

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) writes in a notebook. In the backseat, we see a camera and numerous books.

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 his notebook 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 camera and 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.

Wordlessly, they check faces. The White Colleague takes pictures. Most of the dead are villagers, but beneath a suit coat, the Bookish Man finds a handsome young man wearing a white shirt and tie.

BOOKISH MAN

Mother of God...

YOUNG WHITE COLLEAGUE

What?!

BOOKISH MAN  
It's Kuman-Kuman.

The two men share a look of disbelief. The White Colleague takes a picture.

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 White Colleague throws the camera in his backpack as he runs, struggles to get the pistol out.

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. Boy One grabs his backpack. And they run, 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 backpack to a MATOBEAN DRIVER - he pays the kids with four old American comic books.

Delighted, the Boys run off, chanting...

BOY ONE & BOY TWO  
Archa! Archa! Archa!

Beneath the chant, we hear a cacophony of languages: Chinese, Arabic, Russian, Spanish, French, English. (A bed of the six official languages of the United Nations.) The Boys disappear into whirling sand as the cacophony grows louder.

FADE TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

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 over a row of media booths, to a window onto the Chinese Interpreters's booth. We move down the row of booths for Arabic, Russian, Spanish and French. (Chinese and Arabic have two Interpreters working; Russian, Spanish and French have only one. In all booths, an extra Interpreter waits in the background.)

We move onto the English Booth. SILVIA BROOME (30) works at the mic as a Colleague reads a magazine behind her. Silvia's bookish yet worldly, the sort of woman who has been fantasy fodder in many a library cubicle.

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY TENT (NORTH GATE)

A UN COP closely watches Tourists coming through one of four metal detectors. Something isn't right. He stops the flow and holds his watch into the machine. It doesn't beep.

His expression tells us the day is about to get complicated.

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL

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.

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

MALE INTERPRETER (O.S.)

With Kuman-Kuman in hiding, Edmond  
Zuwanie has few domestic obstacles  
to his program of ethnic cleansing.

The patrician AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (61) checks her watch and nods to a YUPPIE ADVISOR (33) sitting behind her. He stands.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CONFERENCE AND GA BUILDINGS

A wide glass-enclosed hallway. The SECRETARIAT RISES outside.

UN Police Chief, LEE WU (54), leads a handful of uniformed UN Cops. Though he looks a bit like a Hong Kong watch salesman, Wu's accent and attitude are lower-middle-class Brooklyn. He is briefed by Irish Assistant Chief, RORY ROBB (37).

CHIEF WU

Who's inside?

RORY

The Peruvian Prime Minister began addressing the GA ten minutes ago. The Security Council just ended an emergency session on Matobo.

CHIEF WU

How's our coverage on the Prime Minister?

RORY

He came in with one Secret Service agent and one of his own men. We have four men on him, six uniforms in the Hall and six on the doors.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Through the glass onto the English booth: while Silvia works at the mic, the Yuppie Advisor enters behind her.

We move down to Prime Minister speaking on the dais. At the marble table above the podium, a UN Cop whispers to a BURLY RUSSIAN (53) in the President's chair. Irritated, he stands.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Chief Wu and Rory wait in the center of the room.

It has a large reception desk and two small anterooms, which are lounges for the Secretary-General and GA President.

There are four exit doors: two out to the GA rostrum, one to the Foyer and another to stairs that lead up to the booths. A UN Cop is posted at each exit.

The GA President enters from the Hall. His demeanor suggests this is a routine he's been through too often before.

CHIEF WU

Our perimeter has been compromised.

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

Silvia and the Yuppie Advisor come out of the English booth.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

This is an off-record informal.

He moves left toward a staircase but she goes right. She points to a small RED LIGHT at the top of the stairs.

SILVIA

Interpreters aren't allowed in the Greenroom during a security alert.

Silvia has a light South African accent, though it's not discernible while she's interpreting.

The Yuppie Advisor joins her. They walk past the doors open onto other booths; we hear various Interpreters working.

YUPPIE ADVISOR

(re: the informal)

It's with the Matoboans, so I've been asked to remind you of your professional oath of silence. Which we realize is offensive. So I've also been asked to apologize.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Silvia and the Yuppie Advisor come out of a guarded opening at the back. They move toward the front along the left wall, beneath booths for technicians and transcribers.

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

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

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY FOYER

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

THAI WOMEN

Sawaddee.

Two UN Cops hurry around them. The Advisor checks his watch.



## INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN GA AND CONFERENCE BUILDINGS

Silvia and the Advisor move through a BUSTLE of International Types: a Samoan who wears a skirt with dress shoes and tie, a few Arabs, a RUMPLED AUSTRIAN hurrying past, tying his tie.

SILVIA  
Faulpeltz.

RUMPLED AUSTRIAN  
Beißgörn.

The Advisor checks his watch again.

SILVIA  
What exactly is going on?

YUPPIE ADVISOR  
Pardon?

SILVIA  
You seem nervous.  
(smiling at someone)  
What sort of unilateralist cabal am  
I walking into here?

They pass UN Cops escorting a Korean Tour Group to the exit.

## INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY

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 MDTOWN.

Diplomats scuttle importantly around Silvia and the Advisor. They come to break in the crowd and he lowers his voice...

YUPPIE ADVISOR  
The French want Zuwanie tried at  
the International Criminal Court.

SILVIA  
Matobo is not a Rome signatory.

YUPPIE ADVISOR  
They're moving a resolution to have  
the Council refer him.

This is big news.

They pass press conference area and arrive at two massive wooden doors with Four Guards. He enters. She looks up to letters on the wall: "Security Council/Conseil De Securite."

Silvia takes a deep breath, and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Applause. The speech is over. A Samoan wearing a tie with his skirt is barred from exiting into the Foyer by three UN Cops.

UN COP

We're on a security alert. It'll  
just be few minutes.

He points to the back of the Hall.

UN COP

Or you can use the public lobby.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

It's now empty. Four Americans wait near the table. Silvia stands behind and to the right of the American Ambassador.

The MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR (55) enters with two underlings and an aura of haughty indifference. The American Ambassador wait until he's close enough to speak in hushed if angry tones.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

I do not want to choose between an  
illegitimate court and a murderous  
dictator.

SILVIA

Mombe doro chingwa bhat huku mazai  
bhat michero sadza.

MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR

Gudo nyati imbwa nzou.

SILVIA

Then you'll have to abstain.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Don't think we won't.

SILVIA

Piri tatu ina shanu.

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

MATOBAN AMBASSADOR  
And finally admit your arrogance is  
making you impotent?

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATE'S LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Empty except for UN Cops. One says into his walkie-talkie...

UN COP IN LOBBY

Clear.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CONFERENCE AND GA BUILDINGS

Empty except for UN Cops. One says into his walkie-talkie...

UN COP IN HALLWAY

Clear.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY FOYER

Empty except for UN Cops. One says into his walkie-talkie...

UN COP IN FOYER

Clear.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Four Cops in Suits stand around the Peruvian Prime Minister.  
Two more guard the doors onto the GA.

CHIEF WU

Shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

The Diplomats and Silvia cluster as before.

MATOBAN AMBASSADOR  
What do you want, Ambassador?

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

MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR  
Perhaps you can tell him yourself.

Silence. Stares.

INT. DELEGATE'S LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

The Four Suits hurry the Prime Minister through the lobby.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The Diplomats and Silvia as before.

MATOBEAN AMBASSADOR  
President Zuwanie will exercise his right to speak before the General Assembly. Monday the 17th. Three hours before the vote to refer him. I'm told he will use the occasion to announce a program of democratic reforms. UN mandatory access notification will be sent this afternoon. Good-day.

The Matobean turns and walks. The Americans are dumbfounded.

EXT. DELEGATE'S LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

The Four Suits hurry the Prime Minister into a waiting limo.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The door closes behind the Africans. The Americans exchange an unhappy look. The Ambassador leads them toward the exit.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR  
Thank you, Ms. Broome.

EXT. DELEGATE'S LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Chief Wu and Rory watch as the Prime Minister's motorcade drives out the UN gates. Rory says into his walkie-talkie...

RORY  
Protectee is off territory.

Satisfied, Chief Wu turns back into his building.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia is left alone and extremely puzzled.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

A MONTAGE of a DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UN INTERPRETER.

Silvia jogs along the Hudson while repeating words from a language tape. She browses through five different newspapers on the subway. She interprets in the Security Council. Orders lunch in Japanese. Helps a Colleague in the GA. Practices the bassoon in the basement. Takes a meeting in the Delegate's Lounge. Goes on a Dinner Date with an Indian Diplomat.

The montage ends with...

EXT. UN PLAZA

Silvia goes through South Gate.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

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 them a moment, peers into the dark Hall below.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

From the dark comes low, urgent, incomprehensible French.

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Silvia flips the light switch and moves back to the board. The light's an old fluorescent tube that takes awhile. It flickers and hums.

The voice on the headphones has a southern African accent (these are the only lines in the movie with subtitles)...

HEADPHONE VOICE

Ne t'inquietes pas.

(subtitle)

Don't worry.

CLOSE on a headphone earpiece.

## HEADPHONE VOICE

Edmond Zuwanie va mourir dans cette  
chambre meme.

(subtitle)

Edmond Zuwanie will die in this  
room.

Silvia spins to the headphones.

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

She stares back at the headphones: they're now quiet. Whoever  
was speaking has seen her and stopped talking.

She quickly slaps the light switch off.

Dark. Silvia waits.

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (GA BUILDING)

Silvia comes out of her booth. Listens. A door can be heard  
opening down in the Greenroom.

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Dead. Dark. Empty. Not one single guard.

Silvia quickly comes down the walkway from the GA balcony.

The exit doors are chained shut. Her footsteps echo as she  
hurries across the floor toward the Conference Building.

INT. ELEVATOR (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Breathing heavily, Silvia gets in. She's on two. She punches  
the button for three. The elevator moves. DOWN. She hits the  
three button a few times in fear.

She rides and cringes as the doors open onto...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The elevator doors ding open, spilling light into the dark  
hallway and forcing Silvia back into a corner.

The doors hold open.

INT. ELEVATOR (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia waits, expecting any second for someone to turn the  
corner. No one does. Finally, the doors close.

INT. CONFERENCE BUILDING HALLWAY

Empty. Silvia gets off the elevator and hurries down the hallway toward the Secretariat.

As she moves past the various Councils, her pace increases. It's not long before she starts to RUN.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

The Hall is silent. We hold on the dark chamber until...

RORY'S VOICE

And you only heard the one man?

CUT TO:

INT. RORY'S OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - **FRIDAY MORNING**

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

Silvia sits pulling on a tissue and giving a report to Rory.

SILVIA

Yes.

Rory's Swedish Assistant runs a video camera.

SILVIA

Whoever he was talking to didn't say anything.

RORY

He only spoke French?

SILVIA

Diplomat French. The accent was African.

RORY

What makes you think they saw you?

SILVIA'S VOICE

He stopped talking when the light came on.

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 - DAY

Early. Empty. Two UN INVESTIGATORS sit at a desk in the very center of the Hall.

RORY (O.S.)  
(via walkie-talkie)  
Sit back as far as possible from  
the mic. Speak in a normal voice.

They lean back in their seats.

INT. SOUND BOOTH (GA BUILDING)

Chief Wu looks up at the light fixture. Rory is with him.

CHIEF WU  
Alright.

Rory 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 (O.S.)  
"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 situation, irritated.

He takes Rory's walkie-talkie...

CHIEF WU  
Can you see me?

UN INVESTIGATOR  
Negative.

He takes a step toward the mixing board.

UN INVESTIGATOR  
Now, we can.



Chief Wu is right beneath the light. He thinks for a moment.  
He turns to Rory...

CHIEF WU  
Alright, get the Secret Service.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE - DAY

A large bull pen. Multi-ethnic agents. In contrast to the UN, every thing here is high tech. The cube farm is surrounded by glass offices. Agent TOBIN KELLER (33) comes out of one.

Something in Tobin's manner suggests he's Midwesterner. His Assistant, SHARI (28), has the desk closest to his office.

He's arguing with a FEMALE LAWYER (30).

LAWYER  
He wants to kill the President.

TOBIN  
He wants attention. The question is  
how far he'll go to get it.

He's forgotten something. He turns back. Shari stands at her desk holding his gun by two fingers. He takes it.

LAWYER  
He made an actionable threat. And  
he made it twice.

TOBIN  
During a talent show at a corporate  
retreat. He was trying to rap. Bush  
rhymes with ambush.

LAWYER  
Because they're practically the  
same word.

TOBIN  
I said "trying". We can't go after  
the guy for being a honky.

They pass the desk of a Male Agent surrounded by huge clear plastic bags of cash.

INT. ELEVATOR IN FEDERAL BUILDING

Tobin and the Lawyer ride with a handful of people.

TOBIN

Okay. Perfect world. This case landed on somebody else's desk. You can in no way be held accountable for his future actions. Would you still like to see him prosecuted?

LAWYER

I am accountable.

An impasse. They ride in silence until...

TOBIN

Honky's a good word. Too bad people don't use it any more.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET

Tobin and Lawyer come out into a cold winter wind. They are headed in opposite directions.

LAWYER

Can I count on you, Keller?

He stops, takes a moment to think.

TOBIN

You know something, it's not my problem. Prosecute. I don't care.

(without malice)

Just tell what my expert opinion is before I have to give it in court.

CUT TO:

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.

DOT WOODS (38) stands in front of two other Agents. Dot's accent is from Georgia; her attitude, from Tommy Lee Jones.

The Secret Service Agents are 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 away, 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's cell phone rings; she smiles at the caller ID.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - DAY

Wind. Four Freezing Black Protesters struggle with a banner:  
DON'T LET ZUWANIE SPEAK!

Reverse to reveal the Protesters are in front of...

EXT. UN PLAZA

Busy. The row of international flags flap hard.

EXT. PATIO TO PUBLIC LOBBY (NORTH GATE)

Tobin and Dot move through a sea of UN Employees scurrying to lunch. UN Cops in thick jackets are everywhere.

DOT

How many people work here, again?

TOBIN

About half.

She smiles at him: it's old joke, a ritual. 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.

This is new.

DOT

I'm with the Foreign Dignitary  
Protective Service. My colleague's  
the UN liaison with Intel.

The Officer just nods. They hand their ID's over. 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)

This is international territory.

Once your escort arrives, I'll let  
you through. Until then, step back.

She doesn't move.

TOBIN

Dot.

Dot steps back, steamed. Tobin leans to her...

TOBIN

What do you say we turn up the  
estrogen?

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Buzz of various languages.

A massive SCULPTURE in the shape of Africa and covered with  
hand-drawn tiles is being installed. Groups of UN Employees  
comment on it. The original Sputnik and a copy of Foucault's  
Pendulum hang from the ceiling.

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

RORY

Sorry. Everybody needs an ID these  
day. These are good for seven days.

TOBIN

Zuwanie?

RORY

(nodding)

We're getting thirty threats a day. The Security Council is debating whether to bring charges against him at the International Criminal Court. He's coming to save himself. A lot of people would like to scare him off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF WU'S OFFICE (SECRETARIAT) - DAY

It's up on one of the upper floors with a striking view of Midtown: rolling clouds scrape past the tops of the Empire State and Chrysler buildings.

Chief Wu looks through papers on his chaotic desk. Rory stands behind him. Tobin and Dot sit across. The office is stuffed with files (each represents a threat).

CHIEF WU

Who's running your detail?

Dot raises her hand.

DOT

Zuwanie lands Monday at 8:45 a.m. Waits on the tarmac til we bring him to you. He'll be at your door at 10:58. State Department says no meet-and-greet and no shopping. The Mayor's already been on TV saying he's not blocking streets.

CHIEF WU

(to Rory)

Where's the interpreter's file?

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

TOBIN

Why do you want us to look into this?

CHIEF WU

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.

Rory gestures an apology.

TOBIN  
Is there a chance the UN will  
cancel the address?

CHIEF WU  
That's up to the GA President. He  
can cancel at any point he deems  
the threat level too high. That's  
the policy. Politically, he'd be  
hard put to cancel. 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.  
(re: the file search)  
I'm going nuts here, Rory.

Chief Wu throws his hands up. Rory continues looking.

TOBIN  
You could ask State to rescind his  
entry visa.

CHIEF WU  
No, I couldn't. I'm paid to protect  
Matobo's interests however Matobo  
sees fit to define them. And I am  
expressly forbidden from soliciting  
American aid to impede those  
interests.

RORY  
 (still looking)  
 There's a lot of sensitivity here  
 to host-country influence.  
 (standing)  
 Got it.

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

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

RORY  
 On the credenza.

Chief Wu's face tells us he's never heard of a credenza. He hands Tobin a folder marked "Silvia Broome".

CHIEF WU  
 Should also be a transcript of her  
 report in there.

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 an actual  
 assassination attempt? It's the  
 most secure room on the planet.

Tobin is scanning SILVIA'S FILE PICTURE.

TOBIN  
 You said you had veracity concerns?

CHIEF WU  
 Ms. Broome is Matobean.

Tobin looks up.

RORY

Three generations. But she has an American passport. Her father ran a rural hospital. He brought his wife to Boston for the daughter's birth.

DOT

Land of the free, home of the epidural.

RORY

Her parents were killed by a land mine in 1989. They were driving in the Mukawa Mountains, mountains Zuwanie had mined to limit rebel activity.

Tobin and Dot exchange a look. He hands Dot the file.

TOBIN

Okay. We'll talk to her. Have you informed Matobo's mission?

CHIEF WU

Zuwanie's security man has been in town for a week.

(a beat)

He's hired Nils Lud.

Tobin registers the name with surprise.

TOBIN

The mercenary?

Chief Wu nods.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

NILS LUD (52) passes the African sculpture. Lud looks like an rust-belt insurance salesman: practical coat, thick glasses, a very large briefcase. Unaccustomed to cold, he never takes off his gloves. The only thing that suggests a military man is his slight limp.

On the other side of the sculpture, a TOUR GUIDE is leading a School Group as Workmen sweep up around it.

TOUR GUIDE

The Public Lobby is also used for temporary exhibitions.

(MORE)



## TOUR GUIDE (cont'd)

This piece was given by the Republic of Matobo to commemorate their President's visit a week from today.

Against a wall behind the kids, Tobin and Dot stand beneath a "Smoking Discouraged" sign. Tobin touches Dot, indicates...

Descending the walkway down from the GA balcony, Silvia walks and talks with AUDREY (29). A French Interpreter with a thick Parisian accent and an impish manner.

SILVIA

Astiquer la baguette?

AUDREY

Oui.

SILVIA

There are people in France who actually refer to masturbation as "polishing the baguette"?

AUDREY

Of course. So? Our words for self-pleasing are cute, yours are violent. Jerk off. Whack off. Beat off. Give discipline to a monkey.

Silvia laughs. Audrey's performing.

AUDREY

You are very violent people.

They come to the end of the walkway.

Over by the wall, Tobin and Dot watch Silvia and Audrey cheek kiss good-bye. Silvia walks for the exit.

TOBIN

She's attractive.

DOT

Yeah, I hate her already.

EXT. PATIO TO PUBLIC LOBBY (NORTH GATE)

Silvia walks out into the cold wind. Tobin and Dot are right behind her.

DOT

Ms. Broome?

She stops. Dot and Tobin approach. Dot shows her badge and puts on a beauty-pageant smile.

DOT

Hi, there.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN ROSE GARDEN - DAY

The garden is adjacent to the East River. The Queensboro Bridge sits majestically in front of it. The Secretariat rises stoically behind it.

Tobin and Silvia sit on a bench. Dot stands out of earshot down the sidewalk, posted to insure privacy.

The transcript of her previous interview blows in his hand.

TOBIN

Tell me what you heard before the threat.

SILVIA

An African man speaking French. I can't remember what he was saying.

TOBIN

Only one man?

SILVIA

Yes.

TOBIN

But someone else had to be talking.

(off the transcript)

"Don't worry, Edmond Zuwanie will die in this room." He's responding to someone.

SILVIA

He was at one of the delegates' tables, a mic was open nearby; the other person may have been farther from the mic.

He watches her a few an uneasy moments.

TOBIN

What's diplomat French?

SILVIA

Diplomats learn French as protocol,  
their word choice can be unusual. A  
native speaker would've said hall,  
salle, not room, chambre.

TOBIN

But his accent was African?

She nods.

TOBIN

Matobean?

SILVIA

My instinct is to say Sub-Saharan  
African, yes, but that could be  
because it's familiar.

TOBIN

You didn't hesitate reporting him?

SILVIA

I thought about it. When the booth  
light came on, he stopped talking.  
I think he saw me.

Tobin makes a face calculated to show concern.

SILVIA

But I didn't see him.

TOBIN

He doesn't know that.

He lets her consider the implications for a few seconds as he  
scans the transcript. Finally, he closes her folder.

He smiles at her.

TOBIN

Is Zuwanie as bad everyone makes  
him out to be?

SILVIA

Are you fishing to find out how I  
feel about him?

TOBIN

Pretty much.

SILVIA

I'd like to see him trapped beneath  
twisted metal for six hours, forced  
to watch his wife bleed to death.

A beat.

TOBIN

And you weren't tempted to keep  
quiet, let him take his chances?

SILVIA

I'm not very good at being cynical.

TOBIN

What does that mean?

SILVIA

(re: the UN)

It means look around. Why do you  
think I'm sitting here? Somewhere  
there's a war. In a place you can't  
pronounce. For reasons you can't  
understand. Our job is to stop it.  
It's hard work. Complex. Boring.  
Bureaucratic. You have to believe  
in it. You have to believe rules  
matter. You have to believe words  
are enough to change things.

TOBIN

Words do change things, they tell  
us where to point the guns.

He may be kidding, but she doesn't smile. He watches her. He  
wants her to feel uncomfortable.

SILVIA

It's cold.

TOBIN

That's all for now.

She stands.

SILVIA

You don't believe much in politics,  
do you?

TOBIN

I've stood on too many podiums. If you ask me, somewhere on the road to power there's a great big neon sign. It says, "If you made it this far, you don't deserve to be here."

Again, she doesn't smile. She starts to leave.

TOBIN

One more question.

(he makes her wait)

Maybe you can't remember a second voice because there was never any one down there to begin with.

SILVIA

That's not a question.

TOBIN

Are you lying?

SILVIA

No.

Silvia holds his eyes for a moment - and then walks away. He Tobin watches her go.

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

Zuwanie's killed a fifty thousand ethnic Ku in six years. Opposition leader is this McGill-educated novelist named Kuman-Kuman; he's in hiding. No one's seen the guy in almost a month. Here...

Jon gestures to a cubicle. They look in on an AFRICAN SOCCER FAN watching a game on a small monitor. Jon grabs a book off the Fan's desk.

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.

TOBIN

Zuwanie?

He nods and hands Tobin the book.

JON

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

CLOSE on the book's cover: "The Casual Dead" by Edgar Sukru Kuman-Kuman.

TOBIN (O.S.)

Did you have anything on Silvia Broome?

JON (O.S.)

Nope.

Jon and Tobin continue walking.

TOBIN

Who would have a reason for hitting Zuwanie inside the UN?

JON

No one. He's got you, the UN Police and Nils Lud all protecting him. Doesn't make sense.

(MORE)

JON (cont'd)

Especially since his domestic security force is mostly corrupt relatives; you could take him out with a potato peeler and a long weekend.

TOBIN

Maybe it's some anti-UN group?

JON

Could be the AFP. African Freedom Party. Their favorite rant is how the UN has become a puppet of the imperialist North.

TOBIN

Where do they stand on Zuwanie?

JON

They hate him. He's given self-rule a bad name.

Jon stops walking.

JON

These are serious people, Tobin. If the AFP is involved, they'll want this to go down in front of cameras - and they'll have no intention of getting out alive.

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 fog in the cold 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 way too close.

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

DOUG

Fine, I guess. My boss is getting to be a pain the ass.

Dot disconnects and watches Doug follow Silvia up the Avenue.

INT. CHEAP RENTAL CAR

Nils Lud sits in the driver's seat watching the Dot and Doug follow Silvia. He's listening to a 70's-era cassette player on the seat beside him; Roger Whittaker sings from its tinny speaker.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIN'S LIVING ROOM (MIDTOWN) - NIGHT

Small. Generic. New.

Tobin has recently moved in but not yet committed to making it livable. Half-tied neckties bunch on his dining table. A pile of DVDs on the floor await a cabinet. Un-hung picture frames lean against walls. There's even a moving box still in one corner. A huge television plays a basketball game.

INT. TOBIN'S HALLWAY

The game plays in the next room. Tobin leans back against a wall, holds a beer, and considers a closed door.



He just stands there looking at it. After a few seconds, he goes back toward the game.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - **MONDAY MORNING**

Snow clouds. There are now six Protestors across from the UN. One man holds a placard: "Justice for Genocide".

INT. GREASY DINER (MIDTOWN) - DAY

Doug yawns as he eats with AGENT MOHAMMAD SAID (28), a cranky Arab-American. They share the New York Post. Both look like you'd expect from two guys wearing yesterday's clothes. Doug holds up a paper section.

DOUG

Sports?

MOHAMMAD

I'm not done yet.

Tobin suddenly plops down beside them. Fresh-faced. Vigorous.

TOBIN

What's she reading?

POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: Silvia sits in a coffee house across the street, reading while she eats breakfast. He can only see her back and part of her face.

DOUG (O.S.)

Newspapers. In five different languages.

Back on the boys.

MOHAMMAD

She got up at six to go jogging.

DOUG

And she made three cell calls and received one. It sounded like...

MOHAMMAD

It was Hebrew.

TOBIN

Any idea what she said, Mohammed?

MOHAMMAD

I didn't exactly go to Hebrew school.

Tobin gives him a smile, stands.

TOBIN

Okay. Follow her until she goes into the UN, then clock out.

Tobin exits.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET

Tobin comes out of the diner, careful not to be seen by Silvia. He checks his watch and hurries down the street.

A GREEK TOURIST passes him talking into a cell phone...

GREEK TOURIST

Eepahrhee kahnaynah ahloh mayrohs  
sahfteen teen pohlee g-eeah?

Tobin stops in the cold. His eyes follow the man.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE - DAY

A Department of Homeland Security seal woven in the carpet. Shari gossips with the Receptionist at the front desk as Tobin enters in a hurry.

SHARI

Zuwanie's Advance Man is in your office.

TOBIN

What if she heard one voice because he was on a cell phone?

SHARI

Right. Who?

He ignores the question. They move into the cube farm.

TOBIN

Contact the security liaisons for the phone companies. Ask for a list of cell calls made or received in Midtown Manhattan on Thursday night - all calls between ten and eleven.

SHARI

Okay.

TOBIN

Then get a list of all the African nationals and immigrants working at the United Nations, or UN missions, diplomats and staff.

SHARI

Where?

TOBIN

Rory Robb. Cross check the lists. I need a name and address for every male African at the UN who used a cell during that hour.

SHARI

Isn't this racial profiling?

He hurries toward his office. She calls after him...

TOBIN'S ASSISTANT (cont'd)

Tell me we have a computer program that does the cross-checking.

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The field office is a few blocks from the UN; the Secretariat can be seen through Tobin's window.

Nils Lud is in a chair holding "The Casual Dead". Dot sits on the desk. Tobin enters.

TOBIN

Mr. Lud.

(they shake hands)

How's the mercenary life?

NILS LUD

Blood, diamonds and mosquitos are always the same.

Nils Lud has a strong Afrikaner accent and a wry smile. Tobin goes and sits behind his desk.

NILS LUD

We're a public company now. I've have shares in my case if you are interested.

TOBIN  
I bet you do.

Tobin's chuckle tells us he detests this man.

NILS LUD  
There is a small problem.

DOT  
Silvia Broome.

NILS LUD  
What do you know about her?

TOBIN  
Not enough.

NILS LUD  
From 1996 to 1998, Miss Broome was sexually involved with a young man from Matobo. A graduate student in Canada. She and this man also lived together for one year in New York. Miscegenation is common with White Africans.

TOBIN  
What's your point, Nils?

Lud holds up the jacket photo on the back of "The Casual Dead".

NILS LUD  
The man was Edgar Sukru Kuman-Kuman.

Tobin looks at Dot. She nods. He gets up and goes to the window. The Secretariat is visible beneath snow clouds.

His fury grows.

NILS LUD  
We are requesting you place her in protective custody during President Zuwanie's visit. And I wish to talk to her.

Lud puts an official-looking letter on Tobin's desk.

A beat.

DOT  
Tobin?

TOBIN  
No, I'll do it.

Nils Lud gestures acquiescence with a false grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Silvia and her INDIAN DATE exit a restaurant, laughing. She stops as she sees Tobin across the street. Snow flakes on his shoulders suggest he's been waiting a few minutes.

SILVIA  
I should talk to this guy.

THE DATE  
You sure?

She nods. He's surprised that his date is ending abruptly, confused as just how to respond. Tobin simply watches.

THE DATE  
Right. Well. I guess...

She takes control.

SILVIA  
Thank you.

She kisses him on the lips. Holding it just long enough so it doesn't seem perfunctory.

SILVIA  
It's okay. Call me.

He nods and moves off, shooting a glance at his sudden rival.

Tobin makes Silvia come to him. She stands in the middle of the street and starts where they left off...

SILVIA  
I bet you don't vote, either.

TOBIN  
And risk jury duty?

SILVIA  
What do you want?

TOBIN  
I thought I'd walk you home.

She pretends it's offer she can refuse. Nods. She makes her way onto the sidewalk. They walk a few uncomfortable steps. Tobin looks up at flurries coming into the light...

TOBIN  
Do you miss Africa?

SILVIA  
Sometimes. I miss friends. I miss certain things.

TOBIN  
Like?

SILVIA  
The rush of hot air when you get off the plane. Dogs everywhere. The way the night smells like smoke.

TOBIN  
What don't you miss?

SILVIA  
Baboons, the meanest animals on the planet. Warm Cokes. Poverty. Ganja-smelling men with AK47s. It's hard to miss bodies hanging on telephone poles.

They walk a moment in silence.

SILVIA  
Sorry, I shouldn't talk that way. Most people assume White Africans are racists.

TOBIN  
Are they?

SILVIA  
My grandparents were. But my dad's preferred form of rebellion was white guilt. I had to hide Madonna albums in Bob Marley covers.

TOBIN  
Bet he would have loved Edgar.

She stops walking.

SILVIA  
What do you want from me, Agent Keller?

TOBIN  
The truth.

SILVIA  
I always tell the truth...

TOBIN  
Don't sell me your nobility, I've  
heard that one.

She walks on.

SILVIA  
Edgar's a painful subject.

TOBIN  
What did he tell you to do?

SILVIA  
Please.

TOBIN  
What did he tell you to do?!

SILVIA  
I heard you.

TOBIN  
What?!

SILVIA  
He won't talk to me!

A beat. They wait while a couple passes.

TOBIN  
Because you left him?

SILVIA  
He left me.

TOBIN  
Why?

SILVIA  
I'm white.

TOBIN  
When did you hear from him last?

SILVIA  
Five years ago.

TOBIN  
What did he say?

SILVIA  
The unabridged version?  
(sarcastically)  
Dear Silvia. Good-bye. At your  
side, I will never be more than a  
statement. At my side, you will  
never be more than metaphor of  
colonialism. I'm going back to  
Africa. Sincerely, Edgar.

A beat. Her tone softens...

SILVIA  
I wish he would ask for help. I've  
wasted years waiting for that call.

She waits a moment. Then...

SILVIA  
Good-night.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large corner room with loft windows and view of the East River. It's full of life: books, colorful fabrics, African bric-a-brac. It feels a little like an meticulous antique store. There is no television or stereo.

Silvia stands half undressed looking at a WALL OF PHOTOS.

CLOSE on a PHOTO of Edgar in bed beneath white sheets, he's looking up at the camera. We see Silvia's reflection in the frame's glass.

EXT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Through the windows, we see Silvia go to her bedroom.

The camera pulls back to reveal a small building on the East River (roughly Sutton Square). It has four units, one on each floor. Silvia is at the top. A fire-escape ascends the river side of the building. The Queensboro Bridge is oddly close as it enters Manhattan directly behind the building.

The camera moves down to the quiet street below, onto a...



INT. SECRET SERVICE CAR

Mohammad sleeps with earplugs, airplane pillow and mask. Doug puts packet ketchup on a block of tofu as he mouths the words to a rap song playing in his earphones...

DOUG

"All the niggers in my hood, say,  
fuck everything, fuck everything."

MOHAMMAD

Shhhh.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - TUESDAY MORNING

A still, bitter cold. The anti-Zuwanie protest has grown to a dozen. Protestors now hold pictures of murdered Ku.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

Shari has huge computer print-out stacks on her desk. She's looking for UN African names (3,000) in cell phone records for a given hour in Midtown Manhattan (350,000).

Tobin comes out of his office and puts a file on her desk.

TOBIN

(kidding)

Could I get some coffee?

She flips him off without looking up.

A MALE VOICE

Keller!

DIVISION DIRECTOR JAY PETTIGREW (54) stands at the door of the conference room. Half-a-dozen Suits disperse around him. Pettigrew has a lazy eye and a mordant manner.

He makes a come-with gesture. As Tobin walks him through the cube farm, he scrolls through text messages on his cell.

PETTIGREW

You want a tour of my troubles?

TOBIN

Not particularly.

PETTIGREW

Half the uniform division wants to  
go be sky marshals.

(MORE)

PETTIGREW (cont'd)

We have twenty-year veterans under indictment for fraud. 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.

PETTIGREW

I hear this interpreter is baiting us. Why do we still have agents on her?

TOBIN

I'm not sure about her yet.

PETTIGREW

She likely to do more than lie?

TOBIN

I doubt it.

PETTIGREW

Then what's to be sure about? She made a report, we're investigating.

Tobin watches his boss read a text message.

TOBIN

Did the State Department call you?

PETTIGREW

(nodding)

They don't want us to unnecessarily elevate the Wu's threat level.

TOBIN

If she really heard a threat, she could be at risk.

Pettigrew puts the cell away.

PETTIGREW

What's it to you? We don't protect private citizens. You have exactly one protectee here.

TOBIN

Yeah, a genocidal maniac.

PETTIGREW

You suddenly get to evaluate the morals of the people we protect? Yes, 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 while he's in our hands, he's the goddamn pope.

TOBIN

I know the pope speech.

PETTIGREW

Then act like it. Jesus, Tobin.

Pettigrew strides to the door, as much confused as perturbed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

An NYPD car is parking across the dead end of the street. A FEMALE NYPD COP (40) gets out and walks pass the door to the building, where Tobin stands.

FEMALE NYPD COP

That conspicuous enough?

TOBIN

Thanks, Peggy.

She moves off down the sidewalk.

Tobin waits a few seconds until Silvia opens the door. She's not yet dressed for work.

SILVIA

Hey.

TOBIN

Hi. I just wanted to drop this off.

He hands her an NYPD business card.

TOBIN

It's the number for the PD precinct over on 55th.

(MORE)

TOBIN (cont'd)

The desk sergeants all expect you to call if something suspicious happens. My cell number is on the back.

SILVIA

Does this mean you believe me?

TOBIN

No. Frankly, I think you're lying.

An awkward beat. What if he's wrong?

TOBIN

Let's say this guy is a diplomat. A Matobean. Someone gunning for his own President. Someone who can't ask to be recalled without drawing attention. Maybe with family back in Matobo. Now, every time he goes into the UN he takes a risk. If I were him, I'd...

He thinks better of it.

TOBIN

If I'm wrong about you, you need to be very careful.

He's frightened her. She nods.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY - DAY

Fifties Deco. Black and white linoleum floors. Green marble walls. Silver elevator shafts. Old-fashioned mail chutes.

Silvia clutches her purse as she moves through various UN Types. She looks behind her.

INT. INTERPRETERS' LOCKER ROOM

A narrow room lined with square personal lockers, each one has a combination lock. Various Interpreters come and go. The Locker Room is open onto the a Lounge and Computer Area.

Silvia goes to her locker and dials in the combination. As she does so, Two Men near-by stop talking. She notices. She nods as she puts her purse away and closes the locker.

She turns around. An jumps. A BLACK MAN is right there. A janitor. He smiles apologetically. She does likewise.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL CONFERENCE ROOM (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

A much smaller version of the Council. Fifteen countries crowd around a rectangular table. Two walls are lined with booths. This is where the real business is done. The room is tight; the atmosphere, tense.

The French Ambassador speaks loudly, impromptu. The American Ambassador's face doesn't hide her disagreement.

We hear Silvia's voice, flat, efficient...

SILVIA'S VOICE

The Matobean vote puts this Council exactly in position the Rome treaty envisions it.

INT. ENGLISH INTERPRETER'S BOOTH (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia is at the mic. A MALE COLLEAGUE (57) reads a thick novel behind her. The door to the back hallway is open.

As Silvia interprets, she nervously eyes the Conference Room.

SILVIA

Firmly behind an international criminal court. For that reason alone, this is an important vote.

She hears quick footsteps behind her in the access hallway.

SILVIA

However, it also allows this body to communicate a vision of itself.

The footsteps get closer.

SILVIA

We must prove our belief in global justice is free of bureaucratic...

She can't help but look back: a Chinese Interpreter hurries past, late for his shift.

SILVIA

(correcting herself)  
...free of bureaucracy and self-interest.

Silvia's Colleague makes a flicking motion with his finger; she turns off the mic.

COLLEAGUE

You okay?

SILVIA

Fine.

Silvia turns on the mic and resumes...

SILVIA

We must put today's human rights...

(mic off)

I didn't sleep well.

(mic on)

...on a higher plain than our fears  
about tomorrow's sovereignty.

INT. BALCONY OVER PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Silvia sips the last of a latte from a to-go cup. She sets it on the railing and looks down on the Lobby below. The last of the tourists leave, a few mill around the African sculpture.

SILVIA'S POV: A Mysterious Man stands near exit.

Silvia watches him. There's a loud bang.

SILVIA'S POV: A Young Woman has dropped a book. She picks it up off the floor.

Silvia looks back to the Mysterious Man.

SILVIA'S POV: A Woman and Two Kids approach the Mysterious Man - a tourist family - and they go to the exit.

Silvia bumps the empty to-go cup. She watches as it tumbles from the balcony and bounces off the side of the sculpture, which sends it flying somewhere beneath the balcony.

Unsure what to do, Silvia makes a face and moves away from the edge of the balcony.

INT. INTERPRETERS' LOCKER AREA

Silvia smiles at herself - and her crazy fears - as she dials her lock's combination. She opens the locker door.

SILVIA FREEZES.

The locker is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. UN POLICE OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DUSK

Almost everyone has gone home. An Asian Tour Guide (28) - they wear national dress - waits for Rory near the exit.

He's down at the other end of the office with Silvia. She's signing a theft report; her hand shakes a bit.

RORY

Don't worry. Likely just a locker theft. We get shoulder surfers over there from time to time.

She forces a smile.

RORY

You want an officer to take you home?

SILVIA

No, thanks. I have to go pick up my extra set of keys.

RORY

Alright. Don't worry. Okay?

She nods a thanks and moves for the exit. He watches her. He holds up a just-a-second finder to his date and goes to near-by cubicle.

Rory picks up the phone.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Everyone has gone. Everyone but Tobin, who carries a take-out bag and "The Casual Dead" book through the empty cube farm.

Tobin sits at Shari's desk. He's stayed late to cross-check the UN names against phone records. As he opens his food, he sees a red light flashing on the phone and hits auto-dial.

SHARI'S VOICE

You have reached Tobin Kel...

Tobin punches in a code.

RORY'S VOICE

Tobin, it's Rory Robb at the UN. I thought you'd want to know that Ms. Broome had her purse stolen out of her locker. Probably nothing. I'll be in at nine tomorrow.

Tobin disconnects. He thinks about the theft a moment. Then goes back to the massive task at hand.

INT. UP-SCALE APARTMENT HALLWAY

Silvia waits at a door. Audrey opens it, laughing and dressed to kill. She says back into the apartment...

AUDREY

I said it would spill.

(to Silvia)

You poor thing.

They kiss. She hands Silvia an odd fuzzy ring with two keys. Silvia makes a face. The key ring is new.

SILVIA

Thanks.

AUDREY

You want to...

She gestures into her apartment. Silvia gives her a look.

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Silvia gets off a tiny elevator, exhausted. She goes toward her door. Stops. Silvia looks from the door to the keys in her hand. An unpleasant idea comes to her.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

Tobin hunches over the list. Suddenly, he looks up and says to absolutely no one...

TOBIN

He's after her keys.

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Steeling her will, Silvia goes to the door. She opens it.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Dark. The door opens. Silvia is silhouetted by the hallway light. She reaches in and turns on the living room lights.

The apartment appears normal.

Wary, she leaves the door open and comes into her living room. She checks around, then goes to her bedroom door.



SILVIA'S POV: The bedroom is dark. We hear a click as she turns on the overhead light. The room is undisturbed.

Silvia returns to her front door and locks it shut.

INT. BEDROOM

Silvia enters. The bathroom can be seen beneath it's door. She reacts puzzled, unsure, and goes toward it.

INT. BATHROOM

Silvia slowly pushes the door open. As the door widens, she jumps back and SCREAMS a short shocked scream.

Her stolen purse is sitting on top of the toilette lid.

She doesn't move. Doesn't breathe.

Her intercom buzzes out in the living room. She looks that direction, as though she can't quite comprehend it.

It buzzes again. She waits. Four seconds. Six.

A car speaker squawks in the street below...

SPEAKER VOICE

Ms. Broome?

EXT. SILVIA'S BUILDING

An NYPD squad car sits in front of her door. Two Cops look up at her brightly lit apartment.

CUT TO:

POV FROM ACROSS THE STREET: A small crowd of men now occupy Silvia's living room.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug nods approval. The apartment across from Silvia's is in mid-renovation: exposed wiring, dry wall, concrete floor.

A Sleepy Real Estate Baron rubs his face as Doug says...

DOUG

This will be fine.

## INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Two NYPD Cops watch Forensic Technicians in Homeland Security jackets pack up. A Locksmith changes the door lock. Mohammad is testing foodstuffs.

Silvia sits at her dining table with a glass of water. Audrey sits with her. As does Audrey's Date, a man with some sort of sauce spilled on shirt.

AUDREY

They're only trying to scare. They don't want you to help the police.

SILVIA

(re: a room full of cops)

Great.

Across the room, Tobin looks the WALL OF PHOTOS: Young Silvia on a horse. Her parents wedding photo. Antelope plonking in the bush. Silvia standing behind Gutteres and Kofi-Annan. A Group of Interpreters in front of the UNO in Vienna.

A LARGE FORENSIC GUY (32) comes by and tells him...

FORENSIC GUY

The handbag was wiped clean. We'll check the contents at the lab.

TOBIN

Thanks.

The Forensic Guy moves away. Dot approaches. They keep their voices low...

DOT

Doug says it has a clear view. But it's a least sixty seconds away.

TOBIN

We'll keep an agent in the street.

Tobin and Dot watch Silvia; she's staring into the glass.

DOT

You realize we have no way of knowing if the purse was really stolen.

TOBIN

Yeah.

Tobin points to a photo on the wall.

TOBIN

Look.

CLOSE on a PHOTO. A panel sits at a long table beneath a banner for "Human Rights Watch". Edgar Sukru Kuman-Kuman speaks at a podium marked "Holiday Inn/Johannesburg". Tobin's finger points to a panelist. It's Jon (the CIA guy).

DOT (O.S.)

Well, I'll be damned.

TOBIN (O.S.)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - **WEDNESDAY MORNING**

Heavy overcast. The Protest Group has grown to thirty, anti-globalist types are now part of the mix. Someone has brought in two gas heaters. One Woman holds up an effigy of Zuwanie with a bandana tied around his mouth.

INT. CIA (AFRICAN FLOOR) - DAY

Tobin walks the floor angry. As Jon comes out office, Tobin pushes him back inside.

INT. JON'S OFFICE (CIA)

Jon hits his funny bone on a bookcase.

JON

Oww! Jesus, that hurts.

Tobin closes the door. He waits while Jon works his hand.

JON

What?

TOBIN

A UN interpreter spends four years  
fucking Kuman-Kuman and the CIA has  
nothing on her?

Jon doesn't look up.

TOBIN

What's going on, Jon?

Jon makes a show of working his hand, buying time to make a decision. Finally...

JON

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

(a beat)

We think Kuman-Kuman is dead.

Jon goes over to his desk.

JON

Two weeks ago, a couple of NGO consultants were shot while looking into Ku murders in the South. One of them took this...

Jon puts a fuzzy photo in front of Tobin.

CLOSE on a PHOTO of a dead black man. We recognize him from the soccer stadium.

TOBIN

Will you present it to the Security Council?

Jon's face tells us this is not an easy issue for him.

JON

This isn't our fight, Tobin. If we support referring Zuwanie, we'd be supporting the ICC. We can't do that. Not now. There's too much anti-Americanism out there. We won't risk our citizens one day facing a court we don't control.

TOBIN

Zuwanie's a monster.

JON

Yes. That's why we're not going to veto his referral. He's on his own.

(a beat)

Look, I'm not even sure this is Kuman-Kuman.

Tobin picks up the photo, examines it.

TOBIN

I can find out.

Tobin puts the photo in his jacket. Jon makes a token attempt to stop him.

JON  
Don't...Tobin...Fuck.

Tobin exits. Jon calls after him...

JON  
You can't tell her!

CUT TO:

INT. DOT'S OFFICE - DAY

It's small and scattered with Georgia Bulldog memorabilia and too many plants. Tobin paces in front of Dot's desk; he still wears his coat.

She watches him. After a couple of turns...

TOBIN  
I have to tell her.

DOT  
No, actually, you don't.

TOBIN  
Okay, I want to tell her.

DO  
And I want to pick up the phone and call the wives of a couple of South American Presidents. But I won't. And you won't either. If you can't take the bullet or the bullshit...

He gestures concession.

TOBIN  
You're right.  
(a beat)  
It's not my problem.

Dot's Assistant opens the door and sheepishly mouths...

DOT'S ASSISTANT  
Your four o'clock.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

As Tobin passes Shari, he sees her hands are folded over the computer print-outs and she affects a big cartoon smile.

TOBIN  
What?

She spins her monitor.

SHARI

Twenty-two calls made or received  
by between ten and eleven p.m.

TOBIN

Any diplomats?

He goes into...

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tobin takes off his coat and sits. Shari enters behind him.  
He pulls the list up on his computer screen.

SHARI

Two Nigerians. Looks like they were  
talking to each other. The rest are  
mostly clerical. Three translators.  
A post office worker.

TOBIN

Are they all in the UN right now?

SHARI

Should be. All but one janitor. He  
works nights.

TOBIN

Alright, call Doug and Mohammad in  
early. Have Doug go interview the  
janitor. We'll catch the others at  
home later. Tell Mo to get over to  
the UN. We need them to pull files  
on all twenty-two. Today. Then have  
him run the names past Nils Lud -  
maybe they're on a some watch list.

He turns back to his computer. She waits.

TOBIN

That's it.

SHARI

"Thank you, Shari."

He makes a go gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE AREA IN UN BASEMENT (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Silvia and Audrey sit in a quiet corner reading documents. A UN Cop assigned to Silvia stands a few feet from their table.

AUDREY  
Is he interesting?

SILVIA  
Who?

AUDREY  
Your Secret Service agent.

Silvia looks back at her document.

SILVIA  
No. Yes. Maybe. The feeling of  
being protected is interesting.  
It's weirdly primal and...sexy.

Audrey smiles.

The UN Cop is eavesdropping. He, too, smiles. And sucks in his gut ever so slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tobin reads a document. The "The Casual Dead" is on his desk.

SHARI'S VOICE  
Doug on three.

He picks up the phone.

TOBIN  
Yeah?

INT. LANDING (CROWN HEIGHTS APARTMENT BUILDING)

Old. Worn. Dark. Doug stands on the landing talking into his cell. A Hasidic Man (60) stands behind him.

DOUG  
Janitor lives in a week-to-week in  
Crown Heights. No one's home. But  
the landlord came up. He said he'd  
let me in. We could make a case for  
a protective sweep.

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE

Tobin on the phone as before. He considers the legalities to Doug's query. Meanwhile...

SHARI'S VOICE

Rory Robb on seven.

TOBIN

Alright, five minutes.

Tobin punches over to Rory.

TOBIN

Hey.

INT. RORY'S OFFICE (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Rory talks on the phone while scanning a report on his desk. Through his open door, we see Mohammad and Nils Lud talking as the mercenary looks through the suspect list.

RORY

No prints on the locker. Looks like it was wiped.

TOBIN (O.S.)

Did you check for traces of leather oil or latex dust?

RORY

Negative. That locker area gets pretty busy. Anybody wearing gloves would likely attract suspicion.

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE

Tobin stands.

TOBIN

Anybody wiping down a locker would also attract suspicion.

He hesitates. Thinks. Says mostly to himself...

TOBIN (cont'd)

Unless he's a janitor.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY (CROWN HEIGHTS APARTMENT) - DAY

The door creaks opens for Doug and the Landlord.



LANDLORD  
Someone at home?

Doug gestures for the Landlord to wait on the landing. He puts his hand in his jacket and steps slowly inside.

DOUG'S POV: The entry hallway is about twelve feet long. He can see part of a dark living room. The curtains are drawn.

His cell rings. He freezes.

DOUG  
(sotto)  
Fuck.

Doug fishes for his phone and answers without taking his eyes off the hallway.

DOUG  
Yeah?

TOBIN (O.S.)  
Get out.

DOUG  
What?

INT. TOBIN'S OFFICE

Tobin's in front of his desk now.

TOBIN  
Back out. Now.

DOUG  
Why?

TOBIN  
We're on our way.

Tobin slams his phone down and grabs his coat.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

Tobin hurries out his office.

TOBIN  
Dot!  
(to Shari)  
I need a warrant for the janitor's  
address.  
(running off)  
Dot!

SHARI

Tobin!

He's forgotten his gun.

He grabs it as Dot comes out of her office, holding out a hand with fingers spread. They run through the cube farm.

A Mobile Manicurist exits Dot's office and asks...

MANICURIST

Should I wait?

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTRAND AVE. (CROWN HEIGHTS) - DAY

A potent mix of different ethnicities: West Indians, African-Americans, Lubavitchers. Every shop seems to have a sign with too much text and merchandise spilling out onto the sidewalk.

Tobin blows into his hands as he waits in front a three story walk-up with a wig shop on the ground floor. Dot and Doug are with him, as is the Landlord.

TOBIN

Here they are.

TWO FBI AGENTS jog toward them. One's short and confident, the other a classic square-jaw.

DOUG

(to the Landlord)

We'll let you know if we need you.

He shrugs and goes into the wig shop.

The shorter of the two FBI agents wears an FBI windbreaker marked "Terrorism Task Force", his name is LEMANN (42). His colleague is Agent ALAN (36).

LEMANN

People.

Alan greets them with a nod. They all go inside.

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY (CROWN HEIGHTS APARTMENT)

The door opens quickly. Tobin and Lemann lead. Dot and Alan follow. Doug brings up the rear, closing the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM (CROWN HEIGHTS)

Dark. Sparsely furnished.

Tobin and Lemann spin the corner; they exchange a look.

The kitchen and part the living area have been converted into a CRUDE BOMB FACTORY with pots, buckets, beakers, empty fertilizer bags, a car battery, two large camping lanterns.

The agents gingerly approach. Dot and Alan go to check an adjacent bedroom and bathroom.

A PIPE BOMB sits on the floor: two rows of PVC pipe bound together with electrical tape and attached to a weight-lifter's belt with no buckle; the pipes aren't capped.

DOT (O.S.)

Clear!

KELLY (O.S.)

Clear!

Tobin and the Lemann kneel in front of the bomb.

LEMANN

It's a fragmentation device.

(pointing)

That's the detonator.

A wooden clothespin with aluminum-wrapped heads is fixed to the pipes. Each head is wrapped with a tiny bit of wire and a small wedge of wood separates them to prevent contact. A kite string tied to the wedge serves as a rip cord.

LEMANN

Probably not enough metal to set off the UN detectors. And he can test it, he's just carrying an old clothespin and bits of aluminum.

Doug peers down on pans with thousands of small screws in a milky fluid.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

If it passes, he walks the bomb through - brings the battery and shrapnel in separately.

Dot and Alan come back into the room.

A long, weird beat.

Doug steps over the light switch.

TOBIN

Wait!

His hand freezes.

Everyone stares at Tobin.

TOBIN (cont'd)

Why the lanterns if there's light?

All eyes go to the light fixture. It's completely packed with a dark paste wrapped in clear plastic.

TOBIN

What is it?

FBI AGENT

Given the fertilizer bags and empty battery, I'd say either RDX or TNT.

They stare at the fixture until Dot breaks the tension...

DOT

That's just rude.

The men force themselves to smile. Out in the entry way, the front door lock CLICKS over.

The agents hush.

It clicks again as someone outside realizes it wasn't locked.

Quiet. Only the street noise outside.

The agents wait. Weapons are all aimed at the entry hallway.

Tobin starts to step into the living area. Floor boards moan. He looks at Doug, who can see farther into the entry hallway from his position. Doug shrugs.

They hear a hinge on the front door creak, slowly, as if it's at the mercy of wind.

Tobin slowly continues to the hallway, step by step. He peers around the corner.

TOBIN'S POV: the front door is ajar.

Tobin waves his colleagues to follow.

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY

Tobin steps down the hallway, slowly, carefully. The doorway is only ten feet away.

INT. STAIRWELL

TWO AFRICAN MEN breathe heavily, frozen on the stairs in mid flight. We recognize one of them as the Janitor. The second man is painfully thin, terrified. Their faces are illuminated from below.

Nils Lud stands just inside the street door, holding a large gun pointed at the ground (he's just entered as the men were about to exit). He looks at them with absolute neutrality.

Suddenly, footsteps can be heard running down the third floor stairs. Lud holds up a wait finger to the Africans and points back up the stairs. He knows them. The footsteps run onto the second-floor landing. The Africans exchange a look.

Reluctantly, the Janitor takes a handgun out of his belt and turns around. The Skinny African starts to protest but hears Lud's weapon click and turns to see it pointed at him.

He draws a small handgun and assumes a position a few steps down. The agents footsteps now run the second-floor stairs.

The attackers wait.

As they footsteps hit the landing overhead, Lud aims at the back of the Janitor's skull and fires.

INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING

Tobin, Dot, Doug and the FBI Agents fall back against the wall as two more rounds blast right beneath them.

Dead silence.

NILS LUD (O.S.)  
Agent Keller?

TOBIN  
Lud?!

INT. STAIRWELL

Lud has shot both Africans: the Janitor in the back of the head; the skinny man, in the chest, then forehead.

NILS LUD  
I believe we are secure.

INT. TOBIN'S SPARE BEDROOM

The door creaks. Tobin turns on the light.

The room is carpeted and newly painted and completely empty except for a neat pile of packing boxes in the very center. Each box is labelled with black marker: JENN.

Tobin runs his hand over the boxes, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Silvia bends by the kitchen counter and checks herself in the reflection of a toaster. The doorbell rings.

She opens the door wide for Tobin.

SILVIA

I bet you don't recycle, either.

TOBIN

Hey.

SILVIA

Apology accepted.

TOBIN

You heard?

SILVIA

It was on the news.

A awkward beat. She's thrown by his reticence.

SILVIA

Congratulations.

She hugs him. It's uncomfortable. The sort of hug of two people who have imagined touching.

A beat. He can't start.

TOBIN

I was married. For six years. My wife died eighteen months ago. Of cancer.

SILVIA

I'm sorry.

His subject choice tells her something's wrong.

SILVIA  
What is it?

TOBIN  
Edgar.

SILVIA  
What? Has something happened? What  
about him?

---

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,  
a terrible fear is finally being realized.

TOBIN  
A month is a long time.

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

She's starting to panic.

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 here.  
Leave. Now!  
(a beat)  
Leave. Please. Leave.

Tobin goes to the door and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Tobin looks the picture of Kuman-Kuman's body by the dome light. He's still parked in front of Silvia's building.

His cell rings.

TOBIN

Hello?

(no response)

Hello?

He lowers his window, looks up at Silvia's dark apartment.

TOBIN

Hello?

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

SILVIA (O.S.)

If he's dead, turn out the light.

Silvia disconnects.

Tobin looks up at her windows. He can see nothing. He reaches up and turns out the dome light.

Unsure what to do next, he sits in the cold dark. He waits. He can hear occasional sounds of the City. A train. A car horn on the FDR. 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. FIRST AVENUE - **THURSDAY MORNING**

Fog. The Protest has grown to over a hundred. A respectable detachment of NYPD officers have been assigned to them.

The Protestors chant...

PROTESTORS

Zuwanie kills! Zuwanie kills!

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Silvia wears sunglasses as she walks to platform's edge. The Commuters around her read tabloids, sip coffee, work PDA's.

A train can be heard rumbling loudly down the tracks.



AUTOMATED ANNOUNCER  
Express train. Please step back.  
Express train. Please step back.

As the train approaches, Silvia doesn't move. She looks down. Her toes extend just over the platform's edge.

A deafening ROAR of an emergency horn as the train enters the station. The train BARRELS past her, inches from her face.

Silvia doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A world map on the wall. A globe. A window onto the USSS field office. A very long table. Like Tobin's office, it faces East and the Secretariat is visible in the morning fog.

Lud has Chief Wu and Rory laughing Tobin leads Lemann, Dot and Mohammad into the room. Mohammad hands out reports as Lemann and Dot take their seats.

Tobin holds up a file with a photocopied passport photo of the Skinny African clipped to the outside.

TOBIN (cont'd)  
Kenneth Tebiki. He arrived on a tourist visa eighteen days ago carrying a Zambian passport. We think he's our suicide bomber.

He tosses the file on the table and holds up another with a photocopied drivers license photo of the Janitor.

TOBIN (cont'd)  
Your janitor's real name is Adimba Nujoma. South African. A cell phone registered to him got a call from a Cape Town pay phone Thursday night. The print pattern suggests he's the bomb-maker. The name and social he used to gain employment belonged to a deceased Gap employee in Oakland. Neither man is a known terrorist operative.

Tobin sits. Everyone speaks quickly...

CHIEF WU  
What makes you think Tebiki was the bomber?

TOBIN

He needed a return ticket to get a visa. He cashed it in and used the credit to book Nujoma on a Saturday flight to Paris.

DOT

Business or coach?

Tobin gives her a look, asks Rory...

TOBIN

Did you check Nujoma's UN locker?

RORY

We found a battery and wire. But he had two more shifts before tomorrow - one to walk the bomb through, one to bring in the shrapnel.

LEMANN

Your men wouldn't stop a guy toting big bags of screws?

CHIEF WU

No, the janitor's ID badges are the same as general maintenance.

LEMANN

They were prepared.

DOT

And frugal.

TOBIN

So who are they?

The first pause. Nils Lud looks at a Polaroid of the pipe bomb.

NILS LUD

The bomb is simple, crude. It looks like AFP.

TOBIN

The AFP doesn't have a presence in Zambia. According to his passport, Tebiki made one trip in his entire life. He came to New York City.

NILS LUD

The passport is certainly a fake.

MOHAMMAD  
Or he could be a viatical.

CHIEF WU  
What's a viatical?

DOT  
Someone with a terminal illness who  
does a suicide attack in exchange  
for a large payment to his family.

TOBIN  
In advance.  
(to Mohammad)  
Have the corner check Mr. Tebiki's  
T-cell count.  
(to Lemann)  
Was video equipment found on scene?

LEMANN  
No. Why?

Shari opens the door.

SHARI  
Problem.

CUT TO:

Tobin runs. We realize he's inside the...

INT. BOOTH ACCESS HALLWAY (SECURITY COUNCIL) - DAY

Tobin is hurrying toward the open door of the English booth.

INT. ENGLISH TRANSLATORS' BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL)

Silvia waits as Tobin enters. She looks like she hasn't  
slept. She closes the door behind him.

SILVIA  
I keep getting calls. No matter  
where I am. This booth. The GA.  
It rings until someone picks up.

She points to the phone. Like all phones in the building, it  
has a clunky retro quality.

TOBIN  
What do they say?

SILVIA

Nothing. They hang up, wait five minutes and call again. But they never say anything. Its happened thirty-five, forty times.

TOBIN

What if your mic's on.

SILVIA

The light flashes.

The door suddenly opens. It's Audrey.

AUDREY

Sorry.

(to Silvia)

"Monday Morning Quarterback"?

SILVIA

Deciduer café du Commerce.

AUDREY

Merci.

Audrey senses something is wrong; she looks Tobin over.

AUDREY

Bye.

Audrey exits. An awkward pause.

SILVIA

I'm sorry. I wasn't sure who...

TOBIN

It's okay.

Tobin looks down onto the Council below.

TOBIN'S POV: the British Ambassador has the floor.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

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

Back on Tobin and Silvia.

TOBIN

Are you sure this where you need to be today?

SILVIA

No. I didn't want to be alone.

He watches her a moment. The phone rings. Silvia jumps. Tobin answers as the second ring starts.

TOBIN

Hello?

A distant click. Tobin puts his fingers on the cradle.

TOBIN

Is this an outside line?

She nods. 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.

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 gasps.

TOBIN

What?! Who is it?!

SILVIA

Me.

TOBIN

From your machine at home?!

She can only nod.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dot clicks off her gun's safety. Silvia is behind her. Tobin gingerly turns the key in the lock and pushes the door open.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Dot and Tobin enter: the place has been completely RANSACKED.

The take a moment to register the chaos. Silvia stands in the doorway.

DOT

I think it's safe to say whoever's behind our threat isn't back home watching "Lifestyles of the Rich and Dictatorial".

Silvia views the room without emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Tobin and Dot join an Advance Team meeting. Twenty-three law enforcement types stand in a circle. All holsters are empty.

Lemann indicates himself.

LEMANN

FBI.

A group of a Six NYPD Uniforms.

NYPD LEADER

NYPD. I'm Intel.

(indicating)

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

TOBIN

Homeland.

Tobin points to a Man in White Uniform, a Suit, and Dot.

TOBIN

Coast Guard. NSA. Secret Service.

Agent Woods is our detail leader.

Dot stands in front of Four Men. Chief Wu stands flanked by Rory and Six UN Investigators.

CHIEF WU

Alright, let's get started. At ten-thirty tomorrow the UN goes on security alert, that means all transit areas will be clear and secure. Service will bring Zuwanie through here at ten-fifty-eight.

DOT

We'll have five agents working the man. We take him up those stairs to the Greenroom.

CHIEF WU

The Green Room is our safe room.

(pointing)

The Public Lobby will be closed all morning for law enforcement use. No one gets in without a badge.

RORY

Personnel lists are due today.

LEMANN

How are you restricting access?

CHIEF WU

Accredited press and employees have already been issued special tags.

TOBIN

And Zuwanie's entourage?

CHIEF WU

They go through the scanner like everybody else. Protocol allows each visiting dignitary one guard with one handgun. Zuwanie's not even getting that.

NYPD INTEL

Delegates?

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 waves them down.

CHIEF WU

We have one chance to keep Zuwanie alive: make it impossible to get a weapon inside the building.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Dot stands at the famous podium and addresses the Assembly.

DOT

...And another thing, pay your damn parking tickets.

RORY (O.S.)

Gun!

Dot is grabbed by Four Secret Service Agents and whisked from the podium. They drag her to the Green Room using their hands as guns. UN Cops provide cover.

The Hall is empty. The Assembly is at lunch. Chief Wu times the exercise from the floor with a stopwatch. Tobin and Rory stand beside him.

CHIEF WU (cont'd)

Eighteen seconds!

Mohammad enters from the Foyer and gestures for Tobin.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS STAIRWELL - DAY

Just off the hallway between the GA and Conference Buildings. A quiet area used by UN tour guides, so there's a small model of the UN near the door. On one wall is an aerial photo of it with the words "International Territory" written above.

Diplomats move up and down the Hallway on the other side of the glass. Mohammad leads Tobin down it. They enter, looking for a quiet place to talk.

MOHAMMAD

Tebiki had AIDS. Full blown. And Nujoma had two prior bullet wounds, one within the last year. Coroner found grenade shrapnel in his leg.

These facts spin through Tobin's head.

TOBIN

He was a mercenary.

MOHAMMAD

A merc and a viatical, that makes this a money job.

TOBIN

Why make it look like a terrorist attack? Why do it in the UN?



Tobin looks to the UN model, then the aerial photo across the room. He registers the words INTERNATIONAL TERRITORY.

CUT TO:

INT. BISTRO (GEORGETOWN) - DAY

Jon (the CIA guy) sits across from his Boyfriend, who's not happy that Jon's taken a cell call...

JON

Nils Lud?

EXT. UN PLAZA POOL

Tobin talks on his cell while pacing up and down in front of the frozen pool.

TOBIN

Would he sell Zuwanie out?!

INT. BISTRO (GEORGETOWN)

Jon stands from the table.

JON

He'd sell his children for parts.

(to his Boyfriend)

I know, I promised.

Jon moves to a window, out of earshot of other patrons.

JON

Okay, let's say Nils Lud is being paid to arrange a hit on Zuwanie, by the Ku, by the AFP, by a very forward-thinking philanthropist, whoever. Doesn't matter.

(the old question)

Why do it in the United Nations?

EXT. UN PLAZA POOL

Tobin as before.

TOBIN

It's international territory.

(he stops pacing)

Anywhere else, Lud's responsible. States let a visiting dignitary's security force control their man. But the UN doesn't. Wu's not even allowing him the usual armed guard.

Tobin looks up at the towering Secretariat.

TOBIN

This is the only place on the planet where a security consultant can't be held responsible for his client's safety.

INT. BISTRO (GEORGETOWN)

Jon considers the possibilities.

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. It's out there. But it's clean.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S BUILDING - DAY

Two NYPD Officers stand in the doorway.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Still. Ransacked chaos. She hasn't bothered to clean up.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

It, too, has been ransacked. We hear the shower.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

Silvia lies in fetal position on the tub floor. The shower rains down on her, creating a small pool around her body.

She stares at drops hitting in the water.

CUT TO:

INT. DOT'S CAR - DAY

Dot drives. She uses her sleeve to clear the windshield. Tobin adjusts her defroster. They're stuck in traffic.

DOT

I know what he'll say. He'll say,  
"Why the hell would Lud shoot his  
own men?" That's what he'll say.

Tobin reaches over and honks her horn.

TOBIN

They were worthless the second they  
made our suspect list. And Tebiki  
was probably too sick to run.

Tobin honks her horn. She gives him an exasperated look,  
which he's too pre-occupied to notice.

TOBIN

It explains why there was no video.  
Terrorists always make a video, the  
handler needs it to make sure the  
bomber doesn't back out.

When Tobin reaches for the horn, she hits his hand

DOT

If Lud organized the attack, why  
ransack Silvia's place? He's only  
telling us it's not over.

TOBIN

No idea. Something Nujoma said that  
night must scare him. Unless...

CUT TO:

EXT. DETMOLD PARK - DAY

A very small strip of grass behind Beekman Place. The sort of  
hidden park used by drug dealers and leash-law violators. The  
FDR is on the other side of a cyclone fence.

Tobin, Dot and Silvia hug themselves in the cold. Over the  
roar of surging traffic, Tobin completes the sentence from  
the previous scene...

TOBIN

Could Lud be the man you heard?

SILVIA

If he picked up French from his  
soldiers, he might mimic their  
pronunciation. It's possible. But  
even if I heard him say the exact  
same phrase, I couldn't be sure.

TOBIN

He doesn't know that.

A man with a dog appears at the park entrance. He sees it's occupied and moves on.

TOBIN

Lud is travelling on a diplomatic passport. The evidentiary standard to get him in protective custody is high. But if we make him think you can identify his voice, he may try to contact you. He may offer you money. He may threaten you again, directly. He may threaten people you know. Here. Or in Matobo. He may come after you. If we can catch him doing any of those things, we'd have evidence. Only the three of us would be involved. It would mean heightening your exposure.

Silvia looks from Tobin to Dot. They don't have to tell her the proposal is a flagrant violation of procedure.

DOT

You can say yes or no.

A beat. The traffic roars.

SILVIA

Can I ask you something?

TOBIN

Of course.

SILVIA

If I were standing beside Zuwanie and you saw a man with a gun. If you could only grab one of us. If you had one second to decide. Who would you save?

TOBIN

Zuwanie. And I wouldn't need the second.

Silvia stares at Tobin. Neither one looks away. Finally, she smiles a slow smile.

SILVIA

I'll help.

TOBIN  
Thank you.

SILVIA  
With one proviso. I want a handgun.  
To keep at home Just for a few  
days. Until all this blows over.

Tobin and Dot exchange a look.

DOT  
We can't just give you a gun.

SILVIA  
You're asking me to risk my life.

DOT  
We can protect you, Ms. Broome.  
That's sorta our job.

SILVIA  
Your job is to protect Zuwanie.

TOBIN  
We can protect you, too.

SILVIA  
Can you?

She looks at him for a hard moment.

TOBIN  
Yes.

A beat. She nods a reluctant concession.

CUT TO:

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

A steady stream of bulky tourists passes. A lost balloon floats above them, up among winter steam and neon.

Through a window, we see Tobin sits alone in a booth while speaking into a voice recorder. Edgar's book is on the table in front of him.

Nils Lud passes by outside.

INT. HOWARD-JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT

It's moderately quiet given the crowds and chaos outside. Lud enters and comes to Tobin, who's saying into the recorder...

TOBIN

Have the linguistic tech check it.  
(he gestures Lud to sit)  
And tell Ms. Broome she can review  
the last of the tapes when she's in  
the office during Zuwanie's speech.

Tobin lowers the voice recorder.

TOBIN

You speak French don't you?

NILS LUD

Yes.

TOBIN

How would you say, "Edmond Zuwanie  
will die in this room?"

NILS LUD

Edmond Zuwanie va mourir dans cette  
Chambre meme.

Tobin moves his hand so Lud can see the voice recorder's red  
light is illuminated.

TOBIN

Say it again.

He holds the Dictaphone to Lud's mouth. Lud stares at it for  
a moment. He's stuck. Then with false confidence...

NILS LUD

Edmond Zuwanie va mourir dans cette  
Chambre meme.

Tobin hits stop.

TOBIN

Chambre. Beautiful word.

NILS LUD

Your investigation continues?

TOBIN

Somebody broke into Ms. Broome's  
apartment this morning.

Nils Lud looks like he's getting information he can't quite  
comprehend. Tobin sets the voice recorder on the table.

TOBIN

These interpreters are amazing. I had her reviewing tapes of various diplomats speaking French this morning. She'd hear three words and say, "Rotsi. He's a Caprivian." I've never even heard of Caprivia.

NILS LUD

Caprivi. It is in Western Namibia.

TOBIN

That's helpful.

Lud puts on his best false smile.

NILS LUD

Why did you wish to see me, Agent Keller?

TOBIN

I just needed your French on tape. We're checking everyone security cameras picked up leaving the UN Thursday after ten p.m. You left...  
(checking a document)  
...at eleven-twenty-two. Pro forma.

Tobin mimics the mercenaries smile. Lud looks at the voice recorder in the middle of the table, as if taunting him.

The Waitress approaches. Tobin gestures for the check.

TOBIN

You're not worried, are you?

Lud laughs.

NILS LUD

Right, then.

He stands.

TOBIN

See you, tomorrow. Oh, one more thing. About the other night...  
(a beat)  
Thank you.

The South African nods and limps for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

The Lobby is closed, dark and locked.

Silvia stand with a knapsack at her feet. She's looking up at the sculpture of Africa below, lost in painful thought.

The UN COP guarding her enters the frame behind her...

UN COP

(concerned)

Ms. Broome?

SILVIA

Can you do a favor? Can you give a few minutes? If you'd wait out in the Hall, make sure no one comes?

UN COP

Of course.

And he leaves her at her make shift memorial.

FADE TO:

WINTER STORM OVER MIDTOWN MANHATTAN AT NIGHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A sea of umbrellas. Neon lights obscured by rain. Tourists huddle in the rain and sleet beneath a lingerie poster.

Lud moves comes out of the Marriott wearing a plastic rain coat. Dot, obscured by a cap and poncho, follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silvia turns on her bedside lamp and sits up in bed. After a moment, her phone rings. It startles her.

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT

Tobin stands at a window. A hooded camping lantern is on a near-by chair, as is Edgar's book.

Tobin speaks on his cell while looking into Silvia's bedroom.

TOBIN

You okay?



INTERCUT between the BEDROOM and SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT:

SILVIA

No.

A beat.

She lays on her side and looks up at his darkened window. She can't see him, but she knows which window he's in.

SILVIA

I can't see you.

He turns up a camping lantern on a chair until he can see his own reflection.

SILVIA

Talk to me.

TOBIN

(re: Edgar)

You haven't told anyone, have you?

She doesn't respond. He can hear her breathing. When they do speak, it's in quiet tones and long pauses...

SILVIA

Just my guard at the UN.

TOBIN

Why not?

SILVIA

I hate condolences. That extra sincere tone. The forced eye-contact. The two-handed handshake.

TOBIN

I hated the advice. "You have to get out of bed every morning."

SILVIA

"This will make you stronger."

TOBIN

"Be thankful for the memories."

SILVIA

"Remind yourself he's better off."

She gets out of bed and paces in front of the window.

SILVIA  
Tell me about your wife.

TOBIN  
What do you want to know?

SILVIA  
What do you miss about her?

TOBIN  
Simple things. Sound of her key in the door. The weight of her leg on mine. The smell of her pillow. Jenn used to have this saying, usually for when I forgot to do something. She'd say, "Honey, love is a slow river of small details."

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 one time you can really trust him.

TOBIN  
What do you miss about Edgar?

A beat.

SILVIA  
I miss who I was around him. I miss being naive.

She wanders back to her bed and lies down.

SILVIA  
We were walking one night through Toronto. It was our second date. A homeless woman came up. She kept saying, swear to God. "I'm gonna buy food. Swear to God. Just food. Swear to God." Edgar gave her twenty dollars. She left. Happy. I said, "You realize she's not going to buy food." He said, "I wasn't giving her money, I was giving her trust."

(MORE)

SILVIA (cont'd)  
(a beat)  
I took him home and fucked him. But  
these days...

A long pause.

TOBIN  
You okay?

Click. She's gone.

He watches her. She's lost in thought, as if she's forgotten him. She reaches up turns out the light. He does the same.

Tobin stands in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Twenty passengers wait, wet, cold.

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.

He moves with steady purpose up another flight of stairs.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PASSAGE

Narrow. Twisting. It's one of those long passages that leads to another station. A violin plays somewhere in the maze.

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 peeks around the corner.

DOT'S POV: The adjoining passage quickly dead ends at an accordion gate. 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 looks like it's been cut. Stairs on the other lead down to a brightly lit subway platform.

DOT

Shit.

Dot hurriedly squeezes through the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tobin reads "The Casual Dead". Something makes him smile as he closes the book for a moment and takes up the binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia is in bed asleep. He scopes her Living Room. The apartment door is closed. The window onto the fire escape is closed.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Filthy. Graffiti. Homeless detritus. Visible on the tile wall is a partial station plate for "Lexington Ave."

Dot comes down the stairs, surprised to find the platform is abandoned yet brightly lit. She takes out her weapon.

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 SECOND STAIRWELL leading up into darkness. Beyond the stairwell is a rusty metal DOOR.

Dot keeps the pillars between the tracks and her body. She passes the stairwell and looks up into darkness. 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 turns 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

Tobin watches.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

Silvia sleeps.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM

Dot listens at the tracks.

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...

A footstep.

Dot stops breathing.

Was it a footstep? There's a rustling sound. Again.

DOT

Hello?

Silence. A crunch.

DOT

Hello?

Nothing.

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

FLASH. Tobin watches Silvia.

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

FLASH. Silvia suddenly opens her eyes.

FLASH. Dot fires to look behind her. Nothing.

Black.

Silence.

Dot's poncho rustles with the sound of aiming in the dark.

DOT  
(sotto)  
Shit.

Silence.

Dot's face appears in the light of cell phone display.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tobin on his cell phone, irritated.

TOBIN  
Alright, I'm on my way.

Tobin disconnects and raises his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia lies in bed.

He picks up his cell phone and hits re-dial.

TOBIN  
Sorry to wake you.

BINOCULAR POV: Silvia holds the phone.

SILVIA (O.S.)  
I wasn't asleep.

Tobin lowers the binoculars.

TOBIN  
I have to leave you alone for a few  
minutes. Fifteen at the most.  
(he checks the street)  
He may be up to something.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

Silvia sits up.

SILVIA  
I'll be okay. Go ahead.

She hangs up. She considers her empty apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S STREET - NIGHT

Rain. Tobin exits the building that houses his surveillance apartment. He looks up and down the street. Quiet. The NYPD patrol car is still parked at the end.

He runs to his car in the rain and retrieves a flashlight.

EXT. 59TH STREET

Tobin runs east. Above him, the Roosevelt Island Cable Car rolls to the Queensboro Bridge, a bright blur in the mist.

INT. CHEAP RENTAL CAR

Nils Lud watches Tobin run past, humming to Roger Whittaker.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S STREET - NIGHT

Nils Lud look up at Silvia's dark apartment. He holds a bag.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

The intercom buzzes. A MALE NEIGHBOR in a bathrobe picks up the receiver to hear a great deal of static.

MALE NEIGHBOR

Hello?

A voice is indecipherable. Thinking the intercom has gone out, he hits the door-release button.

EXT. SILVIA'S BUILDING

Lud holds a small walkie-talkie tweaked to emit static up to the intercom. The door lock buzzes open.

INT. ELEVATOR IN SILVIA'S BUILDING

Lud puts in an earpiece.

CLOSE on the earpiece. We hear the very faint voice of a NYPD dispatcher and Beat Cops.

INT. HALLWAY TO SILVIA'S APARTMENT

Lud kneels at Silvia's door.

He opens his bag to reveal a towel, hacksaw, flashlight, drill, etc. He takes out a "pick gun", a battery-operated locksmith's tool that aligns tumblers electrically.

He goes to work on her new dead bolt.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Silvia is enters quietly, looking at the door. She can hear soft clicking sounds and a slight electric hum.

CLOSE on the door. Light comes from beneath.

Silvia watches.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PASSAGE

Tobin and Dot hurry through the narrow passage.

DOT

The light could've been on a timer.

His cell phone rings. Once. By the time he gets it out of his pocket it's stopped. Instinctively, they both look at the ID.

CLOSE on the phone display: "Silvia Broome".

They start to RUN.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Silvia puts her phone in her pocket. She looks around. She goes to fire escape window. As she opens it, she hears...

CLOSE on the door. Her dead bolt turns. Then the doorknob starts to click and hum.

EXT. 59TH STREET - NIGHT

Tobin runs the rainy street. Dot follows fifty yards behind.

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

Lud pushes the door open with his gun.

He grabs the towel but leaves his tools in the hallway. He enters, closes the door, wraps the towel around his gun.

Silvia is nowhere to be seen. The bedroom door is closed. The storm blows in from the fire escape window. He investigates; the escape is empty. He moves toward the bedroom.

The phone rings. 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, Lud hears over the speaker...

SILVIA (O.S.)

I can see you.

And she hangs up. Lud looks from the phone machine up to the  
Surveillance apartment; 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

Lud's not yet convinced; he continues to the bedroom door.

INT. SILVIA'S BATHROOM

Silvia winces as she hears the bedroom door open.

INT. SILVIA'S BEDROOM

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

EXT. SILVIA'S STREET

Tobin pounds on the buzzer as he works a key.

CUT TO:

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. He jumps.

TOBIN

Sorry.

She collapses into him.

SILVIA

He broke in...

TOBIN

Lud?

SILVIA

I don't know.

He helps her out of the tub.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM

All the lights are on. Dot is at the door filling the outer keyholes from a tube of epoxy. Silvia sits cupping a mug.

DOT

You won't be able to get in until  
after it's replaced.

Tobin enters (he's been to his car) and Dot closes the door.  
He puts a handgun on Silvia's table.

TOBIN

Make sure we get it back.

Silvia nods.

TOBIN

One of us will go back across the  
street. The other will sleep here.  
Whoever you prefer.

Silvia stands.

SILVIA

I prefer to be alone.

Dot and Tobin exchange a puzzled glance. Silvia takes her mug  
and gun to the kitchen without looking at them.

SILVIA

(a kiss off)  
I'd feel safer that way.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's still raining. Tobin watches Silvia's apartment like a hawk. Dot joins him at the window. He's feeling guilty...

TOBIN

We almost killed her.

DOT

Yep.

It's that simple. She pats him on the should and moves away.

FADE TO:

A MONTAGE of Tobin watching through the night. Literally.

We stay on his face, blending ever closer. Tobin watches with shadows of rain on skin. The shadows fade. He sips coffee. Dot wakes and goes. Flashes from an ambulance on the street below. He rubs his eyes. His face grows light with the dawn.

FADE TO:

BLACK.

A hazy flash of light.

Another.

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 - DAY

From behind the large Pepsi-Cola billboard, we crane up to see the City across the slow-running East River. It's a crisp and clear winter day. The sun hits the Secretariat, a bright point of light against 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...

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - **FRIDAY MORNING**

THOUSANDS OF PROTESTORS now gather in front of the UN. Media cluster in a stand-up area outside the North Gate.

Cops - NYPD and UN - are everywhere.

EXT. TUDOR CITY ROOF - DAY

The helicopter hovers over the "Tudor City" sign.

Beneath the sign, the NYPD Sharp Shooter Team Leader (from the advance meeting) reviews a placement diagram with six of his Shooters. They yell over the copter and protest below.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVIA'S STREET

Tobin holds Edgar's book and watches as Doug and Two NYPD Officers walk Silvia out of her building and into a waiting squad car.

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

Tobin watches the car pull away.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN GA AND CONFERENCE BUILDINGS - DAY

Eight UN Cops 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 Cops work with dogs in a cluster; they're going through the grid by section.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

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

Two UN Officers check inside books from a bookcase. Two three-man Fluoroscope Teams x-ray the walls.

CLOSE on a MONITOR: a cloudy green images of pipes in a wall.

INT. DELEGATES LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

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

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

UN Cops herd Visitors out the doors.

UN COP

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

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Doug watches the helicopter hover over the Secretariat a few blocks away. Silvia sits at the table reading.

DOUG

Coffee? Water?

SILVIA

I'm fine.

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.

Dot waits at the bottom of the flight stairs with her Four Agents. She's holding a pair of handcuffs.

EDMOND ZUWANIE (68) comes down the stairs, followed by Six Aides. For a dictator, Zuwanie looks old and frail.

DOT

(sotto)

That's a tyrant?

Zuwanie makes his way down the flight stairs. As he does so, Nils Lud comes out of the plane.

DOT  
(to Zuwanie)  
Second vehicle, Sir.

Agents escort him into the second limo and assume positions.

Dot waits for Lud. He eyes her handcuffs. As he passes, she jangles them a bit and gives him the beauty pageant smile. He goes to Zuwanie's limo.

An Aide hands Dot a case with the Matobean flag on it.

DOT  
This his blood reserve?

The Aide nods. Dot walks to the caravan.

DOT  
(into her sleeve mic)  
Leopard on the move.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY - DAY

Rory scrutinizes Delegates now coming through the detectors as Tobin looks out the glass doors at a sea of Protestors - their yelling is a muffled roar.

Tobin turns back to the Lobby.

BINOCULAR POV on Tobin as he says into his sleeve mic...

TOBIN  
Doug, is Silvia secure?

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Doug now has binoculars on the action a few blocks over and Silvia absentmindedly spins a globe in the corner.

DOUG  
(into his sleeve mic)  
Secure.

CLOSE on the world spinning. Silvia's suddenly hand stops it. She turns to Africa. She knits her brow.

She mutters to herself...

SILVIA  
It came from Matobo.

DOUG  
Pardon?

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

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

The Lobby is abandoned. The African sculpture sits eerily in the quiet. The wall clock reads: 10:20.

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, Rory and Mohammad look from the balcony down on the sculpture.

Lemann 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 into the five-foot top hole with a flashlight.

LEMANN'S POV: The sculpture is empty iron mold. His beam of light shows a knapsack at the bottom.

He turns and yells up to Tobin...

LEMANN  
Could be a bomb. The tiles would work as shrapnel, so if the lobby was full he'd get a decent kill rate. But not today. 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 10:31.

TOBIN

Not before he gets here!

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

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

MOHAMMAD

You sure you want to do this?!

TOBIN

Nope!

Tobin crawl to the sculpture's edge and sit inside the rim. He puts the light in his belt, grabs the rope, disappears.

INT. AFRICAN SCULPTURE (GA BUILDING)

Tobin lowers himself down the rope. As he approaches the knapsack, 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 black metal HOOK lie beneath it. The knapsack has no visible protrusions or wires. He puts the light aside and warily touches it. Nothing. He gently unzips a flap.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Rory, Lemann, Mohammad and Six UN Cops all look up.



Mohammad'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 peers down from the top of the sculpture.

Lemann opens the bag and dumps its contents onto the floor...

An old sleeping bag,  
Two mostly empty juice jugs,  
A photocopied blueprint of building's layout,  
Food packaging,  
A small foreign-language paperback.

Rory lifts a food wrapper with a pencil. Lemann scans the blueprint.

LEMANN

It's the building. The security cameras are marked.

RORY

He was living in here?

Mohammad opens a jug and makes a face.

UN COP

Yeah. I'd say for a couple of days.

RORY

He didn't come in with the statue?

Tobin comes down the ladder holding the cord and hook.

TOBIN

Somebody probably lowered him from the balcony. 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 climb out when the lobby was empty after the sweep. He may have used the statue to smuggle a weapon inside. Look.

Tobin picks up the paperback. There is no illustration on the cover. The title and text are incomprehensible but the name of the author is recognizable: Douglas Sukru Kuman-Kuman. On the back cover is a HANDWRITTEN PARAGRAPH in block letters.

TOBIN

He left us a message.

CLOSE on the paragraph: The message is indecipherable but the salutation is in English: "To Police".

TOBIN  
This is Ku, right?

Shrugs.

RORY  
Most African languages use the  
Roman alphabet.

The question leaves them in silence. Tobin looks to the wall clock: 10:43.

TOBIN  
(to Rory)  
Do we have enough to cancel the session?

RORY  
That's up to the GA President.

Tobin looks up at the clock. It goes to 10:44. Everyone waits. He hesitates, self-hating.

The last thing he wants to do is to say into his sleeve...

TOBIN  
Doug, we need Silvia.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUDOR CITY ROOF - DAY

Protesters yell below. Helicopters hover above.

The Sharp Shooter Team Leader watches through binoculars. A row of his men scope the surrounding buildings.

BINOCULAR POV: Doug escorts Silvia over First Avenue. He says into his sleeve mic (we hear it via earpiece)...

DOUG  
She says to meet us by the North Gate.

EXT. MEDIA STAND-UP AREA (NORTH GATE)

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 out beyond the gate, Silvia and Doug walk onto the empty patio. Tobin waits for them by the Reutersward sculpture of a gun with a twisted barrel.

Silvia clutches her purse as if she wants to hide behind it.

## INT. SECURITY TENT (NORTH GATE) - CONTINUOUS

Weirdly empty. The metal detectors are now gone, though the cables for them are still present everywhere (they're being used in the Delegate's Lobby).

Tobin, Silvia and Doug hurry pass Five UN Cops.

CUT TO:

## INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Tense. The GA President, Chief Wu, Rory, Lemann, Doug and Four UN Cops (one posted at each exit door) are silent as Tobin takes the paperback from Wu and hands it to Silvia.

She examines it for a few jittery seconds.

SILVIA

It's in Ku.

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

SILVIA

"You cannot understand if you have not felt a machete cut your flesh. 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. The men all look from Silvia to the GA President. He's struggling with the decision.

Dot interrupts via a Cop's radio...

DOT (O.S.)

Two minutes.

TOBIN

We can't hold him. Not with all the demonstrators out there. Either you cancel and we take him back to the plane or we bring him in. I need a decision. And I need it now.

All eyes go the GA President. He says to Chief Wu...

GA PRESIDENT

(re: the book)

This could be a plant. To force us into to canceling.

TOBIN

Now, sir.

A taut beat.

GA PRESIDENT

Bring him in.

CUT TO:

INT. DELEGATES' LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - DAY

Empty. Quiet.

The doors BANG open.

The Secret Service forms a cross around their Zuwanie. They move him around the entry check point.

Zuwanie's Aides are herded by UN Police toward the metal detectors. Nils Lud tries to follow Zuwanie but...

UN COP

Everybody gets scanned.

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

Cleared. Just Cops. Tobin waits on the landing.

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

The Five Secret Service Agents BURST INTO THE ROOM. Tobin enters last. The door slams behind him.

COP ON FOYER DOOR

Secure!

COP ON STAGE-LEFT DOOR

Secure!

COP ON STAGE-RIGHT DOOR

Secure!

COP ON DOOR TO BOOTHS

Secure!

Dot says into her sleeve mic.

DOT

Leopard is secure.

The GA President and the Assembly Organizer approach Zuwanie.

GA PRESIDENT

Welcome to the United Nations,  
President Zuwanie. Our apologies  
for bringing you in this way but we  
have a security problem...

As the conversation continues, Tobin steps over to Chief Wu.

TOBIN

(angry)

We should have cleared the building  
and re-secured.

CHIEF WU

It's not our call. Maybe it is a  
prank.

TOBIN

He's out there. Believe me.

CHIEF WU

We're re-checking the delegates.

There's a knock on the Foyer door. The UN Cop looks through a peep hole, tells Chief Wu...

COP ON FOYER DOOR.

Nils Lud.

Chief Wu nods. The door opens for Lud. The Mercenary limps to where Zuwanie is reading the Ku message for himself. He looks to no one as he goes to his boss.

Tobin steps over to Silvia. She's watching the dictator with repulsed fascination. They whisper...

TOBIN

You okay?

SILVIA

He looks so frail.

TOBIN

Keep your distance from Lud.

Dot joins them.

DOT

This is seventeen kinds of nuts.

The GA President announces to the room...

GA PRESIDENT

President Zuwanie would like to go ahead with his speech.

DOT

(a sing-song voice)

Mistake.

The GA President gestures Zuwanie and Lud to the Secretary General's Lounge. Chief Wu checks his watch...

CHIEF WU

We take him out in ten.

Furious, Tobin exits.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The big day. The Delegates and Press are all in their places. Some wear national dress. Everyone talks.

UN Cops in Suits are in the aisles checking badges of various African delegations. A wall of UN Cops stands in front of the rostrum.

Tobin comes to where Mohammad stands on the rostrum. He scans the Assembly Hall...

TOBIN'S POV: Normal activities seems somehow threatening. A Zimbabwean laughs too quickly. A Saudi speaks urgently into his cell phone. A Costa Rican seems to hide behind a paper. A Photographer adjusts his tripod, it looks for a second like a zip gun. Up in the booths, faces. Everywhere. He sees Audrey and Silvia's Colleagues.

CLOSE on Tobin. His eyes dart; he's starting to panic.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Tobin enters and paces in front of Dot. She tries to calm him...

DOT

Maybe someone is just trying to scare him off.

TOBIN

Yeah, well, what are they going to do when they realize it didn't work? Anyone who went to the trouble of writing us in Ku...

He's interrupted by a troubling thought.

A beat.

TOBIN

Where's Silvia?

DOT

In the lounge with Zuwanie. In case he needs a translator.

CLOSE on Tobin. Something blatant obvious occurs to him. This is different than the epiphanies we've seen him have, scary.

TOBIN

When she was getting calls, Lud was  
in our office, right? Yesterday?

DOT

Yeah.

TOBIN

Whoever he's got out there would  
have already been in the sculpture.

DOT

And?

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

A small room with two high-backed chairs facing forward.

Zuwanie and Lud sit in the chairs. Doug leans against a wall  
by the door. Silvia stands in the far corner behind Zuwanie.  
She's staring at him and starting to sweat. Her purse hangs  
low off her right shoulder.

CLOSE on the purse as she reaches her left hand into it.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

CLOSE on Tobin. Pieces fall into place. He's chasing the  
trail, wonders out loud...

TOBIN

How could she call herself from her  
own apartment?

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SILVIA'S APARTMENT - THURSDAY MORNING

Silvia holds her apartment phone to her ear.

FEMALE RECORDING

Call forwarding is now on.

She disconnects. And dials a number from memory.

MALE RECORDING

Thank you for calling the automated  
wake-up service. Please enter your  
telephone number.

Silvia begins punching in her own number.

FLASH FRAME:



TOBIN  
I'll check on her.

Tobin starts walking to the Lounge. Thinks...

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SILVIA'S LIVING ROOM - THURSDAY MORNING

Silvia surveys the room. Immaculate. Suddenly, she reaches for a curtain and pulls hard.

FLASH FRAME:

Tobin is fighting the urge to run. Thinks...

FLASH FRAME:

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY (GA BUILDING) - THURSDAY NIGHT

Winded, Silvia balances her knapsack on the banister and looks down on dark and abandoned Lobby below.

She simply tosses the cord and knapsack off the balcony and into the hole in the top of the sculpture.

FLASH FRAME:

Tobin as approaches the Lounge. Thinks...

FLASH FRAME:

INT. SECURITY TENT (GA BUILDING) - FRIDAY MORNING

Tobin leads Doug and Silvia through the tent, now free of UN Cops and metal detectors, closed for police use only.

CLOSE on her Silvia's purse; she clutches it tight.

FLASH FRAME:

Tobin's hand turns the doorknob.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

The door opens.

Calm.

Zuwanie rests. Lud looks into his case.

Silvia stands behind the President and looks up at Tobin with an odd mixture of vulnerability, fear, determination.

Tobin surveys the situation, says to Doug...

TOBIN

I got it.

Doug exits.

Silvia watches Tobin reach into his jacket. She's breathing heavily now, moves closer to Zuwanie.

Tobin steps into the center of the room. She raises the gun out the purse. She wants him to see it. Tobin stops.

He looks at the gun, the one he gave her. Seeing it almost seems a relief. The other two don't notice the exchange.

Tobin holds Silvia's eyes a moment, then he does what for a Secret Service Agent is unthinkable. Nothing. He simply asks Zuwanie...

TOBIN

How are you feeling?

Zuwanie nods. Tobin moves back to the door and leans against it. Silvia lowers the pointed gun back into her purse.

A long, tense beat.

Tobin's looking for a way out. He chooses words.

TOBIN

(to Zuwanie)

I've been reading a book by one of your writers. He writes about this Ku ritual. The Drowning Man Trial.

Silvia cuts her eyes to him. Zuwanie nods indifferently. Edgar's book is the last thing he wants to discuss.

TOBIN

Ever hear of it, Lud?

NILS LUD

No.

TOBIN

It's interesting. When someone is murdered, a year of mourning ends with a Drowning Man Trial. There's an all-night party beside a river.

(MORE)

TOBIN (cont'd)

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.

Silvia listens as if to a voice from the past. Even knowing Tobin's game, she can't stop story's impact.

TOBIN

The Ku believe that if the family lets the killer drown they'll have justice, but they'll spend the rest of their lives in mourning. But, if they save him, that very act will take away their sorrow.

Tobin's eyes meet Silvia's.

TOBIN

The Ku have this saying, "Vengeance is a lazy form of grief".

He holds her eyes until she realizes Lud has noticed. She wipes her face with her left hand.

A long beat.

Tobin does another surprising thing: he opens the door.

TOBIN

We go out in two minutes.

He looks back at her a moment and he leaves the room.

Silvia can't believe it. She tries to focus on Zuwanie. The old man rests his head back and coughs. Lud watches her.

INT. GREENROOM (GA BUILDING)

Tobin goes to the center of the room and turns to the Lounge door. Doug starts to enter but Tobin shakes him off.

He watches the door, waiting, waiting.

INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S LOUNGE (GA BUILDING)

Lud looks from the second hand on the wall clock to Silvia.

Her gun is still aimed inside her purse. She forces herself to step closer to Zuwanie. His head still rests against the chair. Her breathing accelerates. She's fighting ambivalence.

Finally, she raises the purse slightly.

One second. Two. Three. Four.

Lud doesn't breathe.

Five. Six. Seven.

SHE CLOSES HER EYES.

Seven. Eight. Nine.

She opens her eyes. Silvia Broome is no killer.

SILVIA

Excuse me.

Silvia walks to the door behind the chairs. Lud stands as she moves.

As she passes beside him, he GRABS her wrist. She resists, but he's easily able to lift her gun hand out her purse.

He takes the weapon away. Zuwanie watches in horror.

Lud holds her wrist tight, forces her against the wall. He looks at her with absolute neutrality.

He says to Zuwanie without turning...

NILS LUD

Get the others.

Zuwanie stands.

Lud turns and FIRES two shots at the President's chest. The small room reverberates with the explosions. Silvia recoils into the wall. Lud brings her hand up beside the pistol and FIRES a shot into her temple. Her head jerks, knees buckle.

She goes limp. Lud still holds her wrist.

Tobin throws the DOOR OPEN.

Lud's face tell us he's realizing there's NO BLOOD anywhere. Dot, Wu, the other Agents, all appear in the door. Lud lets Silvia's wrist go and holds the gun out on a finger...

NILS LUD

She shot him. Then herself. I  
couldn't get to her in time.

Tobin takes the gun and kneels to Silvia.

She raises herself from the floor. She's very much alive. She  
puts her hand in her hair and looks at it. There's blood on  
her finger tips.

TOBIN

From the paper plug in the blank. I  
gave you a training pistol.

It takes her a second to comprehend.

NILS LUD

She made an attempt none-the-less.

ZUWANIE (O.S.)

He's lying.

Lud turns to see Zuwanie standing. It's the first time we've  
heard the old man speak. He's shell-shocked and mad as hell.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A BRITISH MALE VOICE

I shall now read the draft  
resolution contained in document SC-  
1602-2003.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING) - DAY

The session is packed. Visitors line the walls. Faces appear  
in all the booth windows.

A BRITISH MALE VOICE

The Security Council...

The COUNCIL PRESIDENT (62) - the British Ambassador - reads  
the one-page document.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

Reaffirming that all nations are  
bound to comply with international  
humanitarian law.

INT. DELEGATE'S LOBBY (GA BUILDING)

Silvia and Tobin follow to UN Cops through the lobby. She is in handcuffs.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
And in particular the Geneva  
Conventions of 12 August 1949.

TOBIN

(sotto)  
Do you have a lawyer?

She nods. Her mind is elsewhere.

She stops at the glass doors and looks over the empty Lobby and up the stairs. Zuwanie's speech echoes through the room, he is indeed laying out a program democratic reforms.

SILVIA  
(a simple fact)  
He'll stay in power.

Tobin shrugs. She takes a moment, they go out onto...

EXT. UN PLAZA

Tobin and Silvia and the UN Cops come out onto the pavement. The Protestors assume (rightly) that she's one of their own, arrested for trying to disrupt the speech.

First Avenue erupts in CHEERS.

The UN Cops hand Silvia over to Four NYPD Cops. She lowers her head and moves with them to a squad car. Tobin follows.

She stops before letting herself be put in the backseat. She has to yell over the din...

SILVIA  
How did you know Edgar was dead?!

He grimaces and shakes his head: he can't tell her.

She's put in the car. As the NYPD Cop fixes her seat belt, she calls out to him...

SILVIA  
Laqueur!

TOBIN  
What?!

SILVIA

The French Ambassador! His name is  
Laqueur!

The door closes. The squad car pulls away. Tobin watches it.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Insisting all persons who order  
grave breaches of the Convention be  
held individually responsible.

He watches until the squad car pulls out of the UN gates and becomes enveloped in the sea of Protestors.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

Ambassadors from Austria, Lebanon and Japan hold their copies of the resolution.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Expressing grave alarm at the  
continued violations occurring  
within the territory of Matobo.

INT. NORTH DELEGATES LOUNGE

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

It's empty except for three scattered diplomatic groups, the Americans, Mexicans and Chinese.

We follow a FASTIDIOUS MAN into the Lounge.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR (O.S.)

The Security Council, acting under  
Chapter Seven of the Charter of  
United Nations.

He goes to where the American Ambassador and her Aides sit in a cluster of Knoll chairs.

FASTIDIOUS MAN

Excusé moi.

He hands the Yuppie Advisor a folder with French flag on it and moves off. The Yuppie Advisor goes white with sickening familiarity as he looks in the folder.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

(gesturing for it)

Don't be so dramatic, Brian.

He gives her the folder, she opens it.

CLOSE on the folder's contents: a color copy of the PICTURE of Edgar's body.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR (O.S.)

1. Decides to refer Edmond Zuwanie to the International Criminal Court for immediate prosecution.

The Americans watch the Fastidious Man deliver a folder to the Chinese; he then moves toward the Mexicans.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Get the White House.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The American Ambassador studies the document. Her Aides sit straight behind her.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR (O.S.)

2. Decides that all states shall comply with requests for assistance issued by the Prosecutor.

INT. 737 COCKPIT

Dot sits in the pilot's seat talking on her cell phone. The tarmac at La Guardia is full NYPD and USSS cars.

DOT

Call me after the vote.

We hear someone banging on the cockpit door.

DOT

He's not going anywhere.

INT. OBSERVATION AREA ONTO UN INTERROGATION ROOM

Through glass, Mohammad and Leman watches Lud be interrogated by Chief Wu and host of Officials.

INT. ENGLISH INTERPRETERS BOOTH (SECURITY COUNCIL)

Tobin and Doug look down on the proceedings. The Interpreters with them don't work as the British Ambassador is speaking.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

3. Requests the Secretary General begin immediate action to empower this end.



Doug whispers to Tobin...

DOUG  
I say he's going down.

TOBIN  
Maybe. Maybe not.

CLOSE on Tobin.

TOBIN  
Either way, it's not my problem.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL (CONFERENCE BUILDING)

The Council President finishes reading the draft resolution.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT  
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.

The British Ambassador lowers his glasses.

WIDE on the Council.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT  
I shall now put to a vote the draft  
resolution contained in document SC-  
1602-2003.

And right before they vote, we...

FADE TO:

BLACK.

CREDITS.

END.