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# Big Bad Wolves

By Aharon Keshales

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I don't like the looks of this.

What do you want from me?

- Where's the girl?

- What?

What girl? What are

you talking about?

- Is the rumor about you two true?

- Which one?

Yeah, there are lots of  
rumors. Be more specific.

That you play dirty?

- Oh, that? That's...

- True.

Wait, I don't know what  
you're talking about.

This is some kind of mistake  
or misunderstanding. Let go!

Ah!

Ooh!

Enough!

You're going too far!

Do I need to remind you  
what our mission is?

Surveillance only!

No engaging in physical  
contact with the suspect!

- We didn't engage him.

- He engaged us.

See? He can't stop  
bumping into our fists.

- It's Tsvika.

- Don't answer.

Micki, you've got to  
put an end to this.

As much as I hate to admit it,  
I agree with Beavis and Butt-head.

- But Tsvika will fry us for this.

- Not if we bring him the girl.

Besides, the bastard  
has already seen us.

You really think he'll  
lead us to the girl?

One last chance,

where's the girl?

- I really don't know.

- What if he really doesn't know?

He knows, he knows.

Oh!

Oh!

Yes, Tsvika.

Why isn't anyone answering me?

We've been kind of busy here.

- Are you still on his tail?

- Kind of.

- What do you mean ' kind of '?

- Long story.

He ran into us with his bike,  
so we're questioning him.

- Questioning him?

- Yes, questioning him.

Wait, are you questioning him or

"questioning-questioning" him?

- "Questioning-questioning" him!

- Are you nuts?

We have no case besides a girl  
who thinks she saw him!

Tell that

to the three stooges here.

Listen carefully, Rami.

You're the responsible adult,  
so stop fooling around.

Clean him up, take him home,  
walk him to his front door,

- and kiss him goodnight. Is that clear?

- Clear.

Turn right, and then left.

A right turn.

Where are we going? That's  
not the address we've gotten.

Why do you have my address?

Ah!

It's my parents' address.

Rami, you're making a  
mistake. Believe me, it's him.

Give me one hour with him,

I'll make him sing.

- I'll do it in 30 minutes.

- In 15, with a cigarette break.  
Look...  
there's been an unfortunate  
mistake. We're really sorry.  
Speak for yourself.  
Don't mind him.  
Listen to me.  
We're really sorry and hope you  
won't tell anyone about it, okay?  
I won't. I promise.  
Of course he won't talk.  
He did it.  
I only have  
two \$50 shekel bills.  
How much do you have?  
What?  
You heard me.  
You too, give me  
everything you've gotten.  
- No way! Don't go along with it.  
- Tsvika's orders.  
Why don't you just give  
him a gun?  
Calm down.  
No one asked you to chip in.  
Okay, this is for the bicycle.  
No need, it's okay.  
- Did you hear him? It's okay.  
- It's fine. Take the money.  
Ah!  
- Arik, how are you?  
- Come in, Micki.  
So, is daddy teaching you  
how to be a cop?  
It's "bring your child to work" day.  
Ah.  
He's a tough one, your son.  
Let's get down to business.  
Look, if this is  
about the suspect.  
Believe me, I had no choice.  
My clad is speaking now.  
- Cute.  
- Arik.

I want you to pay close attention  
to the following conversation.

I call it the yellow-card  
conversation.

Like in soccer, dad?

Just like in soccer, son.

Tsvika, this isn't  
very dignified.

And what you did was dignified?

Yeah, what you did  
was dignified?

- Arik, don't disturb daddy at work.

- Sorry, daddy.

Now listen carefully, Micki.

Because of your mess-up,  
our suspect was released...

- and released without talking.

- It's him. You know it's him.

All I know is that you  
disobeyed a direct order...

Cover your ears, sweetie.

And that your actions could cost  
that pretty little girl her head.

And if that happens, there'll  
be nothing to stop me

from kicking your ass  
to the traffic department.

Kicking your ass  
to the traffic department!

Is that clear?

- I'm in a meeting.

- I know, I'm sorry.

This call just came in.

You should hear the tape.

Go on, play it.

Police department,  
how may I help you?

I heard you're  
looking for a little girl.

Excuse me?

I can tell you  
where you can find her.

Micki.

You'd better come here.

That pervert became confident,  
staged a whole production.

Tsvika is coming.

The commander got off his  
high horse? That can't be good.

Micki, you're done here.

- Tsvika.

- Did you hear me?

Report tomorrow to Nissim  
in the traffic department.

- You can't throw me off this case.

- It's Rami's case now.

Rami?

He couldn't find  
a body in a morgue!

Nothing personal.

- Oh.

- Micki, did you hear me?

It's Rami's case now.

You can go.

He's the last person

I need now.

- Who is that?

- The girl's father.

Don't let him through.

What's he doing

at the murder scene?

He served with the chief  
of police in Lebanon.

That doesn't mean he can do  
whatever he wants.

- Is everything okay, superstar?

- It doesn't fit.

Shauli says

you need extra-large.

Don't worry, I'll give  
you a celebrity discount.

- What's the deal?

- Come look.

Four thousand hits in two days.

If that isn't stardom, what is?

What the hell?

Does anyone here  
know about this?

By this weekend, everyone will.

- Can you help me out with this?

- There isn't a thing Shauli can't do.

- But on one condition.

- Whatever Shauli wants.

That you ask nicely...

- and without the phone book.

- Very funny.

Shauli will make sure

it's gone by tonight.

Psst!

Psst!

Psst!

Psst! Psst!

Dana, could I have

the note, please?

Dana?

The note.

I've warned you about

passing notes, haven't I?

Could you not read it, please? It

has nothing to do with the exam.

Oh, I get it.

It's a love note.

Don't get me wrong.

At your age I also

passed notes in class...

but not during an exam.

Is that clear'?

Go on, kids.

Finish your exams.

Girl murderer!

Pedophile son of a bitch!

Rapist!

Can I come in?

Yeah.

- Sure, Meir. Come in.

- Thanks.

How can I help you?

You look a little pale.

Is everything okay?

Yes.

I'm trying

to go over some exams

before the kids return  
for the next period.  
How are the grades so far?  
Excellent. Excellent.  
I always liked Bible studies.  
Can I take a look?  
Uh... I haven't gone  
through all of them.  
May I?  
Is this the only one,  
or are there more?  
I thought only the parents were  
poisoned, but the students are too.  
The parents?  
You know how many  
phone calls I got  
because of that YouTube clip?  
I'm sorry, Dror.  
The parents have  
put me in a corner.  
Do what you have to do.  
You know it doesn't  
make me think any less of you.  
I know, Meir.  
I understand.  
It's only temporary.  
I'm sure it'll blow over soon.  
- Hello?  
- Daddy?  
Hey, Shani, my baby!  
So how's the new phone?  
Does it work okay?  
It's the best gift ever!  
That's great. Listen,  
sweetie. Two things...  
Take this phone with you everywhere  
and call me if anything happens, okay?  
- Is that daddy on the phone?  
- Shani?  
- Let me talk to him.  
- But I'm talking!  
Shani?  
That's really good parenting.  
Uh...

Who buys a 10-year-old  
a cellphone?  
It's good in case  
of emergencies.  
I'll decide  
what's good for her.  
I don't have time  
for this, okay?  
Good, then we agree.  
And don't forget  
- to pick her up on Wednesday.  
- Okay, I won't forget.  
Look at this.  
He just arrived  
and is going out already?  
Who helps old ladies  
these days?  
Eti, tell me you've got something for me.  
I've got exactly  
what you're looking for.  
When can I see it?  
Now, if you want.  
What's the address?  
- I'll text you the details.  
- You're an angel.  
Just know it's a hellhole.  
It's hours away.  
A hellhole is good.  
Well?  
Did I nail it or what?  
You nailed it!  
Yours?  
Funny.  
If you ask me,  
this is a serious dump.  
I don't get why anyone  
would want to live here.  
- Eti.  
- Sorry.  
You're right.  
The first rule of real estate  
is never to judge  
your client's taste.  
But the interior

looks like a palace.  
Shall we go in?  
You said you needed  
quiet to write.  
I think this  
is as quiet as it gets.  
It's practically  
a graveyard here.  
- And the basement?  
- The basement?  
Wouldn't you rather  
check out the bedroom first?  
- Eti.  
- The basement, the basement.  
Big basement,  
just like you asked for.  
Shall we test it?  
What do you mean  
by "test it?"  
I'll go upstairs,  
and I want you to scream.  
- Scream?  
- Yes.  
As loud as you can.  
I don't get it.  
My son will be playing  
his drums here.  
I want to make sure  
it won't disturb my writing.  
Oh...  
I get it. You freaked me out  
for a sec.  
So I'll go upstairs, you count  
to ten and start yelling.  
Sure.  
Ten...  
Nine...  
Eight...  
Five...  
Four...  
One.  
The things you'll do  
for a commission.  
Ahh...

- You can stop now.  
- You frightened me half to death.  
- Sorry.  
- Well, what do you think?  
I think I'll take it.  
Great!  
You'll also like the price.  
It's surrounded by Arab villages,  
so it's really cheap.  
Shall we go?  
What are you doing here?  
Still living  
with your parents, huh?  
My parents are dead.  
I thought  
you only killed children.  
You're not allowed to be here.  
It's true what  
they say about small dogs...  
That they only bark?  
This one likes to bite.  
Hey...  
This isn't over.  
Hi, it's me.  
I know, I see  
your name on the display.  
Yeah, you're right.  
Funny.  
What do you want, Dror?  
I want to see you girls.  
But I don't want to see you.  
Anat, I didn't do anything.  
I can't deal  
with this right now.  
At least let me see Tali.  
Today is her birthday.  
It's too soon, Dror.  
I bought her  
the bicycle she wanted.  
Tie it to the fence tonight.  
She'll see it in the morning.  
By then  
it won't be her birthday.  
Dror, I have to hang up.

Come in.  
Where's the kid?  
Did you send him  
to the traffic department too?  
You're in no position  
to be joking around. Sit.  
What now?  
Yes, Tsvika.  
We've been kind of busy here.  
Kind of.  
You really screwed me over  
with your blooper video.  
Son of a bitch.  
Who's a son of a bitch?  
The bastard who promised  
to take it off.  
It's out there, Micki.  
And it makes us look bad.  
Real bad.  
The police already have  
a bad reputation. Now this?  
Listen, the guys upstairs  
are pressuring me.  
Oh, I see where  
this talk is going.  
It's only temporary,  
until this fiasco blows over.  
Tomorrow another clip  
will go viral.  
That's how it is  
these days on the net.  
You're a star  
for a split second.  
- Let's just hope he won't sue.  
- He won't.  
- How do you know?  
- I just do.  
- Seriously, Micki.  
- Look, it's only a matter of time  
until this clip  
ends up on the news.  
The only way to prevent  
the shit that's coming our way...  
is by proving the little prick

is guilty. Do you understand?  
Why are you asking me?  
You're not a cop anymore.  
You're a civilian.  
Civilians can do  
whatever they want...  
As long as they  
don't get caught.  
Come.  
Start digging.  
You're making a mistake.  
Dig, dig.  
Did I ask you to stop digging?  
Are you going to shoot me now?  
Listen carefully.  
I know that at this point  
you'll confess to everything  
I tell you to...  
so let's just stick  
to the facts.  
I already have the bodies.  
I want you to tell me  
where the heads are.  
What heads?  
I'm asking you  
for the last time.  
Where did you hide them?  
Stop!  
I have no idea!  
You're insane!  
- You have to stop this insanity!  
- I'll stop  
once you tell me  
where they are.  
No!  
Are you going to help me  
with him?  
Are you from his department?  
Are you kidding?  
I'm from Internal Affairs.  
I hope you put an end  
to this saga.  
So do I.  
You can get in the car.

Once again, thank you.  
Before I let you go...  
I must ask you...  
not to try anything funny,  
and not to shout.  
Not because I have a gun...  
and not because where we are  
no one would hear you anyway...  
but because we're adults...  
and adults don't shout,  
they talk.  
Nod your head  
if you understand.  
Are you out of your mind?!  
I thought we had  
an understanding.  
- Do you know who I am?  
- I know who you are.  
I think you've forgotten  
who I am.  
- Have we met?  
- Not formally.  
We met once in an abandoned  
field.  
Sorry, I'm bad with faces.  
I'll help you remember.  
You were standing  
over my daughter's body.  
One could even say  
you put her there.  
Don't be scared.  
I have no interest in you.  
You're only here  
because you got in my way.  
And as I see it...  
- you owe me.  
- I owe you?  
- According to the chaos theory.  
- Chaos what?  
Don't they teach you anything  
at the police academy?  
All it takes is for a butterfly  
to flutter its wings...  
Flutter?

I'll explain it in a way  
that even a detective in the  
Israeli police can understand.  
If you hadn't beaten  
the bastard...  
he wouldn't have been released  
and killed my daughter.  
Why do you think  
I kidnapped the bastard?  
I saw what you did.  
You're always interrupting.  
I actually feel  
I'm making progress.  
You'd never get him  
to talk anyway.  
- Maniacs aren't afraid of guns.  
- No? What then?  
Maniacs are afraid of maniacs.  
As I see it,  
there are three options here.  
One, I let you go...  
but now you know too much,  
and you might try and stop me.  
Which leads me to option two.  
I finish you off right now,  
and frame you for all the shit  
that's about to go down  
with the smurf downstairs.  
But you're a cop.  
I don't want to break  
my mother's heart.  
So that brings me  
to option three...  
which seems like  
the best option for both of us.  
- I make you an accomplice.  
- You want to kill him?  
I want to know where he  
buried my daughter's head.  
If, as fate would have it,  
he dies in the process...  
from blood loss  
or oxygen deficiency...  
you won't see me shed a tear.

Well?

What's your decision?

I'm with you,

but only until he talks.

Good enough for me.

- Should we discuss strategy?

- Strategy?

You know, good cop, bad cop?

- There's no room for good cops.

- No problem.

Bad cop, bad cop.

Uhh...

Do you want me to do anything?

Follow my lead.

Are you okay?

Shall we begin?

Yes?

No?

Okay.

Here we go.

Don't you have a phone book?

It works better

with a phone book.

We're not at that point yet.

I thought I'd read The Dwarf,  
a children's story, first.

Oh, sorry.

Didn't mean to interrupt.

This fairytale was written  
by the Israeli police...

based on true events.

And like any fairytale...

ours also begins with a wolf.

The wolf is you, by the way.

Our wolf is no different

from the other wolves...

except for his height, maybe.

And like

all the other wolves...

he also likes

to surprise little girls.

But our cruel son of a bitch

doesn't just swallow them.

As the pictures show...

our wolf had a method.  
He'd kidnap the girls and stuff  
them with candy and cakes.  
But alas...  
the cakes  
contained sedatives...  
and so the little girls  
would fall into a deep sleep.  
Once asleep...  
he would shove his penis  
into every hole of their bodies.  
Now, before I go on,  
I must ask you.  
What's the matter? You couldn't  
handle one little girl  
so you had to sedate her first?  
Are you insane?  
Huh?  
You're not normal.  
It wasn't me.  
It wasn't me!  
You have to stop him!  
Sorry, but I'd like to know  
how the story ends.  
Where was I?  
He sedated the little girls.  
Right.  
- Bravo.  
- Thanks.  
So after violating  
every hole in their bodies...  
he'd wait until they woke up...  
and then their  
real nightmare began.  
The sick maniac would take  
the little angels' hands...  
and break all  
their fingers, one by one.  
The poor girls would  
faint from the pain.  
And what did  
the sadist do then?  
Wait for them to wake up?  
Have you read this story?

Do you want to take over?  
What? No, you're doing  
a great job.  
Thanks.  
When they'd regain  
consciousness...  
he'd take off  
their shoes and socks...  
and rip their toenails  
off their delicate feet.  
I'll be dammed if I know what  
he did with all those nails.  
The dwarf must have  
a collection.  
So...  
you take souvenirs, huh?  
I guess you have a jar of nails  
above your refrigerator, huh?  
- We'll get to that.  
- Sorry.  
- I got carried away.  
- It's okay, we're almost done.  
After the girls recovered from  
what he'd done to their toes...  
and only  
after they'd recovered...  
he'd saw off their heads  
with a rusty saw.  
The saw was so rusty  
that in some cases  
he'd switch to a less rusty saw  
to complete the task.  
Two of those girls were fully  
awake when he sawed their necks.  
But he left the sickest surprise  
for their parents...  
when he hid their  
daughters' pretty heads.  
One of those girls  
was my daughter...  
and as I see it...  
you have two options...  
to die like the scum  
that you are...

or to die after you  
redeem yourself.

Look...

I can only imagine...  
what you're going through...  
and what something like this  
could do to a father.

Are you being condescending?  
Is he being condescending?

There was a hint  
of condescension.

Listen carefully, shorty.

I'm going to do to you...

all the things you did  
to those poor girls...

finger by finger,  
toenail by toenail...

until your head  
rolls onto the floor.

But...

I'm willing to give you  
a quicker death.

That's why my Glock is here.

Under one condition...

that you tell me where  
you buried my daughter's head.

I don't know where  
your daughter's head is buried.

I didn't do it.

All those things you read...

that's not me.

- You have to believe me.
- Sorry, I'm a non-believer.
- No!
- We'll start with the fingers.

Do you want to go first?

What's going on?

Don't you want  
to stuff him first?

Say what?

You said you'd  
do exactly what he did.

- Are you stalling?
- Of course not.

I thought we'd do it  
in the same order.  
Did I say we'd do it  
in the same order?  
If we do, we'd have to violate  
every hole in his body.  
Are you into that?  
I didn't think so.  
Let's just say we've made  
some modifications.  
What?  
Some changes,  
to give us all a break.  
Speaking of "break..."  
do you want to break  
his finger first...  
or should I start?  
Let's flip a coin.  
I'll be heads, you'll be tails.  
Agreed.  
I hate when that happens.  
- Found it.  
- Great. What does it say?  
Heads.  
I go first.  
Don't you want to use  
one of the tools here?  
- No, I'll manage.  
- Oh, I see.  
You're the type  
who likes the feel of skin.  
If there's something you want  
to tell us, now is the time.  
I'm counting to three.  
One...  
Two...  
Two and a half.  
Is this gonna take much longer?  
Should I bring a sleeping bag?  
If you can't  
look in his eyes...  
I suggest you stand behind him.  
No! No!  
No! No!

No!  
Bravo.  
My turn.  
It's my mom.  
I have to take the call,  
otherwise she goes crazy.  
Okay.  
You can continue without me,  
but leave me some, okay?  
I'm not a hog.  
Mom...  
wait a sec,  
there's no signal here.  
Mom.  
When did you plan on telling me?  
- Tell you what?  
- That you're moving out.  
Eti's mom told me.  
She found you the house  
you were looking for.  
You know things have been bad  
between Tzipie and me since...  
Your generation,  
you split up over everything!  
Mom, it's not over everything!  
Especially  
at a time like this...  
you're supposed to support  
each other, not split up.  
In our day it wasn't like that.  
Marriage was forever.  
If you have something to say,  
now's the time.  
You have to stop this insanity.  
You must believe me.  
It might look like  
I'm enjoying this  
and maybe I am in a way...  
but believe me, I'd be happy  
to stop breaking your fingers.  
Now, would you please  
start talking?  
Talking about what?  
- I really didn't do it.

- They say it gets much easier  
after the second finger.  
Wait, wait!  
What's the point  
of all this? Huh?  
If you torture someone  
long enough...  
he'll confess to anything.  
What if I didn't do it?  
Hmm?  
What if you're making  
a horrible mistake?  
Do you really want  
to lose your job?  
I already did, thanks to you.  
Wait a sec.  
Listen to me.  
If you continue this...  
there's no going back.  
I have a daughter of my own.  
Why would I do that?  
You're a dad too, aren't you?  
If you're a dad too, then you  
know what I'm talking about.  
I have no idea  
what you're talking about.  
I'm talking about  
how everything  
changes when you become a dad.  
The first time they...  
smile at you.  
That moment you swear  
you won't let anyone hurt them.  
Please...  
I just want to go home  
to my little girl.  
Mom, we've been talking for five  
minutes. I need to get going.  
I want to see your new home.  
Your dad and I are coming over.  
This isn't a good time.  
I'm... a bit sick.  
Sick? And who's  
taking care of you?

- I'm 45. I don't need a nanny.

- Yoram!

Your son is sick.

We're going over right now.

- Give me the address.

- I'm not giving you the address.

- I'll ask Eti's mom to tell me.

- It's near an Arab village.

It's a dangerous drive at

night. You're not coming.

- You're not giving me the address?

- No!

Just so you know,

you broke my heart.

- Mom!

- Now I'm angry. Goodbye.

Where were we?

I see you didn't make

much progress.

Yeah.

I figured I'd let

his adrenaline level go down...

so that he feels the pain

all over again.

You should've been a doctor.

Unlike you, I feel

we've lost precious time.

But it's okay.

I know how we can

make up for lost time.

What are you doing?

- Aren't we going overboard?

- Say what?

Ah.

You two were talking

when I was upstairs.

He must've gotten you thinking.

He's good.

You're good.

What, are you going

to kill me now too?

It would be stupid of me to

kill the cop that kidnapped...

abused and executed

the prime suspect.

- I'm not stupid.

- Okay.

This isn't funny.

Put the gun down.

Get some rest.

Okay.

Now I'm ready to hear

what you have to tell me.

You look angry.

Are you angry?

Please, you have to stop this.

I have a daughter of my own.

So what?

Am I supposed to feel sympathy?

Mercy?

Is that how you softened  
sleeping beauty over here?

By speaking  
about your daughter?

I'm a dad too.

Why would I do this  
to a little girl?

I really don't know.

Perhaps you can enlighten me.

Why would a father  
do something like this  
to someone else's daughter?

It was her birthday yesterday.

I'm sure it was very exciting.

I bet you had balloons  
and lit candles.

Was there a cake too?

I'm sure you didn't put the  
secret ingredient in that cake.

Or do you like to touch  
your own daughter too?

Shut your mouth.

Or do you have rules?

You only touch  
other people's daughters.

I never touched your daughter.

You may continue.

Okay.

It's the cake.  
I'll be right back.  
We'll let you cool off a bit.  
No! No! No!  
No!  
Great.  
Now you wake him up.  
Suppose you break loose...  
what's your next step?  
Untie me!  
It won't happen.  
No!  
Peace be upon you.  
Upon you be peace.  
Could you roll me one?  
Take mine.  
I'll roll another one.  
Thank you very much.  
Is that it?  
I just wanted one drag.  
My wife doesn't let me.  
Your wife, huh?  
- Well, goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
I put one candle. At our age,  
many candles would be impolite.  
Want to blow it out?  
You don't have to.  
I'll do it. Make a wish.  
Did you make a wish?  
Don't tell me.  
Would you look at that?  
We never get a break.  
God damn it.  
- What are you doing here?  
- Ask your mom.  
As soon as she heard you're  
sick, she made some soup.  
- Can I come in?  
- Sure.  
Come in, come in.  
You have a stove?  
- Can I be honest, son?  
- Always.

Your mom thinks  
you're losing it.  
She's worried for nothing.  
I'm starting  
to think she's right.  
Dad!  
You left your home,  
moved to a hellhole.  
Pardon me, but... a hellhole  
surrounded by Arabs.  
Does that sound normal to you?  
I just wanted to get away.  
Are you trying  
to kill your mother?  
- Of course not, dad.  
- Because you're killing her.  
No, I'm not!  
Are you bleeding?  
- What?  
- Bleeding, bleeding.  
Look at your lovely shirt.  
I was painting something  
downstairs in the basement.  
While you're sick?  
Yes!  
But why red?  
- Red is for girls.  
- Dad.  
Whatever. I don't get  
your generation anyway.  
I think the soup is ready.  
Come, let's have  
something to eat.  
Nothing beats mom's soup,  
right, Gidin'ka?  
What was that, Gidi?  
On top of Arabs,  
you have rats here too?  
- Forget it. it's nothing.  
- Nothing?  
You've got one hell of  
a rat there.  
Okay, I'll go check it out.  
- Should I come with you?

- There's no need.  
I think I can manage.  
Don't be a wise guy!  
Finish your soup, daddy.  
My dad came to visit.  
I suggest you keep it down.  
Nod your head  
if you understand.  
Do you understand?  
How about you?  
Do you understand?  
What's going on, Gidi?  
You almost killed me, dad.  
- What's going on here?  
- It's nothing.  
Go upstairs.  
I'm not going upstairs until  
you tell me what's going on!  
I think that's all of them.  
You've lost it.  
Completely.  
Dad, go upstairs.  
I'll tell you everything.  
I don't understand you.  
I don't expect you  
to understand.  
You're throwing your life away.  
What life, dad?  
Mika is dead.  
I know.  
But your mom is still alive.  
This will kill her.  
It's not too late  
to back down, son.  
I'm going through  
with this, dad.  
- Gidi, please.  
- You know why Tzipie left me?  
I'm not getting involved.  
Some things are between  
a man and his wife.  
I was supposed to pick Mika up  
the clay he took her from me...  
but I forgot.

You know why I forgot?  
Because I was  
with my secretary.  
Gidin'ka.  
And while she was giving me a  
blowjob, Tzipie called to say...  
that they called from school...  
because I forgot  
to pick up Michaela.  
Now do you get it, dad?  
I put Mika...  
- ...in his hands.  
- Don't say that.  
No father should have  
to bury his child.  
But if I'm already being  
punished for my bad deeds...  
and I've clone plenty  
in my time...  
then at least I'll take  
that son of a bitch with me.  
But not before  
he tells me where...  
he buried the head  
of my daughter.  
Your granddaughter.  
I owe that to Tzipie.  
No mother should have to  
bury a headless daughter.  
Is there no way  
to talk you out of this?  
No, daddy.  
Not this time.  
Psst. Hey. Hey.  
Can you hear me?  
Next time he asks you where his  
daughter's head is, answer him.  
- But I don't know.  
- That's not the point!  
We're dealing with a nutcase.  
Just name a place,  
buy us some time.  
Got it?  
Just don't tell him right away.

Take some pain first.  
Take some pain first?  
Yes, for a bit, so that he  
doesn't get suspicious.  
And then tell him.  
Understood?  
Understood?!  
Mm-hmm.  
So what's the plan?  
- What?  
- I want to help.  
- What do you mean "help?"  
- I gather he's not talking.  
Come on, dad.  
Go home to mom.  
I'm not leaving until he talks.  
Then tell mom  
you're sleeping over.  
The bastard won't be  
talking any time soon.  
Have you done  
the fire test yet?  
"Fire test?"  
They don't teach you anything  
in the army these days, huh?  
If there's one thing I learned  
while serving in the army...  
is that, much like animals...  
what scares people  
the most is fire.  
Fire, you say.  
I need a blowtorch.  
So you're the son of a bitch  
who killed my granddaughter.  
What kind of monster  
would do such a thing?  
What are you doing?  
Patience. You'll know  
everything soon enough.  
Gidin'ka, will I have  
to wait much longer?  
Sorry, it took me  
a while to find it.  
- Dad, what are you doing?

- Defrosting the meat.

That's great,

but that's the wrong meat.

That's the cop.

- That's the pedophile.

- Ah.

How could I confuse the two?

It never used to

happen to me. it's age.

It does terrible things

to the mind.

Your mind is fine, dad.

I can understand

your confusion.

- You're just saying that.

- No, I can really understand.

He looks more like

a pedophile than him.

This one looks like

he couldn't hurt a fly.

That's why he hurts

little girls.

What are you doing?

I hear you're not

talking to my son.

I told him I didn't do it.

Now I'm telling you the same.

Could you talk to him?

Calm him down?

You have my word

that I'll talk to him...

but first I want you

to answer one question.

Look at me.

If I knew something, don't you

think I'd tell him by now?

Maybe.

But just to be

on the safe side...

I'll ask one more time.

Gidin'ka...

the blowtorch.

Are you going

to tell me where you...

buried my granddaughter's head?

I really don't know.

No!

You smell that, Gidin'ka?

It smells like a barbeque.

You have no idea how much

I've missed that smell.

His mom turned

me into a vegetarian...

because of my high cholesterol.

Oh, I could go on all night!

Gidin'ka...

I remember you loved

hot clogs as a kid.

- Do you still like hot dogs?

- Who doesn't?

No! No,

I'll talk! I'll talk!

I told you, Gidin'ka.

When it comes to the balls,

everyone talks.

Talk.

The girl...

She's buried

in a derelict greenhouse...

five hundred yards behind

the school...

where the new wing

is being built...

in the southern corner...

right underneath a fan.

See?

Where there's a will,

there's a way.

I think I earned you today.

Gidin'ka, don't tell

your mother about this, okay?

It'll be our little secret.

You're full

of surprises today, huh?

Dad...

I need you to watch over

these two until I get back.

You can trust me.

My wife.

- Hello, Malka!

- Hello.

Can you hear me?

- Do you know what time it is?

- I do, I do.

Why didn't you call

to say you'd be late?

I was busy with our son.

How's he feeling?

Did you have soup?

We did.

It was delicious.

So what are you doing there?

Are you smoking again?

Of course not.

Did you take your pill?

- I forgot.

- Of course you did!

If I'm not there

to remind you, who will?

Take it now and eat

something solid beforehand.

Okay, Malka. Okay.

Otherwise you'll

have gas all night.

Well, I'm going to sleep.

Be quiet when you come to bed.

I promise, Malka.

Good night.

I'll be as quiet as a cricket.

Something solid.

Where will

I find something solid?

This place is like

a student dorm.

Bingo!

Cake with frosting!

Not bad.

Not bad at all.

Hope you're not mad at me

for not offering you some.

I have to eat some solid food

before taking my pill.

Never cuff a cop.  
Come on, untie me.  
No, in your condition  
you'd only slow me down.  
But I did what you asked me to do,  
I bought us some time. Untie me.  
Listen, I'm going to get help.  
I'll be right back.  
Don't leave me  
with this lunatic!  
He won't find anything there.  
He'll come back and slaughter me!  
You have to help me.  
Why did you stop?  
I have to know.  
To know what?  
- Look me in the eye.  
- You can't be serious.  
He'll be back any minute now.  
- Did you do it?  
- I didn't do a thing.  
Untie me!  
If you don't release me now,  
you're making a big mistake.  
You'll regret it  
for the rest of your life.  
Good evening.  
Why do you Jews always think  
that we all want to kill you?  
No, not at all, but...  
you know how it is.  
Yes, unfortunately I do.  
Yeah. Say...  
you wouldn't have  
a cellphone, would you?  
Why not?  
Because we're primitive?  
- No, why do you say that?  
- Isn't that what you think?  
Not at all. If anybody's  
primitive here, it's us.  
You people have the right idea.  
- May I?  
- Yes, sure.

Thank you.

An iPhone, huh?

- 4S.

- Nice. Thanks.

You're a life saver.

- Tsvika's office.

- Who is it? Rona?

- Efrat.

- It's Micki. Put Tsvika on the phone.

He's been looking

everywhere for you.

That's why I called.

Put him on.

Do you know how long

I've been looking for you?

- Listen, Tsvika.

- No, Micki, you listen!

- Your wife is here. She's hysterical.

- What?

Is it Micki?

Give me the phone.

- Micki, where is she?

- Where's who?

Your daughter! She's not  
answering her cellphone...

- ...and you're not answering yours.

- She's not answering?

Not since you picked her up  
from ballet class.

I thought those days  
were behind us.

Do you hear me?

Is everything okay?

Dad?

Dad?

Dad.

Don't worry.

I'll do it quickly.

It's a little rusty,  
but it'll do the job.

No, no, no!

Enough, son.

That's enough.

- Stop right there.

- What have you done?  
You're insane!  
I don't think that will help.  
He mustn't die! Get me  
something to stop the bleeding!  
Gidi, I suggest you run quickly,  
before the police get here.  
Are you people listening to me?  
Where did you hide my daughter?  
Your daughter?  
Please, tell me where she is.  
What did you do with her?  
What do we do?  
Get a piece of paper!  
Some paper and a pen.  
Gidi, bring something.  
Hello.  
- Tsvika.  
- Yes?  
- We're done here.  
- Did you find anything?  
No, we didn't find anything.  
- Wrap it up, then.  
- Yes, I'm leaving.