

THE INTERPRETER

by

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The action occurs largely within the three primary buildings of the United Nations Plaza in New York City: the **General Assembly Building** with the famous Hall and two lobbies (one for the Public and one for Delegates); the more sedate **Conference Building** with its three Council Chambers and Delegates Lounge; and the towering **Secretariat** with offices and a deco employee lobby.

The interiors of these buildings remain pristine examples of high modernism. Think Cary Grant - the aging, Technicolor Cary Grant - wearing a great three-button suit and smoking in an Eames chair as Hitchcock wanders past behind him.

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE (REPUBLIC OF MATOBO) - DAY

In a heavy dust storm, two dirt roads meet at an abandoned junction. Four old tires lay half-buried in the middle, the vague suggestion of a roundabout. Telephone wires dance angrily above. Corrugated tin roofs rattle in the distance.

Reaching over the far road - not thirty feet away but barely visible in the storm - is an old wooden arch. Its long-faded slogan reads, "PRAISE AND WELCOME EDMOND ZUWANIE".

A Land Rover emerges from the dirt fog behind it.

INT. LAND ROVER

A BOOKISH AFRICAN MAN (48) drives. His YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE (32) types into a computer. In the backseat, we see numerous books and a satellite phone.

They speak loud over the wind and jostle.

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

She wouldn't tell me her husband's name, wouldn't even write it.

BOOKISH MAN

The names of the dead are bad luck.

The White Colleague tosses the computer in the back seat.

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

Zuwanie's murdered half the town -
how could their luck get any worse?

BOOKISH MAN

He could murder the other half.

The ride a moment in rough silence. They pass a man with trachoma gauze patches over his eyes - bright white squares on dark skin - feeling his way against the wind and sand.

EXT. MATOBEAN BUSHVELD

The Land Rover comes to a stop. The Bookish Man and his White Colleague climb out; the latter puts a pistol in a backpack.

We follow them through the dirt squall until a massive shape starts to emerge in front of them: a concrete soccer stadium.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM INFIELD

The air inside is hazy but oddly clear. The turf turned to scrub long ago, a lone marula tree grows at one end.

As the Bookish Man and his White Colleague look around, they see TWO TEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS near a rusted goal. The boys stop kicking a ball made of taped newspaper to stare.

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

Sawubona!

BOY ONE

Yebo!

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

They're Ku.

A beat. The men scan the stadium. Bullet holes in concrete slab seating. Seventies-era advertising boards.

BOY ONE

Elami igama ngingu ndube?

BOOKISH MAN

What did he say?

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

He wants to know if we came to look at the bodies.

The men exchange a look.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM TUNNEL

The infield light recedes as the Boys lead the men to a door. The Bookish Man yanks it open to a wave of putrefaction. They cover their noses, wave the Boys away.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM STORAGE ROOM

Dark. As their eyes adjust, the men can see twenty corpses on the floor. Most have shirts thrown over their faces.

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

They're not villagers.

They begin checking faces. Most are young, but beneath a suit coat, the Bookish Man finds a gentlemen in his fifties.

BOOKISH MAN

Mother of God...

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

What?!

BOOKISH MAN

It's Kuman-Kuman.

The two men share a look of disbelief.

BOY TWO (O.S.)

Amadoda!

WHITE COLLEAGUE

Someone's coming.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM TUNNEL

They men run for the portal. In silhouette, Boy Two points across the field. The Colleague struggles to get the pistol from his backpack as he runs.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM INFIELD

The White Colleague runs into the bright haze. It takes a few seconds for his eyes to readjust, to see that the infield is in fact empty. The Bookish Man comes up beside him.

As they stand breathing heavily, A SHOT EXPLODES out of the Bookish Man's chest. His White Colleague spins to see Boy One holding a gun on him, ready, hesitating. The White Colleague aims, but can't bring himself to fire on the kid.

A long tense beat.

BOY TWO

Lamhla!

A BULLET RIPS into the White Colleague's abdomen and out his back. He falls to his knees. The Boys are running now, hard, scared. He whispers after them...

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

It's okay. It's okay.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM

The Two Boys sit on the Land Rover's hood as a late-model SUV creeps out of the windstorm. The tinted passenger window goes down. Boy One hands the pistol and a cell phone to a MATOBEAN DRIVER - he pays the kids with four old American comic books.

Delighted, the Boys run off.

INT. SUV

The Suit turns to a man in the back seat, a WHITE MAN WITH A LARGE BULLET SCAR on his neck (56). He grunts and says with a raspy Dutch accent...

PASTY WHITE MAN
Make sure they're dead and search
the Rover.

CUT TO:

CEILING LIGHTS IN CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.

The camera tilts down to reveal the...

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL - DAY

It's brighter than you imagine, more colorful.

The Council is in closed session. Fifteen Ambassadors and the Secretary-General sit at the famous circular table, backed by numerous Advisors. Stenographers sit at a long table in the middle. Translators can be seen in elevated booths. Everyone wears a large white earpiece that covers an entire ear.

As the French Ambassador reads a speech, we hear a...

MALE TRANSLATOR (O.S.)
With Kuman-Kuman in hiding, Edmond
Zuwanie has few domestic obstacles
to his program of ethnic cleansing.

The French Ambassador pauses to drink from a glass and shoots a defiant look toward the AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (61) - the last woman in the country to speak finishing-school mid-Atlantic.

She gestures a self-important YUPPIE ADVISOR closer.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
Go ahead and get the interpreter.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Enormous. Grand. Crowded. The Peruvian PM is at the podium.

DELEGATES FROM AROUND THE WORLD - six for each nation - sit at green tables with thin black microphones. Everyone wears white earpieces. Some read. Others whisper.

We move up to a glass window onto the English Interpreters' Booth. SILVIA BROOME (30) works at the mic though we cannot hear her. Silvia's bookish yet worldly, this woman has been fantasy fodder in many a library cubicle.

A Colleague stands behind her as the Yuppie Advisor enters - he says something to Silvia and her Colleague takes the mic.

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA)

A cacophony of Chinese, Arabic, Russian, Spanish, French. Silvia and the Yuppie Advisor walk from the English booth past doors that open onto translation booths for the other five official UN languages.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

Can we assume you adhere to the interpreter's oath of silence?

It's a rude question, but she nods and answers politely...

SILVIA

I take words seriously.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The Peruvian PM speaks above the GA audience buzz.

Silvia and the Yuppie Advisor come out of a guarded door at the back of the Hall. They move down the left wall, beneath booths for translators, technicians, transcribers.

The cross on an aisle that intersects the Hall. They walk quickly behind desks for Mongolia, Monaco, Mexico, Matobo, Mauritius.

They move down the Hall's right wall and behind a press box.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Silvia and the Yuppie Advisor come out of the GA Hall between Two UN Guards. Silvia greets THAI WOMEN as they pass...

SILVIA

Sawaddee.

The crowd increases. The Yuppie Advisor turns back to her.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

This is an off-record informal.

SILVIA

Which language?

YUPPIE ADVISOR

Matobean.

She's puzzled. They turn onto the...

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN GA AND CONFERENCE BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

A wide glass-enclosed hallway. The SECRETARIAT RISES outside. Silvia and the Advisor move through a BUSTLE of UN Types.

SILVIA

I'm not registered in Matobean.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

But you speak it.

She eyes him a wary beat.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

Don't you?

SILVIA

Yes.

A RUMPLED AUSTRIAN hurries past, tying his tie. He and Silvia exchange a rote greeting...

SILVIA

Faulpeltz.

RUMPLED AUSTRIAN

Beißgürn.

SILVIA

(to the Advisor)

How do you know what I speak?

He doesn't answer. He's watching Four Arabs coming down the hallway. The Arabs stop talking as they see him. Stares. The Advisor is surprised as one of the men suddenly smiles.

ARAB MAN

Hello, Ms. Broome.

SILVIA

Good morning, Ambassador.

They walk on. The Yuppie Advisor gives her a look that says he disapproves but wants to hide the fact.

They turn onto...

INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Along one wall are doors onto halls for the three councils: Trustee, Social & Economic, Security. The other wall is plate glass with conversation alcoves and a VIEW OF MIDTOWN.

Diplomats scuttle importantly around Silvia and the Advisor.

SILVIA

Okay. What's going on?

YUPPIE ADVISOR

Pardon?

A Maintenance Man repairs a clock while Two UN Guards watch.

SILVIA

You just gave me a State Department version of the jealous-boyfriend-look. And you've obviously gone way out of your way to find a Matobean translator who's American.

(smiling at someone)

What kind of unilateralist plot am I walking into here?

He considers a moment as they pass a Korean Tour Group.

He lowers his voice...

YUPPIE ADVISOR

The French want Zuwanie tried at the International Criminal Court.

SILVIA

Matobo is not an ICC signatory.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

They're introducing a resolution to force the Council to refer him.

She stares at him: this is big news.

They arrive at two massive wooden doors with Two Guards and a press area with Waiting Journalists. The Yuppie Advisor enters. Silvia's eyes go up to a sign on the wall: "Security Council/Conseil De Securite". She takes a second to look at it, then takes a deep breath, and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL INFORMALS CHAMBER (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The Americans wait in a large room with two rows of tables. Silvia stands in the standard interpreter position, behind and to the right of the Ambassador.

The MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR (55) enters with two underlings and an aura of haughty indifference. The American Ambassador does not wait until he reaches her to begin.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

I do not like being stuck between a court we can't support and an idiot we can't stand.

SILVIA

Mombe doro chingwa bhat huku mazai bhat michero sadza.

MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR

Gudo nyati P5 imbwa nzou.

SILVIA

Complain to your P5 colleagues.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Zuwanie will die in prison.

SILVIA

Zuwanie piri tatu ina shanu.

The Matobean grins like a man tolerating a child. He says in perfect English...

MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR

What do you want, Ambassador?

The Ambassador gives her Advisors a look: someone should have known that he speaks English.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

We want Zuwanie gone. In exile. Retired. Out. We don't much care where or how. If he goes, we are confident the resolution will be vetoed. No one is anxious to send troops into Africa. Not now.

She watches him consider the proposal a moment.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

I'd also like you to deliver a personal message.

(pointedly)

We know about the soccer stadium.

(to Silvia)

Translate it.

SILVIA

Diki chitoro kure stadiu.

The Matobean chuckles. This is not the reaction the Americans had expected.

MATOBEOAN AMBASSADOR

Perhaps you can tell him yourself.

Silence. Stares.

MATOBEOAN AMBASSADOR

President Zuwanie will exercise his right to speak before the General Assembly. Friday the 17th. Exactly three hours before your vote. I am told he will use the occasion to formally invite Kuman-Kuman to join the government. UN mandatory access notification will be sent this afternoon. Good-day.

He turns and walks. Dumbfounded, the Americans watch until the door slams behind the Africans. The room explodes.

OLDER ADVISOR

What the hell just happened?

YUPPIE ADVISOR

Did he get the stadium reference?

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

He got it. But he knows if we had proof we wouldn't bother with him.

The Americans walk to the exit. The Ambassador calls back...

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Thank you, Ms. Broome.

Silvia watches the diplomats until they exit, until she's left alone and extremely puzzled.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE: Key moments in United Nations history in a montage set against the text of the UN Charter.

The signing ceremony in San Francisco. Eleanor Roosevelt as a delegate in London. Jerusalem burns. UN headquarters in New York being built. Men carrying Dag Hammarskjold's body from a Congolese jungle. Nikita Krushchev pounds his fists.

Adlai Stevenson angrily asking the Russians if they have missiles in Cuba. The Communist Chinese seated for the first time in the General Assembly as young George Bush scowls. Arafat's visit. Iraqi oil fields burn. Sarajevo. Kofi Annan wins the Nobel Prize.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT

Empty. A few lights over the podium illuminate only half the Hall. The abandoned desks stretch up into eerie darkness.

We see the Sound Booth window from below. The door opens from the access hallway. Silvia's silhouette enters the booth.

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Silvia stands in the dark by a large control panel. Barely audible FRENCH comes from the engineer's headphones. She considers the headphones, then holds an earpiece to her ear.

Silvia strains to hear as she peers into the dark Hall below.

INT. UN POLICE OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

The room is from the early 50's. Out the windows, the East River flows by a few feet away.

Silvia sits nervously pulling on a tissue.

IRISH MALE VOICE

You could hear a conversation?

SILVIA

Partially. Yes.

Silvia is giving a statement to UN Assistant Police Chief, RORY ROBB (37), a skinny Irishman with bad skin. Rory's East Indian Assistant runs a video camera.

SILVIA

I assumed it was coming from one of the delegates' tables and that a mic was open somewhere nearby.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

From the dark comes a low, urgent, incomprehensible whisper.

SILVIA'S VOICE

An African man was speaking French, diplomat French. He was saying someone had to get out of Africa.

INT. UN POLICE OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia now tears the tissue. Rory and his Assistant listen.

SILVIA

The other man didn't talk, but he had this tic. A dry cough. Like he had something stuck his throat.

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Feeling guilty, Silvia puts the headphones down.

SILVIA'S VOICE

After a few seconds, I turned on the light. It's one of those old fluorescents that takes awhile.

CLOSE on her finger flipping the switch. She waits as the fluorescent tube flickers and hums.

SILVIA'S VOICE

That's when I heard it. "Don't worry," the African said...

CLOSE on a headphone earpiece:

AN AFRICAN VOICE

Edmond Zuwanie va mourir dans set Chambre.

SILVIA'S VOICE

"Edmond Zuwanie will die in this room."

SILVIA'S VOICE

It was that clear.

Silvia is suddenly flooded with light. She starts. She looks up to see her own reflection in the glass.

SILVIA'S VOICE

Then the light came on. And I realized: I can't see them, but they can see me.

She stares at the headphones: they're now terrifyingly quiet.

SILVIA'S VOICE

They stopped talking. Then...

She quickly slaps the light switch off.

SILVIA'S VOICE

I turned off the light.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

The Hall is dead silent.

SILVIA'S VOICE

Now, whoever it was, knows I heard enough to be frightened.

We hold on the empty chamber until...

RORY'S VOICE

And you never saw the men?

INT. UN POLICE OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

Silvia's tissue is now in shreds. Rory and the Assistant lean nervously toward her.

SILVIA

No.

RORY

But you believe they saw you?

SILVIA

Yes.

Rory and his Assistant exchange a look.

SILVIA

Am I in danger?

The Irishman gives her a very unconvincing smile.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - FRIDAY MORNING

Early. Empty. Two UN INVESTIGATORS sit at the Holy See desk.

RORY (O.S.)

(via walkie-talkie)

As far as possible from the mic.

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

UN Police Chief, LEE WU (54), looks up at the light fixture. Though he looks a bit like a Hong Kong watch salesman, Wu's accent and attitude are lower-middle-class Brooklyn.

Beside Rory is another Assistant Chief, a stoic African-American named FRED JAMESON (45).

CHIEF WU

Alright.

Fred Jameson hits the light switch. The bulb flickers, hums.

RORY

(into a walkie-talkie)

Now.

They watch the engineer's headphones as an UN Investigator's stilted voice comes out of them.

UN INVESTIGATOR

"Don't worry. Edmond Zuwanie will die in this room."

A beat after the sentence is finished, the room is flooded with light.

Chief Wu considers the fact.

CHIEF WU

Alright, get the Secret Service.

CUT TO:

Agent TOBIN KELLER (33) looks ahead without emotion. Tobin is clean-cut and, though he'd hate to hear it, there's something about his manner that suggests Midwestern suburbia.

He's in an...

INT. UPSCALE STRIP CLUB - DAY

Loud. It's eleven in the morning. A few sad suits are playing hooky. The Dancers who work the day shift are not perky.

Agent DOT WOODS (38) stands beside Tobin. Dot's accent is from rural Georgia; her attitude, from Tommy Lee Jones.

The Secret Service Agents stand behind a group of Polynesian Men as the Prime Minister of Vakiri gets a lap dance. His expression of bemused wonder suggests it's his first. As the Stripper grinds into him, his middle-aged cronies hoot like high school boys.

DOT rolls her eyes and takes a step forward.

DOT

Excuse me? Please don't touch him.

The Stripper ignores her.

DOT

Hello? Step back, please. Excuse me? Whore Person?

She freezes in mid-dance. Dot makes a scoot-back gesture. The Stripper gathers her clothes, yanks a hundred from the Prime Minister's hand and walks. The Men share confused looks.

Dot returns to Tobin. They stand in silence.

DOT

You okay?

He doesn't respond. We stay on him. Dot's cell phone rings in the background. We move closer. A second ring. Closer.

Tobin takes a deep breath and exhales through his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. DOT'S CAR - DAY

Hot. New York hot. Even in the air-conditioned car, Tobin and Dot are sticky. She's driving. They pull up to a red light in silence.

Tobin looks out the window onto UN Plaza and absentmindedly rubs his palm. He's suddenly aware of what he's doing, considers his sweaty palm. He looks out the window again.

TOBIN

Grief feels like fear. No one ever tells you that.

EXT. DOT'S CAR ON FIRST AVE.

The car pulls away to reveal Four Tired Protesters fanning themselves in the heat. One rests an arm on a sign: "Zuwanie Kills!" A West African with Tribal Scars stands apart from the others, his face a portrait of relentless anger.

CUT TO:

A massive SCULPTURE - in the shape of Africa and covered with hand-drawn tiles - floats over treetops.

EXT. PATIO TO PUBLIC LOBBY (NORTH GATE) - DAY

Tobin watches a crane lift the sculpture from an 18-wheeler in the UN Park toward the GA Building. It floats above a sea of UN Employees going to lunch. UN Cops are everywhere.

DOT
How many people work here?

TOBIN
About half.

She smiles at him: it's old joke between them. They walk in step toward the security tent.

INT. SECURITY TENT (NORTH GATE)

FIVE UN POLICE OFFICERS work the metal detector. Dot and Tobin go to the counter. Dot slides her gun over, holds up her badge and starts to step through.

DOT
Secret Service.

The Gate Officer holds out a latex-gloved hand.

GATE OFFICER
May I see those, please.

DOT
We're UN Liaisons with the Foreign
Dignitary Protective Division.

The Officer just nods. Tobin hands his ID over. Reluctantly, Dot does likewise. He types their names into a computer.

DOT
The Secret Service. It's a branch
of the United States Government.

The Officer peers into his monitor and says flatly...

GATE OFFICER
You're not in the United States.
(to a Cop by the phone)
Chief Wu.
(to Dot)
You're in international territory.
Once your escort arrives, I'll let
you through. Step back. Please.

TOBIN
Dot.

Dot steps back to where Tobin stands; she takes a moment to calm herself.

TOBIN

Did you mention to anyone here why
I was on leave?

DOT

Okay, I do have some social skills.

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Buzz of various languages. Groups of UN Employees comment on a hole made in the exterior wall, dismantled so the African sculpture can be installed. The original Sputnik and a copy of Foucault's Pendulum hang from the ceiling.

Dot and Tobin are led through the Lobby by Rory Robb as he hands them temporary ID badges on neck chains.

RORY

Apologies for the gate.

TOBIN

All this for Zuwanie?

RORY

You wouldn't believe the threats.
We're getting sixty a day.

(re: the sculpture)

Matobo donated that monstrosity to
commemorate his speech. Oh, we have
new blue books.

He hands them each a cloth-bound BLUE BOOK with the UN logo:
"Diplomat Protection and Assassination Prevention"

RORY

The protocol is mostly the same.

Tobin notes its thickness and rolls his eyes.

RORY

Agent Keller, I was sorry to hear
about your wife.

TOBIN

Thank you, Rory.

Tobin looks over at Dot: she pretends to scan her Blue Book.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF WU'S OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

CHIEF WU

Death sucks.

Chief Wu sits at his chaotic desk. Rory stands behind him. Tobin and Dot sit holding their Blue Books. The office is stuffed with similar files (each represents a threat).

CHIEF WU

No platitude from me will change that, but if I can do anything...

Tobin nods a thank you.

CHIEF WU

Alright, then.

He begins to search for something on his desk. To avoid her boss' look, Dot tries to absorb herself in the view of Midtown Manhattan: the Empire State and Chrysler buildings rise above shimmering world of sandstone and steel.

CHIEF WU

We're seven days out. Who's running Zuwanie's detail?

TOBIN

Dot.

CHIEF WU

(to Rory)

Where's the interpreter's file?

Rory helps Chief Wu search through the files on his desk.

DOT

Zuwanie lands Friday morning. Waits on the tarmac til we bring him to you. State Department says no meet-and-greet, and no shopping. The Mayor's already been on TV saying he's not blocking streets.

TOBIN

Is there a chance the UN will cancel the address?

CHIEF WU

The UN is its member states. One hundred-ninety-one of them. All equal.

RORY

Except in the Security Council.

CHIEF WU

If the Republic of Matobo wants the cocksucker to speak, all they gotta do is ask. If other nations don't like it, they take an early lunch.

DOT

Why does he even want to come?

CHIEF WU

Better New York than the Hague.

RORY

The Security Council is debating whether to bring charges against Mr. Zuwanie at the International Criminal Court. His only chance to save himself is to announce serious democratic reforms before the vote.

CHIEF WU

A few lies buy a lot of patience...
I'm going nuts here, Rory.

Chief Wu throws his hands up. Rory continues looking.

TOBIN

Given his record, you could ask State to rescind his entry visa.

CHIEF WU

No, I couldn't. I'm paid to protect Matobo's interests however she sees fit to define them.

(re: the Blue Book)

And I am expressly forbidden from soliciting American aid to impede those interests.

RORY

There's a lot of sensitivity here to host-country influence.

Rory holds two file copies, hands one to Chief Wu.

CHIEF WU

Son-of-a-bitch. Where was she?

RORY

Credenza.

CHIEF WU

Where?

Rory indicates the table behind him, also piled with similar files. Chief Wu shakes his head, hands Tobin a folder marked "Silvia Broome". Tobin leafs through its contents.

TOBIN

How seriously are you taking her?

CHIEF WU

I've got an officer with her at all times. Her colleagues confirm she works late, likes to use the GA to run through speeches. North Gate camera picked her up leaving the complex, she looked awfully scared.
(an irritated sigh)
But...

TOBIN

(off the file)

She lived in Matobo for two summers during college. And that qualifies as vested interest.

CHIEF WU

To be safe, we're asking her not to be here the three hours Zuwanie is.

Tobin peruses SILVIA'S FILE PICTURE.

DOT

What kind of assassin discusses a hit in a room full of microphones?

RORY

The kind who assumes that no one bugs a room full of microphones.

CHIEF WU

What Rory's trying not to say is we're a den of spies and the GA is regularly swept.

RORY

And has no security cameras.

TOBIN

But why choose it for the actual assassination? That hall is the most secure room on the planet.

Shrugs. Tobin hands the file to Dot.

TOBIN

We'll keep an eye on her outside.

CHIEF WU

Thanks. If I carry an investigation off territory, I have to inform OSG and Secoord, and the OLA.

RORY

And the DPA. And the DGAACS.

CHIEF WU

DPA, yes. The ACS folks can KMA.

RORY

But OSG will...

CHIEF WU

Rory.

TOBIN

Have you informed Matobo?

CHIEF WU

Zuwanie's advance man arrived with that statue. I'm seeing him next.

(a beat)

It's Nils Lud.

Tobin and Dot register the name with surprise.

TOBIN

The mercenary?

Chief Wu nods.

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

The African sculpture now stands in the Lobby. Workers are securing it and replacing the external wall.

CHIEF WU (V.O.)

You know him?

Assistant Chief Jameson leads the White Man with the Bullet Scar in His Neck through the Lobby. This is Nils Lud. He walks with a slight limp and the bluster of a man with no time for polite professionalism.

TOBIN (V.O.)

Only by reputation.

Nearby, at the Art Deco visitor's desk, a Bourgeois African Woman stares dumbstruck as Nils Lud passes twenty feet away. She can't take her eyes off him until, afraid he might see her, she looks down and brings a trembling hand to her lips.

Nearby, Silvia scuttles past with a handful of books. Behind her is a UN Cop escort.

Nearby, Tobin and Dot covertly watch as Silvia descends the stairs to the underground level. After she disappears, they move to the Lobby exit.

TOBIN

She's attractive.

DOT

Yeah, I hate her already.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (AFRICAN FLOOR) - DAY

JON (28) hands Tobin a thick folder with a CIA seal.

JON

Edmond Zuwanie.

They walk on. Jon is African-American and has that hipster grad-student-in-global-politics-vibe - this guy has smoked hash in some very remote places.

TOBIN

(re: the folder)

Is this classified?

JON

Not if you have a subscription to "The Economist".

He's leading Tobin through a research bull pen. It's a junky maze of white geeks and Africans. Cubicles are decorated with bright flags, African barber "do" boards, soccer memorabilia.

JON

Nothing on a Silvia Broome.

Tobin looks a little surprised.

TOBIN

Who in Africa has an interest in assassinating Zuwanie?

JON

It's a long list. Zuwanie's killed a hundred thousand ethnic Ku in the last year. The Ku tribal leader is a Yale-educated academic named Kuman-Kuman. The man's gone into hiding; he sleeps in a Toyota with the engine running. Here.

Jon gestures to a cubicle. They look in on an AFRICAN SOCCER FAN watching a game on a small monitor.

JON

Nigeria versus Norway? I've seen it. Boring.

SOCCER FAN

Black men chasing white men while thousands cheer is never boring.

The Fan dismisses them with a chuckle and a wave. His left arm has been amputated above the elbow.

Jon and Tobin continue walking.

TOBIN

Zuwanie?

JON

(nodding)

Believe me, you don't want to jump the bullet for this guy.

TOBIN

From the CIA's perspective, which African group would be behind an attack inside the General Assembly?

JON

None. Compared to the UN, Zuwanie's security back home is a joke. My grandmother could take him out with potato peeler and a long weekend. Why do him inside the UN? Assassin might get in but not with a weapon.

TOBIN

Publicity? Anti-UN sentiment?

JON

Kofi Annan's phone calls are the only thing keeping Edmond Zuwanie from genocide.

(MORE)

JON (cont'd)
(he stops walking)
You want my professional opinion?

TOBIN
Yeah.

JON
You're wasting my tax money.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH GATE OF UN PLAZA - NIGHT

Like all institutional spaces after hours, the UN complex at night is weirdly quiet. Silvia comes through the gate with a Group of Six International Colleagues.

POV FROM ACROSS THE STREET: Their laughter and voices rise in the warm night air. Different languages. None quite coherent. The others seem to want Silvia to go with them. She declines.

Silvia walks up...

EXT. FIRST AVENUE

Silvia's a little nervous to be suddenly alone at night.

A sudden rush of traffic, but the sidewalk is empty. As the traffic lulls, Silvia can hear her own footsteps.

And the footsteps of someone behind her.

She looks back to see a YOUNG BLACK MAN IN A SUIT. He moves closer and closer. He comes in step twenty feet behind her.

And stays there. Their steps echo like heartbeats in sync.

He reaches into his suit. And pulls out a vibrating cell. He checks the caller ID, answers in an American accent...

SUIT
Hey, Mom.

Silvia smiles.

ACROSS THE STREET, Dot watches and says into her cell...

DOT
You're too close.

The Suit changes pace. This is AGENT DOUG SAMPLE (26).

DOUG

Things are okay. My boss is getting
to be a pain the ass.

Dot disconnects and watches Doug follow Silvia up the Avenue.
What she doesn't see is...

INT. TOWNCAR

Nils Lud watches Doug and Silvia as well. He holds a large
sealed envelope, which he opens with a pocket knife. He pulls
out a PHOTO OF PROTESTERS AT AN ANTI-ZUWANIE RALLY circa 1990
- someone has circled a face in the background. It's Silvia.

As Lud considers the photo, he coughs a tight, dry cough.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT (SUTTON PLACE) - NIGHT

From across the street, we see a one-bedroom apartment with a
huge corner living area; loft windows face south and east out
over the East River. A fire-escape ascends the river side of
the building. The Queensboro Bridge is freakishly close as it
enters Manhattan directly behind it.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia goes into her bedroom.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT

It's being renovated. Tarps. Ladders. Exposed plumbing. The
only light comes from a hooded camping lantern on the floor.
There's a sleeping bag beside it. Doug drools as he sleeps.

By the window, Tobin has binoculars and looks in on Silvia's
apartment. Dot sits in a camping chair and knits.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia starts to undress. Uncomfortable, Tobin
moves the lens to check the front door in her living room and
the building's street door, then back to Silvia - now dressed
for bed.

Tobin sets the binoculars down and weighs the situation.

TOBIN

What if she did hear someone? Even
if they didn't see her, Wu has to
inform Matobo's mission. She knows
their voices. They might come after
her.

DOT

If she heard somebody, they're back
in Africa now watching "Lifestyles
of the Rich and Dictatorial".

After a few seconds, Tobin moves for the door, patting Dot on the shoulder as he goes.

TOBIN

See you tomorrow.

He stops and turns back.

TOBIN

Where's her UN file?

Dot moans.

CUT TO:

The small figure of a postman lies on its side. A large hand enters the frame and rights it.

INT. TOBIN'S LOFT (WILLIAMSBURG) - NIGHT

Tobin kneels among the buildings of Mid-town Manhattan.

He is in a large SCALE MODEL OF MANHATTAN. The skyscrapers are two feet tall, but still dwarf tiny pedestrians, yellow cabs, trucks. Though only about forty percent complete, the model is amazingly detailed.

Tobin stands, a giant above the City. He stills wears his coat, holds his keys and Silvia's file.

He looks over to...

A WALL PHOTO of his Wife (30) posing in work clothes with the model behind her. The photo is an enlargement of a cover from New York Magazine with the headline: "Jane Keller's World."

Tobin looks back to the model, he considers the uncompleted streets, streets that testify to a life interrupted.

CLOSE on Tobin as he breathes deep and exhales through his mouth. He steps out of the model, passing the UN Plaza, he considers it a moment, then looks to the file he's holding.

INT. TOBIN'S KITCHEN

Tobin crumbles crackers into a glass of milk. He's looking through Silvia's file: proficiency tests, travel dossier, a police certificate of good conduct, evaluations.

There is also a document with photocopies from her passport. He picks it up, inspects the photo. As he examines the next page, something catches his attention.

CLOSE on the PHOTOCOPY. Tobin's finger finds a barely legible line that reads: "Issuing Authority: US Embassy/Zunabe".

Tobin reacts to the line puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN PLAZA - MONDAY MORNING

The number of demonstrators outside has grown. The angry West African with Tribal Scars smokes a cigarette in the heat.

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY

Fifties Deco. Black and white linoleum floors. Green marble walls. Silver elevator shafts. Old-fashioned mail chutes. Hundreds of employees arrive for work, including a Samoan Diplomat wearing a tie and dress shoes with his skirt.

Tobin stands beneath a "Smoking Discouraged" wall sign and seeps a tea bag in a cup.

TOBIN'S POV: Across the lobby, Silvia waits at the front of coffee cart queue. Doug is in line behind her.

Dot approaches Tobin, irritated and sleepy.

DOT

She got up at six to go jogging. I hate it when they jog.

Tobin hands Dot the tea, which she takes skeptically.

TOBIN

Broome's passport was issued by the embassy in Zunabe.

(Dot yawns)

Zunabe is the capital of Matobo.

Dot is suddenly awake.

DOT

She was there before college?

TOBIN

Yeah. I need you to go over to the Mission and go through their files.

DOT

They won't have anything the CIA doesn't have.

TOBIN

She's a UN interpreter. The State Department will have something.

DOT

If the CIA wouldn't give it to you, how do I make State give it to me?

He sees Silvia move away from the cart.

TOBIN

The way any good spy in the UN would: bribe and threaten.

Tobin follows Silvia.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL - DAY

The Brazilian Ambassador has the floor.

Sitting near the back, Tobin can only partially see Silvia in her booth, but her voice is clear in his earpiece.

SILVIA'S VOICE

The Matobean vote is a chance for this Council to send an unambiguous message of support for the ICC...

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDS ROOM (US MISSION TO THE UN) - DAY

Cramped. Cavernous. A maze of dusty filing cabinets. On a old windowsill, a small vine clings to life in a chipped pot. Out of the dirty window, we can see the UN Plaza.

Dot and Doug enter behind a smarmy US MISSION GUY.

US MISSION GUY

We keep G4s on everybody.

(off filing cabinets)

D1's. D2's. D3's. And D4's.

Doug looks at cork board with photocopied visa photos of various attractive international women: "UN Babe Watch".

DOUG

I should have signed with State.

US MISSION GUY

Files of foreign nationals employed by UN Missions. Files of foreign nationals employed by the UN. And files of foreign nationals in UN-sponsored study programs. If there are no questions, I have a lunch.

DOUG

Where do you keep the Scandinavian nannies?

DOT

We need information on an American interpreter.

US MISSION GUY

The US Mission does not keep files on US citizens. If Homeland Intel won't tell you what you want to hear, try the Pentagon, FBI, CIA. It's a buyers market.

Dot affects a scary smile, points to the babe watch board.

DOT

I'm sorta offended by your girly board. Makes my work environment feel...What's the word, Doug?

DOUG

Hostile. Hostile Work Environment.

The Mission Guy throws up his hands and walks to a musty door and opens it to reveal a closet with more filing cabinets.

CUT TO:

INT. UN PLAZA - DAY

Lunchtime. Hot. A handful of Protesters now chant.

Silvia's Guard leaves her at the South Gate. She has a lunch bag in one hand, a document in the other and a pencil in her mouth. She checks the Protestors a beat, then goes and waits to cross the Avenue, scanning the document.

EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY

ANGLE down on the SIDEWALK from the Tudor Place bridge as Silvia passes a Woman and a Man Carrying a Folded Paper.

ANGLE on the street outside from within a BORING OFFICE. A Scandinavian Girl in a Cowboy Hat loiters on the sidewalk. Silvia walks past her reading. Tobin soon passes as well.

ANGLE on Silvia mouthing words in the document as she walks. In front of the CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, a Porter struggles to carry boxes for an Elegant Guest. Tobin winces as the Porter and Silvia barely miss a collision.

ANGLE on Silvia as she stops to check out a poster pasted to switching box, a before/after photo for a diet product. Tobin turns to watch her reflection in an ANTIQUE SHOP window. The shop's owners - a Man Playing a Piano and his Partner Winding a Clock - watch him, smiling. He sheepishly nods.

ANGLE on Silvia in the crowd outside GRAND CENTRAL STATION. She weaves through without looking up. Tobin briefly loses sight of her as an Asian Kid with a Cello gets in his way.

ANGLE on corner at MADISON AVENUE near a newsstand. Silvia goes right to the curb, lost in her document, but she seems to know precisely where to stop. Tobin can only smile.

A Persian Man Reading a Newspaper comes and stands to her right. A Wasp Secretary Holding Mail arrives Silvia's left. Tobin eyes them both: they are much too close for comfort.

Creeaakkk.

A bus pulls up at the curb. Close. Silvia doesn't flinch.

A Man Sitting in the Back of the Bus stares down at her as she reads. Tobin watches him. Three seconds. Five. Hiss...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Bitch!

A Large Woman hits the bus door with her palm - it has closed in her face. Everyone but Silvia turns. The bus leaves. The light changes. And, as if by rote instinct, Silvia knows she can cross the street.

ANGLE on a small park in front of the NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY with an art stand, tables and a coffee kiosk: a Japanese Suit downs a coffee in one long gulp, and hurries off. Silvia pays for a water and gets change - a rote, wordless ritual.

Tobin's eyes nervously follow her as she weaves in and out of park groups: greeting a Man playing cards with a Middle-Aged Couple; missing a Dog Walker being dragged by two white terriers; avoiding a Rich Old Man at the art stand browsing old photos of college groups; moving between two smoking Orthodox Teenagers, one with a horn case, the other with a violin case; around a Homeless Man in a wheelchair.

Silvia goes to the LIBRARY STEPS.

A handful of people watch an Acrobatic Street Performer in a Maid's Costume. Silvia sits and begins to work while she eats - she sits near a Classic Librarian and a Grandfather with a Toddler on his knee and two purses at his feet.

Tobin takes a position on the sidewalk, watches, waits...

Two Library Guards can be seen talking in silhouette in the opaque windows of the library's lobby.

A Russian Tourist in a Blue Coat reaches into his coat pocket but pulls out a cell phone.

A Skinny Man suddenly crosses the Portico at the top of the stairs, but quickly disappears again.

Tobin's protective instincts now have full reign over him.

Everyone applauds for the Street Performer but a Black Man in a Dirty Bowler. He's looking to Silvia, signaling someone.

Tobin's eyes follow the gesture to...the Homeless Man.

The Black Man in the Dirty Bowler suddenly stands. He goes up the stairs and enters the museum. Tobin looks back in time to see the HOMELESS MAN STAND UP. Easily. Healthily.

Tobin runs.

The Homeless Man moves with stealth up the stairs. Tobin jumps to head him off, he reaches into his coat.

The Homeless Man reaches out and GRABS THE TWO PURSES from the Grandfather with the Toddler.

GRANDFATHER

Hey!

Yells. Reactions. Tobin casually jogs past Silvia just as she looks up to see what all the commotion is about.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Directly across from UN Plaza. Through a picture window the Secretariat shines in the hot Indian Summer sun.

TOBIN'S ASSISTANT (28) is in the door, open onto the New York bureau office of the Secret Service. Tobin goes to his desk.

TOBIN

Call Jones at PD. Tell him I can ID a couple of purse snatchers.

Dot and Doug enter in a whirlwind of adrenaline.

DOT

Got her.

DOUG

She grew up in Matobo. Parents met in the peace-corps. Dad came from money. In 1971, he liquidates his trust and moves to Matobo to start an organic farm. They only came back for the birth of Silvia and a brother, Martin.

DOT

Land of the free, home of the epidural.

DOUG

Their farm was at the base of the Mukwa Mountains. Mountains infested with rebels. Mountains Zuwanie had mined.

Doug hesitates, shoots Dot a look.

TOBIN

Don't get delicate on me, Doug.

DOUG

In 1988, Mom and Dad are driving up from South Africa; they had taken Martin back to boarding school. It was late. Fourteen-year-old Silvia was waiting at home. They decided to take the Mukwa Mountain pass. Their Rover hit a mine and flipped. They both...they didn't...

DOT

He's got it.

Tobin stands and goes to the window. All eyes rest on the back of Tobin's head.

TOBIN

Okay, let's wrap this up

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

It's hopping. Tours. Workers. UN Cops are ubiquitous.

Rory waits as Tobin and Dot approach.

RORY

I've only told her that the Service wants to re-interview her.

TOBIN

I'll do this alone.

DOT

Okay. Sure. Why?

TOBIN

I speak her language.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (SECURITY COUNCIL) - DAY

A UN Cop stands outside the English booth.

INT. CHINESE TRANSLATORS' BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL) - DAY

A Chinese Translator translates a statement being read on the floor in English by the British Ambassador.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Mr. Zuwanie must lay out a clear program of democratization if this Council is to...

A Second Translator stares at Dot: she stands at the booth's side window looking down the row of glass windows onto the other five booths. She is looking to the end booth, the...

INT. ENGLISH TRANSLATORS' BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL)

It's tight. Two chairs face two relay boxes. The debate about Edmond Zuwanie continues below.

Tobin and Silvia are alone. She reads his business card.

SILVIA
The Foreign Dignitary Protective
Division.

TOBIN
We're responsible for visiting
heads-of-state.

SILVIA
I know. I've seen you in the GA.

She puts the card in her purse. Tobin looks down onto the
Security Council. The debate about Matobo is in progress.

TOBIN
Looks pretty boring down there.

SILVIA
There's a famous saying about the
Security Council. "Better for old
men to be bored than young ones to
die."

She watches him a moment.

SILVIA
Your accent's from the mid-West.

TOBIN
Salt Lake.

SILVIA
Mormon?

TOBIN
Lapsed. I got tired of flossing.

She smiles. They both know it's his standard line. The door
suddenly opens. It's a FEMALE FRENCH TRANSLATOR.

FEMALE FRENCH TRANSLATOR
Sorry.
(to Silvia)
"Monday Morning Quarterback"?

SILVIA
Le dilettante.

FEMALE FRENCH TRANSLATOR
Merci.
(to Tobin)
Bye.

TOBIN

Bye.

The French Translator exits.

TOBIN

I just have a couple of questions.

SILVIA

Sure.

TOBIN

Why does no one in the UN know you
grew up in Matobo?

She freezes. He watches her run a series of emotions:
surprised, embarrassed, vulnerable.

SILVIA

Wow. Let's see. I guess...I guess I
was afraid most people assume White
Africans are racists.

He nods without judgement.

TOBIN

Do you think maybe you were afraid,
afraid that if Matobo learned about
your parents they'd consider you a
security risk?

Stunned silence.

SILVIA

Are these questions or accusations?

TOBIN

They're opportunities.

Tobin's manner is straightforward; he takes no pleasure in
the denouement.

TOBIN

I think there's a possibility you
fabricated the threat. I think you
want to scare Mr. Zuwanie off, to
keep him from speaking to the UN. I
think you want him prosecuted. Tell
me I'm right, Ms. Broome. Tell me
I'm right and I'll walk out that
door and no one will know. I'll
report that you can't be sure of
what you heard.

(MORE)

TOBIN (cont'd)
It's not a deal I've made before.
(pointedly)
And I won't make it again.

Silvia turns to the Security Council. After a few seconds, he moves closer, lowers his voice.

TOBIN
Edmond Zuwanie invited death into your family. Believe me, if someone was planning to assassinate him, you wouldn't stop them.

Their eyes lock, hold.

SILVIA
Have you ever heard of a Drowning Man Trial?

TOBIN
No.

SILVIA
It's an ancient Ku ritual. The Ku once believed the only way to end grief is to save a life. If someone is murdered, a year of mourning ends with a Drowning Man Trial. There's an all-night party beside a river. At dawn, the killer is brought in, given a chance to express remorse, put in a boat, taken out in the water and dropped. He's bound so he can't swim. The family of the dead then has to make a choice. They can let him drown or they can swim out and save him. The Ku believe that if the family lets the killer drown, they'll have justice yet will spend the rest of their lives in mourning. But...if they save him, if they admit that life isn't always fair, that very act will take away their sorrow.

A quiet moment.

SILVIA
Vengeance is a lazy form of grief.

They stare at each other until the PHONE RINGS.

TOBIN
Go ahead.

She hesitates. He senses she's afraid. Ring.

TOBIN

What?

SILVIA

Someone keeps calling.

(ring)

No matter where I am. This booth.
The one in GA.

(ring)

They let it ring until I pick up.
But they never say anything.

Tobin answers the phone as it rings again.

TOBIN

Hello?

And he puts his fingers on the cradle.

TOBIN

They hung up. Is this an outside
line?

She nods. She shakes her head. He hits *-6-9. And waits.

TOBIN

It's ringing.

Ring two. He gestures for her come closer. They share the ear
piece. Their cheeks almost touch. A distant ring.

INT. CHINESE TRANSLATORS' BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL)

Dot watches the other booth. The Translator still translates.

DOT

What the hell is he doing?

The Colleague shushes her. She holds up an apology hand.

INT. ENGLISH TRANSLATORS' BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL)

Tobin and Silvia listen to ring four. A machine answers.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry. I can't come to the phone
right now, but here's the beep.

Silvia jumps back in absolute horror.

TOBIN

What?! Whose voice is it?!

SILVIA

Mine.

TOBIN

From your machine at home?!

She can only nod.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT (SUTTON PLACE) - DAY

Dot clicks off her gun's safety. Tobin gingerly turns the key in the lock on Silvia's door.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

The door slowly opens.

Tobin and Dot enter, weapons drawn. The loft is minimalist, open. Views of the bridge and river dominate.

Dot goes to the kitchen area, checks the fire escape. Tobin goes into...

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

Tobin moves through the room. Besides a bed, there are stacks and stacks of books. Nothing but books. And a pile of shoes.

Tobin looks beneath the bed and in the closet, its floor also filled with shoes.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

Tobin checks. Empty. He calls back to the living room...

TOBIN

Clear!

He holds open the shower curtain, which is a huge b/w silk-screen of two toddlers in a tub. The girl resembles Silvia.

DOT (O.S.)

Okay, Doug!

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

As Tobin crosses, he sees an official-looking letter propped up against her pillow.

TOBIN

Ms. Broome.

Silvia, Dot and Doug enter the bedroom. Silvia gasps as she sees the letter.

TOBIN

Was it there when you left?

SILVIA

No.

Tobin and Doug go to the bed. Tobin takes the letter without touching the bed.

CLOSE on the envelope. The return address has the City seal. Silvia's address is in computer type.

DOUG

Looks like a photo traffic ticket.

DOT

Maybe we should test it...

Tobin opens the envelope. The others watch as he scans a sheet of paper: he doesn't like what's there.

SILVIA

What is it?

He hands her an automated traffic ticket with THREE PHOTOS of a car going through a red light. The driver wears a ski mask, sunglasses, gloves and a baseball jacket. In the last photo, he looks right to the camera and holds an ominous hush finger to his lips.

TOBIN

Is that your car?

A horrified beat. She mutters a barely audible...

SILVIA

Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT (SUTTON PLACE) - NIGHT

Bright city lights. A small crowd is in Silvia's place.

INT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Forensic Technicians in Homeland Security windbreakers pack up. A Locksmith changes the front door lock. Silvia sits at her dining table as Doug brings her a glass of water.

Across the room, Tobin and Dot conference with a very large FORENSIC GUY (34). The agents keep their voices low...

FORENSIC GUY

They got in and out without a trace. The phone wasn't wiped and it's negative for latex dust and leather oils. The envelope just has your prints and hers. The actual ticket they obviously never had to touch.

TOBIN

The car is in a garage on 48th.

DOT

The attendant knows you're coming.

FORENSIC GUY

We'll go over it, but we won't find anything. This woman's being fucked with by somebody who's good at it.

The Secret Service team look over at Silvia. She's staring - terrified, exhausted - into the glass of water.

Tobin dismisses the Forensic Guy with a nod.

TOBIN

I'll sleep here tonight.

DOT

You sure that's such a good...

TOBIN

I'll sleep here. Otherwise, I won't sleep at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Doug checks down the street. Quiet. As he walks to the corner of the building, he's startled. The bridge is that close.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tobin turns from a window, wearing his vest and holster. He looks around the room. A make-shift bed is made on the sofa.

He goes to a WALL OF PHOTOS. Pictures of Silvia with various world leaders: Mitterand, Bush and Sharon, Gutteres and Fox. She's always in the background. Always inconspicuous.

Silvia opens her bedroom door in a robe. Her hair is wet.

SILVIA

(re: the door)

Should I leave this open or closed?

TOBIN

Whatever makes you comfortable.

She looks at the door like it can provide the answer.

An uneasy silence.

TOBIN

You don't have a lot of stuff.

SILVIA

I'm not a big stuff person.

He turns back to the photos. She comes over to him.

SILVIA

I wasn't sure about putting those up. They're kinda, I dunno, self-aggrandizing.

TOBIN

They're part of your life.

They study the photos. After a moment, she turns to him and watches him ever-so-slightly exhale through his mouth.

SILVIA

What are you really thinking?

TOBIN

I'm thinking I wouldn't want these people on my wall.

SILVIA

Why?

TOBIN

I know them. I've spent a lot of hours standing by while they...

(a beat)

I think somewhere on the road to power there's this big neon sign. It says, "If you made it this far, you don't deserve to be here."

She smiles noncommittally and looks back to the photos.

TOBIN

What are you thinking?

SILVIA

I'm wondering if you're really this cynical.

(a beat)

Good-night.

She goes back toward her bedroom.

TOBIN

Ms. Broome?

SILVIA

Yes?

TOBIN

I apologize. For earlier. About your parents. If I was callous.

SILVIA

Thank you.

She goes into her bedroom and closes the door. After a few seconds, she opens it and leaves it cracked.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Tobin wakes. Silvia holds a cereal bowl in one hand; with the other, she holds the fingernail clippers from Tobin's keyring and jangles the keys over his head.

TOBIN

What's happening?

She smiles her impish smile.

SILVIA
We're going jogging.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN PLAZA - TUESDAY MORNING

Over twenty Protesters now sit in the hot morning sun.

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY

Tobin scans the passing crowd as he talks on his cell phone.

TOBIN
Take your time. Note the faces. We
need to keep up with anyone you're
seeing more than usual.

Silvia walks nervously a few feet in front of him. Faces come
at her: Polynesians, South Americans, Middle Easterners...

SILVIA
You think they'll try something
here? Inside the UN?

TOBIN
I'm right behind you.

Silvia watches each face closely. Each seems somehow ominous.
They seem to come at her. They seem to pass too close.

INT. ESCALATOR HALL (SECRETARIAT)

Glass enclosed. The fifties-era escalators rumble lazily.
Tobin is a few stairs behind Silvia as they ride up. They
both face forward with their cell phones; she doesn't turn
back to look at him.

A nervous silence.

TOBIN
For this to work we have to talk.

She nods but doesn't speak.

Since his eyes are at the level of her feet...

TOBIN
Nice shoes.

SILVIA
Thank you.

TOBIN

For a woman who isn't big on stuff,
you have a lot of books and shoes.

SILVIA

"The wise man collects not things,
but experiences."

TOBIN

And shoes.

SILVIA

Shoes take you to experiences.

They've come to the next floor. Silvia turns and goes to the
next escalator. Tobin follows, closely watching her from ten
feet behind.

A Diplomat-in-a-Yarmulke comes down the opposite escalator.

SILVIA

Yesh lee chooltza bishvilcha: "Na-
Nach-Nachma-Nachman me Oman."

DIPLOMAT

(laughing)

Lo. Lo. Lo, toda.

The escalator takes him away. She grows nervous again.

TOBIN

How many languages do you speak?

SILVIA

Fluently? Seven. English, Spanish,
French, Portuguese, German, Hebrew
and Japanese - spoken only. You?

TOBIN

Fluently?

SILVIA

Yes.

TOBIN

One.

SILVIA

Pity. Words can change the world.

TOBIN

Wars change the world. Words are what we use while waiting to kill each other.

SILVIA

You're playing cynical again.

They come to the second floor and go through glass doors.

INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Silvia and Tobin enter still talking on their cells...

TOBIN

How do you know I'm playing?

SILVIA

You carry nail clippers. You're a Nail Clipper Guy. No Nail Clipper Guy is truly cynical.

They arrive at an alcove across from the Trustee Council.

SILVIA

They said they'd be here.

TOBIN

Don't worry. I'll wait.

She takes a seat. Tobin goes to the window and it's stunning view of Midtown. He tries to keep her distracted...

TOBIN

How did you get into languages?

SILVIA

Farm kids will do anything to amuse themselves. Mostly, you read - and fight. My brother kept lists. Weird lists in ratty notebooks. The times and dates our Mom used the f-word. Countries with advantageous male-to-female ratios. Odd animal facts... Did you know the leading cause of death for beavers is falling trees?

TOBIN

Nope.

She makes a there-you-go gesture, though not directly at him.

SILVIA

Martin had a whole notebook just for words he liked: hypotenuse, doodad, bodacious...It made me jealous. I was supposed to be a famous writer, he was supposed to be a roller coaster consultant. So, I started my own list. In French. That was seven notebooks ago.

TOBIN

Are you still close?

SILVIA

He lives in Johannesburg. Martin's not exactly a responsible e-mailer.

Two UN Cops approach her.

SILVIA

Here they are.

TOBIN

Be careful. Keep your eyes open.

She disconnects and gives him a wish-me-luck look. He watches her walk the hallway, secure between two men with guns.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

A Department of Homeland Security seal woven in the carpet.

Busy. There's a large bull pen with a numerous multi-ethnic agents. The cube farm is surrounded by glass offices. In contrast to the UN, every thing here is very high tech.

Tobin's Assistant is at the front desk picking up a delivery as Tobin enters. She exaggerates a face.

TOBIN'S ASSISTANT

Zuwanie's Advance Man has been in your office for forty minutes.

TOBIN

Okay.

Dot yells from inside the near-by kitchen.

DOT (O.S.)

Wait...

She joins him seeping her tea; they move toward his office.

DOT

There's a SAC reception tonight in the UN Delegates' Lounge. Every African diplomat in the City will be there. We could circulate her...

TOBIN

It's not American soil. We can't wear wires. We can't go armed.

The Forensic Guy approaches; he hasn't slept much.

FORENSIC GUY

The car was a big nothing.

TOBIN'S ASSISTANT

Tobin...

He moves toward her. But...

DIVISION DIRECTOR JAY PETTIGREW (54) is followed out of the conference room by half-a-dozen Suits. Pettigrew has a lazy eye and a mordant manner.

PETTIGREW

Keller.

He makes a come-with gesture. Pettigrew walks and talks fast; he scrolls through his cell's call registry as they walk back toward reception.

PETTIGREW

Who's gunning for Zuwanie?

TOBIN

Organized African interests. Maybe a foreign intelligence entity, or a Matobo group with UN contacts.

PETTIGREW

You want a tour of my troubles?

TOBIN

Not particularly.

PETTIGREW

Half the uniform division wants to go be sky marshals. We have twenty-year veterans under indictment for fraud.

(MORE)

PETTIGREW (cont'd)

And, two days ago, a female Marine walked into the White House band room and found three of our guys watching porn. How's that for a press-appropriate visual? Three men in suits and sunglasses sitting around a room full of tubas with their dicks out.

TOBIN

And the purpose of this tour is...

Pettigrew stops near reception and turns to him; they are now out of hearing range of the rest office.

PETTIGREW

Your mission with this interpreter is investigatory, not protective. If you want to keep an eye on her, do so from across the street.

Tobin realizes the isolation's function.

TOBIN

You want me to use her as bait.

PETTIGREW

Obviously, I don't want them to get to her. But she's your only link to these assholes.

(he lowers his voice)

Back off a little.

TOBIN

Define a little.

PETTIGREW

Cultivate approachability.

TOBIN

Cultivate approachability?

PETTIGREW

She's not your protectee, Tobin.

TOBIN

My protectee is a genocidal maniac.

PETTIGREW

At what point in joining the Secret Service were you told you'd get to evaluate the legitimacy of the men and women we protect?

TOBIN

Don't ask me to do this, Jay. Not
...now.

Pettigrew understands the reference but doesn't take it up.

PETTIGREW

Zuwanie is an evil human being, one
whose death I hope involves copious
amounts of pain. You want to fly to
Africa and kill him, I'll buy you
an upgrade. But he's not going down
inside the United Nations.

(pointedly)

He's not going down on my watch.

Pettigrew strides for the door. Tobin turns back toward his
office. He meets Dot back near the cube farm.

TOBIN

How did Pettigrew know where I
slept last night?

She shrugs. Tobin's Assistant calls...

TOBIN'S ASSISTANT

For the record, the advance guy is
about to calcify.

Tobin and Dot exchange a look. Tobin's question is answered:
Nils Lud told him. They both look toward...

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE

Lud reads the UN Blue Book as Tobin enters.

TOBIN

Nils Lud, I presume.

Tobin sits without shaking the man's hand, not that Lud would
think to offer it.

TOBIN

You've been following me.

Nils Lud has a mercenary's monotone directness.

LUD

Tell me about the interpreter.

CUT TO:

INT. UN RADIO BOOTH (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Silvia sits on a stool and wears old-fashioned earphones. Rory stands beside her making notes on a clipboard. She listens to a speech tape. And shakes her head. Rory makes a note and then indicates "next" to an Engineer in a Booth.

Tobin and Dot enter. Greetings.

RORY

We put together a tape with current African Delegates' voices.

TOBIN

Recognize anyone?

SILVIA

Not yet.

DOT

(to the engineer)

Can you step out for a few minutes?

The Engineer nods and leaves his booth.

TOBIN

There's a SAC reception tonight. We'd like you to attend. With me.

SILVIA

They'll know I talked to you.

DOT

That's what we want. We want them to see you're ignoring the threat. We want them to know the Department of Homeland Security is after them.

TOBIN

If the African man you heard is a diplomat, you'll still be a threat even after Zuwanie's speech. Any time he speaks publicly, you could recognize his voice. But we won't be around. We need to give him a reason to pack up and go home now.

SILVIA

What if he chooses fight instead of flight?

Dot and Tobin exchange a glance.

TOBIN
Ultimately, it's your decision.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN PLAZA - NIGHT

The group of Anti-Zuwanie Protesters has now grown to over thirty. They yell at limos pulling into the Delegates' Lobby.

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

The last of the Diplomats arrive. Doug waits near the press area. He's holding a camera and trying to load film. Beside him, a PAPARAZZO mutters...

PAPARAZZO
Jesus.

Doug looks up.

DOUG
Jesus.

Tobin looks down from an escalator; he wears a tux.

TOBIN
Jesus.

Silvia has entered. Silvia's dressed to kill. Her bookish demeanor has been replaced by something just this side of impropriety. Dot follows in a weirdly flesh-colored dress.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CONFERENCE AND GA BUILDINGS

The lights of the Secretariat are visible outside.

Tobin preps Silvia. Doug fiddles with his camera. Dot keeps looking down at her dress.

TOBIN
Remember. Try to speak only French.
(to Doug)
We need a photo cue.

DOUG
Take lint off Tobin's jacket.

Silvia nods.

TOBIN
Use it if a voice sounds the least
bit familiar.

DOT

Do I look as naked as I feel?

INT. NORTH DELEGATES' LOUNGE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - NIGHT

The famous Lounge is three stories tall with walls of glass. The Queensboro Bridge twinkles beyond its balcony.

UN Delegates in Black Tie mingle with New York Rainmakers. We see the Secretary-General, the Mayor, known faces, faces that seem familiar. Chief Wu keeps an eye on UN Cops he has posted all over the room.

Doug and Dot enter and move toward the bar.

Tobin enters with Silvia. Chief Wu gives him a covert look, something between collusion and jealousy. Tobin also sees Nils Lud watching them.

Tobin walks Silvia toward a group of Diplomats.

TOBIN

Nervous?

SILVIA

I'm not usually invited to these things.

He takes her hand and puts it through his arm and leads her to the crowd.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS ANGLES on Tobin and Silvia throughout the night...

Silvia is engrossed in debate with Two Older Courtly African Men as Tobin smiles uncomfortably. Dot looks at her dress. Tobin forces Silvia to say good-bye to Egyptian Couple, but she turns back to make one more point. Doug gets irritated, Tobin shrugs. Tobin and Silvia with a African Diplomat Wearing a Plaid Cummerbund. Tobin and Silvia have a drink with an Intense Young African. Dot yawns.

A wall clock spins in fifties fashion...

FADE TO:

Tobin and Silvia are with Three Africans in National Dress. She says something and everyone but Tobin laughs.

We follow Tobin and Silvia as they turn away from the Group. The room is almost empty. Doug and Dot wait by the bar.

TOBIN

What was so funny?

SILVIA

"Le Chien aboie, la Caravane pass."
The dog barks, the caravan passes.
It means words change nothing. I
was using it ironically, but you
could put it on your tombstone.

TOBIN

La shin aboit...

SILVIA

Le Chien. Pucker your lips.

TOBIN

Shin. Shin.

She puts her hand on his mouth and makes his lips pucker.

SILVIA

Chien. Slowly. Chien.

TOBIN

Chien. Chien.

Their eyes meet, hold.

They both realize she's holding his face. She takes her hand
away and shyly takes a piece of lint off his jacket.

SILVIA

(realizing)

Oh, no.

She turns to Doug and crosses her hands.

SILVIA (cont'd)

No. No. No. No.

Tobin laughs. She does too. A big juicy moment.

A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH DIPLOMAT passes, whispers to Silvia...

FRENCH DIPLOMAT

Vous êtes une paire belle.

She smiles coquettishly as he moves away with a smile. Tobin
notes that whatever he said made quite an impact.

A long beat.

TOBIN
Okay. What did he say?

She shakes her head to indicate nothing.

TOBIN
C'mon.

SILVIA
It was nothing.

A beat.

TOBIN
You're gonna make me beg?

SILVIA
He said we're a handsome couple.

Awkwardness descends. Tobin looks for their next mark but the room is almost empty.

TOBIN
Air?

She laughs.

Dot and Doug watch them move to the balcony. Tobin gestures for his colleagues to stay put.

EXT. BALCONY OF NORTH DELEGATES' LOUNGE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

A warm night. The UN gardens stretch along the East River. The Bridge shines bright over the water.

The awkwardness has followed Tobin and Silvia outside. They move down the balcony a moment in silence. The Delegates' Lounge is bright behind them.

SILVIA
Why did you join Secret Service?

TOBIN
Buddy Stevens. When I was twelve, Buddy suggested we put on suits and sunglasses and walk around the mall with a hand inside our jackets.

SILVIA
You must have looked very cool.

TOBIN

Yes, we did. Especially Buddy. He had his grandma's hearing aid. I started speaking really softly around mine hoping she'd go out and get one, too.

The balcony becomes a large flight of stairs.

EXT. STAIRS FROM BALCONY

Silvia and Tobin meander down.

TOBIN

Then, in High School, Buddy Stevens convinced me that the guy carrying the President's nuclear briefcase, he gets any girl he wants.

SILVIA

I wish you were carrying it right now.

TOBIN

It's an army job. No one bothered to tell me until it was too late.

At the bottom of the stairs, she indicates a metal door back into the Conference Building.

SILVIA

Short cut.

TOBIN

To where?

They enter.

SILVIA (O.S.)

The Ladies' Room.

TOBIN (O.S.)

This should be interesting.

INT. EAST HALLWAY OF LOWER LEVEL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

A coldly bureaucratic hallway. White walls. White linoleum. A low white ceiling. Bright white light. Clean.

A row of doors line one wall. The other wall is occasionally interrupted by smaller connecting hallways onto the parallel West Hallway (the floor plan resembles a ladder).

The only sound in the hallways is the echo of their shoes.

SILVIA

And Buddy? Did he join the army?
Does he hold world peace in his
horny little hands?

TOBIN

Buddy became a missionary.

SILVIA

A missionary?

TOBIN

A missionary. To Canada. Sort of
the missionary minor leagues.

She chuckles.

They walk a moment in silence.

An outside metal door clangs somewhere behind them. They
stop, slowly turn around. Tobin holds up a finger.

TOBIN

Hello?

A suspicious silence.

TOBIN (cont'd)

This floor is closed for security.

Nothing. He decisively pulls Silvia into...

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY FIVE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin puts Silvia against the wall and makes a shush gesture.
After a few seconds, he steps back around the corner.

INT. EAST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Empty. Tobin watches. Nothing but a briefly flickering light.

He checks a door. Locked.

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY FIVE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin comes back around the corner. He whispers to Silvia...

TOBIN

Can we get into these rooms?

She shakes her head. He gestures for her to wait and tiptoes down the hallway. Tobin peers around the corner. He turns to Silvia and gestures for her not to move.

INT. WEST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin walks quickly down the hallway. His steps loud, angry.

Connecting Hallway Four is empty. Tobin breaks into a jog as he turns onto...

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY THREE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin runs the length of it.

INT. EAST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin enters. Still empty. He listens to the void and the sound of his own breathing.

The light flickers again.

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY FIVE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia is starting to tremble.

INT. EAST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin hears sudden footsteps. He bolts back down...

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY THREE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

As Tobin sprints, he reaches into his jacket for his weapon, only to remember he doesn't have one.

INT. WEST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin tears around the corner.

Right in front of him is a MAN IN A MASK. A Japanese Diplomat in a dust mask listening to a taped lecture in earplugs. He's clutching a satchel to his chest.

Tobin pulls the mask down. The Japanese Diplomat explains...

JAPANESE MAN

Flu. I have flu.

A long beat. Tobin watches the man, unsure.

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY FIVE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

CLOSE on Silvia as she hears a cough.

Nils Lud turns the corner ten feet away. He stops and stares at her, as if he expects an answer to an unasked question.

He coughs again, tight, dry.

CLOSE on Silvia. She recognizes it. "Like he has something stuck in his throat."

SILVIA'S POV on the star-shaped bullet scar on Lud's neck.

Silvia bolts.

INT. WEST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - NIGHT

Tobin looks back from the Japanese Man as he hears footsteps.

He takes off.

INT. CONNECTING HALLWAY FIVE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia runs.

INT. WEST HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Tobin catches Silvia as she rounds the corner. She points. He moves a few steps ahead and looks down Hallway Five.

It's now empty. Footsteps can be heard leaving the floor.

Tobin comes back to Silvia.

TOBIN

Are you hurt?!

She shakes her head, trying to catch her breath.

SILVIA

One of the men. From the GA. The same cough. He's white. European. He has a scar. Here.

She points at her neck.

SILVIA (cont'd)

His voice. It must have damaged his larynx.

CLOSE on Tobin. The shock of recognition on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF THE UN CONFERENCE BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

A cement wasteland that ends in the towering Secretariat Building. Four UN Cops stand near the stairwell.

In a far corner of the roof, safely away from any listening devices, Tobin is finishing a cell call. Dot waits as Silvia examines Nils Lud's UN file photo.

Silvia hands the photo back to Dot and nods.

DOT
Are you sure?

SILVIA
Yes.

DOT
But it doesn't make sense!

Tobin disconnects and tells Dot...

TOBIN
Lud's back at his hotel.

DOT
We can't put Zuwanie's Security Head into preventive detention because she recognized a cough.

TOBIN
Just watch him.
(Dot starts to protest)
Go!

Dot marches off.

A beat.

TOBIN
We screwed up. She feels guilty.

SILVIA
She feels guilty because you're using me as bait.

He doesn't respond.

SILVIA
Let's at least be truthful.

TOBIN

Okay, let's be truthful. The truth is, given enough time and money, these people will get to you. We can't stop them. No one can. But if you do as you're told, if you learn to live behind a man with a gun, we can keep you alive until they develop other priorities.

SILVIA

(re: the Secretariat)

You know why that building exists? Because right this second one man is killing another. In a place you can't pronounce. For reasons you don't understand. In ways you can't imagine. But one thing's for sure: whoever's doing the killing wants us all to live behind men with guns. The world is full of cynics, Tobin. Fine. Go be one of them. But don't try to sell me your fear.

He stares at her, long, hard.

SILVIA

What?

TOBIN

I'm wondering if you're really this naive.

And she walks.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silvia turns on her bedside lamp and sits up. After a few seconds, her phone rings.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET

Doug sleeps. In the dark, Tobin holds his cell.

TOBIN

You okay?

We INTERCUT between the BEDROOM and SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT:

SILVIA

Yeah.

A beat.

TOBIN

I need to tell you something.

She lays on her side and looks up at his dark window. She can't see him. They speak in sleepy tones and long pauses.

TOBIN

Six months ago, a transformer went out at a railroad crossing in Utah. The county was in a budget fight, so the Roads Commissioner was slowing work orders. Just playing politics. He didn't know what wasn't getting done. He didn't know a New York woman in a rental car was driving to her in-laws.

(the hard part)

She probably never saw the train coming. But her husband, well, he thinks he would have. It's his job to see trains coming. These days, that's pretty much all he sees.

She doesn't respond. But he can hear her breathing.

TOBIN

You knew didn't you?

SILVIA

Yes.

A long pause. She gets out of bed and goes to the window.

SILVIA

I hated the condolences. Especially with that extra-sincere, two-handed handshake.

She waits. He goes with it...

TOBIN

My button is the advice. "You have to get out of bed every morning."

SILVIA

"This will make you stronger."

TOBIN

"Be thankful for the memories."

SILVIA

And any reference to a dead granny.

TOBIN

Or pet.

Smiles. She peers up into the dark - she can't see him - and then paces in front of the window.

SILVIA

Tell me what you miss about her.

TOBIN

Everyday things. Sound of her key in the door. The weight of her leg on mine. The smell of her pillow. Jane used to quote this line, "Love is a slow river of small details."

She goes back to her bed and lies down.

SILVIA

That's beautiful. And cruel.

TOBIN

Cruel?

SILVIA

The sexiest thing a man can do is express love for another woman - it's the only time you can fully trust him.

A beat.

SILVIA

You think she'd mind us talking?

A beat.

TOBIN

I don't know.

A beat.

SILVIA

I should hang up.

A beat.

TOBIN

Are you...

Click. She's gone.

He watches her look at the phone. As if she's forgotten he's there, as if he's privy to a private moment: a unknown woman considering a call from an unknown man.

After that, she rolls over and turns out the light.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD of MIDTOWN MANHATTAN at night. Lights. Life below seems static. The Secretariat comes into view: a huge GLASS OF MILK rests atop it. A giant hand takes the glass.

INT. TOBIN'S LOFT (WILLIAMSBURG) - NIGHT

Tobin stands in Jane's model crumbling crackers into milk.

He checks his watch and turns out the model's lights. Out the loft's windows is the real New York.

As he turns for the bedroom, an idea comes to him. He turns to the model and stares at the shadowy Secretariat and then mutters...

TOBIN

It's international territory.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S APARTMENT (GEORGETOWN) - NIGHT

Jon (the CIA guy) is in bed with a SLEEPING NAKED MAN. He's been woken by the phone and not happy about it.

JON

Nils Lud?

INT. TOBIN'S LOFT (WILLIAMSBURG)

Tobin holds the phone while pacing up and down the Hudson.

TOBIN

Would he sell Zuwanie out?!

INT. JON'S APARTMENT (GEORGETOWN)

Jon rubs his face.

JON

He's a mercenary. He'd sell his children for parts. Hold on.
(he pulls himself up)

(MORE)

JON (cont'd)

Let's say Nils Lud is being paid to arrange Zuwanie's assassination, by the Ku, other African interests, a forward-thinking philanthropist, whoever. Doesn't matter.

(the old question)

Why do it in the United Nations?

INT. TOBIN'S LOFT (WILLIAMSBURG)

Tobin still stands in the model.

TOBIN

That's just it. Anywhere else, he'd be responsible. At home. Europe. Here. Like most countries, we give jurisdiction to a dignitary's own security force. But the UN doesn't. The UN is international territory, the one place on the planet where a mercenary can't be held responsible for his client's safety.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT (GEORGETOWN)

Jon sits straight up in bed.

JON

And if he's not responsible, no one can say he was involved. There's no fall-out. Professional or criminal.

TOBIN (O.S.)

Yeah.

Jon smiles.

JON

Clean. That is very clean.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - WEDNESDAY MORNING

A world map on the wall. A globe. A very long table.

THIRTY UN COPS are crammed inside for a training session.

Dot, Fred Jameson and two Technical Division Agents are in front. Dot lectures while using a Young Cop to illustrate.

DOT

Suicide bombers are made immobile by a shot to the base of the skull, here. This severs the brain stem and creates flaccid paralysis: the guy falls without reflex action, i.e. he can't activate a detonator.

(to the Young Cop)

Thank you.

(he moves away)

If anybody tries to get around the metal detectors, you yell stop. If they don't, you get behind them, you put your gun to their skull and you pull the trigger - you do not have time for a second warning.

Murmurs. The Cops exchange looks. This is beyond harsh.

DOT

Welcome to the new world order.

Dot sees Tobin outside the glass. He's cradling his cell on his shoulder as he taps his watch to her.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

Busy as always. A Counterfeit Investigator carries a huge clear plastic bag filled with cash.

Dot grabs a file off a desk with too-many-plants and joins Tobin as he says into his phone...

TOBIN

Call me if there's a change.

He disconnects and they walk toward reception.

TOBIN

We all set?

DOT

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Metal detectors are being installed at the glass doors onto the Plaza.

An Advance Team meeting is progress. Twenty law enforcement types stand in a circle introducing themselves by organization and sipping coffee. They all hold Blue Books; their holsters are all empty.

One of Two Men in Cheap Suits raises a finger.

CHEAP SUIT

FBI.

A group of a Dozen Men in NYPD uniforms.

NYPD LEADER

We're NYPD. I'm Intel.

(indicating)

And that's Traffic. Terrorist Task Force. Sniper Team. And Bomb Squad.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

(indicating a Colleague)

State.

TOBIN

Homeland.

He points to a man in white uniform and one in a suit.

TOBIN

Coast Guard. NSA.

(off himself)

And Secret Service. Agent Woods here is our detail leader.

Chief Wu stands flanked by Rory and Six UN Investigators.

CHIEF WU

Alright, let's get started.

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL ROOM (TIMES SQUARE) - DAY

Holding a pistol, Nils Lud stands at his door, listening. He very slowly pushes down the door handle. It won't move.

Lud quietly steps to his room phone, picks up, dials seven.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL HALLWAY (TIMES SQUARE)

Doug leans against the wall. The Forensic Guy has the guts of the key-card lock exposed. A Nervous Hotel Manager is there.

They stand dead quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Chief Wu briefs the Advance Team.

CHIEF WU

This is our only entrance.

(indicating)

As always, the Public Lobby will be closed for use by law enforcement. Badge required. No exceptions.

RORY

Personnel lists are due today.

CHIEF WU

Agent Woods.

DOT

We bring Mr. Zuwanie through here at exactly eleven a.m. We'll have eight agents on site, five working the man. He goes up those stairs, through the Foyer and into the Greenroom. He leaves the same way.

CHIEF WU

Transit spaces will be police only, but you do get to carry guns.

Good-natured chuckles.

FBI

How about public access?

CHIEF WU

Highly restricted. Only delegates, accredited press and UN employees.

STATE

What if your assassin comes in as delegate?

FBI

Or press. Or employee.

RORY

Press and employees will be issued special badges tomorrow.

CHIEF WU

Delegates are a problem, we have to rely on the member states to inform us if somebody doesn't belong.

Moans. Chief Wu holds up his hands.

CHIEF WU

We have one chance to keep our man alive: make it impossible to get a weapon inside this building.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

The Advance Team clusters on the dais.

NYPD/TERRORIST TASK FORCE

I say rifle.

FBI

Rifle.

NYPD/INTEL

That's my gut.

STATE

Yeah, he'll need distance.

CHIEF WU

From where?

FBI

My best guess would be the booths.

CHIEF WU

There are only two stairs up there.

(pointing)

The door in the back. And a flight directly from the Greenroom; that door is always locked.

TOBIN

How will he get a rifle in here?

A contemplative beat.

NYPD INTEL

Zip gun in a press camera tripod?

TOBIN

Not accurate enough. His target is standing at fifty, hundred meters.

(MORE)

TOBIN (cont'd)

He's got one shot. A head shot. He needs a powerful weapon.

FBI

I'd part it out. Bring it in via maintenance or food services.

CHIEF WU

Every inch of this building will be swept that morning.

NYPD/BOMB SQUAD

One of Zuwanie's bodyguards could smuggle it in?

CHIEF WU

They come through the scanners like everybody else. The Blue Book says each visiting dignitary is allowed one guard with one handgun. That's all Mr. Zuwanie will get.

Tobin and Dot exchange a look. Everyone quietly considers until Tobin says...

TOBIN

It's already here.

CHIEF WU

How's that?

TOBIN

They know security increases as we advance. Smart thing would be to have the weapon already inside.

CHIEF WU

If it's here, we'll find it.

Tobin is not convinced.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT (TIMES SQUARE) - DAY

A steady stream of sweaty tourists goes by outside. A lost balloon floats above them, up among models and neon.

Tobin sits in a side booth by a window.

He's watching Dot. She's out on the sidewalk placing herself in front of Nils Lud. They exchange a few words, she points to Tobin. We follow Lud through the glass as he comes around to the front of the restaurant and enters.

The Dutchman approaches Tobin, who gestures him to sit.

An uneasy beat.

TOBIN

We have a suspect.

Tobin slides a cocktail napkin in front of Lud. It contains the word YOU. Lud looks at the napkin but doesn't touch it.

TOBIN

The UN is the only place you're not responsible for him.

Lud moves to stand again.

TOBIN

You don't understand.

The men lock eyes.

TOBIN

If we were to leave Zuwanie exposed for fifteen, twenty seconds...where would we want to do so?

Lud doesn't look away. Wheels spin. Tobin takes the napkin and wads it up. He tosses it onto a near-by bus cart.

Finally...

NILS LUD

This girl is fucking with you.

Nils Lud stands and limps out of the restaurant.

After a few seconds, Dot is back in the window. Tobin shakes his head. She turns, nods. Before long, Doug passes going in Lud's direction.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY

A UN Cop waits as Silvia puts an envelope in a mail box. She turns and bumps into the West African with Tribal Scars (the man Tobin saw out among the Protesters).

She's startled. He stares at her as she mumbles...

SILVIA

Excuse me.

And moves around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE - DUSK

The sound of distant thunder.

At the door to Silvia's building, Tobin opens the door for her building with his key. Since it's unfamiliar, it takes him a few attempts.

They do not talk.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Silvia stands by the open front door.

Tobin enters from her bedroom. He checks the fire escape and the kitchen while she waits.

SILVIA

Thank you.

TOBIN

You're welcome.

He stops in the doorway. Close. Very close. Their eyes hold. Two seconds. Three. Five.

SILVIA

Well.

TOBIN

I'll be across the street.

Tobin goes out the door.

INT. SILVIA'S HALLWAY

Silvia watches Tobin walk away.

CUT TO:

A THUNDERSTORM OVER THE LIGHTS OF MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE (TIMES SQUARE) - NIGHT

Rows of desks stretch on for yards in the empty office.

Doug sits on a desk and puts a packet of ketchup on a block of Tofu. Dot uses binoculars to look across the Square into Nils Lud's hotel room.

BINOCULAR POV: Lud puts on a plastic trench coat.

DOT
He's headed out.

DOUG
You want me to come?

She shakes her head.

DOT
Just keep your phone handy.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silvia closes her book, pulls up her covers and turns out her light. She looks up at the surveillance apartment.

SILVIA'S POV: The apartment is dark. Lightening. She can see Tobin looking out the window, though not directly at her, as he drinks from a coffee cup. Darkness descends again.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A sea of umbrellas. Neon lights obscured by rain. Tourists huddle beneath awnings, unsure of what to do, where to go.

Dot follows Lud as he walks down Broadway.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT

Tobin holds a coffee mug, yawns. He takes binoculars from a windowsill where his cell phone waits.

BINOCULAR POV: Dark. A flash of lightening reveals Silvia kicking off her covers. She's wearing only a Pajama top.

Tobin puts the binoculars down with a wry smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. 42ND STREET

Theater-Goers leap over flooded gutters. A Hotdog Vendor hugs himself beneath his cart's umbrella.

Dot watches Lud enter the subway portal along Eighth Ave.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tobin considers the binoculars. And caves to temptation.

BINOCULAR POV: Lightening catches Silvia in the process of removing her Pajama top.

Tobin quickly puts the binoculars down and gestures to them to "Stay!"

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION TURNSTILE

Lud goes through the turnstile. Dot soon follows.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM

Twenty passengers wait, wet, sticky.

Lud comes down stairs onto the platform. Dot follows a few seconds later, pretending to check her cell's display. But Lud does not look back. In fact, he doesn't even stop.

Lud moves with steady purpose up another flight of stairs. Dot jogs to catch up.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The crack of lightening as Tobin watches below.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia sleeps. His lens moves over her body.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PASSAGE

Narrow. Twisting. It's one of those long passages that leads to another station.

Dot hurries along. Though she only gets fleeting glimpses of Lud's plastic coat, she keeps his footsteps in front of her.

As she turns a corner, he's gone. She jumps back. Listens. She hears his footsteps receding. She peeks around the corner to see there is an adjoining passage just ahead.

Dot quietly goes and peeks around the corner.

DOT'S POV: The adjoining passage quickly dead ends at an accordion gate. Lud is forcing the gate open.

She pulls her head back and waits. After a few seconds...

DOT'S POV: The adjoining passage is now empty.

INT. ADJOINING PASSAGE

Dot makes her way to the gate, unsnapping her holster. The gate's chain has been cut.

The gate protects a long ESCALATOR CARCASS that leads down to a brightly lit platform. The stair belts have been removed. The only way to go down it is a series of thin crossbars spaced every five feet, beneath these is an ominous drop.

DOT

Shit.

Dot mulls. She pulls out her phone. Then pockets it again.

DOT

Shit.

She squeezes through the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Only Tobin's mouth is visible behind the binoculars. Thunder.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia's hand suddenly scratches her side. She is not asleep. Slowly, abstractly, she draws her fingers back and forth over her stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Holding the escalator's sides to support her, Dot steps from crossbar down to crossbar (she won't be able to get back out this way).

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM

Filthy. Graffiti. Homeless detritus. Visible through spray paint on the tile wall is the station name, "42nd Street".

Dot jumps out of the escalator shaft at the platform's south end. She draws her gun to be safe.

Behind her, the last thirty feet of platform is stacked with old school desks the City stored and forgot. In front of her, the north end is sixty yards away. A row of thin iron pillars runs along the tracks.

Dot advances north, using the pillars for cover.

Thirty yards ahead is a STAIRCASE leading up into darkness. Beyond the staircase is a rusty metal DOOR.

Dot moves quickly, keeping the pillars between the tracks and her body. She passes the staircase and looks up. It seems to be sealed off at the top.

She moves in position toward the metal door. She reaches for the doorknob. It's locked.

Dot spins to the tracks. As she approaches, she sees they are no longer visible in a quagmire of black ooze and gunk. She goes, stands at the edge of the platform and looks into the track tunnel. Left. Right. Nothing.

She stays at the edge of the platform and listens. She hears an express train rumble past overhead, and then silence.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT

Black.

Lightening briefly illuminates Tobin watching Silvia.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

Black.

Lightening briefly illuminates Silvia naked in bed.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM

Dot still listens at the tracks.

After a beat, she comes back through the row of pillars and walks to the center of the platform.

Then - with an eerie metallic clang - the LIGHTS GO OUT.

Black. Pure Black.

DOT

Shit.

We hear her breathing. Then after a few seconds...

Footsteps.

Dot stops breathing.

The footsteps get louder. With the echo, their distance is hard to gauge. Forty feet? Thirty?

Louder. Twenty feet?

Louder. Fifteen?

Louder.

FLASH. Dot fires toward the tracks. She's using the powder flash to see the platform to the north. It's empty.

Black.

FLASH. Tobin bites his lower lip as he watches Silvia.

Black.

FLASH. Dot fires to check the platform to the south. Empty.

Black.

FLASH. TOBIN'S POV on Silvia as she suddenly opens her eyes and looks directly at him. She knows he's watching.

Black.

FLASH. Dot fires to look behind her. Nils Lud stands at the base of the stairs.

Black.

Silence.

Silence.

Dot's windbreaker rustles with the sound of her aiming in the dark. Lud's footsteps suddenly move. Quickly. He's running up the stairs.

After a few seconds, a shaft of light suddenly appears in the stairwell, the light of a hatch door onto another platform.

Dot realizes she's about to be trapped.

DOT

Shit!

She runs for the light.

INT. ACTIVE SUBWAY PLATFORM

The stairwell to the lower platform has been welded shut with a large metal sheet. A yellow maintenance hatch built into it is now open and Nils Lud steps out.

He calmly tosses the hatch shut, slides the lock bar.

A wet Swedish Couple with cameras and short shorts are the only ones around to watch him calmly walk for the exit.

INT. ABANDONED STAIRWELL

Dot's angry face suddenly appears in the light of cell phone display. She dials Doug's number.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silvia pulls the sheet up until just her face is exposed and turns the bed table light on. She's smiling, embarrassed.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT

Tobin grins as he looks below.

BINOCULAR'S POV: Silvia pulls the sheet all the way up over her head. She emerges a moment later, laughing.

Looking back up at him, she suddenly registers something.

SILVIA BOLTS UPRIGHT.

She's POINTING and YELLING. He can't hear her, but she's pointing to something or someone above him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.FOR SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tobin flies out of the apartment door and runs for the stairs. He passes the elevator shaft. Stops.

The elevator is on the top (fifth) floor and just starting down; a sign tells us we are on the fourth. Tobin hits the call button and draws his gun.

He watches the elevator approach. He lies down on the floor and aims his weapon up...

Ding. The door opens.

Empty.

He hears footsteps pass on the stairs. He stands and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Tobin comes out the apartment in time to see a WHITE MALE RUNNER (26) turn onto Sutton Place.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE

The Runner leaves a trail of splashes up the street. Tobin follows. We focus on each man's face individually. Each is focused, intense. The Runner has braces.

They run past a Puzzled Doorman.

They run through the Queensboro Bridge underpass and then left toward its ramp.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE

The Runner is on the North Bike Path. Tobin is gaining.

Above them, the Roosevelt Island Cable Car rolls toward the City, brightly lit in the pouring rain.

The Runner and Tobin sprint. The Runner's getting winded.

Tobin reaches for him. Closer. Closer. As he grabs his shirt, they fall hard to the wet grate and tumble to a bruised pile.

Tobin jumps him. The Runner cowers.

RUNNER

Don't hit me! It's over! I have
braces, don't hit me! It's over!

The Runner is nerdy, suburban. Tobin pulls out his cuffs.

TOBIN

What's over?!

RUNNER

This!

Tobin cuffs the Runner to the bridge's railing.

RUNNER

Some guy. On the web. He hired me
to get you to chase me.

Tobin gets up and runs back down the bridge.

RUNNER

Wait. Wait! Hey!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE - NIGHT

The West African with Tribal Scars looks up at Silvia's
brightly lit apartment. He wears a suit and holds a bag.

Nils Lud appears beside him, winded and wet.

INT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Silvia paces in the dark. Her downstairs intercom buzzes. She
picks the receiver to hear a great deal of static.

SILVIA

Hello? Tobin? Tobin?

A voice is indecipherable in the static. She reaches for the
door-release button.

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE

Lud holds a small walkie-talkie tweaked to emit static up to
Silvia's intercom. The door buzzes open.

He and the West African enter her building.

INT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Silvia turns from the intercom, lost in a troubling thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE

As Tobin reaches the end of the bridge, he sees a Dark Figure
turn away. A man with one arm. Tobin turns to catch a glimpse
of the Soccer Fan from Jon's office.

Tobin runs on.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Lud and the West African approach Silvia's door. The peep hole light shifts, suggesting she's in the living room.

The mercenary reaches into the bag and hands the West African a hammer and a heavy chisel. The West African goes to work on the wood around the lock, coolly, efficiently, indifferent to the noise.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Silvia opens the window to the fire escape as she hears them.

CLOSE on the door: it shakes as the chisel eats wood.

Silvia watches, terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON PLACE - NIGHT

Tobin runs through a river of rain in the street.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

The door swings open. Lud enters. The West African follows, dusting wood shavings from his suit, as if calmly waiting cruel instructions.

Silvia is nowhere to be seen. The storm blows in from the open window onto the fire escape.

Lud investigates: the escape is empty. He nods to the closed bedroom door. They move toward it.

The phone rings. The men freeze. It rings again. And again. On the third, Silvia's machine answers.

SILVIA'S VOICE

Sorry. I can't come to the phone
right now, but here's the beep.

And after the cue tone...

SILVIA (O.S.)

I can see you.

And she hangs up. They look up to the Surveillance apartment, but it's too dark to see her.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

The shower curtain is closed. We move over the top to reveal Silvia huddled behind it; she holds her cell phone.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

The West African looks to Lud for instruction. Lud's not yet convinced - he goes to the bedroom door and opens it.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

Silvia winces as she hears the bedroom door open.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

Lud looks around. He moves toward the open bathroom door as the intercom buzzes out in the living room. Lud freezes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE

Tobin sits on the buzzer as he works his key.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

Inside the shower, Silvia waits and listens.

She hears footsteps, soft, furtive. She realizes they are creeping toward her. Silvia looks around in desperation.

The footsteps move closer.

Closer.

She can see a form with a gun. She holds her phone with the antenna forward, a pathetic gouging weapon.

The shower curtain rips back. Silvia screams.

TOBIN

It's me.

SILVIA

Oh, my god....

And collapses into Tobin's arms.

SILVIA

They were here...They got inside...

TOBIN

Okay. It's okay. C'mon.

He helps her out of the tub.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Tobin closes the fire escape window with a towel, still wet. Silvia stands in the middle of the room, still shaking.

He comes to her and supports her. He holds her face in his neck as he scans the room. Her shaking hand moves over his face and then to the back of his neck, she brings his lips down to hers...

They kiss.

She pulls back and breathes with painful sincerity...

SILVIA

No.

He lets her go and she moves away from him.

TOBIN

Are you okay?

A beat.

SILVIA

Pocahontas.

TOBIN

I'm not sure I...

SILVIA

Do you know what happened to her?

TOBIN

No.

SILVIA

She fell in love with this British military officer. They married. Happily. He took her to London and she started a new life. Then she died of smallpox. Pocahontas didn't last the winter. Her immune system couldn't take his world.

They stare at each other. A long, long time. Then...

DOT (O.S.)
Silvia?!

TOBIN
She's okay.

Dot and Doug - wet and miserable - appear at the door.

DOT
What's this?

She's pointing to something stuck to the door with a pocket-knife. It's the PROTEST PHOTO with Silvia's face circled.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - THURSDAY MORNING

Tobin and Dot haven't slept much. They walk and talk...

DOT
We're not gonna find Lud without
full PD cooperation.

TOBIN
I can't get a warrant if she didn't
actually see him.

Doug approaches and tosses Tobin his handcuffs.

DOUG
Alan Pacino. And, yes, that's his
legal name. Private investigator
licensed in Nassau County. Hired on
the internet. Paid with cash left
in his mom's mailbox.

They walk in irritated silence. In front of them, the
Forensic Guy waits with open arms and a big smile.

INT. SECRET SERVICE FORENSIC OFFICE

Tobin, Dot and Doug enter a room jumbled with odd high-tech
equipment and Three Techies. The Forensic Guy leads them to
his computer.

FORENSIC GUY
I got kick-ass prints off the photo
- guess who they all match?

The Secret Service screen saver gives way to a picture of
Nils Lud on the INTERPOL INTERNET INTERFACE.

DOT

Yes!

TOBIN

Tell legal we need a warrant.

FORENSIC GUY

Better call State first.

Everyone freezes. The Forensic Guy points to the screen.

FORENSIC GUY

Zuwanie gave him a diplomatic passport: he's got immunity.

The agents deflate.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA (AFRICAN FLOOR) - DAY

Tobin walks the floor in a huff. The one-armed Soccer Fan sees him and ducks into a cubicle. As Jon comes out of the Men's Room, Tobin picks him up and throws him back inside.

INT. MEN'S ROOM (CIA)

Jon hits the wall with his elbow, his funny bone.

JON

Oww! Jesus, that hurts.

Tobin blocks the door and waits while Jon works his hand.

JON

What?

TOBIN

One. You hate Zuwanie. But I tell you someone's coming after him and you don't care. Two. State has a whole file on a UN interpreter that the CIA has never seen. Three. Your man did a poor job of following me.

Jon makes a show of working his hand, buying time to make a decision. He adopts a resigned tone.

JON

Every time a piece of information leaves this building, the person who gave it to us could be killed. Remember that.

Tobin nods agreement.

JON

Your interpreter has a brother. An NGO consultant. Two months ago, he was murdered in Matobo. We think by Nils Lud.

Tobin takes a second to absorb the information.

TOBIN

Why?

JON

Broome was travelling with a well-known dissident, they were looking into Ku murders in the South. This guy was making some sort of list of the dead.

A beat.

TOBIN

Why didn't you tell us?

JON

We're not supposed to know.

A beat.

TOBIN

You want Zuwanie assassinated?

JON

I wouldn't complain.

(he checks himself)

As an institution, we care less about what happens to Zuwanie than knowing about it before it does.

A beat.

TOBIN

Does Silvia Broome know her brother's dead?

JON

How?

Tobin nods without conviction. He turns and opens the door.

JON

You can't tell her, Tobin.

Tobin exits without comment.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

Tobin watches the Secretariat, office lights are just coming on. Dot enters the office.

DOT

Lud entered the country with the UN statue. The shipping company rented him a cell phone. We're tracking it - we'll find him.

Tobin doesn't turn to her. She watches him a moment.

DOT

You have to tell her.

He still doesn't turn. After a moment, she discretely leaves him at the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheets now hang over the windows. Silvia stands by the sofa as Doug opens the front door for Tobin. Two Extra Agents can be seen posted out in the hall.

TOBIN

How's it going?

DOUG

Quiet.

TOBIN

Can I get you to wait outside?

DOUG

Sure.

Doug leaves them. Tobin closes the door. The air in the room is suddenly awkward.

SILVIA

What's the matter?

TOBIN

I need to ask you something.

SILVIA'S VOICE

Okay.

TOBIN

Do you know about Martin?

SILVIA

What? What about him? Has he done something? Is he in trouble? What is it, Tobin? What? Tell me.

His silence is telling, damning. He finally opens his mouth, but she quickly puts her fingers on his lips.

SILVIA

Wait.

After a moment, she jerks back her hand and holds it, frozen, lost in a terrible idea.

TOBIN

Two months is a long time.

SILVIA

Don't. Whatever you think you know, don't say a word.

She's moving in a tight circle now.

SILVIA

You can't tell me anything. Just because your wife died...

TOBIN

Silvia.

SILVIA

Don't! You protect me! You protect me! That's your fucking job! Do it. Do your job. Do it. Do it.

He starts to touch her. She won't let him.

SILVIA

Leave. I don't want you in here. Leave.

(a beat)

Leave. Please. Leave.

Tobin goes to the door and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Late. Dawn is a slight suggestion in the East. The camping lantern hisses. Tobin sits asleep in a chair by the window; Doug sleeps in his sleeping bag on the floor.

Tobin wakes with a jerk and a gasp, disoriented. It's then he hears his cell phone ring for the second time.

He yanks himself into consciousness and grabs the phone.

TOBIN

Hello?

(no response)

Hello?

He peers out the window into Silvia's apartment. A sheet has been pulled down from one of her windows, but he can't see inside. He opens his own window to avoid the lantern glare.

TOBIN

Hello?

Finally, a voice reaches him, raw, weak, flat...

SILVIA (O.S.)

If he's dead, turn out your light.

Silvia disconnects.

Tobin studies her apartment. He can see nothing. After a few seconds, he reaches down and turns the camping lantern off.

Unsure what to do next, he sits in the pre-dawn darkness. He can hear occasional sounds of the City. Birds. A car horn on the FDR below. A distant garage truck's reverse warning.

And then - low and barely audible - he hears the wails of a woman in deep and horrible grief.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER

Scuba divers hold lights in murky depths.

A Dozen Coast Guard Divers swim in a line. They come to a massive concrete wall; it stretches up and down, left and right, as far as they can see.

The Divers move up the wall, examining, probing.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - FRIDAY MORNING

We are behind the large Pepsi-Cola billboard. We crane up to see the City across the slow-running East River. The morning sun reflects off the Secretariat, a sparkling point of light amidst the complex geometry of Manhattan.

A helicopter zooms by. Close. We follow it down to the water. It moves just off the surface toward the UN Plaza. Past the ruin at the tip of Roosevelt Island. Past three Coast Guard boats. Over NYPD skiffs. Over a Dozen Divers as they surface.

It moves over the Conference Building. Past NYPD sweep teams on the balcony and roof. Pass bomb dogs. Pass sharp shooters.

The helicopter moves around the Secretariat to reveal the...

EXT. UN PLAZA - DAY

A MASSIVE CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS now gathers across First Avenue. Many wear ski masks to protect families in Matobo. The Media cluster in a stand-up area outside the North Gate.

Cops - NYPD and UN - are everywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON SQUARE

Tobin watches from across the street as Doug and Four NYPD Officers lead Silvia out of her building and into a waiting towncar with motorcycle escort.

She stops before getting into the car, looks at him. They share a moment. She then disappears into the safety of the back seat.

Tobin waits and watches until the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAOTIC PSYCH WARD HALLWAY - DAY

A CRANKY DOCTOR leads a Serious Secret Service Agent.

CRANKY DOCTOR

He doesn't even know where Matobo is. He writes those letters because you're the only visitors he gets.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL GROCERY IN BROOKLYN - DAY

A Matobeian Counter Man with terrible scars on his arms makes change for an Asian Woman. As she leaves, we see a Relaxed Secret Service Agent reading a newspaper behind the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUDOR CITY ROOF - DAY

Beneath the "Tudor City" sign, the NYPD Sharp Shooter Team Leader (we recognize him from the advance meeting) reviews a placement diagram with six of his Shooters.

They sip coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - DAY

City Workers remove a mail box from First Avenue.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN GA AND CONFERENCE BUILDINGS - DAY

Eight UN Officers use a velvet rope keep employees and diplomats from using the hall.

INT. RAFTERS (GA BUILDING)

Two Maintenance Men with flashlights are lying on their backs while checking areas around ceiling spot lights.

The Assembly Hall floor - far beneath them - is crisscrossed with a grid made of yellow police tape.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The final sweep. Press cameras have already been set up and abandoned. About twenty NYPD and UN Officers work with dogs in a cluster; they're going through the grid by section.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

It has a reception desk and tiny lounges for the Secretary-General and Assembly President. There are five exit doors: two on either side of the dais, one leads to the Foyer and another goes to the Greenroom access stairs.

Chief Wu checks the lock on the door up the stairs. Secure.

Two UN Officers check inside books from a bookcase. Two three-man Fluoroscope Teams x-ray the walls. On monitors, they watch cloudy green images of pipes, electrical elements.

Chief Wu says to no one in particular...

CHIEF WU

This is our safe room. Let's check and re-check.

INT. DELEGATES LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Rory and Technicians test the metal detection equipment. A few early Delegates wait.

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

UN Officers herd Visitors out the doors.

UN OFFICER

The Public Lobby will be opened again at one o'clock.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Silvia and Doug sit across the table from each other. She has dark circles under her eyes.

He gives her an empathetic smile; she looks blankly away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA GUARDIA TARMAC - DAY

A black BOEING 737 with the Matobean flag on its tail sits alone in a far corner of the airport. A caravan of six NYPD vehicles and three diplomatic limos waits.

EDMOND ZUWANIE (68) comes down the flight stairs, followed by Four Aides. For a dictator, Zuwanie looks old and frail. At the bottom of the stairs, Dot whispers to one of Four Secret Service Agents waiting with her...

DOT

That's the tyrant?

Zuwanie makes his way to the end of the flight stairs.

DOT

Second vehicle, Sir.

Dot and her Agents escort him into the second limo. They then assume positions. Dot gets into the back of the first limo.

INT. FIRST LIMO

Dot sits beside AGENT ONE; he has a case with the Matobean flag on it. The caravan starts to move.

DOT
 (into her mike)
 Zimba on the move.
 (to Agent One)
 What's that?

AGENT ONE
 His blood reserve.

The caravan moves.

DOT
 Are UN and PD on frequency?

Agent One nods. Dot pulls out her cell and places a voice activated call to...

DOT
 Tobin.

The phone dials, rings.

TOBIN (O.S.)
 Yeah?

DOT
 Lud didn't meet the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY - DAY

Rory scrutinizes Delegates now coming through the detectors. Tobin stands beside him on his cell.

TOBIN
 Okay. Thanks.

Disconnect. Tobin looks out the glass doors on the sea of Protesters. Their yelling is a muffled roar.

Tobin breathes deep, exhales through his mouth.

Then...

TOBIN
(into his sleeve mic)
Doug, is Silvia secure?

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM

The chants of demonstrators can be heard on the Avenue below.

DOUG
(into his sleeve mic)
We're secure.

Doug watches Silvia absorbed, spinning the globe. She stops it and considers.

CLOSE on Silvia's finger touching the African Continent.

SILVIA
Have you been to Africa?

DOUG
Thought about it.

Something suddenly occurs to her. She knits her brow and remembers something she overheard in the GA.

She mutters to herself...

SILVIA
He has to get out of Africa.

DOUG
Pardon?

The idea overwhelms her. She's suddenly animated.

SILVIA
The sculpture. Ask Tobin if they checked the African sculpture?

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Tobin runs.

The Lobby is abandoned. The African sculpture sits eerily in the quiet. The wall clock reads: 10:32.

Tobin goes to the massive art work, touches it. Knocks. Hard. A metallic din echoes through the abandoned Lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

Delegates are starting to arrive. A Maintenance Man runs with a thick coil of rope up an back aisle.

He goes out the back doors onto the balcony of the...

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Tobin, Jameson and Rory look from the balcony down onto the Lobby floor. The top of the sculpture is directly below the balcony's edge, though down almost ten feet.

The Forensic Guy has climbed up a ladder from the Lobby floor - it's held by Two UN Cops - and lays on top of the sculpture so he can look in a five-foot hole in the top.

FORENSIC GUY'S POV: The sculpture is empty iron mold. A large garbage BAG is visible at the bottom.

He turns and yells up to Tobin and the UN Assistant Chiefs...

FORENSIC GUY

Could be a bomb. I mean, yeah, the tiles would work as shrapnel, so if the lobby was full you'd get a nice kill rate. But why in here? Unless it's meant for us.

Tobin considers for a moment, makes a decision. He points to the rope the Maintenance Man holds.

TOBIN

Tie it off.

He jogs for a ramp that leads from the balcony down to the Lobby floor, removing his jacket as he goes.

Rory calls after him...

RORY

We can always lower a camera!

Tobin points to a huge clock on the wall. It's 10:41.

TOBIN

Not before he gets here!

Tobin runs onto the Lobby floor and over to the sculpture as the Forensic Guy climbs down. Tobin takes his flashlight and climbs the ladder.

He reaches the top as the rope is dropped inside from above.

RORY

You sure you want to do this?!

TOBIN

Nope!

A UN COP GUARDING THE ENTRANCE watches Tobin crawl to the sculpture's edge and sit inside the rim.

Tobin puts the flashlight in his mouth and tests the hook. He then grabs the rope and disappears inside Africa.

INT. AFRICAN SCULPTURE (GA BUILDING)

Tobin lowers himself down the rope. As he approaches the bag, he puts his feet against the side of the sculpture and hangs by one hand, using the other to hold the light.

He sees what he couldn't from above. A long length of thick dark CORD and metal hook lie beside the bag.

The bag is full and tied off, with no visible protrusions or wires. He puts the light aside and warily touches it.

Nothing. It gives but doesn't explode.

Tobin forces himself to lift the bag, to test its weight: it's not heavy. He stands at the bottom of the sculpture, unties the bag and uses the light to look inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Rory, Jameson, the Forensic guy and Six UN Cops all watch the top of the sculpture from the Lobby floor.

The Forensic Guy's face is in a pre-explosion wince as the garbage bag tumbles down from above and drops on the floor right in front of him.

Tobin's head peaks out of the top of the sculpture.

The Forensic Guy opens the bag and dumps its contents onto the floor. It has five items...

An old sleeping bag,

Two mostly empty juice jugs,
A large folded blueprint,
Food packaging,
A small foreign-language paperback.

The cops stare in absolute disbelief. Jameson lifts a food wrapper with a pencil. The Forensic Guy scans the blueprint.

FORENSIC GUY

It's the building. Guard patterns
and security cameras are marked.

RORY

He was living in here?

Jameson opens a jug and makes a face.

JAMESON

Yeah.

RORY

He came in with the statue?

Tobin comes down the ladder holding the cord and hook.

TOBIN

Somebody probably lowered him from
the balcony. Maybe last night. He
would need to hook this on the way
down or he couldn't get out alone.

Tobin tosses the cord onto the sleeping bag.

TOBIN

All he had to do is wait for us to
sweep the building this morning and
climb out once the lobby was empty -
but he may have used the statue to
smuggle a weapon inside.

Looks.

Tobin picks up the paperback. The cheap cover is an outline of Africa with a country area in the South darkened. Inside are incomprehensible text blocks beside numbers. Inside the back cover is a HANDWRITTEN PARAGRAPH.

TOBIN

Is this Ku?

FORENSIC GUY

No idea.

JAMESON

Sorry.

The question leaves them in silence.

Tobin looks to the wall clock: 10:49.

TOBIN

(to Rory)

Do we have enough to cancel the session and clear the building?

RORY

No. We need clear evidence of an imminent attack. This could be just another protestor.

CLOSE on Tobin, self-hating, reluctant.

He looks to the open entrance door. Light from outside spills into the Lobby.

The clock goes to 10:50.

They all watch Tobin: they know what he's thinking.

He breathes deep. The last thing in the world Tobin Keller wants to do is to say into his sleeve mic...

TOBIN

Doug, we need Silvia.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A news helicopter hovers right outside the window.

Doug stands in front of it, waiting. Silvia is pacing. Deciding. She stops. She gives him a reluctant nod.

DOUG

(into his sleeve)

We're on our way.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDIA STAND-UP AREA (NORTH GATE) - DAY

A C-SPAN Journalist interviews an AMERICAN DIPLOMAT as Silvia and Doug pass in the background.

AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

The UN has often been visited by leaders with whom America was in conflict: Castro, Arafat...

EXT. NORTH GATE PATIO

Against a backdrop of protesters, Silvia and Doug walk across the empty patio. Silvia clutches her purse as if she wants to hide behind it.

Tobin waits by the famous Reutersward sculpture of a gun with a twisted barrel.

TOBIN

Thank you.

She's too angry to respond. Tobin leads them into the...

INT. SECURITY TENT (NORTH GATE) - CONTINUOUS

Weirdly empty. The metal detectors are now gone, though the cables for them are still present everywhere.

Tobin, Silvia and Doug pass the UN Cop at the Entrance.

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY

A small ecumenical cluster of police watch as Silvia enters with Tobin and Doug and walks to the statue. Tobin nods and the Forensic Guy hands her the paperback.

Silence. She examines it for a few jittery seconds.

SILVIA

It's Kuman-Kuman's autobiography.

She turns to the handwritten paragraph in the back. She reads it flatly, as if it were another dry UN document.

SILVIA

"You cannot understand if you have not seen bodies that were once neighbors, teachers, friends. You cannot understand if you have not watched soldiers throw dice for your wife. You cannot understand if you have not felt a child's warm blood flow through your fingers."

She quickly hands the book back, fighting any emotion.

A beat. The men all look from Silvia to Tobin.

TOBIN

Could you recognize the accent of a native Ku speaker? Even if he were speaking English?

She glares at him for a few hard seconds. Dot interrupts via an Officer's radio...

DOT (O.S.)

Five minutes.

The radio echoes through the Lobby, leaving an odd silence in its wake.

TOBIN

We still need your help, Silvia.

SILVIA

Tobin...

TOBIN

I can protect you.
(the magic words)
Don't get cynical on me.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The Delegates and Press are all in their places.

Most Delegates are in suits, many wear national dress. Some read newspapers. A Muslim Man is on his cell phone. An East Asian Journalist is getting a quick nap. Most talk.

A cacophony of languages rises up toward the...

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Silvia has earphones on. Doug stands behind her. Tobin looks down into the Hall. An Audio Technician manipulates the desk mikes for them.

SILVIA'S POV: Two of the Five Matobean Delegates chat.

Silvia takes the headphones off and shakes her head.

SILVIA

They're speaking Matobean.

TOBIN

Keep trying.

Tobin checks his watch, then leans down to her.

TOBIN

Listen, Doug will stay with you. If anything happens, use the Greenroom stairs. Get down there. Just go. Do not ask. Do not wait. Just run.

SILVIA

The Greenroom door is always locked.

TOBIN

It won't be. Believe me, you're you're thirty feet from absolute safety.

She gives him a vulnerable smile. He returns it with one full of confidence.

TOBIN

We'll find this guy.

EXT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

Tobin comes out into the empty hall, his surety disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELEGATES' ENTRANCE - DAY

Pettigrew and Tobin wait at the door. Chief Wu comes up as the Zuwanie Caravan pulls into the Plaza.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV: The caravan stops at the entrance. Zuwanie is escorted from his limo by Dot and her Four Agents.

INT. TUDOR CITY ROOF - DAY

The NYPD Sharp-Shooter Team Leader watches Zuwanie's arrival. A row of his men scope the surrounding buildings.

Protesters yell below. Helicopters hover above.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Empty. Oddly quiet.

The Secret Service forms a cross around their protectee. They move him around the entry check point. Tobin, Pettigrew and Chief Wu bring up the rear. As Zuwanie's Aids try to follow, they are herded by UN Police toward the metal detectors.

Dot leads the team working the man. They go to the escalator.

DOT
Keep it tight!
(to Zuwanie)
We're taking the stairs, Sir.

They quickly move him up the stairs beside the escalator.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN GA AND CONFERENCE BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

Tobin passes them and comes into the Hallway first.

TOBIN
Clear!

Dot's team brings Zuwanie up. They head left into the...

INT. FOYER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS

Cleared. Just a few UN Officers at the ends. The detail escorts Zuwanie past doors onto the GA and into the...

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING) - CONTINUOUS

UN Officers stand guard at the two doors out to the podium. A solicitous ASSEMBLY ORGANIZER waits at the reception desk.

Chief Wu enters with Pettigrew and Tobin.

UN OFFICER IN GREENROOM
We're secure.

Dot's team enters. The Agents leave Zuwanie standing in the middle of the room and cover their assigned doors. The Organizer comes over to him; he looks like a lost child.

ASSEMBLY ORGANIZER
Your staff will be out front.

She points to a small carpeted ante-room with two arm chairs.

ASSEMBLY ORGANIZER
Would you care to wait in the
Secretary General's private lounge?

He looks at it, unsure. He nods. He goes inside. She closes the door. Everyone stands down.

DOT

We take him to the podium in five.

Tobin unlocks the door to the stairs leading to the booths. A UN COP POSTED AT THE DOOR says...

UN COP AT THE DOOR

This door has to stay locked, Sir.

TOBIN

Not today.

UN COP AT THE DOOR

Sorry, Sir...

TOBIN

Not today!

A stand-off. Stares. The Cop finally steps aside. Tobin bounds out and up the stairs.

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

We hear various simultaneous translations. Tobin comes up the stairs from the Greenroom and goes into the...

INT. ENGLISH BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Silvia and Doug stand as Tobin enters. The Assembly President is beginning his introductory remarks below.

DOUG

No Ku speakers. But they kicked us out before we heard the last two Matobo delegates. Or the red shirt with Zimbabwe.

TOBIN'S POV: Two Matobeans from Zuwanie's party whisper at the Matobo desk. At the Zimbabwe desk, a Delegate in a Red Shirt nervously taps a pencil.

Tobin studies the room. He suddenly sees...

TOBIN'S POV: The one-armed Soccer Fan from the CIA sits in the last row of the press box.

Tobin weighs the fact a moment, then tells Doug...

TOBIN

See the guy at the left end of the press box? The last row?

DOUG

Yeah.

TOBIN

Go take a position behind him.

Doug exits. Tobin considers the crowd.

TOBIN

Okay, which one of you is a killer?

Perfunctory applause below.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Dot and the Four Agents escort Zuwanie out of the Greenroom.

INT. ENGLISH BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Tobin and Silvia scan the room. Silvia's eye catches...

SILVIA'S POV: On the other side of the hall, the West African sits at the last chair under the giant Miro mural.

Silvia points...

SILVIA

Against the wall. Under the Miro.

TOBIN

You recognize him?

SILVIA

Maybe. I'm not sure.

They concentrate on the man's face.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Zuwanie goes to the podium flanked by UN Officers. Pettigrew stands by the stage-right door. Dot stands at the stage-left door. The other Agents assume wider positions.

SILVIA (O.S)

But there's one way to find out.

INT. ENGLISH BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Tobin and Silvia eye the West African.

She announces into the system...

SILVIA
Lisalekuhle ungulube yeganga!

The West African jumps up and looks directly up at them.

TOBIN
That's him!

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

WEST AFRICAN'S POV: Silvia and Tobin look down on him. Then Tobin exits the booth.

Zuwanie puts on his reading glasses.

The West African moves toward the dais.

INT. STAIRS TO THE GREEN ROOM (GA BUILDING)

Tobin leaps down the stairs.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The West African hurries down the aisle. Zuwanie begins...

ZUWANIE
Honored Delegates, Mr. Secretary-
General, Mr. President...

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Tobin barrels through as the Assembly Organizer stands.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The West African reaches inside his jacket as he passes the press box.

SLOW MOTION...

CLOSE on the Greenroom Door behind Dot. Tobin blasts out of it. Dot jumps.

Tobin and the West African's eyes meet; they both draw guns.

TOBIN
Gun!

The Secret Service Agents leap into action. Dot covers the Secretary General. Agent One grabs Zuwanie.

Tobin rounds the executive table with his weapon drawn.

The West African assumes a firing stance, but he's aiming at Tobin, leaping from the podium to the assembly floor.

A press photographer stands and starts flashing off pictures.

Agent One and Agent Two push Zuwanie into the Greenroom.

Dot, Agent Three and Agent Four cover them.

Tobin rolls into firing position.

The West African's gun follows.

Delegates dive under tables.

The men face each other...

STAND-OFF.

Doug's gun appears at the base of the West African's skull.

REAL TIME...

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

The Secret Service Agents BURST INTO THE ROOM.

Agent One gets Zuwanie to the ground and covers him. Dot runs to the door to the booth access stairs. Agent Four slams the stage-door shut and throws his weight against it.

AGENT FOUR

Secure!

Agent Two does the same with the stage-left door.

AGENT TWO

Secure!

Agent Three jumps over Zuwanie to close the Foyer door.

AGENT THREE

Secure!

Dot slams the door to the stairs.

DOT

Secure!

One long tense beat.

They wait, breathing heavily, weapons drawn, ready.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Stillness.

The West African is surrounded by the drawn steel of Tobin, Doug and three UN Officers. The Press and Delegates are all frozen in anticipation.

The West African looks from Tobin up to something across the Hall. Tobin notices but doesn't turn, says to Doug...

TOBIN

Take the weapon.

Doug hesitates. Tobin could get shot.

TOBIN

Take it.

Doug grabs the West African's gun. Tobin spins to the booths.

TOBIN'S POV: Silvia looks down on him. Through the open door of a booth about six booths down, he can see NILS LUD MAKING HIS WAY TO HER IN THE ACCESS HALLWAY.

Tobin points. Starts running. Barks into his sleeve...

TOBIN

Coming in!

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

Silvia comes out of her booth. She freezes. Nils Lud is ten feet down the hallway. He freezes, too.

Their eyes lock and hold. Neither moves. One, two, three...

They both start running.

Silvia goes for the top of Greenroom stairs. Lud lunges for her, misses. She bounces down the stairs. He follows - he's steps behind.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Agent Two opens the door for Tobin.

Dot the Agents still cover their doors. Zuwanie is still on the floor. The Assembly Organizer still stands at her desk.

Tobin goes to the door onto the...

INT. STAIRS TO THE GREEN ROOM

Tobin stands in the usually-closed doorway with the team behind him.

Hearing footsteps, he aims at the bend of the stairs...

Silvia turns the corner. He waves her past. Silvia collapses into the Greenroom. Tobin waits. Lud never turns the corner.

TOBIN

(calling back to Dot)

Put them in the Lounge and secure this door.

The door slams behind him. Tobin slowly goes up the stairs. He spins into the corner.

TOBIN'S POV: the upper flight is empty all the way to the...

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

Tobin leaps up the stairs. He checks the English booth. It's empty. He looks into the French booth. A scream at his gun.

He's cautiously moving to the Spanish booth when Chief Wu and Six UN Officers come running up the stairs to the Hall.

CHIEF WU

God-damn it, Keller. What the hell is going on?

TOBIN

We identified the gunman.

CHIEF WU

You identified Zuwanie's bodyguard.

Tobin turns to Chief Wu, stunned, dazed.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING) - DAY

The air is tense with confusion.

The West African stands cuffed in front of Chief Wu, Rory, Jameson and Pettigrew. The other Agents are posted at their respective doors; Agent Two is now in front of the Lounge.

Tobin and Dot stand near the door to the stairs. Tobin is trying to make sense of what has just happened.

Everyone else listens as Chief Wu protests to Pettigrew...

CHIEF WU

He came in after the detail! You
want I should take him around for a
meet-and-greet?!

Chief Wu calms himself and turns to the West African.

CHIEF WU

Why'd you rush the podium?

WEST AFRICAN

I was told to watch interpreter. I
hear her say, "You cannot stop us."
(points to Tobin)
Then I see him run.

CLOSE on Tobin. The statement opens a neuropath. He starts
chasing a very scary thought.

DOT (O.S.)

Bet this one isn't in their book.

TOBIN

Where's Silvia?

DOT

In the lounge with Zuwanie.

Tobin breathes deep...this time he does not exhale. Tobin
finds the scary thought. His head spins.

ZOOM on the shut door to the Lounge.

SLOW MOTION on Tobin as he starts to run for it.

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GENERAL ASSEMBLY) - NIGHT

Silvia the night she overheard two men talking below. Only,
the headphones are silent. She looks from the control board
to her reflection in the glass. She mutters to herself...

SILVIA

Edmond Zuwanie will die in this
room.

FLASH FRAME:

SLOW MOTION on Tobin as he runs the Greenroom.

FLASH FRAME:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - NIGHT

Silvia stands on the balcony. She drops the bag and hooked rope into the sculpture. The procedure takes three seconds, the bags' soft contents muffle its fall.

FLASH FRAME:

SLOW MOTION on Tobin sprinting past a stunned Chief Wu.

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SILVIA'S CAR

The traffic camera flash recedes behind a Driver wearing a ski mask and sunglasses. The Driver removes them. Silvia.

FLASH FRAME:

SLOW MOTION on Tobin five feet from the Greenroom.

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY

An envelope addressed to "Nils Lud/Matobo Mission". Hands put the PROTEST PHOTO inside. Silvia licks the envelope.

FLASH FRAME:

SLOW MOTION on Tobin reaching for the Lounge door.

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SECURITY TENT (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Tobin leads Doug and Silvia through the tent, now free of UN Cops and metal detectors. She clutches her purse tight.

FLASH FRAME:

SLOW MOTION on Tobin's hand grabbing the doorknob.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

The door flies open.

Silvia stands over Zuwanie with a gun at his head. She holds a syringe. He is on the floor and fighting a wave of nausea.

Silvia breathes a cool and confident...

SILVIA

Come in and close the door.

Tobin doesn't move. The doorway is soon full: Dot, Pettigrew, Chief Wu. Silvia taps the barrel into Zuwanie's skull.

TOBIN

Okay. Okay.

SILVIA

Leave your gun outside.

He takes out his weapon and hands it to Dot. Tobin comes inside and closes the door.

SILVIA

Back against it.

He does so. He starts to say something and she holds out her hand. Zuwanie does not look well.

A beat.

Zuwanie begins to violently vomit.

TOBIN

What have you done?

SILVIA

(simple facts)

Poisoned him. Given how much he's vomiting, I think he has about 20 minutes. It's enough.

TOBIN

For what?

SILVIA

To read a statement.

She puts a document on the floor beside Zuwanie.

SILVIA

If he reads it all without missing a word, I'll give him the antidote. It's in the building. It's close.

Zuwanie is spitting bile.

TOBIN

He can't...He won't do it.

SILVIA

He will if you tell him to.

Tobin is stunned, incredulous.

TOBIN

Why would I?

SILVIA

It's your job to protect him.

She lets him consider the fact for a few seconds.

SILVIA

You know me. It may not feel like it right now, but you do. You know my hate. You know how easy it would be for me to squeeze this trigger. You know that if you hadn't put us in here together, I would have shot him by now. But you also know my hope. You know that all I really want is to walk out of here into a safer world. Cynicism or naiveté. I'm behind a gun so I guess I've made my choice.

She cocks the gun.

SILVIA

Now it's your turn.

Aims.

SILVIA

This is your Drowning Man.

A beat. Tobin watches her. As she holds her palm out to limit splash back, he makes a decision.

TOBIN

(to Zuwanie)

Read it.

Silvia looks like she actually intends to fire.

TOBIN

Read it or you'll die.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Whispers. The whirl of camera motor-drives. Zuwanie slowly moves to the podium aided by Dot and the other Agents.

Zuwanie puts on his reading glasses; he's weak, his hands shake, his breathing is labored. A hush over the Hall. He begins to read...

ZUWANIE

Sally Nkube. William Bhundu. Tute
Zukata. Chi Zukata. Carla Chiweshe.
Leonard Smith. Ephat Balooaba.

Confusion at the Delegates' tables. Even the Matobeans can't hide their surprise.

ZUWANIE

Alexander Mungoshi. Busi Zhata.

The American Ambassador turns back to her Advisors.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

This isn't a human rights program.

They shrug.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Find out what the hell he's doing.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Chief Wu and Pettigrew closely watch the Lounge door.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

Tobin hasn't moved from the door.

Gun in her lap, Silvia sits in the Secretary General's arm chair. Two tiny speakers in the head rest play the Assembly simulcast of Zuwanie (which we hear under throughout).

ZUWANIE'S (O.S.)

Charles Kufumo. Ruth Kufumo.

SILVIA

He's reading names of the dead.

She smiles a sad smile.

SILVIA

Martin was compiling a list. He'd e-mail it to me. Just names and a few words about how each died.

(her interpreter's voice)

"Ruth Vera. Found hanging in a bus station parking lot. Charles Toku. Shot after being forced to set one of his children on fire. Tsitsi Bhundu. Missing, presumed dead."

(a beat)

He said he wanted me to have a back-up in case his computer was stolen. We both knew that wasn't the real reason. We had a deal. I wouldn't bitch if he'd call every Sunday night at six. And he did. No matter where he was, no matter what he was doing, Martin always called.

(a beat)

I learned the Security Council was to debate prosecuting Zuwanie on a Friday. I was so excited to tell him I stayed in all day Sunday. I waited. And waited. And waited.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

ZUWANIE

Robert Chenjerai. Reverend Hove Vambe. Benita Matkudzi.

The Yuppie Advisor leans down to the American Ambassador.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

These are all people he's murdered.

The American Ambassador's jaw literally drops.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

Silvia and Tobin as before.

TOBIN

When did you know for sure he was dead?

SILVIA

Siblings who have lost parents are obsessed about each other's safety. I knew at midnight. But part of me still can't admit it, or couldn't, not until you turned out the light.

A beat.

ZUWANIE (O.S.)
Robert Chenjerai. Reverend Hove
Vambe. Benita Matkudzi.

She holds up a finger, listening as if to a crescendo.

ZUWANIE'S (O.S.)
Edgar Sekru. Edgar Muzorewa.

Zuwanie hesitates.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Zuwanie has broken the rhythm. Everyone waits silently.

ZUWANIE
Kuman-Kuman.

Murmurs.

ZUWANIE
Samuel Samkunge. Canaan Tekere.

The American Ambassador looks over to the French Ambassador.
He raises his eyebrows.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

Silvia stands.

Tobin watches her collect her vial and come to the door. She
stands close and hands him the gun.

TOBIN
Why me?

SILVIA
I knew you would save me. And you
did. Me. Zuwanie. Half-a-million
Africans you'll never meet. Exactly
one year from today, I'll be
listening to them sing about you in
Kungala. You're a great man, Tobin
Keller. You just don't know it yet.

INT. GREENROOM (GA)

The place is a mess. Zuwanie can be heard in the Hall. UN
Officers now stand at all the doors. Chief Wu, Rory, Jameson,
Pettigrew, Doug cluster around the reception desk.

The Lounge door opens. The room goes silent. Silvia emerges slowly, followed by Tobin. The men all stand, stare.

Chief Wu steps forward as she approaches.

SILVIA

I will call Agent Keller with the
antidote five minutes after I've
cleared UN territory. I will not
call if I am followed or stopped.

The men all exchange a look. Pettigrew says into his sleeve.

PETTIGREW

How's Zuwanie?

Dot's voice comes back from a radio on the desk...

DOT

Hasn't keeled yet.

Everyone looks to Chief Wu. He looks to Tobin, who indicates it's okay. Chief Wu nods reluctant acquiescence.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

The door from the Greenroom opens and Silvia emerges from a room full of men: each one silently watches her exit. Tobin also looks at her.

TOBIN'S POV through the doorway. Silvia gives him a sad smile and moves out of frame.

She walks slowly through the Foyer. Two UN Cops stand at the doors into the GA. She can hear Zuwanie...

ZUWANIE (O.S.)

Tione Hadebe. Tarek Dezembe.

She turns onto the...

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - CONTINUOUS

Empty. The Lobby's institutional grandeur dwarfs Silvia as she comes down the escalator.

Zuwanie plays over the Lobby's speakers.

ZUWANIE (O.S.)

John Nkumo. Yvonne Nkumo. Pios
Nkumo.

Silvia looks straight ahead.

She does not see Jon, playing hooky from the CIA, standing against a far wall. She does not see him watching her. She does not see his knowing smile.

Silva walks past Two UN Cops at the security checkpoint. The protest roar outside becomes audible.

As she's at the glass doors, Silvia stops, listens. She can still hear Zuwanie's raspy voice...

ZUWANIE (O.S.)

Ian Sibanda. Ester Chindoya. Steven
Gwanda.

She closes her eyes.

ZUWANIE (O.S.)

Martin Broome.

And breathes in the words of closure.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUDOR CITY ROOF - DAY

The Sharp-Shooter Team Leader looks down on an empty Plaza.

Silvia emerges. A small dot against the monumental concrete of the United Nations. We watch her walk through the Plaza.

The roar of protest grows louder as the small dot disappears into a sea of human rights Protesters.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A BRITISH MALE VOICE

The Security Council...

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Crowded. Agents. Cops. UN Executives. They wait in silence. All eyes go to Tobin as his cell phone rings.

TOBIN

Hello.

He listens a few seconds as we hear...

A BRITISH MALE VOICE
Reaffirming that all nations are
 bound to comply with international
 humanitarian law and in particular
 the Geneva Conventions of 12 August
 1949.

Tobin disconnects.

TOBIN
 She said, "Words. The antidote is
 words."

Looks. No one even breathes.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The American Ambassador and her Three Advisors walk down the
 Hallway with aggravated purpose.

A BRITISH MALE VOICE
Insisting all persons who order
 grave breaches of the Convention be
 held individually responsible.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Forensic Guy looks down the UN Plaza.

A BRITISH MALE VOICE
Expressing grave alarm at the
 continued violations occurring
 within the territory of Matobo.

FORENSIC GUY
 How did she call herself? From her
 own apartment?

We see he's talking to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

The session is packed.

The Council President - the British Ambassador - reads a one-
 page document (it is this document we've been hearing).

COUNCIL PRESIDENT
The Security Council, acting under
Chapter Seven of the Charter of
United Nations...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The heavy wooden doors to the Security Council are closed.
The Hallway is absolutely empty.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)
1. Decides to refer Edmond Zuwanie
to the International Criminal Court
for immediate prosecution.

Suits suddenly spill out of the Council chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Tobin hurries through squalid chaos.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)
2. Decides that all states shall
comply with any and all requests
for assistance issued by the
Prosecutor...

Tobin throws back a privacy curtain.

Zuwanie peers up from his bed. He looks old and tired and
very scared. Aides stand nervously around him.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)
...including the arrest and
detention of Mr. Zuwanie...

They wait for Tobin to tell them poison news, instead he
cuffs Zuwanie's wrist to the bed post.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL BATHROOM

Nils Lud has his head under the shower. He hears something,
turns the water off.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)
...or others deemed necessary to
his prosecution.

Lud rips the curtain back. Dot has her gun pointing at him, inches away. She's backed by Doug and a handful of Agents.

DOT

You're already packed. Thoughtful.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL

An airliner takes off right behind it. Dot, Doug and the other Agents lead Lud out of his room.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The Council President finishes reading the draft resolution.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

3. Requests the Secretary General begin immediate action to empower this end. 4. Decides to remain actively seized of this matter.

He sets the document aside. We hear the paper rustle in the tense stillness of the Hall.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

I shall now put to a vote the draft resolution contained in document SC-1602-2003.

He lowers his glasses. Thirteen Representatives all raise their hands. Then the Americans. Then the Chinese.

The Council President raises his own hand while writing.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

The result of the voting is 15 votes in favor, none against. The draft resolution is adopted as Security Council Resolution 1602.

Applause. The Representatives shake hands. From across the table, the French Ambassador holds his hands up and grandly shrugs for the American Ambassador. Playfully, she gives him a warning finger. She then whispers to her Yuppie Advisor...

AMERICAN ABASSADOR

Is there anywhere the French won't flirt?

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The curtain is closed. Zuwanie still lies in bed. The Aides are now worried quiet.

Tobin sits in a corner and asks no one in particular...

TOBIN

Where is Kungala?

ZUWANIE'S AIDE

The South. A very small village.

Tobin considers the implications. Puzzled. Fascinated.

The curtain flies open. An OFFICIOUS FEMALE PHYSICIAN holds a lab report and announces...

PHYSICIAN

Ipecac. A common emetic.

Zuwanie and his Aides give her blank looks.

PHYSICIAN

It only makes you vomit.

CLOSE on Tobin. He slowly begins to smile. He's not listening anymore, but we hear...

PHYSICIAN (O.S.)

You were never in danger, Mr. Zuwanie.

And we hold on Tobin's grin as we...

CUT TO:

BLACK.

CREDITS.

For Silvia Haslinger. And for her brother, Martin.

APPENDIX ONE/Silvia's Report

SILVIA'S VOICE

An African man was speaking French, diplomat French. He was saying someone had to get out of Africa. The other man didn't talk, but he had this tic. A dry cough. Like something was stuck his throat. After a few seconds, I turned on the light. It's one of those old fluorescent's that takes awhile. That's when I heard it. "Don't worry," the African said, "Edmond Zuwanie will die in this room." It was that clear. Then the light came on. And I realized: I can't see them, but they can see me. They stopped talking. Then I turned off the light.

APPENDIX TWO/Extras in the Tobin-Following-Silvia Sequence
and the Hitchcock Cameos They Represent.

Woman and a Man Carrying a Folded Paper - Rope
 Scandinavian Girl in a Cowboy Hat - Psycho
 Hotel Porter and Elegant Guest - Marnie
 Before/After Poster of Diet Product - Lifeboat
 Man Playing a Piano and Partner Winding a Clock - Rear Window
 Asian Kid with Cello - Strangers on a Train/The Paradine Case
 Two Guidos at the Newsstand - Saboteur
 Persian Man Reading a Newspaper - Foreign Correspondent
 Wasp Secretary Holding Mail - Suspicion
 Man Sitting on Bus - To Catch a Thief
 Large Woman Who Misses Bus - North By Northwest
 Japanese Suit Gulping Coffee - Notorious
 Unseen Man Playing Cards - Shadow of a Doubt
 Dog Walker with Two Terriers - The Birds
 Rich Old Man at Art Stand - The Trouble with Harry
 Photo of 20's Era College Group - Dial M for Murder
 Orthodox Teenager with Horn Case - Vertigo
 Orthodox Teenager with Violin Case - Spellbound
 Homeless Man Who Gets Out of Wheelchair - Topaz
 Librarian Watching Street Performer - Man Who Knew Too Much
 Street Performer in Maid's Costume - Stage Fright
 Grandfather With Toddler - Torn Curtain
 Skinny Man Suddenly at Top of Stairs - I Confess
 Library Guards Talking in Silhouette - Family Plot
 Russian Tourist in a Blue Coat - Under Capricorn
 Black Man in Bowler Who Doesn't Applaud - Frenzy
 People Walking Past - Mr. & Mrs. Smith/Rebecca

APPENDIX THREE/Security Council Resolution 1602

The Security Council,

Reaffirming that all nations are bound to comply with international humanitarian law and in particular the Geneva Conventions of 12 August 1949,

Insisting all persons who order grave breaches of the Convention be held individually responsible.

Expressing grave alarm at the continued violations occurring within the territory of Matobo.

The Security Council,

Acting under Chapter Seven of the Charter of United Nations,

1. Decides to refer Edmond Zuwanie to the International Criminal Court for immediate prosecution,
2. Decides that all states shall comply with the any and all requests for assistance issued by the Prosecutor, including the arrest and detention of Mr. Zuwanie or others deemed necessary to his prosecution,
3. Requests the Secretary General begin immediate action to empower this end,
4. Decides to remain actively seized of this matter.