

SPRING BREAK IN BOSNIA

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Based on the article
"How I Spent My Summer Vacation"
by Scott Anderson
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Only The Ridiculous Parts Of This Story Are True

DUCK'S VOICE
*I use to carry a rabbit's foot for
good luck, but in Somalia I traded
it for two cold Budweisers and a
back issue of Penthouse.*

EXT. - STREET BATTLE - **SOMALIA** - DAY

Dust.

Blood.

Chaos.

DUCK'S VOICE
*People talk about the horrors of
war all the time, but the dirty
secret is, war's got its bright
side as well...*

And in the middle of it--

DUCK.

News video-camera in hand. Filming it all...

DUCK'S VOICE
*I know, I know. I'm sacrilegious.
But like mint chocolate chip ice
cream or China white heroin-- war
can be strangely addictive.*

DUCK gets down in the rubble. Camera trained on the action
just a few feet away....

DUCK'S VOICE
*If you're not a victim of it, if
you're just reporting it, war can
be a big throbbing erection of
adrenaline...*

Then DUCK looks right at us.

He's in his early thirties. Good looking in a dirty way. Hair
punked out more from lack of washing than from hair gel.

DUCK
(straight to camera)
Being that close to death. Being
that alive. It's fucking
unbelievable. If they tell you
otherwise... They're lying.

EXT. JUNGLES OF **EL SALVADOR** -DAY

DUCK'S VOICE
*I worked with Simon Hunt for nine
 years.*

And this is SIMON HUNT.

British. Late forties. The grey around the temples of his handsome, mischievous face actually makes him look better...

He's got that kind of scoundrel's luck.

He and DUCK make their way through the jungle behind a few ragged soldiers hacking their way through the bush.

DUCK'S VOICE
*We worked as a team for ABC news
 covering wars from El Salvador to
 Desert Storm to the killing fields
 of Bosnia.*

SIMON takes a shot from his flask, and then passes the flask back to DUCK (who drinks, and passes it on to a soldier)--

--then SIMON pulls out the biggest joint you have ever seen, lights it, smokes it and offers that as well...

DUCK'S VOICE
No one was crazier than he was...

EXT. WARZONE - **IRAQ**

Bullets fly literally over SIMON's head-- but he keeps reporting toward's DUCK's camera...

In the distance a tremendous explosion in the desert.

SIMON barely flinches...

DUCK'S VOICE
*No one was as dangerous, as fun, or
 as good...*

EXT. BURNT OUT HOUSE IN A TOWN IN **BOSNIA** - DAY

A shelled, shattered building. Gunfire everywhere.

DUCK'S VOICE
Even in the very worst of times...

As Soldiers battle furiously beside them...

...DUCK and SIMON crouch against a wall, trying very hard not to get hit.

For all their joking, this is serious shit.

It's fucking terrifying.

DUCK
 Fuck.

SIMON
 I know.

A bullet grazes the wall right above them. They dive to the ground.

DUCK
Fuck.

SIMON
I know.

DUCK tries to film but it's near impossible...

SIMON
 Do you have any quaaludes?

DUCK
 (ignoring him)
 We moving or what?

SIMON
 (trying to light a
 cigarette-- his hand
 shaking)
 No, we're staying and having
 fucking tea. Yes, we're moving. I
 just wish I had some goddamn
 quaaludes.

More gunfire...

The sounds of the bullets are as real and vicious as you can imagine.

It's the sound of death, and it's everywhere.

DUCK
 We go on three. Ready? One. Two--

A Bullet just misses him.

They get up.

Run...

SIMON
Mother!

DUCK
Fucker!

They run outside, through the vicious gunfire...

Run for their lives.

Through some miracle of fucking God-- they get to the other side unscathed.

Behind a solid wall. Safety for a minute...

And then they do the most unexpected thing--

--They start to laugh.

The laugh that can only come after you scared yourself silly.

SIMON
You film any of that?

DUCK
Are you kidding?

SIMON
Well, what the fuck are we doing here? Writing for "Travel and Leisure"?!!

Explosions go off in the distance...

SIMON
We're here for one purpose, and one purpose only, and that is to get some goddamn news footage. And that is why you need to go back into that mess and film something.

DUCK
Ridiculous.

SIMON
I'm afraid not, Duckie boy.

DUCK glares at him as bullets fly.

DUCK
You film it.

SIMON
You fucking film it.

DUCK
You fucking film it.

SIMON
I don't know how to use the fucking
camera.

SIMON smiles in victory.

DUCK
Screw me.

SIMON
Only if you buy me a drink first.

And with that--

Laughing at himself for actually doing it-- DUCK goes back to
the brutal action. Camera rolling...

We FREEZE on DUCK as bullets fly by him...

DUCK'S VOICE
*Simon gave me balls I never knew I
had. Of course I got shot four
times, and Simon never got as much
as a scratch.*

INT. DIRTY HOSPITAL - **BOSNIA** - DAY

Among the many war wounded:

DUCK hoisted above a bed--

His ass is bandages...

SIMON appears, smoking, sweaty. He's got a gift for the
injured DUCK that he's wrapped badly in bright red paper.

DUCK'S VOICE
*That was Simon. He was an arrogant,
selfish, sonofabitch. And I loved
him...*

SIMON reveals his gift:

A box of pampers.

EXT. AWARD CEREMONY IN **NEW YORK** - NIGHT

DUCK'S VOICE
*During our years together we won a
 total of eight Emmys.*

DUCK, wearing a tux and looking uncomfortable, walks on stage to collect his award.

DUCK'S VOICE
*Of course, Simon pointed out that
 News Emmys are like hemorrhoids.
 Eventually every asshole gets one.*

From the crowd, a very drunk SIMON stands and applauds wildly, causing angry glares from the uptight audience.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

SIMON and DUCK, their tuxedos rumpled and stained, fall out of the fancy building onto the night-time NYC street.

They're fucked up and having the time of their lives.

DUCK'S VOICE
*But the fact was, Simon was the
 best in the business. He cared the
 most. He got the best stories.*

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

DUCK stares out the window.

SIMON, past out, snores loudly on his shoulder.

DUCK keeps trying to push SIMON off him, but it's impossible.

DUCK'S VOICE
*Of course, after a few days of
 Network ass-kissing, we couldn't
 wait to get back to the war. Any
 war.*

EXT. SARAJEVO - **BOSNIA** - DAY

DUCK and SIMON film from Sniper-alley in Sarajevo, as helpless Bosnians simply try to cross the street without being hit by a bullet.

Not all do.

DUCK'S VOICE
*Spring 1995 was especially brutal
in the war in Bosnia.*

SIMON does a stand-up report as DUCK films him.

DUCK'S VOICE
*We saw Horrible stuff. Stuff that
affected even us. And we had
learned to turn it off a long time
before.*

EXT. - TRUCK - DAY

SIMON and DUCK are on a truck with about twenty Bosnian soldiers.

The truck drives through the countryside heading towards a new front.

Both SIMON and DUCK have that faraway look of people who have seen way too much badness for one lifetime.

DUCK'S VOICE
And then one day Simon snapped.

Extreme close up:

SIMON.

DUCK'S VOICE
*I guess, maybe, everyone snaps once
in their lifetime.*

SIMON blinks.

DUCK'S VOICE
*At a boss. At a lover. At the
world...*

EXT. - BOSNIAN TOWN - DAY

The town is in ruins. Bodies everywhere. Homes burn. Survivors cry...

It's as sad and ugly as you can imagine.

DUCK'S VOICE
Simon's was a doozy.

SIMON stands in front of DUCK's camera doing a report for the evening news.

DUCK'S VOICE
*I filmed it all. Recording it for
 every journalism major to download
 from here to fucking eternity...
 The great meltdown of Simon Hunt.*

INT. - NETWORK TV STUDIO - **NEW YORK**

A very dapper Anchorman, FRANKLIN HARRIS, stares into a camera with his most "serious" journalist face...

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 ...We now go to Simon Hunt in
 Bosnia with the story--

FRANKLIN turns towards a monitor and puts on his most "interested" face...

On the Monitor: Video of the small Bosnian town full of slaughtered people--

SIMON'S VOICE
 (over pictures)
 Although there were twenty United Nations observers present, and this has been declared "a safe area", Dr. Boghanovic's Bosnian Serb army apparently attacked the Bosnian Muslims at will...

The video on the monitor cuts to SIMON HUNT.

He looks like shit.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 Simon, some are saying that it was the Bosnian Muslims who attacked first, causing this latest battle.

On the monitor: SIMON-- who is clearly distracted and seemingly drunk-- turns back and stares right in the camera.

SIMON ON MONITOR
 It wasn't a battle, Franklin. It was a *slaughter*. These people didn't attack anyone. Half of them were old ladies in grandma shoes.

In the Studio-- FRANKLIN HARRIS blinks his eyes.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 Well, Simon, certain United Nations observers confirm--

SIMON ON MONITOR
 --You talking about the Dutch? The Dutch were getting drunk on Slivovice with the Serb army guys at the check point earlier this morning. You believe *them*?

This time FRANKLIN's discomfort is a bit more visible...

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 Excuse me, Simon?

SIMON ON MONITOR
 This whole U.N. Charade is a farce. "Safe areas"? These people were butchered. The women were raped...

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 --Okay. Thank you, Simon Hunt, for that report--

SIMON ON MONITOR
 --*Oh come on, Franklin...*

FRANKLIN HARRIS looks up. He is not a happy Anchorman...

SIMON ON MONITOR
 Don't get your panties all in a lather. You and your editor-boys can always cut this part out.

SIMON reaches into his vest and pulls out a flask...

FRANKLIN pauses long enough to allow SIMON's career suicide...

SIMON ON MONITOR
 (as he takes a long, hard sip from his flask)
 You always cut the real news from this bloody farce out anyway...

FRANKLIN smiles ever so slightly.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
 ...We're live, Simon.

SIMON looks up into the camera...

He sobers up enough to realize what the hell is going on.

It ain't good.

SIMON ON MONITOR
 Fuck me.

WE FREEZE ON SIMON'S FACE.

DUCK'S VOICE
I told you. It was a doozy.

FADE TO BLACK:

DUCK'S VOICE
Everything changed after that.

EXT. - AIRPORT - DAY

SIMON is getting on a small plane. DUCK nods goodbye from the tarmac.

DUCK'S VOICE
Simon, of course, got canned.

From the stairs up to the plane, SIMON pulls down his pants and moons his old friend.

On one of SIMON's ass-cheeks it says "Fuck", on the other, "ABC".

EXT. SKYLINE- **NEW YORK**- DAY

The beautiful skyline of Manhattan at dusk:

DUCK'S VOICE
I, on the other hand, received the opposite end of the network spear-- I got promoted.

INT. NETWORK NEWS OFFICE - DAY

A cleaned up DUCK is given a tour through the news room.

DUCK'S VOICE
A little reward for having to endure the embarrassment that was Simon Hunt for all those years. I got sent to New York, and was offered the cushiest job in the business-- chief cameraman for Franklin Harris, Network Anchorman.

FRANKLIN HARRIS shakes DUCK's hand.

EXT.- WHITE HOUSE - **WASHINGTON D.C.** - DAY

DUCK films FRANKLIN HARRIS interviewing a pretty FEMALE SPOKESWOMAN outside of the White House.

DUCK'S VOICE
*I suddenly had what everyone else
wanted. World capitols, state
dinners, first class jets...*

INT.- BATHROOM STALL AT THE WHITE HOUSE

DUCK is fucking the FEMALE SPOKESWOMAN in the bathroom stall as a state dinner goes on right outside....

DUCK'S VOICE
*...I took advantage of every perk
they threw at me.*

EXT.- **GAZA STRIP** - DAY

DUCK'S VOICE
Simon, however, had it harder.

SIMON, now with a different cameraman, tries to do a stand-up report during a helicopter raid without getting his head blown off. It's difficult.

DUCK'S VOICE
Much harder.

ISRAELI helicopters send bullets flying everywhere, nearly decapitating SIMON in the process...

DUCK'S VOICE
*First he went to cable news where
he suffered their mediocrity for
months until they eventually fired
him for insubordination.*

We Freeze on SIMON ducking from the shrapnel.

DUCK'S VOICE
*He bummed around the BBC, got
canned by them too. He did some
freelance for Rueters. Got fired...*

EXT. **SIERRA LEONE** AFRICA- PORT - DAY

A dingy, sweaty, port bar.

Soldiers, journalists, and other nefarious people make their way about.

In the thick of it, SIMON.

DUCK'S VOICE
*Finally, he hit the bottom rung of
 a journalist's career-- Showing up
 at a war on nobody's dime but his
 own...*

SIMON, cigarette in one hand, videotape in another, looking like shit, and probably smelling of it too, approaches a Dutch journalist seated at a tiny corner table.

SIMON
 (holding up videotape)
 I got some great tape...

GERT
 So do I. That's why I'm leaving
 this dungheap. You should too.

SIMON
 No I mean *great*.
 (taking beer off table)
 You done drinking this?
 (SIMON gulps before
 getting an answer)
 Used this Turkish cameraman. Raj
 something or other. Didn't speak a
 lick of English. Took him right up
 to the fighting. Almost pissed in
 his pajamas. Got some amazing
 stuff. Real slaughter.

GERT
 Try German ITV. They're always up
 for a good slaughter.

SIMON
 Tried. They're not buying. Can you
 speak to your guy, Helmut whats-his-
 face. I'd take five hundred. World
 exclusive.

GERT

Unless it has Madonna on all fours
blowing the rebel leadership while
singing "Material Girl", you're not
getting five hundred dollars.

SIMON

How bout three hundred, then? I
gotta get out of here.

GERT

--Hey. Don't you owe me three
hundred from Gaza?

Exhausted, SIMON, runs his hands through his greasy hair.

DUCK'S VOICE

It's a shitty life...

We FREEZE on SIMON's desperate, sweaty face...

DUCK'S VOICE

*Soon after that, Simon dropped
completely off the radar. There
were rumors of spottings in certain
war zones in hellish little
countries you wouldn't even want to
fly-over. Stories like that.*

We fade to black on SIMON's face...

DUCK'S VOICE

*And then, slowly, the stories
stopped...*

EXT.- **NEW YORK** - LOFT - NIGHT

DUCK'S VOICE

As for me?

DUCK is in bed in his cool, beautiful Tribeca loft with some
cool, beautiful Tribeca girlfriend...

She sleeps naked. He stares at the ceiling fan unable to
sleep...

DUCK'S VOICE

*Did I miss the action? Did I want
to go back to the carnage and
craziness? The adrenaline and non-
stop erection that comes from fear
and death of war? Absolutely not...*

DUCK finally closes his eyes....

DUCK'S VOICE
And that was the lie I lived with.

TWO YEARS LATER

EXT.- SARAJEVO AIRPORT - **BOSNIA** - SUMMER 2000

DUCK-- carrying a video camera, his bag, and his beat-up guitar-- and FRANKLIN HARRIS walk quickly along the tarmac, away from their plane and towards the terminal...

With them is BENJAMIN STRAUSS-- 21 years old and thin as a rail.

BENJAMIN looks around, taking it all in.

DUCK
(to BENJAMIN, pointing)
Watch the land mine.

BENJAMIN jumps in the air,

BENJAMIN
...That's not funny.

DUCK smiles.

BENJAMIN
I just read that there's supposed to still be over five hundred thousand unexploded land mines in this country.

DUCK
Yeah. Most are on the runways...

BENJAMIN looks around nervously.

He knows he's being played for a fool, but still...

DUCK
Last time I was here, there were snipers taking target practice on my ass right over there...

DUCK points to a still battle scarred building up on a hill.

FRANKLIN HARRIS, who even walks like a highly paid and successful network anchorman, turns to DUCK...

FRANKLIN HARRIS
Five year anniversary. It's a good story. You should speak to some of your old contacts. Work with Benjamin, I want to do something on the reconciliation. You know, a Muslim and Serb widow sort of thing.

BENJAMIN
(running to catch up)
It will be done sir...

FRANKLIN HARRIS
Good.
(to BENJAMIN)
Watch the land mine--

BENJAMIN forces a fake smile.

BENJAMIN
This isn't funny...

DUCK
It's your first assignment over seas. Producing a piece on something you don't seem to know much about. Could be pretty funny.

DUCK and FRANKLIN share a wink.

BENJAMIN struggles to keep up. It's gonna be a long trip...

INT. CAR - ON WAY TO CITY CENTRE - A SHORT TIME LATER

With a local driving and FRANKLIN HARRIS riding shotgun, DUCK and BENJAMIN (reading a Bosnian History book) sit in the back seat of a jeep that speeds through the city.

Out the window DUCK looks at the buildings of Sarajevo, still strewn with bullet and shrapnel holes...

A ghost of its former self. Limping to get back on its feet.

BENJAMIN
(looking up from book)
I never really understood any of this. The United Nations just stood by while the slaughter in Srebrenica happened?

DUCK
Yup. Seven thousand Muslim boys and men executed by the Serbs in three days.

(MORE)

DUCK (cont'd)
All while the Peace Keepers turned
the other way, and NATO planes flew
overhead playing tiddlywinks. You
didn't know that?

BENJAMIN smiles sheepishly.

BENJAMIN
I was sixteen.

DUCK smiles.

DUCK
Who's kid are you again?

BENJAMIN
Network Vice presidents.

DUCK
Oh.

BENJAMIN
Yeah.

BENJAMIN sits uncomfortably.

BENJAMIN
Franklin and my dad thought this
would be a good first foreign
assignment for me. Get my feet wet.

DUCK
Nothing as easy as a cheesy
anniversary celebration photo-op.

BENJAMIN
Yeah I guess.
(holding up book)
I'm trying to read everything I
can. This war was complicated as
all hell.

DUCK turns back out the window...

DUCK
It was hell. Nothing complicated
about that.

...Turn the beat around.

INT. HOLIDAY INN SARAJEVO - BAR - THAT NIGHT

Let me hear percussion...

The very Soviet-style Eastern European Holiday Inn ground
floor bar is packed with journalists.

The music is blaring, the brandy is flowing, and the crowd is boisterous. Woe the stray tourist who wanders into this private soiree.

DUCK enters with BENJAMIN, heading towards the bar...

A group of about five journalists-- red faced from too much sun and booze-- see DUCK.

Almost in unison...

They all crouch as if a bomb was going off...

GROUP OF JOURNALISTS

DUCK!!

Breaking up in laughter--

JOURNALIST ONE

He has actually graced us with his presence

JOURNALIST TWO

And his expense account! Drinks on ABC!

DUCK hugs several of the men...

Clearly out of his league, BENJAMIN watches from a safe distant.

JOURNALIST ONE

Back in the trenches with the commoners...

JOURNALIST TWO

You look like shit, mate.

JOURNALIST THREE

It's all that money and pussy. It's fucking destroyed him.

DUCK

(to bartender in Bosnian)
Two Sarajevskas, please.

(to journalists)
Excuse me if I can afford some fucking soap. I'll lend you guys some, you could use it.

Again-- all at once-- the journalists crouch as if a bomb was going off...

GROUP OF JOURNALISTS

Duck!!

More laughter...

DUCK
(to BENJAMIN)
Very sophisticated group of
journalists as you can see.
Pulitzer winners all.

BENJAMIN
I take it that's how you got your
nickname?

One of the JOURNALISTS leans in...

JOURNALIST ONE
--Duck? No, Duck got his nickname
because, one time, in the jungles
of Guatemala, desperate, lonely,
and oh so horny after following
those good looking young rebels
around all day, he snuck off from
the group, headed over to a quiet
little lagoon, and proceeded to
sodomize a lovely brown mallard for
a good quarter of an hour.

JOURNALIST TWO
He was basting it.

JOURNALIST ONE
Bugged the poor duck to within an
inch of it's life.

JOURNALIST TWO
He still writes that duck.

JOURNALIST THREE
Sends it love sonnets.

DUCK
Alright. Alright, enough with this
bullshit. We have a virgin we need
to fuck up.

BENJAMIN looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

JOURNALIST THREE
Your first time, huh? And you're
travelling with Duck here? You poor
thing...

JOURNALIST ONE
Last newbie who travelled with him
lost one of his balls.

JOURNALIST TWO
That's why they sent Duck to New
York. The guy attracts mortar fire
like shit attracts flies.

The journalists laugh. BENJAMIN smiles nervously. *This is going to be a long night.*

INT.- HOLIDAY INN - BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Everyone is buzzed and happy.

The journalists sit in a large corner booth drinking beer and other more notorious libations...

JOURNALIST ONE
It's insane. NATO has twenty
thousand peace-keeping troops in a
country half the size of Kentucky,
and they still can't find any of
these fucking war criminals.

JOURNALIST TWO
There's no way for this country to
get investments, or get their
economy stable until they start
catching some of these assholes.

JOURNALIST THREE
--Until they fucking catch the Fox.

The Journalists all seem to agree.

DUCK
Now *that* would be a story...

BENJAMIN
Who's the Fox?

BENJAMIN's question seems innocent enough--

--but this is not an innocent crowd.

Almost instantly all the journalists shut up and look at BENJAMIN with a mixture of feeling sad for him, and thinking he's a fucking idiot.

BENJAMIN, confused, looks at DUCK.

DUCK
Where's that Bosnian War book
you've been reading?

BENJAMIN holds up "A Short History of the Bosnian Conflict"

DUCK takes it...

...and chucks it completely across the room.

DUCK
Dr. Dragoslav Boghanovic-- The Fox--
is the most wanted War Criminal in
Bosnia. He ordered the rape and
murder of thousands of innocent
Bosnian Muslims. There's a five
million dollar reward on his
arrogant head.

BENJAMIN looks ashen from his own ignorance.

DUCK
The UN, NATO, the CIA and every
bounty hunter from here to Chuck
Norris claim to be looking for him.

BENJAMIN
(dropping his head)
Oh.

DUCK
Yeah...

JOURNALIST THREE
I think that poor boy needs some
Slivovice. Quick.

DUCK puts his arm around BENJAMIN's dejected shoulder...

DUCK
It's brandy. It's good.

BENJAMIN
How good?

DUCK
Let's just put it this way: There's
an old Bosnian saying that when a
bottle of the stuff's on the table,
the devil's in the corner, smiling.

With a devilish smile himself, DUCK pats BENJAMIN on the
back.

DUCK
First bottles on me.

EXT. SARAJEVO - LATER THAT NIGHT

With its twinkling lights and gorgeous mountains that
surround it, Sarajevo looks beautiful at night...

INT. HOLIDAY INN SARAJEVO - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

It is late. The elevator door opens onto the seventh floor of the Holiday Inn, and DUCK and BENJAMIN stumble out.

DUCK
If I don't see you at breakfast
tomorrow, we'll send a NATO task
force to search for you...

BENJAMIN drunkenly heads towards his room...

BENJAMIN
Good night, Duck.

BENJAMIN "ducks" like the others.

BENJAMIN
Duck!

He starts to laugh, but as he gets up, he goes pale...

BENJAMIN
(about to puke)
Oh God...

BENJAMIN stumbles into his room and towards the bathroom.

DUCK, who's seen the Slivovice do this to more than one over-eager young journalist, smiles and heads across the hall towards his room...

INT. DUCK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the darkness we hear DUCK struggling with his key...

Finally DUCK gets it right, opens the door and enters his dark hotel room.

He searches a second to find the light switch.

When he does finally get the light on--

--*He realizes he's not alone.*

DUCK
Fuck!

There--

In his room--

Sitting on the chair by the bed--

Smoking a cigarette--

--Is SIMON HUNT.

SIMON
Hello, Duckie.

Like a ghost from the past...

DUCK
My God, Simon...

SIMON
...My God, Duck.

DUCK
How the hell are you?

The two men hug.

SIMON
Been good. Been around. It's
amazing how many crappy wars you'll
find if you're really looking.

DUCK
But you're okay?

SIMON
Sure. Fine. I mean it's not like
the glory days of Panamanian blow
job queens and Emmy awards, but
I've been getting by...

SIMON takes a drink from a mini-bottle of booze.

SIMON
I hope you don't mind. I raided
your honor bar. Purloined a few of
your little bottles of vodka.

DUCK
What else is new?

SIMON smiles.

SIMON
It's odd being back in the place
where it all went to shit for me.
But a story's a story. Fifth
anniversary of the end of the war
and all.

DUCK
That's why we're all here...

SIMON
But it must have been something
really special that roused you from
New York-- Franklin taking his
summer vacation in Italy, and
getting the network to pay his
first class tickets?

DUCK
(smiling)
...Lake Como.

SIMON
Figured. Fucker.

SIMON lights another cigarette.

SIMON
He doesn't look half bad. I was
watching you guys today doing your
report on the bridge. He get a face
lift?

DUCK
Two. You were watching us?

SIMON
Yeah. I was hoping I could convince
you to film my stand up report
tomorrow at the ceremony. You know,
for old times sake.

DUCK
Sure...

SIMON
Save me the money paying for a
cameraman. After you're done with
Franklin, of course.

DUCK
Sure, it's no problem.

SIMON
Sell it to the Germans or
Jamacians.

DUCK
Yeah...

The two men sit awkwardly for a moment.

Where once there was easy camaraderie, there is now the
uncomfortableness of time gone by.

SIMON takes another long sip of vodka.

DUCK
(finally)
I meant to try and track you down,
Simon. I've thought about you--

SIMON
Don't worry, Duckie.

SIMON gets up, opens the blinds, stares out into the Sarajevo night.

SIMON
Don't worry.

DUCK
I heard rumors...

SIMON
(smiling)
...They're all true.

There is again an awkward silence between the old friends.

SIMON takes a long drag on his cigarette.

SIMON
I've got something, Duck. Not just
the anniversary. *A real story.*
Something to put me back on the
map. Thought you might be
interested...

SIMON smiles at DUCK.

SIMON
For old times' sake...

DUCK looks at SIMON...

It's hard for him to say, but--

DUCK
It's not that I don't want to
Simon. I'd do anything for you,
man...

SIMON's smile freezes...

DUCK
...But I'm meeting this girl in
Greece day after tomorrow. I can't
really cancel it.

SIMON looks at DUCK.

DUCK
I mean, it's just shitty timing.
Three week vacation and all...

DUCK looks at SIMON, who suddenly seems very tired indeed...

SIMON
Greece. This girl. I understand.

DUCK
But I'll still film your stand up
tomorrow. Let you use our editing.

SIMON
Great. Super. Really. I appreciate
it. Look, I should be going.

DUCK
--Already?

SIMON holds out his hand.

SIMON
It's great to see you, mate.

As SIMON shakes DUCK's hand, DUCK pulls him close for an
awkward hug.

And then, just like that--

SIMON leaves the room...

DUCK
(calling out)
Good night...

In the hallway--

SIMON holds up his hand, but says nothing...

...leaving DUCK very much alone.

DUCK
(calling out)
Simon. *Simon*...

But there is no answer...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STREET IN SARAJEVO - THE NEXT DAY

FRANKLIN HARRIS
Simon Hunt. I thought you were
dead.

SIMON approaches FRANKLIN, DUCK and BENJAMIN.

Behind them, a five year end of the war anniversary celebration has just ended.

SIMON
Franklin. You look very... *taut*.

There is an awkward shaking of the hands.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
Duck told me you'd be by. Fine with me if you want to piggyback with us. There's no hard feelings...

SIMON
Thank you, Franklin. Magnanimous as always. I promise I won't steal Duck back.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
You couldn't afford him. I can barely afford him.
(to BENJAMIN)
Benjamin meet Simon Hunt, a former star for this Network. Simon, Benjamin Strauss...

SIMON
Benjamin, you look young enough to be someone important's son.

BENJAMIN shakes SIMON's hands.

BENJAMIN
The network Vice presidents. Nice to meet you.

They stand there awkwardly for a moment.

BENJAMIN
And I thought you were dead too.

DUCK laughs.

DUCK
I think he got you.

SIMON
Think so.

FRANKLIN HARRIS
Simon used to be our best correspondent till he flamed out on national television.

BENJAMIN

I remember.

Everyone looks at him...

BENJAMIN

I mean we studied it in journalism school.

SIMON smiles.

SIMON

It did make good television, you gotta admit that, Franklin. Best ratings you had all year.

FRANKLIN HARRIS

Without a doubt.

FRANKLIN pats SIMON on the shoulder.

FRANKLIN HARRIS

Well, I'm off. My plane for Italy leaves in an hour and half and if I'm not on it, the wife'll kill me. Duck, enjoy the war zone that is the beaches of Greece. Benjamin, make sure the folks in New York miss me enormously. Simon, believe it or not, I'm happy you're not dead.

SIMON

That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me, Franklin.

FRANKLIN HARRIS

I've become a softie in my old age.

FRANKLIN heads for his van.

FRANKLIN HARRIS

Ciao.

With that-- FRANKLIN is off.

SIMON waves...

As the van drives off, SIMON's wave slowly turns into 'the finger'...

DUCK laughs...

SIMON
Arrogant patronizing prick. Let's
film this fucking staged apology
guilt-trip and move on, shall we?

DUCK
(hoisting camera)
We shall...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MAKE SHIFT EDITING BAY - LATER

SIMON and DUCK sit around an editing bay.

On the screen is SIMON (reporting from the ceremony)

SIMON
...reporting from the five year
anniversary ceremony for Jamaican
television, I'm Simon Hunt in
Sarajevo.
(beat)
...reporting for Peruvian State
Television, I'm Simon Hunt in
Sarajevo.
(beat)
...reporting for the Polish
Television News Network, I'm Simon
Hunt in Sarajevo.

SIMON hits pause on the video tape--

SIMON
One of these bastards better buy
this.

DUCK
They sure better. I've checked the
atlas. There's no countries left.

SIMON smiles.

SIMON
With the story I have up my sleeve,
it won't matter anyway...

DUCK
Alright, so what is it?

SIMON
Did you make the call?

DUCK
The call?

SIMON

To your lady friend postponing your Greek soiree. This story's too big to waste if you're just getting on a plane like face-lift Franklin.

DUCK looks at him. Indecisive...

SIMON

You've changed, Duckie. Gotten a tad soft around the edges. Like a race horse put out to pasture.

DUCK

Fuck off.

SIMON smiles, and pops a stick of chewing gum in his mouth...

SIMON

When I know you're ready to make a return to serious journalism and not this anchorman fluff they've reduced you to doing, I'll fill you in.

DUCK

What's the story, you fucker?

SIMON smiles.

SIMON

Oh it's good. It's really good...

SIMON's got a twinkle in his eye that backs up his words...

DUCK looks at SIMON's twinkling eyes and knows that there really might be something here...

DUCK

...Two days. I'll postpone my vacation for two days.

SIMON

I don't know if two days is enough.

DUCK

--It's all you're gonna get.

SIMON stares at DUCK a long moment.

Then SIMON stands up, and closes the window and the blinds...

SIMON

...You know Boghanovic? The war criminal?

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)
The pompous bastard with the five
million dollar bounty on his head?
The cocksucker who has evaded
capture for five long years?

DUCK
Yeah...

SIMON leans in close...

SIMON
...I know where he is.

CUT TO:

INT. - CAFE TITO - LATER

SIMON and DUCK sit at a corner table in a dark, crowded bar.

DUCK
I gotta hand it to you, Simon. You
are one brilliant bullshit artist.

SIMON
Is it that hard for you to believe
that I know where the Fox is?

DUCK
You know where he's hiding, but
NATO doesn't?

SIMON
...Who says they don't?

DUCK looks incredulously at SIMON.

SIMON
--You believe everything you read,
Duckie?

DUCK
Even in the land of the Balkan
conspiracy, it's not *gossip*. I just
saw the ad in the local paper
today...

SIMON gets up and walks across to another table.

He says something to the man smoking there, then takes the
newspaper he was reading and brings it back to DUCK

SIMON holds up the newspaper. Finds the full page ad...

SIMON
"(reading)
Five million dollar reward.
(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)
If you have any information call 1-
800 USA TIPS."

DUCK looks at him...

Realizes...

DUCK
You can't call 800 numbers from
overseas... They want him so much
they have a phone number that only
works in the United States...

SIMON smiles.

DUCK
Could be just a mistake.

SIMON
It's a mistake or is it? They all
say they want him, the Americans.
The French. The Dutch. The British.
But they're all scared to shit if
he's caught.

DUCK
Of what he'll say...

SIMON
Oh, yeah. There are terrible
secrets on every side. Lots of
stuff they don't want out. They
have their peace now, but if he's
caught, it could all go back to
shit.

DUCK smiles at the conspiracy of it all.

SIMON gets up, returns the paper to the man, then goes to the
bar.

He returns with a bottle of brandy...

DUCK
And your source knows where he's
hiding? Just like that?

SIMON
Yup.

SIMON starts pouring...

DUCK
And we're going to go find him?
Score an interview?

SIMON

Correct.

DUCK

Go where no bounty hunter, CIA agent or U.S. Marine has gone before.

SIMON

Si.

DUCK

You are fucking crazy.

They toast and drink their brandy.

DUCK

How many bodyguards he travel with, Simon? You think of that?

SIMON

Word is he's got twenty armed guards with him at all time.

DUCK

I heard fifty.

SIMON

Fifty? Maybe. Actually some people believe he has none.

DUCK

Stupid people.

SIMON

It doesn't matter. He's expecting NATO troops, not two jerks in a car. We can get right up to him. I know the town. I have directions...

DUCK

Oh they just gave you directions? Make a left by the quickie-mart.

SIMON

I don't think there's quickie marts in Bosnia, Duckie.

DUCK

Who the hell is this great source you have anyway? Can he be trusted?

SIMON takes a long drag of his cigarette.

SIMON

He's deep. He's trustworthy. It's real...

DUCK looks at his old friend.

Even if he's not sure he buys any of it, DUCK can feel his journalistic juices flowing, and that's a strange and foreign feeling. One he hasn't had in a long time...

DUCK

This isn't one from the "Simon Hunt Bullshit Hour" is it?

SIMON

He says he's hiding in the woods of Celebici right by the border of Montenegro. You step over the border, NATO can't get you.

DUCK

They've been printing that rumor for months. Maybe your source is just reading Page Six.

SIMON

He's in the mountains. An hour and half up an unpaved road. He's surrounded by sympathetic Bosnian Serbs who will protect him at all costs.

DUCK

Fucking great.

SIMON stands--

SIMON

We leave first thing tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH IN GREECE - DAY

An extremely hot girl is laying topless on a lounge chair by the bright blue ocean.

With one hand she's rubbing suntan lotion on herself, with the other she's talking on a cell phone.

HOT GIRL

If you could picture my tits, Duck, you wouldn't be doing this.

INT. HOLIDAY INN SARAJEVO- LOBBY - THE NEXT MORNING

DUCK stands in one of the eastern European phone booths that take up a corner of the hotel lobby...

DUCK
It's just two more days, baby...

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
(on phone)
I can wait. I don't think they can.

DUCK
You're torturing me.

EXT. BEACH IN GREECE

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
And you're torturing my titties. So
we're even.

She hangs up.

INT.- HOLIDAY INN

DUCK almost has to laugh as he hears the dial tone.

DUCK
I'm a fucking idiot.

With that, he starts heading toward the front door of the hotel--

--when he's intercepted by BENJAMIN

BENJAMIN
I know I'm new and green and a joke
to you, but I just graduated
Harvard and I know something's up.

DUCK
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

BENJAMIN
You and Simon. You're onto a story.

DUCK
We're just hanging out--

BENJAMIN
--I saw your girlfriend when she
came by the office two weeks ago.
(MORE)

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
She's hotter than hot. You don't
leave her in Greece to hang out.

DUCK
You're listening in on my phone
conversations?

BENJAMIN
Eavesdropping. The official term is
eavesdropping.

DUCK
Little fuck.

BENJAMIN
I know something's up. I want in on
it.

DUCK
Forget it. There's no story.

BENJAMIN
I went to Harvard. I know there's a
story.

DUCK
What's with the fucking Harvard
shit? I dated a girl from Harvard
once. She wasn't so fucking bright.

BENJAMIN
My father is a cold, mean,
sonofabitch, and he thinks I'm soft
and weak and not quite cut out for
this type of work. There's no way
on God's green earth I'm gonna
prove that to him by letting you go
get a great story without me.

DUCK
How do you know it's so great?

BENJAMIN
You're hanging out with a guy who
had a fucking meltdown on
television and is a joke in the
business. If it weren't good you
wouldn't be doing it.

DUCK
He's my friend.

BENJAMIN
He's got something.

DUCK stares at him.

DUCK
 (smiling)
 Look at you. Mike fucking Wallace.

BENJAMIN smiles.

DUCK
 Simon's not going to like this.

BENJAMIN
 And I'm not going to like Simon.
 But if it's your story, it means
 it's our network's story. And that
 means it's my story. You have no
 choice...

BENJAMIN looks at DUCK...

BENJAMIN
 So, spill...

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As stark sunlight pours down around them, DUCK and BENJAMIN stand hidden in a vestibule outside the Holiday Inn.

As he listens to DUCK, much of BENJAMIN's bravado has disappeared...

DUCK
 His main bodyguard is psychopathic fuck named Bjan. He had a fondness for raping and mutilating very young Muslim girls as they were ethnically cleansing the villages.

BENJAMIN
 Jesus.

DUCK
 Oh that's not the good part. The good part, Benjamin, is that Bjan-- the man who is in charge of protecting the Fox has a tattoo on his forehead that says in Cyrillic: "I was dead the day I was born".

BENJAMIN looks at him.

DUCK
 They teach that evil shit at Harvard?

BENJAMIN doesn't answer.

DUCK

Simon's most likely completely wrong, and this is probably a complete waste of time, but either way, we're going straight into the heart of the Balkan madness. Into Serb territory-- The Republica Srpska-- full of good, decent people as well as all the psychopaths, deviants and ethnic cleansers who disappeared after the war. It's a backward land where they'd kill someone trying to hurt Boghanovic just as easily as they'd kill a mosquito. The Fox? He's their God. And the people protect their God...

With that-- DUCK walks off...

DUCK

(calling back)

If you're still interested-- we're leaving in twenty minutes.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - HALF HOUR LATER

A nervous BENJAMIN is riding shotgun in SIMON's old Mercedes.

A pissed off SIMON sits behind the wheel, smoking a blackmarket cigarette and looking extremely displeased by the last minute addition to his trip...

DUCK stretches out in the back, strumming his guitar.

DUCK

Let's go find us some war criminals.

And with that--

--They're off...

EXT. - WOODS - SAME TIME

Pine trees.

Dense, beautifully green pine trees.

That's all you can see on this foggy mountain.

The effervescently green tree tops that jut out of the fog like some magical world...

We hear something...

We move closer...

Towards the fog...

...then under it.

We're in a world of the wet, pine forest.

Beautiful, mysterious...

You can almost smell it. The wet pines...

The forest is a living thing, a living world. A place of magic and mystery...

But there's something scary as well...

Maybe it's the absence of sunlight...

Maybe it's the vibe...

But this place is haunted. Wrong.

Then we hear it again.

The noise.

Feet on wet leaves...

Moving fast...

Four feet.

The sound of a fox running...

And just then--

-- we see the FOX...

It's dark, slightly raven hair gleaming with sweat.

It darts past a fallen tree, through branches big and small...

It's a beautiful creature...

...but it's scared.

Something in the forest scares him.

Suddenly--

--The FOX stops.

It turns towards us.

Terrified.

His eyes alert...

Full of fear.

And then we hear the gunshot...

It echoes up and out of the forest...

Above the fog...

Throughout the valley...

MAN IN RED CAP
(in Bosnian)
Nice shot.

Two MEN stand in the forest.

Before them, the FOX lays dead.

We can't see the SHOOTER, or his friend in the RED CAP.

Just their backs.

The MAN IN THE RED CAP walks towards the dead FOX and lifts it up by it's limp legs...

It's then that we notice that the MAN IN THE RED CAP is missing one of his fingers.

MAN IN RED CAP
(in Bosnian)
It will look good on the wall.

SHOOTER
(in Bosnian)
It was too easy.

We still can't see the shooter's face. Just hear his voice. See the back of his head. His perfect white hair.

SHOOTER
(in Bosnian)
What kind of fox just stands there waiting to be killed?

The nine-fingered MAN IN THE RED CAP looks at his friend.

MAN IN RED CAP
(in Bosnian)
Not you, Doctor.

SHOOTER
 (in Bosnian)
 No. Not me.

The two men head away...

...into the thick of the dense green forest.

Disappearing into the pines...

...*Vanishing from view.*

INT. SIMON'S CAR - SAME TIME

As Sarajevo fades into the distance below, SIMON makes his way up the curvy-tree lined roads that lead out of town...

In the back seat DUCK strums "I Want to be Sedated" by the Ramones rather pathetically on his guitar.

DUCK
 (singing badly)
 "Twenty-twenty-Twenty four hours
 ago. I want to be sedated"
 (calling up front)
 Hey Benjamin, you know what that is
 we're passing?

BENJAMIN
 Looks like a ski lift.

DUCK
 '84 winter Olympics. They happened
 here in Sarajevo. Eight years later
 the Fox used this area as his
 staging ground for his snipers.
 Overlooks the city. Perfect spot to
 start a war.

SIMON
 Won the gold medal. Triple Lutz.
 Best all around scumbag.
 (to DUCK)
 Are you going to play that damn
 thing all the way to Montenegro?

DUCK
 Yes.
 (to BENJAMIN)
 Simon never liked my guitar
 playing.

BENJAMIN
 Can't say I do either.

DUCK

Oh is it gonna be like that?

SIMON

There's so many land mines they can't even ski on these mountains anymore. No skiing, no tourists. No tourists, no money. For a fucking war that was going to bring pride and prosperity to the Bosnian Serbs, those ethnic cleansers got nothing but poverty and ghosts.

BENJAMIN

Poverty and ghosts. I like it. Very poetic.

DUCK

--He stole it. From some Times reporter.

SIMON

Newsday reporter. And the sisterfucker stole it from me.

BENJAMIN looks at SIMON.

BENJAMIN

So what's your master plan? You have a contact when we get to this town?

SIMON

Nope. Never been up there before. I'm just going to start knocking on doors.

BENJAMIN looks at SIMON-- he's got to be kidding...

BENJAMIN

Knocking on doors? You guys are out of your minds.

DUCK

Yes, completely. Oh-- you see that? Signs are in Cyrillic now. We've entered Republika Srpska.

BENJAMIN

That quickly?

DUCK

Ten minutes outside Sarajevo we're in the land of milk and honey and rape and pillage.

BENJAMIN looks nervously around.

BENJAMIN
We going to be okay?

SIMON
Who the hell knows? But five million dollars is five million dollars. And I'm not stopping.

BENJAMIN
Five million dollars?

SIMON
Reward. Three for me, the rest for you guys to split as you please.

BENJAMIN
Wait. Wait. Reward?

BENJAMIN looks at SIMON--

BENJAMIN
You're not really thinking of capturing him are you?

DUCK
He may be thinking about it, but it ain't gonna happen.

SIMON
Don't be so sure.

DUCK
Don't be so stupid.

SIMON turns to his old friend...

SIMON
After the interview's finished, everything's in play.

BENJAMIN
What? You gonna just call NATO?

SIMON
Maybe. Maybe not. Don't know if I can trust them.

BENJAMIN
Hold on.
(turning to the back)
Duck-- this is nuts. You're not really supporting this?

DUCK

One time in Rwanda, Simon decided he was going to assassinate the leader of the Hutus, take over the country, and end the war. Three days later he was in Morocco getting a massage from a hooker named Gladys. Simon has his whims. This one I'm not supporting.

SIMON

This isn't a whim.

BENJAMIN looks at SIMON.

BENJAMIN

We're journalists. We can't do it. It's unethical. And insane.

SIMON

Ed Bradley went into the ocean to rescue the boat people. Reporters get involved.

BENJAMIN

Rescuing a drowning man and capturing a heavily armed and protected war criminal are not the same thing.

SIMON

This scumbag is responsible for more atrocity than anyone in Europe since fucking Hitler. It would be a goddamn pleasure to personally catch him.

BENJAMIN looks nervously at SIMON.

BENJAMIN

By ourselves?!! We don't even have any weapons.

SIMON

If I gave you a gun would you know how to use it?

BENJAMIN

No.

SIMON

Then what the fuck are you complaining about?

In the back DUCK starts playing a really bad version of the Clash's "Should I Stay or Should I Go".

BENJAMIN more nervous then ever stares out the window...

BENJAMIN
This is fucking crazy...

SIMON turns to him...

SIMON
Let me tell you a little trade
secret-- I haven't sold a story in
four months. I owe over thirty
thousand dollars to various loan
sharks and black marketers. I'm in
debt up my ass. This car we're
driving? I borrowed it from my
neighbor this morning without
informing him.

DUCK and BENJAMIN look at him...

SIMON
Five million dollars is five
million dollars. And I'm gonna get
it...

Ashen, BENJAMIN turns to DUCK.

DUCK smiles.

DUCK
I told you, once you start drinking
that Bosnian brandy, the devil's in
the corner, laughing.

Outside the woods are getting denser...

The pines are rising up to sky...

Filling the blue with green...

INT. ROAD SIDE "ROADHOUSE" BAR - NEAR FOCA - LATER

The guys sit at an outside table at a rundown bar on the
country road towards Foca and Celebici.

DUCK and SIMON are drinking beers. BENJAMIN is drinking a
coffee and looking very, very pale.

A battered old TV in the corner is playing an old episode of
"T.J. Hooker" dubbed into Bosnian.

DUCK
There's more rumors about this guy
then Elvis. Simon thinks he's in
the woods.

(MORE)

DUCK (cont'd)
I heard he was in Russia. My friend
at Newsweek swears he's being
hidden by the Serbian Church, being
shuttled about by Orthodox priests.
So despite what Simon's source
says, no one fucking knows
anything.

SIMON
He drives in a convoy of orange
Zastavas. I know that. We should be
on the look out for them.

DUCK
That's funny, Simon, because I
heard he's travelling around in a
stolen UN de-mining truck.

SIMON
(taking a gulp of beer)
Well then we should keep an eye out
for that too.

BENJAMIN
Well, that's great. There's only a
thousand fucking UN de-mining
trucks in this country. Let's stop
each one. Knock. Knock. The Fox in
here? Should be done in say-- nine
to twelve years.

SIMON looks at BENJAMIN.

SIMON
One second he's pissing in his
khakis because he's afraid we're
going to actually run into the Fox,
the next he's complaining because
we probably won't.

BENJAMIN
Look, I'm not complaining.

SIMON looks at him...

BENJAMIN
...I'm mocking.

SIMON smiles, and blows smoke in BENJAMIN's face.

SIMON
Well at least that's cleared up.

DUCK laughs.

BENJAMIN

Do we know any actual facts at all, guys?

DUCK

My Newsweek buddy says that he's so desperate and scared of being caught that he's grown his hair out and has a full orthodox beard.

SIMON

Funny. I heard the arrogant prick cut off all his hair off and is bald as a turd.

The WAITER brings the check to SIMON.

SIMON then hands the check to an un-amused DUCK to pay.

As the WAITER turns to leave, he whispers in broken English to the guys...

WAITER

The doctor is not bald. He is not desperate. He is not in Celebici.

Shaken, the guys look at the waiter...

The man stares back at them with cold, dead eyes...

WAITER

He is everywhere. He listens to everything you say. And if you get close to the Fox-- if you corner him-- Then even god can't help you.

EXT. ROAD SIDE "ROADHOUSE" BAR - NEAR FOCA - MOMENTS LATER

The guys walk quickly towards SIMON's car.

BENJAMIN

What the fuck was that about?

SIMON

A little warning.

BENJAMIN

Seemed more like a threat.

SIMON

Beware the nosey waiter with Serbian pride...

They get into the car.

DUCK
 Actually it was the first time I
 felt that Simon might not be
 jerking our chain.

SIMON smiles.

BENJAMIN
 Why is that?

DUCK
 Because the guy said "he's not in
 Celebici", which means maybe he's
 actually *in* Celebici...

BENJAMIN
 Unless he's really *not* in Celebici.

DUCK looks at him.

DUCK
 Well that's always a possibility
 too...

SIMON revs the engine...

The car takes off into the Bosnian countryside....

Suddenly--

The WAITER comes out--

--And starts shooting at the car with a large shotgun...

BENJAMIN
 Holy Shit!!

DUCK
 Get down!!

BANG!!

BANG!!

SIMON swerves--

SIMON
 Hold on!!

More gunshots ring out...

BANG!!

SIMON speeds around a curve...

...Nearly flipping the car in the process...

Hundreds of ravens, gathered on the side of the road, fly startled into the air...

...Scaring the shit out of the already scared trio.

However the birds cause a surreal wall of flapping blackness and chaos between the car and the shooter...

.. and when the birds have finally cleared, and the road has straightened, the guys are out of sight of the angry waiter.

DUCK

...What the fuck that was about?

It takes a long moment before BENJAMIN will lift his head up.

BENJAMIN

My God, we're going to die. Every single person out here knows exactly what we're doing...

SIMON

Keep your panties dry, Benjamin.
(checking rear view mirror)
It has nothing to do with the Fox.

BENJAMIN

What do the hell you mean? They just shoot at every customer as a "goodbye, thank's for coming" souvenir?

SIMON doesn't respond...

DUCK looks at SIMON, who is holding a German 20 Mark in his hand...

DUCK

(realizing)
Is that my money?

SIMON doesn't answer.

DUCK

The money I left for the check?

Again SIMON doesn't answer...

DUCK

Simon?

SIMON scratches his head.

SIMON
Times are tight. Things happen. Sue me.

BENJAMIN
--Wait, wait, wait. You stole the money that was left for the bill?

SIMON
The guy was a Serbo cocksucker. Fuck him. I need it more.

BENJAMIN can't believe it...

BENJAMIN
You got us shot at for 20 bucks!!

SIMON
I didn't know he was going to shoot at us.

DUCK takes this all in, and finally smiles at the absurdity of it.

He looks at BENJAMIN with amusement.

DUCK
Popped your cherry, at least.

SIMON
You're gonna get laid more then you ever have before.

BENJAMIN looks at them.

BENJAMIN
That's what getting shot is to you? A pick-up tool?

SIMON
Worked in the past.

DUCK can only laugh...

...He starts strumming "On the Road Again".

SIMON
(to DUCK)
Much gunplay when you and Franklin do stories about the President's new tax code?

DUCK
Fuck off.

SIMON
C'mon, Duckie. You enjoyed it. A
little taste of what you left
behind. Don't tell me you didn't...

DUCK doesn't answer, but it's clear: Yeah, he fuckin' enjoyed
it. Far more than any sane man should...

BENJAMIN looks at DUCK and SIMON: What exactly has he gotten
himself in to?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN OF FOCA - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

SIMON drives his appropriated car into Foca.

The Drina river runs through the industrial town, but despite
the natural beauty there's something "off" about the place. A
heaviness in the air...

SIMON
Welcome to one of the shittiest
places on earth.

EXT. STREETS OF FOCA - A SHORT TIME LATER

Car parked, the three guys make their way through the town...

SIMON
That pile of rubble, used to be a
mosque.

DUCK
Now the town's free and clear
Bosnian Serb. No Muslims left.
Ethnically cleansed for your
protection.

BENJAMIN takes this in...

DUCK
Nice vibe right?

SIMON
It's like a Disneyland for
cocksuckers.

SIMON suddenly stops.

Glued to a wall is a giant picture of the Fox himself.

Simon looks at the faded poster of DR. BOGHANOVIC:

The Hair. The cocky, genocidal smile. It's all very unnerving.

BENJAMIN
(looking at the Cyrillic
writing)
What's it say?

SIMON
It says, "Don't Touch him".

DUCK has to smile.

This is one ridiculous fools errand they're on.

SIMON suddenly turns, crosses the street and enters a building...

BENJAMIN
Where are we going?

DUCK
Police.

BENJAMIN looks at the sign on the building it says: "United Nations IPTF" on it. "International Police Task Force"

DUCK
We need a good laugh.

INT. POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

A incredibly short Indian IPTF officer in a uniform that is slightly big for him, sits at an even bigger desk.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
War Criminals?
(he chortles)
Believe it or not, we don't even
have a copy of the complete
indictment list.

DUCK
You don't?

BENJAMIN, DUCK and SIMON listen to the short man with a bemused sense of incredulity.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
No. Do you have a copy with you? I
could make a Xerox.
(into Intercom)
Miriam is the copier working again?

DUCK

The word is there's a bunch of them living right in this town...

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

Could be, unfortunately we're here to reform the police force, not hunt for war criminals.

DUCK

There's not a lot of hunting. Most of them are listed in the phone book.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

As I said, we're not authorized to arrest war criminals.

DUCK

I thought you were the International Police?

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

Yes. Under the flag of the United Nations.

BENJAMIN

I thought the UN was looking for war criminals.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

We are. Aggressively. There's a five million dollar reward, you know.

BENJAMIN

But you said you don't have an indictment list.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

We don't. Donut?

The guys sit in silent shock.

Incredibly, the Indian IPTF officer pulls out a box of Dunkin Donuts.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

Flown in from Bonn. Very black market. I particularly like the chocolate ones with the rainbow sprinkles.

The Indian man takes a donut and starts eating...

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
See, it's the UN who is looking for
war criminals. Not the UN Police
Task Force.

SIMON
Not the people who could actually
catch them.

The IPTF officer stares at SIMON for a long moment.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
Well that's one way of looking at
it.

SIMON takes a donut and pops it in his mouth and takes
another and pops it in his pocket.

SIMON
(mouth full)
Sounds like the usual retarded
United Nations jack-off to me. Do
you have any milk?

DUCK looks at SIMON, then to the IPTF OFFICER.

DUCK
We're heading up to Celebici. We
thought we'd register with you.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
Consider yourself registered.
(into intercom)
Miriam! Be a love and get me a tea,
four sugars. And a glass of milk.

DUCK
Any word on what's going on up
there?

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
Well, something. Third time in a
year we've been ordered to stay
away.

SIMON stops chewing.

SIMON
From Celebici?

The INDIAN OFFICER nods.

SIMON and DUCK exchange looks.

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER
Yes. Suspicious, no?

SIMON

Yes.

DUCK

Who ordered you?

INDIAN IPTF OFFICER

UN command. Told us to stay away
for four or five days.

This gets SIMON and DUCK's attention.

DUCK

They did?

EXT. - POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The guys exit. They walk fast, pumped with donuts and
adrenaline...

SIMON

Jesus fucking Christ...

DUCK

They tell the police *not* to go up
to Celebici...

SIMON

...He's actually fucking there. I
can't believe it.

DUCK

...Why would they tell them *not* to
go?

INT. - UN COMMAND POST - MINUTES LATER

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN sit in an un-airconditioned room.

Opposite them is a BORIS, a powerfully build Ukrainian man
who wears his UN uniform proudly.

BORIS

I told them not to go up there
because I don't want them walking
into a shoot-out. Now really, who
the fuck are you guys?

DUCK offers his card...

DUCK

I told you. We're journalists.

BORIS stares at the card, and then at the guys for a very long time. Very.

BORIS
Journalists?

DUCK
We showed you our press
credentials.

BORIS
Yes. Very professionally done.

DUCK looks at the man. *What the fuck is he insinuating?*

BORIS
Okay. So you're journalists who
believe that they can get close to
someone that no one else can.

DUCK
Yes. What's the problem?

BORIS
Okay. I understand.

BORIS stares at the guys with a smirk.

BORIS
I understand. You're *journalists* on
a story.

DUCK sits up in his chair.

DUCK
What? What do you think we're CIA
or something posing as journalists?

BORIS smiles.

Then he looks around to see if anyone is listening. He's definitely a strange and slightly paranoid man.

BORIS
You like beer?

INT. BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

The group sits at a cramped table.

An old Serbian war song is on the juke box, and several drunk men sing along with it in full national pride.

BORIS
(softly)
For a group of UN guards to go it's
too dangerous. But for you guys--
sure why not. Go to Celebici. Do
the world a favor.

BENJAMIN
I'm sorry. Are you still
insinuating that we're a hit team?

BORIS
Are you still insinuating that
you're journalists?

BORIS laughs and takes a gulp of his beer.

BENJAMIN, SIMON and DUCK stare at each other...

BORIS
Look. I know things. I know how
things operate.

The guys stare at him.

BORIS
Certain things need to be taken
care of professionally.

The guys keep their poker faces on.

BORIS
It took me months to gain the trust
of certain people who normally
would be protecting the Fox. So
that's why I know you didn't just
stumble on the fact that he's up in
Celebici.

DUCK
It's been printed in the press.

BORIS
So has the horoscopes. You believe
them?

DUCK
You're making no sense.

BORIS
I know. I'm United Nations.

BORIS laughs.

BORIS

Truth is. The United Nations, fuck, the French specifically, they have no interest in catching the Fox. They would have been happy if he killed all the Muslims and saved them all this money and energy. John Major and the British backed the Fox even though they would never publicly admit it. The Americans brokered the peace agreement but some would suggest they made a secret deal with the Fox that if he stepped down from power they wouldn't arrest him for war crimes. Who knows what's true and what isn't? The whole fucking thing is dirty. And in dirty times-- dirty deeds need to be done.

BORIS looks at them.

BORIS

One arm of the government says it will do something but does nothing-- that would be us, the United Nations-- the other hand- the CIA, whoever-- does something else.

The guys do not reply.

BORIS finishes his beer.

BORIS

I mean look at you guys. You think you're fooling anyone?

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BAR IN FOCA - MINUTES LATER

A MAN-- *with a vicious scar on his face*-- stands in the shadows of a building entrance way.

He spies coldly from across the street as SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN leave the bar.

DUCK

(oblivious to the man
across the street)
He thinks we're a hit team. He
thinks we're a fucking hit team...

BENJAMIN

This can't be good.

DUCK
Isn't it illegal? Impersonating a
CIA officer?

BENJAMIN
Well, we denied it.

DUCK
--But he didn't believe it. Fuck,
the more we denied it, the more he
believed it.

BENJAMIN
Problem is, if you were CIA, you
would deny it. And if you weren't
CIA, you would also deny it.

DUCK looks at BENJAMIN. This is fucking some strange shit...

SIMON
Thing is-- he's really not that off
the mark. We're not CIA, but we do
want to do more than interview the
Fox.

DUCK
Okay. Okay. Wait.

DUCK stops SIMON.

DUCK
This is ridiculous, Simon. You're
not still on that capturing jag?

SIMON
It's not a jag.

Both men stare at each other.

SIMON
Not a jag at all. Especially now.
Especially since Boris basically
confirmed that he's hiding up
there.

DUCK
Simon-- I'm willing to try to get
close enough to that psychopathic
fuck to get an interview. But we
are *not* going to capture him. I
mean look at us. That's not what we
do...

SIMON glares at DUCK...

SIMON

I am going to check into the hotel across the street. I'm going to get some sleep. Then tomorrow morning I am going to drive up the mountain to Celebici. You are welcome to join me, Duckie, or you are welcome to fuck off.

SIMON starts walking away from DUCK and BENJAMIN...

SIMON

The choice is yours.

EXT. FOCA - THE NEXT MORNING

A light morning fog blankets the city of Foca.

DUCK stands outside the hotel, by the car, waiting for the others.

There is real stress in DUCK's face.

It's the first time we've seen it.

BENJAMIN

(as he approaches)

You think this is crazy too...

DUCK says nothing.

BENJAMIN

I mean-- Just even trying to get an interview is crazy. But we're not mercenaries.

DUCK smiles. A world weary kind of smile...

DUCK

I'm on fucking vacation.

BENJAMIN

I mean now it makes perfect sense why he had a meltdown on the air. He's a goddamn nut job.

DUCK looks at BENJAMIN...

DUCK

He is a nutjob, but the meltdown was not for nothing. We'd seen some horrible stuff that day--

BENJAMIN

--Reporters see horrible stuff all the time.

DUCK looks at the young man before him. In the early light of day, BENJAMIN looks even younger.

BENJAMIN

I mean that's what reporters do...

DUCK

Yeah.

BENJAMIN

I saw the tape. He was drunk. High. He just fucking lost it. He lost it then, and he's losing it now...

DUCK looks away. Behind the mountains the pink of early morning breaks through the fog...

INT. UP IN SIMON'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

SIMON stares out the window.

He can see DUCK and BENJAMIN talking but he can't hear them.

Of course, he doesn't have to. *He knows exactly what they're saying.*

In the early morning light, SIMON looks like shit.

He walks away from the window and towards a mirror.

There is a loneliness in his eyes that is overwhelming. After a moment, even he can't look at it.

EXT. - DOWN BELOW BY CAR - SAME TIME

DUCK looks back at BENJAMIN. He speaks in a soft voice, as if talking louder would be disturb the past...

DUCK

There were these girls. Two girls. Marda and Drina. Sisters or so they said. We'd hang with them now and then...

INT. HOLIDAY INN SARAJEVO - BAR - SIX YEARS AGO

During the war, the Holiday Inn looked significantly different.

There were mattresses up against the window, and only generator power keeping the dim bulbs lit.

But the bar was just as packed. Awash with dirty, sweaty, jaded, drunk journalists.

DUCK'S VOICE
Who knows why they were there?
People were broke. It was war. They
did things...

We see MARDA and DRINA.

They are very pretty girls, with easy smiles and the kind of warm eyes that can transfix.

DUCK'S VOICE
All I know is that we had a good
time. They were our friends.

They sit at a table with SIMON and DUCK, laughing and drinking...

DUCK'S VOICE
Somewhere along the line, I don't
know, between the second and third
year of the war, Simon and Marda...
They had a thing.

INT. - APARTMENT IN BOSNIA

The small Sarajevo apartment is lit only by candles.

MARDA and SIMON are in bed.

SIMON is kissing her stomach, biting it...

She laughs, and playfully pulls his hair...

MARDA
If the power comes back on, it
still doesn't mean you can leave.

SIMON
I'm never leaving. I'm having
myself surgically attached to you.

MARDA
Will make hard for bathing.

SIMON laughs.

Just then the power comes back on-- and the lights.

SIMON looks at MARDA and smiles at the timing.

MARDA smiles back. A sad sort of smile. *The kind of smile that breaks your heart.*

EXT. - BOSNIA - CURRENT DAY

DUCK looks at BENJAMIN.

DUCK
It was more than a "thing",
actually. He liked her. He did
things for her. What little money
he had, he gave her. They didn't
see each other all the time-- How
can you in a war?-- But Simon, in
his own crazy way, he cared for
her...

EXT. - SARAJEVO - FIVE YEARS AGO

The city of Sarajevo is being shelled. Chaos abounds.

DUCK'S VOICE
Fast forward six months, Sarajevo's
under siege worse then ever and we
haven't heard from Marda or her
sister in months. Last we knew they
had gone back to their home town
Krupa to help their mother out.

EXT.- COUNTRY ROAD BOSNIA - FIVE YEARS AGO

SIMON and DUCK sit in the back of a news van speeding through the countryside.

Neither looks too happy. The war has definitely got to them...

They pass a weathered sign. It says: "Krupa 10 km".

DUCK'S VOICE
One day, Simon and I hear about a
serious incident in Krupa and we go
out there to cover it...

EXT. - TOWN IN BOSNIA - FIVE YEARS AGO

SIMON and DUCK stand in a war ravaged town.

It's is a horror show. Dead bodies everywhere. Blood on the cobblestones and fires in the distance.

DUCK'S VOICE
It was like a punch in the
stomach...

EXT. - BOSNIA - CURRENT DAY

BENJAMIN listens to DUCK as if he's there himself...

DUCK
Neither one of us said a thing even
though we both knew the girls were
from this town. We just got ready
to do our report, do our job...

EXT. - TOWN IN BOSNIA - FIVE YEARS AGO

As DUCK walks through the streets filming the devastation,
SIMON moves toward a smoking pile of rubble that was a home.

He goes behind the only standing wall of the building.

It's clear that he just needs to take a leak.

Pulling down his zipper, SIMON's about to go when...

He sees something in the rubble.

A body...

DUCK'S VOICE
And then there she was. Twenty
minutes before we went on air...

MARDA...

Laying lifeless in a cesspool of blood and guts.

SIMON walks over to the dead body...

It's only when he gets close...

...That he sees that she was pregnant.

DUCK'S VOICE
They shot her five times in the
stomach...

SIMON can barely blink. Barely breathe. His heart broken and
shredded...

Then, horribly, Simon hears laughter.

SIMON turns...

Some Bosnian Serbs Soldiers are spray painting a half crumbled Mosque wall in English, as if taunting...

"THE FOX DOES THE WORLD A FAVOR"...

The words sear into SIMON.

A few of the Soldiers joke with each other, and then look over to a jeep in the distance.

Inside the jeep, a man with a shock of white hair nods in approval.

It's Boghanovic himself. The FOX...

Seeing him--

SIMON-- full of a dirty cocktail of bitterness and rage-- starts towards him.

But he gets only a few steps before a strong arm stops him...

The arm of DUCK...

He holds his friend tight. Using all his strength to stop SIMON from committing virtual suicide...

Startled, several of the soldiers point their guns at SIMON...

Cock them...

SIMON glares at the FOX...

...Who stares back at him with pompous eyes that say, "Come on. Try it"...

It's the completely arrogant look that only a man who knows he's totally protected can give.

SIMON has no choice but to fold.

The FOX laughs at SIMON's weakness, then turns away bored. Uninterested in the consequences of his atrocities...

Moments later, the jeep pulls away, and with it, THE FOX and his soldiers...

That leaves SIMON and DUCK alone on the bloody street with nothing but the dead body of MARDa with them.

For a moment DUCK still holds onto SIMON to stop him from chasing the FOX...

...But soon enough DUCK is holding SIMON to stop him from collapsing.

SIMON
Ah fuck, Duckie...

DUCK hugs his friend tight, looks over at the dead body of MARDIA...

DUCK
I know. I know...

EXT. BOSNIA - CURRENT DAY

In the cold light of morning, DUCK tries hard to keep all of his emotions of this memory in check, but it's hard...

He turns, finally, to a shaken BENJAMIN...

DUCK
Don't believe everything you
learned in journalism school.

DUCK notices the hotel doors open...

...And SIMON coming out towards them.

DUCK
In war, what's reported on tv, and
what really happened, are sometimes
two very different things.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF FOCA - A SHORT TIME LATER

DUCK, BENJAMIN and SIMON drive away from Foca...

Towards the mountains. Up into the pines. Towards the Fox...

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

None of the guys say anything.

SIMON drives with steely determination-- Smoking heavily, and never taking his eyes off the road.

BENJAMIN stares out the window. He suddenly seems much older. All he can see is the never ending forest green...

DUCK strums his guitar.

Husker Du's "New Day Rising"...

EXT. - MOUNTAIN ROAD - A WHILE LATER

The road has thinned.

Two cars can barely get by...

The Pines hug the pavement.

All signs of city life are long gone. This is the country.

The Fox's country...

As SIMON's car rounds a mountain curve--

They pass a SOLITARY MAN standing on the side of the road.

It's an odd sight.

There is no one else around. Nothing around. Just pine trees.

The guy is standing in the middle of the woods by himself.

Watching...

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

In his rear-view mirror, SIMON sees the man fade into the distance...

SIMON
You see that?

DUCK
Yup...

Both SIMON and DUCK exchange excited glances...

BENJAMIN
--What was that? A look out?

SIMON
My god, Duck. I think he's really
up there...

BENJAMIN looks back, but the road has curved and there is no sign of him...

DUCK
The next hour or so is straight up
the mountain. Right to Celebici and
the border of Montenegro. They're
keeping an eye on every car that
goes up...

Suddenly SIMON slows the car down...

The tree-lined road turns from paved to un-paved...

Just rocks and dirt...

SIMON
Hold on. It's going to be a bumpy
ride...

EXT.- MOUNTAIN - SAME TIME

From high above we see SIMON's car make it's way slowly up
the mountain...

Heading closer and closer...

...to the heart of darkness--

And farther and farther from...

...the light and safety of the rest of the world...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CELEBICI - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The town of Celebici is not much of a town.

More like a series of houses pockmarking the top of the green
and lush mountain.

A dilapidated guard booth, with one sleepy border guard,
designates the very unofficial border with Montenegro.

Other than a few stray goats, there's no one on the streets.

DUCK
Where's the welcoming committee?

SIMON
Be thankful that there's not fifty
Kalasnikovs pointed at our heads.

BENJAMIN
What are you going to do?

SIMON
I'm going to do what any good
journalist does when he gets to a
new place.

BENJAMIN
--What's that?

SIMON looks at BENJAMIN and smiles.

SIMON
I'm going to find the bar.

INT. WOODEN HOUSE - BAR - MINUTES LATER

By any other logic this would be a barn...

...but in Celebici, on the border of Bosnia and Montenegro,
this is a bar.

As soon as SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN enter, all eyes are on
the them.

Like a cliché of the music coming to a stop, our guys are
instantaneously suspect...

The eight or so peasant men and women look at them for what
they are-- Foreigners; unwanted and unwelcome.

SIMON
(in Bosnian)
Hello. We're just heading to
Montenegro. Just thought we'd get a
drink before we go. You have any
homemade slivovice?

SIMON and DUCK move confidently into the bar.

BENJAMIN walks slower. Without a doubt, this is the oddest
place he's ever been.

The walls are lined with homemade taxidermy.

Mounted and stuffed Raccoons, boars, foxes and even bears
line the faded walls of the establishment..

BENJAMIN
(softly to DUCK)
Doesn't exactly look like they get
many newcomers here...

DUCK
Just keep smiling. You'll be fine.

But just as BENJAMIN takes another step--

--a LARGE MAN, with the chest of a rhino, puts his hand out
to stop him...

He says something in Bosnian...

...The rest of the patrons laugh.

BENJAMIN
(scared)
What's he saying?

DUCK
He just said that you're almost
skinny enough to use as bait.

SIMON
It's a fishing joke.

BENJAMIN
Uh huh...

SIMON
(in Bosnian)
It would be our pleasure to buy
everyone a round of brandy...

The patrons of the bar certainly don't mind that...

SIMON
(softly)
Duck, I hope you have money...

DUCK
What happened to my twenty from
yesterday?

SIMON ignore him and goes to get the bottle of brandy...

SIMON
(in Bosnian)
Long live Serbia!

Several of the patrons murmur the same...

DUCK takes the bottle of homemade brandy from SIMON and
starts pouring it for the patrons...

BENJAMIN smiles nervously...

...A fat woman with three missing teeth smiles back at him.

BENJAMIN
Duck. Save some for me...

INT. BAR - LATER

With everyone quite drunk now-- SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN
converse with the patrons.

SIMON
 (in Bosnian)
 Here's the thing. What if a
 journalist-- say myself-- What if
 he promised to portray the Fox the
 way you people see him. As a hero.
 I have no political affiliation.
 Unlike my friends here-- I'm not
 American.

BENJAMIN
 What's he saying?

DUCK
 He's selling you and me out.

BENJAMIN
 Great...

BAR PATRON #1
 (in Bosnian)
 You can look and look and look. The
 Fox is invisible. No one can catch
 him.

SIMON
 (in Bosnian)
 I don't want to catch him. I just
 want to talk to him...

BAR PATRON #1
 (in Bosnian)
 And you think he's here?

BAR PATRON #2
 (in Bosnian)
 In Celebici?

The others laugh.

SIMON
 (in Bosnian)
 Would you tell me even if he was?

Suddenly a voice-- speaking in broken English-- comes from
 behind the bar...

MAN
 Do you really think we would sell
 out the leader of our people for a
 simple glass of cheap brandy?

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN look up...

MAN
Do you really think the people of
Republika Srpska are that weak...?

The MAN walks over to the table.

He's short and stout and has the hardened peasant face of a man who has worked outside his whole life.

He also has nine fingers.

NINE FINGERED MAN
We do not go University like you
people do. But we are not dumb, and
we do not like to be made fun of...

DUCK
No one's making fun.

NINE FINGERED MAN
Bullshit. You continue even now.
Don't insult me by acting
otherwise.

The feeling in the bar has completely changed.

Even SIMON seems uptight.

This NINE FINGERED MAN-- the man who was hunting earlier with the Fox-- does not look like he's got a speck of humor in him...

To DUCK-- every instinct he has tells him to get out...

Mess with the wrong guy in this forgotten part of the world, and you don't live to see tomorrow...

NINE FINGERED MAN
You know how I got these animals on
wall?

He stands above the guys...

NINE FINGERED MAN
I shoot them.

DUCK gets up and smiles...

DUCK
Okay. You know-- We don't want any
trouble. We should be going...

NINE FINGERED MAN
Yes, I think so...

SIMON and BENJAMIN get up as well.

They join DUCK heading to the door...

DUCK
(in Bosnian to group)
We very much enjoyed the brandy.

But just as they reach the door--

Just as they are about to get out of there--

SIMON speaks--

SIMON
One question before we go...

DUCK can't believe this--

DUCK
Simon...

SIMON
(ignoring DUCK)
Did you ever go hunting with him?

The NINE FINGERED MAN looks at SIMON.

At the table-- One of the seated peasant men pulls out a gun from his inside his jacket, and rests it front of him.

SIMON can't help but notice...

...it's pointed right at him.

Trying not to show fear, trying to figure some way to get to the FOX, SIMON continues his suicidal questioning...

SIMON
I mean. He got his nickname because he loved to hunt foxes. You obviously love to hunt. I was just wondering...

The NINE FINGERED MAN walks over to SIMON. Stares at him.

NINE FINGERED MAN
In the war, I kill people like you...

SIMON
...The war's over.

DUCK can't believe that SIMON is pushing this...

The PEASANT WITH GUN puts his finger on the trigger.

NINE FINGERED MAN
...Yes. Yes, it is.

The awkward, dangerous feeling in the room only gets worse...

DUCK opens the bar doors...

Daylight streams in...

SIMON
So. Did you hunt with him?

DUCK
--For fuckssake, Simon...

NINE FINGERED MAN
You are one brave motherfucker.

BENJAMIN
(whispering)
Duck...

DUCK
I know. Just keep your cool.

BENJAMIN
No. Duck. Look--

DUCK turns to where BENJAMIN is looking...

Out the door...

At the road...

...where three bright orange Zastavas are driving by.

NINE FINGERED MAN
You are just like those stupid
United Nations people who poke
around seeing if one of us will
talk.

SIMON is oblivious as DUCK and BENJAMIN watch the orange cars
disappear down the mountain...

NINE FINGERED MAN
(to SIMON)
You go now. Tell your friends at
the UN that we know nothing here.
That there is no reason for them to
bother us. That we are just good
people, trying to adjust after the
war.

SIMON nods.

The cockiness in him is gone. It's all survival instincts now.

The PEASANT WITH THE GUN points it directly to SIMON's head...

NINE FINGERED MAN
Tell the United Nations that we
lost loved ones in the war too. Not
just the Muslims. Tell them that we
saw horrors too. You tell them
that, *I make sure you get back down
the road without dying.*

BENJAMIN looks nervously back at SIMON and the NINE FINGERED MAN...

NINE FINGERED MAN
Or at least I do my best.

SIMON nods, forces a smile, and starts towards DUCK and BENJAMIN and the door...

When-- BANG!!

A shot explodes in the room.

Terrified--

The three guys turn...

THE PEASANT WITH THE GUN laughs...

The smoking gun is pointed up at the ceiling...

PEASANT WITH GUN
(in Serbian)
Thanks for the drinks.

EXT.- OUTSIDE OF BAR - MOMENTS LATER

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN head quickly towards the Mercedes.

SIMON
What do you mean you saw his cars?

DUCK
While you were being a complete
asshole back there-- Benjamin saw
them out the door.

SIMON
Jesus Christ. Which way were they
going?

DUCK
Back down the mountain.

SIMON starts running towards his car...

SIMON
Fuck. C'mon!

INT. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SIMON jumps in the car and starts the engine.

He's driving before DUCK can even close the back door.

BENJAMIN
What are we going to do? Drive em
off the road?

SIMON
I don't know.

BENJAMIN
We're going to get killed, Simon!

The faster SIMON goes, the more bumpy the ride gets.

BENJAMIN
Simon. These are killers...

SIMON
Shut up! Jesus Christ... Fuck these
roads!

DUCK leans forward from the back seat...

DUCK
Simon.

SIMON
What?

DUCK
Kid's got a point.

SIMON
So has my dick.

DUCK
What exactly are you planning on
doing? There's three fucking cars.

BENJAMIN pulls out his phone.

BENJAMIN
I'm going to call the U.N. or NATO
or someone--

Just then--

SIMON grabs the phone out of BENJAMIN's hands--

--and throws it out the window of the speeding car...

BENJAMIN
What the hell!!

SIMON
No fucking calls.

BENJAMIN looks back...

BENJAMIN
You fucking mad man! That was my
phone!!

SIMON
Not anymore.

BENJAMIN
That was my fucking phone!

SIMON
No calls. No United Nations. No
NATO. I don't trust any of them...

Suddenly--

--SIMON slams on the brakes...

SIMON
Fuck...

Blocking the road...

Waiting for them...

...are the three orange Zastavas.

This scary fact causes even SIMON to go pale.

They are in the middle of nowhere.

Completely vulnerable.

Completely fucked.

DUCK
Simon...

SIMON

Yes...

DUCK

(without a trace of humor)
If you do anything stupid I'll kill
you myself.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

One of the doors of one of the orange cars opens.

Two men get out.

These are not friendly looking men.

In any country these guys are thugs. In Bosnia, it's even
worse then that.

THUG #1

Get fuck out of car...

SIMON

We're just tourists. Heading toward
Montenegro...

THUG #1

Get fuck out of car, now!

BENJAMIN

We're going to fucking die.

BANG!!!

The THUG shoots the gun off...

The sound echoes through the woods...

THUG #1

Get out now...

SIMON slowly opens the car door...

DUCK turns to BENJAMIN...

DUCK

Stay calm.

The THUG grabs SIMON and throws him to the ground...

THUG #1

(to SIMON on ground)
Don't fucking move...
(to DUCK and BENJAMIN)
You-- Out! On ground. Now...

DUCK and BENJAMIN slowly get out of the car and on their knees...

DUCK
Look, we're journalists. We're just
doing a story. We don't mean
anybody harm...

The second, LARGER THUG, points his gun at the guys...

This about as bad a situation as you could want...

SIMON stares at DUCK--

--What the fuck are they gonna do?

SIMON
Look. There's no reason that you
need--

LARGE THUG
Shut up!!

The THUG lifts his gun to smack SIMON--

When suddenly--

He stops...

LARGE THUG
Simon?

SIMON-- terrified-- looks up at him...

He can't believe his eyes...

SIMON
Goran?

The THUG smiles...

LARGE THUG
Holy shit! Simon fucking Hunt!

DUCK and BENJAMIN can't believe it.

THUG #1
(calling, in Bosnian)
Hey Sascha!! It's Simon Hunt!!

SIMON looks at a extremely relieved DUCK and BENJAMIN...

DUCK looks back at him as if to say "you have the weirdest
fucking friends"...

SIMON
 (as he gets up)
 Goran. You crazy, thick necked
 Croatian sonofabitch!! How are you?

SIMON hugs the LARGE THUG, who nearly crushes SIMON with his arms...

LARGE THUG
 I'm good!! I'm good! We almost kill
 you!

SIMON nods and smiles...

SIMON
 No shit...

LARGE THUG
 Never drive on our road without
 letting us know first. Okay?

SIMON
 Okay...

Several more guys get out of the Zastavas. They all wear track suits and look like extras from a eastern European porn version of the Sopranos...

SIMON looks at DUCK and BENJAMIN--

SIMON
 Just laugh at all their jokes and
 don't stare at the midget.

DUCK
 The midget?

Coming out from the lead orange Zastava is a MIDGET in a lime green jump suit.

SIMON
 They're black marketers. Run odd
 stuff coming in from Croatia.

DUCK
 Fucking great.

DUCK smiles and waves...

DUCK
 Hi there...

MIDGET
 Simon Hunt!!

SIMON

Sacha!!

The MIDGET walks smiling over to SIMON.

He gets right up to him--

--then grabs SIMON hard by the balls...

MIDGET

Where the fuck's my money!!

INT. - SIMON'S CAR - A SHORT TIME LATER

DUCK stares angrily out the window...

...Watching SIMON give his guitar to the MIDGET.

DUCK

Unfuckingbelievable.

BENJAMIN

It's twice his size.

SIMON shakes the MIDGET's free hand, and then gets quickly back in the car.

SIMON

Let's get the hell out of here...

SIMON starts the engine...

...and follows the orange Zastavas down the road.

SIMON

Fucking greedy midget.

DUCK and BENJAMIN say nothing...

SIMON

What? I'll pay you back. I'll pay you both back...

SIMON soon shuts up as well...

He knows, without hearing, that this day, this trip, has been a total, complete, bust.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN SARAJEVO - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The sun has just started to set in Sarajevo, casting the Holiday Inn in a warm orange glow...

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - SAME TIME

DUCK stands at the phone booth...

DUCK
Baby?

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
(on phone)
I can't hear you, Duck. Costas,
would you turn down the stereo...

DUCK
Where are you?

EXT. BOAT IN GREECE - DAY

DUCK's gorgeous girlfriend tans topless on a gorgeous yacht
on the gorgeous liquid blue Aegean.

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
I'm fine.

DUCK
(on phone)
No, where are you?

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
I'm on Gaspar's boat.

INT.- HOLIDAY INN

DUCK
Who's Gaspar?

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
(on phone)
Costas and Lola's friend.
(laughing)
No! No more champagne!

DUCK
Who's Costas and Lola?

EXT. BOAT IN GREECE

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
Look I can't hear you. The
connections horrible. When are you
coming?

DUCK
 (on phone)
 Tomorrow, baby. I leave first thing
 in the morning.

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
 Okay. But you better hurry...

A MAN approaches...

INT.- HOLIDAY INN

SEXY GIRLFRIEND
 (on phone, laughing)
 No! Georgio! You're tickling me...

DUCK
 Who's Georgio?

The line goes dead.

DUCK just stands there. It's been that sort of day...

BORIS
 So you ran into the midget.

DUCK turns standing there in the shadows is BORIS (the powerfully built paranoid Ukranian from the UN).

DUCK
 Better then running over the
 midget. How'd you know?

BORIS looks around nervously. DUCK smiles. He's sort of enjoying this craziness. Certainly more satisfying then speaking to his distant girl in Greece.

BORIS
 Look. We can't talk here.

DUCK
 I didn't know we were talking.

BORIS
 We're not talking.

DUCK
 I think we're talking.

BORIS
 --The Dobrun tunnel in the town of
 Visegrad. Tonight at nine. Things
 are heating up...

BORIS suddenly starts to run away...

DUCK
Boris?

DUCK watches the stout man wobble/run away. Fucking weird...

INT. DUCK'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

DUCK enters his hotel room.

He hears noise in his bathroom.

He walks in and sees SIMON sitting in his bathtub, taking a soapy bath.

DUCK
Why do you keep breaking into my
room?

SIMON
Look. I'm between places right now.
I needed a bath.

DUCK shakes his head...

He goes to the mini bar and returns with two beers.

DUCK hands one to SIMON in the tub, and then sits on the closed toilet.

DUCK
What the hell are you going to do,
Simon? You're broke. You owe
midgets...

Neither man says anything for a moment. They just drink their beers.

SIMON
I dream about him, Duck. I dream
about catching him and wiping that
arrogant smile off his face
forever.

DUCK looks at SIMON.

SIMON
My whole fucking situation, every
bad thing that has happened to me
stems from that bastard. I was
flying high before that war.

DUCK
I know.

SIMON
We were a fucking great team.

DUCK
The best.

SIMON
And then it all went to shit.

SIMON runs his hands through his wet, soapy hair.

SIMON
Finding him, finding him would be
so fucking brilliant.

DUCK nods.

DUCK
You should call your source...

SIMON says nothing.

DUCK looks at him.

DUCK
What?

SIMON takes a sip of beer.

DUCK
What?

SIMON
...There is no source.

DUCK stares at him. In the bathtub SIMON looks like a guilty little child.

SIMON
I made the whole thing up.

DUCK
Un-fucking-believable.

SIMON
I heard rumors the Fox was up in
Celebici. Thought having a "source"
would push you over to join me.

DUCK stands. He can't believe this shit.

DUCK
I'm a fucking idiot.

SIMON
No. No. I'm just an asshole.

DUCK
You keep making fun of the life I
have in New York. Joking that I'm
not the guy I used to be. Well I'll
tell you Simon-- you're not the
fucking guy you used to be either.
Far fucking from it.

DUCK takes a towel off the door and throws it hard at SIMON.

DUCK
(coldly)
Dry yourself off and get the fuck
out of my room.

DUCK walks out of the bathroom.

SIMON sits in the tub. Wet, depressed and alone.

INT. DUCKS'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DUCK stands staring out the hotel window making a phone call.
His bags are on packed on the bed...

DUCK
...No. I'm trying to switch the
plane to this evening. Yes, yes...
Whatever the last flight out is--

Suddenly the line goes dead.

DUCK turns and sees a very wet finger holding the phone
reciever down, and then the dripping wet person doing the
holding...

SIMON
We weren't wrong, you know...

DUCK
Shit, Simon...

SIMON is covered by only the skimpiest of towels, and drips
bath water over everything.

SIMON
Boris the UN guy thought we were
right on his trail.

DUCK looks at him. SIMON's hair is wet and it stands up in an
awkward and somewhat humorous way.

DUCK
He still does.

SIMON
What do you mean?

DUCK walks over to SIMON and lifts his finger off the receiver, and proceeds to redial...

DUCK
I just ran into him in the lobby.
He wants to see his favorite CIA
hit squad tonight at the Visegrad
black market. He said things are
heating up--

SIMON again presses the phone off--

SIMON
--He did?

DUCK
Fuck! Yes. I mean the whole thing
is fucking ridic--

SIMON
Why the hell didn't you tell me?!

SIMON moves towards the bed, picks up DUCK's jacket and
throws it at him...

SIMON
We have to meet him!

CUT TO:

EXT - VISEGRAD - DOBRUN TUNNEL-- 9PM THAT NIGHT

An old tunnel in a mountain side.

Clearly a bomb destroyed part of it during the war. The front
is collapsed. You can't drive through it anymore.

But you can still walk through it...

...because there's business inside.

INT. - DOBRUN TUNNEL - SAME TIME

There's a life inside this half destroyed tunnel.

Like something out of Brueghal...

Lit only by candles and lanterns, like something out of the
middle ages, hundreds of poor Bosnian Serbs sell whatever
they can manage to find in this post-war black market.

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN walk tentatively past peasants selling everything from live chickens to knock-off blue jeans.

BENJAMIN
(taking it all in)
At what point does this wild goose
chase come to an end?

DUCK
Ten AM tomorrow morning when I'm on
a plane to Greece.

SIMON
We touched a nerve with Boris.
Don't underestimate that.

DUCK
The fact that some low-level UN guy
thinks we're CIA is completely
ridiculous. No underestimation.

An OLD LADY offers DUCK a t-shirt that has Molly, Emilio, Judd, and the whole "Breakfast Club" gang pictured on it.

DUCK
(in Bosnian)
No. No, thank you.
(to SIMON)
I mean look at us-- we're in an
half destroyed tunnel shopping for
counterfeit Superman Under-Roos.
What's the damn point?

Just then: A voice from the shadows...

BORIS
I'm not doing what I'm doing.

The guys turn to see BORIS hiding in a dark section of the tunnel...

BORIS
I mean, clearly I am doing this--
but I'm not doing this, because if
I was doing this, I could get in a
lot of trouble for doing it.

DUCK
What the fuck, Boris?

BORIS
She might seem young and beautiful
to you. But she will cut your balls
off and sell them as trinkets if
she thinks you're fucking with her.

SIMON
Who is this?

BORIS takes a step towards them and whispers...

BORIS
The person I spoke to about your mission-- Mirjana. She is going to lead you to the Fox...

INT. - BUILDING IN TOWN OF VISEGRAD - A SHORT TIME LATER

A nervous BORIS, followed by SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN, make their way up the stairs to the eighth floor of an apartment building.

Several of the floors have no lights on, and there is graffiti and bullet holes everywhere.

The heat and weirdness makes BENJAMIN sweat...

BORIS
Only four more flights...

BENJAMIN rolls his eyes. DUCK smiles. SIMON picks up speed.

INT.- APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

MIRJANA couldn't be more than twenty five. She's got short dark hair, and intense eyes that say don't fuck with me.

But she's nervous. Very nervous. And she smokes like a chimney.

MIRJANA
I am no friend of the Muslims.
Right at the start of the war they rounded up some the girls from my school...

DUCK
...It was shitty on all sides.

MIRJANA
You don't know shitty till you've been gang raped for four straight days...

Well she's got them there.

DUCK looks back towards BORIS...

...but BORIS is gone.

DUCK
Where's Boris?

MIRJANA
(ignoring him)
This is not about justice. I am and
always will be a proud Serb. This
is about money.

A pussycat comes up and leaps on MIRJANA's lap.

The guys-- sans a now vanished BORIS -- sit in her tiny
apartment and listen...

MIRJANA
My father had a system. Made us
money. Boghanovic's men took over.
Wanted what we had. Now they run
the gasoline and cigarettes coming
in from Serbia. Use that money to
protect him. But they killed my
father, and now we have nothing.

MIRJANA looks at the men.

MIRJANA
I hate "nothing".

MIRJANA kicks the cat off her lap.

MIRJANA
You stop him I get my family
business back.

SIMON
And what do we get?

MIRJANA smiles, but only for a moment...

MIRJANA
You get what you're here in Bosnia
to get.

SIMON
And how do we do that?

MIRJANA lights another cigarette.

MIRJANA
My old boyfriend is one of his
guards. Midac. He is in love with
me and he calls me everyday. I have
no interest in him anymore, but I
still talk to him because I know
that one day the CIA would come
into my home...

BENJAMIN looks at DUCK when "CIA" comes up.

SIMON
How many guards?

MIRJANA
Ten.

SIMON
But we're only three.

MIRJANA
Three of you is thirty of them.
They are fat and lazy and bored out
of their minds in the countryside.

SIMON
And you know exactly where he is?

MIRJANA gets up, and walks to the window...

MIRJANA
I can. Now you give me thousand
Marks.

The guys look at each other.

SIMON
You've got to be out of your
fucking mind.

MIRJANA
No. I want good will gesture.

SIMON
My good will has disappeared.

MIRJANA
I risk everything talking to you.

DUCK
We just can't.

MIRJANA looks at them...

MIRJANA
There are people who love the Fox
till their dying breath. Even right
here in this building. If they knew
I was even talking to you they
would kill me. I need assurances I
am not being taken advantage of.

A strange silence hits the room.

Clearly DUCK and SIMON are in no position to pay this woman anything.

MIRJANA

If you guys are not serious. Then
forget it--

Suddenly BENJAMIN gets up.

BENJAMIN

The Agency has strict rules. We're
not authorized for payments.

DUCK and SIMON look at each other and then at BENJAMIN. Where the fuck is this going?

BENJAMIN

Others in the company are. Weaker divisions. But not us. You know what we do-- Who we are. You know our reputations and our accuracy in achieving our goals around the world. A single bullet from us can start or end wars. You are worried about others killing you, but you should most be worried about the people in this room and the reputations they bring with them. We will do what we need to achieve our goals. You are now standing in the way of achieving our goals. Help us and you will no longer be hindering our operation. Ignore us and I can not guarantee safety. The Agency is, I'm afraid to say, completely humorless about these things.

BENJAMIN looks at an amazed DUCK and SIMON-- who try to keep their poker faces...

MIRJANA takes a puff of her cigarette.

You could cut the tension with a dull butter knife.

MIRJANA

...When he call tomorrow. I will
find out what we all need to know.

EXT. - STREET OUTSIDE MIRJANA'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

The guys exit the building--

--They are pumped up and giddy...

SIMON
Unfuckingbelievable, Benji. I never
thought you had it in you!

DUCK
That was one of the ballsiest and
stupidest things I've ever seen!

DUCK jumps on top of BENJAMIN in glee.

DUCK
You're a fucking mad man!!

BEN straightens his just mussed up hair...

BENJAMIN
I think she's full of shit and just
trying to play us, but it's better
to find out for sure.

SIMON smiles.

SIMON
I don't know what the hell we're
into, gentlemen, but I fucking love
it! We need to get some brandy...

DUCK
We do?

SIMON
Oh yeah. I gotta get you so fucked
up that you sleep through your
flight to Greece tomorrow.
(putting arm around DUCK
and BENJAMIN)
The night is young, and so were we!

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - THREE HOURS LATER

It is later.

Drunker then drunk, SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN stumble out of a
roadside bar and towards the Mercedes...

DUCK
The whole fucking thing is
ridiculous...

SIMON
(slurring)
Why? I could very well be CAI--
CIA.

DUCK
Uh Huh. You can't even spell CIA...

SIMON
Every fucking CIA man I meet looks
exactly like me.

DUCK looks at him...

DUCK
Only better looking...

BENJAMIN
Well, they certainly don't look
like me.

SIMON looks at the youthful BENJAMIN...

SIMON
Well that's the fucking genius! Of
course the CIA would have someone
who doesn't look like CIA. That's
exactly what the CIA would do...

INT. - CAR- A FEW MINUTES LATER

SIMON speeds along the dark country roads towards Sarajevo...

BENJAMIN
How come everyone in this country
is dealing in the black market?

From the back, DUCK laughs.

DUCK
Simon. Thoughts?

SIMON says nothing.

DUCK
Simon?

SIMON looks in the rear view mirror.

SIMON
I think we're being followed.

BENJAMIN
What do you mean?

SIMON
What part of I think we're being
followed do you not understand?

Suddenly--

--SIMON takes a hard, screeching right on the dark road...

The car behind them--

--Makes a hard right as well.

SIMON

He pulled out behind us at the
tavern.

BENJAMIN

Who could it be?

SIMON

You start Fox hunting in this
country, it could be anybody.

BENJAMIN

Fucking hell.

SIMON speeds up. He blazes through the dark night, tearing
through the thin roads at alarming speed.

SIMON

(checking his rear-view
again)

We can't be pulled over. It's too
dangerous. We have to get into
Sarajevo.

DUCK

No shit. And fast.

SIMON

There's only one problem.

DUCK

Yeah? What's that?

SIMON

We're not heading to Sarajevo. That
screeching right I just made is
heading us to Pale instead...

DUCK looks at the road behind him.

DUCK

Goddamn it...

BENJAMIN

--What's Pale?

DUCK

A Serb controlled town where the
Fox lived during the war. About the
most unsafe place we can go.

BENJAMIN

Great.

DUCK

We gotta lose him, Simon.

SIMON steps on the gas...

As SIMON speeds along the dark, thin road-- the car behind him picks up speed as well...

Suddenly--

It taps the back of SIMON's car...

SIMON

Fuck--

SIMON holds onto the wheel for the dear life--

--Trying to not lose control.

Things have gone from bad to worse pretty damn quick.

DUCK

The tunnel.

SIMON

What?!

Their car gets tapped again...

SIMON swerves, but regains control...

DUCK

There's a tunnel coming up. None of the tunnels in this country have lights in them.

SIMON

What's your fucking point!?

DUCK

Turn out your headlights...

SIMON picks up speed.

SIMON

Hold tight...

He enters the dark tunnel...

Moments later--

He shuts off his car lights--

Picks up speed...

BENJAMIN
(staring into blackness)
Oh my god. Oh my god...

SIMON
Hold on!

SIMON races out of the tunnel, swerves crazily over to the side off the road, and drives into some bushes...

Hidden-- He shuts the engine quickly off...

A second later:

The car behind him races by...

...completely oblivious to the fact that SIMON has pulled over...

SIMON
(waving)
Bye, bye...

DUCK smiles. Relieved.

DUCK
...How come every time I hang out
with you I put my life in danger?

SIMON
Because, my old friend, putting
your life in danger *is* actual
living. The rest of it is just
sleepwalking. You need me to remind
you of that.

DUCK
There's gotta be some nice middle
ground.

SIMON
Middle ground is for soft porn
addicts and politicians.

With his pointed words still ringing in DUCK's head-- SIMON
pulls the car out, does a U-turn and heads back to Sarajevo.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - LATER

Screeching to a stop in the dimly lit outdoor parking lot--
SIMON, BENJAMIN and DUCK quickly get out of the Mercedes and
head towards the hotel entrance...

SIMON

We gotta be extra careful. No talking about this in the hotel. No talking on the cell phone--

BENJAMIN

(snidely)

--That won't be a problem.

SIMON

Trust me guys, we've stumbled onto something. People are worried. People are watching. I mean--

(pointing)

Who the fuck is that guy? Listening to us...

SIMON motions towards a MAN MOPPING the marble floor outside the entrance, who is staring at them...

DUCK

So now we have to be nervous of the hotel help?

SIMON

Trust nobody.

DUCK

The only person I don't trust is you.

The guys head inside through the revolving doors...

The MAN MOPPING watches them go, *scratching the scar on his face...*

INT. HOLIDAY INN- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- A FEW MINUTES LATER

BENJAMIN gives the fakest of smiles, before he slams his hotel room door shut.

DUCK turns to SIMON...

DUCK

Are you sleeping in my room?

SIMON

Yes.

DUCK rolls his eyes as goes to open his door...

DUCK
 Honestly, Simon. I'd be lying if I
 said I wasn't secretly hoping that
 this was all true, but we're no
 closer to finding the Fox than
 anyone else. Boris is a nut.
 Mirjana is a con artist. The guy
 following us was just a drunk, or
 your little midget friend wanting
 to wrestle....

DUCK opens the door--

Turns on the light--

And sees his room completely turned over and ransacked...

SIMON
 You were saying?

DUCK and SIMON stare at the room-- Whoever was in here was
 not subtle...

...Suddenly, everything feels very unsafe.

DUCK
 We gotta get out of here...

SIMON
 ...I'll get Benjamin.

SIMON starts down the hall--

When suddenly--

Two MEN come around the corner--

--each holding guns pointing right at him.

MAN WITH GUN
 (in thick accent)
 Fucking don't move.

SIMON turns--

--Two more men have guns to DUCK's head.

This is not good. Not good at all...

SIMON feels the cold steel of the pistol against his
 temple...

MAN WITH GUN
 You wanted to find Fox?

SIMON looks at him...

MAN WITH GUN
Well now he want find you...

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - A SHORT TIME LATER

This is fucking scary.

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN are crudely blindfolded and have their hands tied behind their backs, and have duct tape around their mouths...

They sit in the back of a filthy van being driven through the dark night.

Two of the men who captured them, sit with their guns pointed at the guys.

The road is bumpy...

And it's not looking good at all...

EXT. RURAL BARN - NIGHT

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN -- still blindfolded, cuffed and gagged-- are lead down a steep hill towards a dilapidated house/barn.

Even at night it's clear...

...that they are in the middle of nowhere.

BENJAMIN trips and falls hard on his face.

Stunned and bloodied, BENJAMIN is aggressively picked up by one of the men, and shoved to regain his place with the others...

INT. - ROOM IN BARN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys are violently thrown into a dark room.

They fall to the hay covered ground...

One of the armed men takes off their blind folds...

It's then, still bound and gagged, that they realize how truly fucked they are: In the middle of nowhere, deep in the heart of the Fox's Bosnia...

Then--

The armed men leave, locking them in.

Caged.

DUCK looks at SIMON. Obviously SIMON can't talk, but it's clear from his eyes that the situation is dire.

BENJAMIN gets to his feet and walks to a crack in the wood.

He can see outside into the night. There's at least six of them.

All armed.

BENJAMIN slinks down to the ground again.

He's shaking. Turning to DUCK and SIMON for comfort doesn't help. They scared to hell as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - ROOM IN BARN - A SHORT TIME LATER

The three guys sit quietly on the barn floor.

Each in his very own place.

A dark, dark place...

Just then-- They hear the sound of the lock on the door being opened.

The guys look up...

... as Three Men walk in.

One of them is bigger than the others.

He has soulless eyes.

And in his brutish hands...

...He carries an axe.

But that's not the worst part.

The worst part is his forehead.

It's tattooed in Cyrillic...

"I was dead the day I was born"

It's the homicidal bastard that DUCK had told BENJAMIN about earlier. Only now he's not a story. Now he's in a room with them, carrying an axe.

BJAN
(to BENJAMIN in Bosnian)
Get up.

BENJAMIN has no idea what he's saying.

BJAN
(with more anger, in
Bosnian)
Get up!!

Figuring it out-- just by the situation--

BENJAMIN nervously gets up.

DUCK and SIMON watch helplessly...

The two other goons stand in the shadows, guns pointed at them...

BJAN walks over to BENJAMIN.

He stares at the terrified young man with his soulless eyes.

BENJAMIN can't help but look down at the axe.

It's sharp blade inches from him...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
It's my killing axe. You like it?

Obviously BENJAMIN can't answer. He's bound, but he doesn't understand anyway.

But DUCK and SIMON understand.

They understand perfectly well.

Suddenly BJAN rips the tape off of BENJAMIN's mouth. It's hard and aggressive and it obviously hurts BENJAMIN. But at least he can talk now...

BENJAMIN
Look I have no idea what you're
saying. I don't speak--

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Shut up!! You motherfucker!

BJAN glares at the terrified BENJAMIN...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Which one is your team leader?

BENJAMIN
I don't know what you're saying.
Please--

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
--Answer me!

BENJAMIN
I don't know what you're saying!

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Bullshit! You are CIA.

BENJAMIN doesn't understand anything...

...except CIA.

BENJAMIN
We're not CIA.

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Don't fucking lie to me!

Suddenly-- BJAN smacks BENJAMIN.

--He falls to the ground.

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Answer my question or I will kill
you.

BENJAMIN is crying now. Terrified...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
I will only ask it one more time.

BENJAMIN
I don't understand. We're not CIA.
We're journalists. I work at ABC in
New York--

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
--Who is the leader of your group?
You tell me that and only he dies.
Otherwise you all die.

BENJAMIN
I just don't understand.

BJAN lifts up his Axe...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Answer me!!

The axe goes right over BENJAMIN's head.

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Answer my fucking question!!

Tears run down BENJAMIN's face.

It's all come down to this...

...and he has no idea what the fuck the guy's saying.

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Who the fuck is in charge!

BJAN is ready to strike--

When suddenly--

Improbably--

--*SIMON stands up.*

BJAN turns to him.

SIMON stands up straight. Looks forward. Acts, to all the world, as the head of the team.

It's the bravest thing SIMON has ever done.

BJAN slowly lowers the axe.

BJAN
(to SIMON, in English)
The truth emerges.

BJAN walks over and rips the tape off SIMON's mouth.

He throws it to the ground, where BENJAMIN sits quietly trying to hold it together.

SIMON
(desperately)
--There's been a giant mix up.

BJAN
 --What mix up? The trees have ears
 in Bosnia. We know everything.
 Especially when the CIA is here--

SIMON
 --We're not CIA, damnit!!

BJAN lifts his axe again...

BJAN
 For weeks we've been hearing
 rumors. The CIA is here. The CIA is
 coming for the Fox. We hear
 everything. We know everything.

SIMON
 But this is the thing-- We're just
 journalists. We're not CIA.

BJAN
 Bullshit!

SIMON
 No! No! We've just come to try to
 interview him...

BJAN looks incredulously at the desperate SIMON...

BJAN
 But you tell others that you are
 CIA.

SIMON
 We didn't say anything!

BJAN
 You say to that pig Boris.

SIMON
 We didn't. We didn't say that. He
 was confused. We're just reporters.
 We're not CIA--

BJAN
 --You are. And for that you pay...

BJAN lifts the axe...

SIMON
 (quietly)
 My God. Don't...

DUCK can't look...

BENJAMIN closes his eyes as well...

It's all come down to this...

SIMON looks straight at BJAN...

SIMON's sad, terrified eyes maintaining some dignity in this final moment...

And then--

Just as the axe starts to move--

Cher enters the room.

Well not in person.

In the form of her old music with Sonny...

A cell phone ring...

..."I Got You Babe" is the programmed ringer.

BJAN puts down the axe and answers his cell phone...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Hello?

BJAN smiles...

BJAN
(in Bosnian)
Hello, beautiful!

SIMON on the ground, ready for his death, looks at this and shakes his head...

SIMON
You've got to be kidding me...

SIMON turns to DUCK...

...Can it get any weirder then this?

BJAN
(in Bosnian to girl on
phone)
No. No. It's a good time to talk...

DUCK realizes that BJAN is distracted with his lady caller.

He looks at BENJAMIN, then to SIMON...

Can they do something?

Can they escape?

DUCK starts to slowly get up when-----

-----A foot kicks him down to the ground.

The foot belongs to the one of the Men in the shadows.

He presses down hard on DUCKS's head.

DUCK looks up at him...

...and for the first time sees his face...

Out from the shadows...

Quietly watching the whole thing...

...Is the man they've been after.

The man they're in Bosnia to find...

The most wanted war criminal in the world...

...The Fox.

SIMON and BENJAMIN see him too. It's so shocking to be in the same room with this infamous bastard that they almost forget the dire situation that they're in...

The FOX stares at them for a long moment...

And then, with extreme viciousness, The FOX kicks DUCK hard in the head, and walks to the door...

BJAN
(into phone in Bosnian)
Look. I gotta go. I'll call you
later...

BJAN hangs up.

Then he lifts up the axe...

The FOX opens the door to go...

--But just as the door opens...

POP. POP. POP...

Bullets whiz into the room.

One of them hits BJAN straight in the forehead...

Blood pours out, covering his tattoo in red...

The FOX desperately runs out into the night...

The third BAD GUY in the room lifts his gun to open fire at the SIMON--

--but DUCK gets up and (still handcuffed) bashes him hard in the stomach with his head.

The BAD GUY falls...

SIMON lunges for him...

The fallen BAD GUY still holds his gun...

SIMON viciously bites the hand that holds the gun...

BAD GUY
AHHHH!!

Just then--

As the BAD GUY lets go of the gun in abject pain...

Three COMMANDO-TYPE guys storm into the room--

--Within seconds they have shot and killed the BAD GUY, and shot BJAN again in the heart to make sure he's dead.

SIMON
The Fox! He's here! He ran out!!

Stunned and terrified, SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN just stare as the COMMANDO guys run out of the room...

Gunfire can be heard out in the night...

SIMON looks at his friends...

...what the *fuck* is going on?

EXT. FARM - A FEW HOURS LATER

It's dawn.

There's about ten commando-type men patrolling/searching the rural farm.

Sitting on the grass, right in front of the barn, is a black-ops helicopter...

...Sitting in the helicopter are SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

The three guys look like hell.

Exhausted, bloodied, shocked, and needing a cold shower.

SIMON smokes a cigarette slowly, and glares at the Commando who sits opposite them in the copter...

SIMON

Look, this is a news event, and we're newsmen. We want to get out of this bloody copter now.

COMMANDO

Sir, I've told you my orders.

SIMON

We almost got decapitated tonight. Now we've been held in this tin can for two fucking hours. Haven't you heard of freedom of the press?

COMMANDO

Not in Bosnia, sir. No.

Just then-- An older COMMANDO, clearly the leader, steps on the copter.

CHET

Alright, Jazzy. Start this bird up.

DUCK

Where are we going?

CHET

Well you're going to the airport, and then back to America. I'm going to parts deemed classified.

CHET, the COMMANDO, smiles and winks at the un-amused guys.

Just then-- ANOTHER MAN jumps on the helicopter. He sits silently next to CHET.

The guys stare at him. He's the man who was mopping the floors at the hotel. The man who was spying on them in Foca.

The man with the scar on face.

Now it all makes sense how and why they were rescued.

The helicopter starts to take off...

SIMON

(yelling to be heard above
the roar of the engine)
Did you catch him?

CHET
That's classified information as well.

SIMON
Classified...?

CHET
Correct. Classified.

DUCK, SIMON and BENJAMIN can not believe this...

DUCK
You telling me you didn't catch him?!

CHET looks at the guys. His non-answer says everything.

DUCK
He was right fucking there!

CHET
...We killed four of the nine. The others got away into the night.

SIMON
Jesus Christ. I was an inch from him!

CHET
You should see under that barn. There's four separate tunnels. Their getting away was not as difficult as you may think.

DUCK
...Especially if you're not really trying to catch them.

CHET glares at DUCK...

CHET
--just what are you insinuating?

DUCK glares back.

DUCK
...It's classified.

Even after everything, BENJAMIN has to smile. This is one crazy fucking adventure he found himself on.

Outside the open helicopter doors, the green of Bosnia glows through the morning fog...

CHET
We saved your life. That was our mission.

BENJAMIN
Cut it pretty close, don't you think?

CHET
There was traffic outside of Visegrad.

BENJAMIN
I bet there was.

CHET
We saved you guys, did our job, and now you gotta get the hell out of this country.

SIMON
I think there's a pretty big story to tell *inside* this country. I just smelled the bad breath of the most wanted fugitive in the world.

CHET turns SIMON.

CHET
Let me telling you something, Mr. Cunt...

SIMON
Hunt.

CHET
Mr Hunt. You are lucky I have not already arrested you and thrown you into a dark hole with no fucking exits.

SIMON
Arrested me for what?

CHET
Impersonating a CIA officer is one serious offense.

SIMON
For fucksake! We didn't impersonate-

CHET
Your friend Boris is on a plane to Uganda, where he will now be stationed.

(MORE)

CHET (cont'd)
But before he was suddenly
transferred to darkest Africa to
never be heard from again we
confronted him about your little
"representation".

SIMON
Alright, then. So what? So fucking
what?

CHET looks at him.

CHET
If I hear from you again, the CIA
will be on you like a cheap suit
from the Men's Wearhouse. You'll be
arrested, jailed and sodomized by a
big, dumb Serbian bastard with a
large cock for the rest of your
shitty little lives. This is the
situation. This is the reality.

SIMON, DUCK and BENJAMIN look at the super-humorless CHET.
There's gathering spittle on his lips...

CHET
And if don't care about that-- If
you like big Serbian cock, and
you're still planning of reporting
any of this, then your friend Boris
will find himself eaten by a tiger
or lion or squirrel or whatever
fucking animal we can find in
darkest Africa. And you'll have to
live with that.

SIMON
I assume I can quote you on the
"squirrel" remark.

CHET looks at SIMON...

CHET
Look, Cunt. There's a bright side
of the CIA. There's a dark side of
the CIA. And then there's the grey
side. We do the things people don't
need to know about. It's the part
that we will deny ever exists. It's
the part of the CIA that's been
working for the last few weeks in
Bosnia on Boghanovic.

SIMON
Working on doing what? Letting him
disappear once again into the
night?

CHET glares at SIMON.

CHET

Let me ask you a question. Why do you think the CIA would want to let a war criminal go?

SIMON

Let me ask you a question. In five years why has the CIA, The Hague, The United Nations, and NATO all not been able to find a guy we found in just two days, if you actually *did* want to catch him?

SIMON's question hangs in the air.

CHET

Looking at you now, I wish there was more traffic in Visegrad.

SIMON

No disrespect, Chet. But fuck off.

CHET

The CIA was never here. The world continues to spin. And you are going home.

CHET smiles at them.

CHET

From this moment on, the story is being written by others.

EXT. - SARAJEVO AIRPORT - LATER AFTERNOON

A defeated DUCK, SIMON and BENJAMIN stand on the tarmac of the Sarajevo airport.

Two humorless, fully equipped, SPECIAL OPS soldiers stand watching over the guys.

Their bags are gathered beside them on the runway.

SIMON

It's nice that they packed for us.

BENJAMIN

Very thoughtful.

SIMON picks up his duffel.

SIMON

Well it wasn't fun while it lasted.

SIMON laughs at his own joke. The kind of tired laugh you give when it's time to throw in the towel...

BENJAMIN
What are you going to do?

SIMON
I don't know. Go to Greece with Duck. Share some moussaka with him and his girlfriend...

SIMON and BENJAMIN start towards the waiting plane...

...But DUCK doesn't move.

He just stands there by himself on the tarmac...

SIMON looks back...

...and stares at his old friend, who seems lost in his own thoughts...

SIMON
Duck?

DUCK blinks twice.

DUCK
They sent Boris out of the country because he wanted to actually help catch the Fox. They're sending us out because we were right on his tail--

BENJAMIN
--a little more like he was on our tail. We're lucky we have heads.

DUCK
Boris risked his career and paid the price. Mirjana's risking her life now. No one in power in this place actually wants to catch the bastard, and it's not right.

SIMON
What are you saying, Duckie?

DUCK
I'm saying... We can't go.

On this tarmac, at this airport, it's about the last thing anyone was expecting to hear.

SIMON smiles at DUCK. It's no longer a weary smile. It's real, and full of excitement and emotion.

DUCK smiles too.

He turns to BENJAMIN...

BENJAMIN looks at DUCK and then at SIMON.

Could he really be thinking this? Could he really be thinking of staying? Even after the axe and Cher?

Even after *everything*...

BENJAMIN
...Let's go get this bastard.

For the first time since we've met him, BENJAMIN seems like the man that he is.

It's unbelievable.

The mood around them instantly changes.

It's electric.

SIMON
I think I just wet myself.

BENJAMIN
What about our two little escorts?

DUCK looks at the TWO SPECIAL OPS guys.

DUCK
The Fox has managed to ellude
hundreds of these motherfuckers for
five years. I think we can manage
two of them right now.

BENJAMIN smiles.

BENJAMIN
What's your plan?

DUCK
Run.

BENJAMIN
Run? That's your plan?

DUCK
Yup. Run.

And with that--

DUCK starts running across the tarmac.

Quickly BENJAMIN and SIMON take off too.

It's ridiculous.

And yet--

It works.

The SPECIAL OPS guys are bogged down in all their equipment.

They are not outgunned-- But they are outrun.

DUCK'S VOICE
*As a kid I never dreamed of being
an action hero. I only dreamed
about making out with Stephanie
Tartenwheel, or playing bass for
the Ramones...*

INT. MIRJANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATER

SIMON, DUCK, BENJAMIN make their way up the stairs in
MIRJANA's building...

DUCK'S VOICE
*As we had feared, Mirjana was
completely freaked out about Boris
and his sudden African Safari...*

INT. MIRJANA'S APARTMENT - LATER

MIRJANA paces, smoking like a factory.

DUCK'S VOICE
*She smoked more cigarettes in
twenty minutes then I had in thirty
years...*

SIMON, DUCK, and BENJAMIN are caught in a thick haze of
smoke.

BENJAMIN coughs. Smiles politely. Tries not to gag.

DUCK'S VOICE
*But like he true entrepreneur that
she was, she had spoken to her
bodyguard boyfriend, and found out
what we needed to know...*

INT. MIRJANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATER

With complete paranoia, MIRJANA nervously watches the guys
head out of her apartment and down the stairs...

DUCK'S VOICE
*And in the end-- It was as simple
as that.*

MIRJANA closes her door. Locks it. Double locks it.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE WOODS OF BOSNIA - A FEW DAYS LATER

The endless pines of the Bosnian forest...

DUCK'S VOICE
*The rest of this story, I guess, is
urban legend...*

A gunshot...

INT. WOODS - DAY

A real Fox runs through the woods...

Another gunshot.

...and the fox falls hard.

DUCK'S VOICE
*Simon says it was his idea, but as
usual I think he was taking too
much credit. I think it was
Benjamin who figured out how we
could actually catch him...*

Picking up the dead animal...

...is the real FOX himself.

BOGHANOVIC.

He stands in the woods with his NINE-FINGERED FRIEND, holding the dead animal up for inspection.

DUCK'S VOICE
*It occurred to him that you can't
go hunting with ten bodyguards.
It's too noisy. Scares the animals
off...*

BOGHANOVIC smiles as he proudly displays his large catch.

His NINE FINGERED FRIEND pats the white-haired man on the back.

Suddenly BOGHANOVIC freezes.

He hears something.

Something in the woods.

He turns slowly. Looks into the green forest...

The NINE FINGERED MAN walks over to him.

NINE FINGERED MAN
(in Serbian)
Doctor?

The FOX holds his hand up to shut him.

The two men exchange glances.

And then a shot rings out.

The NINE FINGERED MAN-- looks at the FOX-- realizes what's going on-- that there's no bodyguards, that they're completely vulnerable...

...And starts running as fast as he can away from the white-haired war criminal.

Realizing, that his nine-fingered friend has all but abandoned him--

The FOX takes off in the other direction...

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Breathing...

Frenzy...

We're moving...

Chasing...

It's DUCK. He's running at full speed. Snaking his way through the branches of the dark forest.

There's a figure in front of DUCK.

The prey.

It moves quickly too. Treating the deep woods as his own.

His white hair coming in and out of sight through the dense green.

DUCK gets closer, and closer...

He's just inches from him now...

Ready to leap, and tackle and knock the old fucking bastard down to the ground...

And then, suddenly-----

-----THE FOX stops running.

What the fuck is going on?

DUCK stops too. Dead in his tracks. Tries to catch his breath. He looks at THE FOX's back. Figuring out what do...

Slowly, the FOX turns around and faces him...

And then, almost improbably...

...he smiles.

THE FOX
(in Serbian)
You haven't shot me in the back, it makes me think you are not going to shoot me in the front either.

DUCK does not reply.

THE FOX looks at him...

The cockiness-- the obnoxious old arrogance of this horrific war criminal is on full display.

THE FOX
American?
(in English)
I get you five million dollars.
United States currency. You tell your unit I disappeared into the woods.

DUCK
I get five million just turning you in.

THE FOX chuckles.

THE FOX
You turn me in, and then what? They are more afraid of me, than I am of them.

The FOX takes a step towards DUCK.

THE FOX

You don't think that the world allowed me to do what I did? You arrest me, my prison cell will be with a view of the ocean and with a beautiful pure Serb woman to make love to me whenever I please. I plead guilty and they send me away without ever testifying. And the world will never hear what I have to say, because they could never hear the truth...

THE FOX is inches from DUCK.

THE FOX

You do not have the balls to kill me. And you do not have the balls to take my money. And you do not have the balls to see what the international Community will do-- or not do-- to me.

The FOX laughs.

THE FOX

You have nothing.

DUCK looks at him--

And then--

Viciously--

Head-butts THE FOX...

It is a brutal burst of an attack, and it leaves the FOX dazed and bloody on he ground.

DUCK

I have that.

The FOX smiles through the blood. He gets up-- *arrogant despite it all.*

THE FOX

Be that as it may. You still have nothing.

With that, The FOX wipes the blood off his split-open forehead and starts to walk away.

SIMON'S VOICE

--*Well, not nothing.*

The FOX stops, turns, and sees SIMON and BENJAMIN approach him through the dense woods...

THE FOX
What? What do you have? If you have
any brains you will take my money.
Five million for each of you. Take
it. I would.

SIMON smiles now too.

SIMON
Well, that's why you have lost...

THE FOX
Why is that?

SIMON
Because there's one other thing.
One other thing you haven't thought
of...

The FOX looks at SIMON with confusion.

But DUCK understands. He knows...

And it's the proudest moment of his life.

CUT TO **BLACK**

In the blackness...

Silence...

...and then we hear the sound of a car speeding.

EXT. SIMON'S CAR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

As the crimson sun sets behind the mountains, SIMON's Mercedes speeds through the roads of Bosnia.

INT. SIMON'S CAR

SIMON is at the wheel. His stares at the road in front of him. Willing himself and the car to go faster and faster...

BENJAMIN is in back, lost in a thought so deep that he is far away in a different land...

DUCK sits in the passenger seat staring silently out into the late afternoon light.

He notices a weathered sign: "Krupa 10 km"-- *DUCK and SIMON have passed that sign before...*

EXT. - TOWN OF KRUPA - DUSK

The streets are crowded with people-- almost all Bosnian Muslims-- leisurely heading home from work or school.

SIMON's stolen Mercedes sits at the side of the road, outside a Mosque.

SIMON and BENJAMIN sit alone in the car.

The Mosque seems a combination of new and old. As if recently redone.

One part does remain unfixed on purpose, though..

As if a shrine.

There are still flowers. Many of them current. Schrapnel wounds mark the old walls. There is also old, faded graffiti:

"THE FOX DOES THE WORLD A FAVOR".

This is the place where Marda was killed. The place that changed everything for SIMON...

INT. SIMON'S CAR - SAME TIME

SIMON turns to BENJAMIN in the car...

SIMON
This is one of the only towns that
the Muslims came back to.

SIMON and BENJAMIN hear the sound of the car trunk being closed.

Moments later, DUCK opens the passenger door and gets back in the car.

With a quick look at his old friend, SIMON hits the gas and drives away...

...leaving THE FOX--

Recently removed from the trunk of the car, and with his hands tied crudely behind his back--

--On the side of the road.

INT. - CAR - SAME TIME

SIMON checks the rear view mirror...

SIMON
They'll know more than any UN
tribunal, what to do with him...

EXT. STREET IN KRUPA - SAME TIME

The FOX seems stunned.

He has no idea where exactly he is, but he knows by the mosque and the people around him that it's not good.

As SIMON's car speeds off, THE FOX realizes that he's completely alone.

No bodyguards.

No sympathizers.

Just the people he terrorized.

Just the people he tried to completely destroy.

No one notices him at first, but within moments a few older men smoking cigarettes at a cafe stop they chatter and turn...

Then some joyful laughter of some kids playing soccer suddenly stops, and THE FOX can feel the eyes of the next generation on him...

The FOX lowers his head, and starts to move away...

Up the road...

But now more people have noticed...

And more...

And they are following him...

Slowly at first, but then faster...

And more of them, and more...

Until, The FOX has no where to go, no where to run, no where to escape to...

...and his arrogant smile is gone forever.

EXT. - STREETS OF SARAJEVO - THAT NIGHT

The Bosnian capitol is in full nighttime swing. The cafes are crowded. Young and old, Muslim, Catholic and Christian.

DUCK, BENJAMIN and SIMON walk through the crowded streets. There's an air about them. They are older then when the story started. They are changed. But the change is good. You can see it in their walk. Their eyes. Their very being...

SIMON

Hey, can I borrow twenty dollars?

BENJAMIN looks at SIMON.

BENJAMIN

You've got to be kidding me.

SIMON

I never joke about alcohol or money.

BENJAMIN

We left five million dollars tied up on the side of the road, and you're borrowing twenty bucks?

SIMON

Actually, make it fifty.

BENJAMIN can't believe he is handing SIMON the cash.

SIMON

When this all hits, it's gonna be a shit-storm of International denial and cover ups. Maybe you could speak to your father. Get me the gig to cover it. Then I'll pay you back as soon as possible...

SIMON, money in hand, moves up towards a cafe where live music is playing...

DUCK looks at BENJAMIN.

DUCK

You gonna stay and cover it?

BENJAMIN

Are you?

DUCK

The cushy gig's in New York. The girl's in Greece. But the story--

There's a fire in DUCK's determined eyes...

DUCK
The story's going to be here...

BENJAMIN smiles, because he knows he's staying as well.

A moment later SIMON returns.

He's holding a guitar he just bought from someone in a cafe.

SIMON
Just play something decent with it,
would you?

SIMON hands the guitar to DUCK...

DUCK
You're the only man I know who
would borrow money to repay a debt
that you took to repay a debt.

SIMON
And that's why you love me.

DUCK smiles.

DUCK
And that's why I love you...

The Clash's 'I Fought The Law' starts to play.

DUCK, guitar in hand, looks out at the city at night.

He's smiled many times since he's come back to Bosnia...

But for the first time...

Because he's back on the story...

...He's happy.

THE END

Super: RADAVAN KARADZIC AND RATKO MLADIC, THE TWO MOST WANTED WAR CRIMINALS IN BOSNIA, CONTINUE TO ELUDE THE UNITED STATES, THE UNITED NATIONS, THE EUROPEAN UNION, NATO, THE HAGUE AND ALL THE CIVILIZED WORLD WHO CLAIM TO BE HUNTING THEM. THEY HAVE NOW BEEN ON THE RUN IN BOSNIA FOR MORE THEN TEN YEARS.

IN THAT TIME, KARADZIC HAS PUBLISHED TWO BOOKS AND ONE PLAY.

PERHAPS IF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY OPENED A SUMMER STOCK THEATRE...