

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

by

Phil Alden Robinson

3rd Draft (3f)
June 27, 1997

Under a burning African sun, a trail of REFUGEES trudges dispiritedly across the barren landscape.

A LEGEND appears on the screen:

*1984 -- Civil war in Ethiopia leads to famine,
threatening millions of lives*

Something ROARS above, but they don't even look up to see the lumbering C-130 CARGO PLANE passing low overhead.

... The world's relief organizations respond.

Aging waterfront cranes unload crates stencilled "USA" from a rusting CARGO SHIP. The crates are then forklifted and carried by an army of WORKERS to a waiting convoy of trucks.

Striding through all this is YAKOB, a young African man wearing an open epauletted shirt over a Grateful Dead t-shirt. He is talking to a JAPANESE VIDEO CREW.

YAKOB

First, Somalia invaded Ethiopia. The Soviets - who used to support Somalia - sent tons of weapons to Ethiopia. So America - which used to support Ethiopia - sent tons of weapons to Somalia. They always pick the losers, don't they? Anyway, Ethiopia wins. But do they get peace? No. Too many guns.

Yakob hands his paperwork to a DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER.

YAKOB

Hello. Sunderland Technical Group.

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

Non-profit?

YAKOB

Hardly.

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

This tax must be paid.

YAKOB

Yes. Mr. Sunderland is taking that up with your government.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

The Customs Officer is a bit uncomfortable with the video crew recording all this, but he plunges on.

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
What is this? Half your shipment
is not even listed here.

YAKOB
It's okay. Mr. Sunderland is on
the short-wave right now ...
having a nice talk with your
Finance Minister.

3 INT. HARRY'S TRUCK - DJIBOUTI CITY STREETS - DAY

3

HARRY
Hey fuck you, pal. Every pallet
coming off that boat is transit
cargo, it's not subject to local
tax.

Talking on the short-wave from the passenger seat is HARRY
SUNDERLAND. He has seen and done it all, and is that rarest
of men: one who doesn't give a damn what anyone thinks of him.

MINISTER'S VOICE
Oh Harry, I'm afraid I must insist.

HARRY
Fine. In one hour I can get every
relief group in Africa to start
shipping through Mombasa. That
means someone else gets the
commissions and you can go back to
living off your salary.

MINISTER'S VOICE
Oh, Harry. There's no need for
that.

HARRY
(smiles)
Thank you, Minister. Give my love
to Maria.

Harry hangs up. The truck has slowed down, and Harry's
driver - a young African woman named FARAH - HONKS the horn.

HARRY
The hell is this?

Hordes of STARVING PEOPLE have gathered at an AID
DISTRIBUTION CENTER, spilling out into the road.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

FARAH
Someone foolish has placed an aid station on the docks.

HARRY
Don't tell me: the U.N.'s here.

FARAH
They arrived yesterday. Can you guess who's in charge?

Harry's seasoned eyes scan the utter chaos.

HARRY
I'd say the French.

FARAH
Of course. I mean which one.

HARRY
Well, there's no water truck ... Goubert?

Farah smiles and points to a TALL MAN in safari outfit, waving his arms madly at a bunch of subordinates.

HARRY
Hey, Goober! Got any Pop-Tarts?

Goubert sees Harry, turns red, and starts YELLING angrily at him in French. Harry, pleased, turns to Farah and smiles.

HARRY
He once sent 14 tons of Pop-Tarts to a famine, but no toasters.

Farah bursts out laughing as they drive onto the docks.

4 EXT. PORT OF DJIBOUTI - DOCKSIDE - DAY

4

Yakob is continuing his interview with the Japanese crew.

YAKOB
... so now Ethiopia is divided. The Amhara fight the Tigre, the Oromo fight the Afar, and the drought makes beggars of them all.

HARRY
(arriving)
There any place on this Goddamn planet people actually get along?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

YAKOB

I hear Tibet is nice.

HARRY

Yeah, if you're Chinese. What's the latest up-country?

Harry and Yakob start walking off ...

YAKOB

It's worse. The rebels now have the entire northern half, but they can't feed their people, and the U.N. still won't deal with them.

... but the video crew still follows.

HARRY

(to the video crew)

You fellas here for Duran Duran?

JAPANESE REPORTER

Duran Duran is here?

HARRY

Oh yeah. Big relief mission. About a half-mile that way.

Exit the video crew. Yakob tries not to laugh.

HARRY

Now. How are we doing?

YAKOB

Customs knows something is wrong, but they don't know what.

They approach the Djiboutian Customs Officer.

HARRY

I'm Harry Sunderland. What's the problem?

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

You have papers for only 14 pallets. I count 22 pallets coming off your boat.

HARRY

What am I, a smuggler? It's all relief supplies, pal. Open 'em up, take a look.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
I already did.

HARRY
And?

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
Just food and medicine.

HARRY
Thank you. Can we go now?

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
No. I will not release any cargo
until the documents are in order.

Harry grabs the paperwork, looks it over, and feigns chagrin.

HARRY
I'll be damned. Sorry, pal, they
were supposed to fax the rest.
The fax didn't come in? Let's
check your fax machine, okay?

He steers the man into the Customs office. As they enter:

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
We don't have a fax machi--

Harry closes the door behind them. Yakob exchanges a
whispered flirtation with Farah. Moments later, Harry and
the now-smiling Customs Officer emerge.

DJIBOUTIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
Thank you, Mr. Sunderland. Sorry
for the delay, Mr. Sunderland.

HARRY
No problem, pal.

Harry turns to yell to his workers.

HARRY
Alright, let's go, let's go, I got
a plane to catch!

5 EXT. ETHIOPIAN REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

5

Hundreds of starving REFUGEES watch as a dozen young AFRICAN
MEN hurriedly carry aid packages from flat-bed trucks to a
storage shack. BINH, a sweetly enthusiastic Vietnamese man
in his 50s, is directing them in *Ethiopian*.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

GEORGI, a 40-something Yugoslav-of-all-trades, and a bear of a man, enters frame, checks his watch, and calls to Binh:

GEORGI

He'll be landing in an hour. We better go.

Binh nods and hurries off.

6 EXT. ETHIOPIAN REFUGEE CAMP - BY THE RIVER - DAY

6

TINO, a caustic Costa Rican in his mid-30s, is supervising some REFUGEES putting a new WATER PUMP on-line. One turns it on. It starts up with a mighty noise. Water gushes out.

BINH (o.s.)

Tino!

Tino looks up and sees Binh at a distance gesture to his watch. Tino turns to the men nearest him ...

TINO

Gotta go, gotta go.

... he slaps palms with a few and hurries off.

7 INT. ETHIOPIAN REFUGEE CAMP MEDICAL TENT - DAY

7

A long tent filled with PATIENTS: malnourished, or pregnant, or comatose. RELATIVES sit by their beds and wave the flies away. In the middle of the room, CHILDREN are weighed in balance-baskets, or measured against a piece of wood.

Through all this, hurry an AFRICAN NURSE and KATIA. Katia, like Georgi, is a Yugoslav. She wears no makeup, her hair is pulled back, she is tired and grimy, and still beautiful.

KATIA

... There's penicillin, which needs to be refrigerated, and plastic bracelets for little ones who need special feeding. Carton in corner is dried milk powder. If I left it in warehouse, you'd never get it.

She is distracted by the sound of WAILING. A few beds away, a young ETHIOPIAN MOTHER keens as AID WORKERS move her crying SON from bed to a stretcher. Katia watches.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

KATIA

To save her son's life she must
lose him, yes?

AFRICAN NURSE

He's going to hospital in Denmark.
How did you know?

KATIA

The sound she makes.

The nurse nods. The boy is carried out of the tent.

Georgi enters the tent and calls to Katia in *Serbo-Croatian*.
Katia responds and then turns to her friend.

KATIA

I hope I'll see you again.

AFRICAN NURSE

Me too. Where do you go next?

KATIA

Vacation, thank God.

The woman laughs and hugs Katia goodbye.

AFRICAN NURSE

Take care of yourself, Katia.

Over her friend's shoulder, Katia watches the sad mother
weeping over the empty bed, still warm from her little boy.

Katia closes her eyes, breaks the hug and exits.

8 EXT. DJIBOUTI AIRPORT - DAY

8

Harry's crates are being loaded onto a DC-3 CARGO PLANE. A
PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL tries to keep up with Harry as he
hurries across the tarmac toward the plane.

PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL

But you are not cleared for
takeoff until 1400.

HARRY

I'm sure you're right ... but I'm
leaving now.

PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL

I have a passenger who needs to
get to the capital, and he's not
here yet.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

HARRY

Well, then that works out just fine. I don't take passengers.

They have reached the plane, and as Harry starts up the steps, the Aid Official grabs his arm. Big mistake.

PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL

Sir! You will not take off until I say so!

Harry grabs the man's hand, spins him around and throws him up against the plane with brutal force.

HARRY

Touch me again, I'll break your fucking arm. Now, I got a contract, and I got a planeload of relief. If I don't deliver it right now, people die, and I don't get paid. So piss off.

Harry pushes the man away and heads up the steps.

PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL

I will report this.

HARRY

Oh blow me, Gunga Din.

PAKISTANI AID OFFICIAL

How dare you speak to me like that. Who do you think you are?

Harry re-emerges in the hatchway with a great smile --

HARRY

I'm a Goddamn humanitarian!

-- and disappears into the plane.

9 INT. DC-3 CARGO PLANE - DAY

9

Harry joins Yakob inside, who is making sure the pallets are securely strapped down. They make their way to the cockpit.

HARRY

Let's get out of here before his passenger shows up.

YAKOB

He'd have taken a bribe, you know.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

HARRY
Threatening him was more fun.

YAKOB
You've been away from Katia too long.

HARRY
Tell me about it.

They have entered the cockpit and Yakob takes the left seat - he's the pilot. Harry takes the right seat. Yakob looks out the window and sees something.

YAKOB
Ah, too late.

10 POV - THE RUNWAY

10

A man with too much luggage is running across the tarmac to the plane. He is OLE, an overweight, blonde Swede.

HARRY
Shit.

11 INT. DC-3 CARGO PLANE - DAY

11

Ole - sweating and out of breath - galumphs onto the plane.

OLE
I have to get to the capital.
You're the only plane today.

Ole takes the jump seat and looks at Harry curiously.

OLE
We've met, I think. I am Ole
Ernsson. United Nations.

Harry looks at Yakob, who grimaces and starts the engines. Ole, ignored, tries to remember how he knows Harry.

12 EXT. ETHIOPIAN BUSH - ARMY CHECKPOINT - DAY

12

As far as the eye can see there is only baked earth, and occasionally small, dry shrubs. In the foreground is a checkpoint, manned by TWO ETHIOPIAN SOLDIERS listening to a BOOM BOX playing the disco version of the Star Wars Theme.

One looks out towards the horizon. He sees clouds of DUST rising in the distance, down the road. Something's coming.

13 SOLDIERS' POV - THE CARAVAN 13

A dust-caked LANDCRUISER with a RED CROSS painted on the side, followed by 6 FLATBED TRUCKS. The beds of the trucks are empty, but the cabs are full of young African men.

14 INT. LANDCRUISER - DAY 14

In the Landcruiser, behind the AFRICAN DRIVER, are Georgi, Tino, Binh and Katia. Katia is drawing in her sketchbook a PORTRAIT of an old African man, one eye clouded by cataracts.

TINO

Okay ... Panama.

BINH

Panama ...

(gets it)

1955! President Remon -- machine-gunned at the race track.

TINO

Very good. Ceylon.

GEORGI

The Prime Minister with the long name ...

BINH

(jumping in)

Shot to death by Buddhist monks!

TINO

Actually, they were posing as Buddhist monks, but we'll accept that. Uhh ... Tanzania.

That stumps everyone.

TINO

Anybody? Tanzania?

(no response)

President Karume, 1971.

Assassinated while playing cards.

KATIA

Vice-President Karume. He was holding two pair, jacks high.

Everyone is impressed.

TINO

How do you know that?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

KATIA
Harry was in game.

And she keeps sketching as the car slows down to stop.

15 EXT. ETHIOPIAN BUSH - ARMY CHECKPOINT - DAY

15

The convoy stops.

1ST ETHIOPIAN SOLDIER
Where do you go?

GEORGI
To capital. Addis.
(points to door)
Look. Red Cross.

1ST ETHIOPIAN SOLDIER
(to African driver)
This is not the way to the capital.

The driver says nothing. In fact, throughout this scene, he will say not a word.

GEORGI
It's okay. We are not in hurry.

ETHIOPIAN SOLDIER
(to African driver)
This way is rebel territory. You
are going wrong way.

GEORGI
(steely)
Thank you. But we like this way.

1ST ETHIOPIAN SOLDIER
Maybe you smuggle to the rebels.

GEORGI
Smuggle what? My trucks are empty.

The soldier looks. The flatbeds are completely empty.

ETHIOPIAN SOLDIER
Maybe you smuggle trucks.

GEORGI
Don't be stupid. Come on, let us
through.

KATIA
Oh, Georgi ...

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

The second soldier steps up, fingering his weapon. This is, as Katia knew it would, getting out of control, so she reaches behind her to a stack of Playboy Magazines. She takes one and hands it out the window to the Soldier.

KATIA

February issue. Very good.

He takes it, looks at it, looks at her, then nods toward his comrade. She hands a second one to him.

KATIA

It's February issue. Enjoy.

They step aside, and the convoy drives off.

16 INT. DC-3 CARGO PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

16

Yakob struggles to hold the plane steady. Ole watches Harry drinking from a little airline bottle of booze.

OLE

I know I've met you somewhere.
Was it Cambodia? The famine?

HARRY

I was in Cambodia for the famine.

OLE

I was there with UNHCR in 1980.

HARRY

(shakes head no)
OxFam. '79.

OLE

Hmmm ... How about Pakistan?

HARRY

I was in Pakistan.

OLE

World Health Organization. '82.

HARRY

I.R.C. '81.

OLE

Perhaps ... Nicaragua?

HARRY

Well, I was there, but I don't
think we would have met.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

OLE

Not the earthquake -- I mean during the unrest.

HARRY

Yeah, that's when I was there, but ... we wouldn't have met.

OLE

I was with Food for Peace.

HARRY

Yeah, we really wouldn't have met.

Ole thinks about that, and Yakob hides a smile.

17 EXT. ETHIOPIAN BUSH - AIRSTRIP - DAY

17

Harry's team waits at the edge of this crude AIRSTRIP to watch the old DC-3 bumpily land.

Harry bounds out of the plane. As the Africans in the six flatbeds hurriedly off-load pallets from the plane, Harry greets the men of his team with hugs and soul-handshakes.

HARRY

Lovely to see you ... hello ...

Katia tosses him a plastic bottle. He takes a swig, then pulls her close and kisses her. Deeply. They are more than just co-workers.

HARRY

God I missed you.
(re: the bottle)
What the hell is this?

KATIA

Water. How was Egypt?

(Harry has joined the others in off-loading the plane.)

HARRY

Hot.

KATIA

I'll bet it was.

HARRY

I just had lunch with her.

KATIA

Uh huh.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

HARRY
Heard from your boyfriend?

KATIA
Which one?

Touche. Harry smiles.

OLE
Excuse me! Will someone tell me
why are we landed here? What are
they doing?

HARRY
Uh, everyone, this is Ole.

They all start to greet Ole in a friendly way --

HARRY
He's with the U.N.

-- and that ends the friendly greeting. The smiles fade, the
handshakes go limp, and Ole is instantly ignored as they
continue to off-load part of the plane's cargo.

GEORGI
So what'd they say?

HARRY
They thanks for a job well done,
said the money's in my account,
and we start the next one Tuesday.

Katia seems surprised to hear that.

TINO
What happened to my vacation?

HARRY
Tell you later.

The convoy's African driver approaches Harry ... and smiles.

AFRICAN DRIVER
Hello, Harry.

HARRY
Hey, Colonel.
(they shake hands)
How goes your war?

AFRICAN DRIVER
We have good days and bad days.
Thanks to you, this is a good day.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

He hands Harry a thick envelope. Money.

HARRY

For me too.

OLE

Excuse me! But this is for distribution by the Ethiopian government only.

HARRY

No.

(pointing to the cargo on the plane)

That's for the government. This is for the people the government's letting starve to death.

OLE

You're not giving this to the rebels ...

HARRY

Hell no ... I'm selling it to 'em.

OLE

No no no. This is a violation of neutrality!

HARRY

Yeah well, your kind of neutrality is killing people.

OLE

Sir, I greatly resent that.

HARRY

Oh bite me, Ole.

Ole sputters and heads back for the plane. Harry notices Katia is staring disapprovingly.

KATIA

"Bite me, Ole"?

HARRY

I can't help it. If the U.N. had been around in the 30s we'd all be talking German.

Yakob leans out of the cockpit window.

YAKOB

Harry! You coming?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

HARRY
I'll ride with the guys. See you
tonight.

Yakob waves and starts turning the plane around for takeoff.
Harry and his team head for the Landcruiser.

HARRY
(notices something)
Since when are we in the Red Cross?

BINH
Since Tino painted it on the car.

HARRY
Oh. Nice touch.

TINO
Gracias.

18 EXT. ETHIOPIAN BUSH - DAY

18

The Landcruiser motors across the landscape.

19 INT. LANDCRUISER - DAY

19

Georgi drives with one arm propped in the open window. It is
caked with the dust of the red clay on which they ride.

GEORGI
Okay Harry, what's this job more
important than holiday?

Harry sits in the back with Katia.

HARRY
Well, it's 20,000 refugees, two
camps, water purification, food
distribution. It pays great and
we don't have to dig the latrines.

TINO
Beauty. Where is it?

HARRY
Angola.

Everyone turns, amazed. Harry smiles.

GEORGI
I thought you couldn't go to
Angola.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

HARRY

It was just one guy, turns out he's not a problem anymore.

BINH

You paid him off?

HARRY

Didn't have to. He had a falling-out with the Generals.

KATIA

What kind of falling-out?

HARRY

Actually, from a plane.

Much laughter. Katia looks at Harry in mock-horror.

HARRY

Well, I didn't push him.

20 BINOCULAR'S POV

20

Heat waves ripple through this view of the white Land-Rover.

21 EXT. ETHIOPIAN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

21

A dozen heavily-armed GUNMEN - mostly teeangers - wait behind a stone outcropping, chewing narcotic leaves. One trains his binos on the car in the distance.

Parked nearby are two TOYOTA PICKUP TRUCKS, each with a large calibre machine-gun mounted in the bed.

22 INT. LAND-ROVER - LATE AFTERNOON

22

Georgi drives. Katia is back to sketching the Cataract-man in her book. Harry just stares at her until she looks up. She sees him watching and it makes her smile.

KATIA

What.

He pulls a small fabric pouch from his pocket.

HARRY

I bought you something in Cairo.

She opens it to reveal a SILVER CHAIN with a CHARM in the shape of a lily. This touches her.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

KATIA
(softly)
Bosnia.

Harry lifts his flask in toast.

HARRY
Herzegovina.
(takes a swig)
The guy who sold it to me swore it
was magic. Said nothing bad can
happen to he who wears it.

KATIA
Since when do you believe in magic?

HARRY
Mmm, six years ago next April?

Katia cannot help but smile.

KATIA
Oh bite me.

Harry is delighted. Up front, Georgi's eyes narrow as he notices something in the distance.

GEORGI
Harry -- Technicals.

Harry straightens up and looks out the front window.

23 HARRY'S POV

23

The trucks are careening for them, kicking up plumes of dust. There are young gunmen in the cabs and more standing in the beds. Some with rifles, some with handguns.

HARRY (o.s.)
Binh - whose are they?

BINH (o.s.)
Can't tell.

24 INT. LANDCRUISER - LATE AFTERNOON

24

As the Landcruiser slows down, Harry reaches below the seat, pulls out a pistol, and hands it to Katia.

HARRY
Don't get out.

The Landcruiser stops. Harry and Georgi step out of the car.

25 EXT. LANDCRUISER - LATE AFTERNOON

25

The two Toyotas pull up and stop on either side of them. The rear-mounted machine guns are swung around and aimed at the Landcruiser. Georgi raises a hand in a friendly wave.

GEORGI

We are relief workers.

No response. One TALL GUNMAN, who wears a Chuck Norris t-shirt, chews deliberately on a large leaf. Behind him, two young men wrestle over a Kalashnikov.

GEORGI

We help all sides. All clans.

The Kalashnikov swings wildly in their direction, but veers aside just as it goes off. Harry doesn't flinch.

HARRY

You mind telling them to stop that?

The tall gunman yells at the arguers, and they stop.

TALL GUNMAN

You follow us.

GEORGI

No, we are leaving country. Our work is done here.

The tall gunman points his pistol at them.

TALL GUNMAN

You follow.

Harry and Georgi stare back. Harry nods.

HARRY

Okay.

Harry touches Georgi's arm and they get back into the car.

The first Toyota drives off, the Landcruiser follows, and the other Toyota follows in the rear.

26 EXT. ARMED CAMP - DUSK

26

The three vehicles pull into the armed camp, and the Landcruiser's occupants notice two things: how many weapons there are, and how grave the soldiers look.

27 INT. WARLORD'S HUT - DUSK

27

An old WARLORD lies dying, a fly wandering across his brow. He mumbles incoherently through dry lips.

Katia examines him. When he opens his eyes, she stops. One eye is clouded by cataracts. It's the old man she drew in her sketchbook.

WARLORD

It's out ... they let it out ...

Katia is transfixed. Behind her stand Harry and his team. The tall gunman and two other gunmen stand in the doorway.

TALL GUNMAN

You save him.

HARRY

We're not doctors.

TALL GUNMAN

Red Cross. Save him.

Binh shoots an accusing look at Tino.

BINH

(sotto voce to Tino)

Nice going, Tino.

HARRY

We help Red Cross. We bring supplies, we set up camps, but we're not doctors.

TALL GUNMAN

He dies. You die.

The warlord mumbles on, half-mad. Dying.

WARLORD

You can't stop it ... it's too late ... it's too strong ...

He says it right to Katia. She can't take her eyes off him.

KATIA

What's too strong?

WARLORD

It's not just in my house ...

The old man grabs Harry's arm and speaks with great effort.

WARLORD

It will be in your house soon.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

A chill runs through Katia's bones. The old man sinks back. Harry speaks softly to her.

HARRY
How long's he got?

KATIA
Hours. Maybe less.

GEORGI
Shit.

HARRY
Binh, can you make these guys?

BINH
Some sub-clan. Maybe Tulama,
maybe Arusi ... I can't tell.

HARRY
I need something to go on. Pick
one.

BINH
Oh Jesus, Harry ...

HARRY
Come on, pal. Commit.

Binh is sweating. He really cannot tell.

BINH
Arusi. Christian.

HARRY
Good.

GEORGI
You have plan?

Harry nods and exits the hut, the gunmen in the doorway backing outside as he does.

28 EXT. WARLORD'S HUT - DUSK

28

Harry addresses the armed throng.

HARRY
Your leader will die. No one can
save him. So we're leaving.
(to his team)
Come on.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

GEORGI
That's plan?

HARRY
Yep. Let's go.

Some guns are cocked and aimed. Harry holds up his hand.

HARRY
No no. A Christian does not harm
the care-giver. A Christian does
not attack the unarmed.

That stops them. All eyes turn to the tall gunman.

TALL GUNMAN
What you say is true.
(beat)
But we are Muslims.

Harry turns to Binh with a look that could kill. Binh is mortified.

TINO
(sotto voce to Binh)
Good work, Binh.

Georgi steps up.

GEORGI
Yes, well I am Muslim too. From
Yugoslavia. That's right. And I
know my holy Quran. And Holy
Quran says no taking hostages.
This is prohibited. So now we
leave. Okay.

Several of the gunmen exchange glances. From the looks on their faces, we can tell they know this is so.

Harry turns to histeam and nods. They walk slowly through the hostile crowd toward their Landcruiser, their backs to the gunmen. Somehow, they stifle the urge to run for their lives. Harry talks quietly to Georgi as they near the car.

HARRY
I didn't know you were Muslim.

GEORGI
Actually, I'm Serbian. But once
I had Muslim girlfriend. One
night she was going to let me tie
her up. Then she found out Quran
said no. I never forget that.

CONTINUED

- 28 CONTINUED: (2) 28
They get in the Landcruiser. But Katia is troubled.
- 29 EXT. ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA - AIRPORT - NIGHT 29
Establishing shot of this small Third World terminal.
- 30 INT. ADDIS AIRPORT - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 30
Some SOLDIERS pass through. Katia is off by herself, watching something on the TV that we cannot see.
In another corner of the lounge, are Harry and his team, drinking, drawing up plans. Tino is on a nearby phone.

HARRY

There's not much pre-positioned, so let's order high protein biscuits from the U.K., and get the tents from Pakistan.

TINO

(from the phone)

I can get Africanized Landcruisers with 20% spares, but they're not armored.

HARRY

Take 'em.

BINH

Boss, there's a war going on there.

HARRY

They wouldn't need us if there wasn't.

Georgi enters through the door from the runway.

GEORGI

Good to go.

Outside, a small PROP PLANE revs its engines. The team starts gathering its things.

BINH

I hear it's a bad one.

HARRY

I hear it's incredible..

Harry walks over to Katia. Her face is lit by the TV screen, and its flickering glow reveals she is crying.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

HARRY
Time to fly, kid.

She shakes her head no.

HARRY
It's not?

KATIA
I'm not going.

HARRY
What are you talking about?

KATIA
I can't.

Georgi calls from the door --

GEORGI
Let's go, let's go ...

-- and heads out to the tarmac with the rest of the team.

HARRY
Katia, the plane's leaving.

KATIA
The plane's always leaving, Harry.
This one can leave without me.

He looks carefully into her eyes, trying to understand.

HARRY
I don't get it.

KATIA
I know. It's okay.

HARRY
No, it's not okay. We have to go
now.

KATIA
Then go.

HARRY
What is this?

KATIA
It's over for me.

HARRY
Why?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

KATIA

Why. I don't make decision, it just is.

HARRY

Why.

KATIA

Because it is.

HARRY

No. Things don't happen without reasons.

KATIA

For God sakes, Harry --

HARRY

Why are you doing this?

KATIA

-- once in your life, take no for an answer.

HARRY

Why are you doing this?

KATIA

(spits it out)

Because I can't keep following you from war to war waiting for you to marry me.

There, it's out. And she's pissed off she said it.

KATIA

Now look what you made me say.

HARRY

Christ, Katia, I thought we had an understanding.

KATIA

I thought it was more than that, but no matter. Whatever it was then, it's not now. Now it's, I don't know ... convenient.

Georgi pops his head in again.

GEORGI

We leave in two minutes or we lose our slot. Come on, come on.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

Exit Georgi.

KATIA

Go.

HARRY

Goddamn it, Katia --

KATIA

Just go, okay? I'll be fine.
Don't say any more. Just go.

He grabs his bags and exits.

31 EXT. ADDIS AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

31

Harry hurries across the runway, pissed-off. He's leaving.

He reaches Georgi, Tino and Binh throwing their gear into a very small plane. It's his turn to toss his bag in and scramble onboard when he stops. And thinks.

HARRY

Shit.

He yells hurried instructions over the ROAR of propellers.

HARRY

Find Dr. Namibe. Set up the
warehouse like the one in Turkey,
and set a genny aside for the IRC.
They're coming next week.

The plane slowly starts to taxi. Harry moves alongside, nervous, yelling in through an open window.

HARRY

You got walking-around money?

GEORGI

Yeah yeah yeah.

HARRY

There's Cuban soldiers too, save
some for them. Find Dr. Namibe.

GEORGI

Stop worrying. We be alright.

The plane is moving faster and Harry is jogging alongside, but losing ground. They really have to yell now.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

HARRY

I'll be there soon as I can!

GEORGI

Don't let her leave you!

HARRY

What?

Georgi yells it again, but Harry can't hear him, and the plane taxis off, leaving him alone on the tarmac.

32 INT. ADDIS AIRPORT - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

32

She's still facing the TV as Harry enters. The sound is low, but the dancing light plays across her face.

KATIA

The old man in the hut. He said we can't stop it. He said it will be in your home soon.

HARRY

Sweetheart, he was delirious. I don't have a home.

KATIA

And why is that?

(no answer)

I gave mine up for a three month job. That was six years ago.

HARRY

I don't want you to leave.

KATIA

You'll find someone else for the job.

HARRY

I'm not talking about the job.

That stops her. She studies him.

HARRY

Don't leave me.

KATIA

Now it's my turn to say why.

Harry has never actually put these thoughts into words before, so it's all new for him.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

HARRY

I've seen too much of the world to think it's anything but a brutal, nasty piece of work. But when I'm with you ... it doesn't seem so cold. Stay with me, Katia.

KATIA

And do what?

HARRY

Just what we're doing. Together.

She shakes her head no.

HARRY

Katia, listen to me --

KATIA

No. I hear too much. My ears are full of planes and guns and mothers crying. It's too much death, Harry. I need it to stop.

HARRY

We stop some of it.

KATIA

And every life we save, some bastard takes fifty more. The old man said it: we can't stop it. And it's only going to get worse. It's not what I want, Harry.

HARRY

What do you want?

She looks up at the TV. Harry looks, too.

In BLACK AND WHITE, young people waving the flags of every nation on earth. The closing ceremony of the 1984 Olympics.

KATIA

Home.

We see the snowy rooftops of an old and beautiful city. Minarets and high-rises, the old and the new, spilling up into the quiet, graceful hills. Paradise.

HARRY

Then I'll take you home.

Sarajevo.

33 EXT. SARAJEVO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

33

In COLOR now: Steeples and minarets, red-tiled roofs and treetops ... all frosted with snow. WORKERS on ladders are taking down Olympic banners that span the gaps between lovely old Austro-Hungarian buildings. Below them, KIDS play hockey with brooms and a soccer ball, but no skates.

And through them comes a taxi cab, HONKING them clear.

The cab pulls up to a 4-story, 19th century apartment house, and out step Katia and Harry. She looks radiant to be here.

VOICE (o.s.)

Katia!

She looks up to see TWO OLDER PEOPLE leaning out of a window on the top floor of the building. She waves and calls happily to them in *Bosnian*. They call back. She grabs Harry's arm and pulls him merrily into the building as the driver struggles with their luggage.

34 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - HALLWAY - DAY

34

They emerge from the elevator to see KATIA'S PARENTS and other FRIENDS and RELATIVES crowding the doorway. She runs into her parents' arms. They are in their 60's, vibrant.

Harry watches, ignored, until Katia pulls her parents over.

KATIA

And this is the famous Harry.

Harry shakes her mother's hand. Katia's mother looks him over carefully, then - still holding his hand - says something in *Bosnian* to Katia, who just laughs. Harry looks questioningly to Katia, who smiles mysteriously and turns to greet other friends and relatives.

Katia's father takes Harry's hand.

KATIA'S FATHER

My wife thinks you don't look like marrying kind.

HARRY

What's it like having a genius for a wife?

KATIA'S FATHER

It's terrible.

KATIA'S MOTHER

(to Harry)

You should try it sometime.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

And with that they go inside.

35 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

35

It's not the home of wealthy people, but they are rich in many ways. Candlelight and CLASSICAL MUSIC fill the room, and a dozen PEOPLE sit around a food-filled dinner table.

[NOTE: Through all this, second helpings of food are served, drinks are refilled, children come and go, and are hushed.]

HARRY

... but the President, who saw a chance to make a buck, tells us to move the refugee camp 135 miles away. On land his mother owned.

KATIA

His wife.

HARRY

Whatever. So we send Katia, who is normally very good at these things --

KATIA

-- compared to Harry, who tends to annoy people --

HARRY

Thank you. Anyway, she comes up with some feeble excuse why they shouldn't move the camp --

KATIA

Feeble???

(to the others)

Soil was all wrong, there's no drainage when it rains, they'll get dysentery, they'll drown ...

HARRY

Whose story is this?

KATIA

Well, if you're going to tell it wrong ...

Harry sighs and gives her a "Take it, it's yours" gesture. She accepts. Something tells us this is what Harry wanted.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

KATIA

I give excellent reasons, they don't listen. Next thing I know, Georgi is out stealing typewriters, and five of us sit up all night long typing "official" U.N. manual. We just make it up.

(laughter)

Next day, I show manual to President's wife. It says U.N. will pay owner of land \$1, and refugees keep land forever.

(more laughter)

So Harry goes in to see President, gives him dollar bill, and asks him to sign paper. Wife runs in: "No, keep refugees, don't move camp!" Harry says "Okay ..."

They all dissolve into laughter. Harry whispers to Katia and gets up. The eating and talking continue. As he passes the end of the table, Katia's mother stops him.

KATIA'S MOTHER

What would have happened if you'd had to move all those refugees?

HARRY

I'd have had to work on my day off.

Exit Harry. Katia watches him go.

KATIA

A lot of people would have died.

Katia's mother nods.

36 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

36

Dinner is over, and everyone has gathered in the corner living room for the clear and potent brandy called Loza.

On one side, by a window, Harry holds a phone to his ear, a finger in the other one, straining to hear, while a literary argument takes place around him.

KATIA'S FATHER

Ezra Pound can kiss my ass.

BORIS

Oh please.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

HARRY

(into the phone)

I can barely hear you. When did you get in?

BORIS

"Some quick to arm, some for adventure, some from fear of weakness, some from fear of censure, some for love of slaughter"

KATIA'S FATHER

I didn't say fascist bastard couldn't write. I just said he could kiss my ass.

HARRY

(into the phone)

Wait a second - someone wants to say hello.

He waves Katia over to the phone.

37 EXT. ANGOLA REFUGEE CAMP - TENT COMPOUND - NIGHT

37

Giorgi, Tino and Binh huddle around a short wave radio outside a tent compound, under millions of stars.

GEORGI

Hello? Hello?

KATIA'S VOICE

I don't miss you one minute.

They smile with great affection.

TINO

Well we miss you. No one snores like you do.

38 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

38

She laughs.

KATIA

I don't snore. I sigh.

She listens and laughs. Harry watches her with interest.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

KATIA

Yes, yes, I know I kiss you
all. Here's Harry.

Harry gestures for her to stay on the phone, but she covers
the mouthpiece and hands it to him.

KATIA

I know what you're doing. And it
won't work.

She smiles and walks off. He takes the phone.

HARRY

So what's the schedule?

He listens while watching Katia cross the room.

KATIA'S FATHER

-- Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Yeats --

BORIS

Yeats???

KATIA'S MOTHER

Oh God, here it comes.

KATIA'S FATHER

"Now I know that twenty centuries
of stony sleep were vexed to
nightmare by a rocking cradle.
And what rough beast, it's hour
come round at last, slouches
toward Bethlehem to be born?"

BORIS

God save us from prophets of doom.

HARRY

(into the phone)
How much fuel have they got?

As he listens, he pours more brandy from the bottle, but is
able only to half-fill his glass. The bottle is empty.

Across the room, Katia is being urged (in *Bosnian*) to sit at
the old upright piano and play. She protests, but not too
much, and finally begins to play a Chopin nocturne. She's
rusty, and a bit tentative, but plays with real tenderness.

Harry hears the first few notes and ends the call.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

HARRY

I don't know yet. I'll call you
in a few days Yeah.

He hangs up and listens. Katia's mother sits beside him.

KATIA'S MOTHER

Katia says this is how you met.

HARRY

In a crummy hotel in Pnomh Penh.
I was tired and drunk, and I
couldn't sleep `cause someone was
playing the Goddamn piano. So I
go downstairs looking for a fight
... and there's this beautiful
girl from UNICEF.

KATIA'S MOTHER

And what did you do?

HARRY

Same thing I do whenever I meet a
beautiful girl from UNICEF.

KATIA'S MOTHER

You took her to your room?

HARRY

I hired her.

KATIA'S MOTHER

And now you will let her leave you?

He doesn't answer. He just watches Katia play.

KATIA'S MOTHER

Forgive me. At my age one feels
entitled to ask anything.

Harry smiles, but he's not going to answer.

KATIA'S MOTHER

For how long you will stay in
Sarajevo?

HARRY

I don't know.

KATIA'S MOTHER

I do hope it will be for a while.

The music is ineffably touching. Katia's mother's eyes tear
over, and she looks out the window.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

KATIA'S MOTHER
It's most wonderful city.

39 EXT. SARAJEVO - TURKISH QUARTER - MORNING

39

A centuries-old warren of cobblestone walkways, old shops and cafes. COPPERSMITHS work outside, smoking cigarettes.

Katia and Harry stroll through - she takes in the sights, he pages through an International Herald Tribune as he walks.

KATIA
Her father was half-Muslim, half-Croat, her mother was Serb. You know what that makes her? True Sarajevan. Are you listening to any of this?

HARRY
(still in the paper)
There's a rebellion in the Punjab ... Iraq's bombing civilians in Iran ... 100,000 refugees from Mozambique fleeing to Zimbabwe ...

KATIA
Sounds like good year for Harry.

HARRY
You telling me you'd rather spend the year window-shopping? Meet your girlfriends for coffee, swap recipes?

KATIA
(calls)
Samira!

She happily greets TWO FRIENDS with kisses on each cheek, and exchanges a few words in *Bosnian*.

KATIA
Harry, this is Samira and Amela. We were Tito girls together.

HARRY
Lucky Tito.

SAMIRA
Do you have time for a coffee?

Katia looks at Harry, who just smiles confidently.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

KATIA

No, alas. We'll be late.

The girls say their goodbyes and walk off.

KATIA

I forget how long it takes to go
anywhere in this city, because
you're always stopping to visit
with someone.

HARRY

God, that sounds exciting.

She slaps his arm with the newspaper.

KATIA

Asshole. These are my friends.

HARRY

We're your friends.

KATIA

Okay. I show you how I'd rather
spend my year.

40 EXT. TREBEVIC MOUNTAIN - DAY

40

It's a crystal clear day. Katia and Harry hike up the hill,
out of breath. They approach a wooden LODGE.

KATIA

Father built it in '68. We used
to come here all the time. Look.

Below them, the city looks quiet and vulnerable.

KATIA

So beautiful.

Harry nods. It touches even him.

KATIA

Where were you in '68?

He doesn't answer.

KATIA

Hm?

HARRY

L.A.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

KATIA
What were you doing?

HARRY
Nothing.

KATIA
You must have been doing something.

HARRY
I'd just split up with my wife.

KATIA
Second one?

He nods.

KATIA
The one who drank too much.

HARRY
We both drank too much.

Katia smiles and leans her head against his chest.

KATIA
Maybe if you lived on mountain,
with fresh air and beautiful girl,
you wouldn't drink at all.

HARRY
We had a baby.

Katia is quietly stunned.

HARRY
He died. I left.

She takes his hand and leads him inside the lodge.

41 INT. TREBEVIC LODGE - DAY

41

Katia pulls sheets off furniture. Then she stops.

KATIA
You know we could live here.

Harry opens a cabinet, and dust fills the air. He reaches in and pulls out a bottle of liquor.

Katia flings open the drapes. The view is marvelous.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

KATIA

Look how sunlight comes in.

Harry pours two drinks.

HARRY

I'd go crazy.

KATIA

I don't think so.

As Harry hands her a drink, Katia taps the glass of an old barometer on the wall.

KATIA

When I was little girl, we came here on holiday, and terrible storm came down mountain. Cabin shook like it would fall apart. But father went around opening windows, each just a little. I said "Why do you open windows?" He said when pressure outside is low ... pressure inside can blow windows out.

Harry takes the drink from her hand, and kisses her for a long time. Then:

HARRY

I live the way I do because I have to.

KATIA

I swear to God you don't.

HARRY

Then we disagree. Leave it alone.

KATIA

Maybe I want to understand.

HARRY

And maybe I want to forget.

He starts to undress her. She reciprocates.

KATIA

Don't go back, Harry.

HARRY

It's who I am.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

KATIA

No. It's what you do, that's all.
So now you like it. You like war,
and smoke and other people's fear,
but you don't have to.

They sink to the couch, and have just enough clothes off to begin to make love.

HARRY

Come back with me, Katia.

KATIA

No ... no ... no ...

We hear CHANTING.

42 INT. EASTERN ORTHODOX CHURCH - NIGHT

42

The chanting comes from here. A black-robed PRIEST with a long beard walks through. Icons and wall paintings depict fierce fighters, sainted martyrs.

The sound of the chanting continues as we cut to:

43 EXT. MOSQUE - NIGHT

43

Two young GIRLS in traditional Muslim garb exit the Mosque.

44 EXT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

44

The Muslim girls walk past the Cathedral and exit frame as they pass a NUN going in the other direction.

45 EXT. SARAJEVO - THE MILJACKA RIVER - NIGHT

45

The Nun crosses a bridge. We could be in Paris. Graceful old WALKING BRIDGES span the narrow MILJACKA RIVER that divides Sarajevo from its foothills. Elegant Austro-Hungarian BUILDINGS line the banks, and the water shimmers in the light cast from turn-of-the-century STREETLAMPS.

Harry and Katia stroll slowly through this romantic tableau, arms around each other.

KATIA

Everywhere we've ever been,
there's always moment when you say
"Jesus Christ, is there one place
(more)

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

KATIA (cont'd)
on whole Goddamn planet where
people get along?" This is it,
Harry. Sarajevo. I think it's
most perfect place in whole world.

HARRY

I know.

She stares at him, searching his eyes for understanding.

KATIA

I won't ask again. Stay here.
Stay with me for rest of our lives.

Harry shakes his head. This is difficult for him.

HARRY

I can't.

KATIA

Well I can't go back to the
madness any more ... that's my
good fortune. But you have to.
And that's your curse.

He doesn't say a thing. They both know it's over.

KATIA

When do you leave?

HARRY

Tomorrow.

KATIA

You're no good without me, you
know.

HARRY

That's why I booked two seats.

Katia takes his hand, raises it to her mouth and kisses his
palm. Then she puts in it the little chain he gave her ...
with the lily-shaped charm.

KATIA

Goodbye, Harry.

She turns and walks off into the night. Harry stands alone.

HARRY

Katia ...

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT. AFGHANISTAN - A VILLAGE - DAY 46

An icy, forbidding landscape. Superimpose: *Afghanistan, 1987*

Some overworked DOCTORS and NURSES are tending to the WOUNDED and the SICK while local WORKERS are erecting more tents under the supervision of Tino and Binh.

Harry, wearing a gun in a holster, yells in *Afghani* at some LABORERS clearing a field.

GEORGI

Harry, I need those men.

HARRY

Forget it.

GEORGI

More wounded coming from Panjshir.
We won't have place for them.

HARRY

Life's unfair, pal. I'm trying to
clear an airstrip.

Harry in frustration has begun pulling at a large log. It's almost too heavy to budge, but he's doing it.

GEORGI

What is Goddamn hurry?

HARRY

I got a plane incoming at 2200,
and I'd really like to have
someplace for him to land, okay?

Harry walks off, leaving Georgi concerned. He didn't know a plane was due. And Harry has changed.

47 INT. HARRY'S TENT - NIGHT 47

A dozen AID WORKERS have gathered in front of a map on an easel. In the background, the distant sound of ARTILLERY.

TINO

There's two gennies just sitting
there. What I don't have is fuel.

HARRY

Why not?

TINO

I can't get trucks in while
Russians hold pass.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

GEORGI
(fishing)
Maybe there's fuel on plane
tonight.

HARRY
There isn't. So ration what
you've got. An hour a day for the
pump, an hour for the clinic.

TINO
Oh for Christ's sake, what am I
supposed to do without power?

HARRY
That's your problem, Tino. You
figure it out.

Harry stares at him. Tino stares back. Binh rushes in.

BINH
Boss, I think you better see this.

They follow Binh out.

48 EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

48

A line of MUJAHADIN soldiers, wrapped in cloaks, with
turbanned heads, some riding HORSES, all carrying rifles, are
entering the compound.

GEORGI
What is this?

HARRY
They're going to off-load the
plane.

GEORGI
I have hundred guys for that.

HARRY
They're going to off-load the
plane.

Harry nods to the MUJAHADIN LEADER, who directs his men to
the airstrip. Georgi and Tino exchange worried glances.

GEORGI
What's on plane?

HARRY
Supplies.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

GEORGI

What kind of supplies?

Harry starts to walk off. Georgi follows quickly.

GEORGI

What's on plane, Harry?

HARRY

Guns, Georgi. A lot of fucking guns. Okay? And shoulder-mounted missiles and land mines.

TINO

You son of a bitch ...

HARRY

That's right.

Georgi shoves Harry hard from behind. Harry turns and shoves back. These are two big, angry men, and Tino and Binh struggle to restrain them from tearing each other apart.

GEORGI

Are you out of Goddamn mind? You get us killed!

HARRY

No!

(re: Mujahadin)

I can get them killed. We're "relief workers".

TINO

When the Russians find out you --

HARRY

The Russians won't find out!

GEORGI

First time they shoot missile at Russian chopper, they'll know!

HARRY

It's a dirty fucking war, Georgi. I didn't start it.

GEORGI

Every relief worker, every convoy - they all be fair game.

HARRY

The whole world's fair game. They just don't know it yet.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

Georgi stops struggling. He quits.

GEORGI

Fuck you, Harry. This is insane.

HARRY

Get used to it, pal. It's the future.

Georgi stares at Harry like he'd never seen him before.

GEORGI

Maybe yours. Not mine.

49 EXT. AFGHAN AIRSTRIP - LATER THAT NIGHT

49

Georgi, Binh and Tino carry their hastily-packed bags across the field and onto the PLANE. Georgi turns to look back. He doesn't see Harry. He, Binh and Tino get on the plane.

50 INT. HARRY'S TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

50

The whiskey bottle is empty. It vibrates with increasing intensity as a plane roars by, takes off, and flies away.

Harry looks up and listens to it disappear. Then he resumes reading a handwritten LETTER.

KATIA'S VOICE

... I spend half my days helping Father at Library. He's organizing rare books from far away as 15th century....

51 INT. SARAJEVO NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY

51

A beautiful MOORISH BUILDING. Katia and her father are going through the stacks.

KATIA'S VOICE

They're so beautiful. I think fall apart if I touch them wrong. So work is slow, but I like it very much. Other half of days ...

52 INT. KATIA'S STUDIO - DAY

52

She is painting. Half-finished canvasses, sketches, sculptures, surround her.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

52

KATIA'S VOICE

... I am getting back to my art.
Drawings, mostly. Portraits.

A man, IVO, enters the studio and walks behind her.

KATIA'S VOICE

And in evenings, I'm just boring,
ordinary housewife.

Ivo kisses her.

53 INT. HARRY'S TENT - NIGHT

53

Agitated, he puts the page down -- onto a stack of letters,
neatly bundled. But her voice continues. While she reads,
Harry walks to a shelf and picks up a pack of cigarettes.
Empty. It's not the only thing getting emptied out around
here. He tosses it to the ground.

KATIA'S VOICE

Ivo finally got architect license,
and we moved to bigger apartment.
It's in hills, looking over city,
so I'm happy for that.

Outside, the sound of ARTILLERY has suddenly gotten closer.
Harry looks up, walks out of the tent, and into the night.

KATIA'S VOICE

Little Aleks is almost 3 now, and
I'm teaching him to play piano.
He is so sweet.

The tent is empty. But Katia's voice continues.

KATIA'S VOICE

When I go to market, he tells me
he will miss me until I get back.

54 EXT. AFGHAN HILLSIDE - NIGHT

54

The sounds of BATTLE are louder as Harry climbs to the top of
the bluff, and finds a spot to sit and watch.

KATIA'S VOICE

I know how he feels. I miss him
when I'm gone, like I sometimes
miss you. Please write me, Harry.
Wherever you are. Let me know
you're okay. Always, Katia.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED:

54

In the valley below, we see FLASHES of ARTILLERY and HELICOPTERS attacking a rebel ENCAMPMENT tucked into a canyon.

Harry lights up a joint and smokes it. He watches the battle below with calm interest. It seems to soothe him.

KATIA'S VOICE

P.S.: Am I wrong, or is it getting worse out there? Write me, Harry. Why don't you write me.

55 NEWS FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

55

With foreign newscasters' NARRATION, overlapping:

56A) Iranian mobs - Salman Rushdie sentenced to death (4/89)

56B) Chinese troops crush protests in Tiananmen Square (6/89)

58C) Rockets hit civilian areas in Lebanon (8/89)

56 EXT. LEBANON - REFUGEE CAMP - 1989

56

Superimpose: *Lebanon, 1989*

In a speeding Jeep, around the perimeter of this overcrowded camp, Harry drives a GERMAN relief official.

GERMAN

But these bills, Mr. Sunderland. You paid the contractor \$108,000?

HARRY

I upped the capacity here by 12,000 in 6 days. The previous record was 9,000 in 8 days, and I held that one, too. So yes, I paid the contractor \$108,000. You got a problem with that?

GERMAN

Just one. The contractor only received \$90,000.

Harry slows the car down, stops.

GERMAN

Now Geneva is upset. And New York is furious. Did you think you could get away with this?

Harry gets out, and looks at the mass of wretched humanity.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED:

56

HARRY

Screw you, Hans. You're not going to do anything to me.

GERMAN

No? Why is that?

HARRY

Look around. I get results. You need me. You need ten of me.

GERMAN

Oh, Harry, haven't you heard? It's all changed. Our product is not results. It's activity: the appearance of doing something. We look busy for the CNN, our countries can pretend they are generous, and that's how we stay in business. So, "ten of you"? We don't need one of you. Good luck in your new line of work ... Mr. Sunderland.

Hans walks off. Harry tries not to show it, but he knows the man is right.

57 NEWS FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

57

With foreign newscasters' NARRATION, overlapping:

58A) Azerbaijani Muslims attack Christian Armenians (1/90)

58B) Hindus crack down on Muslims in Kashmir (1/90)

58C) Somali rebels take over Mogadishu (1/91)

KATIA'S VOICE

Dear Harry ...

58 EXT. SARAJEVO - GRBAVICA - KATIA'S APT.BLDG. - DAY

58

With little Aleks (now 7) in tow, she checks her mailbox.

KATIA'S VOICE

I don't know if you even get these letters, but I worry, so I write anyway. Each day's news makes me wonder where you are. Some place awful I'm sure, but where?

59 INT. KATIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

59

She and Aleks walk up the stairs into her apartment, dropping the mail on a desk, while we hear:

KATIA'S VOICE

Georgi is back in Yugoslavia, working for his brother. I called him, but he didn't know where you were either. It's autumn now. I think winter comes early this year.

60 INT. TREBEVIC LODGE - DAY

60

Katia and her father are closing up the cabin: draping sheets over the furniture, shutting the curtains. It's almost as if they're closing a door to the past.

KATIA

Father and I closed up cabin, and I thought of you. Ivo and I have not been getting along too well. In fact, he moved away. It's for best, I think, but little Aleks misses him terribly. Father says it's the times. Look at the news, he says. Nothing stays together. The center will not hold.

Katia and her father exit the cabin.

KATIA'S VOICE

I can't understand. Two years ago, they tear down Berlin Wall. People were swimming in hope. Now seems like everywhere spins out of control. And though I miss you, I am glad not to be with you now.

61 EXT. TREBEVIC MOUNTAIN - DAY

61

They lock the door behind them, and step out into the cold. They pull their jackets tighter around them.

KATIA'S VOICE

Forgive me, Harry, but more and more, it's your kind of world. That's why I must be here. This is one place I know will be okay. And I thank God for that.

They head downhill, Sarajevo stretched out beneath them.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED:

61

KATIA'S VOICE

But where are you, Harry? Where
are you? Love, Katia.

62 EXT. ASIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

62

We're in a big Third World city. The PEOPLE bustling about
are all Oriental, as is the MUSIC from shop radios. The
signs all have Asian writing on them. Probably Korean.

Harry walks through frame, and as we pan with him, we see
skyscrapers in the background.

Superimpose: *Los Angeles, 1992.*

HARRY (o.s.)

Okay, you got 24 tons of
pharmaceuticals with expiration
dates of this month. Yes?

VOICE ON THE PHONE (o.s.)

Go on.

63 INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. BAR - DAY

63

A crappy, Bukowski-kind of place. Harry sits at the end of
the bar, drinking, while he talks into a phone the bartender
has placed there for him.

We notice a difference in Harry, and not for the better. He
is unshaven, and appears to need a shower. He has burned out.

HARRY

So you can't sell `em here, but
the expiration dates don't mean
shit overseas. So I find you a
nice charity, and they send them
to some God-forsaken place that'll
take anything. You get a fat
write-off, I get a broker's fee.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

You don't sell this stuff, do you?

Harry takes a drink.

HARRY

That would be illegal.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

We'd need ... documentation.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED:

63

HARRY
Paper's easy.

VOICE ON THE PHONE
How soon can we do this?

Closing the sale doesn't even bring a smile to Harry's lips. Even in his current state, he knows this is sleazy.

HARRY
Operators are standing by.

64 EXT. DOCKS - PORT OF LOS ANGELES - LATE AFTERNOON

64

Harry, drunk, oversees the loading of shipping containers labelled "Medicine / Perishables". Beside him, a slick young MIDDLE EASTERN MAN finishes a call on a cell phone.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN
He told them we're a relief agency.
(laughs)
Okay. Ciao.

He hangs up and turns to Harry.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN
This is best offer. You take it.
Maybe you get more next time.

Harry is being royally screwed. But he takes the check sourly, and walks off without a word.

65 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

65

He swigs from a bottle as he drives. Suddenly, FIRE ENGINES roar by. Then he notices PEOPLE running across the street carrying new armfuls of clothes and toasters. Laughing.

Then he sees some HISPANIC KIDS run up to a store window and smash it. What the hell's going on? He turns on the RADIO.

RADIO NEWSMAN
... protests outside the courtroom where the four officers charged in the beating of motorist Rodney King have been found Not Guilty.

66 EXT. RIOT INTERSECTION - NIGHT

66

CROWDS on the streets, SMOKE in the air. Harry pulls over and parks. As he gets out, he hears the SMASHING OF GLASS

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED:

66

and the SCREECHING OF BRAKES.

A TAXI CAB has had its window smashed by a thrown bottle and careens into a lamppost. Some KIDS surround the cab and keep throwing bottles and rocks at the windows. Inside, the ORIENTAL CABBIE is bloodied and screaming for help.

Harry stands on the sidewalk, not ten yards from the man, just watching. A BLACK KID strides casually up to Harry.

BLACK KID

`Scuse me.

The kid picks up a brick and walks back to the cab.

Everytime the cabbie tries to get out of one side of the cab or the other, the kids run around and block his exit. Now, with the windshield gone, the man sees the kid with the brick approaching, and knows he's in for real trouble.

The cabbie sees Harry.

CABBIE

Help me!

The kid with the brick walks up to the front of the cab and raises the brick over his head.

CABBIE

Help!!!

Harry just watches as the kid throws the brick right through the opening that once was the cab's front window. The brick crashes against the man's head, splitting both.

And still Harry just stands there, watching with bloodshot eyes. Emotionless. He has hit the bottom. He's empty.

Finally, some BLACK ADULTS run into the street and push the attackers off the hapless cabbie. The kids scatter. Some of the rescuers turn to Harry.

RESCUER - MALE

The fuck's wrong with you, man?
You just gonna let him die?

RESCUER - FEMALE

Shame on you. Shame on you.

Someone we can't fully see walks up to Harry, grabs his arm and says something we can't quite hear. Harry turns to him.

HARRY

What?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

It's an OLD BLACK MAN with a cataract-clouded eye.

OLD BLACK MAN
It will be in your house soon.

And he walks away. The first rescuer pulls Harry's arm.

RESCUER - MALE
You saw what was happening.
Fuck's wrong with you?

Another KID yells. Harry's attention goes to him.

2ND KID
Hey hey, look at this! We on TV.
Look at this!

The kid is pointing to a TV in a store window. On screen is a BURNING APARTMENT BUILDING.

2ND KID
We burning down the big buildings
now!

Harry turns to look back at where the old man walked off, but he can't spot him in the CROWD. Harry walks into the crowd after him, but the old man is not there. He's disappeared.

Harry looks one way and then the other, as if seeing it all for the first time. He frowns at the small crowd gathered around the store window looking at the TV.

2ND KID
Where's that building? That
Beverly Hills? Where is that?
Look at that motherfucker burn.

Harry stares intently at the image of the burning buildings, but the kid smashes the window, reaches in, and grabs the TV.

Troubled, Harry walks off. Then, faster. Then he runs. Through the crowds, through the smoke, past the looting.

67 EXT. KOREATOWN STRIP MALL - NIGHT

67

ARMED KOREAN MEN stand guard outside their shops. Harry runs past them to his MOTEL.

68 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT

68

He runs up the stairs.

69 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

69

He bursts into this crappy little room, breathless from the run. There's a gallon bottle of booze, and an old, half-eaten pizza on the unmade bed. The TV is on. CNN.

On the screen: high-rise apartment buildings on fire. The same shot we saw in the store window. But it's not L.A.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The Bosnian capital of Sarajevo is under siege, surrounded by Serb forces who continued to shell throughout the night ... [etc.]

Outside his window, CROWDS are rioting, breaking windows, throwing bricks at cars.

On the TV, anti-aircraft bullets and tracers are hitting apartment buildings.

Harry's hands shake as he grabs his address book, and flips through pages. He dials a long string of numbers.

RECORDING

Your call cannot be completed at this time in the country you are calling. Please try later.

He dials again. It RINGS. He sits up. Then silence.

HARRY

Shit!

He tries again. It RINGS. Twice. Then a third time.

70 INT. KATIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

70

There is a large, jagged hole in the wall. The phone, which sits on a table beside the hole in the wall, is RINGING.

Huddled in the kitchen, looking at the ringing telephone in the living room, are Katia and Aleks (now 8), and some NEIGHBORS. One is Boris, the poet from the dinner party.

Though they speak in *Bosnian*, we can tell that Aleks wants to answer it, and Katia won't let him. The phone is exposed to the outside.

Suddenly, a SHELL explodes loudly outside. Maybe less than a block away. Katia pulls little Aleks closer to her. Boris goes to the window to see where the shell exploded.

71 BORIS'S POV - THE STREET 71

An OLD MAN tries to drag himself to safety, leaving a trail of blood behind his useless legs. He cries out for help.

72 INT. KATIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING 72

Boris recognizes his friend and calls to him. Agitated, he starts putting on his coat. The phone is still RINGING.

Boris turns to take one last look out the window. As he does, a single bullet SHATTERS the window and rips into his skull. He crumples to the ground and is dead by the time he hits the floor. It's over in a split-second.

And the phone keeps RINGING.

73 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 73

Harry holds onto the phone, listening to it RING, while he looks out the window at his own city on fire.

74 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 74

A MONTAGE: Harry drinking ... Harry pacing ... Harry raging ... Harry drinking ... Harry passed out.

We hear the phone RING. And RING. And RING. Then ...

KATIA'S VOICE

Da.

75 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 75

Harry, badly hung-over, has been dialing and dialing. The voice straightens him like a jolt of electricity.

HARRY

Katia? It's Harry.

76 INT. KATIA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT 76

Katia has pulled the phone away from danger. She and Aleks are huddled in a corner, as far from the window as possible. Her eyes are ringed with red.

KATIA

We're okay. This won't go on much longer. Maybe a day or two, no more. Oh God, Harry, they killed
(more)

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED:

76

KATIA (cont'd)
Boris. He saw old man in street
who was wounded, and he said "I
can't stand it, I have to help
him", and they killed him.

77 HARRY

77

In his mind's eye he sees the cabbie from the day before.

KATIA'S VOICE
He was standing next to Aleks when
they shot him.

HARRY
Katia, get out of there. Right
now.

78 KATIA

78

KATIA
Yes, well ... there is no way out.

79 HARRY

79

He thinks. It's his last chance.

HARRY
Then I'm coming to get you.

80 KATIA

80

KATIA
Oh, Harry. There's no way in.

81 EXT. ZAGREB AIRPORT - DAY

81

A PASSENGER JET noisily lands.

82 INT. ZAGREB TERMINAL - DAY

82

CROATIAN SOLDIERS with automatic weapons patrol the airport.
Harry approaches Customs. He wears a well-worn vest jacket
with many pockets, and carries one duffel bag. And he looks
alert. He's ready for anything.

A CROATIAN POLICEMAN takes his passport and eyes him.

CROATIAN POLICEMAN
Are you come for business or
pleasure?

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED: 82

All around him heavily armed COMBAT TROOPS hustle about.

HARRY

Business.

The policeman writes Harry's name and passport number in a log book, and hands it back to him.

Exit Harry.

83 EXT. ZAGREB - U.N. COMPOUND - DAY 83

A block of brick buildings. A U.N. flag flies from one. Some white and blue U.N. vehicles are parked out front.

A cab pulls up, Harry gets out, and enters the building.

84 INT. U.N. OFFICES - ZAGREB - DAY 84

Harry in an office with two U.N. OFFICIALS.

HARRY

You got to get me into Sarajevo.

BRAZILIAN U.N. OFFICIAL

Two words, Harry: El Salvador.

HARRY

You can't still hold that against me.

DUTCH U.N. OFFICIAL

I've waited ten years for this, Harry: Go to hell.

85 INT. RED CROSS OFFICE - ZAGREB - DAY 85

Bustling with activity. Harry is arguing with an imposing AUSTRALIAN WOMAN in the hallway outside the office labelled Director / Field Ops.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Remember Thailand, Harry? Take a walk.

HARRY

Come on, Lynn timer, I need this.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Suck my dick.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED:

85

HARRY
Fine. This your boss?

He points to the door behind her.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN
He certainly won't help you.

Harry barges into the Director's office.

HARRY
Excuse me, I have an emergency,
and no one here seems to --

The Director turns around: it's Ole, from Ethiopia in 1984.

HARRY
Oh shit.

This time it's Harry who walks away.

86 INT. U.N. BUILDING - ZAGREB - DAY

86

Harry walks angrily down the hall. He passes an open doorway and sees no one is in the office. He enters, finds a phone and dials.

HARRY
Yeah. I need a line to Sarajevo.

Moments later he hears the rapid BEEPS that indicate no available circuits. He hangs up the phone in frustration.

On a shelf by the desk are dozens of stacks of documents. One is labelled "SUPPLY CONVOYS". Harry takes one and exits.

87 INT. HOTEL BAR - ZAGREB - NIGHT

87

On the phone again. No luck. He slams it down.

88 INSERT - TV SET

88

SCENES of bodies in the street, bodies in the morgue.

89 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - ZAGREB - MORNING

89

Harry, barely awake, is on the phone for the umpteenth time. It actually RINGS. He straightens up. She answers.

KATIA (o.s.)
Da.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED:

89

HARRY
It's Harry. I'm in Zagreb. How
are you?

90 INT, KATIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

90

She's in her studio. Most of the art is intact, but the
glass is blown out of the window, and debris is everywhere.

KATIA
I'm okay. I don't know. Each day
they come farther down this hill.
If you're not Serb, they knock on
door, say "This is now Serb
Republic - you have ten minutes to
leave".

HARRY (o.s.)
Katia, get out of there.

KATIA
Maybe. We'll see. I can't
believe you got through.

HARRY (o.s.)
I've been trying non-stop since
yesterday. I couldn't get a line.

KATIA
Yes. Phone company keeps getting
hit.

91 EXT. SARAJEVO PHONE COMPANY BUILDING - MORNING

91

SERB SOLDIERS drive up, machine guns at the ready, and rush
inside. But we continue to HEAR Harry and Katia through the
echoed, staticky phone lines.

HARRY (o.s.)
Alright, I'll be quick. No one
can get me into Sarajevo.

KATIA (o.s.)
Then you should go home.

92 INT. SARAJEVO PHONE COMPANY - MORNING

92

The soldiers force the PHONE COMPANY EMPLOYEES outside.

HARRY (o.s.)
Where's Georgi?

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED:

92

KATIA (o.s.)
Forget Georgi. He's far from here.

More SOLDIERS enter, carrying metal boxes.

HARRY (o.s.)
But I bet he can get me in. Where
is he?

KATIA (o.s.)
Harry, he doesn't want to hear
from you.

HARRY (o.s.)
Where - is - he?

The soldiers with the boxes go downstairs and enter an area
of switching equipment. They walk into the heart of the
equipment, and open the boxes.

KATIA (o.s.)
Central Bosnia. Near Banja Luka.

Each contains explosives. They place them throughout the
equipment, set a TIMER, and run like hell to get out.

HARRY (o.s.)
Where near Banja Luka?

KATIA (o.s.)
Some village. Where he grew up.

HARRY (o.s.)
What's the name of the village?

KATIA (o.s.)
Oh God, Harry, I don't remember.

HARRY (o.s.)
Come on, Katia, he's my only
ticket. Think.

We move in closer on the bomb. It's TICKING louder.

HARRY (o.s.)
Come on.

KATIA (o.s.)
Wait. It's called ...

The TICKING stops.

KATIA (o.s.)
Novica.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

And then, Sarajevo's telephone system BLOWS UP.

93 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - ZAGREB - MORNING

93

Harry holds the receiver to his ear.

HARRY

Hello? Hello???

No response. He hangs up the phone and looks on his map. There's Banja Luka. There's Novica.

94 INT. U.N. PRESS BRIEFING - ZAGREB - DAY

94

A U.N. SPOKESMAN is at the front of the room beside a map of former Yugoslavia, droning on about operations.

U.N. SPOKESMAN

We still can't get into Sarajevo,
and we have no idea when those
roads will be opened [etc.]

Harry sits in the back of the room. In his lap is the handout, and we see he has underlined routes of convoys. He has circled one city. Banja Luka.

And he is checking out the assembled JOURNALISTS. The seasoned ones wear their press credentials on chains around their necks. One, a ROOKIE, struggling with his tape recorder, wears his press pass clipped to his jacket. Harry focuses on him.

U.N. SPOKESMAN

... those are deployed out of
Split for central Bosnia. From
here, the trucks go to Bihac,
Velica Kladusa, and Banja Luka.

At the mention of Banja Luka, Harry interrupts the briefer.

HARRY

The trucks for Banja Luka. When's
the next run?

U.N. SPOKESMAN

Tomorrow 0800. But no ride-alongs.

95 INT. U.N. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

95

The briefing has broken up. The Rookie joins the exodus, fumbling with his gear. Harry bumps right into him causing

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED:

95

the kid's gear to clatter to the ground.

HARRY

Christ, kid, watch where you're going.

ROOKIE

Sorry.

Harry walks away. The Rookie picks up his stuff, but he is no longer wearing the clipped-on press pass.

96 EXT. ZAGREB SUPPLY YARD - MORNING

96

Harry loiters, his stolen press pass hanging around his neck, watching a convoy of U.N. TRUCKS getting ready to pull out. One truck - the last one - has ROCK 'N ROLL blasting.

When the drivers start to move, Harry grabs his duffel bag, runs to the last truck, which is already in motion when he opens the passenger door, and hops in.

97 INT. TRUCK - MORNING

97

The driver, IAN, a tough-looking young Scot in his 20s, looks at him in surprise.

HARRY

Christ. Goddamn U.N. never told me you guys were leaving this morning. Hi, I'm Harry.

He says it as if Ian is supposed to know who that is. He doesn't. Harry perfunctorily flashes the press pass.

HARRY

Boston Globe? They did tell you.

IAN

Not a fucking word.

HARRY

Fuckin' assholes.

IAN

Tell me about it. I'm Ian.

HARRY

I had to run the whole way.

Ian pulls out a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED:

97

IAN
You probably skipped breakfast
then.

HARRY
Beam me up Scottie.

Ian cranks up the RADIO and shifts into a higher gear.

98 EXT. ZAGREB STREETS - MORNING

98

The convoy heads away from the city and toward the war, the sound of the last truck's rock-and-roll trailing behind.

99 INT. KATIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

99

Katia and Aleks are eating cold soup from a can. Outside, there is SHELLING, but it doesn't sound too close. Suddenly, the table starts to vibrate. Then the building. Katia turns and sees a TANK rolling by her window, its turret turning right towards her.

She grabs Aleks and pulls him under the table. There is a BANGING on the front door. She tells him in Bosnian to stay right there, and crawls under the window toward the door.

She opens the door and two SERB SOLDIERS push past her into the house. One points to his watch and is obviously giving her a very short time to vacate the premises.

100 INT. KATIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

100

Katia and Aleks grab as many personal belongings as they can, while the soldiers wander brazenly through.

She enters her studio, and the soldiers follow. It breaks her heart, but she's going to have to leave most of this behind. She takes a small drawing of a baby and leaves. Oddly, the soldiers start collecting paintings, sculptures and other works in progress. Are they helping?

101 EXT. GRBAVICA - KATIA'S APT. BLDG. - DAY

101

Katia and Aleks, carrying everything they can, exit to find the street filled with other NEIGHBORS similarly burdened. As they join the lengthening line of sudden refugees, Katia turns to look back at her house.

The soldiers have lined up her art against the side wall - paintings and drawings, some framed, some not, sculptures

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED:

101

finished and unfinished.

Katia is puzzled -- she has no idea what's going on.

The soldiers stand back, aim their machine guns at the works lined up against the wall and open fire on the art. The NOISE is deafening. Bullets tear through paintings and explode sculptures in a cloud of shards and dust.

Peaceful landscapes are riddled ... the family cabin is destroyed ... the old African man is shot through the head.

Katia is stunned. All around her, people push past, leaving the neighborhood. Finally, she turns and walks off too, her young son at her side.

102 EXT. BOSNIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

102

Ian's relief truck has pulled over. Ian stands on the side of the road overlooking the valley, relieving himself. He lets out a low whistle.

IAN

Harry, get a load of this.

Harry gets out and walks to the edge of the road and looks down at the charred remains of houses.

IAN

Wasn't like that a week ago. Poor fuckers.

Ian takes out a POCKET CAMERA and starts clicking off some shots. Harry's expert eyes scan the scene. Heat waves shimmer through the air. It's still hot from the fires. Harry looks up to the surrounding hills and mountains.

HARRY

We better catch up to the rest.

IAN

We're okay.

HARRY

No we're not.

Ian looks quizzically at Harry as they go back to the truck.

103 INT. TRUCK - LATER

103

Ian eyes Harry carefully.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED:

103

IAN

Why'd you say you're a reporter?

HARRY

Who says I'm not?

IAN

You haven't written anything down.

Harry smiles. Good guess, Ian.

HARRY

There's a village called Novica
this side of Banja Luka. I just
need to get there.

IAN

Rough neighborhood. What's in
Novica?

HARRY

Guy I used to work with. I'm
hoping he can get me to Sarajevo.

IAN

And what's in Sarajevo?

HARRY

A friend.

IAN

A girl?

HARRY

Yep.

IAN

Alright. I like a man who risks
his life to get laid.

(then)

What is this asshole doing?

A Mercedes is pulling across the road, blocking it where a
dirt road intersects it. TWO SOLDIERS in camouflage uniforms
emerge, each holding an AK-47.

HARRY

Shit.

104 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

104

The truck stops. One soldier approaches the driver's side,
the other approaches Harry's side.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED:

104

1ST SOLDIER
You have papers?

IAN
Yeah, I got papers. What's the problem?

HARRY
There's no problem, Ian. Just show him the papers.

Ian hands the soldier an official looking document.

IAN
So can we go?

1ST SOLDIER
There is battle ahead. Not safe to pass.

IAN
Can we go around?

1ST SOLDIER
No no. Just wait few minutes. Battle over soon.

IAN
(to Harry)
Confident fuckers.

The 1st soldier hands Ian back the paper.

1ST SOLDIER
So you bring food to Muslims.

IAN
As a matter of fact --

HARRY
(interrupting)
We bring food to everybody. Perhaps you'd like some.

IAN
What?

HARRY
Please help yourself. Consider it a gift from the United Nations.

The soldier walks to the back of the truck. Ian looks at Harry questioningly.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

HARRY

I've done this once or twice.

The 2nd soldier now points to something on the floor of the cab - Ian's camera - and says something in Serbo-Croatian. It doesn't sound friendly. Harry picks the camera up and hands it to the man.

HARRY

Here. It's yours.

The soldier thinks, then takes it. The 1st soldier has raised the canvas flap to inspect the cargo and yells something to his cohort. The 2nd soldier goes to the back. Ian watches him go.

IAN

We're a generous sod, aren't we?

HARRY

Now he knows you won't be taking pictures of whatever's about to happen.

IAN

You mean the battle?

HARRY

There's no battle, Ian.

IAN

How do you know that?

HARRY

Battles make noise. You hear anything?

The two soldiers emerge into view now, carrying CARTONS of relief supplies to their Mercedes.

IAN

Then I want my fucking camera back.

HARRY

Look where their car is, kid. It's in front of an intersection. Something's going to cross through here that they don't want stopped, and they don't want photographed.

The soldiers walk to the back of the truck for another load.

Harry turns on the tape deck. He picks up a newspaper on the floor, gives a section to Ian and opens the other for himself.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED: (3)

104

HARRY

You're not interested in anything
outside this truck.

Ian obediently opens the paper and pretends to read.

Outside, the soldiers load some more cartons into their Mercedes. And then they look up. They HEAR something coming. And we do, too. Large ENGINES.

Harry and Ian glance up, and see three BUSES coming down the intersecting road. As the busses cross in front of them, they slow down, and we can see what's inside.

MEN AND WOMEN, ages 15 to 60. Civilians. Their hands are clasped behind their necks, and they are leaning so far forward that their heads touch the back of the seats in front of them. These are prisoners.

Harry looks intently. He sees one OLD MAN, unshaven, gaunt, with dried blood around a gash on his forehead. He wears a Muslim cap. He turns his head just enough to make eye contact with Harry.

And his eyes are terrified.

IAN

Jesus Christ.

HARRY

Just read your paper, son.

Harry forces his eyes back to the paper.

Outside, the soldiers jump into their Mercedes, and quickly pull up alongside the truck.

1ST SOLDIER

You go to Banja Luka now. No
stops.

The man is serious.

IAN

No stops.

The Mercedes grinds into reverse, spins around, raising a cloud of dust, and then speeds off after the busses.

In the cab, Harry and Ian watch silently, and then pull out.

105 EXT. SARAJEVO - SNIPER ALLEY - DAY

105

Katia and Aleks, carrying as much as they can, run down a narrow street, stopping at the corner of a wider boulevard. MACHINE-GUN FIRE rattles loudly, echoing through the canyon of buildings. All around, windows are broken, cars are shot up and abandoned, people are pinned against buildings.

The intersection at which they've stopped is clearly a very dangerous place. ARTILLERY SHELLS boom in the distance.

An ambulance speeds by, weaving to avoid the wreckage of other cars, and draws a loud hail of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

Katia and Aleks crouch, catching their breath. Suddenly, there is a brief incoming whistle and then a large EXPLOSION as a storefront half a block away explodes. Katia instinctively pulls Aleks to her and shields him.

As the boulevard half-fills with SMOKE from the explosion, and the machine-gun fire stops, Katia decides the smoke may give them cover for a few seconds.

She grabs Aleks' hand and makes a mad run for the other side. It's a long run - across three lanes of traffic, then the tram tracks in the middle of the road, and then three more lanes on the other side - but maybe they can make it before the smoke clears.

Less than halfway across, however, she is having a hard time pulling Aleks fast enough, and glances down to see him limping, with a rapidly-spreading stain of blood on his leg.

She stops, frozen for just a moment. It must be shrapnel from the explosion. Aleks collapses to one knee.

KATIA

Ne!

Other people are racing across the boulevard, around them, and suddenly the MACHINE-GUN FIRE starts up again. She doesn't think twice, she drops her stuff, gathers him up in her arms and runs headlong toward the other side.

The SNIPING gets louder. It feels like an eternity until she makes it across, and around a corner to safety.

There, in a narrow street sheltered from the sniping, she quickly lays the boy down, and examines his leg. It's a bloody mess. She rips off her jacket, and wraps it tightly around his leg above the wound.

At one point, she looks back at the intersection. There's a MAN lies in the boulevard, dead. Katia shuts her eyes for a moment, but opens them at the sound of a car HONKING near her.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED:

105

It's a small car with an OLD COUPLE in it. The man flings open the door, runs over, lifts up Aleks, and hurriedly carries him into the back seat. The woman slides over to the driver's seat as Katia crowds in, and they drive off.

106 EXT. ROAD TO BANJA LUKA - LATE AFTERNOON

106

Ian's truck slows down and stops by a sign: "NOVICA 3km", with an arrow pointing to a side road. Ian looks down the road. All is still.

IAN

You're sure you want to do this?

HARRY

Can you get me to Sarajevo?

IAN

Nope.

HARRY

Then I want to do this.

Harry gets out.

IAN

Harry.

HARRY

Yeah.

Ian is staring down the road to Novica.

IAN

Where are the cows?

Indeed, it's completely lifeless out there.

HARRY

Take care of yourself, kid.

Ian nods, and drives off.

Harry starts walking. The sun has dipped below the horizon, and the sky is getting darker. Down the road where he is headed, the canopy of trees looks like a dark tunnel.

107 EXT. ROAD TO NOVICA - LATE AFTERNOON

107

As Harry walks he sees something in the distance. There's a CAR coming. They probably haven't seen him yet, so he stops,

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED:

107

not sure he wants to be seen at all. He looks to one side, and for the first time takes a good look at the field.

Twenty yards away, there are some things sticking out of the ground. He blinks. They can't be what they appear to be.

But they are.

Four bodies have been buried upright, waist-deep in the mud ... the upper halves of their rotting corpses jutting out of the muddy earth. Two of the heads show terrible wounds from violent beatings. Another has dried blood around a bullet hole above one eye. Another's throat was slit.

Harry has seen some awful things in his life, but nothing like this. And while he stares transfixed and frozen, the car that had been approaching speeds up to him. It's a truck full of soldiers.

Harry turns just enough so that his right hand is blocked from their view as it yanks hard on the press pass to break the chain, and drops the pass down the side of his leg so that it falls in the tall grass by his feet.

Before the truck even comes to a stop, three SOLDIERS jump off and run right at Harry, automatic weapons at the ready.

HARRY

United Nations. I'm an officer of
the United Nations.

They grab him roughly, throw him in the back of the truck and drive towards the darkness that is Novica.

108 INT. KOSEVO HOSPITAL - SARAJEVO - LATE AFTERNOON

108

Katia hurries alongside as Aleks is wheeled into the noisy, crowded ward by overworked MEDICAL PERSONNEL, their white uniforms stained with blood. Everywhere are WOUNDED PEOPLE on gurneys, or sitting on chairs in the hallway, moaning.

All the nurses are occupied, so Katia cuts away Aleks' trousers to reveal the wound, grabs a bottle of peroxide and expertly starts to clean it.

A Doctor turns on a faucet to wash his hands, but no water comes out. He curses, wipes his hands on his pants, and moves to Aleks' side. Katia holds Aleks' hand tightly as the Doctor starts to remove the shrapnel from Aleks' leg.

Just then, a shell EXPLODES very close and very loud, and the lights go out. Lots of SHOUTING. Someone turns on a FLASHLIGHT, and the Doctor finishes his work in its beam.

109 EXT. NOVICA - NIGHT

109

Harry is in the back of the truck, squeezed between two soldiers, as the truck drives through a nightmare.

MILITARY VEHICLES in the streets ... SOLDIERS pull terrified CITIZENS out of houses ... soldiers emerge from other houses carrying armfuls of TVs, stereos, or furniture ... soldiers light Molotov cocktails and throw them into other houses.

This is Ethnic Cleansing in progress.

Bearded irregular soldiers drive past in a truck with a BULL'S HEAD mounted on the hood.

A MOSQUE is blown up, its minaret crumbling to the ground.

All this Harry can see from the back of the truck.

110 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

110

Inside this barbed-wire enclosed compound, a line of frightened MEN is entering a small building, each man being kicked or beaten by GUARDS as he enters.

The truck carrying Harry drives through the gates and pulls up at another small building. The guards roughly pull Harry off and into the building.

111 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

111

Harry is pushed into a room where several MEN sit - two are in military uniforms, two in long leather jackets.

While the soldiers who brought him in speak to the officers, Harry can hear a woman SCREAMING. It's coming from behind a doorway directly across the hall from him. The other SOUNDS from behind that door - men grunting and slapping and laughing - are the unmistakable signs of a gang rape.

The officers go through Harry's wallet and duffel bag. Finally, one asks him something in Serbo-Croatian.

HARRY

I don't know what you're asking me.
(points to ID card
from wallet)

I work for the United Nations. I
have a friend who lives near here.
He can tell you who I am. Do you
speak English?

(no response)

Does anyone speak English?

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED:

111

The officers talk among themselves. Behind them, across the hall, the SOUNDS of rape continue. Hary tries to act as if he doesn't hear it.

SERB INTERROGATOR

What is name of your friend?

HARRY

His name is Georgi Simic. He is a Serb. You are Serbs, right?

SERB INTERROGATOR

Yes.

HARRY

Yes. My friend Georgi is a Serb. We're good friends.

The interrogator translates for the others. They share a laugh, and then the interrogator turns to Harry.

SERB INTERROGATOR

Why you are in Novica?

HARRY

I'm arranging a relief shipment to your people. Blankets, medicine, canned food, dried milk. What else do you need?

SERB INTERROGATOR

How long you have been in Novica?

HARRY

I just got here when your men picked me up. I was on the U.N. convoy going to Banja Luka.

The interrogator translates. While he does, the awful SOUNDS from across the hall continue.

SERB INTERROGATOR

And what you have seen since you come here?

HARRY

Nothing.

The man translates. The horrible SOUNDS across the hall are relentless. Harry and the Interrogator have locked eyes.

SERB INTERROGATOR

And what you have heard?

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

HARRY

Nothing.

SERB INTERROGATOR

No?

The SCREAMING is sickening.

HARRY

Nothing.

Just then, the sounds from the rape room STOP. The sudden silence is unnerving. Harry can't help but glance to the door across the hall. Did they kill her?

The interrogator stares at Harry, almost daring him to break. It is all Harry can do to control himself.

Finally, across the hall, the door opens and several drunken SOLDIERS stagger out. A BALD SOLDIER - dark-eyed and bald as a cue-ball - pulls the disheveled VICTIM out. She's not dead. Her face is bruised, her eyes glassy, her hair a mess, her clothes torn, her legs bloodied.

And she's fourteen years old.

The Bald Soldier locks eyes with Harry and sneers. Harry has to control himself, but he cannot completely hide his disgust and anger. The interrogator turns to see what has caused this reaction, then turns back to Harry.

SERB INTERROGATOR

You have some feelings for her?

HARRY

(with difficulty)

None of my business.

SERB INTERROGATOR

But you feel for Muslim people, yes?

HARRY

No.

SERB INTERROGATOR

I think maybe you've come to help Muslims.

HARRY

Just find Georgi, alright? He'll tell you who I am.

The interrogator nods to the GUARDS, and Harry is taken away.

112 INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

112

Harry is thrown into a very dark room, and the door is slammed shut. A little moonlight comes in from the window.

Harry sits down on the cold floor. His hand hits something on the floor. He feels around, picks it up, and stands next to the window so he can see what it is in the moonlight.

It's several bloody TEETH still attached to the gums.

HARRY

Jesus.

VOICE

He's not here.

A match is struck across the room. For the first time, Harry sees a dozen other PRISONERS sitting ghostly quiet against the walls. All have been horribly beaten.

113 INT. A DARK ROOM - LATER

113

Harry and the Match-man talk quietly, under the window.

MATCH-MAN

All our lives we live together, we work together, we are friends. Then Tito dies, communism falls, old bosses see power fading away. They do anything to keep it, of course, so they start whispers about "Muslim extremists" coming. Just big lie, but people wonder. Then, they take over newspaper and radio. Whispers become shouts: Muslims raping women, killing babies. All lies. Over and over until good people don't know what to believe. And that's when soldiers come, tell Serbian people to turn against Muslims.

HARRY

What happens to Serbs who refuse?

The Match-man nods to his brutalized companions.

MATCH-MAN

You're looking at us.

114 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 114

Aleks is propped up in bed, his leg bandaged and elevated. He's okay. Katia's parents are fixing up another bed in the same room, obviously for Katia.

We hear a PIANO NOTE.

115 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 115

Katia stands at the old upright piano in the living room, listening to the SHELLING and faraway SNIPER FIRE outside.

Softly, she hits a note high up on the keyboard. The NOTE floats quietly above the BOOMING outside. When it fades away, she gently hits a low key. The bass NOTE rumbles softly and is absorbed into the distant SHELL-FIRE.

Now she sits at the bench, brings both hands up -- they hover over the keys -- and then she starts to play. Music from a simpler time. A careful melody that speaks of order and regularity and civilization. For a little while, the shelling seems to stop. All we hear is the music.

Then CRACK. The window shatters -- glass flies -- a chunk of wood shoots out from the top of the piano -- all this in a split second from one sniper's bullet.

Katia dives for the floor.

CRACK. Another bullet shatters the glass of a book case right over her head. Staying as low as she can, she crawls quickly across the broken-glass on the floor, and out of the living room.

She makes it to the dining room, just as her parents rush in. She pulls them away from the doorway. She points to the window. That's where the snipers are.

Katia looks mournfully at the piano as her father closes the sliding door between the living room and the dining room. He makes a gesture of finality. There's no going back into that room. They've lost it to the snipers.

116 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' GUEST BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 116

Katia lies awake in bed. Outside, it's quiet. She looks over at Aleks. He's asleep. He's okay. She gets up and tip-toes out of the room.

117 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

117

She enters the dining room and sits at the edge of the now-closed sliding door that separates her from the living room. She cracks it open, and peers through.

There's the piano. And just past it is the window through which the snipers shot.

Slowly, she pushes the sliding door open a few feet more. Then she lies there. No shots.

She crawls into the living room, all the way to the piano. Staying low, keeping the piano between her and the window, she gives it a tug. It moves a few inches. She freezes. No shots. She tugs it some more. Still no shots.

It's heavy, but she's determined. Slowly, quietly, taking pains not to make sudden movements or noise, she pulls the old piano across the living room toward the dining room.

Finally, she gets it through the doors and into the dining room. Then, still staying low, she slides the door shut.

The window through which the sniper shot is now on the other side of the sliding wooden door, and the piano is safely in the dining room. Still on the floor, she catches her breath from all the exertion, and leans against the piano, taking great comfort in its presence, and her small victory.

118 EXT. NOVICA DETENTION CAMP - DAY

118

A car enters, some SOLDIERS get out. And then a civilian. It's Georgi.

119 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

119

Georgi sits with the soldiers at a long table. On the table are Harry's possessions - his backpack, wallet, press pass, etc. Georgi is looking through it when Harry is brought in.

Harry is delighted to see his old chum.

HARRY

Oh man, am I glad to see you.

Harry starts to move toward Georgi, but the soldiers hold him back and sit him down. And Georgi is oddly cool.

GEORGI

You have U.N. credentials.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED:

119

HARRY

Yeah, well, I work for the U.N.
now.

GEORGI

Really. But this says 1982. This
is no good.

Harry cannot figure out what Georgi's doing.

HARRY

Must be a typo. You know the U.N.

GEORGI

You're not U.N. Why do you lie?

HARRY

What are you doing?

GEORGI

He is Black Market. He sells guns
and drugs and God knows what.

HARRY

I'm not selling anything, Georgi.
I came to get Katia out.

GEORGI

Oh, please. You never did nothing
in whole life for other person.
Who are you selling to Harry? Us?
Or them?

HARRY

I'm here for Katia.

GEORGI

Katia. She's a Turkish whore.

Harry lunges for him, but is restrained by the guards.

Georgi turns to the soldiers in the room and speaks Serbo-
Croatian to them. He's not saying nice things.

GEORGI

Tomorrow, when Commander returns,
he will find out truth from you.

Two soldiers roughly pull Harry to his feet and take him
struggling from the room.

120 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT 120

Some DRUNKEN SOLDIERS enter the building, laughing.

121 INT. CELL - NIGHT 121

Harry peers out the window of the door to his locked room. He sees the drunken soldiers enter a room across the hall, pull some poor wretch of a PRISONER out, and drag the man down the hallway, beating him as they go.

Harry returns to his work: rapidly pulling up floor tiles. There are beams below, but if he can get some more tiles up, there might be a large-enough opening to crawl through.

He's hard at work, so he doesn't see the silhouette of a man looking through the window of the door behind him.

The door flies open. Harry scrambles to his feet, but the man at the door is too fast. He rushes in to grab Harry, and clamps a hand across his mouth. As they struggle:

GEORGI

You are one fucking moron.

Harry stops struggling.

GEORGI

You told them you're U.N.? You think they'd let U.N. walk out of here who saw what you saw? Fucking moron.

Harry shoves Georgi hard and tries to keep his voice down.

HARRY

I'm a fucking moron? You told them I'm dealing guns!

Georgi shoves him back.

GEORGI

They like people who deal guns, you idiot! You had five minutes to live before I tell them that. Jesus Christ, I don't know why I'm doing this. Put these on.

Georgi hands him some fatigues. Harry struggles into them. He smells something.

HARRY

You been drinking?

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED:

121

GEORGI
All night with guards.

Georgi proudly holds up a key.

122 INT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

122

They creep quickly down the dark hallway. A door at the end of the hallway is open, light spilling out. Georgi points to it as they approach the door.

Inside are several GUARDS and a lot of empty bottles. Two are asleep. One DRUNKEN GUARD is still awake, facing the door, loading a pistol.

They are waiting until the man turns away, but then they hear a door opening at the other end of the corridor, behind them.

Two more SOLDIERS are coming towards them.

They can't just stand there. So Georgi and Harry start to walk past the doorway, when the Drunken Guard looks up. He sees them, points his pistol at them and calls belligerently. They have to stop.

The man looks at Harry, trying to focus his eyes. He clearly doesn't recognize Harry. Georgi says something friendly and reassuring to the Drunken Guard in Serbo-Croatian.

The Drunken Guard points his gun at Harry and motions for him to step into the room.

Behind them, the other soldiers are approaching. So Harry and Georgi enter the room.

HARRY
(sotto voce)
Ten seconds.

Georgi speaks again to the Drunken Guard, but the man's attention is on Harry. The Drunken Guard speaks to Harry accusingly in Serbo-Croatian. Harry just smiles at him and points to the bottle on the table. Harry walks right to the bottle, as if he wanted a drink. Georgi keeps walking to the man's other side.

We can hear the soldiers in the corridor getting very near.

The Drunken Guard stands up, pointing the gun right at Harry, snarlingly telling him to stop. Harry and Georgi are within a foot of the Drunken Guard, and at the moment Georgi grabs the man's gun-hand, Harry slams the man's head onto the table, knocking him out.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED:

122

From the sound of the soldiers in the corridor, they are about to reach the open doorway. Harry and Georgi quickly arrange the Drunken Guard face-down on the table, so he too now looks like another of his passed-out friends.

Then, the soldiers enter. They immediately start talking to Georgi and Harry. Harry picks up another bottle and tilts it to his mouth and drinks, so he doesn't have to speak.

But he is in a room of soldiers speaking to him in a language he does not understand, and this drinking ruse won't last long.

Georgi is obviously making excuses, maneuvering Harry out of the room, and as they get to the doorway, they bump into another entering soldier. This last soldier watches Georgi and Harry exit the room and head down the hallway.

Then he turns and we see it's the Bald Soldier from that afternoon's rape. He stops and thinks.

123 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

123

Georgi and Harry walk out into the yard. They have a long walk to the gate.

HARRY

You know what your friends are doing here?

GEORGI

Don't think Serbian people are so specially evil. If Klu Klux Klan took over your government and fed you hate for two years ... you'd have this too.

124 INT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

124

The Bald Soldier, very curious, starts to make his way outside.

125 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

125

Georgi and Harry are halfway across the yard, and are approaching the gate.

GEORGI

Let me do talking.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED:

125

HARRY

No shit.

Georgi calls a greeting to them, and the men let Georgi and Harry pass without looking too carefully at Harry.

Outside the gate, they walk toward the parked cars, all nosed-in against a fence.

GEORGI

It's green Yugo.

126 ANGLE ON BALD SOLDIER

126

Fifty yards behind them, the Bald Soldier is hurrying towards the gate.

127 ANGLE ON HARRY AND GEORGI

127

As they near the car. Harry looks back toward the gate.

128 ANGLE ON GATE

128

The Bald Soldier is talking to the Gate Guards, who are pointing directly at Harry and Georgi.

129 ANGLE ON HARRY AND GEORGI

129

HARRY

Let's get out of here.

They get in the car, Georgi puts the key in the ignition, but the engine doesn't turn over.

GEORGI

Shit.

Behind them, the Bald Soldier is running towards them. The Gate Guards are following behind, slower.

HARRY

Come on come on come on.

Georgi keeps trying the ignition ...

GEORGI

Fucking Yugo.

... and just when the Bald Soldier is ten feet away, the engine starts. Georgi jams it into reverse and backs out.

But the Bald Soldier has come alongside the passenger door and smashes the window with the butt of his gun. Harry instantly reaches out to grab the man, and pulls him in

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED:

129

through the window as Georgi pops the car into gear and heads for the Gate Guards who are aiming shotguns at him.

The Gate Guards dive out of the way, and the car - with the Bald Guard half in and half out of the passenger window - roars off for the main road at breakneck speed.

130 INT. GEORGI'S CAR - NIGHT

130

Harry struggles with the Bald Soldier with all his pent-up fury.

One of the Bald Soldier's hands has managed to get his gun through the window and despite Harry's best efforts, is managing to aim it towards Harry. Harry sees he has a second or two before the gun is aimed at him, so he quickly lets go of it and uses both hands to jam the man's torso down against the jagged glass shards at the bottom of the window. The razor-sharp glass tears through the man's shirt and into his chest. He gasps, his eyes bulge. In seconds, he drops the gun, stops struggling, and a gurgling sound catches in his throat.

Harry heaves him out the window and onto the road.

Georgi keeps driving fast as Harry catches his breath.

HARRY

You can't exactly go home now, can you?

GEORGI

No.

HARRY

Looks like you're coming with me.

GEORGI

I take you to Zagreb. I take you to Split. But I'm not taking you to Sarajevo.

HARRY

I got to get her out.

GEORGI

Harry, I love her too, but we can't get there. Believe me.

HARRY

I can't lose her again, Georgi.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED:

130

GEORGI

Listen to me. Serb Army controls all normal roads in. They kill us for sure if we try.

For a while, this stops Harry. Then he stares at Georgi.

HARRY

What do you mean "normal" roads in?

Georgi grimaces. He really doesn't want to do this.

HARRY

The last time I saw her was eight years ago. Her son was born nine months later.

Georgi turns to look questioningly at Harry. Harry nods.

HARRY

There is no way I'm not getting them out.

GEORGI

There is one very bad way in ...

131 EXT. SARAJEVO - TURKISH QUARTER - BREAD LINE - DAY 131

Little Alex, leaning on a crude crutch, stands beside Katia in a long line of nervous PEOPLE who have queued up beside a building. When each one reaches the front of the line, he is handed two long loaves of bread and walks off.

132 SNIPER'S POV 132

Alex as seen through a sniper's high-powered scope. He's right in the cross-hairs.

133 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY 133

The SNIPER takes aim. The rifle is extra long - this is a serious weapon made especially for long distance killing.

He breathes in, then holds his breath. He doesn't pull the trigger, but with his mouth makes the quiet "Psschw" sound kids make when they pretend they're shooting each other.

He turns to look at someone off-screen, and we reveal several other SNIPERS, all in position, all with the extra-long sniper rifles. They look expectantly toward another SOLDIER who is talking on a walkie-talkie.

134 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY 134

Higher up the mountain, another SOLDIER on a walkie-talkie stands beside several MORTAR CREWS. On one's command, the mortars are dropped into the tubes and are fired.

135 EXT. SARAJEVO - BREAD LINE - DAY 135

The Sarajevans are still in line for the bread, when they hear EXPLOSIONS. Something very close-by is being hit. Everyone flinches and looks around to see if they should take cover. They don't. They need this bread.

Then they hear SHOUTING. And they see some MEN running.

Someone in line calls to one of the men. He calls something back. People in the line react with horror and sadness.

Katia turns and asks someone what's going on.

The woman replies in *Bosnian*, but we hear one word clearly:

WOMAN

Biblioteka.

Katia blanches. She tells Aleks what to do and points him in the direction of home (away from where all the people are running to). She watches him hobble off, and then she runs in the other direction, with the crowd, toward the Library.

136 INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 136

The beautiful old Library is on FIRE. The ceiling has been opened up to the sky by mortars, its once-graceful copper dome now a large jagged hole.

LIBRARY WORKERS run through the rubble of the Grand Hall. All around them, stacks of books are in flames.

One older man lets out a WAIL. It is Katia's father.

137 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY 137

Some very satisfied Serbian soldiers drop incendiary phosphorus shells in, step back and hold their ears.

138 INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 138

High above the Grand Hall, a shell hits. Then another. More rubble, smoke, and dust. And many more flames.

CONTINUED

- 138 CONTINUED: 138
Library workers are beating at stacks of burning books with coats and jackets, but the stacks are all wooden, and the fire is spreading very quickly.
- 139 EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 139
Dozens of citizens are running into the burning library.
Katia pushes her way through and rushes in.
- 140 INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 140
Some workers try in vain to beat out the fire in the stacks.
Katia runs through, finds her father throwing books in boxes. She grabs him, tries to tell him to leave, but the old man won't go. He keeps tearing books off the shelves.
The carton is filling up. Katia looks around, finds a large trash bin, dumps out the garbage, and drags it to her father. They start throwing books into it.
All over the library now, people are running through smoke, coughing, dodging falling embers, to save the books.
They're throwing books in small boxes ... large cartons ... desk drawers they've ripped from desks ... metal drawers they've pulled from file cabinets ... some take off their coats and wrap the books in them like blankets.
- 141 EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 141
As these book rescuers run out of the library, they pass the books to people outside. It's like a water brigade, but instead of bringing water in, they're taking the books out.
- 142 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY 142
A SNIPER smiles and takes aim. And squeezes the trigger.
- 143 SNIPER'S POV - NATIONAL LIBRARY 143
We don't hear the sounds from the library - we're too far away. We just hear the wind and birds up on the hill. And the SHOTS. And each time a Sarajevan falls, we hear a sniper mutter his pleasure.
Another scope, another citizen SHOT. Another view, another victim. Some are wounded, some killed.

CONTINUED

- 143 CONTINUED: 143
Some citizens drag their comrades to safety ... and some are shot in the process.
- 144 EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 144
The "book brigade" line is abandoned. Some book rescuers immediately duck back inside. Others hug books close to their chests and run like hell around the corner, to safety.
- 145 INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DAY 145
Katia and her father, coughing, race up the stairs. They get to the top and stop short.
Behind a locked metal cage are the rare books. Glass-topped display cases are in flames. Katia's father grabs the cage door and desperately rattles it. He doesn't have the key.
- 146 CLOSE SHOTS OF BOOKS 146
An old Koran burns ... a leather-bound book of Hebrew burns ... a medieval Bible, hand-lettered by Monks, burns.
- 147 KATIA'S FATHER 147
He rages. An entire shelf of burning books collapses from the flames. They hear SHOUTS from down below.
- 148 INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY 148
Through the flames and smoke we see several library workers wielding a large card catalog desk as if it were a battering ram, and using it to smash the stained-glass window at the rear of the building. Shards of glass everywhere. But now there's a way out the back - away from the snipers.
The book brigade re-forms. People start tossing books out to people waiting below. And from the street, empty boxes are passed into the library.
Katia and her father join the line of people passing dozens, hundreds, thousands of books out the building to safety.
- 149 EXT. MOUNT IGMAN - LATE AFTERNOON 149
Georgi and Harry are driving up an extremely narrow dirt road to the top of a mountain.

GEORGI
She's where?

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED:

149

HARRY
In the Grbavica district. I've
got the address.

GEORGI
Oh, Harry ...

Georgi stops the car.

HARRY
What.

GEORGI
Serb Army overran Grbavica first
thing in war.

That's bad, but Harry won't let doubts creep in.

HARRY
Then she'd be with her parents.

GEORGI
Maybe she's with her parents. Or
maybe she's in Croatia. Or maybe
she's dead. You don't know.

HARRY
She's not dead.

He gets out of the car and walks the last few yards to the
top, but stays low to avoid being seen from the other side.
Georgi joins him.

HARRY
This the road?

GEORGI
(nods)
At bottom of mountain is airport.
If we can get to airport and cross
runway, we're in city.

HARRY
Where are the Serbs?

GEORGI
Serb army on left. Serb army on
right.

HARRY
How much of this road can they see?

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

GEORGI

Whole way down. And they don't shoot little guns. Shoot anti-aircraft guns.

HARRY

So we go down at night. No headlights.

GEORGI

Yes. Of course, without lights we most likely go over side, fall to death. Okay?

HARRY

Look, you don't have to do this. Don't go. I'll take it from here.

GEORGI

Oh, I'll do this. This is my war, not yours. I just want you to know what's between you and maybe.

150 EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY - NIGHT

150

Katia and her father stand with other exhausted book rescuers outside the back of the library. Flames shoot out of openings that used to be windows.

Katia's father suddenly looks so much older. He sees a book on the ground, bends with difficulty to pick it up, dusts it off and silently carries it away. Behind him, the smoke of a million books rises.

151 EXT. TOP OF MOUNT IGMAN - NIGHT

151

Harry is wrapping cloth around the tail lights of the car.

HARRY

Try it again.

A red brake-light GLOW bleeds through the cloth. Harry gives up, wraps the towel around his hand, and smashes the brake lights.

152 INT. CAR - NIGHT

152

Harry starts to walk over to the passenger side, but Georgi slides over there first, opening up the driver's seat.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED:

152

GEORGI

No no. You're driving this part.

HARRY

Alright. We just doubled our chance of surviving.

Harry gets in and starts the car, and they slowly go over the crest of the mountain.

GEORGI

You are so competitive.

HARRY

I bet I'm less competitive than you are.

Georgi smiles. It's an old joke between them. But Harry doesn't allow himself even a smile. He is straining to see what little road there is. It is stunningly narrow.

The sheer cliff of the mountain is on his side. On the passenger side, the road falls sharply away. Since Harry can barely see a thing, he is driving quite slowly.

HARRY

Where's the fucking road?

GEORGI

Forgot to tell you. Is not road. Is goat path.

HARRY

Great.

GEORGI

You'll want to go faster than this.

HARRY

We go any faster, we're over the side.

GEORGI

You feel lucky?

HARRY

Like old times, pal.

Georgi smiles and leans way out the passenger window, squinting so he can see the road.

GEORGI

Then do it to it.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED: (2) 152

Harry pops it into the next gear and speeds up.

GEORGI

Your side ... half a foot ...
good ...

153 EXT. SIDE OF MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 153

A couple of SERB SOLDIERS sitting at an outpost, drinking Slivovitz. One hears something. He shushes the others.

They HEAR a car engine coming down the mountain.

They look up, but it's too dark to see anything. Then one walks over to a large caliber automatic weapon affixed to a tripod. He looks through the scope.

154 POV - THROUGH THE SCOPE 154

Nothing. Pitch black out there.

155 SOLDIER 155

His hand reaches up to a large attachment on the scope. He flicks a switch.

156 POV - THROUGH THE SCOPE 156

A bright green image flickers to life. This is a NIGHT-SCOPE, and through it he can see a car driving down the goat path on the face of the mountain.

157 INT. GEORGI'S CAR - NIGHT 157

He's driving as close as he can to the rock on his side, while Georgi leans out the window, giving directions.

GEORGI

It curves right little bit ...
watch it ... stay on your side ...

And then the SHOOTING starts.

HARRY

Oh shit!

GEORGI

Easy! Easy!

Large calibre bullets hit the rock ahead of the car.

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED:

157

HARRY
Get out of the window.

Another SHOT hits the side of the car.

GEORGI
It's straight for a bit. Go!

HARRY
Get out of the window!

Another SHOT, and Georgi bellows. His left arm reaches across his chest and over his right shoulder.

HARRY
Georgi!

GEORGI
Aw shit ...

Harry floors it. He can't see very well, so he just hugs the mountain side of the road, frequently scraping his side of the car against the wall of rock beside him.

More SHOTS.

HARRY
Georgi!

GEORGI
(in trouble)
Yeah yeah ...

Harry is taking quick little glances to Georgi.

HARRY
Where are you hit?

GEORGI
Fucking back ... shoulder ...

158 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

158

Harry is going even faster now, precariously close to hurtling off the edge of the cliff.

159 INT. CAR - NIGHT

159

Harry depresses the pedal even more.

HARRY
The U.N.'s at the airport, right?

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED:

159

GEORGI

Yeah ...

HARRY

They must have medics right?

GEORGI

Yeah ...

HARRY

I always liked the U.N.

Georgi laughs. But it hurts. He grimaces and coughs.

GEORGI

Oh Jesus, look ...

HARRY

What.

GEORGI

(with difficulty)

It went through.

Georgi fingers some blood off the front of his shirt.

HARRY

Hang on.

He floors it. The car is almost constantly scraping the wall of rock on the driver's side, sending sparks flying, and making a horrible noise.

160 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

160

Faster now, and closer to the edge of the cliff. But soon rocks and trees start to appear on the cliff side.

161 NIGHTSCOPE POV

161

The car is half-blocked by trees and outcroppings. After a little bit, the scope searches, but cannot find the car.

162 INT. CAR - NIGHT

162

Harry drives as fast as he can, stealing quick peeks at Georgi, who is breathing deep to stay conscious.

HARRY

We're leveling out.

(no response)

Georgi.

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED:

162

GEORGI
(annoyed)
What.

HARRY
You busy?

GEORGI
Yes!

HARRY
We're at the bottom.

Georgi looks out the window.

GEORGI
Go right.

HARRY
There's no road.

GEORGI
Go right! Cut through field.

Harry swings the wheel and from the bumping they're taking, they are obviously no longer on a road of any kind.

GEORGI
That light is airport.

Harry squints. It's way up ahead. Harry floors it. They're bouncing like crazy.

163 EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

163

The car chugs through the fields, approaching the airport.

164 EXT. SERB GUN POSITION - NIGHT

164

The gunners hear the car, but cannot see it.

165 EXT. SARAJEVO AIRPORT - NIGHT

165

Some U.N. SOLDIERS hear it coming too, but cannot see it.

166 INT. CAR - NIGHT

166

Harry's senses are on high alert as they near the airport.

167 EXT. SERB GUN POSITION - NIGHT 167

The gunners have their anti-aircraft weapons at the ready, scanning the fields for the rapidly approaching car.

168 INT. CAR - NIGHT 168

Harry has the pedal all the way to the floor.

HARRY

Almost there.

169 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 169

One of the U.N. soldiers points toward the field on the other side of the runway. The other swings a large piece of equipment around and switches it on. It's a SPOTLIGHT.

170 INT. CAR - NIGHT 170

Harry sees the spotlight, but it's not aimed at them - yet.

HARRY

No ...

171 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 171

The spotlight is turning ...

172 SPOTLIGHT'S POV 172

... across the fields ... and there! A car speeding towards the runway. The car is now fully illuminated.

173 INT. CAR - NIGHT 173

Harry is blinded by the light, but keeps speeding, waving his left arm wildly out the window.

HARRY

Turn it off! Turn it off!!!

174 EXT. SERB GUN POSITION - NIGHT 174

The gunners WHOOP with joy as they open FIRE again.

- 175 INT. CAR - NIGHT 175
Harry forces Georgi down below the level of the window, ducks down as low as he can get, and keeps driving forward.
- 176 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 176
It's being hit by SHOTS as it bounces over a ditch, and crashes through a small gate. There are holes in the rear.
Another spotlight from the airport catches the car in its beam as it makes it onto the runway. More SHOTS.
A tire blows out. Harry drives as fast as he can, wobbling on the bum tire, heading for the other side of the runway.
- 177 EXT. SERB GUN POSITION - NIGHT 177
Some gunners are SINGING a rousing patriotic song, while others actually fire SHOTS to the exact rhythm of the song.
- 178 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 178
Bullets tear through the passenger side.
- 179 INT. CAR - NIGHT 179
Harry sees he is heading straight for the edge of a hangar. He hits the brakes for all he's worth, slamming him forward.
- 180 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 180
The car careens off the runway, and slides out of control to a screeching, braking stop against a hangar.
UN vehicles and soldiers rush toward it, guns at the ready.
- 181 INT. CAR - NIGHT 181
Harry shakes himself to clear his head and catch his breath. He's alive. He looks up to see soldiers YELLING at him in French. It's so -- French. He starts to laugh. He turns to Georgi, laughing.
And then he stops laughing.
Georgi is pitched forward, his head angled oddly against the dashboard, his eyes open and unseeing. Behind him, the passenger door is riddled with bullets.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED:

181

Harry's face creases into its grief, his eyes water over.
Still, the soldiers bark orders at him in French. Harry closes his eyes in pain.

182 INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

182

A sheet-covered body is loaded into the back of a UN truck.
Harry watches mournfully from off in the corner of this mostly empty hangar, where an office of sorts has been set up. Some desks, file cabinets, and cots.
Across from Harry is an EGYPTIAN ARMY SERGEANT with U.N. insignia. Off to the side, a SOLDIER/CLERK sits looking bored in front of a typewriter.

HARRY

There's a detention camp in Novica. Civilians are being tortured and raped. Probably killed.

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT

You don't have any papers?
Passport? Driver's license?

HARRY

I told you -- they took it from me in the camp. Aren't you even a little interested in this?

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT

Please. What can I do about that?

HARRY

Maybe you can put it in the report, so your boss'll get blamed for the cover-up, instead of you.

The Sergeant dictates to the clerk, who types.

There's a WHOOP from the other side of the hangar, and Harry looks over to see some UKRAINIAN SOLDIERS carrying on as they off-load a palette of supplies with a forklift. But some are hand-carried into a red car ... helped by the driver of the car, a LONG-HAIRED MAN in a motorcycle jacket.

Harry's experienced eyes take all this in.

HARRY

I need a lift into town.

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED:

182

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
Where in town?

HARRY
Her father's name is Kovac. I
don't know his first name.

The man flips through a local phone book and finds Kovac. He shows Harry. There must be 100 of them.

HARRY
Just get me into town. I'll find
them.

The Sergeant wearily sighs.

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
The driver who takes your friend
to the morgue ... I will ask him
to let you off on the way.

HARRY
Thank you.

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
You have Deutschmarks?

HARRY
What?

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
We prefer Deutschmarks, but we
will take dollars.

HARRY
(stunned)
I don't have -- you're going to
charge me?

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
To walk from here ... would be
suicide.

Harry takes off his watch and tosses it on the desk. The sergeant looks it over, and checks it against his watch.

EGYPTIAN SERGEANT
Ahh, the night went quickly.

183 EXT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - EARLY MORNING

183

Katia emerges into the doorway, wearing a denim jacket, and carrying some empty plastic water cans. She looks carefully

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED:

183

up and down the street to see if it's safe.

She sees two BOYS playing in some rubble. One holds out his hands, palms up, as if waiting for something from the sky to fall in them. The other sticks out his tongue as far as he can, just as kids do when they want to catch falling snow.

Katia looks up, and that's when she sees it: it is SNOWING.

Except the snowflakes aren't white. They're dark. Some almost black. Katia holds out her hand and one dark flake lands gently in her palm. It's not a snowflake.

It's ASH.

The ash crumbles into dust soon after landing on her skin, but not before she sees there is printed writing on it. Another one lands. More writing. These are the ashes of millions of books, and they will fall on Sarajevo all day.

Katia decides the street is safe from snipers and walks off.

In the background, as always, we hear SHELLING and SNIPING.

184 EXT. BOULEVARD - SARAJEVO - EARLY MORNING

184

Katia, still with the empty cans in hand, turns a corner and disappears down another street.

Moments later, the UN truck on which Georgi's body was loaded drives up and stops. Harry gets out. The FRENCH DRIVER points at the houses on the nearby hills. (His English is heavily-accented; snipers are "sni-pairs".)

FRENCH DRIVER

From there ...

(his arm sweeps)

... to there. You see? Many snipers. If you can see those houses, they can see you. Okay?

Harry nods and the driver drives off.

He looks around. Devastation. Buildings burned and shelled. Broken glass everywhere. And ashes falling like dark snow. It's unreal.

He walks toward the street Katia just left moments ago.

185 INT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY 185

Katia cuts through this ruin, stepping over the rubble, on her way to the next street.

186 EXT. STREET - SARAJEVO - DAY 186

She emerges to see a few Sarajevans buying packets of UN relief supplies from the long-haired man in the motorcycle jacket standing beside a bright red car.

Katia eyes this as she walks by, and joins another group of people standing on one side of an intersection, nervously peeking around the corner to see if it's safe to run across. Finally, they decide it is and sprint across the street.

Katia walks. She is determined to lay claim to her streets.

On the other side of the intersection, she joins a line of people waiting to reach a PIPE on the side of a building. Water flows freely from the tap, and the people use it to fill up plastic buckets, jerry-cans, jars, pails, etc.

187 EXT. TURKISH QUARTER - DAY 187

Harry walks the narrow streets looking for something familiar. All around, buildings have been shelled, windows are blown out. There's no one else on the street.

He sees the cafe where he and Katia met her girlfriends and talked of being "Tito girls". It took a direct hit.

He tries to remember: where is her parents' apartment from here? He makes a decision, and turns the corner.

188 EXT. WATER QUEUE - DAY 188

Katia fills up her last jerry-can with water, and walks off, bent over from the weight. She exits frame, leaving us with a view of the houses on the hill where the snipers hide.

189 SNIPERSCOPE POV 189

Through the sniper's SCOPE we see Katia walking. He pans with her as she walks, steadying his aim until she is exactly in the middle of the cross-hairs.

She passes an ELDERLY COUPLE walking in front of her, and the sniper stays with them, letting Katia exit his shot.

Struggling with their own water, the old folks can barely walk at all. A small GIRL, about six, maybe their

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED:

189

granddaughter, tries to help carry the jugs with them, but it's questionable how much help she's providing.

The three stop to switch places so they can get better grasps on the jugs. A street sign partially blocks them.

The sniper pans quickly and finds Katia walking up ahead. He steadies ... and then a U.N. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER drives slowly by, blocking his view of her.

When the APC passes, Katia is revealed again, but partially obscured by some trees. He pans back to the elderly couple.

Then he changes his mind. He wants the little girl. He lowers his aim and gets her in his sight ... but the three turn a corner and are about to disappear.

And CRACK.

Something hits the little girl in the back, punctures her jacket, and knocks her face-down on the pavement. Dead.

190 INT. SNIPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

190

On a wall someone has drawn some crude stick figures with a Magic Marker. Over a dozen people are depicted. Five of them are little ones. Children.

A sniper's rifle enters the frame and is propped against the wall. A dirty hand holding a Magic Marker quickly draws a sixth child. Then the hand drops the marking pen and picks up the rifle again.

191 SNIPERSCOPE POV

191

He pans around, and finds Katia just as she passes a building which blocks his view. So he pans ahead, in the direction she's walking, and finds an intersection.

192 EXT. INTERSECTION - SARAJEVO - DAY

192

Blocked by the building, Katia nears the intersection. Ahead of her, people stop, peek, and then run through it.

She shows no signs of stopping - or running - as she approaches the intersection.

193 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SARAJEVO - DAY

193

Harry stops a man and asks him a question. The man shrugs. He makes a guess and points down the block and over. Maybe.

194 EXT. INTERSECTION - SARAJEVO - DAY 194

Katia is almost to the intersection.

195 EXT. SNIPER'S APT. BLDG. - DAY 195

All the curtains of the top floor apartment are drawn except one. It's just blackness in there.

Moving closer, we can see through the window into the living room. It's empty.

Closer still, and we see a hole in the back wall across from the front window. Something is jutting through that hole.

We're even closer now, and we can see it is the long barrel of a sniper's rifle sticking through the hole in the interior wall of this house. He's aiming through the living room, out the front window, and he's not exposed at all.

196 INT. SNIPER'S APARTMENT - DAY 196

Close on the sniper as he aims ... takes a deep breath ... holds it ... and FIRES.

197 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SARAJEVO - DAY 197

Harry hears the SHOT and stops. Looks around. Then walks on. He nears a corner. He reaches the corner. He turns onto a new street and stops short.

Lying face-down in the street is the BODY of a woman.

Dark hair, denim jacket.

Several jerry-cans of water lie beside her where they fell. A puddle of blood is forming quickly around her head.

Harry turns cold. He forces himself to walk toward the body.

He stops at the corner. He still can't see her face, and to get any closer means entering the intersection and exposing himself to the same fire that killed her.

He has to decide. He peers around the edge of the building ... it's quiet ... he looks across the street and sees something he hadn't seen before: half-hidden in the shadow of the building on the other side is a PHOTOGRAPHER, kneeling, pointing his camera at Harry. Waiting.

It pisses Harry off, but there's nothing he can do about it. He takes one more look around the corner to where the snipers are, takes a breath and sprints for all he's worth.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED:

197

Halfway across the intersection, he grabs the woman's body by the back of her jacket and pulls her to the other side while the photographer CLICKS away.

Once safely out of the intersection, Harry kneels down and turns the body over.

It's a young woman with delicate features, like a porcelain doll. Looks to be in her late 20s. So pretty. Someone's daughter, someone's girlfriend. But it's not Katia.

He stares at her for a few seconds, and realizes the photographer is still standing there.

HARRY

How about a close-up of the wound?

The man takes no offense.

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

I have lots of those. I like man running across street to get body.

HARRY

Better picture if I get shot, though.

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Not better. Just pays more.

HARRY

You got a car?

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah.

HARRY

I need a ride.

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Where.

HARRY

Where the journalists stay.

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Let's go.

They walk up the block toward a boxy little car with PRESS markings on it.

198 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SARAJEVO - DAY 198

Katia approaches the intersection Harry just left. She stops when she sees the trail of blood that starts in the middle of the street and ends at the body on the other side.

A scrawny DOG stands by the woman's head and licks up the pool of blood, the first sustenance it's had for days.

Katia stares. Then walks deliberately across the street.

199 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY 199

The Italian guy drives into the underground garage. There are various armored cars, labeled "Press", "BBC", "CNN".

ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER
So you're looking for a journalist?

HARRY
I'm looking for a fixer.

ITALIAN DRIVER
Ah. You'll like the Holiday Inn.

The man stops the car and points to a spiraling metal staircase that leads up to the lobby.

200 INT. HOLIDAY INN LOBBY - DAY 200

Harry emerges into the large, six-storied atrium lobby. The glass front is partially smashed, partially boarded up.

Off to one side is the desk, on which a small tensor lamp is the only artificial light in the whole place. The gift shop is closed, there are no bellhops, but the bar area in the middle of the room is crowded.

There are JOURNALISTS with press credentials dangling from their necks ... husky CAMERAMEN with bulky video gear at their feet ... UN SOLDIERS wearing blue berets with the various uniforms of their native countries ... YOUNG TOUGHS in leather jackets ... GIRLS in tight skirts ... and more.

Harry approaches the bar and gets the BARTENDER's attention.

HARRY
Beer.

The bartender puts a can of beer in front of Harry, who then leans over and whispers something. The bartender nods and walks to the other end of the bar, where he says something to someone talking to a U.N. soldier.

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED:

200

The someone, BOZO, excuses himself from the soldier, walks over and sits beside Harry. We see now he might be sixteen.

BOZO

Quite a place, this Holiday Inn. When no one else in town has running water, they have running water. You know how they do that?

(confidentially)

They make deals. I make deals too. Hello. My name is Bozo and I'm best there is. Whatever you want I can arrange.

Harry cannot believe this. The kid has clearly seen too many Bogart movies.

HARRY

I don't think so. Thanks.

Harry turns away and holds up his hand to get the bartender's attention.

HARRY

Excuse me --

BOZO

Hey, big shot! You disrespect me because I look like kid, I know. But I have car, do you? No. I know where to get petrol, do you? No. I can get you beautiful girl, I can get you heroin, I can get you squid so fresh it still has salt water from ocean on it, and nearest ocean is hundred goddamn miles away. Can you do that?

Harry thinks about this.

HARRY

You want a beer?

BOZO

Yes, but -- I'm not old enough. They won't sell me.

HARRY

(to the bartender)

Beer.

201 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - STAIRWELL - DAY 201

Katia enters the ground floor, passes the open and lifeless elevator, and lugs the heavy water up the stairs. Even though it is daytime, the stairwell is dark. No lights.

202 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - DAY 202

Katia puts one jerry-can of water in the kitchen, on the stove, and totes the other three into the bathroom.

203 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 203

Very carefully, she pours the water into a large tin basin.

HARRY (v/o)

Alright ... assuming we can find her, how do we get her out?

204 INT. HOLIDAY INN BAR - DAY 204

Drinks are flowing freely. A LOUNGE SINGER with an acoustic guitar is singing John Lennon's "Imagine", heavily-accented.

BOZO

U.N. airlift, but it's tricky.

HARRY

Why.

BOZO

Beginning of war, Serbs control airport. World put pressure on them to let U.N. take over airport, use it for humanitarian, you know? So Serbs say, Okay, we let U.N. have airport, but U.N. must do something for us: U.N. must keep Bosnian peoples from leaving. So no civilians allowed on planes. Never.

HARRY

But you know how to make an exception, don't you?

Bozo just smiles. At the next table, someone spills a drink, and someone LAUGHS.

205 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 205

Katia dips a washcloth into the basin and sponges off Aleks' leg wound. It doesn't look very good.

206 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 206

Katia, her parents, and Aleks brush their teeth over the tin basin. They dip tea cups into the water to rinse their mouths, and carefully spit the water back into the basin.

207 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 207

Katia washes her hair by dipping the tea cup into the soapy water and pouring it over her head. By keeping her head over the basin, she manages not to lose any of the water.

208 INT. HOLIDAY INN BAR - DAY 208

BOZO

Only Bosnians they let on planes
are government and journalists.
And not phony journalists. Real,
legal, official, journalists.

HARRY

So we buy her a press pass.

BOZO

No problem.

HARRY

She has an eight year old boy.

BOZO

We make him journalist too.

HARRY

No problem?

BOZO

Please. Once I got family of
seven "journalists" on plane,
including baby, dog and kitty-cat.

209 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 209

Katia and her mother wash clothes in the increasingly sudsy water, wringing them out over the basin to catch every drop.

210 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 210

Now they use the dirtying water to wash the counter tops.

211 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 211

They wash the walls.

212 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - DAY 212

The water is getting dirtier as they squeeze out the sponges back into the basin, dip them in again, and scrub the floor.

213 INT. HOLIDAY INN - BAR - LATE AFTERNOON 213

The bartender wipes the bar down. He's got plenty of water.

BOZO

Normally is \$1500 each - if you can find them. I try to get you two for \$2500. Maybe more.

HARRY

Maybe less. Meantime, let's find her. We can start at the Library. Her father works there.

BOZO

No more. Library is destroyed.

HARRY

Christ.

BOZO

Don't worry. We find her.

Harry and Bozo get up. Harry starts heading for the front door, but Bozo steers him toward the back door.

BOZO

No no. Never go out front door here. Sniper out front has laserscope. Very good shot. We call him Accurate Al. Sniper out back is bad shot. Ricochet Richard. He couldn't hit bull in ass with bag of shit. We go out back.

They exit through the rear.

214 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 214

The water is almost black. Katia and her father lift the basin as Katia's mother lifts the lid of the filthy toilet. They pour in the water and Katia's mother pulls the chain to flush the toilet. Much to their relief, it works.

When her parents leave, Katia takes a can of hairspray and slips it into her coat pocket.

215 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 215

With the one remaining jug of water, Katia uses just a little to clean her hands, then passes it to her mother.

Her mother pours the rest of the water into a pot with some potatoes and puts it on the wood-burning stove.

Her father is prying a few wooden slats off an old chair, using them to light a fire in the stove.

Katia picks up a flashlight and tests it.

216 INT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - NIGHT 216

Bozo and Harry make their way through a hallway full of BOSNIAN SOLDIERS putting on black-face, readying for a patrol. Bozo pops his head into a room and asks some OFFICERS about "Katia", while Harry watches a NON-COM hand each soldier in the hallway three bullets. One particularly young soldier shakes almost uncontrollably.

Bozo emerges from the office with enthusiasm. He and Harry walk through the hallway of nervous soldiers.

BOZO

Is good.

HARRY

You know where she is?

BOZO

No. But now I know what streets not to drive on. What does she do?

HARRY

She paints. Plays the piano.

BOZO

Okay.

217 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - HALLWAY - NIGHT 217

Katia, lighting her way by flashlight, walks down the hallway to another apartment. She wrinkles her nose at the smell, and knocks on the door. CHICKEN MAN opens the door, letting out several PEOPLE carrying small bags with great care. He bids them goodbye and leads Katia in.

218 INT. CHICKEN MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 218

It is filled with CHICKENS. Live chickens, hens, and most importantly ... eggs. This apartment has been turned into a hatchery.

Katia takes the can of hair spray from her coat pocket, and hands it to Chicken Man. He examines it and in return, gives her 3 eggs. Katia protests, they haggle, and finally he gives her a fourth egg with great reluctance.

She is quite pleased.

219 EXT. KAMERNI THEATRE - NIGHT 219

Two ROCK `N ROLLERS carrying guitar cases run through the street under withering sniper fire. They duck into a doorway for a breather, look both ways, and when the shooting slows down, they dash across the street and into a building.

220 INT. KAMERNI THEATRE - NIGHT 220

The rockers climb a winding staircase and at the top, enter a small theatre where some sort of show is being prepared. There, Harry and Bozo are talking to artists painting sets, while musicians tune up, dancers stretch, actors run lines.

BOZO

Okay. She says Lazy knows her.

Bozo calls to one of the rock musicians we saw running across the street. They exchange a few words (including "Katia"). Yes, LAZY knows where she lives. Bozo happily thanks him.

HARRY

Thank you.

LAZY

You're welcome. Opening night is Saturday. Free show for all of city. I hope you'll come see us.

HARRY

If I'm still here.

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED:

220

LAZY
Yeah, me too.

Harry smiles and exits with Bozo.

221 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

221

Katia's mother is mixing the eggs with some flour from a cardboard box marked Humanitarian Aid.

Outside, the sounds of SNIPING.

222 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

222

Katia pours small amounts of cooking oil into little cups of water, and then lights string-wicks that stick out of corks which she floats on the oil. These are makeshift candles for the dinner table. Outside, the sounds of SHELLING.

223 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

223

Bozo driving, Harry watching the passing buildings intently. Every building has shell craters, bullet holes, broken glass.

BOZO
He said this is neighborhood.

HARRY
Keep going. This looks familiar.
Turn here. Yeah! Right there!
That's the one.

Bozo pulls up the car.

BOZO
I'll wait in car.

A shell EXPLODES very close by.

BOZO
Oh shit! Maybe I come inside.

224 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

224

Harry and Bozo climb the darkened stairs. They pass an apartment whose door has been blown off. Inside, it's all burned.

Next floor, more burned-out apartments, but on the stairs above some RESIDENTS are carrying a pot of macaroni. We see

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED:

224

them enter an apartment whose open door flickers with shadows of candles. Harry and Bozo climb the last flight of stairs.

Slowly, they approaches the open door. Inside they hear people greet the newcomers happily. One voice cuts through. Katia's. Harry doesn't understand a word of it, but the sound flies through the dark and straight into his heart.

BOZO

It is her?

HARRY

(nods)

Talk to your friend. Get me a price. Everything, all in. No surprises, understand?

BOZO

I got you. I'll be tomorrow at open marketplace. Five o'clock.

Harry nods. Bozo trots off down the stairs, leaving Harry standing outside the door to Katia's parents' apartment.

He just stands there and listens to the sound of her voice. He's so tired. She laughs. Harry considers this. Here she is, living through this nightmare, and she's the one who can laugh. And he's the one standing in the dark, alone.

Always alone.

Finally he enters.

225 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

225

Standing in the shadows, he sees a dozen people sit around the table, not unlike the first time we were here, in 1984.

People are all dressed up, like before, and the talk is animated, like before. But now the windows are covered with blankets, and there is meager food on the table - some potatoes, bread, macaroni, a small cake. And the piano that once graced the living room is now squeezed into a corner.

Katia is serving food. She looks tired, but also beautiful.

She disappears into the kitchen, and it's Aleks who spots Harry first. He stares quietly at Harry. Then, one by one, people stop talking and turn to see what he is looking at.

KATIA'S MOTHER

Katia ...

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED:

225

Katia emerges from the kitchen, unknowing of what's going on. Then she turns toward the doorway and stops short.

Her eyes well up, and she walks to him. Harry, bone-weary, waits for her to reach him, and they embrace. Tightly.

Finally, she holds him at arm's length to look him over. Then her face brightens as she looks past him out the door.

KATIA

Hey, where is Georgi? You said he would bring you.

Harry's face turns to pain. She searches his eyes. We see the hope drain from Katia's smile as she waits for him to say something ... but he doesn't, and she quickly knows why.

KATIA

Oh dear God ...

He takes her hand. She struggles to avoid breaking down. Behind her, her mother approaches to comfort her. Harry catches her eye and shakes his head, stopping her.

KATIA

(with difficulty)

Later, I will weep for Georgi ...
Come. You should eat something.

Harry accepts a hug from her mother --

KATIA'S MOTHER

You came back.

-- and shakes her father's hand.

KATIA'S FATHER

Welcome.

Harry cannot believe how much this man has aged. An extra chair is pulled over next to Aleks.

KATIA

Harry, this is Aleks. My son.

Harry looks closely at the boy. Is there a resemblance or not? Aleks shyly shakes Harry's hand.

People start to eat again, slowly, and a quiet conversation begins. Hushed words float about the table, but Katia and Harry hear none of it. They just look at each other across the dim and flickering candles. Watched by Aleks.

226 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 226

Katia and her parents wash the dishes, using dirt. Rubbing the dirt as an abrasive and then wiping the dishes off carefully with a towel.

They finish, and Katia hugs her parents good night. Her parents go off to bed. Katia piles the pots together and takes them out into the dining room.

227 INT. KATIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 227

Harry and Aleks are playing cards. Aleks is intent on studying the cards, Harry equally intent on studying Aleks. Right now, their cards are lying face-up on the bed.

HARRY

See, three of a kind beats two pair.

ALEKS

Okay. Play again.

Harry shuffles. While Aleks gets distracted with his leg bandage, tucking the end under itself so it doesn't unravel, Harry quickly stacks the deck. He deals.

HARRY

The leg bother you?

ALEKS

No. But we can't get new bandages.

Aleks picks up his cards and examines them. Harry has dealt him a Royal Flush. Aleks considers this seriously, then discards three of them.

ALEKS

Three.

Harry just looks at him. Katia enters with the pots.

KATIA

Aleks. Maybe Harry will help you put pots away.

ALEKS

Okay.

He leaps up and takes the pots.

KATIA

And tell Grandpa to come down.

Exit Aleks.

CONTINUED

227 CONTINUED:

227

HARRY
We need to talk.

KATIA
When he's asleep.

ALEKS (o.s.)
Harry?

Harry follows Aleks out of the room.

228 EXT. KATIA'S PARENT'S APT. - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

228

Aleks and Harry emerge onto the roof, staying low so they're not sticking up above the wall that runs along the edge.

HARRY
This is where you keep the pots?

Aleks is laying them out on the floor.

ALEKS
In case rains. We get water.
(calls)
Deda!

And now we see the silhouette of Katia's father standing by the edge of the roof. The old man walks over to them.

KATIA'S FATHER
I like to look at my city. And during day, it's too dangerous to put your face out there.

In the distance, they hear MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

KATIA'S FATHER
Listen. What do you hear?

HARRY
Machine gun. Large calibre.

ALEKS
Yes. That's PM-84.

And then a BOOM in the distance.

ALEKS
That's 130 millimeter cannon.

HARRY
How do you know that?

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED:

228

Aleks shrugs.

ALEKS

All children know this. Okay. We go down now.

KATIA'S FATHER

You go, Aleks. We'll be down later.

ALEKS

Laku noc, Deda. Good night, Harry.

Aleks kisses his grandfather and shakes Harry's hand. It's such a small thing. Harry watches him go downstairs.

KATIA'S FATHER

Come.

They walk to the edge of the roof and sit. They have a good view of a small battle going on in the hills - mostly small arms, some tracer fire, and the occasional rocket-propelled grenade. They can hear the EXPLOSIONS and see the puffs.

KATIA'S FATHER

Actually, what you hear is lies.

(a shell explodes)

That one says we've been fighting each other for 600 years. But it's not true.

(a burst of fire)

That one says this is religious war. Not true.

(another shell)

And that one says all this was inevitable. Such shit.

Now the light show intensifies: tracers darting back and forth in the hills ... a high-rise on fire.

KATIA'S FATHER

Politicians did this. They planned it. They tell people it's not possible to live together any more, and some fools believe them. But Sarajevo - my beautiful Sarajevo - proves them wrong. More than any place on earth it proves them liars. That's why they must destroy it.

After a little while, the sounds die down, and all is quiet. And then they hear a new sound: a PIANO being played softly a few floors below. A familiar tune.

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED: (2)

228

KATIA'S FATHER

I was once soldier. But I cannot protect her.

Harry puts a reassuring hand on the old man's shoulder and goes downstairs.

229 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

229

Katia noodles idly on the high keys. She doesn't look up as he enters. He looks from her to the window. The blanket is down. He walks over, and starts to put the blanket back up.

KATIA

Leave it. They haven't taken over those buildings yet. When they do, I don't know ... I'll move piano into bathroom.

HARRY

You should start thinking about what to pack. You can only take one suitcase.

KATIA

I saw dead girl in street today. She was carrying water, and it was all spilled. But I kept looking at her shoes. I thought: this morning she sat on edge of bed to tie her shoes, and she did not know she would never take them off. She did not know that next time those shoes were untied, it would be by stranger at morgue. I do not want to die in street, Harry, carrying water.

(turns to Harry)

But I'm not leaving Sarajevo. I am not leaving.

And she goes back to her piano-playing.

230 EXT. SNIPERS' ROOFTOP - NIGHT

230

Two bearded SERB SNIPERS climb up onto the roof of an apartment building, carrying their long sniper's rifles with them. One is talking, when the other shushes him: Listen!

Someone is playing a piano.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED:

230

They hunker down and approach the edge, adjusting their nightscopes. One aims it over the edge of the roof.

231 SNIPER'S POV

231

He pans around until he finds the right window. All he can see from this vantage point is the far end with the lowest notes. Someone is sitting on the high end of the bench, hidden from this view. Every so often, the piano player's left hand comes fleetingly into frame on the low end of the piano, but it disappears from view just as quickly.

232 EXT. SNIPERS' ROOFTOP - NIGHT

232

The sniper points to the next building, obviously saying "If we were shooting from there, we could see that piano player."

They find a wooden board and use it to span the gap between this building and the next one. Then they carefully walk across it to the 2nd rooftop.

233 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

233

Katia noodles on the piano.

HARRY

I didn't come here to argue with you, Katia. I'm getting you out.

KATIA

Oh, thank God the White Man is here. He will save us for sure.

HARRY

Ever known me to fail?

KATIA

(smiles)

Never at your job, no.

Aleks walks in, sleepily.

KATIA

Oh darling, does Mommy keep you awake with her beautiful piano playing?

She picks him up and puts him on the piano bench next to her. On the low side. She puts his hands on the keyboard, and he idly starts to play scales.

234 EXT. 2ND SNIPERS' ROOFTOP - NIGHT 234

The Serb snipers have set up on the 2nd roof and peer through their scopes.

235 SNIPERSCOPE POV 235

They see half of Aleks. Not a clear shot.

236 EXT. 2ND SNIPERS' ROOFTOP - NIGHT 236

They look to yet one more neighboring roof. This one's close enough to jump, so they take a running start and leap across to the 3rd rooftop.

237 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT 237

Harry is inspecting the silver cabinet.

HARRY

We're going to need cash. I can probably hock some silver, jewelry, whatever.

KATIA

Stop it, Harry. We don't need your help to get out.

HARRY

Then why are you still here?

KATIA

Where should I go?

HARRY

With me.

KATIA

Ahh. Go with Harry who can't stay in one place for more than three weeks? Harry who lives just for Harry? Why would I do that?

HARRY

I came for you, didn't I?

KATIA

Yes, but this -- forgive me -- this is, maybe, easy test. It's mean and bloody, and when wind is right you can smell the gunpowder. How could you not come?

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED:

237

HARRY
That's not why I'm here.

KATIA
No?

HARRY
No.

KATIA
Then where were you when it was
peace?

Harry doesn't have an answer for that. Katia turns her attention to Aleks' hands playing his scales. She very gently places her hand on his to correct his fingering.

Harry watches the tenderness between mother and child. He sees the way Aleks looks at her.

He sees the way she smiles when he gets it right.

And then he sees the small RED DOT of a laser beam moving up Aleks' back and onto his skull.

Harry dives across the space between them, knocking Katia and Aleks across the bench and onto the floor, frantically covering them with his own body just as a high-powered bullet RIPS through the piano. Then another.

On the floor, Harry keeps Aleks from jumping up and running away, and pushes both of them under the window.

The snipers, obviously very pissed off, are now shooting everything in the room they can see. A framed picture, a vase, the sofa, it's just one big shooting gallery.

Katia's mother and father run into the doorway --

HARRY
Get back! Get back!!

-- and they just as quickly disappear back into the hallway.

Harry, Katia and Aleks huddle beneath the window frame while the piano is used as target practice, its strings making a strange music as they die.

Harry looks into Katia's eyes. She is not scared, but she is furious at the near-murder of her son. She hugs Aleks tightly.

HARRY
Does he know?

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED: (2)

237

KATIA
Does he know what?

HARRY
Does - he - know.

Katia takes a breath, and makes a decision. She shakes her head no. Then she lowers Aleks to the floor and points to the doorway where her parents lie.

KATIA
Stay low.

Aleks crawls quickly and efficiently across the room, where his grandparents take him in their arms.

KATIA
As far as he knows ... Ivo is his father.

HARRY
Where is Ivo?

KATIA
Zagreb.

HARRY
Then we go to Zagreb.

KATIA
No.

HARRY
Katia, he could die here!

KATIA
So could they.

She nods toward the hallway where her parents hide.

HARRY
Then we take them with us.

KATIA
They won't leave.

HARRY
They will to save him.

Katia thinks.

HARRY
Come on, Katia ...

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED: (3)

237

KATIA

Only if they go. I can't leave them behind.

Harry nods.

238 EXT. SARAJEVO - MORNING

238

Harry and Katia step out the building's front door, and stand for a moment to watch Aleks and some of his FRIENDS happily playing soccer in the street.

Aleks is limping, and when the ball nears him, he misses. The ball rolls past him toward the corner. Some faster kids give chase, but they pull up short when they reach the corner. The ball rolls out into the intersection, and they don't dare follow it any farther. Snipers. The game's over.

Katia and Harry walk off in the other direction.

239 EXT. MAKESHIFT GRAVEYARD - MORNING

239

An ORTHODOX PRIEST says a prayer as he walks around the grave, swinging a brass container from a chain. Smoky incense from the container billows out.

Harry and Katia are the only mourners as Georgi's casket is lowered into a shallow hole by unshaven MUNICIPAL WORKERS.

Harry turns away. The field is filling up with freshly-turned earth and new grave markers. Then he notices something odd: large, white GOALPOSTS.

Katia sees where Harry's attention is.

KATIA

So many people killed, no more room in regular graveyards. So now we bury our dead in football playground.

Dirt is shoveled onto the casket. Harry stares at the casket as it disappears. Katia takes his arm.

KATIA

We shouldn't stay here. Soon the monsters will be awake. They can see us here.

240 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY 240

In the dining room, Katia takes a velvet-lined tray of antique silverware and carries it into her parents' bedroom.

There, old fingers open up a jewelry box. Some beautiful old rings, a pearl necklace, earrings. Katia's mother takes them out of the box, and wraps them in newspaper on the bed.

Her father takes off a watch and a ring, and makes his own pile on the bed, along with an engraved money clip, cufflinks, a diamond tie-pin, and some war medals.

Katia can't watch this. She leaves the room.

HARRY

Don't put it all in. Keep something.

KATIA'S FATHER

It's not enough. It's not enough.

HARRY

Don't worry. Keep something.

Katia's father looks at Harry questioningly, but can't figure out what the American has in mind. So he looks through the bag and pulls out one of his wife's rings. He hands it to her, and she takes it as if she had lost it many, many years ago and cannot believe it's turned up now.

She then reaches into his pile and pulls out one war medal. He tears over as he takes it from her. They're an old couple, and they love each other very much.

Harry gently puts the rest into a valise, and leaves.

241 EXT. U.N. BARRACKS - DAY 241

Harry, carrying the valise, is talking to some FRENCH SOLDIERS beside a large wall of sandbags. One nods enthusiastically and leads him inside.

242 EXT. OPEN-AIR MARKETPLACE - LATE AFTERNOON 242

Harry, without the valise, enters and looks around. It's maybe 100 feet square, and jammed with open stalls displaying a meager array of goods: some pale fruits and vegetables, cheap toys, cigarettes in crudely-printed cartons.

Bozo waves to him and walks over.

CONTINUED

242 CONTINUED:

242

BOZO

Yes hello. Good news. I found
guy with two passes.

HARRY

Yeah, well now I need four.

BOZO

Oh boy. He said he has last two
in town.

HARRY

Trust me. He'll suddenly have the
last four in town.

243 EXT. LA BOHEME - NIGHT

243

Most streets don't have any cars parked on them -- this one
has a bunch of black Mercedes. As always, we hear SHELLING
and SNIPING in the background.

Two BOUNCERS in tight suits stand at the top of some steps
leading down below street level. Bozo breezes by them, but
they block Harry.

HARRY

I'm with Bozo.

They step away. Harry can't help but smile at this as he
follows Bozo down the steps.

244 INT. LA BOHEME - NIGHT

244

Coming up the steps are two YOUNG LADIES, all dolled-up,
poured into tight little dresses, and very likely hookers.

At the landing one floor down is a tuxedoed MAITRE D'. While
Bozo exchanges whispered confidences (and a bill in a
handshake) with the Maitre d', Harry looks around.

To one side is an underground but open-air patio, in which
dressed-up people sit under the open sky and drink while
Queen sings "Bohemian Rhapsody" on the stereo.

To the other side are more steps leading down to the actual
restaurant, which is thus two stories underground. Harry
follows Bozo downstairs.

245 INT. LA BOHEME - DINING AREA - NIGHT

245

You'd never know there was a war going on. Every table is jammed by WELL-HEELED MEN and YOUNGER WOMEN. A JAZZ COMBO supplies the music, and there is food and whiskey galore.

Bozo leads Harry to the back of the room, where there is an alcove containing a couch, a table, and some lounge chairs.

One man, MARKO, sits on the couch, a napkin tucked into this collar while he leans over the table to eat. He's maybe 30, and has long hair, like a rock star. He wears a nylon jogging suit.

A truly beautiful WOMAN sits beside him, not eating. Two black uniformed soldiers sit in the shadows, standing guard.

Bozo speaks to Marko very respectfully, but the man holds up a hand to silence him as he finishes eating.

Bozo whispers to Harry.

BOZO

His name is Marko. Big gangster. When war started, we didn't have Army. Marko and his friends made first line of defense for city. He had men, he had guns, and they pushed Serbs out of city. Serbs ran all the way to Pale.

(Pronounced Pah'-lay.) Harry just nods. Then:

HARRY

Hey pal, I'm not interested in watching you eat, so let's talk, huh?

Bozo is horrified. Marko looks around the room, holding up his hands, waiting for someone to translate.

BOZO

Shhh, he does not speak English. And you cannot --

HARRY

If he doesn't speak English he's an asshole.

Marko clearly understood that. He drops the chicken wing he was eating and straightens up.

HARRY

Guess you're not an asshole.

The man stares back. Then smiles.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED:

245

MARKO
You got balls, friend.

HARRY
That must be that clanking sound
when I walk.

Marko laughs and returns to his food.

HARRY
I need four passes. Three adults,
one child.

MARKO
Four thousand dollars.

Harry turns to Bozo, and slaps him on the head.

HARRY
I thought you said he wouldn't
waste my time.
(slaps him again)
I thought you said he was for real.

Bozo is stunned. Harry stands and starts to walk out.

HARRY
I'm going to Pale.

The entire restaurant shuts up.

MARKO
Wait!

Harry stops. Marko is very unhappy.

MARKO
You go to Pale?

HARRY
I can get a better price from the
Serbs.

Marko bristles. Bozo looks like he's ready to flee.

MARKO
I kill Serbian bastards.

HARRY
Whatever turns you on.

MARKO
And you deal with them?

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED: (2)

245

Now Harry walks over close to Marko. One of the black-uniformed soldiers stands, just in case. Harry leans in close to Marko and speaks softly.

HARRY
Just like you do.

Marko quickly casts one nervous eye on the other diners who would love to know what Harry just said.

HARRY
(still quietly)
You shine a light, they shine a light, you meet in the middle. They need cigarettes, you need booze. Or petrol. Or guns.

MARKO
You think this?

HARRY
Never been in a war where it didn't happen.

Marko won't contest the point.

MARKO
So make me offer.

HARRY
Twenty-two fifty. Cash.

Marko frowns.

HARRY
Those passes don't cost you shit. Take the 2250.

Mario thinks, then shrugs.

MARKO
Bozo will have passes in morning.

Harry nods and exits with Bozo.

BOZO
You're unbelievable.

HARRY
Comes with practice.

BOZO
How did you pick 2250?

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED: (3)

245

HARRY
It's all I had.

They exit.

246 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

246

Everyone is packing hurriedly. As always, it is dark, so a few candles are all they have to work by. There is HEAVY SHELLING outside.

Another huge and too-close EXPLOSION - it's the loudest we've heard yet, and the building actually shakes. There is yelling from the corridor.

KATIA
We go to shelter. In basement.

They grab their pre-assigned supplies - a blanket, a candle and matches, some bread - and hurry for the front door.

247 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

247

They join others running down the stairs.

248 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

248

It is dark and damp and awful. Low ceilings, moldy walls, and rats scurrying about as Harry, Katia and her family join dozens of other frightened people - some in the nightclothes they were sleeping in - crowding into the shelter.

Someone lights a small candle, and then passes it around for others to use the flame, as they all listen to the terrible - and intensified - BOOMING going on above. The building shakes violently. Plaster falls from the ceiling.

Katia turns to Aleks beside her and notices a stain on one leg of his pajama pants, mid-calf. She rolls up the fabric, revealing the wound. It looks worse than before.

KATIA
It's not healing.

HARRY
One more reason to get out of here.

Another huge EXPLOSION.

KATIA
If this keeps up ...

CONTINUED

248 CONTINUED:

248

HARRY
They won't fly.

KATIA
I can't take him to hospital,
Harry, I can't.

HARRY
I know.

KATIA
All they can do is amputate. He
has to get out.

HARRY
He is getting out. If it's the
last thing I do ... he's getting
out of here.

She puts an arm around Aleks and leans against Harry.

249 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

249

Most people are asleep. The shelling has stopped. Katia is still snuggled up against Harry. She turns to change position slightly and she sees he is still awake.

KATIA
When did it stop?

HARRY
Half hour ago. Do they have a
pattern?

KATIA
No.
(she gets up)
But I won't spend last night at
home in basement.

She wakes Aleks and her parents, and they leave the basement. Goodnights are exchanged, and others follow.

250 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

250

Harry is lying in bed in the study, wide awake. He hears something. He rises and opens the door to the hallway. At the end of the hallway is Katia in her nightgown. The wind blows the drapes through glass-less windows. They walk toward each other.

CONTINUED

250 CONTINUED:

250

HARRY

You are painfully beautiful.

With a sudden move, he picks her up and carries her into the study. Once inside, he lays her down on the bed, then pulls off his t-shirt and lies down on top of her. They begin to make love.

HARRY

I love you ...

KATIA

Yes ... yes ...

251 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S STUDY - LATER THAT NIGHT

251

Harry and Katia lie asleep, entwined.

252 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' GUEST ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

252

Aleks is sleeping. A slight glow blinks across his face, and he opens his eyes. He sees the source of the glow, and his eyes widen.

ALEKS

Struja.

(louder)

Struja!

(even louder)

Struja!!!

253 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S STUDY - NIGHT

253

Katia wakes to the yelling, throws on her nightgown and rushes out of the room.

ALEKS (o.s.)

Struja!!!

254 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

254

Harry follows Katia, who joins her parents rushing into Aleks' bedroom.

ALEKS

Struja!

They find Aleks pointing to a VCR. The time "12:00" is blinking on and off. On and off. The power is on.

CONTINUED

254 CONTINUED:

254

ALEKS
 (out the window)
Struja! Struja!!!

Katia is on her feet, rushing excitedly past Harry into the hallway. Her parents also dash out.

And now we hear it repeated all through the building. More and more people are yelling "Struja!"

Harry looks around to see Katia turning on the RADIO ... her mother plugging in the iron as her father sets up the ironing board as quickly as possible.

Aleks runs in and turns on the TV, and watches Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" as happily as if it were a Disney show.

Katia's father now turns on the VACCUUM CLEANER, and its sound gets added to the mix.

255 EXT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - NIGHT

255

It's a dark night out there, but LIGHTS are popping on in this building. We hear more SHOUTS of "Struja!" ... more radios, more TVs, videos, vacuum cleaners.

Now we hear someone has plugged in an ELECTRIC GUITAR and is playing Jimi Hendrix's Woodstock version of "The Star Spangled Banner" as loudly as possible.

More lights go on ... more music, more noise. But a block away, it's still dark.

256 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

256

Katia and Harry dance to the COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN MUSIC on the radio, as her family uses all the electricity they can.

KATIA
 You never know when it comes on.
 Tonight this block. Tomorrow,
 some other block. I'm happy it
 was tonight.

HARRY
 This is a good night.

KATIA
 This is best night.

Before she can answer, we hear an unusual BOOMING sound in the distance. Harry stops, frowns, and strains to hear.

CONTINUED

256 CONTINUED:

256

KATIA
Some kind of shelling?

He shakes his head no and goes to the window. He can't see anything. Katia moves to his side and gently pulls him from the window.

KATIA
Don't stand in window.

He leaves the window, deeply concerned.

HARRY
That was a plane.

257 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

257

The family has gathered around the radio. Katia translates for Harry.

KATIA
It was cargo plane. Italian.
Trying to land.
(listens some more)
U.N. says definitely it was shot
down, but they don't know who did
it.
(angrily)
Idiots! This is very difficult
question: who shot down plane
bringing supplies to us?
(very angrily)
Now they won't fly, will they?

And just like that, the power goes off.

258 EXT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - NIGHT

258

All the lights, all the music, the appliances, just die out.

In only a second or two, the building is completely dark again, and completely silent.

259 INT. KATIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

259

It's later, and Aleks is sleeping fitfully. Standing over him, in the dark, is Katia. She just watches him.

And then she starts to cry. And cry and cry. Months of holding in the horror and the terror come pouring out.

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED:

259

Harry enters, holds her tightly. She sobs uncontrollably against him.

HARRY

Do not worry. Do not worry.

She manages to get a few words out.

KATIA

Actually, I'm not worried.

260 EXT. U.N. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

260

It's an industrial building, with blue-helmeted U.N. SOLDIERS and sandbags protecting the doors and windows.

261 INT. U.N. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

261

Harry hurries through the hallway and stops at a chalkboard, on which is written the names of UN staff and their office numbers. He sees one name that makes him smile.

262 INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

262

CHARLES, a French-Canadian, is on the phone, back to the door.

CHARLES

He's a U.S. Senator. He won't take just any flak vest. He wants one with a crotch flap. You got thirty minutes.

He slams down the phone.

HARRY

"Fates tempted, bars emptied ...

Charles looks up, sees Harry, and blinks.

CHARLES

... tigers tamed." Jesus Christ, it's Harry.

Charles gets up and gives Harry a bear hug.

CHARLES

How'd you get in here? Every UN base in the world, the guards have orders to shoot you on sight.

CONTINUED

262 CONTINUED:

262

Harry pulls a small airline booze bottle out of his pocket and puts it on Charley's desk.

HARRY

Never leave home without one.

CHARLES

(taking it)

Welcome to hell. Who you working for?

HARRY

No one. I'm trying to get some people out.

CHARLES

Good luck. I got babies with leukemia I can't get out.

A SHELL hits the building. Charles shouts in its direction.

CHARLES

Goddamn it!

HARRY

What's with the airlift?

CHARLES

Out of business. Indefinitely.

HARRY

I've got four people, Charlie. How do I get them out?

CHARLES

You don't. You just wait.

HARRY

We can't wait. The boy's got a leg wound, they'll amputate.

CHARLES

That's war, Harry.

HARRY

It's my son.

That stops Charles. Another SHELL rocks the building. Charles yells at the window:

CHARLES

Aw, fuck you!!!

CONTINUED

262 CONTINUED: (2)

262

HARRY
What's the forecast tonight?

CHARLES
(a bit surprised)
Can he run?

HARRY
If he has to.

Charles goes to a bulletin board and reads a fax.

CHARLES
Cloudy. Almost no moon.

HARRY
Sounds good.

CHARLES
It's not. You know the airport?

HARRY
Too well.

Charles points to a map of the airport.

CHARLES
Every night people try to run
across 'cause it's the only part
of the city that's not surrounded.
So we send patrols out to stop
them.

HARRY
Why?

CHARLES
'Cause the fucking Klingons are on
the edge of the runway with night
scopes and sniper rifles. A lot
of people have died trying.

Harry takes the map off the wall and folds it as another
SHELL hits the building, this one the nearest.

CHARLES
Harry, don't be a schmuck.

HARRY
Can you do something about your
patrol?

CONTINUED

262 CONTINUED: (3)

262

CHARLES

Even if I did, you can't make it alone. You need locals who know the way, and I can't give you one.

HARRY

Not a problem. Can you divert the patrol?

CHARLES

Harry ...

HARRY

Charley, it's for Katia.

That worked. Another SHELL. And now people are running through the halls for the shelter.

CHARLES

0100 hours for thirty minutes. Not one second more.

HARRY

I owe you, pal.

263 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

263

They're all huddled around a map as Harry lays it out. Outside, the sounds of SHELLING.

HARRY

They shoot from here and here. So we cross here, but we need someone who knows exactly where the fence is cut on both sides.

KATIA

My friend Amir. He takes people across.

HARRY

Good. Tell him we'll meet him at the end of this ditch at ten to one.

Everyone stares in silence at the map. They know how dangerous this is. Harry turns to Bozo.

HARRY

Can you drive us there?

CONTINUED

263 CONTINUED:

263

BOZO

No. Please. Most dangerous drive is to airport, and I like to be seventeen someday.

KATIA'S FATHER

My car is in garage since start of war.

KATIA'S MOTHER

But you don't have petrol.

HARRY

We don't need petrol.

BOZO

We got Bozo.

264 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - GARAGE - NIGHT

264

A UKRAINIAN U.N. SOLDIER tears the shrink-wrap off a PORNO VIDEOTAPE as Bozo siphons gas from a U.N. truck into Katia's father's car. Outside, the usual: SHELLING and SNIPING.

Harry, Katia, her parents, and Aleks load into the car. Each with one suitcase.

BOZO

Bus that takes you down mountain - it goes to Tarcin.

HARRY

I know ...

BOZO

From there you take second bus to Zagreb.

HARRY

This is the third time you've told me that.

BOZO

I worry about you.

HARRY

Get a job, punk.

Bozo smiles and they shake hands. Harry turns to the others.

HARRY

Come on. We got a bus to catch.

CONTINUED

- 264 CONTINUED: 264
They pile in, and he pulls out.
- 265 EXT. SNIPER ALLEY - NIGHT 265
It's a wide boulevard and there are no cars on it. Harry approaches it from a side street and stops.
- 266 INT. CAR - NIGHT 266
He looks both ways.
- KATIA
If they shoot, it will be from there.
- She points to the left. Katia's parents hunker down in the back seat, to make themselves less of a target. Katia holds Aleks to her right, shielding him with her body.
- Harry turns onto Sniper Alley and floors it.
- He's going 50, 60, 70 miles per hour down a wide city street with no headlights. 80. 90.
- There is no talking in the car. Everyone's face shows the double-edged anguish: they are risking their lives ... and they are leaving home.
- 267 EXT. DOBRINJA - NIGHT 267
This devastated high-rise development was built in the 1980s. The tremendous damage attests to how close it is to the front. And like everywhere else in town, there are no lights.
- Harry's car pulls quietly up to some destroyed apartment buildings. They get out with their bags.
- 268 EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH - NIGHT 268
Harry, Katia and her family run low until they reach the drainage ditch, where they join OTHER SARAJEVANS, crouched down, waiting to dash across the runway. They all wear layers of clothing, and carry what they can.
- AMIR waves and motions for them to stay low and settle in.
- Harry looks up at the moon. It's a sliver in a clear sky.
- In a series of DISSOLVES, we see a cloud edging toward it.

CONTINUED

268 CONTINUED:

268

The cloud partially covers it ... and finally obscures it.

Down in the ditch, Amir stands ... the group follows him.

They approach a chain link fence, which has been cut at the bottom, so Amir can raise a section of the chain link like a flap, and everyone crawls through it.

269 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT

269

At the edge of the runway, Amir holds up a hand and they stop. He looks both ways ... he checks the moon ... at the other end of the runway, the SEARCHLIGHT is sweeping away from them. He starts to run across the runway.

Everyone runs.

Katia has tight hold of Aleks' hand. Harry takes Katia's mother's bag and runs behind her and her husband, who is quickly gasping for breath. Harry grabs his bag too.

The runway seems wider than anyone remembered. And while they're running across it, they seem so exposed.

They are only halfway across, in the grassy median, when the searchlight sweeps toward them. Everyone dives down, hugging the earth, as the searchlight sweeps over them.

When they are dark again, Amir leaps up and leads everyone for the final dash to the other side. They run like mad, straining for breath, fearing the worst, praying they'll make it. There is a burst of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE just as they disappear into a culvert, on the Butmir side.

270 EXT. BUTMIR - NIGHT

270

More MEN are waiting to lead them through the culvert and behind some houses, where they all sink to the ground in safety to catch their breath.

No one can speak. Their hearts are pounding, their lungs aching for air. Harry checks Katia's parents - they nod that they're okay. After a few seconds, Amir's men stand, and motion for everyone to follow.

Katia does not stand. She is fussing with Aleks' jacket.

HARRY

Let's go.

KATIA

Wait a bit. They can go ahead.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED:

270

The group leaves without them. Harry, Katia, and her family remain. Amir waits nearby.

Katia is having difficulty saying something.

KATIA

In Zagreb Doctor will look at his leg, yes?

HARRY

Yeah. Come on.

KATIA

They can treat it fine there. Because they can't treat it so good here.

HARRY

Katia, we have to do this while it's dark.

KATIA

Promise me something, Harry ...

HARRY

What.

Katia embraces Harry suddenly.

KATIA

Promise me they'll make it.

He breaks the clinch.

HARRY

What are you talking about?

KATIA

I told you I can't leave here. But I had to get them out, and I knew you could do that. Forgive me, Harry. I just didn't count on falling in love with you again.

HARRY

Katia, you're coming with us.

KATIA

Don't you see? If I leave now ... the monsters win. My place is here. Sarajevo.

HARRY

No.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED: (2)

270

KATIA

Yes. This is how we fight back,
Harry. Not with guns and bullets.
But with our bodies. And our
stubborn hearts.

HARRY

How can you leave your son?

KATIA

I don't leave him. I save him.
And when things get better, he'll
come back. You know I would die
for him. But I will not let him
die for me.

Katia's father puts a hand on Harry's shoulder.

KATIA'S FATHER

It's right ... it's right ...

Katia kneels down to talk to Aleks. She speaks in *Bosnian*, softly, but passionately, trying to make him understand. Trying to reassure him, give him confidence, give him love.

Amir calls to Katia, obviously telling her they have to hurry. She nods.

KATIA

Jeste ...

Katia hugs her parents goodbye, then starts to head back toward the runway. Harry stops her. This is his last shot.

HARRY

Katia. I lost you once ... and
nothing's ever been any good
since. You must know how much I
need you --

KATIA

I do.

HARRY

And I did not come all this way to
lose you again.

KATIA

Then maybe ... someday when the
lights come back on ... we'll be
together.

(she kisses him)

Promise me he'll make it.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED: (3)

270

HARRY

He'll make it.

Katia turns and leaves with Amir for the runway and the run back to Sarajevo.

Harry watches her disappear into the darkness. Then he turns and looks at Aleks and his grandparents, their arms around each other, their bags at their feet. They look like all the refugees you've ever seen from every war.

271 EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNT IGMAN - NIGHT

271

Harry, Aleks and Katia's parents walk uphill into the trees. It's steep, and Aleks is limping terribly. Harry picks him up and carries him. They disappear into the darkness.

272 INT. KATIA'S PARENT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

272

Katia sits on Aleks' bed. She looks around the room, feeling him in his possessions, missing him.

Katia puts food down for the cat.

Katia writes a note on a piece of paper, and then leaves the apartment. Once in the hallway, she folds the piece of paper and places it so it sticks out from under the door. Then she walks away.

273 EXT. TOP OF MOUNT IGMAN - MORNING

273

Katia's family and Harry make it over the top, to the safe side. The others are already on the bus.

They step up to the door. Harry stops them, takes a chain off from around his neck, and puts it around Aleks'.

HARRY

I got it in Egypt. The guy swore it was magic. Nothing bad can happen to you now.

He stands and speaks to Katia's parents.

HARRY

She said if she leaves, she loses. I know how she feels.

KATIA'S MOTHER

Goodbye, dear Harry. Thank you.

CONTINUED

273 CONTINUED:

273

ALEKS

He is not coming?

KATIA'S MOTHER

Harry kept his promise, Aleks. He got us out.

She hugs Harry. Her husband shakes his hand.

KATIA'S FATHER

Take care of her. For me.

Harry nods. He kneels back down to Aleks.

HARRY

You're a good man, Aleks.

ALEKS

Mama says I'm just like my father.

Harry hugs Aleks hard, mostly so the boy can't see him trying not to lose it. Finally, he lets him go.

Aleks and his grandparents get on the bus. The bus drives off. Harry turns and looks down the mountain toward Sarajevo.

274 EXT. SARAJEVO STREET - DAY

274

Harry walks the street, looking very tired. He turns the corner and sees Katia's parent's apartment building.

275 INT. KATIA'S PARENTS' APT. BLDG. - DAY

275

He climbs the stairs.

When he reaches the top floor, he walks to her door. It's locked. He knocks. No answer. Then he notices the piece of paper sticking out from under the door.

He picks it up. We can see clearly that written on the outside is one word:

Harry

He opens it up and reads it.

276 EXT. SARAJEVO BOULEVARD - DAY

276

Harry hurries up the boulevard and turns a corner.

He enters a building we've seen before.

277 INT. KAMERNI THEATRE - STAIRWELL - DAY. 277

He runs up a familiar circular staircase, and at the top he sees people crowding around an open double doorway.

And now we hear MUSIC - synthesizers and electric guitars. And a woman SINGS.

SINGER (o.s.)
*We starve, look at one another
 short of breath, walking proudly
 in our wintercoats, wearing smells
 from laboratories -*

278 CLOSE-UP SINGER 278

SINGER
Facing a dying nation.

279 INT. KAMERNI THEATRE - DAY 279

It's the theatre Harry visited his first night in Sarajevo.

SINGER
*... Silence tells me secretly
 Everything, everything ...*

He pushes through the over-crowded room and scans the audience. On-stage, the singers and the cast of Sarajevo's "Hair" continue, but this is no exercise in hippie-era nostalgia. The singing is angry and proud and defiant.

SINGER
*... Somewhere, inside something
 there is a rush ...*

And then he spots Katia across the room. She sees him and her heart stops. He nods reassuringly. She smiles through her tears. He forces his way through the crowd as she moves to him.

SINGER
*... Life is around you and in
 you ...*

Onstage, the music builds as the singers and dancers begin to march out into the audience, their arms thrust into the air.

SINGERS
*Let the sun shine, let the sun
 shine in, the sun shine in ...*

Harry and Katia meet in the middle of the standing-room only crowd and embrace tightly.

CONTINUED

279 CONTINUED:

279

SINGERS (o.s.)

*Let the sun shine, let the sun
shine in, the sun shine in ...*

280 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

280

On a grassy hillside overlooking the city, a Serbian SOLDIER carefully loads a mortar shell and fires it.

281 EXT. KAMERNI THEATRE - DAY

281

Seen from above ... moving in towards the roof.

282 INT. KAMERNI THEATRE - DAY

282

The MUSIC is building in intensity.

SINGERS

*Let the sun shine, let the sun
shine in, the sun --*

Suddenly, a loud EXPLOSION interrupts the song. The lights and sound cut out.

After a few moments of silence and blackness, candles are lit ... flashlights come on. And the singers continue A CAPELLA.

SINGERS

*-- shine in. Let the sun shine
in ...*

It's just human voices now, no instruments. More voices join in - strong and proud and unbending. Katia and Harry look around in the light of many candles and watch this in wonder and in love.

KATIA

Welcome home, Harry.

SINGERS

*... the sun shine in. Let the sun
shine, let the sun shine in, the
sun shine in ...*

THE END.