



BROKEN STONES

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY RUDI O'MEARA

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Written by

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INT. CONCENTRATION CAMP, BARRACKS - DAY

Amid the thunder of NEARING EXPLOSIONS, a frantic NAZI CAPTAIN slashes a dagger across the black satin lining of a full-length mink coat.

SUPER: THERESIENSTADT CONCENTRATION CAMP, MAY, 1945

Satin and fur go flying. The Captain drops the dagger, lifts the coat, shakes it.

Dozens of uncut diamonds rain down from the slash and SCATTER across a tabletop. They're massive.

The Captain sweeps both arms across the table, scooping up as many diamonds as he can. The EXPLOSIONS grow louder.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The third BLAST shatters a nearby window. Shards of glass go flying. The Captain barely flinches.

Instead, he thrusts the gems into his jacket pockets, flips the coat over onto its back, and wheels around.

Across the room, a vividly-colored cubist painting sits on the floor, leaning against a far wall

He leaps over, snatches up the painting, sets it back down on top of the fur coat, wraps it up carefully.

Amid a hail of SPORADIC GUNFIRE, he ties the coat back together by its sleeves, tucks the painting under one arm, and turns to flee.

FADE TO:

EXT. BETH OLAM CEMETERY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Three solemn men stand staring down at us from the lip of a freshly-dug grave. Dirt, severed roots, blue sateen.

A bearded RABBI steps up next to them, clutching a book.

RABBI
(solemnly)
God, full of mercy, who dwells
above...

SUPER: BETH OLAM CEMETERY, HOLLYWOOD, JANUARY, 1990

RABBI (CONT'D)
...provide a sure rest on the wings
of the divine presence...

The men standing shoulder-to-shoulder across from the Rabbi are FRANK (70s, broad shoulders, weary eyes) and OWEN (30s, clean shaven, high-strung). Owen clutches Frank's arm.

RABBI (CONT'D)
 ...amongst the holy, pure and
 glorious who shine like the sky...

Opposite them, at the foot of the grave, is JEFF (50s, paunchy and unkempt). He's got an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips and tears in his eyes.

Their shared resemblance is unmistakable. Three generations.

RABBI (CONT'D)
 ...to the soul of Anna, daughter of
 Ruth...

The Rabbi nods toward Frank. Frank nods back, barely repressing tears himself.

RABBI (CONT'D)
 ...for the sake of charity which
 was given to the memory of her
 soul.

Frank lifts a clenched fist, lets go a handful of dirt. It rains down toward us, partially obscuring our view.

Jeff and Owen follow suit. The Rabbi continues:

RABBI (CONT'D)
 Therefore, the merciful one will
 protect her forever in the hiding
 of his wings, and will tie her soul
 with the rope of life. The
 everlasting is her heritage, and
 she shall rest peacefully at her
 lying place.

Our view nearly totally blotted out, the Rabbi concludes:

RABBI (CONT'D)
 And let us say: Amen.

EXT. BETH OLAM CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Owen walk together through the headstones, arm-in-arm. A grieving grandfather and his favored grandson.

Behind them, Jeff lingers at the graveside alone.

OWEN
 When the hell'd he get out?

FRANK

Hey, show some respect.

Frank gently slaps the back of Owen's head. Owen flinches like a little kid.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's on the straight and narrow now. Clean as a whistle.

(beat)

Plus, Judy gave him the boot.

OWEN

Who's Judy?

FRANK

Wife number four. Keep up!

OWEN

When'd that happen?

FRANK

I dunno. May? June? He's actually been a huge help for once. With your Oma.

(beat, somberly)

It hit him pretty hard.

OWEN

Pffft.

In the distance, Jeff dusts his hands against his pant legs, turns to follow. The Rabbi ambles away.

FRANK

I know you don't approve of his chosen profession... of my *former* profession. But he's still your father. Still my boy. Just cut him some slack, huh?

Owen guides Frank gently over the roots of a large elm.

Beyond them all, a MYSTERIOUS WOMAN clad entirely in black steps out of a nearby mausoleum and strides across the grass toward the open grave.

Even the Rabbi doesn't clock her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come. Sit Shiva with us.

OWEN
Shiva?! Since when'd you get so
orthodox all of a--

FRANK
There's plenty of space at the
house. Just the three of us. Like
old times!

Jeff catches up to them, winded. The cigarette is still
clenched tightly between his teeth.

OWEN
I have to be back in the city first
thing Monday.

JEFF
(mockingly)
Long arm of the law never sleeps.
(beat)
Turncoat.

OWEN
Fuck you.

JEFF
(mirroring Frank)
Show some respect!

OWEN
Fuck you, *Dad*.

Jeff and Frank both slap the back of Owen's head this time.
Frank lovingly, Jeff resentfully.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Somebody in this family needs to
earn an honest wage.

Frank shoots Jeff a scolding glare as all three of them veer
toward a tall metal gate.

Beyond the gate, the jarring HUM of midday traffic.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(rubbing his head)
Congrats on Judy, by the way.

Jeff looks to Frank, a tad wounded.

JEFF
(toward Frank)
Thanks.

OWEN
Glad some things never change.

Frank stops dead.

FRANK
Please! For God's sake!

JEFF
(to Owen)
Yeah, you little prick.

Owen pushes past him, pulling Frank on toward the gate.

OWEN
Pot fucking kettle.

FRANK
Five minutes and you're already at
each other's throats!

Jeff jogs to catch them as they pass through the gate.

JEFF
(toward Owen)
Alright, alright. I'm sorry. I
deserved that.

Owen slows, stewing. Jeff lifts a hand to Owen's shoulder.

JEFF (CONT'D)
But, as Hoover famously said...

Frank throws both hands into the air.

FRANK
Enough!

Jeff shoves a hand into his jacket for his lighter.

JEFF
...no amount of law enforcement...

Owen wheels around, daring him to say another word.

JEFF (CONT'D)
...can solve a problem that goes
back to the family.

Jeff finds his lighter, flicks it open, lights it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(inhaling)
Makes sense.

Frank SIGHS deeply, steps away. Jeff takes a deep draw.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 (exhaling)
 You ditching us and moving on.
 (inhaling again)
 But still, it's a shame. You had
 skills, kiddo. Serious skills.

All three men stand there on the curb, squinting into the harsh December daylight, looking lost.

OWEN
 (barely audible)
 Thanks.

FRANK
 Huh?

OWEN
 I said thank you.

Jeff exhales again slowly, bathed in smoke.

JEFF
 Watching you crack a Diebold
 Bahmann...
 (deep inhale)
 Certain things never fail to make a
 father proud.

Owen seems momentarily at a loss.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Pity to see all that raw talent go
 to fucking waste.

Now Frank slaps the back of Jeff's head, harder.

FRANK
 (to Jeff)
 I'm not gonna say it again!

Frank turns to Owen, rolls his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Stay. Have a nosh.

Jeff flicks away ash.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (sing-song, tempting)
 Pastrami. Canter's...

TITLE SEQUENCE: **BROKEN STONES****EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CITY STREETS - MIDDAY**

Still smoking, Jeff is at the wheel of a rust-covered 1980s Porsche 911. Frank is in the passenger seat. Owen is crammed into the back.

The top is down.

OWEN

You really are a fucking cartoon!

Jeff flicks the last of his cigarette butt away.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I mean, look at this car. What a piece of shit.

JEFF

I'll have you know, I traded Brian De Palma himself *one* ruby for this car. One!

(beat)

Sure, it was the size of your fucking fist, but--

Frank SIGHS, bites his tongue (for now).

OWEN

Who?!

Jeff glares through the rear-view, appalled.

JEFF

Philistine!

Owen shrugs, breaks eye-contact.

JEFF (CONT'D)

"Carrie"? "Scarface"? "Blow Out"?

Nothing.

JEFF

What, were you raised by wolves?

OWEN

(away)

Yeah, pretty fucking much.

For a second, it looks like Frank is going to speak up again. But again he holds his fire.

JEFF
It's in our blood kid. Purloining,
pilferage, plunder.

OWEN
(scornfully)
Our blood...

JEFF
Seriously, if you just tried being
yourself instead of not being me--

OWEN
HA!

Frank finally joins the fray:

FRANK
Boys, please.

JEFF
(toward Frank)
At least what I sell... *sold is/was
actually authentic.*
(back toward Owen)
How was I to know that Interpol
presumed they were hot?

OWEN
Because you stole them!

JEFF
I can neither confirm nor deny...

Jeff pads his pockets for his cigarettes.

FRANK
Haven't you had enough?

OWEN
Paskudnik.

FRANK
Paskudnik! That's my boy.

Jeff (Frank's actual boy) GRUMBLES under his breath.

EXT. CANTER'S - MIDDAY

Frank, Jeff, and Owen walk three abreast up Fairfax.

Owen reaches the door first, holding it open for his father
and grandfather. Jeff slips inside first.

FRANK
Speaking of raised by wolves.

Jeff shambles backward, bows deeply, lets Frank go ahead.

OWEN
(to Frank)
So, why again with the no turnout?

FRANK
(entering)
That's the way she wanted it.
(to a hostess)
Three, please.

Owen pushes past his dad (still bowing) and in.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Like she always said, we come into
this world alone. Same thing on the
way out.

A GRUFF HOSTESS grabs three menus and heads off toward the
nearest booth. Frank's booth.

Jeff finally stands, enters, lets the door swing closed.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Man, kid. Getting old's for
schmucks! Pretty much everyone we
knew in this town is either in San
Quentin or Palm Springs by now.
What a hellhole.

The hostess tosses three menus onto a table beneath the
gaudy grid of autumn leaves spanning the entire ceiling.

JEFF
At least we have each other.

Frank slides into the booth slowly. The pains of age.

FRANK
(to the hostess)
Pastrami, pastrami, pastrami.
Coffee. Coke. Vanilla milkshake.
Mish Mosh to share. Three spoons.

OWEN
Actually, scratch the milkshake.
I'll have coffee, too.

HOSTESS
You got it, hon.

As she turns to leave, we notice the same mysterious woman in black sitting alone three booths away.

Jeff eases himself in across from Frank. It's a tight fit.

JEFF
(to Owen)
So, how's, uh, Claire?

OWEN
Lindsay? She's fine.

JEFF
Lindsay? Shit.

Owen pushes into the booth next to Jeff.

OWEN
Actually, we're on the outs, too.

JEFF
Bummer.

OWEN
Apparently, I care too much about my job.

Frank wags his head disparagingly.

FRANK
A paycheck is a paycheck.

JEFF
Paychecks, time cards, neckties, supervisors? They're for *putzes*.

Owen and Frank share a quick look.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Being your own boss, that's the way to roll.

OWEN
Oh, is that what they taught you in the joint?

JEFF
(disparagingly)
The joint.

Owen picks up his napkin, tosses it roughly to his lap.

OWEN

And now what? You're freeloading
off Pops? Your parole officer must
be thrilled!

A WAITRESS sets down a can of Coke and a glass of ice, turns
to grab a nearby coffee carafe.

FRANK

What's that supposed to mean?

The waitress spins back, fills Frank and Owen's mugs.

OWEN

I'm sorry. It's just...

He trails off, changes tack, turns toward Jeff.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Seriously, what's your plan?

FRANK

Well, Judy took the house.

OWEN

Ouch.

FRANK

And the dog! And the bank account.

JEFF

And the lawyer.

OWEN

Jesus.

JEFF

So, I got this buddy who's a
wholesaler in the district. Needs a
diamond grader.

Another SERVER arrives with a steaming bowl of *Mish Mosh*.

FRANK

(eyes on the soup)
Right up your alley.

JEFF

Boring, but it's something.

OWEN

Fox guarding the hen house.

JEFF

Well...

(changing subjects)

Wish you could've come out sooner.

Say goodbye.

(beat, somberly)

It was rough, at the end.

OWEN

(more to Frank than Jeff)

I'm sorry.

Frank passes out spoons.

JEFF

But we know you're a busy big man
at The Bureau now.

OWEN

I'm just a security specialist--

JEFF

(ignoring him)

Security. You've gotta be the most
insecure person I know.

Behind Frank, we see the mysterious woman watching intently.

OWEN

And whose fault it that? Huh?

Ignoring them, Frank takes a loud SLURP of soup.

FRANK

Mmmmm! Now *that's* a soup!

Owen's defenses crumble ever so slightly at the sight of his
grandfather praising a bowl of noodles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, Owen. We need a favor.

The waitress returns with three pastrami sandwiches.

OWEN

What? Sure, Pops. Anything you
need.

JEFF

(under his breath)

Careful what you wish for.

FRANK

So, I met this woman...

Owen cocks his head. *What?!*

FRANK (CONT'D)
Not like that! God forbid!

Frank hefts his sandwich, marveling at it like it's a treasure beyond compare.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Who represents a collective of...
interested parties--

OWEN
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

FRANK
With a focus on recovering...
(hushed, conspiratorial)
...Nazi plunder.

Owen stares at Frank.

OWEN
And?!

Jeff distractedly takes a bite of his sandwich, seeming like maybe he's heard the pitch already.

FRANK
(chewing)
And, well, she's found something
very interesting. A piece of art
that belonged to your great
grandparents. A painting, from
before the war!

Frank sets his sandwich down, reaches for his coffee. Owen still hasn't touched his food.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I remember it so clearly now, like
it was yesterday.
(taking a sip)
Them breaking in, taking the
painting, your *Bubbe's* furs.
(beat)
The diamonds.

Owen's face falls. He looks askance to Jeff.

OWEN
(toward Jeff)
What's he talking about?

FRANK

Zeyde was the best. The most discerning diamond dealer in all of Berlin. All of Germany!

(beat)

Marked every uncut beauty with a tiny little *Aleph*, for safe keeping.

Frank reflexively smooths the inside of his right sleeve with one hand. His tattoo. From the camp.

OWEN

No, no. No.

JEFF

He liked the raw ones. I like the broken ones. Shinier.

Frank locks Owen in his gaze.

FRANK

She thinks she may have found both. And she wants our help to...
liberate them.

OWEN

(to Frank)

I thought you were... retired!

(to Jeff)

Both of you!

FRANK

I am. We are. I mean...

He looks briefly over both shoulders.

FRANK (CONT'D)

...this is an entirely legitimate endeavor. As it happens, I may be the *only* person left alive who can credibly authenticate the painting. And with my track record...

Frank grabs his spoon and leans forward. SLURP!

OWEN

(to Jeff)

You knew about this?

Jeff nods, resignedly.

FRANK

This painting, those diamonds...

OWEN
You've got to be kidding me.

Owen's eyes dart back-and-forth between Jeff and Frank.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I put people like you in jail!

FRANK
(ignoring him)
...technically, they should be
yours.
(beat, smiling)
But, eat. Eat!

Owen simply stares back.

OWEN
(chewing)
Lemme get this straight. You met a
girl--

FRANK
A woman.

Owen narrows his eyes.

OWEN
Who's what? A thief?

FRANK
In a manner of speaking, yes.

OWEN
Who *found* a painting--

JEFF
And the diamonds. My specialty.

OWEN
And she wants you--

JEFF
Wants us to fly to Berlin.
Authenticate the stuff. Take it all
back home.
(beat)
Three days, tops.

Owen does a stunned double-take. *This can't be...*

JEFF
7:00 AM flight. LAX.

Frank calmly takes another SLURP of soup.

FRANK
Come, sit Shiva with us. In first
class! We'll be back before the
mourning period is over!

Owen leans forward, his mind racing.

OWEN
I could lose my job for even
discussing this!

JEFF
You love your job too much.

OWEN
I hate my fucking job!

Frank sets down his spoon, reaches into his jacket, nods discretely toward the mysterious woman in black.

She stands. Owen swivels his head toward her.

FRANK
We've got it all planned out.

BANG! Frank slaps three Lufthansa ticket jackets down onto the table, sliding one Owen's way.

OWEN
Wait.

The mysterious woman crosses the room toward them.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
I saw that woman, at the--

FRANK
Paying her respects. She's a very
respectful woman!

JEFF
Just your type, a ball-buster.

The mysterious woman pauses at their table. Frank slides over, like a giddy little kid.

FRANK
Owen, Aya. Aya, Owen. My only
grandson. More like a son to me.

Jeff GRUMBLES, annoyed.

AYA (30s, diamond-hard, impeccably dressed) reaches a hand out toward Owen. French manicure. Rolex Yacht-Master.

AYA
(Israeli accent)
I've heard so much.

OWEN
Me too. Too much!

Aya slides in next to Frank.

AYA
Jeffrey.

JEFF
Captain.

AYA
(to Frank)
How's he taking it?

FRANK
Hard to tell.

AYA
Like you said, high-strung.

JEFF
(into his sandwich)
A quitter.

OWEN
Hey!

AYA
Taller than I expected. That could
be a problem.

OWEN
I'm right here!

Aya turns toward him, smiling bewitchingly.

AYA
Alright. So, here's the plan.

INT. HOUSE, HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DUSK

The living room of Frank's rundown mid-century house.

Aya stands in front of a cinder block fireplace covered with yellowed press clippings, black-and-white photographs, and ancient-looking typewritten ledgers.

AYA
 "En Canot" by Jean Metzinger.

She points to a color reproduction of the abstract painting we saw earlier in the concentration camp barracks.

AYA (CONT'D)
 Approximately 146 cm by 114 cm.
 Depicting an elegantly-dressed woman painted in a cubist style holding an umbrella while she sits in a canoe or small boat.

Perched on the ottoman of a well-worn lounge chair across the room, Owen leans forward. Jeff picks up the story:

JEFF
 (again by rote)
 Seized from by the Huns and last seen in photographs taken at the the Degenerate Art exhibition in Munich, 1937.

At the wet bar in the distance, Frank mixes martinis.

FRANK
Such a painting!

Aya points to a grainy photo taped to the fireplace.

AYA
 Ever since November and the fall of the wall, defectors have been coming out of the woodwork 24/7. Escaping any way they can.

Owen squints at the photo.

AYA (CONT'D)
 Including this one...

Frank approaches with a tray of glasses and a glistening silver pitcher.

Aya points to a passport photo of a man in his 30s.

FRANK
 Werner Fischer, 37. A junior case officer with the foreign intelligence services.

Frank sets the tray down, passes Owen a glass. He takes it without even looking.

AYA

In the chaos of the ninth, he
smuggled out a small box of
microfiche and photographs.
Including those of the contents of
a secret vault below--

FRANK

(to Owen)
Olives?

Jeff sits up, rubbing his palms together greedily

JEFF

Yessir.

Owen slams his glass back down onto the tray.

OWEN

(to Aya)
Hold it right there! Pops said you
were a thief, right?

She nods. So do Jeff and Frank.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Not a spy?

Aya grins broadly.

AYA

Not a spy.

Owen stands.

OWEN

Defectors? Microfiche? Intelligence
officers? What the hell is this?!

Aya calmly points again to the color reproduction of the
painting taped to the fireplace.

AYA

Proof.

She reaches out and gently pulls the picture down.

AYA (CONT'D)

That your family's painting, your
belongings survived the war.

Still looking like the cat that ate the canary, Frank plunks
a silver spear of three olives into Jeff's glass.

FRANK

All just there waiting for us to...
take right back.

Owen looks to Jeff. Jeff ignores him, grabs his martini.

AYA

Now, with your shared skills--

OWEN

Skills?!

Jeff takes a prodigious gulp, as if expecting precisely this reaction from the get-go.

JEFF

(doing Pacino)

Just when I thought I was out, they
pull me back in!

Owen is stunned mute.

AYA

Now, since the situation Berlin is
fluid - new governments, new
officials, new protocols - we will
have to move quickly. Strike while
the iron is hot.

Frank lifts his own glass, savoring a sip.

FRANK

Isn't she marvelous? It's *just* like
the old days!

Owen stares at his grandfather. Then his father.

OWEN

(to Jeff)

You and me. Outside. Now!

Jeff downs a prodigious gulp, stands.

JEFF

Yes, my son.

AYA

Please, time is of the--

Owen flashes her a look.

OWEN

Hold that thought, whoever you are.

EXT. HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Owen paces around Jeff as they stand in the center of the back garden, lit by the moon.

OWEN
Fuck's sake, Dad!

JEFF
C'mon kid, live a little.

Beyond them, we can see Frank and Aya chatting calmly in the honey-hued light of the wood-paneled interior.

OWEN
Live a little?! You wanna go back to fucking prison?!

JEFF
Beats working the district.

OWEN
Oma just died! The only one who had any brains in this fucked-up family.

JEFF
Ah-yep.

OWEN
Who the hell is this... *woman*?! She could be Interpol for all we know!

JEFF
Nah, too hot.

OWEN
You disgust me.

Jeff pulls out his pack of cigarettes, shakes one out.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Listen, I don't care who she is. Pops says she's legit. That her granddad worked that Chagall deal with him back in--

OWEN
By legit you mean just another fucking forger?!

JEFF
Pops is lonely.
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

And you know what they say, when
one spouse dies...

OWEN

Dad!

JEFF

Three days tops. In and out.

Jeff flicks his lighter open, lights it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(inhaling)

Plus, is it really a crime to steal
something someone stole from you?

OWEN

YES!

Jeff blows smoke.

JEFF

Fine. If you're out you're out. No
skin off my nose. But you know he's
gonna go with or without us.

(long inhale)

So I'm going. To keep tabs on him,
keep him outta trouble.

OWEN

Trouble?!

Jeff doffs his ash on the grass.

JEFF

When was the last time we went on a
vacation together?

OWEN

Never!

JEFF

Exactly.

Owen STAMMERS, his mind melting. Jeff leans closer.

JEFF

As gnarly as it's been over the
last three months, I've really
loved just being here with him.
Pain in the ass that he is.

Jeff pauses, seeming surprisingly choked up.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Mom's gone. He's alone.

He tries to regain his composure, takes another drag.

JEFF (CONT'D)
He *needs* us. She needs us.

Owen SIGHS, looks back to the house.

OWEN
I can't believe I'm going to ask
this, but--

JEFF
Where's the stuff and what's her
take?

OWEN
No...

JEFF
No take! She's, like, a crusader or
some shit. Just trying to return
stolen property to its rightful
owners. Stick it to the Huns.

Jeff looks back to the house too.

JEFF (CONT'D)
And it's in a vault.
(beat)
A Panzerschrank.
(beat)
In the basement.
(beat)
Of Stasi headquarters.

Owen's jaw hits the moonlit grass.

OWEN
WHAT?!

JEFF (CONT'D)
Tough vault, but you can hack it.

Owen absentmindedly reaches out for his dad's cigarette.
Jeff won't surrender it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Nope. Bad for you.

I/E. PASSENGER VAN/FREEWAY - MORNING

Jeff and Owen sit, bleary-eyed, next to each other on the back bench of a nondescript passenger van ripping through early morning L.A. traffic.

They both have thick dossiers full of photographs, maps, and diagrams open on their laps.

Frank sits up front next to Aya. No dossier for him. He's got it all down pat already, apparently.

FRANK

So that's that. We move with the crowd, the protestors. Let them do the messy work. Then, once we're in, we head to the archives. Find the interrogation room, the door to the anteroom.

Owen flips through pages, trying and failing to follow along. Jeff lifts what appears to be a blueprint of the vault. It looks complicated.

AYA

Ten layers of security.

FRANK

(back to Owen)

Infrared, Doppler, magnetic fields, light sensors, cameras.

Jeff leans the blueprint toward Owen, pointing.

AYA

A door rated to withstand 12 hours of nonstop drilling.

FRANK

Cuckoo clock of a lock.

AYA

With 100 million possible combinations.

OWEN

Great, just--

FRANK

And only one master key that we'll either need to steal and forge or steal and keep.

Silence.

Owen looks up from his dossier, reluctantly spitballs:

OWEN

Hairspray on the infrared and the motion sensors. Polyester panels to mask our heat signatures.

Jeff looks up too, smiles.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Install a signal bypass before the hairspray dries.

JEFF

An aluminum plate to regulate the magnetic field?

Up front, Frank nods proudly.

FRANK

Unscrew the bolts, pivot the bars out, tape them to the wall.

OWEN

As long as they stay side-by-side, they're still active. No alarm.

Aya pilots the van to an exit ramp for LAX.

AYA

Cut the lights, start the clock. Open the outer door.

She fixes Owen in her gaze through the rear-view.

AYA (CONT'D)

You pick the lock to the grate and then we're in. Four minutes max.

FRANK

We find what we're looking for, wrap it all up, head on out, blend back into the crowd, catch the next flight home!

JEFF

And Bob's your fucking uncle.

Owen slowly closes his dossier.

OWEN

Why would they hold onto all this shit? How does the world not know about this already?

JEFF

They're the fucking Stasi, kiddo. A bunch of ex-Nazi spooks and top-notch control freaks.

Owen stares at him blankly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Their *job* is keeping secrets.

AYA

Our people on the ground say they may attempt to cart everything off to Moscow once the current government falls.

Aya accelerates toward the International Terminal.

AYA (CONT'D)

So, time is of the essence.

Frank reaches inside his jacket, pulls out two envelopes, tosses them back to Owen and Jeff.

OWEN

What're these?

FRANK

Get out of jail free cards.

Jeff rips his open, pulls out what appears to be a passport.

FRANK (CONT'D)

East German passports.

Owen EXHALES deeply, thumbs his envelope open.

AYA

The border is open for now. But Americans still need visas. And west Germans have only restricted access back and forth.

Owen wags his head side-to-side.

OWEN

Aliases. Great.

Jeff opens his too.

JEFF

How'd you get this picture?

FRANK
 (grinning ear-to-ear)
 I have my ways.

Aya slows at the curb.

Outside, a SHADY-LOOKING MAN in an ill-fitting black suit and mirrored aviators awaits.

AYA
Diplomatenpass. We can move back-and-forth across no-man's land as much as we need to, just in case.

The shady-looking man steps up, throws open the side door, steps back, saying nothing.

Aya opens her door, steps out, leaves the keys in the ignition and the engine running.

AYA (CONT'D)
 Plus, if something goes awry, no one will be able to trace things back to the real you.

Owen turns, stares at Jeff. Up front, Frank pops his door open, leaps out - full of vim and vigor.

FRANK
 (to Owen)
 You worry too much!

Jeff nips his new (forged) passport into his breast pocket, slides his way toward the open side door.

Outside, the ROAR of jets on takeoff.

JEFF
 Just like your mother.

INT. LAX, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

All three men follow Aya into to the vaulted international terminal. Clearly, Owen does not want to be here.

Aya strides swiftly, a woman on a mission. Frank and Jeff struggle to keep up.

AYA
 Does anyone but your father speak German?

OWEN
NOW you ask?!

JEFF
 (stiff/practiced)
*Ich spreche nur ein bisschen
 Deutsch.*

Aya looks back to Jeff.

AYA
 That's okay. The rest of the team
 will cover for you.

OWEN
 What team?!

AYA
 A driver, munitions, an agitator
 with connections to the protestors,
 our plant inside Stasi...

OWEN
 Wait, wait, wait.

AYA
 Your wallets, if you please.

JEFF
 I'm sorry?!

FRANK
 Can't get caught with any other
 identification, my boy.

OWEN
 Pops!

Frank stares back at him, saying nothing.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 Munitions?!

FRANK
 Just a precaution. To keep you
 safe.

Jeff presses past Owen.

JEFF
 He always did like you better.

FRANK
 (ignoring Jeff)
 Aya will keep everything under lock
 and key until we're back on
 American soil, okay?

Barreling on, Jeff shoves a hand into his back pocket, pulls out his bulging billfold, tosses it toward Aya.

JEFF

There's \$47 bucks in there.

She slips his wallet into her purse.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Better be when we get back.

INT. LUFTHANSA JET, FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

Owen roughly shoves his carry-on into the overhead bin while Frank and Aya take their seats a couple rows ahead.

Jeff is already firmly ensconced in a kingly leather seat.

JEFF

Now *that's* what I'm talking about.

A uniformed FLIGHT ATTENDANT steps up, lowers a silver tray full of champagne flutes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Jeff)

Guten Morgen mein Herr. Mimosa?

JEFF

Don't mind if I do.

Owen SLAMS the bin closed, steps past the flight attendant, throws himself into the seat next to Jeff.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Owen)

Sir?

Owen looks to the flight attendant, then back to Jeff. Jeff tips back his glass daintily, one pinkie extended.

OWEN

Never shoulda left New York.

INT. LUFTHANSA JET, FIRST CLASS CABIN - LATER

The lights in the cabin are dimmed. The hints of sky outside are bathed in crimson and gold.

Jeff has headphones around his neck and an eye mask pushed up over his forehead - not a normal first class flier.

Both men have traded mimosas for something stiffer.

OWEN
 (hushed and tipsy)
 She's just using his nostalgia, his
 love of the past! And Aliases?!
 She's *definitely* not Interpol.

JEFF
 See, hot.

OWEN
 Dad-uh!

JEFF
 Just sayin'...

OWEN
 I'm not kidding!

JEFF
 I know, you never kid. Even when
 you were a kid!
 (chomping ice)
 If there's one thing I learned in
 the joint...

Owen rolls his eyes.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 ...it's that you gotta let go or
 get dragged.

OWEN
 That's ripe, coming from you.

JEFF
 Listen, I know I screwed the pooch
 with your mother.

Owen looks like he's going to dump what's left of his drink
 in his father's face.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 That came out wrong.
 (beat)
 You have every reason, every right,
 to hate my fucking guts. Like
 pretty much everyone else I've ever
 met. But sometimes you gotta just
 roll with it.
 (beat)
 We got this. Right?

HARD CUT TO:

I/E. MERCEDES/BERLIN STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Over the ROAR of an engine and the GRINDING of gears, the empty streets of central Berlin BLAST by.

Up ahead, a tiny Trabant pulls out from a blind intersection. SQUEAL! We weave to miss it.

HONK! HONK!

Inside the tank-like Mercedes G-Class, Owen, Jeff, and Frank hold on for dear life.

JEFF

Jesus!

OWEN

What is the fucking rush?!

FRANK

Language!

Up in the driver's seat, our wheel man SKIDS the car through a controlled drift across a cobblestone intersection.

Meet: MOSHE (early 30s, severe features, cloth driving gloves, eye patch). He swivels his head back, SHOUTING:

MOSHE

(heavy Israeli accent)

We are late!

Outside, block after block of stately Biedermeier town-homes and soulless post-war apartment blocks WHOOSH past.

Aya sits calmly up front in the passenger seat, barely batting an eye as Moshe SWERVES into oncoming traffic to avoid an OLD WOMAN crossing the street.

Beyond her, the silhouette of the Kaiser Wilhelm Church.

EXT. BAYERISCHE STRASSE, HOUSE - MORNING

The Mercedes SCREECHES to a halt in front of a gorgeous pre-war building on a lovely tree-lined avenue a couple blocks off the *Kurfürstendamm*.

MOSHE

Willkommen in Berlin. Now, get out.

Frank throws his door open, steps woozily out of the Mercedes and spins slowly around, eyes wide.

FRANK
 (stunned)
 My goodness. It looks... just like
 I-- Just as I remember, as a boy.

Jet-lagged and rattled, Owen and Jeff tumble out after him.

Aya rounds the front of the car, strides confidently toward the building up ahead.

Frank turns, follows her blindly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I thought all this was gone. In the
 war like the rest.

AYA
 As with some things, beauty
 stubbornly survives.

Owen reaches back into the car for his carry-on. Jeff stares up at the stately façade.

JEFF
 Not bad. For a safe house.

AYA
 Quiet. Inside.

She sprints up the stone stairs, reaches into her coat pocket, pulls out a key, opens the door.

AYA (CONT'D)
 Like Moshe said, we're late.

All three of them follow her up the stairs and in.

Behind them, Moshe GUNS it, peeling out over the cobbles with a loud SQUEAL!

INT. SAFE HOUSE, ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Frank wanders silently down the long entry hall, marveling at every detail.

Behind him, his son and grandson bump shoulders again.

JEFF
 Age before beauty.

FRANK
 Oh my goodness. Everything is just
 so... lovely.

AYA
I thought you would approve.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aya and Frank enter an elegantly-appointed dining room. An elaborate crystal chandelier sparkles in the daylight.

FRANK
Why, it is almost exactly like the house I... the house I grew up in.

He pauses, turning back toward Jeff and Owen.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Owen)
The same walls.

He points down to the well-worn herringbone oak planks.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The same floors. The same...

Aya pauses.

AYA
(looking at her watch)
Freshen up. The bedrooms are upstairs. But hurry.

JEFF
I know, we're late.

AYA
Apparently, the students might move tonight. We have to be ready.

All but Frank stare at her, processing.

JEFF
Come again?

AYA
Meet me in fifteen minutes. *Café Kransler*. Kurfürstendamm 22. I'll be in the rotunda. Upstairs.

FRANK
Kransler!

AYA
You know it?

FRANK

I could walk there with my eyes closed!

She tosses him a small envelope of keys, turns to go.

AYA

Bring your passports. And a coat. It may be a long night.

FRANK

(to his boys)

You heard the nice lady. Get a move-on!

EXT. KURFÜRSTENDAM - MORNING

Frank, Jeff, and Owen hustle down the wide boulevard, running late and clearly under-dressed for the cold.

Frank just can't believe his eyes. It's like he's looking at a mirage - a figment of a dream made real.

FRANK

No, no. You don't understand. When I was a boy, this was like... like the Champs-Élysées! All the finest shops and restaurants. Theaters. The most beautiful people. Street cars. All lit up, day and night!

Jeff steadies his grip on Frank, trying to speed him along.

In the distance, we can see again the broken spire of the Kaiser Wilhelm church.

JEFF

Dad, not that I care, but can you really vouch for this chick?

FRANK

Of course I can. You remember Daniel, her grandfather. Exquisite with the finer details regardless the original artist.

OWEN

How'd she find you?

FRANK

I don't know. The telephone. Does it matter?

OWEN
I just-- Something seems fishy.

JEFF
Like that fucking driver with a
death wish.

FRANK
Please, can we just--

Frank slows, eyes still wide.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I only wish your Oma could have
seen all this. She would have...

He trails off, suddenly overcome.

Jeff looks to Owen.

JEFF
You go. Tell her we're right behind
you, yeah?

Owen nods, speeding up.

FRANK
(to Jeff)
Did I ever tell you about the time
that I first met your mother?

INT. CAFÉ KRANSLER, ROTUNDA - MORNING

Owen quickly scales the stair to rotunda of *Café Kransler*.

As he reaches the crest, he sees Aya sitting at a table near the windows. A stern-looking MILITARY OFFICER is seated across from her.

Owen slows. Aya clocks him, discretely taps the officer's shoulder. He pushes back from the table, stands.

Owen cuts through the room with a fierce determination.

OWEN
What is this?

AYA
I told you fifteen minutes.

OWEN
Pops's never on time for anything.

Owen eyes the officer. Deep suspicion.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Who are you?

AYA
(using his alias)
Florian, meet *Herr Müller*. Our
liaison with the *Bundeswehr*.

MÜLLER
(reaching a hand out)
Herr Fischbacher. A pleasure.

Owen hesitates, shakes Müller's hand.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)
Pity not to be able to meet your
father. His reputation precedes
him. As does yours, of course.

OWEN
I'm sorry?

Müller lets go of Owen's hand, looks to Aya.

AYA
(to Owen)
Herr Müller and his friends will be
our eyes and ears on The Stasi
should anything... change.

OWEN
Friends?!

AYA
Why do you always do that?

OWEN
Do what?

AYA
Repeat everything everyone says.
Seems like a terrible waste of time
and energy to me.

Owen draws a breath to respond. Müller gently places a hand
on his shoulder.

MÜLLER
Don't worry. You are in very
capable hands, *Herr Fischbacher*.
(beat)
The very, very best.

Owen's head darts back-and-forth between them.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)
Auf Wiedersehen.

AYA
Auf Wiedersehen.

Müller clicks his heels, departs.

AYA (CONT'D)
Now, coffee!

Aya gestures past Müller to a nearby SERVER. The server veers our way. Owen is still at a loss.

SERVER
Ihre bestellung, bitte?

Aya looks to Owen, pantomimes drinking coffee.

AYA
Relax. Like your father says. You just need to roll with it.

OWEN
You have ten seconds to tell me what's *actually* going on here.

Aya turns calmly toward the server.

AYA
Zwei Kaffee, bitte.

The server nods, departs.

AYA (CONT'D)
Listen, I didn't want you or your father wrapped up in all this either, even with your obvious... talents. But your grandfather, he wouldn't consent without you.
(beat)
The both of you.

OWEN
Who are you, really?

AYA
I am Aya Kaufman. Granddaughter of Daniel Kaufman, your grandfather's former... *associate*.

OWEN
Forger. Thief.

AYA
As you like.

The server returns bearing two coffees in fine bone china.

AYA (CONT'D)
I assure you, everything is as it
has been conveyed.

Aya lifts her coffee, blows steam, takes a sip.

OWEN
Why are you doing this?

AYA
Because I believe in righting old
wrongs. Before it's too late.

She lowers her cup, glances at her watch, gestures toward
Owen's coffee.

AYA (CONT'D)
Speaking of...

Owen finally reaches out for his coffee.

AYA (CONT'D)
I know your life recently has
been... *complicated* at best.

OWEN
What are you talking about?

AYA
Why didn't you tell them you were
fired? Under investigation.

Owen's face falls.

OWEN
(defensive, correcting)
Probation.

AYA
No pension. Evicted. Sleeping on
your best friend's couch. Your bank
account, over-drawn. Your student
loans, unpaid. Your wallet, empty.

OWEN
Listen--

AYA
No, you listen.

His eyes flare.

AYA (CONT'D)
I used to be like you, ashamed of
our fore-bearers'... professional
inclinations.

She looks past Owen to glimpse Jeff and Frank cresting the
stairs, entering the rotunda.

AYA (CONT'D)
But, we can't argue with history.
Why not put your unique aptitude to
good use...
(lifting her cup)
...and avenge an age-old injustice.

Owen's face says it all. *What the hell are we actually
talking about here?*

OWEN
(hushed)
It's just property, lady. Stuff.

AYA
Tell that to your grandfather.

She stands, gestures for Frank and Jeff to join them.

INT. STAATSBIBLIOTHEK - LATER

Owen, Jeff, and Frank follow Aya up a vast central staircase
inside a stark, hyper-modern library.

JEFF
(winded)
What's he look like again?

AYA
(hushed)
Like an academic. A conservator.

Aya reaches the top of the stairs, turns to her right, and
picks up the pace. Behind Jeff, Owen and Frank slow.

OWEN
Pops?

FRANK
This was *definitely* not here when I
was a boy.

JEFF

C'mon. We gotta keep up with the boss lady.

Up ahead, Aya locks eyes with a small man with thick glasses, a black turtleneck, and a worn tweed jacket.

This is DAVID (late 30's, pale, anxious, scholarly). He scoops up the books on the table before him, stands, and disappears down a long aisle of shelves.

Aya sets off wordlessly after him.

OWEN

Stupid cloak and dagger B.S.

FRANK

Quiet.

INT. STAATSBIBLIOTHEK, SECLUDED TABLE - SAME

David slows, looks quickly around. Seeing no one, he sets the books down on another more secluded table.

Aya approaches, scans the space. Seeming satisfied, she pulls out a chair.

AYA

(quietly)

David, Dieter. Dieter, David.

Jeff tentatively reaches a hand out toward David, clearly having totally blanked on his own alias.

DAVID

(Israeli accent)

An honor. Your work in Antwerp. Exquisite.

JEFF

Thank you?

DAVID

Pity about the outcome.

Jeff unconsciously rubs his wrists, recalling the handcuffs. Behind him, Frank and Owen emerge looking lost.

David lets go of Jeff's hand, makes a beeline toward Frank.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Herr Schumacher. It is quite a privilege. I am a huge fan. Huge.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Vermeer's "Jesus Among the Doctors"
most especially.

Frank shakes his hand, grinning broadly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Such brushwork.

David looks to Owen, then to Aya.

DAVID
(re: Owen)
And we're certain that he is... on
our side?

She nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Good. Sit.

INT. STAATSBIBLIOTHEK, SECLUDED TABLE - LATER

All five of them sit clustered around a stack of open books, loose papers, and grainy mimeographed photos of classic works of art.

At the center of the table, a now recognizable diagram of the layout of the vault.

DAVID
(hushed)
From the microfiche, "En Canot"
should be here. Or maybe here.
Vertical rolling racks, just like
in a museum. Then, Raphael's
"Portrait of a Young Man" here.
Vermeer's "The Astronomer" here.
And "The Painter on the Road to
Tarascon" by Van Gogh here.

Frank nods, committing it all to memory like an old pro.

OWEN
(too loud)
Listen--

AYA
Please, keep your voice down.

David lets a fingers drift across the vault diagram.

DAVID

The locked boxes should be here, here, and here. Rommel's gold likely here, stolen from our our brothers on Djerba. Likely worth somewhere in the vicinity of forty-five million Deutsche Marks.

JEFF

Holy fucking--

Frank's eyes BORE into him. *Language!*

David points to the opposite wall of the vault.

DAVID

But the *pièce de résistance* should be here. A cache of uncut diamonds of unparalleled clarity.

(dramatic pause)

Each, we expect, scribed with an almost imperceptible *Aleph* for safe keeping.

Frank leans back, crosses his arms - deeply, deeply moved.

FRANK

My god.

DAVID

Thankfully, the Nazis were exquisite note takers. Everything they pilfered was meticulously accounted for, photographed, archived, and inventoried.

An INNOCENT BYSTANDER steps out from between the bookshelves and then wanders purposefully down the next aisle.

David quickly gathers up all of the documents, closes all the books, pauses.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(hushed)

See you on the other side.

EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ - MIDDAY

With Aya trailing them, Frank, Jeff, and Owen stumble toward No-Man's Land, arguing:

OWEN

No, that's not what I'm saying.

FRANK
My grandson, the anti-semite!

OWEN
I'm just...
(fumbling for words)
This unending narrative of Jews as victims, it's been weaponized! Used to rationalize everything from the occupation of Gaza to--

JEFF
(looking away)
What again don't you get about never again?

Their surroundings are shockingly bleak. Razor wire and tank barriers. Not a single living piece of foliage.

OWEN
Pops, all I'm saying is--

Frank slows, spins back around, grabs Owen by his shoulders. Jeff's eyes dart back-and-forth between them and Aya.

FRANK
This painting. Those diamonds. The gold. All of it *belongs* to you, to us. To our people.
(beat)
We can and *must* do this!

Up ahead, we glimpse a MASSING CROWD. Aya heads toward it.

JEFF
Uh, guys?

Frank THRUSTS his sleeve up, revealing his faded tattoo.

FRANK
(to Owen)
Maybe there's a reason, a purpose to our... less-than-legal chosen fields. Your brief dalliance in law enforcement notwithstanding.

Owen's eyes are on his grandfather's tattoo.

OWEN
(distantly)
I'm a peace keeper, not a law enforcement officer.
(beat)
Or, rather, I was.

JEFF

Until you got canned. We know!

Frank pulls his sleeve back down.

FRANK

Sorry it didn't take, kid. But it's not for everyone.

OWEN

She told you?!

Both Frank and Jeff nod.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Well, that's just fucking--

Jeff cuts him off, pointing ahead. We can barely see Aya disappearing into the thicket of people.

FRANK

(to Owen)

C'mon. It's okay. You're with us.

Frank lets go of Owen, a bedeviling glint in his eyes, and takes off after Aya.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Plus, pensions are for quitters!

As Frank hurries off after Aya, Owen and Jeff lock eyes.

OWEN

You suck.

JEFF

Ah-yep.

Faint glimmer of the same puckish grin from Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Love you too.

EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ, TEMPORARY CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

With Owen and Jeff trailing Frank and Aya through the crowd, a suave-looking man in a long wool coat materializes and falls in next to Aya.

This is ISAAC (mid 30s, high cheekbones, steely blue eyes, posh). He instantly reaches a gloved hand out to Frank.

ISAAC
 (English accent)
 I really am quite sorry we're
 having to rush you through all of
 this so higgledy-piggledy.

Frank distractedly shakes Isaac's hand, his eyes washing
 over the near total desolation of No-Man's Land.

FRANK
 Isaac, I presume?

ISAAC
 (hushed)
 MI-5 at your not-so-secret service.

OWEN
 (too loud)
 Wait, what now?

Isaac smiles, lets go of Frank's hand, reaches for Owen's.

ISAAC
 (to Owen)
 Good to see you playing for both
 sides again. That's where all the
 fun is to be had, yes?

Owen looks to Jeff. Jeff simply shrugs.

JEFF
 Hell if I know.

ISAAC
 (still to Owen)
 We had built a full-scale model of
 the vault for you to practice on,
 but I'm afraid we won't have time
 for that now.

OWEN
 A model?

Isaac leads them through a line of steel barriers in front
 of an imposing, graffiti-covered section of the Berlin Wall.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 It appears young Gabriel's been a
 tad too convincing. Sweet chap.

Unlike David in the library earlier, Isaac appears utterly
 unconcerned with being overheard by passing STRANGERS.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
The protesters are already massing.

Ahead of them, a BORDER GUARD stamps open passports and waves people through one-by-one. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Jeff and Frank struggle to keep up.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
We have the polyester panels ready.

FRANK
(toward Jeff)
Why polyester again?

JEFF
A low thermal conductor. To block our body heat from reaching the sensors.

Isaac nods admiringly.

ISAAC
(continuing)
And the hairspray. The aluminum plate should be ready momentarily. What else do you need?

Owen seems completely at a loss. *Who is this guy?*

JEFF
(from behind Owen)
Double-stick tape, wire strippers for the bypass, electrical tape. A 10x triple lens jeweler's loupe.
(beat)
A full pick set for the kid. Tensioners, extractors, you name it. And German Steel. None of that Chinese bullshit.

Jeff runs a hand over his stubble-covered chin.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Oh, and plastique! Blasting caps--

OWEN
Blasting caps?!

ISAAC
Boaz has it handled.

OWEN
Why do we need explosives?

FRANK

In case you're rusty and can't
handle the grate.

Finally, Isaac signals some discretion, lifts a finger to his lips as they near the a guard booth.

BORDER GUARD

(to Isaac)

Papieren bitte.

Isaac removes a similar red passport from his jacket pocket, cracks it open, hands it across.

The BORDER GUARD lifts the passport with one hand, compares the snapshot, thumbs ahead a few pages, and unceremoniously stamps it. BANG!

BORDER GUARD (CONT'D)

Nächste!

Recognizing the word, Frank steps up, pulls out his passport. The guard scans his picture, stamps it. BANG!

Same with Jeff, Owen, and Aya. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Each step warily into East Berlin. Only Aya and Isaac know what comes next.

Jeff pockets his (forged) passport.

JEFF

Well, that was... *easy.*

Isaac winks his way, turns to go.

ISAAC

Getting back's the hard part.

Frank veers slowly across the impromptu road spanning the former Death Zone.

Even without the barbed wire and tank busters, the space would read as an eerie wasteland - devoid of life, dusted with dingy snow.

FRANK

*This is Potsdamer Platz? The heart
of the city? I knew it was gone,
but I never thought--*

His voice breaks.

OWEN
Pops? You alright?

FRANK
Yeah, yes. It's just...
(beat)
...terrifying what one man can
destroy.

Isaac slows, letting all of the nearby STRANGERS pass. He and Aya share a quick look.

ISAAC
I'm sorry, but we must keep moving.

FRANK
Yes. Yes, of course.

Steeling himself, Frank steps off after Isaac. Jeff and Owen hang behind, looking anxious and unsettled.

Jeff pads his pockets.

JEFF
Fuck, I left my smokes at the safe
house.

Owen passes him by.

OWEN
I want that on a t-shirt.

Isaac leans in next to Frank.

ISAAC
(to Frank)
Alright, so the key.
(beat)
Does the name Ernst Jaeger ring a
bell to you?

Frank stops in his tracks. Isaac reaches a hand inside his jacket, pulls out a small black-and-white photograph.

Aya gestures 'cut' toward Isaac. Isaac doesn't clock it.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Former SS Captain. Head of pest
control at *Theresienstadt*.

Frank's cheeks flush at the mere mention. A tiny dust devil of windblown snow whips around their ankles.

FRANK
I haven't heard that name in many,
many years.

Jeff and Owen step up next to him.

OWEN
Pops?

JEFF
Are you--

Frank throws a hand up, cutting him off.

FRANK
(to Isaac)
Yes, I remember that name.

Isaac nods, carries on:

ISAAC
He is the one with the key.

Clearly, this is news to Frank.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
One of the last remaining yet to be
caught and tried. After the Russian
advance, he collected what he could
and faded into the woodwork, like a
ghost. A ghost with a fondness for
vermin, gold bullion, precious
stones, and rare masterpieces.

Isaac slows to let another TRAVELER pass.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
(a little quieter)
We've been working with Aya and her
compatriots to track him and a few
others down. Mostly ones who
conveniently swapped sides in the
chaos after the war and joined The
Stasi.

(beat)
But this one is... unique.

Owen and Jeff stare at him dumbly.

AYA
He possesses the only master key.

ISAAC
And is one of only four people to
know the code to the vault.

AYA
Which is changed daily.

OWEN
So, wait a minute--

Isaac and Aya pick up the pace once again.

ISAAC
(back, to Owen)
As it happens, your grandfather may
be only one of a handful of people
still living who can definitively
identify Jaeger in the flesh.

Frank steps distractedly away from Owen and Jeff.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Without that code and without the
key, no amount of C-4 will get us
in the door, literally.

FRANK
I see.

OWEN
(to Jeff)
What the fuck is happening?

Isaac flashes Owen a wry smile.

JEFF
What he said!

Isaac turns away again, continues on across the snow.

ISAAC
(to Aya)
Apparently, everything.

EXT. ASKANISCHER PLATZ - MIDDAY

The crew tromps through a windswept, bulldozed field full of
broken tree stumps.

In the distance, the hulking remains of a giant bombed-out,
hangar-like brick building looms.

Isaac veers toward a sad-looking *Imbiss* (Snack) Stand
perched in the middle of nowhere.

Inside the trailer, a ROTUND MAN stands grilling sausages and onions. Steam billows from the roof.

ISAAC

Get a bite. Fuel up. Moshe will handle your invitations and disguises--

JEFF

Disguises?!

Aya looks to Owen.

AYA

Now I see where you get it.

ISAAC

Boaz will outfit you... fully.

Even Frank now seems utterly beside himself confused.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

There's an event tonight, at the *Fernsehturm*. That eyesore antenna broadcasting communist propaganda right over our heads all the way out to the rest of the GDR.

Isaac points to a far-off television/radio tower with a silver spherical structure at the top.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

A send off, of sorts for the upper echelon of the Stasi before they beat a hasty retreat to Moscow.

(beat)

Our man, our target, will be there.

Isaac, stops short of earshot of the man in the snack stand.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

All we need you to do is to confirm his identity. We'll get the key and the combination.

(beat)

Aya will take care of the rest.

FRANK

What if-- What if I can't?

Isaac tromps off away toward who knows where.

ISAAC
 We have faith in you, *Herr*
Schumacher.

Owen lifts a hand to ask a question. Jeff yanks it down.

JEFF
 Get it together, kiddo.

OWEN
 Get your hands off me.

I/E. TRANSPORT VAN/EAST BERLIN STREETS - AFTERNOON

Moshe is back at the wheel as they chug slowly down a narrow boulevard lined with bombed-out buildings.

As the broken down, hangar-like brick structure from earlier nears, Frank recognizes it instantly.

FRANK
 Oh, my goodness.

JEFF
 What is it, Dad?

FRANK
 (pointing)
 That building. I know it.

OWEN
 Which one?

Frank lowers his hand, looking like he's seen a ghost.

FRANK
 It was a train station.
 (to Moshe)
Anhalter Bahnhof?

Moshe nods grimly, saying nothing (as usual).

FRANK (CONT'D)
 That's where I last saw my mother
 and father.

He wipes away a tear.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (his voice wavering)
 When they took them...

OWEN
 (toward Moshe)
 Pull over.

Moshe wags his head side-to-side. *No time.*

OWEN (CONT'D)
 Pull over, dammit! You're using his
 memory, his past, against him!

AYA
 Frank?

OWEN
 (to Jeff)
 Do something!

Frank does his best to gather himself.

FRANK
 No, no. It's okay. I'm alright. I
 just... I didn't expect to see so
 much. Recognize so much.

JEFF
 Dad, we can just call this whole
 fucking thing off, you know? You
 don't need to do this!

FRANK
 (stiffening)
 Yes. Yes, I do.
 (beat)
 We all do. For them.

Frank wipes his cheeks with the sleeve of his jacket as the
 destroyed train station recedes from view.

EXT. SCHÖNBERGER STRASSE - LATER

The van slows to a stop under elevated rail tracks in rough-
 looking industrial district.

Aya reaches behind her seat, pulls out a big plastic bag.

AYA
 Here, these should fit.

She pulls out three pairs of brown wool trousers, three
 shirts (tied black ties still under their collars, and three
 brown jackets littered with insignia and metals.

As she tosses them all back to Owen, Frank, and Jeff, the
 metals CLANK cheaply. More tin than silver.

AYA (CONT'D)
For tonight. Quickly, please.

Jeff lifts his jacket by its shoulders.

JEFF
He wasn't kidding around.

AYA
Isaac rarely kids.

Unlike his son and grandson, Frank starts changing immediately. He's full-on game-on.

OWEN
So, wait a minute. Wait. You want us to pose as fucking--

FRANK
(from under his shirt)
Language.

OWEN
Flipping Stasi officers?!

She tosses Owen a matching hat with a glossy black bill.

AYA
Briefly, yes.

JEFF
Listen, lady. We don't even speak the language!

OWEN
What if someone talks to us?!

Frank loudly ZIPS up his new trousers, throws on his shirt.

FRANK
Folge mir.

He yanks his shirttails down, shoves his tie up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Follow my lead.

EXT. SCHÖNBERGER STRASSE, UNDER THE TRACKS - LATER

Frank, Jeff, and Owen huddle under a rusted steel bridge around a young man in an olive drab sweater.

They're all wearing surprisingly convincing Stasi uniforms.

The man in the sweater, BOAZ (30s, boyish good looks, shock of long dark hair), passes out what appear to be paper tickets. Invitations.

Moshe and Aya keep a diligent lookout from the idling van across the street.

BOAZ
(German accent)
One for you, one for you, and one
for you *Herr Schumacher*.

JEFF
So, wait. Same aliases?

Boaz nods.

BOAZ
Easier, yes? This way, come.

He turns toward a tall rolling door to a squat brick warehouse. The building (like many others we've seen) is marred with bullet holes from the war.

He pushes the steel door up. It RUMBLES loudly open, revealing a dimly-lit space full of what appear to be crates of weapons and ammunition.

OWEN
Jesus.

BOAZ
If that is what you believe, yes.

Boaz steps in, moves toward a long table. On it, an array of handguns, rifles, sub-machine guns, hand grenades.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
In, please.

Frank steps toward the table. Owen and Jeff hesitate.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
And the door, quickly.

Frank lifts a pistol from the table. Jeff shoves Owen inside, TUGS the door back down loudly.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Watlther PPK. An ideal choice. The
favored weapon of The Stasi. And
MI-5, as luck would have it.

Frank turns it over in his hand. Boaz reaches across the table, picks up a black cylindrical object.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
Each have been modified to accept a
Scorpion VZ61 suppressor.

Boaz hands Frank the silencer, tosses Jeff a matching pistol. He catches it awkwardly.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
Keep the pistols holstered and the
silencers somewhere handy.

OWEN
For the record, I am 100% against
this.

Boaz snatches up one more pistol, thrusts it toward Owen grip-first. Clearly, he doesn't want to take it.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
Aya said you need protection. I'm
munitions. This is protection.

Jeff holsters his weapon, grabs a silencer.

JEFF
Just take it, kiddo.

Owen stares at his father blankly. Boaz shakes the pistol up and down in the air before him.

BOAZ
(toward Jeff)
How much C-4 do you think you'll
need if this one can't pick the
grate?

OWEN
I can pick the grate!

Jeff slips his silencer into his breast pocket.

JEFF
Dunno. How much you got?

Owen finally snatches away the gun, holsters it roughly.

BOAZ
(still to Jeff)
Ten to fifteen bricks, around half
a kilogram each.

Owen makes a show of snatching a silencer up off the table.

JEFF
That should do.

BOAZ
Keep the invitations at the ready.
They're forged but close enough.

Jeff pulls out his invitation, eyes it.

BOAZ
Private dinner for the brass. On
the observation deck up top.
(beat)
Guards will be keeping the
protestors at bay. Just show up,
get through, take the lift. Find
Isaac. He'll handle the rest.

Boaz turns, pulls down a metal crate marked *Sprengstoffe* -
explosives. He pops it open, surveys its contents.

BOAZ
(calmly)
When evil men advance against me to
devour my flesh, when my enemies
and my foes attack me, they shall
stumble and fall.

Boaz looks up. Frank nods, recognizing the psalm.

FRANK
Though armies may besiege me, my
heart will not fear. Though war
shall break out against me, even
then will I be confident.

Boaz slams the crate closed, moves for the door.

BOAZ
(to Jeff and Owen)
So must you be, my friends. So must
you be.

And with that, he PULLS the door loudly open again.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN, APPROACHING UNDER DEN LINDEN - DUSK

Moshe silently pilots the van through the thickening crowd
of assembling DEMONSTRATORS.

Frank, Owen, and Jeff (all still dressed as Stasi officers) watch the faces bleed by outside their windows. Strangely, no one on the street bats an eye at a van full of Stasi.

Boaz is in the middle seat. Aya is up front.

The van suddenly slows. Boaz throws open the side door. And in jumps a bearded man with a bullhorn.

This is GABRIEL (30s a shaggy-looking agitator equal parts Jim Morrison and Buffalo Bill).

Beyond him, the crowd loudly CHANTS.

CROWD

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

GABRIEL

(warmly, to Frank)

Shalom! Shalom! Ma nishma?

He thrusts his hand out toward Frank.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Aya was right! Still a fucking badass after all these years!!

Frank takes his hand, seeming honored and on-edge.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I've been waiting to meet you!

Still shaking Frank's hand, he turns toward Jeff and Owen.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

All three of you. Apples don't fall far from the tree. And what an fucking tree!!

FRANK

Thank you?

Gabriel lets go of Frank's hand, turns toward Owen.

GABRIEL

(to Owen)

Sorry again to hear about the...
incident.

Instead of shaking Owen's hand, he reaches out to straighten the epaulets on Owen's jacket.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 (still to Owen)
 Could've happened to anyone.
 Literally anyone.
 (beat)
 Silencer?

Owen distractedly pads his jacket pocket, saying nothing.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 Put it out of your head, yeah?
 Don't let it fuck with you.

Gabriel turns toward Jeff.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 And you! Cut him some slack, huh?

Jeff regards him quizzically. *What incident?*

AYA
 (back toward Gabriel)
 Are we still on?

GABRIEL
 Still on! And once it gets really
 rolling, it's gonna be fast. So,
 the sooner we have the key...

Spying someone out in the crowd, Gabriel grabs the latch to the side door, throws it open again. KA-BANG!

In the distance, more CHANTING.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 Circle the square.

Moshe slows to a stop. In the distance, we can see ARMED GUARDS standing behind a tall fence surrounding the base of the looming radio tower.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 Enter from the north.

Moshe nods. Boaz slaps Gabriel between the shoulder blades.

BOAZ
 See you there.

Gabriel leaps out, nods, SLAMS the door shut.

Behind him, a PASSING AGITATOR with a homemade sign SMACKS his open fist against the back of the van.

Boaz reflexively reaches inside his coat for his pistol.

OWEN
Who was that?

Boaz EXHALES, removes his hand from his jacket.

BOAZ
Gabriel. Our agitator among the
protestors.

FRANK
What are they protesting?

AYA
The government. The Stasi. It's
become a tradition since November.

BOAZ
This is different though, look.

He points out toward the wide boulevard of *Unter den Linden*, where small groups of YOUNG WESTERNERS walk east - toward *Alexanderplatz*.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
Those are westerners. Coming in
through Brandenburg. Amazing.

JEFF
(to Owen)
What incident?

Aya and Boaz swap a quick look.

JEFF (CONT'D)
What incident?!

Owen's lips are sealed.

Frank turns away, gazes out the window toward a severe-looking building also riddled with bullet holes and blackened by long ago bomb blasts.

FRANK
You know, before the war, before
Hitler, I never really thought of
myself just as a Jew. I was a
German Jew.

He takes a deep breath, continuing:

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I belonged to this city, to this
 place, this country. It feels so
 strange to be back. Seeing that
 it's still here. Still exists.
 Still... a part of me.

The van suddenly SCREECHES to a halt.

BOAZ
 Alright. Here we go.

Boaz throws the door back open with a BANG.

In the distance, we can barely make out a guarded checkpoint
 leading to the base of the tower.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
 (toward Owen)
 Just keep calm. Find Isaac. Find
 our man. Get the key. Aya will give
 us the signal. We'll pick you up,
 get you to headquarters. Go!

Owen, still saying nothing, leaps out first. Aya follows.
 Then Jeff, then Frank.

Together, they make their way quickly through the crowd,
 toward the checkpoint.

Seeing their uniforms, various protesters JEER and HISS.

EXT. FERNSEHTURM PLAZA, CHECKPOINT - DUSK

Looking rattled and beyond their depth, Frank, Owen, and
 Jeff follow Aya toward the ARMED GUARDS at the checkpoint.

JEFF
 (under his breath)
 What incident?

AYA
 Quiet. Invitations.

As more PROTESTORS stream by behind them, Aya reaches into
 her coat for her invitation, pulls it out.

All three men do the same.

ARMED GUARD #1
Einladungen, bitte. Papieren.

Aya passes the first guard her invitation, he scans it
 quickly, hands it back.

ARMED GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Fortsetzen.

Someone in the distance HURLS an egg toward the guard. He ducks. It hits the fence and shatters.

Suddenly, the crowd starts CHANTING again:

CROWD

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

The second guard, looking flustered, snatches away Owen's invite, scans it quickly.

ARMED GUARD #2

Fortsetzen.

He shoves the invite back into Owen's hand, waves him hastily through.

ARMED GUARD #2

Nächste!

With the crowd still CHANTING, both guards wave Frank and Jeff through without even cracking their open invitations.

And, together, they quickly make their way across the cordoned-off section of the square, toward the entrance.

AYA

(quietly)

Two more to go. Then the lift. Then we find Isaac. Just stay with me.

Jeff tries to catch his son's eye as if to silently re-ask the question.

Instead, Owen ignores him, keeps pace with Aya.

AYA (CONT'D)

Blend in. Don't say a word. Once we make the mark, I'll take care of the rest.

FRANK

(hushed)

Make the mark?

AYA

Find our man. Find Jaeger.

Frank again asks:

FRANK
 (to Aya)
 What if I can't-- What if--

Aya slows.

AYA
 Without the key, all is for naught.

Frank seems uncharacteristically spooked.

JEFF
 Dad?

Frank pauses, cranes his head up to the tower.

FRANK
 (quietly)
 Though war shall break out against
 me, even then will I be confident.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, LOBBY - EVENING

All four of them enter the lobby. It seems entirely deserted at first. Aya looks anxious.

Owen draws a breath to speak. She lifts her fingers to her lips to silence him.

With their footsteps ECHOING across the polished terrazzo, Frank, Owen, and Jeff fall in behind Aya as she veers to her right, climbs another set of stairs.

The whole place is like an artifact from some space-aged society with terrible taste. Brutal Communist futurism.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, PASSAGEWAY - SAME

Aya rounds the corner into a circular passageway lined with wood paneling and exposed concrete.

There's still not a solitary soul in sight.

All three men follow Aya through a tall set of wooden doors.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, ELEVATOR BANK - SAME

Two more STONE-FACED GUARDS await standing side-by-side next to the silver doors to the main elevator.

They say nothing, don't move a muscle, and don't even seem to acknowledge Aya's presence.

Barely flinching, Aya flashes them her invitation. The soldiers CLACK their heels, icily wave her though.

Frank, Jeff, and Owen nervously repeat the same gesture. The soldiers wave them on as well, with barely a sound.

Aya presses the call button. The doors WHOOSH open. And all four of them step inside.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, ELEVATOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Once the doors SLAM shut behind them, Jeff bends forward with his hands on his knees, GASPING for air like he's just run a marathon.

His ill-fitting captain's hat nearly falls to the ground.

JEFF
Jesus fucking Christ!

AYA
Shhh.

She points to the perforated ceiling, as if implying that anyone could be listening.

The elevator SHUDDERS and then swiftly ascends. Frank stares at the doors, working his jaw to deal with the pressure.

Owen opens his mouth to speak.

Aya shakes her head again side-to-side. Owen crosses his arms sullenly, still clutching his invitation.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, OBSERVATION DECK - EVENING

The elevator doors WHOOSH open again - revealing a circular, slowly-revolving observation deck.

Over FAINT MUSIC, small clusters of nearly identically-dressed ELDERLY MEN (some rotund, some thin as a rail, most ashen faced and hollow-eyed) chat in HUSHED TONES.

Only a handful them even acknowledge Aya and crew as they emerge from the elevator and step down onto the deck.

In the background, we can see that the entire space is lined with windows angled out and down toward the city below.

Suddenly, Isaac emerges from the crowd - looking nothing like the Englishman we met earlier.

He's wearing a heavily-decorated Russian general's uniform and clutching a tiny, frosty glass of vodka.

ISAAC
 (in subtitled Russian)
Ah, my friends! So good to see you!

He leans in to kiss Aya on both cheeks.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 (whispering, in English)
 Upstairs, dining room. Follow me.

He grandly gestures toward the nearby stairwell.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 (still subtitled Russian)
*Our old friend Vladimir is here.
 We've been reminiscing about the
 old days in Dresden. Before Moscow
 went quiet!*

He waves toward a stern-looking MAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES with beady eyes, thin lips, and sharp features. The man nods discretely, almost conspiratorially back.

Isaac pauses at the stairs, letting Aya go first. Frank follows her up, doing his best to seem at ease.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 (whispering, to Frank)
 Keep calm and carry on.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, RESTAURANT - EVENING

They reach the top of the stairs and step into an identically-shaped space lined with small dining tables.

Clustered around the tables, various KGB OFFICERS, STASI COMMANDERS, and SOVIET GENERALS make HUSHED SMALLTALK over bland-looking plates of food.

ISAAC
 (still to Frank)
 Just walk. I'll follow.

Frank nods discreetly, turns to his right, slowly starts walking against the rotation.

With Isaac, Aya, Owen, and Jeff right behind him, he passes table after table scanning each face he sees.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, RESTAURANT - FRANK'S POV

Over the low sound of VOICES speaking in Russian and German, we move from face-to-face around the circular space.

It's like something out of a George Grosz painting - a caricature of monstrous privilege. Pallid men poisoned from within by ambition and the will to control.

Suddenly, we slow at sight of a WEATHERED OLD MAN with short-cropped silver hair, sunken eyes, and a drooping scar slashed across his left cheek.

The old man looks up, staring right through us.

EXT. CONCENTRATION CAMP, RAIL YARD - DAY [FLASHBACK]

The same man (now nearly 50 years younger and wearing a Nazi uniform) stands before a YOUNGER FRANK (20s, shaved head, striped uniform). Behind him, a steam engine HISSES.

As other PRISONERS painfully step down from a wooden freight car meant for cattle, SS-HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER ERNST JAEGER (30s) sizes Frank up with the same eyes.

The eyes of a monster.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

It's him, no question.

Frank, steeling himself, continues calmly on past a swinging kitchen door with a small glass portal.

Nearing the end of the dining room, he pauses, turns slowly back to Isaac, whispers:

FRANK
Four tables back, second seat in.
Scar. Left cheek.

ISAAC
Are you certain?

Frank nods.

They all slow, turn back around, and see the old man politely push his chair out and leave the table.

AYA
(to Isaac, hushed)
Go.

Isaac takes off first, striding slowly then faster, careful not to draw attention. Aya follows.

Frank, Owen, and Jeff stare at each other for a brief moment and then hesitantly fall in behind her.

The old man pushes through the kitchen door, disappears.

Isaac pauses, peers through the portal, pushes though.

Aya hurries after him.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, SERVICE KITCHEN - EVENING

Frank, Owen, and Jeff follow Aya into a dimly-lit industrial kitchen. It, like the lobby, appears to be abandoned.

Up ahead, Isaac stands with his back to a rolling cart full of dishes. He quickly unsnaps the leather holster at his waist, looks to Aya. She nods back.

He lifts his gun, turns.

And out of nowhere, WHOMP!

A single SILENCED SHOT rings out.

The bullet catches Isaac in the temple. His cap flies off in a pink mist and he crumples instantly to the ground.

Two more SHOTS: WHOMP! WHOMP!

Aya hits the deck, pulls Frank with her.

Jeff and Owen duck behind the same rolling rack, fumble for their pistols - both petrified.

Aya crawls over to Isaac, turns him over. But it's too late.

Reaching behind herself, she pulls a small pistol from the holster strapped to her back.

In the distance, FOOTFALL recedes.

AYA
(back to Frank)
Stay close to me.

FRANK
(to Aya, hushed)
Is he--

She COCKS her pistol.

AYA
We need to move! GO!

She leaps to her feet gun drawn, scans the room, and runs toward a set of double doors in the distance.

FRANK
(clutching his gun)
You heard her. Go!

Together, Jeff and Owen leap toward Frank. Frank lunges away, toward another rack, cocks his pistol.

Owen and Jeff do the same, zigzagging their way behind Frank, toward Aya.

Aya peers through a portal on the far set of swinging doors, gestures for Frank to fall in behind her. He does.

She kicks open the door. Nothing.

AYA
(to Frank)
Stay low.

He crouches. She pulls him with her through the doors.

On either side of the doors, Frank and Owen steal brief glimpses through the portals, push their way through.

The doors FLAP closed behind them. Nothing happens.

INT. FERNSEHTURM, SERVICE CORRIDOR - SAME

Aya and Frank make their way carefully down a drab concrete corridor lit by flickering fluorescent lights.

Owen and Jeff follow, hugging opposite walls, guns drawn.

Aya gestures for them to slow. They do.

Frank looks to Aya. She points to another set of double doors, mimes. Frank nods, looks back to his boys. They both nod back.

Crouching down, AYA throws the nearest doors open and TUMBLES inside. Again, nothing but eerie silence.

Frank follows her in. Then, Owen and Jeff. Together, they creep forward toward the doors to a freight elevator.

AYA
(barely audible)
Stay back.

Frank slows. Owen and Jeff stop dead.

Aya presses the call button - and we hear a METALLIC GROAN as the elevator car descends to meet them.

The elevator stops. DING!

And the doors TRUNDLE open. Aya wheels around, gun drawn. Again, no one. The coast is clear.

Clutching her pistol, she SURGES into the elevator, aims at to the ceiling. No one. Not a sign.

Owen, next to Frank, WHISPERS:

OWEN
(hushed)
Pops?

Jeff, opposite them HISSES:

JEFF
Shhh!

Up ahead, Aya gestures for them to follow her in.

They reluctantly do. The doors remain open.

AYA
(to Jeff)
Up. The ceiling.

Jeff nods, holsters his pistol, knits his fingers together, bends to one knee.

Aya wordlessly puts both hands on Jeff's shoulders, steps one foot into his palms.

He hefts her toward the ceiling, where she slides a square metal panel to one side - revealing the darkened concrete shaft above them.

She pulls herself up and onto the roof with barely a sound. And then she gestures down to Frank.

Jeff boosts Frank up the same way. Then, Owen knits his fingers together, helps his father up and out.

AYA (CONT'D)
(down to Owen, quietly)
Press the button.

Alone inside the lift, Owen looks to a control panel.

AYA (CONT'D)
 (still hushed)
 Up. Now!

He presses the UP button and the doors SLAM shut.

Owen leaps up, grab the edge, and pulls himself up onto the roof next to his father and grandfather.

INT. PERSONNEL ELEVATOR, ROOF - SAME

As the car ascends, Aya bends to one knee to slide the panel partially back into place, still clutching her pistol.

In near-total darkness, the four of them ride the top of the elevator car through the center of a massive cylindrical shaft as greasy cables WHIP and SNAP all around them.

JEFF
 (hushed, to Owen)
 What incident?

Owen quickly pulls his pistol back out, checks the safety.

OWEN
 (hushed, to Jeff)
 I killed a kid. A fellow agent.

FRANK
 Shhh.

OWEN
 By mistake.

Jeff's face changes.

JEFF
 Oh, kiddo. I--

Before he can say another word, the elevator JOLTS to a stop. After a second, the doors below RUMBLE open.

Instantly, four SILENCED SHOTS ring out:

WHOMP! WHOMP! WHOMP! WHOMP!

Aya has her pistol trained on the grate. Smoke drifts up through it.

Outside, we hear someone MUTTER to themselves in German.

Over WHISTLING WIND, we can make out the CLANK, CLANK, CLANK of boots climbing metal stairs, up and away.

I/E. PERSONNEL ELEVATOR/RIGGING DECK - NIGHT

Back inside the elevator, gun drawn, Aya scans the stairs while Jeff and Owen help Frank back down onto the floor.

The wind outside HOWLS.

Turning, Aya gestures for them to follow her out, then spit up - Frank first, then Owen and Jeff.

Owen nods, clutching his pistol nervously.

Aya slips out, steps across the decking, makes her way toward the stairs. No sign of the old man.

Up ahead, there's another steel door. It's wide open.

Beyond it, all we see is sky - and the huge broadcast dishes and transmission equipment affixed to the deck.

I/E. STAIRS/RIGGING DECK - NIGHT

Aya slowly scales the stairs, sweeping her pistol back and forth. Frank, only steps away, does the same.

Jeff and Owen hang back.

With the wind ROARING all around them, we finally see him.

The old man from earlier stands with his back to us, gazing down to the lights of the city below.

Aya calmly takes aim.

AYA
 (shouting over the wind)
 It's over, Herr Jaeger! Or should I
 call you *SS-Hauptsturmführer*
Jaeger?!

The old man turns back around. In one gloved hand, he clutches a silenced pistol.

OLD MAN
 I know who you are.

AYA
 Put down the weapon!

He takes a slow step across the deck toward the stairs.

Down below, Jeff tries to get a good view, a clear shot. But his father is in the way.

Further down, Owen hesitates, his gun to his chest.

The old man lifts his free hand to the railing, takes a step down toward Aya. CLANK!

OLD MAN
(too calm)
It is far, far too late.

CLANK! Aya has him firmly in her sights.

AYA
Put down the gun.

The old man takes another step down. CLANK!

FRANK
All we need is the key and code!

The old man pauses, regards Frank curiously.

OLD MAN
(toward Frank)
That is not why you are here.

The old man smiles, takes another step. CLANK!

AYA
(still aiming)
I said, put it down!

The old man pauses again, lifts a hand to his uniform, unbuttons his jacket, pulls open his shirt.

His gnarled fingers tug out a silver chain. He pinches the key attached to it between his thumb and forefinger.

OLD MAN
Four. Twenty. Eighteen. Eighty
nine.

He YANKS the chain off, tosses it toward Frank. It nearly whips away with the wind before Frank SNATCHES it out of the air with one hand.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(still too calm)
But your prize will elude you.

He takes one step closer, still aiming his pistol downward.

Frank, clutching the key, levels his gaze at him.

FRANK
I didn't think I'd recognize you
after all these years. But how
could I not?

OLD MAN
(to Aya)
This is your proof? The muddled
memory of a senile old--

Aya scales stairs quickly, SHOUTING back to Frank:

AYA
(to Frank)
To the best of your recollection,
is this man *SS-Hauptsturmführer*
Ernst Jaeger?

Frank lowers his pistol, nodding.

FRANK
Yes.

The old man lifts his gun.

OLD MAN
Nonsense.

Aya pauses, plants her feet, has the shot.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
It's useless. By this time
tomorrow, everything you seek will
be half way to--

Before he can finish, Aya closes one eye and squeezes off
three quick shots:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sound REVERBERATES off of every surface.

FRANK
What?! No!

The old man recoils, spins sideways, fires once.

WHOMP!

From behind Frank, Jeff instantly fires back.

BANG! BANG!

The old man staggers further back, makes stunned eye contact with Aya and flips head-over-heels over the handrail!

The old man's body disappears into the darkness as Jeff THUNDERS loudly up the stairs past his father and Aya.

JEFF
(to Aya)
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Owen finally leaps to his feet.

OWEN
What did you just do?!

Aya slowly lowers her pistol, spins around to face him.

AYA
We are not thieves.

She slowly holsters her weapon.

AYA (CONT'D)
(holstering her gun)
We're Mossad.
(beat)
Cleaning up loose ends. Nazis who
slipped through the cracks.

Jeff spins back around.

JEFF
I fucking knew it!

OWEN
No you didn't!

Saying nothing, Frank falls to one knee, steadying himself against the handrail.

FRANK
Boys, please. Don't fight.

OWEN
Pops?

JEFF
Dad?!

They both run to him.

OWEN
What is it? What--

Frank runs a hand inside his jacket, pulls it out. It's covered in blood. Jeff skids to a stop before him.

FRANK
(to Jeff)
Always knew your mother wouldn't
leave me for long...

Aya leaps down toward Frank, RIPS his jacket open. Just to the right of Frank's tie, a small entry wound blossoms red. She hastily PULLS off her scarf, thrusts it onto the wound.

AYA
(to Jeff)
Quick! Pressure!

He nods, pressing. Frank buckles backward, into Owen's arms.

OWEN
Pops? Pops!

FRANK
I'll be fine. It's just... a
scratch.

Aya reaches into her jacket, pulls out a small radio.

AYA
Moshe! Boaz! We need you, ASAP!
Target terminated. One injured.
Repeat, one injured. We need
immediate transport. Meet at the
base of the tower as close as you
can get. Personnel entrance. Over.

MOSHE (V.O.)
(over the radio)
Copy that. Over.

AYA
(to Jeff)
Quick! We need to get him--

OWEN
(to Aya)
This is your fucking fault, whoever
the fuck you are!

AYA
You need to stay calm! We need to
get him out of here!

FRANK
 (to Owen, pained)
 Listen to her, please. She knows
 what she's doing.

EXT. FERNSEHTURM, PERSONNEL EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Aya and Jeff burst out a steel door at the of the base of the tower and run toward another barricade clutching Frank between them.

Owen follows, ripping off his jacket, gun belt, and hat and tossing them to the ground.

Just as they catch sight of the van, the SWELLING CROWD scrambles over the fence and immediately rips it down.

The van SCREECHES to a stop. Boaz throws open the side door, leaps out, rushes toward Aya and Jeff.

BOAZ
 This way, this way!

Boaz takes over for Jeff.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
 (to Jeff)
 Your uniform! Off, hurry!

On the run behind Boaz and Aya, Jeff too casts his jacket and gun belt to the cobbles.

BOAZ
 (to Aya)
 Isaac?

Aya nods wordlessly. Boaz's face registers the loss.

AYA
 (up, to Moshe)
 We need to get him to the US Army
 Hospital. McNair. Radio David. Tell
 him we're down two men. Any word
 from Gabriel?

BOAZ
 It's happening.

Boaz and Aya gently usher Frank into the van, laying him across the middle seat and leaving a bloody smear.

In the distance, the lights of sirens and spotlights sweep over the growing throngs of DEMONSTRATORS.

Frank tries to sit up, put on a brave face.

FRANK

Don't worry, boys. Our friends here
are gonna get me all patched up.

He pushes his hand out, opens it. On his palm, the key.

OWEN

No, Pops!

FRANK

Please, kiddo. We have to finish
what we started. For your Oma.

JEFF

No, no! We're not going anywhere
without you!

FRANK

Do what she says.

OWEN

But Pops...

AYA

We have to go. He's already lost a
lot of blood.

Frank thrusts his bloody palm out toward Jeff. Jeff wraps
his hand around his. Then Owen does the same.

FRANK

The last seventy-two hours have
been the best of my life. Just us
three, me and my men. I don't know
why we don't do this more often.

Jeff's eyes are glazed with tears.

JEFF

What?!

FRANK

(getting weaker)
Together. *Mishpocheh*.

OWEN

Don't leave me here with this jerk!

FRANK

(to Owen)
Remember...

His breath is labored, raspy.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (to Frank)
 Look for the...

Jeff roughly wipes away a tear.

JEFF
 The *Aleph*. I know, Dad. I know.

Frank smiles softly.

FRANK
 And check the back of the canvas.
 The stretcher bars.

Jeff gives Frank a blank look.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Burnt with the words *Entartete
 Kunst*. And the goddamn eagle.
 (even weaker)
 There's a tiny defect, a tear
 mended, in the upper right hand
 corner.
 (weaker still)
 If it's not there, it's a fake.

Jeff nods as Frank's hand slips from his.

Owen lets go. Jeff turns his hand over. He's holding the bloody key. The key to the vault.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (barely audible)
 But I'll be back in no time. I love
 you, my boys.

Aya slowly slides the door shut and Moshe hits the gas.

EXT. KARL MARX ALLEE - NIGHT

Aya leads Jeff and Owen through the CHANTING THRONGS down the side of a broad, six lane boulevard.

OWEN
 (to Jeff, too loud)
 At least I'm not some serial
 fucking philanderer! Womanizing,
 booze hound cheat!

JEFF

No, you'd rather let every
hardhearted bitch that crosses your
path put your balls in a vice.

Aya grimaces.

AYA

Please, can we just--

OWEN

(still to Jeff)
That's your fucking fault!

JEFF

Oh, yeah? How so?!

OWEN

You left. So I *fucking* stay!

JEFF

Bullshit. Psychobabble bullshit!

OWEN

I can't believe I let you talk me
into ANY of this! You got Pops
fucking shot!

JEFF

That is NOT my fault! It was her
fucking fault!

(beat)

Why didn't you tell me they shit
canned you because you accidentally
plugged another officer?

OWEN

What, so that you could rub it in
my face like everything I've ever
failed at, fucked up?

AYA

Please!

JEFF

(to Aya)

And you! This whole goddamn thing
was just a fucking ruse to get him
here to ID that fucking Nazi,
wasn't it? Wasn't it?!

AYA

We needed him to bear witness.

JEFF

You could've shown him a fucking picture, you bitch!

OWEN

(joining in)

There's no painting is there? No fucking diamonds. The fucking key? Give me a fucking break.

JEFF

You lured him in, lured us here, so that you could have him do your fucking dirty work!

Aya stops dead, spins back around. They both nearly walk right into her.

AYA

(ferociously)

Your father, your grandfather... he took my grandfather under his wing in the camp as a child. Showed him everything. How to survive, how to steal bread from the guards. Wine from their wives. Anything and everything just to see another day.

(somberly)

That man, Jaeger, he murdered your ancestors. Our ancestors! And you two bickering fools should be proud to have played even the smallest of roles in bringing him to justice!

(deep breath)

At long last.

She turns again, strides brusquely away toward the stairs to a nearby U-Bahn station.

AYA (CONT'D)

And the painting? The diamonds? The gold. They're all real. All there. All waiting to be retaken and returned to their rightful owners.

Owen and Jeff slowly take off after her.

AYA (CONT'D)

So, it's up to you - both of you - to be the men he raised you to be. Stand up, do your duty. To your family *and* your people.

She rumbles down the stairs and into the darkness, away.

INT. U-BAHN TRAIN - NIGHT

Owen and Jeff stand in silence inside a crowded, shabby-looking metro car. Aya checks her watch.

OWEN
 (quietly to Jeff)
 It was a training exercise. Live
 fire. To simulate--
 (beat)
 I just didn't--

Owen looks away, seeming entirely overcome.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 It all happened so fast.

JEFF
 I'm sorry, kiddo. I didn't know.

OWEN
 So, what? You just thought they
 fired me because I was terrible at
 it? I was actually kinda great.

JEFF
 I know. I bet you--

OWEN
 You don't know how hard it was to
 work my way up, to even get in with
 our... with your--

JEFF
 Yeah, yeah.

The train goes dark for a second, and they both stare at their feet - the gravity of their situation finally beginning to hit hard.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 I never should've let him listen to
 her. Get suckered into any of this.
 (beat)
 He just seemed so... alive. Back.
 Himself.

OWEN
 Once a thief, always a thief.

The train pulls into the *Frankfurter Allee* Station. The walls outside are lined with bright red and orange tiles.

AYA
Come. This is our stop.

EXT. MÖLLENDORFFSTRASSE - CONTINUOUS

All three of them emerge from the underground and move swiftly through a swelling crowd of SIGN-CARRYING DEMONSTRATORS. The CHANTING is near-deafening.

Owen and Jeff are both dressed again in their own clothes.

AYA
(into her radio)
David, Gabriel. Do you read me?
Over.

After a moment of STATIC, a VOICE crackles over the radio. She lifts it to her ear. Then:

AYA (CONT'D)
Yes, yes. Clear. Two minutes. Over.

Aya slides her shoulder bag around, slips the radio into it, pulls out two cans of hairspray.

She hands one each to Owen and Jeff. They both nonchalantly slip them into their coat pockets.

JEFF
How many sensors again?

AYA
Four in the anteroom. Four more
inside the vault before the gate.
Another pair past the gate.

OWEN
Cameras?

AYA
All four corners and at five foot
intervals.

She moves toward a small park-like strip stuffed to the gills with even more protestors.

AYA (CONT'D)
If we're lucky, Müller and his
people will have cut the feed. But,
if not, the protestors will slow
down any immediate reaction.

Up ahead, David waits holding a bunch of homemade signs. He has a large olive drab bag slung over one shoulder.

DAVID
(to Aya)
Isaac?

She solemnly wags her head. He nods, taking it in.

David slowly hands Jeff a sign. It reads: STASI on one side and *BLUTSAUGER* on the other.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to Jeff)
Polyester panels.

Jeff nods, passes the sign on to Owen.

DAVID
So sorry about your father.

OWEN
Have you heard anything?

DAVID
Not yet. I'm sure he'll be just fine. But we have to move.

OWEN
You have the plate?

DAVID
Boaz does. Same with the loupe and your kit. Hardened German steel.

Owen nods, draws a breath. *This is happening.*

DAVID (CONT'D)
Let's go. Gabriel and Boaz are near the entrance.

EXT. STASI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The four of them march, carrying their (polyester) signs, with the crowd. Up ahead, we see a vast, soulless, gray concrete complex that stands like a fortress.

It seems to stretch on for blocks and blocks.

JEFF
Holy fucking shit.

OWEN
It's... huge.

David nods, picking up the pace.

DAVID

Almost as hard to get into as it is to get out of. An army of clerks, informants, archivists, torturers. All under one roof. And beneath it, the world's largest archive of collected surveillance. Thousands of files detailing the day-to-day activities and indiscretions of every man, woman, and child in the GDR. All for blackmail, leverage, control. Organized in classic German fashion.

AYA

The archive is six stories below ground. And the vault, two stories below that. Just above an old Nazi bunker reinforced as a nuclear shelter for the elite.

DAVID

Accessible only through an interrogation room.

(beat)

Called the House of Horrors.

OWEN

(eyes on the building)

Fuck me.

A tangle of SURLY TEENAGERS stream past them, screaming the slogan on David's signs at the top of their lungs:

TEENAGERS

(singsong in unison)

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

Jeff's eyes too are glued to the building.

JEFF

What does that mean anyway?

DAVID

Stasi. Bloodsucker.

(beat)

Vampire.

Up ahead, we see a huge, ANGRY CROWD spread out in front of the imposing main entrance.

It's covered by a large concrete lattice that protestors are climbing all over, CHANTING loudly:

PROTESTERS
(in subtitled German)
Open the gate! Open the gate!

From midway up the fifteen story central building, WORKERS are dumping shredded documents down onto the crowd.

The paper rains down like snow as fresh-faced, nervous-looking ARMED GUARDS stand idly by. Itchy trigger fingers.

David weaves through the crowd, toward the entrance.

To his left, a YOUNG WOMAN sits on the shoulders of A LONG-HAIRED BOY spray painting in red:

STASI = GESTAPO = KGB

David glimpses Boaz up ahead. Just behind him, more protestors climb the lattice, streaming toward the gates.

David makes a beeline toward Boaz. Everyone else follows.

DAVID
(loud, toward Boaz)
It's working!

BOAZ
Any time now.

Stunned by the spectacle, Owen leans toward Boaz.

OWEN
How's Pops? Any word?

BOAZ
Safe and sound. Apparently, it took longer than expected to get back across No-Man's Land. But he was still conscious, most of the way.

JEFF
Most of the way?!

BOAZ
At first they wouldn't take him at McNair. The Army Hospital. Because of the passport. But, thankfully...

He yanks up the sleeve of his shirt and jacket, taps the underside of his bare forearm.

BOAZ (CONT'D)

They were able to identify him by his tattoo from *Theresienstadt*.

DAVID

Merciful father.

BOAZ

When I left, he was just going into surgery. So we are on our own, gentlemen. Are you ready?

Jeff and Owen both slowly nod in unison.

JEFF

Loupe?

Boaz nods, taps his bag.

OWEN

Pick kit?

BOAZ

Yes. So stay close to me. It's going to be... chaotic.

DAVID

(to Boaz)

Where's Gabriel?

BOAZ

Leading the charge, of course.

He points up to Gabriel standing at the core of the crowd, shouting into his bullhorn:

GABRIEL

(in German, over static)

Open the gate! Open the gate!

DAVID

(still to Boaz)

Plate?

BOAZ

(patting his satchel)

Check.

DAVID

Key?

Boaz looks to Jeff. Jeff nods, taps his chest.

JEFF
C-4?

BOAZ
Plenty.

Small fireworks goes off in the CROWD, showering sparks. Owen and his father both reflexively duck. All nerves.

David smiles.

DAVID
(to Jeff and Owen)
Once we're inside, follow me and Boaz down to the archives. Don't get separated. First the interrogation room, the first door, then the--

Owen cuts him off, tapping the can in his pocket:

OWEN
Hairspray, yes. Then the signs. Then the key, the code, the gate. We know what we're doing.

Now Jeff smiles, happy to see his boy back in the game.

DAVID
Of course. Good, good. Alright, let's go.

Boaz gestures toward Gabriel as the SEETHING MOB swells around them. Gabriel nods, switching chants:

GABRIEL
(in German, full of rage)
Break down the gates! Break down the gates! They're destroying our files. We must get in!!

The crowd ROARS, streaming over the barriers and smashing everything in sight.

AYA
That's it! Come. Now!

EXT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

The team moves swiftly with the crowd - first over the barriers, beyond the latticework, through the splintered gates and up a wide set of stairs.

At the top of the stairs, two thick glass doors. Behind the doors, anxious-looking GUARDS - all armed.

But the mob doesn't care. Instead, they use everything at their disposal - hammers, rocks, metal rods, shovels, axes - to smash the glass.

Over the CLATTER we hear Gabriel's amplified VOICE:

GABRIEL (O.S.)
(in singsong German)
Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

CROWD
(in unison, over the din)
Stasi. Blut. Sau. Ger!

Jeff nearly trips over someone on his way up the stairs, into the breach.

OWEN
(throwing a hand down)
Careful, Dad!

One of the hefty glass panels finally SPLINTERS - sending shards down onto the polished floor inside. A WHOOP goes up from the crowd.

Inside, the SOLDIERS press back, trying to keep the door shut. But it's too late. The glass CAVES. And someone up front PUNCHES a hand through, releases the latch.

The door BURSTS open. The crowd SURGES in. And the soldiers stagger back, having apparently been ordered not to fire.

We MOVE with Owen and Jeff as they follow Boaz, David, and Aya up the stairs and into the building.

INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, the crowd flows chaotically toward a large internal stairwell. A few fistfights break out between the protesters and the guards.

Some in the angry mob rip paintings, plaques, and portraits off the walls and smash them to the floor.

PEACEFUL PROTESTER
(in subtitled German)
Calm! Keep calm. Stay peaceful!

ANGRY PROTESTER
(shouting at a soldier)
Stasi Raus, Es Ist Aus!

Reaching the stairwell, the angry mob takes up the CHANT:

ANGRY MOB
 (screaming together)
Stasi Raus, Es Ist Aus!

From above, ribbons of shredded paper rain down.

Half of the mob starts sprinting up the stairs, toward where WORKERS are busy destroying documents. The other half starts down the stairs, toward the archive.

We MOVE with them.

INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, UNDERGROUND STORIES - CONTINUOUS

Scraps of paper litter the marble floor at the bottom of the stairwell. In the distance, we hear Gabriel's amplified voice, guiding the crowd:

GABRIEL (O.S.)
 (in subtitled German)
*This way my brothers and sisters!
 To the archives! This way down!*

We run with the CROWD down dimly-lit, drab hallways - now and then catching glimpses of dreary-looking offices, conference rooms, and lounges.

Everything seems to be coated in a thick layer of grime and yellowed by decades of cigarette smoke.

Up ahead, one room FLICKERS blue and white - lit by a giant array of cathode ray monitors displaying LIVE FEEDS of the chaos happening all across the compound.

INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, ARCHIVE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd rounds a corner and enters what appears to be an endless, block-long, subterranean archive.

The vast, library-like space is lined with floor-to-ceiling steel shelves full of thousands and thousands of neatly-arrayed folders and files.

For a moment, a HUSH falls over the crowd - as if none of them actually anticipated the magnitude of The Stasi's surveillance operation.

OWEN
 (under his breath)
 Holy shit.

Hearing his voice, a BEARDED PROTESTER with wire-rimmed glasses turns toward Owen - grinning wildly.

BEARDED PROTESTER
American?!

OWEN
Yes. No!

BEARDED PROTESTER
CIA?!

OWEN
No! Tourist!

Aya tries to discreetly separate them.

BEARDED PROTESTER
Well, good. Good!
(smiling broadly)
Remember this historic day!

The protester flashes Owen Nixonian double peace signs and takes off again running.

BEARDED PROTESTER (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
Welcome to free East Berlin!

Further away, we hear Gabriel's voice again:

GABRIEL (O.S.)
(in subtitled German)
*No, no, no. We must protect
everything. Every document! Every
file! Be careful!*

AYA
(to Owen, hushed)
This way. Hurry.

INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David leads the way into a large, brightly-lit room with no windows. At the center of the room sits an austere metal desk at an odd angle.

Two identical chairs face each other on opposite sides of the desk. Behind the desk sits what appears to be a dentist's chair and a sink.

A huge silver spotlight stands aimed at the dentist's chair.

On the desk are a bank of phones, a clipboard, a fountain pen, and a bundle of sterilized surgical tools.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
Monsters.

He turns toward a wall of wood-paneled cabinets, throws one open to reveal a matte gray steel door.

Owen passes Aya, steps up next to Boaz and his father.

OWEN
(to Boaz, hushed)
Tools.

Boaz slides his bag around, thrusts a hand in, rummages, pulls out a leather case, hands it to Owen.

Owen nods, unties the case, rolls it open. In it: an array of tiny hardened steel tools of seemingly every size.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Behind them, more and more protesters streak by - all with arms full of file folders.

DAVID
(quietly)
Ready?

Owen nods, steps up to the steel door. On its face: a chrome handle and a keyed lock. Not particularly sophisticated, given the context.

OWEN
(hushed)
Easy.

Owen falls to one knee, runs a hand over the tools, pulls two out, sets the case on his knee, gets to work.

Behind him, David and Boaz keep their eyes glued to the protesters rushing down the hall in both direction.

Owen pulls one tool out, leans an ear toward the door, just above the lock cylinder.

Jeff turns to Aya who turns to David.

JEFF
That's my boy.

David nods, turns, slowly closes the door to the room.

Relative silence.

Owen pulls out a third tool, slips the second between his teeth, and starts to work again.

Then, leaning back toward the door, he feathers the two tools slightly apart, twisting ever so gently.

CLICK.

He looks to Jeff. Jeff nods, grabs the door handle, pulls it down. And the door noiselessly opens a crack.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Bingo.

Owen slips the tools back into his case, rolls it closed, nips it into his pocket, stands.

OWEN

Never doubted me for a minute, huh?

Jeff wags his head side-to-side, smiling.

AYA

(to Boaz, hushed)

Before we enter, the combination:
04, 20, 18, 89.

Boaz closes his eyes, memorizing. David SIGHS.

DAVID

Hitler's birthday. Delightful.

Boaz opens his eyes. *Ready.*

BOAZ

04, 20, 18, 89.

Aya nods, pulls out a stopwatch, CLICKS the crown.

AYA

The clock starts... now.

To the sound of nothing but Aya's TICKING STOPWATCH, all four men slip quickly through the thick steel door and into a brightly-lit antechamber.

Aya follows them in in TOTAL SILENCE.

INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, VAULT ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Not saying a word, Owen and Jeff move quickly in opposite directions, cans of hairspray at the ready.

They pause, make quick eye-contact with David and Boaz (both holding the polyester panels/protest signs), and blanket the infrared sensors with hairspray: HISSSSSS!

After a second, David and Boaz step up and lean panels over both sensors with a choreographed precision.

Behind them all, Aya watches the clock.

Owen and Jeff advance to the next pair of sensors: HISS!

Boaz and David step up, cover the next two. Aya nods.

And the four of them edge closer to the gleaming vault door, covering each heat/motion sensor as they go.

Aya looks to the ceiling. A red light glows over each video camera. Recording. *Hopefully Müller cut the feed.*

Pausing, Boaz slings his bag free, sets it quietly down on the floor, reaches into it, pulls out a roll of heavy-duty double-stick tape.

He tosses the roll to David, who catches it deftly. Then he quickly pulls two sections: RIP! RIP!

Boaz reaches back into his bag, pulls out a large aluminum plate, hands it to Owen. Owen nods. *Well done.*

David tiptoes toward the vault door.

In the upper right hand corner of the door are two metal bars. Conduit leads away from the bars, to a junction box.

Boaz slides his bag further forward, reaches back into it, pulls out four ratchet wrenches, hands one each to Owen and Jeff and then a third to David.

Eyes cast up to the bars, Owen bobbles his wrench briefly. It drops to the floor. Jeff lunges forward, catches it.

The two men lock eyes. Jeff hands it back. *Careful!*

David palms Boaz the roll of tape. Boaz pulls two more sections: RIP! RIP!

Owen lifts the aluminum plate. Boaz adheres both sections of tape to the edges of the plate, smooths them down, points.

Owen nods, turns, cautiously slides the plate between the metal bars at the top of the door. It fits perfectly.

Boaz EXHALES slowly, lifts his ratchet wrench. David, Jeff, and Owen all nod.

And, together, all four men slowly loosen the exposed bolts at the top and bottom of each bar.

CRANK, CRANK, CRANK in near-unison is all we hear over the TICKING. The sound is alarmingly loud. Almost deafening.

Pausing, Boaz lifts his wrench away.

Everyone else does the same.

But the head of Jeff's wrench stays on the bolt. He doesn't notice at first, but then it shimmies loose and falls.

Owen bends to catch it, just in time. *Butterfingers.*

Already sweating, Owen wipes his forehead.

Jeff winks back. *Thanks, kiddo.*

Boaz silently gathers the wrenches, slides them back into his bag, reaches up to loosen one bolt by hand.

He gets it off and out, pockets it. David reaches up and holds the aluminum plate in-place while Boaz removes all three remaining bolts.

Once they're all off, David delicately removes the bars from the door and cautiously rotates them toward the wall.

Boaz tears off two more long strips of tape: RIP! RIP!

Saying nothing, he tapes the bars to the wall with the aluminum plate holding them firmly in-place.

Electromagnetic sensor, deactivated.

David seems pleased as punch. *It worked!*

Boaz nods, gestures toward Jeff's neck. *Key?*

Jeff nods, pulls out the key.

Aya closes her eyes. This is the test.

Boaz steps up to the vault door, reaches a hand out toward the dial, takes a deep breath.

Jeff quietly slides the master key in. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Owen reaches forward, grasps the five-spoke door handle.

Behind them all, Aya and David swap a quick nervous look. *We're moving too slow.*

Boaz EXHALES, starts spinning the dial. Left, left, left, right, left, right, left... right. Pause.

Jeff twists the key, looks to Owen. Owen gently spins the door handle counter-clockwise.

From inside the thick steel door a DEADENED SET OF GRINDING CLICKS. Metal bolts retracting.

Aya looks to David. He nods, steps back, cuts the lights.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

Owen steps clear of the door. Jeff pulls the door open. No alarm. Not a sound. They're in.

Up ahead, a second barred grate and the pitch black vault.

Jeff nods to Owen. *You're up.*

Owen reaches into his pocket for his tools. But Boaz puts a hand on his shoulder first. *Hold on.*

Together, David and Boaz step in past Owen. David pulls out a pair of wire strippers and a screwdriver. Boaz stops, bends to his hands and knees.

David steps up onto Boaz's back, reaches up to the ceiling, feels around, finds a metal plate.

In the inky darkness, he pries the door open, nips the screwdriver into his mouth, reaches both hands (and the wire strippers) inside.

A few breathless seconds later, he withdraws his hands, steps back to the floor. *Secondary relay rerouted.*

Aya nods toward Owen. Owen hurries to the grate, dips to one knee, unfurls the kit of tools again, eyes the lock closely, ponders briefly, hesitates.

He turns, looks to Jeff. Something's wrong.

But he soldiers on, selecting tools, slipping them in, working the lock. Patiently at first, then urgently.

He twists and pulls, swaps tools, leans an ear toward the door. It's not giving. He can't pick it.

Jeff looks to Aya. She flashes him the stopwatch.

He looks to Boaz. Boaz nods back, reaches into his bag, tosses Jeff a puck of C-4.

Owen flashes his father an exasperated glare. *I can do this!*

Jeff flips the puck over in his hands, bites his lip, steps up next to Owen, looks down. *It's okay, kiddo.*

Regretfully, he reaches up and SLAPS the puck onto the reinforced frame of the grate door.

It sticks, but the door SWINGS slowly open.

Everyone freezes. Owen stands, looks to his father.

Aya turns to David, lifts a finger to her lips. Boaz is beside himself. *Is it a trap?!*

David calmly steps slowly backward, reaches toward the far wall, finds the light switch, flicks it on.

The lights FLICKER ON to reveal an empty vault!

EVERYTHING IS GONE.

All of the rolling racks are empty. Open metal lock boxes are heaped in a jumbled mass.

And, at the center of the floor, a gaping hole has been jackhammered and blasted into the thick the concrete.

OWEN
(squinting)
What the fu--

Boaz quickly covers Owen's mouth.

The hole is about fifteen feet in diameter. And from its jagged edges, strips of metal and bits of obliterated concrete jut out at odd angles.

An impromptu manual winch system has been hastily welded to the ceiling. Thick metal cables run down into the hole.

JEFF
(hushed)
We're too late.

Aya glares at him, stops the stopwatch, pockets it, pulls out her pistol.

David kills the lights again.

And together, Aya, Boaz, and David fall to the floor and inch themselves closer to the hole.

Owen and Jeff share a quick look and follow suit.

From above them all, we can barely make out a ten to fifteen foot drop down to a corroded metal walkway. It's dimly lit from a faraway light source.

Boaz rolls over onto his back, eyes to the ceiling.

BOAZ
(barely audible)
It's over.

Aya pushes herself back to her feet, eyes the cable running down through the hole to the walkway below.

AYA
(to Boaz)
Radio Müller. Call in the Calvary.

Without hesitation, she leaps toward the cable, catches it in the crook of her arm, and plummets down into the hole with her gun drawn.

CLANK.

She hits the metal walkway, spins, looks back up, wags her head toward David. *Now!*

He leaps to his feet.

INT. BUNKER, PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Having all made the leap, the whole crew quietly traverses the subterranean passageway, guns drawn.

Boaz, David, and Aya still carry their packs. Owen and Jeff, looking spooked and beyond their pay grade, let their eyes wash over the dank, arched concrete tunnel.

OWEN
What is this place?

There's light emanating from what appears to be a stairwell at the end of the tunnel. From far off, a FAINT THRUMMING.

DAVID
(quietly)
Air-raid bunker. From the war.

The metal decking they're walking down shows signs of foot traffic and wheel tracks. They're recent.

AYA
 (up ahead)
 Quiet.

She steps cautiously from the walkway, into the stairwell.

INT. BUNKER, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

At the center of the curving steel stairs is a caged-in freight elevator. The car is somewhere down below.

Aya slowly starts down the stairs. Everyone follows.

Water casades down the concrete walls. Long-abandoned, thick bundles of cable wrap around the caged shaft. Every few feet, there's an air shaft.

Temporary construction lights in steel cages have been hastily strung at odd intervals.

Down below, the mysterious THRUMMING is getting louder. It sounds almost like pained breathing of some ancient machine.

Aya slows, pointing down.

Over her shoulder, we can barely glimpse the end of the stairs - and the open car of the freight elevator. Hints of creamy ceramic tile and hand-painted signage.

BOAZ
 (faintly)
 U-Bahn?

AYA
 (nodding)
 Ghost station.

She looks back to David, tightens her grip on her pistol. David nods, presses past Boaz.

AYA (CONT'D)
 (to Boaz)
 Wait ten seconds. Follow us in.
 Shoot anyone that moves.

Boaz nods grimly.

And, together, David and Aya take the last few steps alone.

The next ten seconds seem to last an eternity.

INT. GHOST STATION, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Together with Boaz, Owen and Jeff cautiously round the corner from the stairwell and make their way after David and Aya into a long-disused U-Bahn ghost station.

Weathered pre-war advertisements and movie posters cling to the walls in tatters. The only illumination comes from the strand of construction lights.

Up ahead, Aya descends a flight of stairs and disappears around a corner. On cue, David ducks across the landing to the other side, hiding behind a wall of tile.

Boaz looks to Jeff. Jeff nods.

INT. GHOST STATION, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Following Aya and David's moves precisely, Boaz, Jeff, and Owen descend the stairs down to the platform of an eerily abandoned subway station.

Two sets of tracks run in opposite directions with tunnels at either end. Down the middle: a concrete platform with vertical, riveted steel i-beams at precise intervals.

About halfway down the platform stands an empty ticket sellers kiosk.

And, on the rails to the right: a single freight train with an engine connected to four ancient Reichsbahn rail cars with rolling side doors - all open.

At the far end of the platform, a host of RED ARMY SOLDIERS are busy hoisting crates, locked boxes, and what appear to be works of art draped in muslin into the first rail car.

There must be at least fifty of them. Maybe more.

On opposite side of the stairs stairs to the platform, Aya looks to Jeff. Jeff nods, taps Boaz's pack, gestures for he and David to head off down the empty tracks to the left.

They both nod, knowing exactly what he's got in mind.

Owen, next to Aya, screws up his face. *What the fuck are we doing here?!*

Jeff looks to his son, smiles, and mimes a huge explosion.

INT. GHOST STATION, PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

To the sound of the THRUMMING train engine, Boaz and David silently scurry from the stairs to the platform and down over the edge, onto the tracks below.

While they take off running, crouched and unseen, Jeff quickly crosses the open gap back toward Aya and Owen.

JEFF
(to Owen, hushed)
You ready for this?

Before Owen can respond, Aya chimes in:

AYA
(quietly)
Move from column-to-column to the
kiosk. Then to the last car and in.

She looks ahead. There's a closed door at the back of the last freight car. An entrance.

AYA (CONT'D)
I'll cover you from here.

Owen begins to protest, but Jeff shuts him up with a wink.

JEFF
Pops woulda loved this!

INT. GHOST STATION, PLATFORM - ON JEFF AND OWEN

Moving quickly, father and son sprint from column-to-column with an almost balletic precision, pausing at each column separately to catch their breath.

One column ahead, Jeff ducks his head out to see if the coast is clear. It is. He nods back to Owen, sprints the last gap to the back of the kiosk.

GASPING, he crouches down behind tile wall of the kiosk, still clutching his pistol.

Two seconds later, Owen joins him, equally winded.

The THRUM of the engine and the sound of BRUSQUE ORDERS being BARKED in Russian are all that we hear.

JEFF
(to Owen, quietly)
Gotta quit the cigs.

OWEN
Yeah, you do.

Their backs to the wall, Jeff and Owen GULP down air.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Dad?

JEFF
Yeah.

OWEN
I'm sorry.

Jeff reaches his free hand out, covers his son's chest like a protective father at the wheel of a station wagon.

JEFF
Shhh.

OWEN
I just--

JEFF
I'm glad to have you back.

Jeff taps Owen's sternum lightly.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Now, let's do this.

Jeff cranes his head, tries to get a good look at the back of the last rail car.

JEFF (CONT'D)
C'mon.

INT. GHOST STATION, PLATFORM - ON DAVID AND BOAZ

David and Boaz skitter, crouched across the platform and into the relative safety of the darkened tunnel.

Then, moving quickly, they split up and start SLAPPING pucks of C-4 at precise intervals, from the base of the tunnel to just overhead.

Each puck has two blasting caps stuck into it, one at each end. And thin silver detonation wires dangle from each.

INT. GHOST STATION, TRACKS - ON JEFF AND OWEN

Jeff and Owen sprint down the tracks, hunched, toward the door at the rear of the last car.

But, suddenly, the door opens and out leaps a single RED ARMY SOLIDER. He's got a Makarov sub-machine gun slung over one shoulder and a burning cigarette dangles from his lips.

Jeff and Owen both freeze. Deer in the headlights.

The cigarette falls from the solider's lips as he reaches slowly back for his rifle.

Owen lifts both hands, pointing his gun to the ceiling.

When, unexpectedly --

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks the station!

The blast wave buffets the train cars. And the Soviet soldier stumbles sideways.

BANG!

A single shot from Aya takes the soldier down.

Owen and Jeff stare at each other, stunned.

JEFF

Well, don't just stand there!

As CHAOS BREAKS OUT across the platform, Jeff and Owen turn and run for the back of the rail car.

Bullets STREAK and WHINE in all directions as they leap up the stairs and into the car.

INT. RAIL CAR #4 - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is the first inside. Owen is hot on his heels.

With a fierce gun battle BLARING just outside, both men sweep their pistols side-to-side as their eyes adjust.

At the far end of the car, leaning haphazardly against both walls are STACKS OF PAINTINGS of every imaginable shape and size, all draped in white muslin.

OWEN

Holy--

Jeff SPRINTS past him, YANKING away muslin sheet after muslin sheet with a giddy abandon.

The first painting we see is Vermeer's "The Astronomer".

Then, a massive impressionistic landscape. Monet?!

Then, Raphael's "Portrait of a Young Man".

Then, "The Painter on the Road to Tarascon" by Van Gogh.

JEFF

Oh my god! It's all-- It's all
fucking real!

Both men stand stunned mute amid the ECHOING GUNFIRE like castaways staring at a shimmering pool of cool water.

All the SHOUTING outside slowly fades.

Owen steps up toward a tall canvas to his right, reaches out, pulls away the muslin.

And there it is.

"En Canot" by Jean Metzinger.

Both men stare at it in a moment of silent reverie.

OWEN

That's... it.

Jeff nods, steps closer, bends the painting away from the wall to get a good look at the back. The stretcher bars.

Just as Frank described, a burnt-in eagle and the words:

ENDARTETE KUNST

Jeff leans the painting back, looks to the upper right corner. Indeed, there's a small mended tear in the canvas.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Bullets ricochet off the train car's undercarriage and a WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER leaps up into the car, rolls over onto his back, starts firing back up the tracks.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Owen wheels around, tentatively lifts his pistol.

But before he can fire, two hands reach up and YANK the soldier back out of the car and onto the platform.

BANG!

A single shot rings out.

And Boaz pokes his head back up into the car.

BOAZ
 (gleefully)
 Poor Gabriel's missing all the fun!

A couple more bullets RICOCHET next to Boaz. He spins around, firing a Kalashnikov toward the front of the train.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
 (shouting as he fires)
 You're going to want to see this!

Boaz leaps up into the car, grabs Jeff, pulls him with him toward the door to the next car up.

Owen gently lifts "En Canot" from the ground and sprints off after them.

INT. RAIL CAR #3 - CONTINUOUS

All three men surge into the next car as wood, glass, and steel go flying.

Up ahead, Aya stands calmly, her pistol still smoking.

The freight car is full of haphazardly stacked metal lock boxes from the vault.

In one corner sits an impossibly large mountain of gold bricks on a steel wagon, glimmering in the faint light.

BOAZ
 (pointing to the gold)
 Rommel's gold.
 (solemnly)
 I worried it was a myth.

Ignoring the gunfire outside, Boaz dumps the contents of his bag out, bends to his knees, starts frantically filling his satchel with heavy gold bars.

BOAZ (CONT'D)
 Hurry!

Jeff surges toward him, starts grabbing at the stack as well. Aya provides cover fire from the open side door.

Owen freezes. Something catches his eye on the opposite side of the car. He steps toward it like a man in a trance, still clutching the painting.

OWEN
 Dad?

Jeff wheels around, drops a brick. CLANG!

JEFF

What?!

David pokes his head in the other side door nearest the tunnel wall, toting a red-hot machine gun.

DAVID

We need to move! Hurry!

Barely hearing him, Owen points to a metal box with a yellowed paper placard slipped into a slot on its face.

On the placard, a single hand-written Hebrew character.

OWEN

(to his father)

Aleph.

Jeff turns, forgetting about the gold.

JEFF

Oh, kiddo...

Owen sets the painting down, reaches for the box, pops the lid open. It's not even locked.

Jeff scrambles over, pulls out the loupe.

Outside, NEARING GUNFIRE.

David LEAPS into the car, returning fire with Aya.

AYA

Gentlemen, please!

Both men ignore her.

Instead, Jeff thrusts a hand into the box, pulls out a single, hulking uncut diamond.

It's huge. He lifts it to the light, closes one eye, leans the loupe toward it, twists it in his finger, GASPS.

He thrusts the diamond toward Owen, then the loupe.

JEFF

(his voice breaking)

Aleph, Mem, Tav.

DAVID

We need to go!

Owen gazes through the loupe, looks to his father.

Both men have tears in their eyes.

OWEN

Truth.

Suddenly, a burst of MACHINE GUN FIRE rips through the train car, barely missing Boaz.

AYA

(shouting)

Enough! GO!

Boaz cinches his bag closed, hefts it. Only ten or twelve bars remain.

Jeff pulls a fistful of diamonds out, thrusts them into Owen's pocket, slams the lid shut, latches it.

And, together, they turn to run.

Aya points to the side door David just came through.

AYA (CONT'D)

That way! Out!

INT. GHOST STATION, TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Boaz jumps out first, yanks his pack down. It's heavy.

Jeff and Owen follow him out. Jeff has the lock box. Owen has the painting. Gunfire RICOCHETS all around them.

David and Aya are the last out, still returning fire.

Boaz SHOUTS from up ahead:

BOAZ

The tunnel! It should lead to--

Bullets GLANCE off the rails right behind BOAZ.

Aya wheels around, opens fire --

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

AYA

(loud)

Magdalenenstraße! Yes!

Owen shifts arms with the painting, gripping his pistol - still having yet to fire a shot.

Out of nowhere, Müller from earlier appears, brandishing a machine gun. Behind him, a squad of BUNDESWEHR TROOPS.

Boaz skids to a stop. Müller tips his cap toward Owen.

MÜLLER
 (toward Aya)
Wir können es von--

BANG!

A single shot from behind Aya cuts him off. The bullet catches Boaz in the shoulder.

AYA
 (to Müller)
Alle vier waggons. Jetzt!

Boaz's knees buckle. Together, Aya and David grab him by his arms, drag him with them toward the tunnel ahead.

It's all Owen and Jeff can do to keep up.

INT. GHOST STATION, TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

As they run, a hail of bullets strafes the roof of the tunnel, wildly REVERBERATING off of every surface.

The only light comes in FLASHES of muzzle flare and the red-hot SLASHES of tracers zipping by overhead.

Boaz's legs are failing. His jacket and pants are already saturated with blood.

Up ahead, the tunnel splits in two. Aya, still doing her best to return fire, veers with David and Boaz to the right. The wider tunnel.

GUNFIRE echoes in the distance behind them.

AYA
 Watch the third rail. It may be--

To their right, a darkened gap. Hints of parallel tracks a good fifty to sixty feet down below.

Still clutching the lock box, Jeff LEAPS over the third rail and onto a narrow concrete rise before the void when --

BANG!

A single bullet grazes Jeff's left arm, sends him tumbling over the edge.

OWEN
 DAD!

Owen charges up onto the rise, drops the painting, falls to his knees. Behind him, David takes out the shooter.

INT. GHOST STATION, TUNNEL - ON OWEN AND JEFF

Clinging to a bundle of wires, Jeff dangles over the edge. The lock box is nowhere to be seen.

JEFF
Goddamn it! I-- I lost it!

Jeff drops his pistol, strains his right hand down toward a jagged, jutting edge just out of reach. On it, the lock box.

OWEN
Dad! Gimme your hand!

Jeff strains for the box. His fingers are slipping. Owen grabs him by the forearm.

Behind them both, a DEAFENING SALVO.

JEFF
I can-- I can reach it!

OWEN
No, Dad!

AYA
(behind them)
We must GO!

Another flurry of machine gun fire FLASHES across the ceiling and along across tracks, down below.

OWEN
Give me your hand! Please!

JEFF
No, I...

Owen can't hold him.

OWEN
Dad, it's only stuff! I got plenty.
Let it go!

DAVID (O.S.)
NOW!

Jeff looks back up to Owen, still straining.

OWEN
It's okay, Dad. C'mon.

Owen grips his father's forearm, tight.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Let's get outta here.

Jeff looks back to the box.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I can't hold you forever.

Jeff looks to back to his son, EXHALES, thrusts his free hand up. Owen takes it, hefts him up.

With tracers STREAKING by above, and their family's painting leaning against the concrete at their feet, the two men lie on their backs, GASPING.

Broken men bonded. Forever.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Looking ragged and weary but exultant, Owen and Jeff burst through the front door to the safe house.

JEFF
Dad?!

The arm of Jeff's jacket is saturated with blood.

OWEN
Pops! We did it!

Owen clutches the painting proudly.

The rest of their beleaguered crew (including a wounded but walking Boaz) follow them in.

JEFF
You're never gonna believe it!!

OWEN
You were right! It was all there.
It was all really--

Moshe rounds the corner ahead of them. His face is a study in crushing remorse.

MOSHE
They did all they could.

Owen and Jeff stop dead, frozen in-place.

MOSHE (CONT'D)
 He fought like a warrior. But it
 was too late. He had lost too
 much... too much blood.

Moshe steps toward Jeff and Owen, wraps them in his arms.

MOSHE (CONT'D)
 (tenderly)
 I am so, so... sorry.

Owen and Jeff stare wordlessly at the floor, powerlessly
 locked in Moshe's fearsome embrace.

Frank, their patriarch. Their light. He's gone.

INT. BRANDENBURG AIRPORT, CONCOURSE - DAY

Dressed in whatever's left of their clothes, Owen and Jeff
 solemnly walk side-by-side down a crowded concourse.

No bickering. No anger. Just sadness. Loss.

After a second, they slow, turning toward a large plate
 glass window to the jetway.

Down on the tarmac, a GROUND CREW gently lifts a large
 coffin-sized crate into the hold.

OWEN
 Dad?

JEFF
 Yeah?

OWEN
 I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

Jeff wipes away a tear.

JEFF
 (his voice breaking)
 Tell me what?

OWEN
 Why I was fired.

JEFF
 Doesn't matter, kiddo.

Aya steps up behind them.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Doesn't matter.

A brief moment of SOMBER SILENCE envelops them all.

AYA
 (toward Owen)
 I know people at State. CIA, too.
 If you're interested, I could...

Owen slowly lifts a hand to his father's shoulder.

OWEN
 No, thanks.

Owen and Jeff lock eyes. It's like they're the only two people in the entire airport.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 (to Jeff)
 Don't think I'm cut out for that kinda work after all.

Jeff laugh/cries, clutching his son as the the plane's hold hatch slowly closes.

JEFF
 I love you, kiddo. Always have.

OWEN
 (through tears)
 Love you too, Dad. Always will.

Finally, every lingering wound, every long-held resentment melts away. Not forgotten, healed.

FADE TO:

EXT. BETH OLAM CEMETERY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Seen again from below, Owen and Jeff stand side-by-side at the lip of a grave across from the same bearded Rabbi.

RABBI
 And let us say: Amen.

EXT. BETH OLAM CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Owen walk slowly through the headstones. The crisp mid-winter sunshine bathes them both in light.

JEFF
 I dunno. Guess I'll stick around.
 Get the house in shape. Sell it?

OWEN
That'd be a shame. You should keep
it. In the family, I mean.

JEFF
Yeah, guess so.

OWEN
Beats living outta that piece of
shit car.

Jeff smiles to himself.

JEFF
What're you gonna do?

OWEN
Dunno. I haven't really--

JEFF
(doing Frank)
Come, sit Shiva with me.

Owen laughs.

OWEN
(also doing Frank)
Pastrami. Canter's...

Together, they turn and stride slowly out-of-frame.

INT. HOUSE, HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Two pairs of hands gently lift "En Canot" to a place of
pride at the center of the fireplace from earlier.

And then, after a second, all four hands take turns nudging
the corners back-and-forth (like a silent mini-argument)
until it's properly, perfectly in-place.

At home at last.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Infinite Surprise" by Wilco.

THE END