. ALMIRÓN'S OFFICE. POLICE STATION. NIGHT**

Done reading Eichmann's bundle of notes, Almirón turns off his desk-lamp. Just as he does, we spot SIX AIRLINE TICKETS for RICARDO KLEMENT. Uruguay-bound.

He goes to leave the room-

-when his TELEPHONE rings. Almirón glances at the tickets on his desk. Eventually picks up the phone.

KLAUS (ON PHONE)
The Jews. They've taken my father.

The colour drains from Almirón's face.

123 **EXT. PHONE-BOOTH. GARIBALDI STREET. NIGHT**

KLAUS
Can you meet at Garibaldi?

ALMIRÓN (ON PHONE)
Give me 30 minutes.

124 **INT. ALMIRÓN'S OFFICE**

Slamming the phone down, Almirón throws open his door- to his OFFICERS, many of whom are just lounging around-

ALMIRÓN
I want all international transport hubs with large Jewish work-forces covered. Rail, harbour, move NOW! And do not be the fuck I flay alive for asking about overtime.

125 **EXT. PHONE-BOOTH. GARIBALDI STREET**

Klaus inserts some more pesos.

KLAUS
Get the Tacuara together. They've
taken my father.

ANTONIO (ON PHONE)
Wait, what? Who, who's taken him?

Turning, Klaus sees his MOTHER standing in the driveway,
clutching a CRYING RICARDO.

KLAUS
I'm not sure who exactly. But I know
where to ask first. Round up the
men. Mother will welcome you.

He hangs up. Vera takes a few steps towards him-

-Klaus LEAPS ONTO HIS BIKE. KICK-STARTS THE ENGINE.

126 **INT. DINING ROOM. HERMANN HOME. NIGHT**

Sat at the table she once ate at with Klaus, Sylvia now
studiously pours over textbooks. Just as she turns a page-

THE FRONT-DOOR BURSTS OPEN, SPLINTERED FROM A KICK-

SYLVIA CRIES OUT AS KLAUS ENTERS, PISTOL RAISED-

KLAUS
WHERE IS HE?!

SYLVIA
Klaus, what are you doing here-

Klaus grabs her roughly by the jaw. Raises the pistol to her
temple. Her eyes dart between the gun and Klaus.

KLAUS
I will ask you one more time. Where
have you people taken him?

SYLVIA
I don't know what you're-

WHUMP! Klaus HEADBUTTS Sylvia. Sylvia falls, hard.

Klaus DRAGS her up so that they're nose-to-bleeding-nose-

KLAUS
You know, I'm not even gonna kill
you. If you don't tell me, I'll
make you watch as I put a bullet in
your old man's head.
(MORE)

KLAUS (CONT'D)

And then, you still say nothing, I
have one shot left for your spine.

Sylvia stares deep into Klaus' wild eyes... and, mustering
everything, SPITS STRAIGHT IN HIS FACE.

SYLVIA

I hope he's looking up from hell.

For a moment, it seems like Klaus is going to let this slide-

WHEN HE RAISES HIS PISTOL BUTT, GOES TO HIT HER-

CRACK! A CANE CRASHES STRAIGHT INTO KLAUS' FACE- he falls
back in surprise, DROPPING HIS REVOLVER-

Quickly off his back, Klaus SCRABBLES FOR HIS GUN-

-OLD HANDS GRAB IT FIRST. Klaus FREEZES as LOTHAR levels the
gun in his direction. Sightless eyes blink hopelessly.

A beat. Klaus considers. Takes a step toward Lothar-

BANG!!

A bullet WHIZZES past Klaus, missing him by centimetres.

LOTHAR

One more bullet, by your count. Do
you want to chance it? Leave now,
and we won't tell every Jew in
Argentina who you really are. Or
that you were overpowered by an old
blind man and his daughter.

Klaus GLARES at Sylvia and Lothar, weighing up his options.

Lothar PULLS THE HAMMER BACK-

And Klaus RETREATS. SLAMS the front door as he goes.
Immediately, Lothar drops the pistol. Fumbles for Sylvia.

She reaches out to him, and he takes her in his arms. She
SOBS, as he strokes her hair.

LOTHAR (CONT'D)

(whispers, in Hebrew)

Shout for joy, O daughter of Zion.
Shout in triumph, O daughter of
Jerusalem. The Lord, in your midst;
you will fear disaster no more.

We linger as they stand, embracing amongst the wreckage.

127 INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. LATER

The team stand in silence (minus Rafi, who's keeping an eye on Eichmann). Aharoni is glaring across at Malkin, who is pacing back and forth.

IN THE NEXT ROOM, Dani continues to work. The sound of his knife SLICING PAPER can be heard.

Finally, Malkin looks up. Catches Aharoni staring at him.

Before either temper can flare- the door opens. Harel enters.

HAREL

The Harbour is out. Police overran the area ten minutes ago. Our contacts barely got out.

The room reacts with muted dismay.

AHARONI

So what do we do?

HAREL

I've spoken to Yehuda Shimoni at El-Al. He can get landing clearance, provide uniforms, and have Yosef Klein pilot- who I trust. We can get a plane full of delegates over to celebrate Argentina's 150th year. They fly in, we fly out. It's a good cover and we're in safe hands.

EPHRAIM

But?

HAREL

But it'll take time to set up. Nine, ten days. So. Eyes on at all times. Only Aharoni talks to him.

(turning to him)

There's one more thing. El-Al and the president are insisting on Attila signing a document agreeing to stand trial in Israel. Without it, we're not going home. Understood?

Aharoni nods. The team look at one another. Anxious.

MALKIN

You know how he kept the victims coming? How he kept the fires of Auschwitz alight? Synagogue to synagogue. Home to home.

(MORE)

MALKIN (CONT'D)

He isolated our leaders. Convinced them our people would be safe. Eichmann didn't load the trains. He had us do it for him.

HAREL

(beat)

Are you suggesting an alternative?

Dripped in threat. Malkin holds his tongue.

HAREL (CONT'D)

Ten days. Stay low, and pray that his family do the same.

With that, Harel leaves. Malkin looks to Hanna. She returns his look. Both on edge. Ten days. Fuck.

128 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. DAY (TWO)**

A MAKESHIFT WAR-ROOM. Tacuara and police POUR OVER MAPS of Buenos Aires. Pistols, rifles and sticks with knives attached (where the name "Tacuara" comes from) lie around everywhere.

Several MEN are SIFTING THROUGH PICTURES OF EICHMANN.

129 **INT. EICHMANN'S BEDROOM**

Ricardo, asleep, rocks gently in his mother's arms.

130 **INT. SPARE BEDROOM. EICHMANN'S HOUSE**

Klaus reloads the revolver. His face has a DARK WELT from Lothar's cane, distorting his otherwise handsome features.

Gun loaded, he looks in the mirror. Brandishes the gun.

Door opens. It's Almirón. Jerks his head at Klaus. Outside.

131 **EXT. EICHMANN HOUSE. SAME**

Leaning against the wall, Klaus watches Almirón closely. In the background, three police-cars amidst a sea of MOTORBIKES.

ALMIRÓN

We need to proceed carefully.

KLAUS

Huh. And father called you his closest ally. Your plan is to wait?

ALMIRÓN

Boy, do not misquote me, especially when I've had this little sleep. I have loyal men across the force, but not its entirety. If we're careful, whispers will reach me. But if they're louder than whispers, you may lose me very quickly.

KLAUS

So what do we do?

ALMIRÓN

Sassen has Der Weg running a full-page reward sheet for the safe return of Ricardo Klement. It'll note his German identity. It will offer \$10,000, the exact amount the Israelis offered when they thought Eichmann was hidden in Kuwait.

KLAUS

And people will get that?

ALMIRÓN

Our friends will. You'll see. Who do you think sold him out?

A beat. Klaus shrugs. Doesn't know.

KLAUS

When does the search begin?

ALMIRÓN

It already has.

132 **EXT. SYNAGOGUE. BUENOS AIRES. NIGHT**

Two TACUARA BOYS sit atop motorbikes, watching the Synagogue like hawks. They REV at a group of leaving worshippers.

133 **EXT. MERCEDES BENZ FACTORY. GONZÁLES CATÁN. DAY (THREE)**

Two OFFICERS STAPLE UP POSTERS. We catch a glimpse of a picture of Eichmann on them.

134 **EXT. ROAD BLOCK. HIGHWAY. BUENOS AIRES. DAY**

Soldiers stop a car. HAUL A HASIDIC JEW OUT- HIS WIFE AND TWO BOYS SCREAM as the soldiers point guns at them to be quiet.

One, armed with a "Missing: Ricardo Klement" POSTER, forces him to open the trunk.

135 **INT. STUDY. TIRA. DAY (FOUR)**

Rafi enters. Approaches Dani's desk, where he toils away. He notices, pinned up on a wall, a sketch of a beautiful woman.

RAFI
Who's the lovely lady?

Dani shrugs. Rafi's eyes roam the room. Spots PESOS notes.

RAFI (CONT'D)
You make these too?

DANI
Just in- you know, in case.

RAFI
We shouldn't use 'em. Too risky.
Nice idea, wrong move. Sorry Dani.

Dani nods, more to himself. The mood suddenly seems more hostile. Rafi retreats.

136 **INT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY**

Aharoni pokes his head into the room with Eichmann-
-Ephraim reads. Sees Aharoni. Gets up to swaps places.

AHARONI
He said anything yet?
(Ephraim shakes his head;
to Eichmann)
The cavalry's taking its sweet time
huh? Come on. Up. Time for a talky.

Eichmann doesn't respond. Blacked-out goggles and gag are on. He's been dressed in STRIPED PYJAMAS. His hand twitches.

137 **EXT. RICCHIERI FREEWAY. DAY (FIVE)**

Uzi drives the Chrysler straight off the road. Ploughs across a field a short distance, until he's by other ruined cars.

138 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. DAY**

Yaakov paces. His hands touches each wall as he passes.

Ephraim plays chess against Malkin. Malkin studies the board, while Ephraim watches Yaakov pacing.

139 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. DAY**

Hanna stares at Eichmann, lying there calmly. After a moment-

EICHMANN

Are you wearing perfume? Perhaps not. Maybe it's just you.

She says nothing.

140 **EXT. FIELD. AIRPORT HIGHWAY. DAY**

Harel and Ephraim arrive in the Buick. Park alongside the Chrysler, which Uzi is crouched under.

As they disembark, Uzi pulls himself from under the car. Wipes his hands on his trousers. Jerks his head to them both.

Walking away, in the direction of the airport, they ignore the Chrysler as it CATCHES FIRE. The Buick follows.

141 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

Aharoni, asleep on the couch. Deep snores. Malkin, nearby, sketches in his guidebook. Finishes a picture of his sister Fruma. Flicks back over the previous pages. Picture after picture of her, her children...

HANNA (O.S.)

What're you doing?

Malkin looks up. She's standing there.

MALKIN

Nothing.

He closes the book. Hanna watches him.

HANNA

You up next?

MALKIN

No, but... You wanna try waking him?

HANNA

He stinks by the way. Attila. Every few minutes, he lets out a squeak.

(MORE)

HANNA (CONT'D)
It's been five days, the guy's gut
must be exploding.

Malkin laughs at this. Hanna laughs seeing him laugh.

HANNA (CONT'D)
What?

MALKIN
Gross.

The laughter subsides. They stare at each other a moment.
Tension, rising. She takes a tentative step towards him...

A SNORT from Aharoni, who turns in his sleep. Breaks the
moment completely.

HANNA
I'm gonna-

MALKIN
Yeah. Yeah.

Hanna heads upstairs. Off Malkin, watching.

142 **EXT. AIRPORT LONG-STAY CAR-PARK. DAY**

With Ephraim and Harel keeping watch, Uzi quickly BREAKS INTO
an old FORD. Climbs in. They follow.

143 **EXT. AIRPORT ROAD-BLOCK. DAY**

Driving slowly, Uzi, Harel and Ephraim see TACUARA BOYS
STICKING UP 'RICARDO KLEMENT' posters. A reward of \$10,000.

A POLICEMAN converses with the soldiers. Turns his head,
feeling eyes on him- Uzi turns away as they're waved through
the road-block.

144 **INT. STUDY. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY**

Bent over a magnifying glass, Dani puts a tiny delicate touch
to a SIGNATURE ON AN ARGENTINE VISA-

-when he hears a commotion outside. Looks up. A FEMALE VOICE.

145 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL. TIRA**

Poking his head out, Dani sees Rafi arguing with a CLEANER
(CATALINA) at the front door.

Undeniably sexy in her way, there is something about Catalina that just stinks of trouble.

RAFI

No! Gracias, no! Christ alive.

CATALINA

Necessito señor. Tengo que limpiar!
Necessito dinero, señor, dinero!

RAFI

I do not speak Spanish, can you-
who is she, what is she doing here?
Does anyone understand her?!

DANI

She's saying- she's saying she's a,
uh a- a cleaner, I think.

146 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

Hearing the foreign voice, a gagged Eichmann, hand cuffed to the bed, begins KICKING THE WALL, RATTLING HIS HANDCUFF-

Yaakov, watching him, quickly JUMPS UP, grabbing his legs-

147 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL. TIRA. SAME**

Catalina hears the banging. She stops talking to listen. The quiet sounds of a SCUFFLE. Just as Rafi notices-

DANI

Here. Dinero.

He's holding some of the FAKE PESOS Rafi saw him make earlier. Avoids Rafi's eye as he holds the note to Catalina.

After a moment, she takes the money. Nods slowly.

DANI (CONT'D)

(to Rafi)

I'll show her out.

He steps out. Gestures her to follow. Rafi watches them go.

148 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Entering, Malkin finds Yaakov GRABBLING WITH EICHMANN WHO-
KICKS OUT. Catches Yaakov in the face, BUSTING HIS NOSE.

YAAKOV
Sonofabitch-

He goes to PUNCH EICHMANN- stops, when he sees Malkin.

YAAKOV (CONT'D)
Your shift?

MALKIN
Yeah.

Hand over his now-bleeding nose, Yaakov CURSES as he leaves.

149 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY**

Catalina, grumbling as she's shown out. In the argument, a button on her blouse has come undone. She goes to leave-

DANI
Uh... Here. Por lo siento.

He peels off another note. Holds it out. She eyes the rest of the notes in his hand. Notices Dani, looking at her cleavage.

He averts his gaze, embarrassed. She gives a small smile. With one last look at the pesos in his hand... she leaves.

150 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

Malkin closes the door after Yaakov. The moment it clicks- Eichmann begins MAKING NOISE into his gag. His leg, tapping. Not like he's trying to be heard- like he's in pain.

Sitting on the chair, Malkin takes out his guide-book. Finds a blank page to draw on. Tries to start drawing.

Eichmann continues- tap, tap, MMM, MMM, tap, tap, MMM, MMM-

Snapping, Malkin goes over. Grabs Eichmann's throat.

MALKIN
Stop it.

Eichmann's head turns to the source of the noise.

MALKIN (CONT'D)
You want something? If you scream...

He squeezes Eichmann's throat, just slightly. Eichmann nods, then falls still. Malkin slowly takes the gag from his mouth.

EICHMANN
Herr Captor. I need the bathroom.

MALKIN
Herr Captor?

EICHMANN
Does the man who seized me have a name he'd prefer? I recognise your voice. And those hands.

MALKIN
Not another word.

EICHMANN
We can dispense with the murder threats if you like. We both know you won't kill me. Not here anyway.

MALKIN
Trust me, nothing would give me more pleasure.

EICHMANN
Oh, I know. In the mud. I could tell. Such passion.

MALKIN
Give me a reason. Any reason.

EICHMANN
There's someone watching.

Too quickly, Malkin lets go of Eichmann's throat. Turns to find UZI, returned from dropping off the cars. On edge.

Straightening up, Malkin nods to Eichmann.

MALKIN
He needs to shit. Wanna help?

A small smile, on Eichmann's lips.

151 **INT. BATHROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Shuffling along, hands cuffed and blacked-goggles still on, Eichmann fumbles around for the toilet.

Malkin and Uzi watch from the doorway. They both avert their eyes as Eichmann lowers his trousers.

EICHMANN
May I sit, Herr Captor?

MALKIN

Just get it going.

Eichmann settles himself. A silence follows.

EICHMANN

This would be much easier if I had something to read.

MALKIN

I think we've got a copy of Mein Kampf lying around somewhere.

Eichmann laughs. A genuine chuckle. Surprisingly warm. But, as he does- a horrible GROAN erupts.

EICHMANN

Ugh, here we go.

(beat; then)

You know, this reminds me of a time. My father worked at the Tramway and Electrical in Linz. I loved going to his office when I was a boy. Everything was so new. Ductile tungsten in the lightbulbs. An air-conditioning unit. Even cross-words were a novelty back then.

A bubbling FART erupts from Eichmann. Malkin, in spite of himself, has to stifle a laugh.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

That's it! Anyway. Anyway. The first time I visited, I was nine. He introduced me so proudly. "My boy", he said. "This is my boy".

Another horrible BOWEL SOUND. This time Eichmann chuckles.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

So imagine my dismay when I use the bathroom- this gleaming palace- and I unleash hell. It was like a whole other person fell out of me. Rather like now.

Once more, Eichmann's bowels CHURN LOUDLY- he's letting rip, and it couldn't sound or look funnier. Uzi lets out a short laugh, but catches himself. This triggers Malkin who has to bite his tongue.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

It blocked the toilet, and my Papa had to pay for the repairs.

(MORE)

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

He was furious, naturally. But I think- oh Christ that was sore- I think he was a little proud also. With how I handled myself. Nearly there!

The noise that follows is a DEEP RUMBLE. It's too much for Malkin and Uzi, who are barely disguising their laughs.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

I strolled up to him. Told him what I'd done. And, before he began to hit me, I said: "Everybody does it, Papa." It's true. Everybody shits. Knowing that I was never scared of another human being again.

With a final PUSH AND A SPLASH- the carnage comes to an end.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

Whoa! If only you'd covered my nose as well as my eyes. May I wipe now, Herr Captor?

Wiping a tear from his eye, Malkin looks to Uzi who is doing the same. Tension from earlier has dissipated.

MALKIN

Go ahead.

152 **INT. EICHMANN'S. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Returning the prisoner, Malkin handcuffs him back to the bed.

EICHMANN

My mother died when I was 10 years old. It was the saddest I think I've ever felt. A few months later, my father had a new woman, from our local church. Maria. Always efficiency with him. Endless.

(then)

You want me to eat, to shit, to sign something like that prick keeps asking? I'll think about it. But it has to be you, Herr Captor. I want to be speaking with you.

153 **EXT. GARDEN. TIRA. DAY**

Pacing, furious, Harel occasionally stops to point at Malkin without quite knowing what he wants to say.

Aharoni, in the background, stares daggers at Malkin. Nearby, Uzi stands guiltily. Hanna and Yaakov linger too.

HAREL

You broke rank. Protocol. Clear instruction. Do you remember what I said to you. Back in Israel, do you remember what I told you?

MALKIN

(beat)

No.

HAREL

OK me neither, but I'm fucking certain it was something to do with you not doing this.

AHARONI

He's a liability.

HAREL

You fucking wait your turn sleeping beauty. When I'm done with this schmuck, I'm tearing you a new one.

MALKIN

I can get him to sign off on the trial in Israel. He'll talk to me.

AHARONI

He's playing you, idiot.

MALKIN

You think I don't know? We need a scribble on a piece of paper. Let me in the game, I'll get it.

HAREL

(long beat)

You get me results. Or I swear to Christ, I'll throw you to the wolves myself. Understand?

(off Malkin's nod)

Just a few more days. We heard anything on the radio about the search-party? The posters?

General head-shakes from the group.

HAREL (CONT'D)

Hold it together, people. Peter. We're depending on you now.

He heads inside. The others follow, except for Hanna.

MALKIN

What?

HANNA

Don't fuck this up.

MALKIN

Because everyone else was doing
such a good job before!

Stung, Hanna heads inside. Malkin watches her go.

154 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE. DAY (SIX)**

A few Tacuara doze on the sofa. Several others drink, chat.
Klaus enters, pulling off his motorcycle helmet.

KLAUS

Oh. So you've found him then?

TACUARA MEMBER

We were just taking a rest!

KLAUS

How about you rest when one of us
isn't being tortured by the fucking
enemy you shit for brains.

Klaus goes to lash out- when he spots ALMIRÓN at his window.
Once again, he gestures for Klaus to step outside.

155 **EXT. EICHMANN'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

ALMIRÓN

We've heard nothing from our friends
on the boarders, which is
encouraging. But better, we've had
men stationed near the Ricchieri
highway put out a fire lately.
They're pretty common, but one of
them noticed a detail. Sent this.

He hands Klaus a picture of the burnt-out CHRYSLER.

KLAUS

That's it. That's the car!

ALMIRÓN

A few holiday-makers returned from
Panama yesterday.

(MORE)

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)

Imagine their surprise when they couldn't find their Ford.

(another photo)

We cross-referenced the license with army contacts. They checked the central data-base. A car matching that description and registration passed a check-point into the Floresta Barrio. I think they're still here, and I think that or a nearby barrio is where they're holding your father.

Klaus grins. Grasps Almirón's hand in thanks.

156 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. NIGHT**

Malkin enters with a tray of food. Eichmann is lying on his bed, very still. His hand twitches but only occasionally now.

MALKIN

Eat.

Eichmann sits up. Opens his mouth. Malkin feeds him. Notices beside the bed, the document Eichmann still hasn't signed.

157 **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TIRA. MORNING (SEVEN)**

Catalina, on her way to clean a different house, stops outside Tira. Stares in. She can see Dani, in his study.

She glances at the gate. Tests the latch that Malkin broke days before. Sees how easily it opens. A plan begins to form.

158 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. NIGHT**

Hanna checks Eichmann's pulse. His pupils. His feet- swollen and red. She frowns. Turns to Malkin, who is watching her.

HANNA

I'm worried about thrombosis. He needs to exercise.

Malkin nods. Doesn't notice Eichmann, studying them both.

159 **EXT. GARDEN. TIRA. DAY (EIGHT)**

Walking back and forth across a wooden terrace, Malkin begins to bark COMMANDS at Eichmann, who SQUATS in time to his count.

Both Yaakov and Uzi, sat at the decking, head inside.

160 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. LATER**

Yaakov, nose clearly broken, wanders the room. Touches every wall he passes. He's sweating. Rafi enters.

YAAKOV
Malkin still out there with him?

RAFI
No one should be cooped up like this. We understand.
(re: Yaakov's agitation)
When did it start?

YAAKOV
You know, those fuckers, they'd put eight cows in each train-cart. Eight cows. 110 people though. More, if we were kids.

RAFI
I'm sorry. Did you- no. I'm sorry.

YAAKOV
Just- get Malkin to hurry up.

Rafi goes to leave- stops.

RAFI
Take a walk around the block. Just once. That's an order.

Yaakov nods, although without conviction. Rafi leaves.

161 **INT. FRONT DOOR. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Yaakov goes to leave- the alarm-bell Hanna rigged DINGS. Catches the attention of Harel and Aharoni, talking nearby.

HAREL
(turning to Yaakov)
Where are you going?

YAAKOV
A walk. That OK?

Harel looks at Aharoni. He pulls out a Ricardo Klement poster.

AHARONI
All over the barrio. Past few days.

YAAKOV

Shit. So we move him?

HAREL

We're looking at options. With the posters though, it's dangerous.

YAAKOV

So what do we do?

Aharoni takes out a PISTOL. Harel looks away in frustration.

YAAKOV (CONT'D)

Christ, where'd you get that?

AHARONI

Same guy that sorted the house. You go out, you take this. OK?

He offers the butt to Yaakov. Yaakov takes his jacket off. Heads back inside.

162 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. NIGHT**

A NEEDLE comes down on an old record player. The strings of Carlos Gardel's *Por Una Cabeza*. Malkin sits back. Folds his arms. Stares at Eichmann who listens, eyes closed. A glass of wine, in his hand.

MALKIN

Sign it. Stand trial in Israel. Let the world hear *the* Adolf Eichmann story.

EICHMANN

El Zorzal Criollo. The Creole Thrush. That's what they called this man. Strange, isn't it. What's acceptable, what isn't. What is your name, Herr Captor?

MALKIN

You have wine. You have music.

EICHMANN

I would like a name. I would like to know what brought us together. I would like to know about your place in the world.

MALKIN

I won't have one, soon.

EICHMANN

Because you have me? Or because
you've met someone special, maybe?

MALKIN

Because one day it will all be
machines. One day we'll be able to
find people like you instantly.

EICHMANN

Ah. And how will that work?

MALKIN

I don't know. But it will.

EICHMANN

Or else people like me remain free.
But then what about people like you?

MALKIN

Just sign the damn paper.

Eichmann leans back in his bed. Listens to the music. Sips
his wine. SNAPPING, Malkin snatches the glass off of him.
Turns the music off. Leaves Eichmann, handcuffed to the bed.

163 **INT. BEDROOM. TIRA. (DAY NINE)**

Light spills in to a bedroom through a crack in the curtains.
Hanna, clearly not having slept, checks her watch. Gets up.

164 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. DAY**

Malkin prepares a tray of food. Watched by Aharoni, across
the room. Rafi sat at the table, reads a book. Eventually-

MALKIN

Nine days. Still no word?

AHARONI

Oh, yeah we had confirmation ages
ago. We just didn't tell you.

Rafi looks up at Aharoni- stop being a asshole.

Malkin picks up his tray. Goes to take it through-

AHARONI (CONT'D)

Better go before it gets cold.

Malkin stops beside Aharoni.

MALKIN

Don't worry. When we get back,
everyone will hear how you
interrogated the shit outta him.

In spite of himself, he pats Aharoni on the shoulder-

-WHO GRABS MALKIN'S WRIST- TWISTS, APPLYING PRESSURE- THE
TRAY OF FOOD GOES FLYING-

-MALKIN COUNTERS, KICKING AHARONI'S LEGS FROM UNDER HIM-

RAFI

HEY!!

AHARONI CRUMPLES AT THE FORCE- RECOVERS- SWIPES, CATCHING
MALKIN IN THE FACE- MALKIN GOES TO STRIKE AHARONI AGAIN-

Rafi's there, wrenching the two of them apart.

RAFI (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you two?

165 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA**

Lying there, Eichmann listens to the muffled argument raging.

166 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA**

AHARONI

You kidding, you see this prick?

MALKIN

He's an asshole, has been since-

RAFI

You. Peter. Not another word. If
you want us to get out of here
alive you will get that damn
signature like you promised.

Glaring at Aharoni, Malkin storms out.

167 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Entering, Malkin takes Eichmann's goggles off. Sits opposite.
Presses the pen and agreement to stand trial into his hands.

MALKIN

No more games.

EICHMANN

As I've said, I will stand trial in Germany. Like Merten, like Bohne.

MALKIN

That's not what we're offering.

EICHMANN

What do I stand to gain, signing?

MALKIN

You get to tell your story.

EICHMANN

My story, *the* Eichmann version, the same offer, again, again. But I don't want to tell my story. Not until I've heard one. Your story.

MALKIN

I have no story. I'm just the devil.

EICHMANN

Here to take me to hell. You think that's where I'll go, don't you? You're too young for the World War, but Israel's Independence- *maybe*. And, will you join me in hell? For following orders. For sharing in the glory of fighting your country's enemy.

MALKIN

I was *protecting* my country.

EICHMANN

Hmm. I was there- Israel I mean- after al-Qassam in '36. I saw how you Israelis protected yourselves then.

MALKIN

We fought invaders, on all sides, enemies who outnumber and outgun us. We don't slaughter women. Kids.

EICHMANN

And yet. And yet, I hear whispers. Rumours of a bell-shaped facility in the hills of Dimona. Where the nuclear scientists of Rehovot talk over coffee, horde uranium, and plan. Plan for what, I wonder?

A silence, as Malkin reflects on this.

MALKIN

"Never again". You know better than any why we live by that motto now.

EICHMANN

You know, I never saw you people as the plague Hitler did. I said it, sure, we had to. But you Jews. You aren't a unique threat. No, no. You're just people. You're all just as dangerous as the rest of us.

MALKIN

You're nothing like us.

EICHMANN

"Shma Yisrael, adonai elohenu, adonai echad." See, I can be.

Stung by hearing the sacred words from his mouth, Malkin takes a moment. Feigns indifference. Soldiers on.

MALKIN

If you believe that. Truly, if that makes up some internal logic for you, if you were just following orders, then tell the world. Tell them you were just another soldier. You were just doing your job.

A silence stretches as Eichmann considers.

EICHMANN

What's your name? You're getting warmer...

MALKIN

(beat)
Peter.

EICHMANN

Do you have any children, Peter?

MALKIN

No.

EICHMANN

Hmm. I've been thinking you look like you could do with a good woman. But then couldn't everyone. But children. They make it all make sense. Maybe one day you'll know.

MALKIN

I don't need you to tell me that.
(then)
My sister had children. Three.

EICHMANN

Had. I see. The camps?

MALKIN

Your people never even took her
that far. She died in the woods.
Trying to protect her boys. They'd
have been similar ages to yours.
They were all killed too.

A long pause follows. Eichmann sighs. Seems deeply affected.

EICHMANN

I am sorry, Peter. Truly sorry. I
don't- she, uh- may I ask her name?

MALKIN

(beat)
Fruma.

EICHMANN

Fruma. Fruma.

Slowly, Eichmann picks the document and pen up from the table
by his bed. He reads it, slowly.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

My family. You'll leave them alone?

MALKIN

Sign the document.

EICHMANN

Whatever happens. You promise?
Nothing else matters.

MALKIN

(beat)
They'll be safe. We don't harm
innocent women and children.

Nodding at this, Eichmann SIGNS THE DOCUMENT. Hands it to
Malkin, along with the pen.

EICHMANN

Thank you, Peter. For talking to me.
For treating me like- like you have.

In response, Malkin gets up. Leaves. Hold on Eichmann.

168 **INT. CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE EICHMANN'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

Closing the door, Malkin lets out a long, deep breath.

169 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Aharoni, Yaakov, Rafi and Uzi are all playing cards at the table. Aharoni throws a few paper chips into the middle.

Malkin enters.

MALKIN

Where's Hanna?

RAFI

Outside. Why?

He puts the signed document on the table beside Rafi without breaking his stride. Walks through the French doors outside.

Rafi glances at the doc. Takes a second to register-

RAFI (CONT'D)

He got it! He fucking got it!!

170 **EXT. GARDEN. DAY**

Walking loops around the house, her hands in her pockets, Hanna looks up suddenly as Malkin approaches.

HANNA

You look like you've seen a ghost-

He SLAMS INTO HER, wrapping her in his arms, his forehead pressed to hers, their lips, centimetres apart-

-breath heavy, he BACKS HER INTO THE WALL- her hands, on his back, his strong arms, pinning her- but they *don't* kiss.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Peter- Peter.

Something is stopping them. Like two magnets of the same pole.

HANNA (CONT'D)

When we've got him back. OK?

MALKIN

OK. OK. I just...

HANNA

I know. Thank you.

He relaxes. She smiles. Runs her fingers through his hair.

171 **EXT. TERRACE. NIGHT**

Sat on the decking, sipping beers, the team seem relaxed for the first time in a while. In amongst the group is Malkin, chatting to Yaakov. A few empty bottles, at his feet.

He steals a glance at Hanna. She looks back. Winks.

His eyes seek out Aharoni, who looks a little sullen. In spite of himself, he tilts his beer to Malkin in recognition.

Applause erupts as Rafi, apron adorned, steps out onto the terrace with a plate of FRESHLY COOKED STEAKS.

RAFI

I hope you all like whatever comes after "well-done".

172 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. LATER**

Dani swaps with Ephraim, who rushes off to join the party.

Goggles still off but eyes closed, Eichmann lies in bed listening to the merriment outside. He takes a deep SNIFF.

173 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. NIGHT**

All is quiet. Lights are out. Tonight's revelry, over.

At the gates, a pair of hands SLOWLY OPEN THE BROKEN LATCH.

174 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

Eichmann sleeps. Dani does his level best not to look at him. Outside, he hears a noise. Footsteps.

Checking Eichmann, Dani gets up to investigate. Doesn't spot Eichmann, EYES NOW OPEN, WATCHING HIM GO.

175 **EXT. TERRACE. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER**

Sliding open French doors, Dani tentatively steps outside- JUMPS as he crashes straight into CATALINA. She FREEZES.

DANI

What- what are you doing here?

He turns to yell for the others- when Catalina PUTS A HAND ON HIS CHEEK. She's improvising. A new plan forms, fast.

CATALINA

I- I come. Por tu.

Breath catches in Dani's throat. It's working. He stares at Catalina. She looks like one of the girls he's drawn. He glances at the silent house... *Who would even know??*

176 **INT. STUDY. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

A small fold-out bed. Dani's in the room with Catalina, trying to sit comfortably on the bed.

He stops fidgeting when Catalina SLOWLY PEELS OFF HER TOP. Her breasts, her torso, tinted blue by the moonlight.

For a moment, it looks like Dani might cry. She covers up-

DANI

No, no. No problema. You, uh. Men like me don't- we don't get to see things- perfection. Like you.

She smiles, understanding none of what he just said. She climbs on top of Dani. Kisses him.

177 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA**

MOANS. WHISPERING builds, breath heavy, more, more. Meanwhile, Eichmann lies there, without a guard, listening. Waiting.

178 **INT. STUDY. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. LATER**

Passed-out in his bed, Dani is dead to the world.

Catalina, on the other-hand, is wide awake. She eyes the remainder of (fake) pesos on Dani's desk.

179 **INT. CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE DANI'S STUDY**

Closing the door to the study, Catalina goes to leave- her foot CREAKS a floorboard. She STOPS. Did anyone hear?

EICHMANN (O.S.)

Hello? Is someone there? Help me!

A TAPPING noise joins the whispered plea. Catalina gazes at the door it's coming from. Looks at the exit. Torn.

180 INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA

The door handle twists. Slowly, it creeps open- and CATALINA STARES IN HORROR AT EICHMANN, BOUND TO THE BED-

EICHMANN
Señora, Ayúdame! Ayúdame!

181 INT. MALKIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Deep in a boozy-sleep, Malkin is catapulted into consciousness as the front door's ALARM BELL RINGS! He BOLTS out of bed.

We glimpse the GUIDEBOOK he's been sketching Fruma in, poking out of a trouser pocket as he pulls them on.

182 INT. STAIRWELL. TIRA

Taking stairs three at a time, Malkin hits the ground-floor- to find the front door, SWINGING WIDE OPEN.

Immediately he goes to Eichmann's room. Bursts in to find-
-EICHMANN, STILL HANDCUFFED TO THE BED.

Behind Malkin, Dani appears, rubbing his eyes. The horror of what's just happened dawning on him.

183 EXT. SUBURB. FLORESTA DISTRICT. NIGHT

Running as fast as she can, Catalina SWINGS around a corner-

Presses herself against a tree. Glances back, making sure she wasn't followed. As she does-

-her hands touch the edge of a poster. She glances up at it.

And there... the picture of RICARDO KLEMENT. A reward of \$10,000. A telephone number. She pulls it from the tree.

Realisation hits Catalina like a freight train.

184 INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. LATER

RAFI
What were you thinking?!

Tempers frayed, the team encircle Dani, who stands ashen-faced by the table. Aharoni has his pistol out.

AHARONI

He was thinking with his dick!

YAAKOV

Oh and you've been the most level-headed agent?

AHARONI

The fuck'd you say?

RAFI

Dani, did she see him? Dani?

MALKIN

If we go now, maybe we can find her.

DANI

D- don't hurt her. It's my fault.

AHARONI

If we have to, that's on you too.

YAAKOV

Whoa, we're not the Gestapo, friend-

UZI

Stop yelling, everyone! Please!

AHARONI

You really wanna call me "friend"?

EPHRAIM

For fuck sake, I can't hear myself think, can you all-

SLAM! Hanna crashes her fist down on the table. Silence.

HANNA

We give Attila a physical. Make sure he's in a condition good enough to move. Then we find a new place to keep him until extraction. Rafi, have you spoken to Isser?

RAFI

He's on his way.

HANNA

Ephraim, how long for a property?

AHARONI

One we can set up with the proper-

HANNA

Let him answer the goddamn question!

EPHRAIM

A day. Maybe two.

RAFI

It's too long. We can't risk it!

MALKIN

So we store him at Isser's. It's our only option.

Nobody's got an argument to that. With a look to Malkin, Hanna indicates he come help her. They go to leave-

AHARONI

Because heaven forbid Eichmann spends a minute without his best pal Peter Malkin-

Malkin TURNS SHARPLY, FURIOUS- Hanna GRABS his arm. Don't.

185

INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. MOMENTS LATER

Malkin and Hanna enter to find Eichmann is sat upright.

EICHMANN

Peter. What's going on?

Hanna looks to Malkin. Why does he know your name?

MALKIN

The doctor is going to have a look at you. Make sure you're healthy.

EICHMANN

Surely that's not what all the commotion was about?

Ignoring the question, Malkin pulls him up. Hanna approaches.

HANNA

May I begin?

Eichmann turns to Hanna. Stares. Stunned, for a moment.

EICHMANN

I, uh... Sorry dear. Of course.

(then)

Seeing a woman as beautiful as you. It took me back. To a forest. A small village. Wonderful.

Malkin bristles at this, just slightly. Hanna grips Eichmann's wrist. Feels his pulse.

HANNA

79- no, hang on. It's slowing.

Eichmann stares at Malkin. He leans closer to Hanna.

EICHMANN

Lidice. The village's name. 1942.
After Heydrich was assassinated.
The Führer was angry. He wanted the
entire village wiped out as
punishment. And one woman- the one
you remind me of- offered herself,
to the men. To spare her children.

MALKIN

Hey!

Hanna shoots him a look. Keep it together.

She turns back to her examination. Malkin calms himself.
Doesn't even notice his hand has sought out Fruma's bracelet.

EICHMANN

I used to drink slivovitz, when I
saw things like that. To calm me.
But I didn't this time. Not when I
watched what happened to her.

MALKIN

That's enough-

HANNA

Head back.

She examines Eichmann's eyes. Malkin COUNTS, under his breath.

EICHMANN

Five men. Several at a time, often.
Over and over. She cried. She bled.
But that just encouraged them. I
think, deep down, she enjoyed it.
Really, I think she wanted more.

HANNA

(to Malkin)

Get the gag.

Malkin GRABS up the rag- tries to force it into his mouth-

EICHMANN

Do you think that's what happened to Fruma, Peter? D'you think she begged?

MALKIN FREEZES. That THRUMMING SOUND. A fire, ignited.

HANNA

Peter-

EICHMANN

Tell me, Peter. How many German cocks do you think she had inside her before they blew her brains out-

Malkin LAUNCHES HIMSELF ON EICHMANN- GRABS HIS THROAT- SQUEEZES- HANNA SHOUTS, BUT ALL MALKIN CAN HEAR, ALL HE SEES-

EICHMANN (CONT'D)

(choking)

Imagine, Peter. Every time you fuck. Just think how many German men split poor little Fruma wide open-

The sound of FLAMES, FEVER PITCH NOW, MALKIN GRINDS HIS TEETH- Eichmann's turning REDDER AND REDDER- IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATH-

HANNA SCREAMS SOMETHING WE DON'T HEAR- THE TEAM PILE IN- MALKIN, BEARING DOWN ON EICHMANN, WHO CHOKES, SPLUTTERS-

When SUDDENLY-

Everything is quiet and still.

The room is empty, apart from Malkin, Eichmann... and Fruma. Standing there. Blood and tears and grime covering her face.

She stares at her brother. Begging him with her eyes. Do it.

But Malkin... hesitates.

Looks around the shitty cell. Down at *the* Adolf Eichmann. And Malkin sees him. Truly. For the bitter, twisted, manipulative old man he is. Smiling with the glory of having *almost* won.

MALKIN

No. No. Not now. Not like this.

And Malkin BEGINS TO RELAX HIS GRIP.

Eichmann's eyes dart, confused. Fruma's face CONTORTS IN ANGER. A WOUNDED CRY TEARS FROM HER- MALKIN TRIES TO RESPOND, TO EXPLAIN TO HER MAYBE WHEN-

WHUMP!!

A CHAIR CRASHES INTO HIM, HURLING HIM BACK INTO REALITY- AS IT SHATTERS, FRUMA VANISHES- THE PANDEMONIUM OF THE ROOM BURSTS IN-

Hitting the floor, Malkin's GUIDEBOOK SLIPS FROM HIS POCKET-

-he jumps back up- Rafi and Uzi GRAB HIM- DON'T REALISE THEY ARE STOPPING HIM FROM DEFENDING HIMSELF-

THWACK! Aharoni SMASHES the remainder of the chair across Malkin's face- splinters fly as he CRASHES to the floor.

Yaakov SURGES FORWARD, PUSHING AHARONI-

YAAKOV

Whoa, enough!

Aharoni PUNCHES Yaakov, who falls back into Ephraim- he tries to stop Yaakov, but, incensed, Yaakov HURLS HIM OFF-

AHARONI

Uzi, hold him back!

-Uzi GRABS Yaakov- THEY GRAPPLE- KNOCK HANNA BACK INTO A WALL, WINDING HER-

YAAKOV

Help Peter!

UZI

But Aharoni said-

YAAKOV

Don't think, just do it!

EICHMANN

You heard! The big one, you heard him say he was going to kill me!

AHARONI

Is that true? IS IT?

UZI

Yes, OK! I'm sorry, Peter.

AHARONI

He is going to kill Attila. He is going to fuck us all. And if it's the success of the mission or him-

He pulls out his pistol once again-

RAFI

NO! What are you doing?!

Malkin, recovering fast, realises the situation- GRABS THE PISTOL IN AHARONI'S HAND, TRYING TO DEFEND HIMSELF-

-but Aharoni TWISTS THE GUN FREE- GRABS MALKIN BY THE THROAT- RAMS HIM INTO THE WALL- PLACES HIS GUN TO MALKIN'S FOREHEAD-

GOES TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER-

HAREL (O.S.)
They're HERE!!

The room FREEZES. Turn as one as Harel runs in- stops in his tracks when he sees the chaos inside.

HAREL (CONT'D)
What in the fuck is going on?

RAFI
What do you mean they're here?

HAREL
El Al. The plane!

186 **EXT. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT. NIGHT**

Israel's Foreign Minister Abba Eban, portly and dressed in a tailored black overcoat, waves to crowds as he climbs from an EL AL AIRCRAFT. Several others follow.

A GATHERED CROWD cheer and whoop. Some start singing Hatikva.

HAREL (V.O.)
*The Foreign Minister's just landed
with the GOC and other dignitaries.
One of their crew, Yehuda Carmel,
has entered with a passport
claiming he's Zeev Zichroni.*

As Abba Eban approaches a microphone, preparing to give a speech to the crowd-

187 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

HAREL
Dani. You've prepared a passport
for Eichmann under the same name?

DANI
Yes.

HAREL
Good. Then we don't waste a moment.

Looks pass between the group. We focus on Malkin, bleeding. He notes Harel glaring at him. Fails to hold his glare.

188 **INT. EICHMANN'S BEDROOM. DAWN**

Vera sleeps in her bed. Ricardo is there beside her. At the doorway, Klaus watches a moment.

189 **INT. LIVING ROOM. EICHMANN HOUSE**

Wandering aimlessly, Klaus doesn't bother to wake Tacuara boys sleeping on the sofa, at the table. In the background, a RADIO drones on about the historic landing of Israel's first airliner on Argentine soil. But he's not really listening.

On a table, he finds a FRAMED PHOTO of him, his brothers and his father, in the mountains. A glorious VISTA behind them.

KLAUS

Where are you, papa?

As if in response, the distant sound of SIRENS, APPROACHING.

190 **EXT. EICHMANN HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Emerging from his house, Klaus picks up his pace as he sees a HORDE OF POLICE-CARS arrive. Almirón emerges from the lead car-

ALMIRÓN

We need to move, now. It's him.

KLAUS

Where is he?

ALMIRÓN

A cleaner gave us an address. Said he's tied up in a house of Israelis.

KLAUS

Let me get the others!

ALMIRÓN

No we need to move, immediately.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

I'll wait!

He nods to Klaus, who smiles in gratitude. Almirón climbs back into his car as Klaus HURTLES BACK INTO THE HOUSE-

191 **EXT. EICHMANN HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

A HORDE OF MOTORCYCLES KICK-START- AN ANGRY HORNETS NEST,
THEY SURGE AS ONE AFTER ANTONIO'S CAR-

192 **INT. DINING ROOM. MORNING**

Standing over a map, Harel fires orders like bullets.

HAREL

Every second counts now. Uzi,
Aharoni. You two leave immediately.

193 **EXT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY**

Uzi and Aharoni steal away, WAVING DOWN A BUS.

HAREL (V.O.)

*Acquire a new vehicle and meet the
others at this alleyway, just
within the Mataderos Barrio.*

194 **INT. EICHMANN'S ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

Frantic activity as the team DISSEMBLE THE HOUSE.

HAREL (V.O.)

*Yaakov, Ephraim, Hanna, Rafi- I
don't want a trace of us left.*

In their haste, they FAIL TO SPOT Malkin's guidebook.

195 **INT. DINING ROOM. TIRA. SAME**

HAREL

Peter, you and Dani want out of the
dog-house? You break your fucking
backs getting him disguised and
ready to go. When you're done, you
get out via Uruguay. Understood?

(off their nods)

I'll be on the next flight. Let me
know when Attila is on-board.

Rafi nods. Glances at Malkin, who looks away, ashamed.

196 **INT. STUDY. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. SAME**

Dani scratches the final touches into a passport.

He then attaches a freshly-taken picture of Eichmann to it. Nearby, Malkin finishes A FAKE NOSE on a now-woozy Eichmann.

DANI

(beat)

Peter. I'm- I'm sorry. If something had happened to you 'cause of me...

MALKIN

Dani. Come on.

(sotto)

Was it worth it?

Just then, Hanna and Rafi enter. But from Dani's look it was *definitely* worth it.

Hanna shows Rafi the sedative device attached to Eichmann. A cord snakes from a needle in Eichmann's arm, up her sleeve.

HANNA

It's a short-acting barbiturate. He'll stay like this, but if we need him to move quickly, he can be functional in a few minutes.

Rafi nods.

RAFI

Guys, can we have a minute? Hanna, your El-Al uniform's through there.

Both Hanna and Dani nod. Head out. Silence stretches.

RAFI (CONT'D)

You fucked up, Peter.

MALKIN

It, uh. Made me think. D'you remember when we trained, at Masada? How Gutman used to *keep* telling that story. We'd be on ropes, halfway up, lashed to one another. Passing ammo, guns, up and down a cliff. And he'd be going on about the Jews who killed themselves, up on that mountain. They chose to die rather than live under the Romans. I always thought he was crazy, going on about it. I thought he was a relic, from another time. But I get it now.

RAFI

Yeah?

MALKIN
Yeah. I think so.

RAFI
Would you do it again? To Eichmann,
if you had the chance?

Malkin and Rafi lock eyes. Utter conviction from Malkin as-

MALKIN
No. No, I wouldn't.

RAFI
(considers; then)
I hope that's true. Cause, you see,
there's been a problem. The
uniforms El-Al gave us- well,
they're meant for someone a little
less vertically challenged. I think
the exact measurement is "asshole"
size. So.

Malkin eyes widen. Realises what Rafi's saying.

RAFI (CONT'D)
Get him on that plane habibi, and
don't make me regret it. Again.
(shrugs)
Besides. I should try and stop by
Patagonia. I promised the little
ones I'd bring them back a penguin.

A look between Malkin and Rafi. A smile.

197 INT/EXT. CAR/TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. DAY

Ephraim, Yaakov, Hanna and Eichmann, all dressed in El-Al uniforms, waiting for Rafi-

YAAKOV
One road-block on the way out of
Floresta, then it's clear sailing to-

-MALKIN, also in uniform, climbs into the drivers' seat.

MALKIN
All aboard?

EPHRAIM
Where's Rafi?!

MALKIN
I'll explain on the way.

Glances at Hanna, who says nothing. Malkin HITS THE IGNITION-
The FORD BURSTS FORWARD, heading through open gates. Shortly
followed by Rafi and Dani who hurry away from the house.

198 **INT. FORD. SAME**

Malkin checks his rear-view mirror. Dani and Rafi safely make
it into a WAITING TAXI.

He turns his focus back to the road.

199 **EXT/INT. TIRA SAFE-HOUSE. LATER**

Sirens BLARE, engines ROAR and a HORDE descends on the
property. GATES ARE SMASHED OPEN-

THE FRONT DOOR, SPLINTERED WITH A KICK AS TACUARA AND POLICE
PILE IN. POUR INTO EVERY CRACK AND CORNER-

Klaus, inside. Stares at the sparsely furnished space.
SNIFFS. Paces the corridor, stopping outside-

HIS FATHER'S OLD ROOM. Nothing but a wrought-iron bed and a
crumpled rug on the floor.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

There's a fire in the garden. Died
recently. Five minutes or so.

KLAUS

He was in here!

In moments, Almirón is by his side.

ALMIRÓN

How do you know?

But Klaus doesn't answer. Steps into the room. Feels the bed.
Notes the small holes in the window.

KLAUS

Trust me. He was here.

POLICE OFFICER

Checked upstairs sir. House looks
like its been empty for weeks.

ALMIRÓN

Tell me we didn't pay the bitch
that called this in already?

Almirón, ready to give up, TURNS TO LEAVE-

KLAUS

Wait!

Crouching down, Klaus pushes SCRUNCHED UP CARPET TO ONE SIDE-
-FINDS MALKIN'S GUIDEBOOK. Nestled there.

Klaus opens it. Flicks through the pages. Sketch after sketch, not recognising Fruma, the abstract art, children-

When there it is. A SKETCH OF HIS FATHER. He's lying in a MINE-CART, being WHEELED TOWARDS THE OVENS-

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Sir!

Klaus and Almirón turn. Antonio arrives, out of breath.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Neighbours say they saw a packed car leave about 20 minutes ago.

ALMIRÓN

Any idea where they were going?

KLAUS

(realises)

The sneaky fucking bastards.

He turns to Almirón.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

The radio, this morning.
(off Almirón's blank look)
I know where they're going.

And, as he SURGES BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS BIKE-

200

EXT. ROAD-BLOCK. FLORESTA DISTRICT. MORNING

The team stare at the road-block ahead. A SOLDIER yawns. The road leading to the sandbags and single-bar barrier is quiet. Small houses, painted white, flank either side.

MALKIN

Time?

EPHRAIM

8:09. Just turned 8.10.

YAAKOV

Look!

The Soldier TURNS at the sound of someone calling. Starts walking over.

Malkin drives forward, approaching the road-block-

EPHRAIM

Come on- wave us through-

Creeping towards the barrier, Malkin goes to drive on-

A WHISTLE BLOWS. The soldier has turned back. Rushes over.

SOLDIER

Dame tus papeles.

Ephraim quickly hands the passports and tickets to Malkin, who gives them to the soldier. He checks them over.

As he does, EICHMANN COMES TO- SEEMS TO GRASP WHERE HE IS- GROANS, TRYING TO GET THE GUARD'S ATTENTION-

-Hanna SQUEEZES her syringe. JUST as the Soldier looks up- Eichmann's head SLUMPS forward.

The Soldier jerks his head. Drive on.

Malkin pulls through. Drives off. In the distance, the faint sound of SIRENS.

201 **EXT. HIGHWAY. EDGE OF FLORESTA. SAME**

Klaus and his Tacuara, SCREAMING ALONG THE ROAD. HE POINTS TO SOME OF THEM, WHO SPLIT OFF, SPREADING OUT.

202 **INT/EXT. FORD/MATADEROS BARRIO. SAME**

SWERVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC, Malkin keeps his eye fixed on the road. Yaakov pours over a map beside him.

In the back, Hanna keeps a floppy EICHMANN propped up. Ephraim pulls at the edges of his outfit. He's looking pale.

EPHRAIM

Will you-
(a car horn BEEPS)
Christ! You'll get us killed!

YAAKOV

Shit, take that left!!

Malkin does, SHARP. Throws everybody to one side as the car FLIES OFF OF THE SLIP ROAD.

EPHRAIM

And this damn outfit. Could it be any tighter?!

UP AHEAD, A BLOCKADE OF SOLDIERS, SNIFFER DOGS, CHECKING EVERY CAR THAT PASSES THOROUGHLY- ENORMOUS QUEUES-

MALKIN

Yaakov-

YAAKOV

It must be new! Take the right there-

EPHRAIM

Look out!

Another HARD TURN from Malkin, dodging a car.

MALKIN

Anything else, Ephraim?

But Ephraim has finally shut the hell up. The car SLIPS DOWN A SIDE-STREET-

203 **INT/EXT. FORD/PEDESTRIAN STREET**

-only to land RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SHOPPING HIGH-STREET. Shoppers YELL and SHOUT IN SURPRISE.

MALKIN

Shit, Yaakov!

YAAKOV

Reverse, get out of here.

Malkin WRENCHES the stick into reverse- A HORRIBLE CHURNING SOUND GURGLES-

MALKIN

These piece of shit cars!!

The ENGINE GURGLING, SHOPPERS PROTESTING- the noise attracts the attention of SEVERAL TACUARA BOYS, just passing at the head of the commercial street.

HANNA

Move, Peter!

YAAKOV

Forward, there, the alleyway!

Back into a gear that works, the car LURCHES FORWARD, parting shoppers like the Red Sea.

The Tacuara have spotted the car- REV their motorbikes, pushing past shoppers themselves. ONE OF THEM DRAWS A PISTOL- ANOTHER FIRES A RIFLE IN THE AIR- SHOPPERS SCATTER-

EPHRAIM

GO!

WHEELS SPIN as Malkin propels the car into the tight space-

204 **EXT/INT. ALLEYWAY/FORD**

Slipping between buildings, A RAZOR'S WIDTH BETWEEN THE CAR AND THE WALL, Malkin grits his teeth as the car BOUNCES DOWN THIS COBBLED STREET- SHOP-KEEPS STARE IN AWE AS-

YAAKOV

Right, right!

Wheel spins, car slips around corner- MALKIN SPOTS SOMETHING-

MALKIN

Keep the engine going!

He LEAPS from the car. THROWS HIS WEIGHT BEHIND A DUMPSTER. Wheels SQUEAKING, BARELY MOVING, MALKIN HEAVES- THUNK! Ephraim's slammed his hulking weight into the task too.

The dumpster picks up momentum. A hill helps it get going- ROLLS DOWNWARDS, CRASHING TO A HALT AS IT SLAMS INTO A WALL, BLOCKING THE ROAD BEHIND THEM. Garbage spills everywhere.

Back in the car, Malkin SLAMS his foot down- it SQUEALS away as the Tacuara bikes approach the dumpster.

Springing off their bikes, they LEAP OVER THE DUMPSTER- AIM THEIR WEAPONS AT THE CAR-

205 **INT. FORD**

MALKIN

GET DOWN!!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER THE BACK-WINDOW SHATTERS AS BULLETS WHIZZ THROUGH- ONE CLIPS YAAKOV'S SHOULDER-

YAAKOV

Sonofabitch!

Another hard TURN of the wheel-
AND THEY'RE AWAY.

206 **EXT. ROAD-BLOCK. FLORESTA DISTRICT. DAY**

Teeth bared, Klaus drives on. Follows signs to the airport.
Two police-cars up ahead. The men (including Almirón) wave him and his Tacuara through the road-block.

207 **EXT. ALLEY. MATADEROS BARRIO. DAY**

Uzi and Aharoni wait with a new Ford. Uzi checks his watch.

AHARONI
If we're going to get out of here,
we need to leave now-

Defiant to the last, Malkin's car SCREECHES TO A HALT NEARBY-

AHARONI (CONT'D)
(drawing his pistol)
You've got to be kidding me-

Aims his gun at Malkin as the group TUMBLE OUT OF THE FORD-

AHARONI (CONT'D)
Malkin! The fuck are you doing?

MALKIN
Rafi's orders, we can talk it over
when we're back-

AHARONI
Bull-fucking-shit we can, I am not
being responsible for handing the
whole mission over to a lunatic-

HANNA
We don't have time for this-

AHARONI
This is my fucking operation, it
was me that spotted him first, and
I will be damned if I'll let this-

THWACK! Uzi's enormous fist collides with Aharoni's jaw,
knocking him out cold. Before he hits the floor-

-Uzi's scooped him up and over his shoulder. Smiles proudly.

MALKIN
Thanks, Uzi.

UZI
(to Yaakov)
How's that for over-thinking?

YAAKOV
The guy's still technically your boss, habibi. Probably should have thought that one through.

Uzi looks mortified.

YAAKOV (CONT'D)
I'm kidding you ball-bag, nice work! See you back home.

Malkin and his team get into the new car. Uzi waves them off.

208 **EXT. RICCHIERI FREEWAY. DAY**

Driving down the near-empty highway, the team draw closer to the ARMY ROADBLOCK. Beyond it, the airport.

209 **INT/EXT. AIRPORT ROAD-BLOCK. DAY**

Their car comes to an ABRUPT HALT, metres from the road-block. Eichmann is THROWN FORWARD. Slumps over, unconscious.

EPHRAIM
Once we're in the main terminal, we head straight to join the other El Al stewards in the staff departure-

A SOLDIER APPROACHES. Machine gun slung over one arm.

Others glance over. About half a dozen soldiers. All armed.

MALKIN
(re: Eichmann)
Get him up, get him up.

Malkin winds the window down. The SOLDIER bends. He and Ephraim speak in SPANISH.

SOLDIER
Papers? You're crew?

Malkin, still with the papers, passes them to the soldier.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
What happened to him?

EPHRAIM
Oh. Too much Fernet.

Ephraim smiles. The Soldier doesn't. Checks passports.

SOLDIER
His face, let me see his face.

Hanna grabs Eichmann by the shoulders. Pulls him back-

-AS SHE DOES, THE FAKE NOSE MALKIN ATTACHED COMES LOOSE ON ONE SIDE- SWINGS HALFWAY OFF-

-THE SOLDIER GLANCES DOWN AT EICHMANN'S PASSPORT, A SPLIT SECOND FROM SPOTTING IT-

Ephraim notices- GESTURES TO HANNA AS THE SOLDIER LOOKS UP-

Hanna, her arm behind Eichmann's head, holds his face with her fingers either side of his nose, pressing it on firmly. She looks like she's trying to get him to concentrate-

HANNA
Zeev. Hey, Zeev? You there?

He GROANS. Eyes struggling to focus.

The Soldier stares at him. Studying. Nearby, one or two other soldiers are staring too. The ENTIRE TEAM HOLD THEIR BREATH-

SOLDIER
This way!

Indicates a side-road, rather than the road towards the airport terminal.

EPHRAIM
But-

SOLDIER
Don't make me tell you again! Move, now!

All the SOLDIERS are looking over now, clasping their rifles-

EPHRAIM
(to Malkin)
Take the slip-road.

Malkin rolls the car forward. The whole team are on edge.

MALKIN
That's right.

SOLDIER 2
(to Yaakov)
What happened to your shoulder?

YAAKOV
(beat)
There's a nail, juts out by the
plane's central galley oven.
Snagged myself on it coming in.

The Soldier nods, considering this.

SOLDIER 2
And the back windscreen?

MALKIN
Vandals. This city's dangerous.

SOLDIER 2
It certainly can be.
(to Ephraim)
You. Come with me. Bring your
papers. The rest, stay here.

Looking to Yaakov in fear, Ephraim doesn't know what to do-
JUST AS SOLDIER 2 TAKES A STEP TOWARDS THEM-

YAAKOV
Christ, you're going to sweat
through the fabric! Give me your
jacket, you fat lump.

Pulling it from his shoulders, Yaakov folds it in half,
hiding the tear.

Nodding in thanks, Ephraim follows the Soldier. Several
others take his place, eyeing the group suspiciously.

A beat, as they stand in silence, waiting. In the distance-
THE SOUND OF SIRENS, DRAWING CLOSER-

212 **EXT. AIRPORT HIGH-WAY. DAY**

AN ANGRY SWARM, TACUARA AND POLICE THUNDER TOWARDS THE AIRPORT-

213 **EXT. RUNWAY CHECKPOINT. DAY**

The Soldiers notice. Begin whispering amongst themselves.
Malkin glances at Hanna. Fuck.

Just as one of the soldiers REACHES FOR HIS RADIO-

EICHMANN
They're coming!

Everybody FREEZES. The Soldiers stare at Eichmann.

EICHMANN (CONT'D)
Run, run-edy-run, but they're
coming. For you.

Ephraim's returned with Soldier 2- Hanna goes to PRESS ON THE
SYRINGE- BUT EICHMANN STRUGGLES-

EICHMANN (CONT'D)
NO! This is it. Your last chance.
Before they get you. And me, I'll
phhhroow away, but you. You'll
never know what it *feels* like. To
kill me. Peter.

SOLDIER 2
Wait a second!

The group stops. Soldier 2 takes his rifle from his shoulder.

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
What's he talking about?

EICHMANN
Do it. Before it's too late. I
deserve it, I know I do. I do.

EPHRAIM
Oh he's just drunk, he's just-
motor-mouth, you know, he doesn't-

SOLDIER 2
Let me see those papers again-

Hanna glances at Malkin who is staring at Eichmann.

EICHMANN
For Fruma. She'd want you to.

SOLDIER 3
(in Spanish)
Something's not right.

SOLDIER 4
What is he saying??

EICHMANN
You know that's what she wants.

HANNA

Don't-

That noise, the FLAMING SOUND, BUILDS- MALKIN'S ARM, AROUND EICHMANN'S NECK- ONE OF THE SOLDIERS LOADS HIS RIFLE-

EICHMANN

Do it! Kill me, please!

And AS THE TEAM LOOKS ON IN FEAR-

-THE SOUND DIES. Malkin, in control, looks up at the soldiers.

MALKIN

His, uh. Familia? Dead. Died. En el... camps?

EPHRAIM

(taking over, in Spanish)

Yes. Yes. All of them. Died in '45. When he drinks, he remembers. And so when he remembers...

HANNA

This is what he becomes.

She looks at Malkin. For a beat, the SOLDIERS consider...

THE ONE WITH THE RIFLE RELAXES. STEPS BACK.

SOLDIER 2

I'm sorry to hear that.

(to Ephraim)

You should see my wife after a night on the Fernet. Total monster.

Ephraim smiles meekly.

With a jerk of his head, Soldier 2 SENDS THEM THROUGH.

214 **EXT. AIRPORT. SAME**

Bike SKIDDING TO A HALT, Klaus leaps off. Followed by a small GROUP OF TACUARA-

215 **INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. CONTINUOUS**

Boots STOMP across the marble floor, eyes darting left and right, Klaus SPOTS THE DEPARTURE GATES-

Hurries over. But just as he goes to enter- AN AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD steps in his way.

AIRPORT SECURITY
Ticket, sir? Passport?

KLAUS
You've got to let me through. The
Israelis have my father-

AIRPORT SECURITY
Sir, I can't let you through
without a ticket.

KLAUS
Are you fucking stupid? Did you
hear what I said?

AIRPORT SECURITY
Sir, I need you to calm down-

KLAUS
THE JEWS ARE ESCAPING WITH MY
FATHER YOU PIECE OF SHIT-

Reaching into his back-pocket, Klaus PULLS OUT HIS REVOLVER-

SLAM! ANTONIO RUGBY-TACKLES KLAUS TO THE GROUND. Several
POLICE PILE IN, HANDCUFFING HIM- Almirón crouches beside him-

KLAUS (CONT'D)
GET OFF OF ME!!

ALMIRÓN
Trust me. It's better we take you
than them.

KLAUS
WHAT?! NO! STOP THEM!!

Jerks his head to his men. To the Airport Security Guard-

ALMIRÓN
Air-traffic control. Where is it?

216 **EXT. EL-AL BRITANIA. SAME**

Eichmann's FEET DRAGGING, the TEAM DASH UP THE STEPS ONTO-

217 **INT. FIRST-CLASS. EL-AL BRITANIA. MOMENTS LATER**

A buckle FASTENS. Eichmann, locked in his seat.

Malkin hurries to the front of the plane. Taps at the pilot's
door. It opens. YOSEF KLEIN, the captain, stares Malkin over.

MALKIN

Attila's onboard. We need to move.

218 **INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL**

Running, gun drawn, badge out, Almirón SHOVES PEOPLE OUT OF THE WAY- SWINGS INTO A CORRIDOR. Followed by a small team of officers. Weapons drawn.

219 **INT. AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL**

A hive of activity. Juggling radio equipment, wooden plaques indicating flights, and a constant stream of calls and printed data, it's a wonder the FOUR ATC MEN can manage.

YOSEF KLEIN (ON RADIO)

ATC, this is Captain Yosef Klein on El-Al Britannia 302. NOTAMS checked and flight-path confirmed with navigation. El-Al is ready to taxi.

ATC MAN

Hang on El-Al, give us a moment.

(to another ATC)

Hey! Has Recife sent through clearance yet?

220 **INT. COCKPIT. BRITANNIA**

Silence on the other end of the radio. Klein looks at Malkin.

221 **INT. STAIRWELL. AIRPORT**

Thundering upstairs, Almirón WHEEZES as he goes. Stops momentarily, COUGHING HIS LUNGS OUT. Those cigars...

222 **INT. AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL**

Checking over the reams of paper spooling over the floor, one of the ATC Men scans- scans- THERE. Nods to our guy.

223 **INT. COCKPIT. BRITANNIA**

ATC MAN (ON RADIO)

El-Al, this is ATC. Proceed to runway. Hold for takeoff.

Klein turns to Malkin. Nods.

YOSEF KLEIN
Take a seat.

224 **EXT. RUNWAY**

The Britannia airliner LURCHES FORWARD TOWARDS THE RUNWAY-

225 **INT. FIRST-CLASS**

Strapped in, Malkin glances back. Sees the people on the plane. None of them have a clue what's going on.

Glances at Eichmann. Dead to the world.

226 **INT. AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL**

Door almost EXPLODES OFF ITS HINGES AS ALMIRÓN CRASHES IN-

ALMIRÓN
Stop the El-Al flight.

ATC MAN
They're at the runway-

ALMIRÓN
I don't give two-sides of a fuck,
stop them now-

ATC MAN
We can't- there's a risk of a
collision!

YOSEF KLEIN (ON RADIO)
*ATC this is El-Al, requesting
permission for take-off.*

227 **INT. FIRST-CLASS. EL-AL BRITANIA**

Malkin glances out of the window. Tries to see the TERMINAL. What's going on? Why the delay?

228 **INT. AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL**

Almirón points his pistol at the ATC Man. TAKES AIM-

ALMIRÓN
There is a German war-hero on that
plane. You will stop it.

ATC MAN
A German war hero?

ALMIRÓN
Exactly, so stop the fucking plane!

A beat. The ATC looks to the others. They're petrified. He takes a deep breath. Leans over to the Radio. Presses it.

ATC MAN
Permission to take-off granted, El-Al. Have a safe flight.

ALMIRÓN
NO!

The ATC man folds his arms defiantly.

ATC MAN
I don't know much. But I know that a German war hero means a Nazi war hero. And there is no such thing as a Nazi war-hero.

CRYING OUT IN FRUSTRATION, PISTOL OUT, ALMIRÓN LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO SHOOT- TURNS AND RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM-

229 **EXT. RUNWAY**

The Britannia's ENGINES BEGIN TO WHIRR-

230 **INT. FIRST-CLASS. EL-AL BRITTANIA**

Malkin leans back in his chair- goes to relax, when he spots-

231 **EXT. RUNWAY**

ON THE RUNWAY, Almirón marshals his men INTO A LINE- AS ONE, THEY RAISE THEIR WEAPONS- AIM AT THE PLANE-

ALMIRÓN
SHOOT FOR THE WHEELS!

232 **INT. FIRST-CLASS. EL-AL BRITTANIA**

The plane's picking up speed now, HURTLING DOWN THE RUNWAY-

233 **EXT. RUNWAY**

ALMIRÓN
FIRE!! FIRE!

THE CRACK-CRACK OF RIFLES FIRING- ONE OR TWO HIT THE PLANE-
BUT THEY'RE TOO LATE! Too much speed now, as the plane
approaches lift-off-

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)
AGH!!

His men lower their weapons. Stare at him for instruction-

ALMIRÓN (CONT'D)
(spotting something)
Shit. Shit, shit!

A TRUCKLOAD OF SOLDIERS DRIVE OVER- GUNS POINTED AT THEM.
Off Almirón, who drops his gun. Hangs his head in defeat.

234 **INT. FIRST-CLASS. EL-AL BRITANIA. MOMENTS LATER**

They are soaring now, up, up through the clouds.

GRINS pass between Yaakov, Ephraim and Hanna. A muted but
definite sense of relief amongst them.

Yosef Klein comes in from the cockpit. He shakes each of
their hands, though his eyes never leave Eichmann.

YOSEF KLEIN
I can't believe it.

Several of the El-Al stewards are staring too. All at the
sleeping form of EICHMANN, whose fake nose has fallen off
completely now.

One lumbering STEWARD appears particularly affected. We
follow him, just for a moment, as he retreats-

-to the kitchenette area. Breathes deeply. SHAKING AS HE
GRIPS THE COUNTER.

A tear slips from his eye. Another. Another. Splashing down-
by his hand. His wrist. On which we see a tattoo, messily
scrawled: A-14534. Auschwitz.

Back to Malkin, who doesn't share in the whispered JOY and
relief. Instead, he stares out of the window. Argentina grows
smaller and smaller beneath them.

After a moment, Hanna comes and joins him. He doesn't turn to her. Just continues to stare.

HANNA

Hey. We did it. We're going home.

He turns to her. Looks deep into her eyes. And there he sees that the lust is gone. Instead, a sadness. Pity, even.

He holds out his hand. She hesitates. Takes it.

Malkin CLINGS to her hand. Turns back to the window. Watches as the coast of Argentina recedes into the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK:

235 **INT. MALKIN'S APARTMENT. MORNING (ONE YEAR LATER)**

Malkin, looking older and worn, stares at the photos of the Nazis on his bedroom wall. Adolf Eichmann's picture now has a big, firm X through it.

But Malkin's looking at all the other pictures that don't.

236 **EXT. BEIT HA'AM. JERUSALEM. DAY**

All along a busy road, CROWDS BUSTLE TOWARDS A BARBED WIRE PERIMETER circling a sun-blushed stone building.

SHIN-BET and POLICE, carrying sub-machine guns, patrol.

GIDEON HAUSNER (V.O.)

*When I stand before you here,
Judges of Israel, to lead the
prosecution of Adolf Eichmann, I am
not standing alone.*

Every single person entering is searched thoroughly... Apart from Malkin. He flashes the GUARDS an ID card, and enters.

237 **INT. COURT-ROOM. DAY**

Packed to the rafters. From BUSINESS MEN, to RABBIS, to SHOP-KEEPS, there's a *huge* range of people here.

Finding a seat, Malkin stares across the vast courtroom to the striking figure of ATTORNEY GENERAL GIDEON HAUSNER.

Eichmann sits behind inches of BULLET-PROOF glass, listening intently on a set of headphones. Books surround him. Glasses back on, hair-receding, he looks like he wants to look weak.

GIDEON HAUSNER (CONT'D)
 With me are six million accusers.
 But they cannot rise to their feet
 and point towards him who sits in
 the dock and cry out "J'accuse!"

Malkin eyes roam, scanning the room, the gathered watchers-
 -he spots HANNA, in amongst them. She's with a HANDSOME MAN.
 Hand on his leg. She's not smiling, but she seems happy.

Malkin takes this in. Eventually turns his attention back to
 the trial, when he realises-

-that EICHMANN IS STARING RIGHT AT HIM.

For a moment, the two lock eyes. Stare for an eternity.

GIDEON HAUSNER (CONT'D)
 For their ashes are piled up on the
 hills of Auschwitz and the fields
 of Treblinka.

Finally, Eichmann breaks it. Nods towards where Hanna is
 sitting with this new man. Pulls a faux-sympathetic face at
 Malkin. For just a heartbeat, WE SEE THE REAL EICHMANN-

-before he returns to looking meek. Turns back to Hausner.

GIDEON HAUSNER (CONT'D)
 Their blood cries out, but their
 voice is not heard.

Malkin stands. Reaches to his wrist-

SNAPS OFF FRUMA'S BRACELET. Leaves.

Hanna looks up, just in time to see the back of Malkin go.
 She watches, but doesn't follow him.

GIDEON HAUSNER (CONT'D)
 Therefore, I will be their
 spokesman.

RAFI, sat with HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN, also sees Malkin go.

238 **EXT. FIRST CEMETERY. DAY**

Lush and green, cut off from the hustle and bustle of the
 busy metropolis. Here, the dead sleep in peace.

Alone amongst them stands Malkin. Staring. Thinking. In his
 hand, the remains of Fruma's bracelet.

RAFI (O.S.)
You know they say all Eichmann will
talk about-

From behind Malkin, Rafi approaches.

RAFI (CONT'D)
Is what the title cover of his auto-
biography is going to look like.

MALKIN
You chosen yours yet?

RAFI
Ha! You think my wife would let me
make a decision like that? Please.

Rafi comes and stands beside him. Silence.

MALKIN
I didn't see you in there.

RAFI
I was with Miriam. The kids.

MALKIN
You never said how they took it.
When you didn't bring back any
penguins. Your boys, I mean.

RAFI
Oh. They cried. Like children do.
Jacob the most, actually.

MALKIN
Hmm.

A moment passes.

RAFI
Thing is, Peter. They won't know it
yet. They might not for years to
come. But we brought them back
something better.

MALKIN
Yeah?

RAFI
Yeah. We did.

Malkin processes this.

MALKIN

It's just, uh. I'd really like to have seen them, Raf. The penguins. Just once. It would've helped.

RAFI

Maybe. Maybe.

(beat)

But what you got instead- and I know you might never believe this- what you got instead is worth everything. You caught him, Peter. You did. So even if it's just for a second. It's OK to be OK.

A pause. Malkin struggles to hold it all in.

MALKIN

She's always there, Raf. At my shoulder. My task-master, my reason for waking. She keeps me thinking. Every day, I think of the quiet, of the home I can't have. I thought after we caught him. I thought I would be different now. But, uh.

RAFI

Maybe it won't ever be, Peter. Maybe. But for someone out there... you'll be enough. Trust me, habibi.

(then)

She'll never leave you, Peter. Fruma, I mean. But she won't hate you for being happy, either.

With a final pat on the shoulder, Rafi turns to walk away. Malkin turns and shouts after him-

MALKIN

You know it wasn't just me that caught him, Raf.

RAFI

Blah! History only remembers the tall people.

MALKIN

What about Napoleon?

RAFI

(almost gone)

Who?

Malkin chuckles. Watches Rafi disappear from the park. Finally, he turns back to the graveyard.

It's still empty. He's still alone. But now... he looks calm.

He approaches a gravestone. Places Fruma's bracelet on top.

MALKIN

Yit'gadal v'yit'kadash sh'mei raba.

A final, gentle whisper of Mourner's Kaddish. For Fruma.

He straightens. Gazes at his surroundings. And, as the midday sun glistens through the swaying foliage-

SUPER:

"On May 31st, 1962 Adolf Eichmann was hung to death, having been found guilty of all 15 charges brought against him."

INTERCUT WITH-

EICHMANN, in a SMALL, NONDESCRIPT ROOM, being led up to the gallows. A NOOSE is placed over his head.

He says his last words. We don't hear them.

Somewhere, a LEVER IS PULLED- A NECK IS BROKEN- the body of a war criminal sways from side to side.

"He was cremated, and his ashes spread in the Mediterranean, so that he might have no place of final rest on this earth."

BACK TO MALKIN, still standing in the First Cemetery.

SUPER:

"Peter Malkin went on to take part in countless intelligence operations against Soviet spies, weapon smugglers and Nazi officers who had escaped justice."

And, as we FADE OUT, a small smile creeps onto Malkin's face.

"He has been credited by numerous sources as being the greatest spy of the 20th century."

TO BLACK

"Peter Malkin died in 2005."

"Surrounded by his wife and three children."

THE END