

# **THE WHISTLEBLOWER**

by

Eilis Kirwan & Larysa Kondracki

Based on a True Story

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First Generation Films  
Primary Productions

1 BLACKNESS...

1

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.) (UKRAINIAN)  
*I can't see anything... Are you there?*

Silence.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.) (UKRAINIAN) (CONT'D)  
*Are you there!?*

Giggling. LUBA, 15, dangerous, flicks a lighter, sparking a cigarette, and grins in the flickering flame.

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
*God I'm drunk... Where's this damn door?*

She scans the space with the lighter. Illuminating...

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Watch it! That's my hair! Let me try.*

RAYA, 15, pretty, guileless, takes the lighter, searching... CLICK. She has it. They BURST out the door, LAUGHING, onto...

2 EXT. ROOFTOP - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

2

A PARTY. ROCK MUSIC BLARES. DRUNK TEENS dance around BURNING BARRELS. GROUPS lounge on ratty couches and turned over boxes skulling cans, making out, talking shit. A BOY, 17, lights a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL and hurls it off the roof.

Luba and Raya join THREE GUYS. ONE of them pisses onto a cloth, stuffs it in a bottle, and tries to light it. It FIZZLES. Everybody bursts out laughing.

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*It's ammonia, not alcohol.*

BOY (UKRAINIAN)  
*(Drunk) You're so smart. I love you!*

He lunges in for a kiss, but she dodges him, laughing. Luba gives him the finger, pulling Raya toward the dancing into...

TEEN MAYHEM: Raya lets herself go. She gets lost in...

A WHIRL of drunk and happy teens. It's tribal. They dance, silhouetted against the fire and the black sky, their backs to the run-down Soviet buildings... Tonight, they don't want to think about what life holds in store.

Raya stops. Dizzy. She looks at her watch, suddenly aware of the time. Yelling over to Luba...

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*I have to get home. Mama's gonna kill me.*

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
*No, you're staying with me tonight. Roman wants us there at 9 in the morning.*

Raya looks at Luba. Torn.

LUBA (CONT'D)  
*It's just a few months working in a hotel. You want to work at Copyshack like your mother? Marry one of these assholes? There's nothing here!.. He said it was both of us or no go!*

Raya sighs, wanting to, but unable to agree. Luba hesitates; she needs this so badly.

LUBA (CONT'D)  
*Fuck your mom!*

But Raya shakes her head, eyes apologetic. She pushes past Luba who watches her disappear.

3 INT. RAYA'S APARTMENT - KYIV - LATE NIGHT 3

Raya tiptoes through a modest apartment when.... The lights come on. Raya turns back to see HALYNA, 35. Her face torn between anger and relief.

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*I know I'm late. I tried to leave, but--*

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)  
*It's three in the morning.*

Halyna shakes her head, disappointed. Then turns off the lights. Raya stands alone as Halyna goes into her bedroom. SLAM. Raya looks around the apartment, it's poverty, it's measly aspirations...

4 EXT. KYIV - MORNING 4

The silver mist of dawn rises over the Golden Domes of Kyiv.

5 INT. APARTMENT - KYIV - MORNING 5

Raya sits on a stool before a WHITE WALL. Luba smokes a cigarette. ROMAN, 40, smiley, fixes a camera to a tripod.

ROMAN (UKRAINIAN)  
*Big smile!*

Luba reads a SWISS HOTEL BROCHURE, then looks up.

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
(practicing) *I am Natalya Verbova. I am going to Budapest to buy carpets for re-selling. I am staying two days...*

Raya sees ZENIA, 30, peeking in the door. Raya smiles. Zenia, nods, demure. Roman looks through the camera.

LUBA (CONT'D)  
*No-one's gonna believe we really did it!*

Luba beams at Raya, who can't hide her own excitement.

CAMERA POV: Raya looks into the camera. Her face lights up with hope... FLASH... The IMAGE FREEZES... We BURN TO WHITE. Then the title of the film fades in...

"THE WHISTLEBLOWER"

A FLASHLIGHT cuts across...

6 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LINCOLN, NEBRASKA - NIGHT 6

POLICE OFFICER LEEDS scans the side of a house. Rounding to THE FRONT PORCH

He shakes his head at his partner, KATHRYN BOLKOVAC, 38. Earthy and athletic. She is in great shape, but her eyes tell of a life fully lived. She's looking at a HUSBAND and WIFE standing in the doorway.

HUSBAND  
It just got a bit heated, you know how it gets. I'll apologize to the neighbors tomorrow.

Kathy nods, humoring. A police radio BUZZES.

OFFICER LEEDS  
Ready to go?

Kathy eyes the wife, tries to see past them into the house.

KATHY  
You sure everything is alright, Ma'am?

The wife is still. Kathy eyes her, gently. Then, calm...

WIFE  
Really. It was nothing.

The husband shifts his weight. Kathy flits a look behind him, noticing... Jackets hanging from the wall. Her gaze lowers to a hook hanging much lower than the rest of the jackets.

KATHY

You all have any children?

HUSBAND

Nope.

The wife looks down. The man stirs, agitated.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

So if that's all Officer...

KATHY

I'd like to take a quick walk through the house.

HUSBAND

You can't do that without a warrant.

KATHY

Yes I can, Sir, please step aside.

The wife moves out of the way. The man panics. Leeds heads up the porch. Kathy steps over the threshold. When...

HUSBAND

You're not coming in my house!

He blocks her, but Kathy pushes past him, and then he...

GRABS Kathy. HURLS her into a wall. CRACK. Kathy yells in EXTREME PAIN.

O.S. POLICE SIRENS BLARE

7 INT. HOSPITAL HALL - NIGHT

7

Three POLICE OFFICERS linger. They peek through a door at...

8 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

8

Kathy. She sits up on a gurney. The DOCTOR examines her shoulder. It's BRUISED PURPLE.

DOCTOR

Painful there?

Kathy winces.

CAPTAIN HAWK, 50s, African American, walks in, noticing her exposed shoulders, and turns, uncomfortable. Kathy covers.

HAWK

I'm her Captain.

DOCTOR

Her collar bone is broken. And I'm going to have to set her arm in a cast.

HAWK

Lookin' for a route to the desk?

KATHY

Yeah, I'm gonna break every bone in my body until I'm captain.

Hawk laughs.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I'm fine. I'm sure you have a hotter date than this tonight.

HAWK

I wish.

KATHY

Just when my self esteem was gettin' so healthy.

HAWK

We found a boy locked in the basement. Badly beaten. We charged the husband with domestic assault. You made the right call. But you should've waited for backup. (sighing)... I wish I didn't have to say this--

KATHY

You're giving Deke the gold shield.

HAWK

I have to Kathy. He has seniority.

Kathy shakes her head, deeply disappointed.

HAWK (CONT'D)

You deserve the promotion. You should be a detective and if we had more openings--

KATHY

That gold shield was the first one in four years... Sir... I'm going to have to resign, and take that position overseas.

HAWK

I think that's a mistake. I want you on my team.

Kathy sighs, touched. But...

KATHY

Frank, I'm nearly forty. I can't be on the streets much longer. Not if I don't know there's something on the other end.

She looks up at Hawk, but he's staring past her at...

The door. Kathy turns, seeing... A young, scared GIRL, 15. This is ERIN. Kathy's daughter. She's heard everything. Hawk eyes Erin, sympathetic.

HAWK

Just think about it, will you?

He leaves, passing Erin, who pushes down tears. Kathy eyes Erin, full of love, but not knowing what to say.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

9

Erin stares out the window. Kathy watches her, concerned.

ERIN

I wish you could stay here.

KATHY

Me too.

Erin turns. Serious. Weighing...

ERIN

I mean it's fine living at dad's, but... Now I *really* won't see you for a while.

KATHY

I'm doing this for us. If I have a better job, I can give you guys more.

Erin nods, tearing again.

ERIN

When do you have to decide?

KATHY

Come here.

Erin moves over, hesitant. Kathy pulls her in to a hug, wincing slightly in pain. But keeps a brave face.

ERIN

Are you sure it's not dangerous?

KATHY

Of course. It's been four years. Things are getting back to normal over there.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BOMBED OUT building, sprayed with RED GRAFFITI. DEBRIS everywhere. Torn clothes. A SIGN. Cyrillic letters:

*SARAJEVO - 3 KM.*

Sprayed across it in red: **TURN AROUND!**

10 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 10

A SILHOUETTE breaks the horizon and SPEEDS towards us, throwing up gravel: a dented white BUS, emblazoned with large black letters: "UN". A UNITED STATES flag on it.

TITLE CARD: BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA 1999

11 INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS 11

Kathy sits in a bus full of BLUE BERETS. She looks out the window, her eyes drinking it all in...

VOICE (O.S.)

You come here today as a beacon of hope, as representatives of humanity's highest aspirations.

In the opposite direction, a U.S. MILITARY TANK ROLLS past. A SOLDIER looks out from the HATCH.

Kathy turns to see the only other woman on the bus, Carmen, 20s, Latina. She smiles cheekily, giving Kathy the 'peace' sign. Kathy smiles. IMMEDIATE SOLIDARITY.

In the opposite direction, two other UN BUSES pass, one flanked by a CANADIAN FLAG, the other with a FRENCH TRICOLOR.

The bus cranks around the corner, entering...

12 EXT. SNIPER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 12

The final stretch into Sarajevo. Famous from so many war reports, site of many deaths. The broad, pock-marked avenue is barren. SHELLED HIGH RISES lean like hungry faces, gouged from their once-solid structures. Living rooms are exposed to the elements, wallpaper blowing in the wind like torn skin.

IN THE BUS: Carmen taps Kathy, pointing out the window...

CARMEN

Sniper Alley. See, the bullet marks are at eye level. People just running to the store.

All the walls are splattered at head level. Kathy is overcome by the stark reality of war. Worse than she ever imagined.

INTERCUT WITH:

MOVE ALONG rapt faces... YOUNG MEN, MIDDLE-AGED MEN, heads held high, ready for anything. We're in...

13 INT. MEETING HALL - LATER

13

BILL HYNES paces before the assembled NEW RECRUITS. He's in his 50s, distinguished and seemingly in charge...

BILL HYNES

You have been hired by Dyncorp Aerospace International to represent the US as monitors for the United Nations, which means you are the only national contingent coming from a private military. So you people chose to come here. And for the next few weeks, we will teach you how to protect the rule of law in a war zone, how to rebuild a civil society brick by brick...

MOVING OVER more RECRUITS... On their laps, "DYNCORP" ORIENTATION FOLDERS. MEN, listening, determined...

14 EXT. OUTLYING SUBURB - DAY

14

Kathy and RECRUITS receive TRAINING from a PAKISTANI MONITOR, shadowing him as he hands food-packs to a LINE of REFUGEES.

BILL HYNES (O.S.)

...to ensure the dignity, equality, and inalienable human rights of every single person in this devastated place.

The refugees turn their haunted eyes to the fresh faces of the NEW RECRUITS. Kathy extends a parcel to an OLD MAN. He hesitates. Then she sees... He has no arms. She's unsure what to do. A young boy takes the package, leading his grandfather away. Kathy stands: WHERE AM I?

ASSEMBLY HALL: Bill Hynes stands before a map of the Balkans.

BILL HYNES (CONT'D)

The Dayton Peace Accords of 1995 ended this war, dictating that an International Police Task Force - YOU - would smooth the transition from war to peace.

15 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SARAJEVO - DAY 15

KATHY and THREE NEW RECRUITS are led down a path along a mountainside. They move toward an UNDERGROUND BUNKER. CHILDREN play at the edge of an overgrown field.

A BOY hops up on a post, about to jump over, when the leader, TODD MYERS, 30s, a seasoned pro, YELLS at him, points out...

A sign closer to the BARBED WIRE, fringing the field... A SKULL AND CROSSBONES. "**LANDMINES NOT SWEEP**"

BILL HYNES (O.S.)

But you will learn that peace is harder won than war..

Kathy watches the boy run back up the road. The recruits head down STEEP STEPS into...

16 INT. ARTILLERY DEPOSIT - MOMENTS LATER 16

Light sneaks through cracks, catching on the oil black barrels of THOUSANDS of GUNS. Todd hands out BINDERS.

TODD MYERS

We are still in the process of disarming the Muslim, Croat, and Serb militias. You will be cataloguing these arms for decommissioning records.

Kathy eyes the unending stash of GUNS.

17 EXT. SARAJEVO SUBURBS - DUSK 17

Kathy drives past a MILITARY BASE, an ITALIAN FLAG flying... A few hundred yards up the street, a BAR...

BELLA LUNA BAR

Driving past a another BAR. GERMAN FLAG... A SIGN: BERLIN NIGHTS... Kathy passes by, amused.

18 EXT. AMERICAN DORMS - SARAJEVO SUBURBS - EVENING 18

Kathy and Carmen are led by a MONITOR through a sparsely furnished UNIT. A poster of 'Born in the USA' on the wall.

BILL HYNES (O.S.)  
You will learn that every morning's  
hope...

Carmen bounces her butt up and down to test her mattress.

19 INT. LOCAL GROCERY STORE - DAY 19

Kathy inspects items on the shelves. Nothing familiar.

MOVING POV FROM BUS - EARLIER

A cluster of WOMEN in BLACK BURKAS. They sway like reeds in the wind, grief overcoming them as they watch:

BILL HYNES (O.S.)  
...is haunted by yesterday's nightmare...

UN BLUE HELMETS supervise the dig of a mass grave. Bodies are revealed. A child's shoe is uncovered. A BURLY PEACEKEEPER turns, sickened.

20 EXT. TITO BARRACKS - AFTERNOON 20

The bus arrives. The base is surrounded by barbed wire and overlook sights, manned by ARMED MILITARY.

MEETING HALL: Hynes looks out at the new batch. Proud.

BILL HYNES  
But today is a new day. As Head of the United Nations Mission here I trust that we stake our highest values, even our lives, on the belief that we can rebuild, we must renew, we will witness the rebirth of this country.

The recruits are hyped, the rhetoric is working. MOVING OVER THEM, MAN by MAN, we REVEAL in the back:

Kathy. In her crisp navy blue IPTF flack jacket. Her blonde hair makes her stand out. She is one of the only women in the room. Her eyes ablaze. She is completely fired up.

21 INT. KITCHEN - IPTF DORM - EVENING 21

Kathy sits at the table spreading stuff on dark bread. Carmen across from her. Kathy takes a bite and grimaces.

KATHY  
I thought this was peanut butter but--

CARMEN

It's ass paste? I know. I bought it too.  
Let's get out of here. I need a drink.

22 EXT. STREET - SARAJEVO - NIGHT

22

ROCK MUSIC ECHOES from several bars. Carmen heads toward one, when an AMERICAN IPTF MONITOR stops her.

AMERICAN IPTF

That's a military Bar. You want the party  
in there...

He points to BIG NEON SIGN: *THE INTERNATIONAL BAR*. Tiki lights illuminate a broad patio. A PIG roasts on a spit.

Kathy follows Carmen through DOZENS of off-duty IPTF, SFOR and UN workers who drink and trade stories with machismo.

There's a palpable sexual tension in the air. BOSNIAN WAITRESSES flirt with OFFICERS. Guys paw GIRLS with trays.

CARMEN

Fuck me, we're outnumbered. Good odds.

KATHY

Hon, they're all yours.

They make their way through the crowded bar, feeling the officers' double-takes. Carmen smiles coyly at Kathy, then zeroes in on JAN VAN DER VELDE, 35, handsome. He is surrounded by a group of IPTF with Dutch flags on their shoulders. Carmen throws her arms around them, jovial.

CARMEN

Okay, fine, if you insist. Mine's a  
Jaegermeister.

Jan laughs at Carmen's forwardness, his eye on Kathy. But she spots Todd Myers across the bar, and is on her way, when...

JAN

What about you? You don't have an order?

KATHY

No. I'm the polite one.

JAN

I like polite.

Carmen turns his head toward her.

CARMEN

I'm gonna be the drunk one. Let's get  
toasted.

Kathy smiles, a little too old for this game. Carmen leans  
into Kathy's ear. She smiles, and moves off.

AT THE BAR

Kathy moves to Todd and the Americans, catching Todd's eye,  
but is distracted by a WAITRESS writhing on an ITALIAN  
SOLDIER's lap. The Waitress darts Kathy a look, contemptuous.  
And the soldiers notice. One leers at Kathy...

ITALIAN SOLDIER

I'd pay double for a woman in uniform.

Kathy looks him over.

KATHY

Sorry pal, I'm not for sale.

The Soldier is stung. The Italians laugh.

TODD MYERS (O.S.)

We're Dyncorp. We're all for sale...  
Kathy, right?

Todd puts his arm around Kathy, bringing her to a TABLE OF  
AMERICAN IPTF. They greet her, friendly.

TODD MYERS (CONT'D)

Look the basic lay of the land is we have  
to work with the other nationals, but we  
don't mix with them at night.

JIM HIGGINS, 25, and even younger looking...

JIM HIGGINS

Lucky those wops don't carry guns or  
we'd've had ourselves a situation.  
Fucking unarmed mission. I was hoping  
we'd get to squeeze some off.

TODD MYERS

At who? Better odds you'll step on a land  
mine and what the hell's a gun gonna do  
for you then?

JIM HIGGINS

(embarrassed) I'd kill the fucker who  
buried it.

Everyone laughs. Todd turns to Kathy.

TODD MYERS  
 You ever had to take someone down?

KATHY  
 Just once.

The others see she's the real deal. Kathy feels good.

23 INT. PATIO BAR - LATE NIGHT 23

Kathy moves through the now-hopping bar. She's ready to leave. She searches for... Carmen. She's IN A CORNER. Still with the group of DUTCH OFFICERS.

Kathy approaches, concerned, when Jan cuts her off. He's watching Carmen, who's teetering, drunk.

JAN  
 You should probably get her home.

KATHY  
 You probably shouldn't have let her drink that much.

Kathy moves past him, irritated. But he grabs her.

JAN  
 Hey. I... don't worry. I know those guys. Nothing was going to happen to her.

Kathy shrugs, it doesn't mean much to her.

JAN (CONT'D)  
 I was hoping you'd come back.

KATHY  
 Well I did. And now we're both leaving.

24 EXT. SARAJEVO - MORNING 24

Early sun breaks through the fog over the valley.

25 INT. DORM - KITCHEN - MORNING 25

Kathy tries to work the Bosnian coffee maker, a confusing relic. Carmen comes in, holding her head.

CARMEN  
 What the hell happened last night?

Kathy smiles, pouring her a cup of the tar-like brew. They both look at it, a little scared. Kathy eyes the clock.

KATHY

Let's move. We're gonna be late.

26 EXT. STREET - ILIDZA, BOSNIA - DAY

26

Industrial plants dominate the skyline of this Sarajevo suburb. Kathy drives frantically past bombed-out buildings. Carmen studies a map beside her. They hit A RED LIGHT. And stop. A GROUP OF MUSLIM WOMEN cross the street. One questions Kathy with a lingering gaze. Carmen stares at her map...

CARMEN

Do you have any idea where we are?

Kathy shakes her head. No idea.

27 INT. ILIDZA STATION - MOMENTS LATER

27

A run-down prefab office, with dated 80s equipment. A couple of small offices off the open center.

Kathy and Carmen rush in. An IPTF OFFICER stands waiting for them... Jan Van Der Velde.

JAN

Late night ladies?

They eye him, embarrassed. He hands them each a thick binder.

JAN (CONT'D)

I'm your duty officer. You check the duty roster. Every day. You're each assigned to monitor and instruct a group of Bosnian local police. We work in six week shifts. You instruct in the mornings, then go into the field with them in the afternoon. One of you needs to go now.

He eyes an eager Kathy. Carmen shrugs.

JAN (CONT'D)

They're waiting at the 5th canton. Out the gate, then left, left, park, right...

Kathy rushes off, then stops. Jan tosses a set of keys.

JAN (CONT'D)

My van. There's a map in front.

She drops the keys, grabs them, and rushes out.

28 EXT. 5TH CANTON - ILIDZA, BOSNIA - MORNING

28

A SCHOOL sprayed with GRAFFITI and BULLETS.

29 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

29

An abandoned CLASSROOM. Shabby corkboards with yellowing PSA posters, ragged kids' drawings, and tired sticky tape.

Kathy skims through the training binders. The DOOR OPENS and a GROUP OF LOCAL POLICE file in. They whisper, exchanging lascivious glances. Kathy straightens her uniform.

KATHY

Feel free to sit wherever you like.

Kathy waits for them to take their seats. They don't. A BOSNIAN WOMAN, pretty, rushes in. Spotting Kathy...

BOSNIAN WOMAN

Sorry I am late. I'm your interpreter.

KATHY

Great, well... I just asked them to sit.

The interpreter shakes her head benignly. They take their seats. The interpreter looks at Kathy.

BOSNIAN WOMAN

They like to be difficult. They understand if you're clear. Mostly they have trouble speaking English. But let's see if you can get them to talk at all.

Kathy looks out, suddenly daunted. She presses on, opening her binder as authoritatively as she can.

KATHY

Okay, I'm going to be talking about crime scene investigation today. If we could--

An older officer, DANIK, stands, defiant.

DANIK (BROKEN ENGLISH)

Where do we sign to say we came?

KATHY

Actually, you sign the attendance at the end of the session. It's a UN mandate--

DANIK

Or we sign now?

Full of malice. Kathy puts the sheet away, then...

KATHY

We sign later.

The cop scoffs, and sits.

30 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

30

Kathy stands in front of a BLACKBOARD with DRAWINGS on a CRIME SCENE. She crosses off TWO AREAS on the board.

KATHY

...Keeping the crime scene clean is number one.

A weak smile. Nothing from the crowd. She trundles on.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Remember you could be stepping on the very evidence that could incriminate. You have to track anything you bag. We call that 'chain of evidence.'

INTERPRETER

*Pamyatayte scho vu bu mholy stavatu na scho nam pokazaye yaka bula nespodivanka. Treba vcyo datu v torbu.*

Kathy looks out. The cops are barely paying attention. ONE stubs out a cigarette. Another closes the binder, defiantly.

DANIK

We sign sheet now?

Kathy leans back, disappointed. She hands him the sheet. They all sign, apathetic.

DANIK (CONT'D)

You will tell UN we were cooperating?

Kathy tries to retain a poker face but their indifference stings. And just as they're about to leave...

KATHY

We have to go to the hospital together.

The cops eye her, agitated.

31 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

31

Kathy's SUV pulls up behind the cluster of local police cars. IPTF OFFICER CLARKSON stands outside. He eyes his watch. Kathy rushes to him, but he's already a foot in the door.

KATHY

We got here as quick as we could.

CLARKSON (BRITISH ACCENT)

Just try to get them here on time.

32 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

32

Clarkson leads Kathy and the BOSNIAN POLICE through the hall. Gurney's and IVs suggest it's a hospital, but you wouldn't want to be examined here. Some windows are still covered with wood slats, and paint barely covers old bullet holes. The floors still hold the stains of old blood.

Clarkson grabs a file, and speaks without looking back...

CLARKSON

Seems we have two stabbings, one shooting, and a man with a broken leg and a bad hangover who can't remember what happened... Average night back in Brighton.

The cops stare at him, lost. As they file into a SMALL ROOM filled with tightly drawn curtains. They all squeeze into the center together. Kathy is pressed against the large cop.

Clarkson pulls back a curtain, revealing...

ZLATA SEHIK, 40, Muslim. Her face is covered with wounds. She avoids the gaze of the police who stare with contempt. She pulls her bed-sheet up to her chin as...

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

(reading chart) "facial contusions from repeated beatings with fist", "lacerations on the eye caused by the edge of an iron"...

He pauses. Looking at Zlata, he moves her sheet up to expose her leg. Zlata's eyes tear. Clarkson reads...

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

"The right hand was the first entry point of a large kitchen knife"... "The second entry point in the upper left thigh"... It went through her hand and into her leg... Who's going to take this report?

Kathy looks out at the Bosnian cops, but they stare at the ground. One cop peeks into the next cubicle. Kathy looks at Clarkson for a cue. He holds out the clipboard.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

Anyone?

No answer. Clarkson looks to Kathy to take control. She turns to her group, but they have even less respect for her. She goes to speak, when... VIKO, 25, looks up, hesitant.

VIKO (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
I will take it.

The cops turn. Clarkson unclicks his pen. Viko sees Kathy, hungry for support. But Danik scoffs.

DANIK (BOSNIAK)  
(At Zlata) *Tze ye yiyiy vuna.*

Zlata's face tightens. Viko turns to Danik, angry.... Kathy looks to Clarkson, who gives her nothing.

KATHY  
What did he say?

VIKO  
She is Muslim. He said she deserved it.

CLARKSON  
Alright, that's it. Everyone out.

KATHY  
(at Clarkson) Isn't she filing a complaint?

The other cops eye Kathy, defiant. This is our turf.

Clarkson ushers the cops out. Kathy catches Viko's eye. Simpatico. Then follows the other out. Kathy looks back at Zlata, who lies helpless.

33 INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

33

Clarkson leads the group. Kathy pushes up toward him.

KATHY  
She has to file a complaint. A woman gets stabbed in the face and there are no repercussions?

Clarkson pulls Kathy aside. Viko stares.

CLARKSON  
Quit it! You hear me?

Kathy reddens. The local cops look over.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)  
We are not investigators. We are monitors. You don't know a Serb from a Croat or a Bosniak. You've got ethnic hatreds that started a war. This isn't just policing, it's diplomacy.

Kathy blushes, feeling like a chastened schoolgirl.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

We don't run the show, we make sure the show runs smoothly.

34 INT. BEDROOM - IPTF DORM - EVENING 34

Kathy sits up in bed reading from her Dyncorp/UN manual. She flicks, not finding what she's looking for. Carmen comes out of her room, dolled up for the evening.

CARMEN

Come out. You can't solve this tonight. I'm not taking no for an answer.

35 EXT. LOCAL CAFE - SARAJEVO MARKET - NIGHT 35

Kathy has dinner with Carmen, who talks away. Kathy watches the world go by. She notices an OLDER, LARGE IPTF MONITOR walking with his arm around a YOUNG GIRL, 16, dressed in a short skirt. Kathy turns back to Carmen who is still talking.

36 EXT. SARAJEVO - MORNING 36

Chanting echoes from the SINANOVA HOUSE of the Dervish Order.

37 INT. ILIDZA STATION - MORNING 37

Viko comes in, scanning over IPTF MONITORS. Spotting Kathy.

38 INT. ILIDZA STATION - MOMENTS LATER 38

Viko lays down a pile of files. Zlata's picture on top.

VIKO

Zlata Sehić has been to the hospital eight times because of her husband. Every time she try to file a complaint, my bosses send her back. They always laugh at the woman... They laughed at my mother. They do not make prosecutions of domestic violence. I want to get enough evidence to do this.

Kathy isn't sure. She looks around, almost guiltily...

VIKO (CONT'D)

This is why you are here, no?

Kathy looks at him, struck by the truth of this. She takes the files, flipping through them. Thinking...

KATHY

With no police reports?.. Maybe, if you go back to the hospital... You can pull the records for every one of her visits.

39 INT. FILE ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY 39

A HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR, who hands Viko a stack of files.

40 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 40

Kathy sits in a UN SUV. Viko watches as she goes through Zlata's hospital files. She's encouraged.

KATHY

Okay, now get the same thing from all the doctors who treated her. They will have to testify on Zlata's behalf.

41 INT. LAW LIBRARY - EVENING 41

Viko and Kathy sit behind a pile of Legal Books. Viko shows Kathy a page, a questioning look on his face.

KATHY

This is good. Let's cross reference each injury with other cases where felony assaults were ruled. Can you get something like that?

Viko turns to see a LIBRARIAN at the main desk.

KATHY (CONT'D)

... Because if stabbing someone in a bar is illegal then the same standard can be applied to a domestic assault.

42 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 42

Viko sits behind Zlata and COUNSEL while a JUDGE rules.

KATHY (O.S.)

If an attorney presents this properly, referencing international standards, you might be able to get a conviction.

Viko and Zlata wait... then breathe relief. They won. Viko turns TO THE BACK OF THE COURTROOM: Kathy smiles, at last feeling they can really accomplish something.

43 INT. JAN'S OFFICE - ILIDZA STATION - DAY 43

Kathy comes inside, interrupting Jan and FRANZ, Dutch IPTF.

KATHY

Sorry, you wanted to see me?

Franz excuses himself, eyeing a tense Kathy. Jan closes the door behind Franz, turning to Kathy. All business.

JAN

Madeleine Rees wants to see you. Head of the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights.

KATHY

What? Why?

JAN

I'm sure it's fine. You followed protocol, right?

Kathy rushes out, worried. Jan smiles, in on a secret.

44 INT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - SARAJEVO - MORNING

44

Kathy sits alone in the office. Degrees, plaques, and awards cover the walls. Pictures of Madeleine Rees with Kofi Annan, Bill Clinton, Nelson Mandela... Kathy is intimidated.

MADELEINE REES, 50s, tall, commanding, short blonde hair, British. She sashays in with a DOBERMAN on a leash.

MADELEINE REES

Don't mind Helen, she's a total sap.

Kathy eyes the malevolent hound.

KATHY

Ms. Rees, I--

MADELEINE REES

Madeleine. You've been stirring things up.

KATHY

Is this about Zlata Sehik? If I've overstepped protocol--

MADELEINE REES

You have done in two months, what we've been trying to do for years.

Madeleine sits. Kathy straightens.

MADELEINE REES (CONT'D)

All due respect to Viko Mezovic, but you just facilitated the first conviction for domestic abuse in Bosnian history. I'm bloody impressed. So is the Dutch Duty Officer who recommended you.

Kathy takes it in. Madeleine looks out the window at TWO GLASS TOWERS that punctuate Sarajevo's skyline.

MADELEINE REES (CONT'D)

The IPTF has a Gender Affairs Office at Mission Headquarters. Dervla Hughes, the current head, is leaving and I think you're the right person to take over.

Kathy is taken aback.

MADELEINE REES (CONT'D)

You'd be overseeing 12 regional offices. Any gender reports come through you. This involves anything from equality training to domestic and child abuse cases, fallout from war crimes against women, prostitution. Women in Bosnia are treated like second class citizens. You could have a real impact on their lives. What do you think? Are you interested?

This is everything Kathy came to do...

KATHY

Absolutely.

45 INT. BEDROOM - IPTF DORM - NIGHT

45

Kathy paces, phone to her ear. Her suitcase open, she's packing at the same time. Carmen helps.

KATHY (INTO PHONE)

I know hon, it's very exciting. If this works out. It's a real opportunity for the future, but it means I have to, I have to extend my contract for another six months... Hello?..

Kathy stops pacing.

KATHY (CONT'D)

...Erin?

Kathy pulls the phone close, listening. Carmen eyes her.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
 No I didn't. I'll look right now.

Kathy goes over to a computer, clicking open an EMAIL. ON THE SCREEN: A PICTURE OF ERIN in a PROM DRESS. Kathy sits back, flushed with emotion. Her enthusiasm complicated by the realization of what she's missing back home. Softly...

KATHY (CONT'D)  
 You look beautiful...

46 EXT. AMERICAN APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT 46

Carmen helps Kathy load boxes and suitcases into an SUV.

CARMEN  
 I can't believe they're moving you into the city. I'm so jealous. So where's your office?

KATHY  
 Mission Headquarters... UNMHQ.

CARMEN  
 But Madeleine is UNHCHR, right?

KATHY  
 (smiling) I know. I don't even know if I'm still IPTF.

CARMEN  
 Well I don't give an F.U.C.K. All I know is I'm gonna miss you. Stay in touch with the little people!

They hug. Kathy smiles, and hops into the car.

47 EXT. SARAJEVO ROAD - NIGHT 47

Kathy drives into the CITY CENTRE.

48 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 48

Kathy puts the last box down. She steps out onto the balcony. Looks out at Sarajevo, city of survivors, her new home.

49 EXT. UN MISSION HEADQUARTERS (UNMHQ) - SARAJEVO - MORNING 49

Member nations' flags slap in the wind. Hundreds of UN SUVs. Kathy drives up. She takes in the huge building. Almost in disbelief that she's part of it, at the center of it all.

50 INT. LOBBY - UNMHQ - MORNING

50

The modern lobby buzzes with UN OFFICIALS and DIPLOMATS.  
Kathy follows RICK JONES, 30s, athletic, crisp.

RICK JONES

I'm glad to have an American in the mix.  
You'll be reporting to me.

KATHY

Oh... I, I thought I was reporting to  
Madeleine Rees' Office.

RICK JONES

It's a joint office. She's Human Rights.  
But you're Police Task Force. So you go  
through me. But we all report to Bill  
Hynes anyhow.

They walk through two large doors into... The Inner Sanctum.

51 INT. CORRIDOR - UNMHQ - CONTINUOUS

51

Rick and Kathy round a corner to a medium-sized office, boxes  
everywhere. Rick eyes the... mess.

RICK JONES

Yeah, your ah... predecessor's files...  
We're waiting for Archives to get those  
out of here. I'll put another call in.

Kathy nods, taking in the disarray. Dust sits on the stacks  
of boxes, on papers and files strewn about.

KATHY

It's fine. Thanks for the tour.

RICK JONES

Great. I'll leave you to it. Good luck.

He leaves her. Kathy runs her eye over the place. The reality  
of her office less exalted than she imagined. But she's  
raring to go. She eyes a name plate:

KATHRYN BOLKOVAC - HEAD OF GENDER AFFAIRS.

Kathy stands in her office doorway, glancing up the hall.

THE HALL is empty. The EXIT door at the end swings shut in  
the flickering fluorescent light.

52 EXT. OLD TOWN TURKISH QUARTER - SARAJEVO - NIGHT

52

Black cobbles. Merchants line the narrow pathways. Open-doored cafes serve coffee to UNEMPLOYED YOUTH. Kathy and Jan walk along. He's delighted. She's restrained.

JAN

I was wondering when you'd ask me out.

KATHY

It's not a date... No, seriously. It's not. I know you had a lot to do with my promotion, so I wanted to thank you.

He grabs her by the hand, ducking into a SMALL ARCHWAY. A NARROW PASSAGE opens up onto a charming restaurant.

53 EXT. CAFE - OLD TOWN - LATER

53

Kathy and Jan sit at a table, watching a WAITRESS put down a carraffe of wine and 'Cevapcici' (lamb dish).

JAN

Here's to not dating.

KATHY

Listen to me. I'm not joking around. You're a nice guy. But I...

The waitress reaches across Kathy with a plate. Winks at Jan.

WAITRESS

You are certain you have everything you need?

The waitress eyes him coyly. Kathy studies the exchange.

JAN

We're fine thank you.

The waitress leaves. Kathy shakes her head, amused.

JAN (CONT'D)

You were saying I'm a nice guy--

Kathy is watching the waitress hit up another table.

KATHY

You must be in heaven over here.

JAN

The war left behind a lot of widows.

KATHY  
You don't find that--

JAN  
I find it uncomfortable. A lot of guys don't. I don't know what else to say about it. Now finish your sentence, I'm a nice guy but--

KATHY  
I can't afford to mess this up.

JAN  
It's only dinner. How bad can it get?

KATHY  
Ask my two ex-husbands.

He grins. Kathy looks at him, unsettled by the chemistry between them.

54 INT. CORRIDOR - UNMHQ - DAY 54

Rick introduces Kathy to various IPTF and UN colleagues.

55 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY 55

Kathy stacks unpacked boxes out of the way. She organizes a BIG BULLETIN BOARD into 12 CANTONS.

56 EXT. EIGHTH CANTON - AFTERNOON 56

Kathy follows an IPTF monitor, BARRY, 30s, Irish past the front of a UN BUS. A DOZEN MUSLIM WOMEN disembark and look up, their hands over their mouths, keening.

BARRY  
This is the first time they've seen their homes in years.

IPTF MONITORS help with unloading battered suitcases and belongings. THREE carry a couch up the steps of a building as a YOUNG BROTHER and SISTER watch. Standing back, an ELDERLY WOMAN weeps in disbelief as the monitors lay final touches on makeshift storm windows on her apartment.

Kathy watches, Barry by her side.

KATHY  
They're all widows?

BARRY  
That's why they were so frightened to come back.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

They couldn't believe they'd be safe.  
That what happened before wouldn't happen  
again. Except now with nobody to protect  
them.

Kathy shakes her head. The women enter the building, their  
past lives in shards at their feet. One WOMAN, 40s, stands  
numb, a bundle of books in her arms, tears running down her  
face, as her TEENAGE SON beckons her to come in the DOOR.

KATHY

Except us.

BARRY

I always thought helping refugees get  
home would be one of the best parts of  
the job. But it's so hard for them.

Kathy nods, moved.

KATHY

Thanks for taking me through this. Fill  
me in when you're done, and I'll send my  
report to Rick Jones.

Another FIELD OFFICER rushes up. An urgent look on his face.

57 INT. IPTF FIELD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

57

The field officer leads Barry and Kathy round a corner, to...

A YOUNG GIRL nearly passed out on the couch. Her face bloody  
and swollen. Kathy runs up to the girl, who can barely sit  
up. Softly waking her. The girl comes to, taking in her  
surroundings, and...

JUMPS UP. An unmistakable look in her eyes. TERROR.

Kathy eyes the field worker. He shrugs, lost. Kathy turns  
back to the girl, and slowly places a hand on her shoulder.  
The girl flinches, then inches back... shaking her head.

KATHY

It's okay, it's--

But the girl holds out her hands, stopping Kathy. She looks  
around, completely disoriented. Desperately searching for an  
exit. She eyes them all, realizing she's surrounded and  
then... SHE WAILS.

Losing control. Slapping at all of them. Kathy moves to her,  
trying -- gently -- to hold her tight. The girl sobs.  
Hopelessness in her eyes. And then...

She faints. Kathy and Barry bend to catch her.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
(at field worker) Call a medic!

He rushes off. Kathy and Barry lay the girl down. She lies on the ground, breathing slowly, looking close to death.

Kathy holds her hand.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Who is she?

FIELD WORKER  
I found her out in the woods. She was speaking, I don't know, she's not local. I think she's one of the girls from the bars.

Looking at the girl, Kathy pushes a strand of hair from her face. And as we stay a moment longer, we realize this is...

Raya. A long way from home. But then...

THE DOORS OPEN. A frantic HUMAN RIGHTS WORKER carries IRKA, 17, into the room. Her clothes torn, her body and face bruised. Kathy looks up...

HUMAN RIGHTS WORKER  
She was further back in the woods.

Irka sees Raya. Sudden relief. Then realizing...

IRKA (ENGLISH/RUSSIAN)  
Florida Bar... *Ciysh*... Six girl there...  
*Iy Polikai*...

Kathy looks to Barry.

BARRY  
It's a bar in the hills.

Kathy shakes her head. She looks at Raya and Irka.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
I'll take them to the women's shelter at Zenica.

Kathy rummages through her files, catching up.

KATHY  
Yeah. Good. I'll follow up at the bar.

Barry shrugs. Kathy's mind is racing.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Where *exactly* is this bar?

58 INT./ EXT. - UN SUV - DAY 58

Kathy drives up a winding mountain road, checking directions on a hand-drawn map. A LOCAL POLICE CAR swerves by in the opposite direction.

59 INT. UN SUV/EXT. FLORIDA BAR - DAY 59

Kathy's SUV throws up gravel. Out her windscreen, she sees

THE FLORIDA BAR: A dilapidated two story building, painted a garish pink. Crude palm trees painted on the side.

Kathy jumps out of her SUV, and moves towards...

LOCAL POLICE smoke by POLICE CARS.

A LOCAL COP leads a CLUSTER of YOUNG WOMEN out the door. They blink in the glaring light, pale, out of place, lost...

At the end of the line, is Luba. Her eyes darting between Kathy and the Local Cops, helpless.

Kathy rushes towards the cop. He eyes her, dubious.

KATHY  
What's going on here?

LOCAL COP (SERBIAN)  
*Xo brovnic ce klety scey forzcic nay.*

He moves past her, with the Girls in tow.

KATHY  
Hold on. Where are the IPTF monitoring this raid?

SHOUTING ECHOES from inside the bar. TWO COPS drag out TANJO ZRAVBIC, 50s. He sees Kathy's uniform and SHOUTS at her.

TANJO (SERBIAN)  
*Zra slobovik brvicetic revic barziny  
Traba! Motherfuckers!*

The cops SHOVE Tanjo in a car, and SLAM the door. Kathy turns to the Local Cop, standing with the group of girls.

KATHY  
Is that the owner? Are you taking him into custody?

LOCAL COP  
*Xivy slovic drinjnislava porslivky.*

Kathy looks around, frustrated.

KATHY  
Is there a translator on the scene?  
Translator?... Wait.

He stops, impatient. Kathy pulls out her WALKIE.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
This is Kathy Bolkovac. I need an  
Interpreter. At the Florida Bar.

The Local Cops watch her. Kathy's eyes rest on the girls.

WALKIE VOICE (O.S.) (ACCENTED ENGLISH)  
Okay. I need a time and date.

KATHY  
Now.

WALKIE VOICE (O.S.)  
That's impossible. We need advance notice  
for field calls.

The Local Cop talks at the girls. They don't understand him,  
but his tone is clear: total disrespect. Kathy moves toward  
them, protectively, then sees...

TWO UN SUVs parked on the other side of the bar.

TWO IPTF MONITORS emerge from the bar. Kathy approaches them.  
They seem surprised.

KATHY  
Hey. I'm from Gender Affairs. I--

FRED MURRAY  
Hey. Fred Murray.

He shakes her hand.

Tanjo BANGS on the window, inside the police car, apoplectic  
with rage. Kathy glances over her shoulder.

KATHY  
Is that the owner? (off Fred's nod) I  
tried to get an interpreter but--

FRED MURRAY  
No, no... that's fine. We're pretty much  
done here anyway.

KATHY

Oh... Okay. But there's... We just had two girls come in to a Human Rights Office, saying they escaped from this place.

Fred seems confused. Kathy pulls out a clipboard.

FRED MURRAY

Yeah. Local police have been watching the place for a while. This whole thing happened pretty fast. I guess those girls must've run for it.

Kathy looks over as the girls are put into a van.

KATHY

Well, the girls in our field office seemed pretty scared. I should follow up with these ones.

The Local Cops start to move, stubbing out cigarettes, getting in cars. The Local Cop shuts the doors of the van.

FRED MURRAY

You can see where they're taking them, but I can't intervene. You know the drill.

He shrugs and smiles. Kathy hears the POLICE VAN's engine start. Turning to it...

KATHY

Thanks. I'll look out for your report.

She rushes after the van. Fred eyes Kathy confer with the Van driver. He and the other Monitor, drive off.

Kathy is left alone in the silence. She turns to the bar.

60 INT. FLORIDA BAR - MOMENTS LATER

60

Kathy moves inside. The place is rank and dingy. A small stage with a POLE in the centre. Tables fanned out around it. CUT WIRES hang over the stage.

THE BAR AREA

Is filled with PHOTOS: YOUNG GIRLS in various poses with men, IPTF SOLDIERS. They range from the illicit to the obscene.

KATHY

Jesus...

Kathy stops on a photo of a NAKED GIRL on stage holding the two open wires over her head. Behind her, SOLDIERS applaud.

Kathy takes down the photo, horrified. Turns it over.  
Scrawled in marker: **SARAJEVO FIRECRACKER!**

She turns to the stage. Plugs in one of the wires. A HUIZZ of electricity. Tiny sparks fly.

She turns, and under the bar sees... A SAFE, SMASHED OPEN. A handful of U.S. bills scattered about. And...

PASSPORTS. Romanian, Ukrainian, Polish. All for young girls. She gathers them, surprised, and stuffs them into her file.

Her eyes are drawn to a back wall. She stops at a panelled door. And pushes. It opens onto...

STEPS: She shines her flashlight up the dark passage...

The BEAM of the flashlight finds a DOOR. A glint off metal... At the door handle, a large PADLOCK, smashed open. Kathy darts the beam over the other TWO DOORS... both equipped with PADLOCKS. Smashed.

Kathy pushes through the first door into...

61 INT. HIDDEN BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

61

Kathy's flashlight over: Hanging BEDSHEETS separate the room into cubicles. Putrid mattresses. Condoms on the floor.

Her eye catches MARKINGS UNDER A MATTRESS. She pulls it away. And sees GIRLS' NAMES scratched into the floor... Under each name, etched in, a list of amounts: 50, 100, 30, 200, 20... Some kind of RECORD.

Kathy PULLS back other mattresses. Dust. Some FAMILY PHOTOS. And... a ragged PIECE OF PAPER: Crude drawings of sexual positions. A NUMBER by each one: \$20, \$30, \$50, \$100, \$200...

The amounts correspond exactly with the table on the floor.

Kathy looks around, sickened.

62 EXT. WOMEN'S MEDICAL SHELTER - SARAJEVO SUBURBS - NIGHT

62

A run-down Community Center nestled in a shabby area outside the city. It's completely unassuming. From the outside, you might think it was abandoned.

63 INT. HALLWAY - WOMEN'S MEDICAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

63

The shelter is a converted gymnasium. Peeling wallpaper. Long-forgotten notices from before the war, postcards. Patchy linoleum curls at the edges. A soft hum. Voices in rooms that Kathy can't see. She walks down the hall with MILENA, 40s, Bosnian, down-to-earth, forthright.

MILENA (ACCENTED ENGLISH)

These girls are told they have been bought and must repay the debt. They are told an outrageous sum, thinking they'll be let go when they earn back that money. But they never are.

Kathy stares at her, taken aback.

MILENA (CONT'D)

Sex trafficking is one of the worst things to happen after this war.

Milena hands over a medical report.

MILENA (CONT'D)

Raya has a severe internal infection. The doctor found (reading) "intentionally placed foreign objects causing a disruption of the vaginal wall".

KATHY

Foreign objects?

MILENA

Coins. She's not the first. Men can feel deficient paying for sex, so they find other ways to feel powerful.

Milena pushes through a door. To a DARK HALLWAY...

Hanging bulbs flicker intermittently. They walk. Avoiding dripping leaks in the roof.

MILENA (CONT'D)

We gave her Penicillin, but the doctor is worried there could be something more serious.

KATHY

When will he know?

They pass an EATING AREA. TEEN GIRLS sit, pick at food, chain-smoke and flip through magazines. They are clean, but weak.

MILENA

Unfortunately that's all we can do for her. We're just a volunteer organization.

Kathy stares at the girls, the sheer number of them...

KATHY

But if there are so many victims.

MILENA

We lost our funding because of those.

...She points at a basket of CONDOMS near the coffee.

MILENA (CONT'D)

It's the U.S. Department of State. They have their rules. I'll do anything to give these girls *some* protection. But the Department of State thinks "*Condoms encourage prostitution.*" NGOs caught giving them out, no longer receive US funding.

KATHY

But these girls aren't prostitutes.

Milena shrugs.

MILENA

They don't realize the cycle they start. If there are no condoms in the bars...

They pass a ROOM DIVIDER. Seeing... MORE GIRLS. IN THEIR TEENS. All broken. And desperate.

MILENA (CONT'D)

...the guys want to find ways of avoiding STDs. AIDS. Their solution? Pay more for virgins...

Kathy sees A GIRL sit in a corner. She couldn't be more than TEN YEARS OLD. She sits alone.

MILENA (CONT'D)

So the traffickers bring more in. Younger and younger. Now it's a global industry. Simple economics. If there is demand, you supply.

Milena opens a DOOR, revealing... INSIDE THE ROOM: A VOLUNTEER NURSE sits by Raya's bed. She lies asleep. IN ANOTHER BED: Irka sleeps. Kathy watches. Hushed...

KATHY

Where can they get help?

MILENA

Try the Global Displacement Agency. They have good medical care, lots of funding. They might take them. Whether they'll keep them or not... I don't know.

KATHY

Where are the other girls from the Florida bar?

Milena looks at her. Blank.

KATHY (CONT'D)

The local police were bringing them here.

MILENA

Those girls never arrived.

64 EXT. SARAJEVO - MORNING

64

UNMHQ stands over the crumbling red roofs of Sarajevo. In the foreground, a CEMETERY packed with crooked wooden crosses.

65 INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - UNMHQ - MOMENTS LATER

65

Kathy walks in. Carmen sits behind a desk, piled with files.

CARMEN

Hey, where've you been?

KATHY

I'll tell you about it over a drink. Could you just check something for me? I want to get a copy of the monitor's report from a raid on the Florida Bar yesterday.

Carmen nods, and clicks on her computer.

CARMEN

Your job is so exciting. The only thing I get to raid is the fridge. (Reading off the computer)... You sure there was a raid? There's no record here.

KATHY

No. That's definitely it. There were six girls removed from the bar and I need to know where they were taken.

CARMEN

Sorry. No record of any raid.

Kathy thinking. Something's not adding up.

66 INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICE - UNMHQ - MORNING

66

Kathy walks. MONITORS greet her as she passes. She reaches an OFFICE, and knocks.

KATHY

I'm looking for Fred Murray?

67 EXT. MINE FIELD - BOSNIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

67

FIVE local MEN in fatigues scan the field slowly with hand-held minesweepers. One MAN holds up his hand as his device BEEPS. At the edge of the field, Fred Murray blows a whistle. Everybody else STOPS. The man bends down, as all wait...

Kathy approaches from the road, behind a fence. Fred smiles.

FRED MURRAY

We meet again!

Kathy looks out, suddenly aware of the dangerous situation.

KATHY

Is it okay for me to be here?

FRED MURRAY

Sure, sure. You're fine here on the gravel. What's going on?

KATHY

I just wanted to follow up with you on the raid yesterday. Those girls didn't show up at the Shelter, and I wanted to locate them.

FRED MURRAY

Yeah, the whole thing was a bit of a mess. Turned out it was a local police mistake. Mix-up with the tip off or something. Thought they had a prostitution bust, but the bar is legit and those girls were just waitresses.

KATHY

Waitresses aren't kept under lock and key.

ANOTHER WHISTLE BLOWS. Fred turns to the field.

FRED MURRAY

Shit. Can we go over this later? I got to get in there.

Before she can answer, Fred is moving down the field. She watches him go.

68 EXT. WOMEN'S MEDICAL SHELTER - DAY 68

Kathy and Milena lead Raya and Irka out to her SUV.

69 EXT. GLOBAL DISPLACEMENT AGENCY - DAY 69

A stark contrast, the GDA is a new and shining edifice. Kathy's SUV pulls up front.

70 INT. GLOBAL DISPLACEMENT AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER 70

Kathy and the girls sit in the waiting area. The place is modern, western... corporate. In platinum base relief over the reception desk:

*GLOBAL DISPLACEMENT AGENCY.*

The LOBBY. Magazines on a coffee table. The wall adorned with a HUGE FRAMED POSTER of a young girl in a spiderweb. A caption: "TRAFFIKU ZHINOK YE SPRAV. 1999"

Kathy scans the hall. Endless posters. 1998, 1997, 1996...

LAURA LEVIN, 30s, American, groomed, business-like, comes around the corner. Her ASSISTANT, 20s, leads the girls away.

KATHY

Kathy. The new Head of Gender Affairs.

LAURA LEVIN

I heard. Laura Levin. My assistant will take them to the medical center. As soon as they get medical clearance we'll know where we stand.

KATHY

What do you mean?

LAURA LEVIN

Well, it's yet to be determined if they'll cooperate with the repatriation program. That's the only way I can allow them to stay at the GDA.

KATHY

They're critical... witnesses for a situation I'm... monitoring. I'll need to speak with them when they're ready.

LAURA LEVIN

I understand. I'll be in touch.

KATHY

Will you be contacting their parents?

Laura nods. Something still on Kathy's mind...

KATHY (CONT'D)

The other girls from the raid were supposed to go to the Women's Medical Shelter, but they never showed up. Do you have any idea where else they might have been taken?

LAURA LEVIN

I didn't know there were any others.

Kathy eyes the girls down the hall. Raya turns, a last look.

71 INT./EXT. UN SUV/GDA - NIGHT 71

Kathy starts her car. She pulls out, turning left. Then, cranks the wheel right.

72 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 72

Kathy's UN SUV swerves along the serpentine mountain road.

73 INT. LAURA LEVIN'S OFFICE - GDA - LATER 73

Laura in her office. HIGH MODERNITY. She works through her files. Opening one with Raya's photo on top. She dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

74 INT. RAYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 74

The phone is ringing. Halyna rushes to it. Out of breath...

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)

*Hello?*

LAURA LEVIN (RUSSIAN)

*Mrs. Kochan, I'm calling from the Global Displacement Agency in Sarajevo to confirm you have a daughter named Rayisa?*

HALYNA (RUSSIAN)  
 (Straightening) *Yes. Yes!*

LAURA LEVIN  
*We have located her...*

Halyna falls into a chair, her chest heaving relief.

75 EXT. FLORIDA BAR - NIGHT 75

Kathy pulls up to a PARKING LOT full of CARS and UN SUVs. MUSIC spills out. BACK IN BUSINESS. She gets out of the SUV, moving inside...

76 INT. FLORIDA BAR - CONTINUOUS 76

Kathy in the doorway. The place is dark but lit by lamps along the walls. MUSIC pumps. The place is hopping. A scantily-clad GIRL dances on the stage, her body writhing but her eyes dead. Along the edges, girls - the very SAME GIRLS Kathy saw released at the raid - 'socialize' with customers.

Many of the CUSTOMERS... in IPTF UNIFORMS, others with off-duty IPTF SWEATSHIRTS, and INTERNATIONALS in civilian casuals. A few LOCALS at the bar, where...

Tanjo commands the scene, cheery, chatting with an IPTF OFFICER at the bar.

Kathy stands, frozen , until she catches the eye of...

Luba, sitting on the knee of a MIDDLE-AGED IPTF Officer. Kathy is filled with... anger.

77 INT./EXT. UN SUV - SHORT TIME LATER 77

Kathy SPEEDS up the mountain roads. Past many bars. One after another, after another... All filled with UN SUVs. Groups of drunk OFFICERS spill out. She stops across from one, seeing:

Jan coming out of the bar. Kathy watches, stunned...

Jan helps a drunk friend pile into an SUV. He looks up and sees Kathy as a car beam slides over her. She pulls away.

78 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 78

Kathy stands on the balcony. Taking in the cold air. A KNOCK.

JAN (O.S.)  
 Kathy, it's Jan.

KATHY  
 Go home.

JAN (O.S.)  
I don't understand. What's wrong?

Kathy stands, quiet.

JAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Let me in. Please.

Kathy waits a moment, breathing...

79 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

79

Kathy paces as Jan struggles for words.

KATHY  
How can you go up there, when you know what happens to these girls?

JAN  
It was a good-bye party. I was--

KATHY  
They're thirteen, fourteen, fifteen--

JAN  
I know. If you let me finish, I got a call. Some friends needed a lift home because they got drunk. But hey lady, you better wake up! EVERYWHERE is a brothel. The coffee shop down the street. The post office. My corner store. That's how it is here. I'm not interested, and I try and stay in clean places. And if you don't believe me, then fuck you.

He looks at her, hurt - He cares what she thinks. Kathy sees this. Something she hasn't felt in so long... Needed.

JAN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

KATHY  
No... I'm not okay. These girls... What are these guys thinking?

She looks at him, fighting the urge to trust him. Jan brushes a strand of hair from her face. She lets go. He pulls her in.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me what you know?

80 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT 80

Jan and Kathy in front of her computer. They're on an IPTF MESSAGE BOARD: Flashes of Various Posts: *New Girl at the Berlin Bar; New Twelve Year-Old Pussy at the Old Grill.*

They scroll down dozens of posts. Kathy looks at Jan, shaken by the banal malevolence of a boys club gone wild.

81 INT. KATHY'S APARMENT - NIGHT 81

Kathy watches Jan, asleep in her bed.

82 EXT. CENTRAL SARAJEVO - MORNING 82

Fog hangs low over the waking valley of Sarajevo.

83 INT. GDA - MORNING 83

A DOCTOR signs off on a final examination of a now much healthier looking Raya. He smiles. She signs a form.

84 INT. LAURA'S OFFICE - GDA BOSNIA - DAY 84

Laura hovers in the background as Raya dials the phone. Her face raw with emotion.

INTERCUT WITH:

85 INT. RAYA'S APARTMENT - KYIV - SAME 85

The phone in the hall rings. But no one is there to answer.

86 INT. ROMAN AND ZENIA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 86

Halyna at the door. Zenia pales. O.S. A kettle whistles.

ZENIA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Roman will be home soon.*

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Make your tea. I'll be quick.*

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Zenia pours tea out of a chrome kettle. Her hands shake. Halyna stares at a new dishwasher. Then a microwave, blender and small LCD TV. Suspiciously out of context in Kyiv.

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN) (CONT'D)  
*Roman seems to be doing well.*

ZENIA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Milk?*

HALYNA  
*I need to borrow money.*

Zenia looks up, unsure.

HALYNA (CONT'D)  
*They found Raya in Sarajevo. I want to go and get her. I don't need much.*

Zenia nods, keeping still as possible.

HALYNA (CONT'D)  
*Does he still hit you?*

Zenia chokes on her tea. Conflicted between love and guilt. She wants so badly to say... but she can't.

HALYNA (CONT'D)  
*You know I hate to ask. But she's my daughter... and your niece. Please--*

ZENIA  
*I'll get you the money... But you have to go. Roman will be home soon. He won't give it to me if he knows it's for you.*

87 INT. RICK JONES' OFFICE - MORNING

87

Kathy watches Rick flip through her report.

KATHY  
 Fred Murray. There were other officers too. But the raid was not in the books. These girls were just sent back. They are clearly not waitresses. They are victims. I think IPTF were paid off to turn a blind eye.

RICK JONES  
 That's a serious allegation. And you don't have any evidence. I can't open an investigation based on a hunch.

He drops the papers.

RICK JONES (CONT'D)  
 You're gonna need more than this.

88 INT. GDA BOSNIA - AFTERNOON

88

Raya and Irka sit across from Laura Levin. She slides a document over to each of them.

LAURA LEVIN (RUSSIAN)

*If you sign here, you confirm that you are voluntarily entering the repatriation program at the GDA.*

Raya eyes Irka, confused. Laura softens slightly...

LAURA LEVIN (CONT'D)

*This means we can get you out of Bosnia. Isn't that what you want?*

Raya's eyes widen. Irka is shocked, but joyous. They never thought this moment would come...

LAURA LEVIN (CONT'D)

*You'll stay here for two weeks, to continue medical treatment as well as psychological counselling. We'll give you a ticket home and a stipend of \$200 to get started when you return.*

Suddenly Irka's face drops.

IRKA (RUSSIAN)

*But... What do I do then? My parents were killed in Kosovo. It was my brother who sold me here... Can't I go somewhere else?*

Laura fumbles.

LAURA LEVIN

*We can only send you home, but what you choose to do after that is up to you.*

But now, angry tears well in Raya's eyes. She looks up, torn.

RAYA (RUSSIAN)

*What about the others, the girls in the bar. My friend Luba, we ran, she couldn't... I don't know where she is... I can't go without her. Please...*

Laura pauses, taken aback.

LAURA LEVIN

*I'm sorry, but my role here is to get you home. Otherwise you stay in Bosnia, where you... could face charges for illegal prostitution.*

Raya stares, reeling... To be made to feel like a criminal?

IRKA  
*I will sign.*

Raya looks at her, but Irka doesn't look back.

89 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - SHORT TIME LATER 89

Kathy stares out across the central courtyard. Into the adjoining building. Through the glass, she watches...

Fred Murray leading NEW RECRUITS through the halls. He jokes around, as the OFFICERS eye him with respect.

The PHONE RINGS. Kathy turns.

90 INT. GDA - AFTERNOON 90

Kathy stands in disbelief. Laura is stern.

KATHY  
 Raya and Irka could be key witnesses in a UN investigation. I thought we were all on the same team.

LAURA LEVIN  
 Irka can stay. But I can't keep Raya here. She is refusing to cooperate in the repatriation program.

KATHY  
 Please, just let her stay two weeks. Then we can take it from there.

LAURA LEVIN  
 We only house fourteen girls. It's a valuable spot.

KATHY  
 Two weeks. If she's going to testify, she's not safe anywhere else.

Laura shrugs, resigned.

91 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER 91

Kathy sits across from Raya. A TRANSLATOR to the side, translates as Raya speaks.

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*We were supposed to work in a hotel. (shaking her head) Now... I can be charged with prostitution?*

KATHY

There is another option... I want to help you find your friends. But you need to help me do that.

Kathy takes out the photo of Fred Murray and lays it on the table. Raya eyes it, defiant, no reason to trust her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

None of this is your fault. I want to go after the people who hurt you. But I need to know exactly what happens. As a witness in UN custody, you will be protected and will not be charged for any crimes.

Raya stares, still not convinced.

RAYA

*I...*

The translator starts. Raya stops her. Frustrated. Turning to Kathy...

RAYA (BROKEN ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

UN will protect me? They don't protect me when they drink in bar and fuck me and my friends.

Kathy is humbled. She looks at Raya, open, raw...

KATHY

I have a daughter, just your age... I wouldn't stop until I found her.

The two women stare at each other. A silent connection. Raya looks down, almost... ashamed. Struggling to get this out...

RAYA

I only left because... there was nothing, no jobs, no... chances. I was good in school. But with no money... My mother... She is on her own. She works so hard. But nothing changes. I thought I could help her. He said we would work in a hotel. With good wages...

Tears gathering in her eyes... It's terrifying to remember...

RAYA (CONT'D)

But... When we got there... Other girls were there. Like us. From Ukraine, Moldova, Romania, everywhere... We were in the middle of nowhere.

(MORE)

RAYA (CONT'D)

Nobody could hear us... They... rape us... One girl go crazy, screaming... He shoots her. He shoots her right in the head. Then we was... sold. Like animal.

Raya is stopped by a rush of tears. Kathy reaches for her hand. Looking at this girl, so young...

Raya looks Kathy squarely in the face. She slides the photo of Murray toward her.

KATHY

Do you know this man?

Raya nods.

RAYA

He is not the only one. They come every month. Tanjo give them money, so they don't raid the bar. That day you come... Tanjo did not want to pay. They want to punish him. Take his money. His girls. I ran...

Raya sobs, knowing she has betrayed the system. Betting her life on the hope that this system won't betray her.

92 EXT. WOMEN'S MEDICA SHELTER - NIGHT

92

Milena leads Kathy through the halls.

KATHY

I need to get evidence. How many girls do you have here?

MILENA

At least thirty five.

MONTAGE:

Kathy sits with GIRL after GIRL. Listening to their stories. Writing furiously...

Kathy interviews EVA, 16. She talks through grateful tears.

EVA (BROKEN ENGLISH)

...Many of them come in. Uniforms like you. Different flags on the shoulders. I will testify. I don't care anymore. One brings cigarette. His name is Peter...

Kathy with a different girl, FADILA, 17.

FADILA (MACEDONIAN)  
*...Sometimes if it's a party, a birthday,  
they pay for a group of girls, all  
together. Do whatever they want. Brian,  
the Irish guy, said Bosnia was better  
than Thailand for girls.*

Another girl, JASMILA, 18 - stunning, with haunted eyes.

JASMILA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
The soldier from Italia say I was his  
girlfriend. I ask him to help me. But the  
bar owner pay him off. He has a tattoo of  
Tiger on his arm.

Yet another, NADIA, 14, nodding.

NADIA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
Paolo come every week. He had a thin  
moustache, the other...here I have a  
picture...

Kathy wasn't expecting that. Nadia throws down a photo.

NADIA (CONT'D)  
He loved the Firecracker.

Nadia lifts up her sweatshirt, revealing a long scar.

Kathy inspects the photo: Nadia with a SOUTH AMERICAN and  
U.S. IPTF: Their arms around her. One licks her face.

NADIA (CONT'D)  
They burn me. Then they laugh.

Kathy eyes Nadia... Silently in awe of her strength.

KATHY  
Do you have any more pictures?

93 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY

93

Kathy pins Nadia's photo on a large bulletin board. Steps  
back. The wall is covered in photos of girls.

Kathy reaches for the phone. Dials.

ERIN (O.S.)  
...Hello?

KATHY  
Erin. What are you doing?

ERIN (O.S.)  
It's three in the morning, ma... I'm  
sleeping.

Kathy sits back, relieved.

ERIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mom, are you okay?

KATHY  
Yeah. I just was thinking about you.

ERIN  
Okay, can I go back to bed now?

KATHY  
Yeah. Of course, I just... It's great to  
hear your voice.

94 INT. RICK JONES' OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY

94

Kathy stands before Rick's desk. He smiles at her, convivial.

RICK JONES  
How're things?

KATHY  
Busy. I followed up on the Florida Bar.  
It's worse than I thought. There was a  
protection racket. IPTF... Americans,  
Romanians, were taking pay-offs to make  
sure the place wasn't busted. That raid  
was a punishment bust, because the owner  
stopped paying. But he must've settled it  
because the girls are right back where  
they started. Locked up in the hills.

Rick scrambles for words, but Kathy's not finished.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
I talked to thirty five girls at the  
Shelter. All this testimony can't be  
ignored. Our guys are patronizing the  
bars in large numbers. Rick, serious  
abuses are taking place. It's all in my  
reports.

Kathy lays her stack of files on the desk.

RICK JONES  
Okay, let's back up a second here--

KATHY

I've got two girls ready to testify about IPTF taking pay-offs--

RICK JONES

Testify where?

KATHY

In court.

RICK JONES

A Bosnian court? Not gonna happen. All International Personnel have immunity.

Kathy is stopped.

KATHY

I know. But there must be some channel, some exception--

RICK JONES

Look, you've done really good work here. These are serious allegations. Let me look into how to handle it. I'll get back to you.

95 EXT. OLD TOWN - SARAJEVO - EVENING

95

The markets shut down. The Catholic Church Bells ring. Across the square the Call to Prayer echoes from old loudspeakers`.

96 INT. KITCHEN - KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

96

Jan stirs a pan. Kathy awkwardly cuts vegetables beside him.

JAN

It's different for us. We're all military or police. Every contingent except for the U.S... if someone does something wrong, they have to answer to a military tribunal at home. With the Americans... your Dyncorp guys? I don't think you have that.

KATHY

So the Americans aren't legally accountable for anything?

JAN

To be honest, I think our superiors would keep it quiet too. I mean, I haven't seen a military tribunal.

Jan can't help noticing that Kathy is making a mess of the vegetables. He takes the knife. She walks away, preoccupied.

JAN (CONT'D)

You know my mission stay is up in a few weeks... You could come home with me.

KATHY

To do what?

She turns, glass of wine in hand, leaning on the counter.

JAN

I was just... This place, y'know, it gets to you. I'm, I'm worried what will happen to you a year from now.

She puts down her glass of wine, irritated.

KATHY

You don't need to worry about me.

JAN

Someone does.

She looks at him, seeing... It's not discouragement. It's love.

KATHY

So Fred Murray could just walk up to a man and shoot him in daylight and he'd never see the inside of a courtroom?

JAN

In Bosnia, yes... but... I mean, something that public could get him sent home. And tried in his own country.

Kathy gets an idea.

97 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - SARAJEVO - DAY

97

A crumbling edifice, once home to the world's finest, now a reminder of humanity's worst. INSIDE...

Kathy walks with Madeleine, who unleashes Helen the hound.

MADELEINE

Helen loves it here. I think she has Olympic ambitions.

Kathy hands Madeleine the files. She flips through.

KATHY

I wanted these girls to testify in a trial against the IPTF officers. But--

MADELEINE

The immunity problem.

KATHY

Okay, but if the girls testify in a Bosnian court against their trafficker... Tanjo... they'd have to mention what else goes on in the brothels.

Madeleine nods. The dog comes bounding back.

MADELEINE

It could work. If you make certain that in their testimony they mention every sordid detail of IPTF involvement--

KATHY

That is their testimony. Then it would be on record. Somebody would have to pay attention. Like...the State Department?

Madeleine grins, proud.

MADELEINE

They're gonna answer for this.

98 INT. BASEMENT - UNMHQ - DAY

98

Kathy weaves around the corner of a dimly lit, shabby hallway. She arrives at a doorway: *VEHICLE DISPATCH*.

99 INT. VEHICLE DISPATCH - UNMHQ - MOMENTS LATER

99

Kathy talks to LEWIS, 20s, American.

KATHY

...and the two girls have to go to the hospital to get immunized, or they can't stay in the country. I need an armored security vehicle.

Lewis looks at her, almost laughing.

LEWIS

You're lucky you have a car at all. We're stretched to the limit. Besides, isn't this a local police matter? Try them.

100 EXT. LOCAL POLICE STATION - DAY 100

Kathy parks her SUV.

101 INT. LOCAL POLICE STATION - DAY 101

Kathy walks into the station, drawing the attention of the LOCAL COPS. Danik rolls his eyes.

KATHY  
I'm looking for--

Danik turns away...

DANIK (BOSNIAK)  
*Viko... your American girlfriend is here!*

Kathy eyes Danik. Viko comes out, smiling broadly at Kathy.

102 EXT. LOCAL POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER 102

Kathy and Viko walk out, energized with a sense of purpose.

VIKO  
It's no problem. The Van is just sitting here. Let's go.

They arrive at a POLICE VAN. Kathy eyes it.

VIKO (CONT'D)  
It's not exactly armored, but it will do the trick. You follow me, yes?

He jumps in, and starts it up. Kathy follows in her UN SUV.

Across the street, a LOCAL MAN watches from INSIDE A CAR.

103 EXT. GDA BOSNIA - EVENING 103

Kathy SWERVES up. Viko has the Van parked right up against the door. Kathy jumps out.

104 INT. FOYER - GDA BOSNIA - MOMENTS LATER 104

Laura leads a very scared Raya out. Kathy smiles, gentle.

KATHY  
(at Laura) Where's Irka?

Laura takes a deep breath, eyeing Raya...

LAURA LEVIN  
I need to have a word with you.

Kathy looks at her watch -- at Raya. Viko taps her shoulder.

VIKO

I'll take her. Meet us when you're done.

As Viko and Raya leave, Kathy stops her...

KATHY

I'll be right behind you. Are you okay?

Raya nods, trusting in Kathy. Who turns, angry, back to...

LAURA LEVIN

I was going to call you. There was a problem. During our repatriation procedures, we realized Irka had no passport.

KATHY

So we get her one. Where is she?

LAURA LEVIN

You don't get it. She was trafficked from Belgrade. Her parents were killed in Kosovo. And she has no documentation. No embassy will recognize her. She is a girl without a country.

KATHY

She is a witness for a UN investigation!

GDA EMPLOYEES peer. An INTERN betrays a twinge of complicity.

LAURA LEVIN

We handed her over to the police a few hours ago. I couldn't keep her. I've already done every favour I could for you. This is not on me.

KATHY

You had no right to do that!

LAURA LEVIN

I had every right. We have a system that works here. You're the one disrupting it.

Kathy stares at her. Fuming.

KATHY

Where did they take her?

Laura shrugs. Shaking off guilt has become a necessary habit.

Just then the door opens. And...

HALYNA

Walks in. Disoriented, emotion rising...

HALYNA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
I... look for Laura Levin?

LAURA LEVIN (RUSSIAN)  
*That's me.*

Kathy holds her anger, smiling respectfully at Halyna. Laura leads her away. Kathy searches for an answer, her eyes landing on... The Intern. Unrelenting...

KATHY  
If you know anything, this is on you.

INTERN  
I think the cops leave them somewhere near the border, so that with no papers, the girls have to cross the border illegally. Take the 103 to Visegrad.

105 INT./EXT. UN SUV - NIGHT 105

Kathy. Speeding down the 103. A two-lane winding road. Seeing... Nothing but the 20 feet her headlights show.

INTERCUT WITH:

106 INT./ EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 106

Viko steers the Van around a corner. Raya sits in the back.

107 INT. LAURA LEVIN'S OFFICE - GDA BOSNIA - SAME 107

Laura hands an excited Halyna a cup of tea.

LAURA (RUSSIAN)  
*She'll be back in about an hour.*

108 INT./EXT. UN SUV - SAME 108

Kathy's eyes GLUED on the road, trying to make out a SIGN...

LANDMINES. Then another sign... *VISEGRAD PRAVO.*

Sharp Turn. Onto a GRAVEL ROAD. She brakes. SKIDDING.

109 INT. POLICE VAN / EXT. SARAJEVO - SAME 109

Viko stops at a traffic light. Raya peers out a crack in the van. Seeing... Young WOMEN in the streets. Laughing.

110 INT./EXT. UN SUV - SAME 110

Kathy slows her car... FLICKERING LIGHTS. She approaches...  
 A BORDER STATION: A GRAVEL ROAD leads up to it. Kathy slows.  
 BORDER GUARDS smoke and play cards. One guard saunters over.

KATHY

I'm looking for a girl. She was dropped here a few hours ago.

He shrugs, shaking his head.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Can you check the border logs? She's about 15, the police brought her here but she didn't have a passport. Maybe--

GUARD

Lady. I know what you're looking for. Those girls do not go through the border. They go through there...

He points... A THICK Forest. Stretching for MILES.

GUARD (CONT'D)

To Serbia.

Kathy stares at the endless forest. A dirt road cuts through the middle. She jumps in her SUV, and HURTLES down the road.

111 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 111

Viko turns down a narrow street. He glances in his rear view mirror. An old TRABBANT follows him. He veers down an alley.

112 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 112

Kathy's SUV crawls alongside the FOREST. HIGHBEAMS off the top of the car. SCANNING all around. Then, in a clearing up ahead...

A SILHOUETTE. Kathy ACCELERATES.

113 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN ALLEY/SARAJEVO - SAME 113

Viko eyes the mirror. All clear. Turning onto a DESERTED STREET.

114 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 114

Kathy HURTLES closer to the silhouette...

She turns. It's Irka. Kathy cranks the wheel, driving off the road and onto...

A WIDE FIELD

The SUV is jolted by the uneven terrain. Irka peers into the blinding light. Then runs...

115 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 115

Viko drives up the deserted street. SUDDENLY two BATTERED MERCEDES fly out from SIDE ROADS and block the way.

Viko BRAKES hard. Raya is thrown to the side of the Van.

116 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 116

Kathy stops the car, jumps out, and runs after Irka.

KATHY

Irka!

Irka's legs start to give. Kathy gains on her.

117 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 117

Viko REVERSES and TURNS -- but a Mercedes ROARS -- 'round the other side -- BASHING the side of the Van.

118 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 118

Kathy feels Irka slowing down.

119 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 119

Two MEN jump out of the cars. With RIFLES. Viko SPEEDS forward. But..

GUNFIRE. Raya SCREAMS. A TIRE BLOWN OUT.

The Van SKIDS to a HALT. Viko SMASHES against the window.

Raya tries the doors, but they won't open. She wails, SLAMMING herself against the door. Desperate.

120 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 120

Kathy raises her arms, waving...

Irka turns. Kathy can see her clearly now, disoriented beyond bearing. Irka shields her face from the distant headlights.

Kathy steps out of their glare. And then...Irka recognizes her. She collapses, releasing confused tears. Kathy walks over, careful, slowly bending to help.

IRKA  
Please... let me die.

Kathy holds her. As the young girl cries.

121 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN/SARAJEVO - SAME 121

The Men approach the Van. Raya's BANGING ECHOES from inside, reverberating around the empty street. Nobody can hear her...

122 EXT. BOSNIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 122

Isolated stars peek through clouds, drifting over dark hills stretching far into the horizon....

123 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - NIGHT 123

Kathy and Viko sit silent. Barry hangs up the phone.

BARRY  
Okay. We've got a safe house in the mountains. Nobody knows she's here, so we're clear to take her there now.

Kathy looks across the room to Irka, who sits hunched, looking out the window. Totally alone.

124 EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOUNTAINS - NIGHT 124

A MIDDLE AGED COUPLE lead Irka inside a small home. In the MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. Shrouded in the black night. Nobody will find her here. In the doorway, Irka turns to Kathy and Viko.

IRKA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
Where is Raya?

They stare back at her. The woman closes the door. Kathy and Viko stand in the dead silence. His face bruised.

KATHY  
Let's go back to the Florida Bar--

VIKO  
You think he'd be that stupid?

KATHY  
I don't care! I have nothing else to go on, do I?

Adrenalin overtaking sadness. Viko follows Kathy to the car.

125 EXT. FLORIDA BAR - NIGHT 125

Kathy and Viko pull up. It's in full swing.

126 INT. FLORIDA BAR - NIGHT 126

They step inside, and IN ONE GLANCE, see... THE WHOLE SET OF GIRLS is different. No Luba, No Raya, No Tanjo... The IPTF barely notice her.

127 EXT. FLORIDA BAR - NIGHT 127

Kathy steps out. Furious.

VIKO  
They moved them already.

KATHY  
Fuck!

At the end of her rope.

128 INT. GDA - NIGHT 128

Laura, at a total loss, eyes... Halyna. Sitting. Terrified.

HALYNA (RUSSIAN)  
*...How could? No, no, no... my, Raya....  
What!? What will they do to her?*

129 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT 129

A BROWN VAN snakes through the distant mountain roads.

130 INT. BROWN VAN - SAME 130

IVAN, 40s, drives. Tanjo is in the passenger seat.

TANJO (SERBIAN)  
*We'll stop soon. We're far enough now.*

Ivan nods. Tanjo cranes into the back of the van. He turns on an overhead light, revealing...

Five girls. Huddled in the back.

TANJO (RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
*So you want to testify?*

All the girls turn to... Raya. Their conscience paralyzed by the need to survive. Terrified, Raya looks to... Luba. Her eyes pleading for support. But Luba turns away.

TANJO (CONT'D)

*It's okay. We all move to a new bar now.  
Somewhere no one will come look for you.  
Then we have a conversation.*

The girls avoid Raya's gaze. She sobs. Tanjo turns off the light. The van drives off into the unknown.

131 EXT. PARKING LOT - BACK ENTRANCE - UNMHQ - MORNING 131

Kathy stands by her SUV, watching MONITORS set off for the day. Then she sees...

Fred Murray emerge with COLLEAGUES, laughing. He stops when He sees Kathy, gazing over, serious.

132 EXT. PARKING LOT - UNMHQ- DAY 132

Kathy and Fred walk between the parked cars.

KATHY

She's fifteen. I'm begging you--

FRED MURRAY

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

KATHY

If you know any of the other bars he owns, anything... I'm appealing to--

FRED MURRAY

Hey. I'm gonna say this one more time. And you can put this down in your investigation on me. I don't know what you're talking about.

He leaves. Kathy stands, a black speck in the patchwork of white UN SUVs spread across the lot.

133 INT. RICK JONES OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY 133

Rick's SECRETARY shakes her head at Kathy.

SECRETARY

I've called and paged. He says he can't get into this now.

KATHY

Does he know that one of my witnesses was abducted? Where is he?

SECRETARY

Sorry Kathy, he really didn't tell me.

134 INT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - MORNING

134

MADELEINE

It's not your fault.

Kathy is downcast. She nods, not totally convinced.

KATHY

Irka won't testify now. It's completely understandable. She's way too scared. I just... I don't know what to do with her. The GDA won't take her and her traffickers will find her if she's in this city.

Emotion taking over...

KATHY (CONT'D)

These girls are dragged into this country like cattle and then the system that's supposed to help them spits them right back out. It barely recognizes sex trafficking as a problem even though it's a fucking epidemic, and everyone knows it. Are we supposed to wait around for that to change?

MADELEINE

Maybe it's time for a little diplomacy... Do you have a nice frock?

135 INT. KATHY'S APARMENT - NIGHT

135

Kathy stands in front of a mirror, in a black dress, her hair hanging down to her shoulders. She stands, awkward.

KATHY

Really? You think it's okay?

She turns to Jan and Carmen, sitting on her bed. Jan smiles.

JAN

You're beautiful.

But Carmen is tilting her head, doubtful.

CARMEN

You can stop standing like a farmer's wife for starters. These people are dignitaries. You gotta up your game.

She approaches her, and sweeps her hair up into an elegant chignon. She takes off her own earrings and puts them on Kathy. Jan nods, impressed. Kathy eyes herself, pleased.

136 INT./EXT. CAR/SARAJEVO HILLS - EVENING

136

A WHITE VOLKSWAGON RABBIT speeds though the Sarajevo hills. Madeleine is elegant in a suit. Kathy looks at her black dress, self-conscious.

KATHY

Is there a specific way of addressing the High Commissioner of the Mission?

MADELEINE

I call him Bill.

Kathy nods, nervous. They pull into a circular drive...

137 EXT. U.S. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - SHORT TIME LATER

137

The house is incongruous in its context: Manicured gardens, remodelled facade. And tonight its BLACK TIE and CATERING.

An elegant WOMAN comes to greet them. She is...

MADELEINE

(familiar) Mrs. Ambassador! How do we do?

JANET WELLS

We do what we can. Great to see you Madeleine.

Janet smiles with the delicatessen of a diplomatic spouse.

MADELEINE

I hope you don't mind, I've brought along a friend. This is Kathy Bolkovac.

Kathy holds out her hand, a little nervous.

JANET WELLS

Great. I need as many gal pals as I can get. Look at this place.

She gestures toward the room. A haze of cigar smoke hovers over the gaggle of men. Kathy's eyes zero in on

Bill Hynes

Surrounded by a group of JAPANESE DIPLOMATS. Bill notices her and Madeleine. He waves, familiar. Madeleine nods, humoring.

AMBASSADOR JOHN WELLS, 40s, slides his hand on Janet's back.

AMBASSADOR WELLS

What are your thoughts on dinner?

JANET WELLS

I think people are still busy drinking.

John shakes Madeleine's hand, darting his eyes over Kathy.

AMBASSADOR WELLS

Speaking of, what can I get you ladies?

Madeleine looks at Kathy.

KATHY

Thank you, Mr. Ambassador. Ah, I'll have a wine please.

AMBASSADOR WELLS

(nodding) Coming right up. Madeleine, white for you?

Kathy notices the respect he shows her. Janet leads them in, chatting with Madeleine. Kathy surveys the room full of dignitaries.

138 EXT. BACK PATIO - U.S. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT 138

A stunning view of Sarajevo at night. Kathy stands alone. A waiter offers her a convoluted hors d'oeuvre. She takes it, gracious. Trying to figure out what it is when...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Nice view, no?

Kathy turns to... PETER WARD, 40s, smoking a cigarette.

KATHY

Oh I... I just needed some air.

PETER WARD

Trust me, I know the feeling. I hate these stuffy events. You never know anyone's agenda.

He eyes her. She looks past him... At Bill Hynes. Peter sees.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

Oh... well that's a plan.

MADELEINE (O.S.)

Actually, I had a different one in mind.

Madeleine and Janet come through the door. Peter stubs out his cigarette, and moves back inside.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)  
(arm around Janet) Behind every good  
man...

PATIO - SHORT TIME LATER

Janet's eyes betray empathy. She shakes her head, upset.

JANET WELLS  
They just left her there? At the border?  
Poor girl... Just the psychological  
trauma. How can I help?

KATHY  
She's very vulnerable to re-trafficking.  
Internationals got her in this situation.  
We owe her the chance to get out.

Janet is keen to follow, but a little lost.

MADELEINE  
We want to repatriate Irka to the United  
States and find her a foster family. I  
was hoping you could use your influence--

Janet holds up her hand, nodding emphatically.

JANET WELLS  
We're going to find her a home.

Kathy eyes Madeleine. Impressed.

KATHY  
I also think the American embassy should  
be aware of some of the problems we're  
having with our officers.

Madeleine interjects...

MADELEINE  
Your help with Irka's case can really  
raise awareness in the Mission around the  
issue of trafficking.

Madeleine gives her a reassuring glance. Kathy sees the  
difference between a cop and a diplomat.

139 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - NIGHT

139

Kathy stands. Still in her dress, going through files. Proud  
of the night's accomplishments, but her eyes linger on the  
board of girls... On the picture of Raya's APB.

140 EXT. BOSNIAN COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

140

Sun over the hills. A DOG follows a YOUNG BOY, 5, through a field. The boy stops, seeing a BROWN VAN down the road.

He runs, waving as the van approaches. It slows to meet him. In the van... Ivan rolls down the window.

BOY (SERBIAN)  
*Can I come with you?*

IVAN (SERBIAN)  
*Not today.*

The boy looks down, disappointed.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
*Tell your mother I'll be home for dinner.  
Then you and I will go for a walk. I have  
a present for you.*

BOY  
*What is it?*

Ivan shrugs jokingly. Then smiles as he drives away.

141 EXT. BOMBED OUT BUILDING - BOSNIAN COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING 141

The brown van pulls up. Ivan comes around it, and opens the back door. He reaches in and pulls out... AN OLD BICYCLE.

TANJO (SERBIAN)  
*You couldn't buy him a new one? You have  
money now.*

IVAN (SERBIAN)  
*I'll fix this one up this afternoon. I  
had one like it.*

Tanjo lights a cigarette, moving to the destroyed building.

TANJO  
*They're downstairs. I want to get them  
out today.*

142 INT. STAIRWELL - BOMBED OUT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

142

Ivan follows Tanjo down rickety steps. CRIES AND WHIMPERS GROW LOUDER as they descend into a

BASEMENT

TWO MEN stand guard. Tanjo walks past them. Opens a door. Ushering Ivan INSIDE where...

GIRLS are huddled together. Luba, and THREE OTHERS. They look up... PETRIFIED... Offscreen, the cries swell.

We realize the sound IS NOT COMING FROM THIS ROOM. Tanjo waves his fingers, methodically...

TANJO (RUSSIAN)  
*C'mon, let's go.*

The girls stand, helping one another. Tentative but submissive, they move toward him. He holds open the door.

TANJO (CONT'D)  
*I want to show you what happens when YOU  
DECIDE TO TALK TO COPS!!!!*

They jump back. His scream echoes. They move

THROUGH THE HALL

To a door on the other side. Tanjo nods. A guard opens the door onto A HORRIFIC SITE... Luba closes her eyes. But Tanjo pushes the girls in, one by one they go through into a

BARREN ROOM

And see... Raya... NAKED. HELD DOWN BY FOUR MEN. SPREAD EAGLE ON HER FRONT. WAILING. HER FACE SHOWS UNIMAGINABLE PAIN. And we see that...

Two of the men holding her down are EXTINGUISHING LIT CIGARETTES INTO THE BALLS OF HER FOOT.

RAYA  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

But we realize... this is not the greatest cause of her pain.

Luba's face whitens. Eyeing one MAN at Raya's backside. A flash of shame in his eyes as he steps away from Raya, and drops... A PIPE onto the ground.

The men step away. Leaving Raya. Collapsed into a ball. Now the girls all understand... there is no hope at all.

143 EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNHCR - DAY

143

Madeleine stands before a small group of REPORTERS.

MADELEINE  
The young woman, who shall remain anonymous, arrived in Bosnia as a victim of sex trafficking and has survived horrific abuse.  
(MORE)

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

Ordinarily she would be repatriated to her country of origin. But because she is an orphan, she finds herself without a home. I'm pleased to announce that we have found a foster family in the United States. I want to thank Janet Wells for her assistance in making this happen. I believe this can stand as a signal that the International community in Bosnia and beyond is finally ready to recognize the growing epidemic of sex trafficking, a human rights abuse as abhorrent as the war crimes that drew the International Community to intervene in Bosnia in the first place. Thank you.

REPORTER

Now that the UN is finally recognizing sex-trafficking, how are you going to monitor it?

Reporters flock with questions. Kathy stands in the back, proud. On the other side, Rick Jones watches.

144 EXT. FRONT STEPS - UNHCR - SHORT TIME LATER 144

Kathy and Madeleine emerge, buzzing with their success.

MADELEINE

Nothing on Raya?

Kathy shakes her head, saddened.

KATHY

I've sent an APB out to all police stations and UN field offices... But I'm pushing ahead with the other girls in Milena's shelter. I'm creating a photo-line-up using the UN ID database, so they can identify all internationals involved. We've got to make them accountable.

145 INT. CORRIDOR - WOMEN'S MEDICA SHELTER - SHORT TIME LATER 145

Milena looks through a glass window into...

146 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - WOMEN'S MEDICA SHELTER - EVENING 146

Kathy sits with girls including Fadila, Nadia, Eva... She brings up ID PHOTOS of IPTF officers, scrolling down the page. Fadila points at one and nods, speaking. Kathy writes.

Another girl, JASMILA, points at a picture of...

AN IPTF OFFICER. She nods.

Kathy brings up a new page of ID PHOTOS. Flicking through page after page. The girls identify SEVERAL OFFICERS.

147 INT. PERSONNEL - UNMHQ - DAY

147

Kathy finds Carmen behind a computer.

KATHY

I have a favour to ask.

CARMEN

Shoot.

KATHY

You have access to all transport vehicle checkouts, right?

CARMEN

I'm a fountain of useless knowledge.

KATHY

Can you see how often Fred Murray has checked out raid vehicles?

CARMEN

Fred Murray?

Kathy nods. Carmen looks at her, surprised.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Fred was sent home.

Kathy stands back. Confused.

KATHY

What? Why didn't anyone tell me. Is he being disciplined because of my--

Carmen shakes her head.

CARMEN

He's just gone. Meaning investigation over. They wanted him out of here. People are talking. Come on, let's get some lunch.

148 INT. CAFETERIA - UNMHQ - AFTERNOON

148

Kathy and Carmen at a table in the corner.

CARMEN

Kath, you gotta be careful. Look, I know you're doing your own thing and all, but you're investigating your colleagues.

KATHY

You've seen what they're doing.

CARMEN

I know. I know. I just, the stuff people are saying, I'm catching snippets, and I'm worried about you. Think about your kids.

Kathy is silenced. Then... A TAP ON HER SHOULDER...

MONITOR

Looking for you in Human Resources.

Carmen eyes Kathy, concerned. Kathy follows the monitor toward the exit. MONITORS and CIVILIANS buzz about, talking. But all around Kathy, the air is silent. Some IPTF OFFICERS eye her, coolly. Is she paranoid?

149 INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY

149

OFFICER BLAKELY smiles formally. Kathy shifts in her seat.

BLAKELY

I'm John Blakely, Human Resources.

Kathy eyes him, dubious.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

In going through your records, I see you've got quite a case load. It must be stressful.

KATHY

(deadpan) A bit.

BLAKELY

Would you say you're under *extreme* stress?

KATHY

Excuse me?

BLAKELY

There are concerns among some of your superiors that you've become impulsive, reckless in your position.

Kathy sits, shocked.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

We'd like to suggest taking some time off. You have some leave time...

Kathy eyes him coolly. He slides over a booklet.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

See here? You can consolidate your leave. We'll contact our head offices in the U.K. and ensure none of your pay would be deducted... Just... Take a little vacation. Go home. See your kids. We're simply suggesting this out of concern for you.

KATHY

Are you suggesting I take time off. Or are you telling me?

BLAKELY

This is simply out of concern for you.

Kathy pushes her chair back, and leaves.

150 INT. LIVING ROOM - KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

150

Kathy sits at the table, covered in photos of girls, flipping through the Dyncorp manual, irritated.

KATHY

Consolidate my leave... A fucking vacation?

She shakes her head, overwrought. Flipping through the manual, seeing...

KATHY (CONT'D)

Who are these people? (stopping on a page) And why does Dyncorp, a company that sends American peacekeepers, have it's corporate headquarters in England?

She looks up at Jan. He shrugs, sympathetic, wanting to help.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Of course I want to see my kids, of course. But... not like this. Not by being sent home like some hysterical woman... My God, it wasn't that easy to up and leave them. If I go home like this... It's like coming here, this whole thing was a... mistake.

She shakes her head, lost in thought... Maybe it was... Jan sits beside her, concerned.

JAN

Nobody who knows you could think that.

KATHY

Really? I'm losing witnesses, suspects...  
It's one step forward, two steps back...

Jan tries to jump in. But--

KATHY (CONT'D)

No, seriously. I'm just a cop from  
Nebraska. What do I know?

Jan shakes his head.

JAN

It's not what. It's who. You know them.

He points at the files and photos of girls splayed all over the table. Kathy eyes them, torn between self-doubt and something much more instinctive...

151 INT. LAURA LEVIN'S OFFICE - GDA BOSNIA - EVENING 151

Laura sits across from Halyna, who is heartbroken.

LAURA (RUSSIAN)

*Mrs. Kochan... It's been a few weeks now.  
I don't know if there's much point--*

HALYNA (RUSSIAN)

*But we-- I must-- I have to do something.  
There has to be something I can do?!*

Laura takes a second. Suddenly struck with an idea.

152 EXT. OASIS BAR - MORNING 152

A large WOOD HOUSE with a neon CAMEL sits in the mountains above the city of TUZLA. A VAN pulls up.

153 INT. OASIS BAR - MOMENTS LATER 153

Raya, Luba follow Ivan up stairs. Ivan unlocks a

BACK BEDROOM

He bangs on a wall. FIVE GIRLS wake in cots on the ground. He motions for them to go in. They do.

MARA, 19, hands Raya and Luba a piece of paper with CRUDE DRAWINGS of SEXUAL POSITIONS. A price value by each.

MARA (RUSSIAN)  
*You work in two hours.*

Ivan and Mara leave, locking the door behind him.

The other girls go about their business, barely noticing Raya and Luba. But JULIA and TANYA, 16, come over.

JULIA (RUSSIAN)  
*You sleep on whichever mattresses are available. The last two girls in have to share.*

TANYA (RUSSIAN)  
*They bring us food in the morning. You have to eat it all, or you get fined.*

Raya grabs her head. Feeling faint. She looks for a place to sit. Julia and Tanya help her to the ground.

JULIA  
*Don't let him see you like this.*

Luba walks over to the other side of the room. Finds a spot and sits. Raya watches her, hurt. Julia pushes a mattress aside. Underneath is a... COUNTING SYSTEM scratched into the floor. Each girls' name scratched with numbers beside it.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
*I'm the closest. Then I can go home.*

Raya barely has the energy to hold herself up.

TANYA  
*What's your name?*

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Rayisa...Raya Kochan.*

Tanya scratches Raya's name into the floor. Then one mark.

LUBA (RUSSIAN)  
*It's all bullshit--*

JULIA  
*No! He sent a girl back three months ago. I was here! (to Luba) What is your name?*

Raya eyes Luba who's conflicted between loyalty to her friend and her own sense of survival. Luba tears up, but turns away.

RAYA  
(softly) *Her name is Luba. Luba Pankiw.*

154 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - MORNING

154

Kathy works, angry, urgent now. On her desk...

CLOSER: *REPORT: PHOTO ID LINE-UP.* Kathy matches circled ID photos of IPTF alongside testimony and Polaroids of girls.

She works fast. Circling the photos, slapping files closed. When a...

MAIL BOY slides in a cart, and places a stack of REPORTS on Kathy's IN-BOX. She pulls the first one off the top...

A sticky note on the first page: *Insufficient Evidence.*

Kathy grabs another... Sticky note: *Unreliable Witness.* She sees the name NADIA at the top of the statement.

She grabs... ANOTHER: *Unreliable Witness.* And another...

*Transferred to Internal Affairs.*

Kathy flies through the rest of the files. One after another:

*Insufficient Evidence -- Insufficient Evidence -- Transferred to Internal Affairs -- Unreliable Witnesses -- Insufficient --*

A photo falls out of one of them: RAYA. Kathy stares at it.

Her eyes wander over the room, and fall on her predecessor's battered old file boxes, still waiting for Archives.

She moves to them. Cuts the string on the top box. Rips the top off. Inside...

REPORT FILES. Slotted in tight. She grabs one. STICKY NOTE:

*Insufficient Evidence.*

KATHY

Jesus.

She starts RIPPING through them all -- YELLOW STICKY NOTES on all of them.

VOICE (O.S.)

Kath...

It's Jim Higgins, out of breath, in the doorway...

JIM HIGGINS  
 They've called an assembly for all  
 DynCorp personnel.

155 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNMHQ - NIGHT

155

Kathy and Jim walk into a room filled with DYNACORP BOYS.

JIM HIGGINS  
 Anyone know what this is about?

No one does. Kathy sits amongst the guys. Until...

Rick walks up to the front.

RICK  
 I have some not so pleasant news, but  
 bear with me. (Off a prepared statement)  
 Lately, local police have raided some  
 houses of '*ill repute*' and a number of  
 '*ladies of the evening*' have been taken  
 into custody. While the credibility of  
 these witnesses is questionable,  
 apparently photo line-ups have been made  
 available to them.

Rick eyes Kathy, pointedly.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 This issue is currently receiving a lot  
 of attention. Guys, you gotta be  
 careful... Kathryn Bolkovac is heading up  
 this investigation. If you have any  
 questions refer them to her.

ALL EYES ON KATHY. They disperse, passing her, camaraderie  
 obliterated. Kathy walks, livid...

KATHY  
 You've given every officer time to create  
 an alibi.

RICK  
 I'm not going to subject my men to this  
 witch hunt based on the testimony of some  
 hookers! Prostitution is illegal! Your  
 witnesses are criminals.

Kathy can't believe what he's saying.

KATHY  
 They are SLAVES. By any American or  
 International law.

RICK

These *slaves* are lying about their presence in Bosnia. You are coming after American Officers with baseless claims.

KATHY

...you know they're not baseless.

RICK JONES

If you've got a problem, go call the Ambassador's wife.

156 INT./EXT. LOBBY - UNMHQ - EVENING

156

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. Kathy comes out. Seeing... IPTF OFFICERS. All eyeing her. She hurries through them.

157 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

157

Kathy sits, anxious. Jan touches her back.

JAN

They hired you to do a job they don't want done. It's a P.R. position.

She turns to him.

KATHY

Rick publicly outed me, jeopardizing those girls. I have to go over his head. But I... I never thought I'd have to go into Internal Affairs. The guys back home would never understand this.

JAN

I understand you.

KATHY

Yeah? And how long do you plan on being around, because the last two guys who said that aren't here.

JAN

Don't.

KATHY

It's just I waited so long you know. I want my kids to know I did something, to be proud.

JAN

They are.

KATHY

No. Your kids are proud. You go on this mission and you're a big hero. I go and I'm a bad mother... (tearing up) I can't believe I'm gonna disappoint them again.

JAN

So don't.

He comes closer. She looks up. Decided.

158 INT./EXT. CAR - PARKING LOT - UNMHQ - EARLY MORNING 158

A blast of light through Kathy's windshield. The lot is empty. She looks at a PILE OF REPORTS on the passenger seat.

159 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - UNMHQ - MORNING 159

Kathy, reports in hand, turns a corner, and... bumps into an OFFICER. She drops some files. He moves around her, as she bends to pick them up. She walks the rest of the hall, focused, and stops at a brass plaque: INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

160 INT. OFFICE - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - UNMHQ - MORNING 160

Kathy marches in, nervous... MONITORS turn and see her, knowing who she is, but trying not to show it. She approaches a MALE MONITOR at a desk in the front.

MALE MONITOR

What can I do for you?

The Monitor keeps typing as she talks. Kathy hesitates, then

KATHY

It's, I need to speak in-camera with a senior IA official. I don't have a name, but--

Kathy recognizes Peter Ward working in a back OFFICE. He sees her, then closes the door.

MALE MONITOR

Just a moment please.

161 INT. CLOSED OFFICE - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - UNMHQ - DAY 161

Kathy sits across from an IA OFFICIAL, 50s. He skims through the reports, nodding.

KATHY

I did a photo ID line-up with victims who testified to international patronizing of brothels, as well as complicity in trafficking itself.

He looks at her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

All the cases I filed to my superiors have come back, shut down. Some of them were marked as referred to IA.

OFFICIAL

I haven't seen those.

KATHY

Really?

He shakes his head, standing.

OFFICIAL

It's possible they're still in the pipeline, in preliminary processing. I'm sorry to have to rush this, but I have to get to a meeting. Thanks for coming in.

He hands her a form.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

You need to sign here, that you're asking for these investigations.

162 EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

162

Kathy jogs along a ridge, with a view high over Sarajevo. Determined, panting... she pushes past her fatigue.

163 INT. KATHY'S APARMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

163

Kathy comes in, soaked in sweat. The PHONE RINGS. She rushes to it. CALLER ID: Unknown Number. She picks up, breathless.

KATHY

Hello?... Sorry, who is this?... Just one second...

She grabs a pen and pad. Writing: **THE HOLIDAY INN. 513.**

KATHY (CONT'D)

Can I get your name? Hello? Hello?

She looks at the phone, spooked.

164 INT. LOBBY - HOLIDAY INN HOTEL - SARAJEVO - DAY 164

Kathy moves through the lobby, scanning the scene of liquid lunches and diplomats. She keeps her head low, focused

ON THE ELEVATORS

Ding. The doors open. Kathy steps in. As they close... TWO DIPLOMATS slip in. The elevator ascends. Kathy stares dead ahead.

165 INT. HALLWAY - HOLIDAY INN - MOMENTS LATER 165

Kathy stands at door 513. She takes a moment, then knocks.

166 INT. HOTEL ROOM - HOLIDAY INN - MOMENTS LATER 166

Kathy is led in by Peter Ward. She comes inside, tentative, unsure who she's dealing with. Peter smokes furiously, a burned-out mission lifer, who's bright, intelligent eyes betray a last spark of the idealism that brought him into this world. He seems nervous.

KATHY

That was you today, in IA?

PETER WARD

(nodding) Would you like a drink?

Kathy eyes him, dubious. He pours her a drink.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

I saw your files...

Kathy nods. Peter slaps down a file. Kathy looks at it.

KATHY

What's this?

PETER WARD

Your file.

KATHY

I don't understand.

PETER WARD

They're investigating you.

Kathy stares at him.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? They're circling the wagons... What did he tell you? He hadn't seen anything from you until today.

She nods.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

Bullshit. Top Level Dyncorp commanders are walking into IA and removing your files. I've been told to shut down all your investigations.

KATHY

Why?.. There has to be some sort of an international court or body that can turn this around--

PETER WARD

The United Nations. You're here.

Peter thinking about how to put this...

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

Dyncorp's contract with the State Department in Bosnia alone is worth 52 million dollars. We're paid ninety, a hundred grand, right?. But it's a drop in the ocean compared to their profits. This is a global corporation, top five defense contractors in the states after Halliburton and KB&R. You think they're gonna let some sex scandal threaten that?

KATHY

I don't want a scandal. I just want--

PETER WARD

NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOU. It's designed that way. No oversight. No national or international accountability.

KATHY

Dyncorp's Headquarters are in England--

PETER WARD

Exactly. Nothing leads back to the State Department. That includes you... So if something were to happen to you it wouldn't even make the news at home... No one would ever know... Poof. You're gone.

Kathy sits. Scared. Finally understanding the world she's in.

O.S. VOICES. Kathy jolts. Peter moves to the door.

THROUGH THE EYE-HOLE: A COUPLE checks in across the room.

Peter turns back. Sees a panic-stricken Kathy.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

If you're going to keep going, you've got to stay under the radar. Make copies of all your files, keep them under lock and key. Just... Be careful... And know who you're up against.

167 EXT. PARKING LOT - HOLIDAY INN HOTEL - SARAJEVO - DAY 167

Kathy. Unstrung. She crosses the labyrinth of WHITE SUVs. She looks up at the OSCE towers. Feeling *watched*.

TWO SFOR SOLDIERS walk toward her. Eyeing her. She slips a car key between her fingers, arming herself. Watching them as... They pass. Kathy picks up her pace. Getting to...

HER SUV. Her pulse RACING. PARANOID. She checks around... The lot is empty. Quiet. She is alone.

168 EXT. UNITED NATIONS MISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY 168

A row of international flags flap in the wind.

169 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - SAME 169

Kathy watches the flags. She shifts her gaze to the bulletin board. Eyeing the picture of Raya. Then... she moves to...

THE FILE CABINET. She pulls out EVERY FILE. Photocopies them. Then... Opens the bottom filing cabinet -- pushes files to the front -- placing *the copies* in the back. She steps away... Closes the Cabinet. And locks it...

Knowing she is operating outside of protocol now.

170 INT. BACK BEDROOM - OASIS BAR - EVENING 170

Raya stares at herself in a mirror. Dressed as a whore.

171 INT. OASIS BAR - EVENING 171

It's more of a medium-sized hall. A bar, some tables and a few 'home touches'. Maps of Yugoslavia. Pictures of Tito.

And FULL OF IPTF. Raya walks through, ogled. She sees...

Luba, sitting on Mara's lap. Surrounded by TEN IRISH SOLDIERS. The soldiers ply them with drinks, 'winning' them with charm. Luba blends in with remarkable ease.

RORY

You feel like a party?

RORY, Irish, grabs Raya's hand.

RAYA  
 (forcing) Yes... of course.

He leads her to the back of the bar. Raya looks to Luba, but realizes she is alone.

They walk through a BACK DOOR into a ROOM FULL OF BEDS SEPARATED with CURTAINS. We barely make out the shapes of various soldiers with girls in each cubicle. All busy. Until

A curtain opens... And Jim Higgins walks out. His rite of passage complete.

Rory pulls Raya to the cubicle, as Julia comes out.

172 EXT. SARAJEVO AIRPORT - EVENING 172

Halyna boards a plane with PASSENGERS, but without Raya.

173 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 173

Kathy opens the door into the empty apartment, seeing a RAPIDLY BLINKING LIGHT on a digital display: 14 MESSAGES.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
 Click. Click. Click.

Each message a silence followed by a hang-up. Kathy stares at the blinking light as the clicks keep coming. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... She rips the machine out of the wall.

174 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - LATER 174

We hear a DIAL UP CONNECTION. Kathy's at her computer. She brings up a Yahoo! Search page. TYPES IN: RICK JONES

*2103 Matches for Rick Jones.*

She types again. CLOSE ON: RICK JONES + COLORADO SPRINGS

*482 Matches for Rick Jones + Colorado Springs*

She scans down the page. None of the matches work. She shakes her head, about to give up, when...

*Chief of Police R. Jones in \$1,000,000 Law Suit*

A PICTURE of Rick Jones accompanies the article.

CLOSE ON WORDS: Richard Jones Fired for Sexual Harassment

175 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER 175

Kathy sits at the empty kitchen table looking at the picture of her kids. She holds her head in her hands.

176 EXT. AMERICAN APARTMENT COMPLEX - SARAJEVO SUBURBS - NIGHT 176

Distant music echoes through the night. VOICES of GUYS hanging out on their balconies. Kathy crosses the lot, cutting through the dark night fog.

177 INT./EXT. SUV/ROAD - NIGHT 177

Kathy drives. Wide awake. The only vehicle on the road.

178 EXT. ILIDZA STATION - NIGHT 178

Kathy sits in the SUV. Staring at the station. THROUGH THE WINDOW... Jan works the late shift alone.

179 INT. ILIDZA STATION - NIGHT 179

Jan and Kathy sit. Several empty coffee cups.

KATHY

This is... I can't believe your timing...

JAN

It's a rotation. They're sending us back a month early. I tried to get an extension, but...

Kathy just stares ahead. Silent... a long time.

KATHY

I'm not even sure I'm staying.

Jan sits back. Stunned.

KATHY (CONT'D)

These guys... Jones is a sexual offender. Dyncorp hired him... These private militaries are a sham. There's no way around them.

JAN

If that's what your instincts are telling you...

KATHY

I have children, I have to think about them...

180 INT. OASIS BAR - LATE NIGHT

180

A big IPTF PARTY. AT THE BAR: Raya waits with an empty tray. Luba pulls out a heavy crate of bottles. She hurts her back.

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Here, I'll help you.*

Luba slams two bottles on Raya's tray.

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
*I'm fine. I earned this job.*

RAYA  
*I was just trying to--*

LUBA  
*Don't. You'll get us in trouble.*

An IPTF OFFICER, MIKE SEARS grabs Raya from behind. Shakes her, jokingly. She laughs, familiar. Almost routine..

MIKE SEARS  
*How's my favorite girl?*

RAYA  
*I am good. Everything good.*

She smiles, hollow and takes the tray over to a TABLE. Julia and Tanya sit with FOUR MEN in suits. They're plastered.

SUIT 1 (GERMAN ACCENT)  
*I wanna party all night.*

The girls smile, nodding, playing along...

SUIT 2 (AMERICAN)  
*Let's go out. I wanna take you home.*

He squeezes Tanya tight to him, kissing her sloppily.

SUIT 2 (CONT'D)  
*Ivan! C'mere!*

Raya eyes Julia. Ivan comes over, smiling, a gregarious host.

SUIT 2 (CONT'D)  
*We wanna party on mate. How much to take them home for the day?*

Ivan eyes the girls. Thinking...

IVAN

Ten times normal. Pay upfront. And extra deposit. But you cannot take her.

He points at Raya.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Three thousand each. (off their scoffing)  
You bring back, you get back deposit.

Ivan smiles. The other two men are dubious. But Suit 1 and Suit 2 exchange glances... Daring each other.

SUIT 1

You're on.

Ivan waves to follow him. They walk with Julia and Tanya. Raya watches Ivan throw in a bottle of whiskey. They pay him.

Julia catches Raya's eye. They exchange... A look of promise.

181 EXT. BUS DEPOT - MORNING

181

The DUTCH CONTINGENT boards a bus. Kathy stands aside with Jan. Saying goodbye... Franz pats Jan on the back.

FRANZ

I'll keep an eye out.

Jan shakes his hand. Franz winks at Kathy.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

(to Kathy) It's finally our time.

She smiles, soft. Drained of energy.

JAN

Get outta here.

FRANZ

Anything you need you call, okay? He'll kill both of us if you don't.

Franz moves away leaving the two alone. Jan hugs Kathy.

JAN

You come to me... when you're done.

He kisses her. The bus engines start.

182 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY

182

Kathy watches out the window. DIPLOMATS walk the halls.

MADELEINE

What's this I hear about you leaving?

Kathy turns to Madeleine in the doorway.

KATHY

How'd you--

MADELEINE

The Dutch Officer rang before he left.  
C'mon, I want to show you something.

Kathy follows, downbeat.

183 INT. OASIS BAR - MORNING 183

The girls clean. Raya sweeps, watching Mara teach Luba how to restock the bar. Ivan comes out of the OFFICE. A bag in hand.

184 EXT. WOMEN'S MEDICA SHELTER - DAY 184

Madeleine's UN Volkswagon pulls up. Milena waits, smiling.

MADELEINE

After we got Irka repatriated, I had some calls from other private parties that were interested in helping. We've gathered \$40,000 so far. I've applied for matching funds, so that... we can completely rebuild this shelter.

MILENA

Separate from the GDA. We run it our way. The victims come first.

MADELEINE

Things are changing Kathy.

Kathy is moved, seeing a light at the end of this. The three women stand, united... Then... A SHELTER VOLUNTEER comes out.

SHELTER VOLUNTEER

There's an important call inside.

MILENA

Excuse me.

SHELTER VOLUNTEER

No. The call is for Kathy.

185 EXT. OASIS BAR - MORNING 185

Ivan puts a bag in a car trunk. He turns to... Mara

IVAN (RUSSIAN)  
*Remember I can bring you back here the  
 second you fuck up.*

Mara nods. He shakes her hand. Ivan hands her a passport. She jumps into the car. It's an odd farewell. Ivan heads back to

THE OASIS

He scans the room. His eyes land on Luba. Raya watches Ivan nod to Luba. A silent exchange: Luba accepts Mara's role.

SUDDENLY... HONKING. OUTSIDE a car speeds up.

The two SUITS from last night appear at the door... Without the girls.

186 INT./EXT. KATHY'S UN SUV - SHORT TIME LATER 186

Kathy slows... Seeing local police in the distance.

187 EXT. ROADSIDE - OUTSIDE SARAJEVO - CONTINUOUS 187

Kathy pulls up. Through gathered local cops, REVEAL...

Julia and Tanya. Disoriented. Still in last night's clothing.

188 EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER 188

Julia and Tanya are FRANTIC, talking fast.

JULIA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
 They take us home. They were so drunk. We run.

TANYA (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
 There are more girls! You must to get them out! Go now!

They appeal to Kathy.

JULIA  
 Oasis Bar. In mountains.

Kathy eyes Viko. As the girls talk at her, Kathy knows she was never going home. THIS is where she needs to be.

189 INT. HALLWAY - GDA BOSNIA - MOMENTS LATER 189

Kathy brings Julia and Tanya in. An Intern leads them down the hall. Viko comes in...

VIKO  
 Should I call for a raid?

KATHY

No. He'll walk. We have no proof they were trafficked. Let me talk to them. See what else they know.

190 INT. OFFICE - GDA BOSNIA - SHORT TIME LATER 190

Laura watches video footage on a TV. Halyna appears on the monitor. Her assistant PAUSES it.

ASSISTANT

That's their first cut. I'll pass on your notes, and they should have it ready for the grant proposal in time.

A KNOCK at the door.

191 INT. LOBBY - GDA BOSNIA - MOMENTS LATER 191

Kathy stands, curt now with Laura. All business.

KATHY

I have no options right now. The GDA is more secure than Milena's shelter... Can they stay before you do the paperwork?

LAURA LEVIN

They'll go on record?

Kathy nods. Laura shrugs in assent.

192 INT. KITCHEN - GDA BOSNIA - LATER 192

Kathy listens to a tearful Julia.

JULIA (BROKEN ENGLISH)

Ivan is good friends with the soldiers. They come all the time.

KATHY

And you're saying these soldiers brought you into Bosnia. Through the border? You're sure?

JULIA

Yes. In a van. White van. Like yours.

They both nod. Emphatic. Kathy thinks...

KATHY

They had uniforms? Like mine?

The girls nod again. Absolutely sure.

JULIA

April 8. I never forget. The day I leave my home. We come to Bosnia some day later. I know because we stop at the border. We were six of us. Men from the border, they opened the doors... We give them our fake passports. My name was Irena Woycek. I thought they would see the fake passports, I thought...

She hesitates, the memories flooding back...

JULIA (CONT'D)

I thought they would save us.

193 EXT. GDA BOSNIA - DAY

193

Viko follows Kathy out.

VIKO

If there are records showing those girls came through the border with IPTF--

KATHY

Then you have conspiracy to traffick. And I can take it to Bill Hynes. That's enough to do a raid that will stick.

VIKO

The main border station keeps the logs.

Kathy heads to her SUV. Viko shakes his head -- points at an old TRABBANT (a life-size matchbox car).

194 INT./ EXT. TRABANT - NIGHT

194

The ride is bumpy. Viko shouts over the engine...

VIKO

Best if it looks like a local matter. Get more info. You be my UN monitor, okay?

Kathy smiles, cramped, but appreciative of his help.

195 EXT. BORDER POLICE STATION - NIGHT

195

Viko talks to a BORDER COP sitting at an ancient Mac Computer. Kathy notices a calendar of Pamela Anderson frolicking in foamy surf.

VIKO

So when a vehicle is stopped, you'll keep all this on file here?

BORDER COP

Of course! It's our fucking job!

VIKO

And other stations up the border send all their files to you?

BORDER COP

Some do, some don't. Fifty-fifty chance.

Disappointing. Viko lights a smoke, offers one to the cop.

BORDER COP (CONT'D)

You say 30 minutes outside Sarajevo? Maybe Visegrad? You might be lucky. Lanky guy in their archives loves to send files.

Kathy looks hopefully at Viko, who shrugs. Clicking...

BORDER COP (CONT'D)

Okay, 11th... (mumbling) ... No, no. You like?.. Big exciting to watch Bosnian police do boring things?

Kathy smiles. He turns back, clicking. Then stops.

BORDER COP (CONT'D)

You owe me! UN vehicle with 6 girls in back. Stanley Harris.

He turns proudly to them.

BORDER COP (CONT'D)

What you think? All his little sisters come to visit from America?

Viko looks knowingly at Kathy.

KATHY

That's it. Conspiracy to traffick.

He slaps a key. The file prints out on an old daisy-wheel printer. Kathy scans the pages...

196 EXT. BORDER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

196

Kathy and Viko hurry to the car.

KATHY

We arrest the buyer first. The bar-owner. The border log corroborates the victims' testimony. Once he's in custody, we raid his place and get those girls out.

Kathy jumps INSIDE THE CAR...

KATHY (CONT'D)

The raid has to be small. No-one knows  
the bar till we're on our way.

197 INT. RECEPTION - BILL HYNES' OFFICE - UNMHQ - EVENING 197

Kathy waits, nervous, holding the border logs. The  
RECEPTIONIST eyes her.

RECEPTIONIST

He shouldn't be long now.

198 INT. BILL HYNES' OFFICE - UNMHQ - NIGHT 198

Bill on the edge of his desk. Kathy paces, frantic...

KATHY

That's why I came straight to you. They  
were brought across the border by our  
guys. I need two back-up security vans  
for a raid, with well-trained--

BILL HYNES

Our resources are tight. I have to  
prioritize--

KATHY

(holding the border logs) This is real  
evidence. And that's just a drop in the  
ocean. I have hundreds of files. Photos,  
corroborated statements. We can build  
this case and get the perpetrators out of  
the mission--

Bill shakes his head.

BILL HYNES

If I could give you a piece of advice it  
would be to think of the future.

KATHY

These girls--

BILL HYNES

Are Collateral Damage. Whores of War.  
It's nothing new. Every conflict produces  
them.

KATHY

You know as well as I do, those girls  
aren't a product of the war.

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

They're a product of the peace. For the peace-keepers.

Kathy is repulsed. Bill takes a seat.

BILL HYNES

This is your first mission. You're eager. But we work in a very grey area and that can get messy. Everybody wants the UN to take the gloves off but they don't want us to get our hands dirty. It's a fucking Catch-22. So what do we do? We prioritize. We do our best and we always look at the bigger picture. You're a mother. Fine. I see what you're doing with these girls. Maybe *that's* why you're thinking with your heart not your head. But you have a chance at a career in the international sector. Ride this out. Get a promotion. Human Rights in Liberia, Afghanistan... I don't give a shit. And then, when you're running the show, you can implement whatever changes you see fit. But right now be smart and shut this bullshit down!

The veil is lifted. Kathy stands frozen. The blunt workings of the machine are laid bare.

199 EXT. PLAZA - UNMHQ - DAY 199

Kathy leans on a balcony overlooking the main plaza at HQ. She observes the sleek facade of honor and power.

She straightens, and walks away without looking back.

200 INT. LOCAL CANTON STATION - NIGHT 200

A RAID TEAM suits up: FIVE LOCAL COPS and THREE IPTF OFFICERS. Viko turns and hands Kathy a helmet.

KATHY

(to Viko and other cops) Try and get him outside first, then arrest him. Once you've got him outta there we'll go in. I want the girls to know they're safe.

201 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 201

A police vans SPEEDS down the road. TWO UN VANS follow.

202 INT. UN VAN - SAME 202

Kathy focuses in the cabin filled with SUITED IPTF OFFICERS.

203 EXT. OASIS BAR - NIGHT 203

Viko pulls up to the bar. The UN SUV skids into the shadows.

Viko and Danik go inside. Kathy glances back at her IPTF officers as they -- Pull their visors down, and WAIT -- Quiet -- Wind in the trees -- MUSIC ECHOING from inside as...

Viko and Danik emerge, chatting with Ivan. Suddenly...

Ivan jolts back -- COPS grab him -- He's YELLING -- HANDCUFFED -- Kicking. Punching -- They PUSH him into the VAN -- Viko SLAMS the door, turns to the UN van and nods...

204 INT. UN VAN - CONTINUOUS 204

Kathy looks back to the IPTF officers, raises three fingers... then TWO...ONE...

The POLICE VAN SQUEALS AWAY, as...

They SLAM open the doors of the bar and RUSH INTO...

205 INT. OASIS BAR - CONTINUOUS 205

BURSTING in the doors -- Clients scatter -- RUSH to the EXITS

Girls turn from the bar, the stage, the seating area -- disoriented -- eyes darting...

Local police spread around the bar, slamming, pushing clients outside. Kathy pulls off her helmet and SCANS the room.

VIKO

We have a warrant to search this premises. The owner of this bar Ivan Bladzic has been arrested and taken into custody for human trafficking.

The girls look at one another. Is this for real? The BARMAN steps forward... He looks like he's had a few drinks.

BARMAN

Fuck you!

Kathy eyes the girls. Their confusion, their fear...

Danik, hesitates, confronted with the vulnerability of these girls... His face softens. He looks to Kathy for direction.

KATHY

You do not have to be afraid of Ivan Bladzic. He cannot hurt you now.

But the GIRLS don't move...

Kathy looks out -- Stunned -- Because she sees...

Raya. Standing. Shocked. No idea who to trust anymore. One last shred left of the dream of escape...

Kathy goes to her. But Raya's eyes dart to... Luba.

Then to Kathy, recognizing the last kind face she saw...

BARMAN (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
These girls work here. They have all  
documents, passports! You can fuck off.

Two local cops GRAB him. Danik CUFFS him.

The girls are astounded. Viko holds up passports.

VIKO  
Fakes. Bad ones.

The barman is dragged outside. Kathy scans the girls. Ending on Raya... her faith awakening.

KATHY  
We want to get you out of here safely.  
That is my absolute priority.

The girls exchange a flurry of looks, speaking volumes... Should we trust her? Can we risk it?

KATHY (CONT'D)  
(To Viko) Get those blankets out of the  
vans. Let's get these girls out.

But the girls still don't move... Raya. Fractured with despair... After all she has been through, all the punishment, all the pain...

Raya holds Luba's gaze - Maybe even she could be convinced...

And Raya starts to step to Kathy... When...

Behind Kathy, an IPTF officer removes his helmet. Mike Sears. He stares at Raya. Petrifying her.

Kathy sees it in her -- WHIPS around. Mike Sears avoids her gaze. Kathy turns back to Raya. Moving closer, quietly, out of earshot of the others...

KATHY (CONT'D)

You just have to tell me you want to go.  
That you do not work here voluntarily.  
And we will get you to safety.

Raya wants so badly to answer.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You can leave with me this second. All of  
you can. But I need you to say it.

Raya eyes Mike Sears - He looks to Luba. Luba turns back to  
Raya - Pleading -- Don't do it.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You know me.

Raya can't look at Kathy. Tears stream down her face.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You can all leave with me! (to Raya)  
Let's go.

Raya. With her heart breaking...

RAYA

No.

Kathy looks at the all girls. Their eyes flitting between  
Mike and Kathy... And she understands...

Kathy REELS around. Grabs Mike by the collar -- SHOVING him  
to the door -- SLAMMING him against the wall.

KATHY

Who the fuck are you? What have you done?  
What's wrong with you? What's wrong with  
you? You fuck!

Mike pushes back...

MIKE

Get off me, you crazy bitch!

KATHY

They're supposed to TRUST US!

Viko and Danik pull them apart.

VIKO

C'mon Kathy. It's over.

She steps back -- Catching her breath -- Shaking her head -- NOT AGAIN... She looks at Raya, tears streaming down her terrified face...

KATHY

I know this girl. I know her. We can't leave them here. We're supposed to--

VIKO

If they won't come, we can't force them. Nothing will hold up in court. They'll be returned and punished... Do you want blood on your hands?

The girls all return to their positions behind the bar, cleaning, sitting around the edges... Not one will catch...

Kathy's eye. She glares at Mike Sears.

Kathy watches across the room, devastated...

As Raya turns, giving up her last chance to leave, and exits to a back room.

206 EXT. OASIS BAR - NIGHT 206

Kathy paces frantically in the darkness. Eyes wild.

Viko comes out the door, as it hits her like a blunt kick in the face: sheer helplessness...

She TURNS - *Fuck diplomacy, Fuck bureaucracy, Fuck protocol* - and RUSHES back towards the bar. Viko stops her, grabs her...

Kathy's eyes filling with tears she cannot cry -- Her heart breaking. Viko holds her tight, and pulls her away.

207 INT./EXT. UN VAN - NIGHT 207

Kathy sits in total silence, her face white, staring ahead.

208 INT. BATHROOM - OASIS BAR - NIGHT 208

Raya crouches in a corner, stifling her sobs.

209 INT. HALYNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 209

Halyna pours water into a kettle. IN THE LIVING ROOM a TV shows footage of the GDA DOCUMENTARY:

THE GDA logo spins. Footage of Halyna ON SCREEN:

HALYNA (ON TV) (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
 It took me very long time to realize  
 there was name for this of  
 trafficking...that there are big  
 organizations like GDA who work for  
 against this crime all these years.

WE SEE FOOTAGE OF THE GDA OFFICE. The place is busy, the  
 staff members look sharp and efficient. CLOSE ON: LAURA

210 INT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - UNHCR - SAME 210

Madeleine watches the same footage. CLOSE ON SCREEN: Laura.

LAURA LEVIN (ON SCREEN)  
 With renewed funding support from USAID,  
 the Global Displacement Agency continues  
 to be the pioneering leader in  
 international counter-trafficking.

Milena sits by Madeleine. Both saddened realizing...

MILENA  
 And our matching funds go to the GDA.

MADELEINE  
 (shaking her head) The State Department  
 money monster. Ironic, isn't it? That the  
 very people whose money we need to fund a  
 shelter to protect these girls, are the  
 exact people they need protecting from.

She turns up the TV, onto... HALYNA'S INTERVIEW...

O.S. A KETTLE WHISTLES

211 INT. HALYNA'S APARTMENT - SAME 211

Halyna puts tea leaves in a strainer. Listening to a TV in  
 the adjoining living room. Where FOOTAGE OF THE GDA plays.

GIRLS VOICE #1 (O.S.) (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
 ...My husband tell me, I will be gone one  
 month. His friend arrange for me a job.  
 But his friend bought me for two thousand  
 dollars.

Halyna pours water through the strainer.

GIRLS VOICE #2 (O.S.) (BROKEN ENGLISH)  
 My sister arrange for my papers. Her  
 boyfriend did this for 12 other girls...

Halyna puts down the kettle. An ACADEMIC SPEAKS on TV...

ACADEMIC

More often than not, traffickers prey on those they know. Banking on the fact that a girl will trust them. Traffickers are fathers, brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts...

Halyna's face whitens. It hits her...

212 INT. ROMAN AND ZENIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

212

Halyna glares at Zenia, who heaves tears.

ZENIA (UKRAINIAN)

*I wanted to tell you--*

Halyna silences her with her hand. She walks around the apartment, taking it all in. The money is in the details. An LCD TV, DVD player. Halyna's hand traces over the things...

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)

*It's how you pay for this...*

ZENIA

*Roman, he does... I'm--*

Halyna stiffens. An anger she thought impossible. She grabs a vase. She wants to throw it at Zenia, but at the last minute she throws it into a wall. Zenia falls as the vase SMASHES.

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)

*How. Could. You... Sell your own blood... tu xorobo... Where is she?*

ZENIA (UKRAINIAN)

*I don't know.*

HALYNA (UKRAINIAN)

*Where is she?! Where is she!? Whe--*

Roman walks in. Halyna lunges at him. He knocks her onto the ground. Zenia crawls to her sister. Roman steps between them.

ROMAN (UKRAINIAN)

*She is no longer your sister. Stay away from me! Stay away from her!*

Halyna spits in his face. He smacks her. She lifts her hand to punch him, but he grabs it and pushes her out the door.

ON THE STREET

Halyna bends over, heaving. She runs at the door, banging on it. PEDESTRIANS stare. A lunatic's rage in Halyna's eyes.

213 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 213

Kathy holds the phone. Her hands shake. Tears streaming.

ERIN (O.S.)  
 Mom, what's wrong?

KATHY  
 Erin?... No... Nothing's wrong. I just  
 needed to... I needed to say I'm sorry...  
 I'm sorry if you ever felt I wasn't there  
 for you, but... I love you.

Kathy can't keep it in anymore. She let's go and cries it all out, to the one person she wanted to be so strong for.

214 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - LATER 214

Kathy stares at her computer... She presses NEW MESSAGE.

CLOSE ON A BLANK EMAIL, THE "TO" LINE IS EMPTY.

Kathy types. We see the following addresses: "UN CHIEF OF STAFF", "HIGH COMMISSIONER BOSNIA", "UN SECRETARY"...

She continues typing. CLOSE ON THE SUBJECT LINE:

**DO NOT READ IF YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH OR GUILTY CONSCIENCE**

Kathy pours her heart into the keyboard. As she types...

KATHY (V.O.)  
 I am a police officer obligated to report  
 crimes. I have taken statements from  
 women describing their physical,  
 psychological, and emotional torture...

215 INT. OASIS BAR - BACK ROOM - LATE NIGHT 215

The girls sleep. Raya lies awake crying.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 ...On arriving in Bosnia these women are  
 sold, and forced to provide sexual  
 services...

216 EXT. BORDER STATION - NIGHT 216

An IPTF VAN stops. The window rolls down: It's Mike Sears.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 ...Their clientele consists of SFOR,  
 IPTF, local police, and International  
 employees. Worse, they have become  
 involved in the trade itself.

217 EXT. HALYNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 217

Halyna sits at an empty table. Her face gaunt from worry.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 ...It is time each and every one of you  
 realize this is a serious organized  
 crime, with enormous profits.

218 INT. LOCAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT 218

The Oasis Barman dumps a STACK of DOLLARS on the counter.  
 Fills out a form. Ivan Bladzic is released by a COP.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 You are peace keepers who came to protect  
 the innocent but now prey upon them in  
 the worst ways possible...

219 INT. MARKET - NIGHT 219

Lines of YOUNG GIRLS. A BUYER approaches one of them. She  
 closes her eyes, too tired to fight.

KATHY  
 It is time to face the truth of what is  
 happening. We can right our wrongs, and  
 move forward, ashamed, but accountable  
 and transparent...

220 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 220

Kathy finishes typing...

KATHY (V.O.)  
 We may be accused of thinking with our  
 hearts instead of our heads, but we will  
 have our integrity.

We pull back as she sits in front of the computer. Nothing  
 but the screen illuminating her face...

221 INT. BACK BEDROOM - OASIS BAR - MORNING 221

The girls can't sleep. THE DOOR OPENS. Luba comes in, quickly  
 closing the door behind her. She rushes to Raya.

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
*He's coming back in the morning. He's  
 furious. Convinced you will talk.*

The other girls rally around, supportive. Raya shakes. Luba looks into her eyes, suddenly melting.

RAYA (UKRAINIAN)  
*But I didn't say anything. I won't say  
 anything. I didn't... (SOBBING)*

Luba holds her tight. Their friendship not buried after all. Luba unlocks a window, and gives her some money.

LUBA  
*He's gonna kill you. Go! Go!*

Raya's eyes widen. Terrified. She jumps out into the unknown.

222 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - MORNING 222

Kathy buttons up her uniform. Logging into her email...

MAILBOX FULL

In the INBOX: EMAIL after EMAIL. All with the same subject:

RE: DO NOT READ IF YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH OR GUILTY  
 CONSCIENCE

223 INT. BILL HYNES' OFFICE - UN MISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY 223

Blakely, Rick and JOHN MORGAN, 50s, State Department, stands behind a FUMING Bill Hynes. He throws down Kathy's email.

BILL HYNES  
 What is this?

KATHY  
 An email I wrote.

Bill suppresses his anger. He holds out his hand... Blakely hands him a document. Bill places it before Kathy.

BILL HYNES  
 The actions I am taking are for your own benefit. We are seeking your repatriation back to the United States.

KATHY  
 (stunned) You can't--

BILL HYNES  
 I'm doing this for your own good.

Kathy eyes him, her gaze shifting to Morgan.

BILL HYNES (CONT'D)

Right now, we are still willing to pay your way home. You need to sign this, to start your check-out procedure. You will be out of this mission by Sunday.

KATHY

No.

She leaves. Without signing anything.

224 INT./ EXT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON 224

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Kathy paces, nervous, telling all... Madeleine stands, resolved. Says something. Kathy nods, skeptical. Madeleine picks up the PHONE.

225 INT. BILL HYNES' OFFICE - UNMHQ - DAY 225

Madeline slams the door, having burst in. She stops. Squaring off with Bill. Two WARRIORS. Bill keeps calm...

BILL HYNES

I'm starting to get a fucking headache. All your people do is gender...

MADELEINE

Right. It is a core function of the Gender Office.

He looks over, unimpressed.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

About the memo--

BILL HYNES

The email? It seriously concerned me. The level of recklessness she used speaks volumes toward her mental state. This is for her own good.

MADELEINE

Bullshit. You can't just fire her without cause. You need a reason that would stand up in court!

BILL HYNES

She's burned out Madeleine!

MADELEINE

She is not burned out, she's being burned!

BILL HYNES  
You hired her. You keep her under control. You've always wanted to run this your way. But I'm not going to let anyone interfere with the way I run my mission!

MADELEINE  
Then start running it with some integrity! It's your people perpetrating crimes against humanity!

She goes to the door furious. But before she leaves...

BILL HYNES  
Madeleine. Drop this. It's coming from above my head.

She stops.

MADELEINE  
This is coming from Washington?

BILL HYNES  
Yes. They want her out.

Madeleine leaves. Focused. Something up her sleeve.

226 EXT. AMERICAN APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

226

Sulphur lights. Kathy approaches the building. The American Flags hang from the windows. But it's quiet. Spookily quiet. Kathy moves quickly. Alert.

Something moves -- Behind A CAR -- Flash of A MAN -- Kathy picks up her pace -- Eyes forward, but... The Man...

Comes up behind her. Kathy flinches, as... he grabs her. She turns quick. Realizing... It's Franz.

FRANK  
Let's go. Like nothing's wrong.

227 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

227

Franz takes apart Kathy's phone. Removing... a small DEVICE.

Kathy stares, alarmed. Franz looks around, frantic. Searching... The COMPUTER. He rushes over. Turns it on...

ON SCREEN: A CURSOR FLASHES... Franz types...

**I HAVE FRIENDS IN BRITISH INTEL.**

He points to the ceiling. Kathy eyes the walls... Linger-  
ing over each corner and crack. Franz grabs the keyboard...

**PEOPLE ARE LISTENING TO YOU.**

Kathy watches the screen. Afraid.

228 EXT. DRIVE WAY - SARAJEVO - NIGHT 228

Franz lays talcum powder under a UN SUV.

229 INT. FRANZ' HOUSE - NIGHT 229

Franz' house is small, a bit messy. Kathy's on the phone...

KATHY  
He's powdering my car.

INTERCUT WITH:

230 INT. JAN'S HOME - THE NETHERLANDS - SAME 230

Jan shakes his head, horrified he's not there.

JAN  
The door handles too? Check thoroughly to  
see if there are any prints before you  
get in that car tomorrow. Kathy, are you  
listening?

Kathy nods. Still grasping what's happening.

KATHY  
So you know how we talked about living  
together..? It may be a bit sooner than  
we planned.

She offers a nervous laugh.

JAN  
Kathy, maybe it's time to come home.

She hangs her head. Then... A KNOCK at the DOOR. Kathy turns.  
She puts down the phone. Inching forward... EYES ON THE DOOR.

Reaching it, Kathy looks through the EYEHOLE... And exhales.  
She opens the door to... Madeleine Rees.

231 FRANZ'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 231

Kathy listens, anxious as Madeleine lays it out...

MADELEINE

It's bollocks. Absolute and total. You have signed a contract with Dyncorp Aerospace Operations U.K.... And there is no provision under English law for summary dismissal without due process or an investigation.

Madeleine stops... seeing Kathy is overwhelmed.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

But there was something else Bill said... If this is coming from above... Kathy, you need to prove that they are dismissing you because you were uncovering widespread corruption within this mission. If you can prove that this is indeed coming from Washington, that the State Department is instructing Dyncorp to fire you. Then we're talking about a conspiracy.

KATHY

They tell me... people disappear. They bug my house. I mean, I'm sitting here, worried there's a bomb in my car--

MADELEINE

We can fight this.

KATHY

This isn't just my career, it's my life. I don't know if I'm ready to be a scapegoat.

MADELEINE

That's exactly what you are.

KATHY

Whose?

She eyes Madeleine, pointed. Madeleine sits back.

MADELEINE

I don't know what to say to that. Think about this. Let me know what you want to do. I'll support you either way.

232 EXT. MOUNTAINS - BOSNIA - EARLY MORNING

232

An aerial glide over the mountains of Bosnia.

233 INT. OASIS BAR - BACK BEDROOM - MORNING 233

The girls sleep in their cots, when... BAM! Ivan kicks open the door. He throws Raya in. On the ground. The girls wake.

Ivan. He picks Raya up by the neck. She fights. Luba runs in.

RAYA (RUSSIAN)  
*I didn't say anything. I never will. Why are you doing this? I just want to go home. I want to see... Mama... Mama...*

But he kicks Raya in the stomach. She ROARS in pain. He flips her over. Shaking her. He looks to the other girls. FURIOUS.

IVAN (RUSSIAN)  
*This all happened because of you.*

He pulls out a gun. Raya looks to Luba for help. But it's too late. Ivan presses the gun to Raya's head.

He glares into Raya's eyes. A flash of ire.

Raya reaches again... Luba steps forward, when... BANG!!!!

217 Raya's body falls. Luba turns away. She cups her hand over 217  
 her mouth. But a loud cry wails through...

234 EXT. MOUNTAINS - BOSNIA - DAY 234

The sound of Luba's scream fades over the morning. The wide horizon is calm. But a closer look reveals...

235 EXT. RIVER - MOUNTAINS - BOSNIA - DAY 235

POLICE cordon off a RIVER BANK. Through an opening we see...

Viko. Keeping local cops at bay. Behind him is... Kathy. In civilian clothes. Standing over a...

DEAD BODY. Raya. Kathy stares, expressionless. Viko clears the cops out. Kathy turns, and retches. She pulls air into lungs, then straightens. She looks up to the trees, the apex of this leafy cathedral, as if invoking some higher power.

236 INT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - DAY 236

Kathy comes in. Madeleine looks up from a phone call.

KATHY  
 What do I do?

MADELEINE

Hand in an appeal. Keep reporting to work. Watch how they respond. Build your case... And catch them in their lies.

237 INT. UNMHQ - DAY

237

Kathy holds an envelope. Hynes' SECRETARY looks at Kathy. MUFFLED SCREAMING from his office. Kathy leaves the letter.

SECRETARY

Ms. Bolkovac... I, me and the other secretaries... Your email was the bravest thing anyone's even done in this mission.

Kathy nods, truly appreciating that. She walks away, her silhouette growing smaller and smaller down the hall.

The secretary takes Kathy's letter. Walking into

BILL HYNES' OFFICE

Bill paces around Rick Jones, Ambassador Wells and John Morgan. Hynes grabs Kathy's letter.

MORGAN

Get something on her! Get anything!

238 INT. PERSONNEL - UN MISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

238

Carmen listens to an anxious Kathy.

KATHY

If you could just go into my office, I'll give you a key to the cabinets...

But Carmen can't even meet Kathy's eye.

CARMEN

Kath... my parents really need the money I send home. It's a lifesaver for them. My Dad has medical bills... I'm so sorry.

Kathy nods, understanding but disappointed. She is alone.

239 INT. BOSNIAN DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

239

Out of date, and under-stocked, the store is as spruce as a little post-war TLC could make it. Kathy stands at a counter, where a CLERK puts down a chunky PORTABLE CASSETTE RECORDER.

KATHY

You don't have anything smaller?

240 INT. FRANZ' HOUSE - DAY 240

Kathy paces. She holds a tape recorder to the phone.

KATHY  
Yes, this is Kathy Bolkovac and--

INTERCUT WITH:

241 EXT. AIRSTRIP - SARAJEVO - CONTINUOUS 241

Ambassador Wells in ushered toward a UN PLANE. Into a PHONE:

AMBASSADOR WELLS  
I can hardly hear you. Can you yell-

KATHY  
OK. CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

AMBASSADOR WELLS  
YES. GO AHEAD.

KATHY  
THIS IS KATHRYN BOLKOVAC. I WANTED TO  
DISCUSS MY TERMINATION--

AMBASSADOR WELLS  
THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND THE IPTF.

KATHY  
OK. IT'S JUST THAT I WAS TOLD YOU MET  
WITH MR. HYNES ABOUT ME.

AMBASSADOR WELLS  
THAT IS TOTALLY UNTRUE! WHO TOLD YOU  
THAT? I BARELY RECOGNIZE YOUR NAME. I  
CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW.

The PLANE ENGINES are roaring. Kathy can't hear him. She slams down the phone. Staring at the recorder. Thinking.

242 INT./EXT. UN SUV/ UNMHQ PARKING LOT - DAY 242

Kathy, parked. Rips open a CASSETTE TAPE. She looks at her personage - this isn't fitting anywhere.

RAIN hits the windshield. The glass becomes blurry in the haze of water. Kathy grabs a UN windbreaker from the back. Sticks the recorder in its pocket.

243 INT./EXT. LOBBY - UNMHQ - DAY 243

Kathy flashes her UN ID. The guard eyes her. PASSERS-BY also.

244 INT. HALLWAY - UNMHQ - DAY

244

Kathy walks down the hall. Feeling it close in on her. Turning a corner, to...

KATHY'S OFFICE

Peter Ward stands in front. He can't look her in the eye.

Kathy slips her hand into her pocket. Fumbling... Then looks up. She's got it. ECU of TAPE WHEELS turning. Kathy moves forward. Coming closer, she sees behind Peter...

A NOTICE ON THE DOOR: *GENDER OFFICE SHUT DOWN.*

Peter hands Kathy an envelope. Looking up... Apologetic. She reads, stunned.

KATHY

Timesheet Violations? They are firing me for time sheet violations!!!

PETER WARD

You should go.

KATHY

I'm not going anywhere. Not without an investigation. Madeleine Rees is--

PETER WARD

Hynes has sent a delegate to Vienna to have Madeleine Rees removed.

Kathy is stopped short.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

State Department auditors are here. Asking for files on trafficking, prostitution and time sheets.

Kathy stops. Realizing...

KATHY

Can you repeat that?

He looks around, nervous.

PETER WARD

Look, this is between you and me, but Dyncorp and the State Department... you know it's a dual thing, and this is the action they have taken, whether right or wrong... I'm being told to do this.

KATHY

So you're saying the State Department is instructing Dyncorp to fire me.

Peter nods. And Kathy has what she needs.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Please... can I just go in for one minute, get my personal belongings.

She eyes him. Knowing who he is inside. He shouldn't... But Peter opens the door. Kathy goes in

KATHY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Closes the door behind her. Rushing -- to the File Cabinet -- takes out her keys -- TO THE BOTTOM DRAWER -- Kathy pushes back FRONT FILES -- Takes FILES OUT -- Looking around -- -- She grabs a GYM BAG -- STUFFS IN AS MANY FILES AS SHE CAN.

She zips up the bag. Looks at the door. Still closed. She...

TAKES OUT HER TAPE RECORDER. Huddles down behind her desk... PRESSES PLAY. But all she hears is FUZZ.

PETER WARD

Kathy.

She turns. Peter stands over her. Eyeing the tape recorder.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

Scrambling devices.

She looks at him, waiting for his next move. His eyes soften.

PETER WARD (CONT'D)

It probably won't work in most of the rooms. Now c'mon. Get out of here.

She smiles, silently thanking him. She shoves the recorder in her pocket. Grabs the bag. Thrown by it's heaviness. Peter helps her get it on her shoulder.

He ushers her out. Locking the door behind them. They move

DOWN THE HALL

When Rick Jones barrels after them. Waving Kathy's appeal. IPTF OFFICERS come out of their office. Kathy rushes into

THE ELEVATOR

Quickly looking around THE METAL PANELING. She drops the bag. An ECHO REVERBERATES through the HOLLOW SHAFT. Kathy turns...

Again slipping her hand in her pocket. This time determined.

RICK JONES

I'm gonna tell you this in front of him and everybody else, you no longer have a UN ID. You no longer have a UN job. You do not have a job with the Department of State. The Department of State holds your contract. They are the ones who are pulling it. You will not have an appeal. You will not have a hearing. You will not have anything. Do you understand?

Kathy lets the doors close without saying a word...

245 INT. KATHY'S OFFICE - MISSION HEADQUARTERS - SAME 245

The lights are off. The office sits untouched. Move over the bulletin board, still overflowing with faces of girls.

246 INT. HALLWAYS - UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 246

The halls. Quiet. Still. No sense of the noise to come...

REPORTER'S VOICE (O.S.)

...suspected UN involvement in international sex trafficking. Rumors of these allegations began surfacing after an email was sent describing...

247 INT. STUDIO - BBC HARDTALK - DAY 247

BBC CHIMES. Bill Hynes talks to TIM SEBASTIAN.

BILL HYNES

I can categorically state that not one United Nations Officer has been involved in the trafficking of a single woman.

TIM

Are you saying that you believe all these victims' claims to be false?

BILL HYNES (O.S.)

I don't want to make accusations about those girls. But I will assert over and over again, I run a ZERO TOLERANCE program for that type of activity...

248 INT. FRANZ' HOUSE - DAY 248

Kathy watches footage of Bill Hynes on BBC. She stares in disbelief. Then picks up... THE GYM BAG FULL OF FILES.

- 249 INT. "BROTHEL" - DAY 249  
 An IPTF SWAT TEAM bursts down the door of a bar. They move in, waving FLASHLIGHTS over GIRLS running in all directions.
- 250 INT. EDITING ROOM - UN MISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY 250  
 ON A TV: *Girls in silk robes. No sign of torture. They smile at their saviours. Knights in bullet-proof vests.*  
 The screen PAUSES. AN EDITOR Turns to Rick Jones.
- RICK JONES  
 Any unused footage. Use it all. I want the press flooded with EPKs.
- 251 INT. MADELEINE REES' OFFICE - DAY 251  
 Madeleine speaks to REPORTERS.
- REPORTER  
 What do you say to rumors that Dyncorp are working to have you removed?
- MADELEINE  
 Try me... These raids are for show and completely amateurish. This is the biggest cover-up I have ever seen!
- 252 EXT. BASARABSKA MARKET - DAY 252  
 Kathy moves through TOURISTS browsing for jewelry. Holding the gym bag tight. She turns a corner down a  
 SIDE STREET
- 240 Narrow. TWO PEOPLE WIDE.. Keeping her eyes to the ground. 240  
 BILL HYNES (O.S.)  
 We've had a UN inspection by senior investigators from New York. We've had inspectors from the State Department.
- 253 INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY 253  
 John Morgan leads STATE DEPARTMENT AUDITORS into the lobby.
- 254 EXT. NARROW ALLEY - BASARABSKA MARKET - DAY 254  
 Kathy turns into a PIZZA SHOP. Flanked by AMERICAN FAMILIES. She walks, knowingly... into a BACK PATIO.
- 258 Small and dark. Kathy spots... A WOMAN in the back. 258

255 EXT. BACK PATIO - PIZZA SHOP - BASARABSKA MARKET - DAY 255

Kathy sits across from JOANNA PAUL SMITH. Eyeing her gym bag.

JOANNA PAUL SMITH (BRITISH ACCENT)  
 I've been working at Human Rights Watch  
 for fifteen years. We've been keeping  
 close tabs on this. No one has come  
 forward with anything solid before.

KATHY  
 I have everything you need. When I arrive  
 in Amsterdam safely, I will go on record.

Joanna nods, a glimmer of admiration. Kathy stands, shakes  
 her hand, and leaves... Disappearing into the crowd.

256 INT./EXT. CAR/ROAD - NIGHT 256

Kathy drives alone. Checking the rearview mirror.

A car pulls up behind her. It's bright light blinds Kathy.  
 The car closes in on her. She winces, but... The car passes.

It's just Kathy on the road. The gym bag on the seat beside  
 her. The culmination of everything she's been fighting for.

Her red tail lights disappear into a dark mountain tunnel.

Fade up on:

257 EXT. COURTHOUSE - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY 257

REPORTERS snap pictures of Kathy.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.)  
 Expecting a verdict today. Two years ago,  
 Ms. Bolkovac took her case against her  
 employer, Dyncorp, to an industrial  
 tribunal in Southampton, because the  
 company is governed by UK employment law.

258 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 258

A THREE JUDGE PANEL in a hearing room.

Kathy and KAREN BAILEY, her lawyer. Across from them, a TEAM  
 of DYNCORP DEFENSE ATTORNEYS. Rick Jones in the seating area.

INTERCUT WITH:

259 EXT. INDEPENDANCE SQUARE - KYIV - DAY 259

Luba walks through a crowd. She stops at a fountain and looks around, nervous. Then she spots... Mara.

MARA (RUSSIAN)  
*Ivan let you go. This is what you do now.*

Luba nods, understanding.

BACK IN THE COURTROOM

Karen squeezes Kathy's hand. Kathy looks to the back of the courtroom... Erin smiles at Kathy. So proud.

JUDGE SWISS holds up Kathy's TAPE RECORDER...

Kathy straightens. The Judge reads from a VERDICT. Karen's face lights up. Kathy's won. Jan breathes, relieved.

260 INT. COFFEE SHOP - KYIV - DAY 260

Mara and Luba sit across from a YOUNG GIRL, 16. The girl excitedly flips through a SWISS HOTEL BROCHURE...

YOUNG GIRL (UKRAINIAN)  
*You both worked here?*

Mara looks at Luba, a 'do or die' look in her eye. Hiding her shame, she gathers her strength for this lie.

LUBA (UKRAINIAN)  
*Yes. It will change your life.*

AND IN THE COURTROOM

FLASHBULBS pop as Kathy stands... Pleased, but not elated.

The Dyncorp team files out. As the judges stand, one of them eyes Kathy. And they connect. As only true lawmen do.

But in this moment, the Judge, Kathy and us... We all know... She never wanted to win. She just wanted to do her job.

261 EXT. KYIV - NIGHT 261

The sixty-story high STATUE of MOTHER UKRAINE guards Kyiv.

262 INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY 262

A PRIEST delivers a sermon. His eyes on Halyna. She sits, holding a picture of Raya. A sprinkling of MOURNERS near her.

263 EXT. MOSQUE - SARAJEVO - NIGHT 263

WORSHIPPERS kneel and pray.

264 EXT. UNITED NATIONS MISSION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 264

The member countries' flags crack in the wind. WHITE UN VEHICLES are parked outside. The United Nations stands watch.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

265 INT. BBC HARDTALK - DAY 265

We end this film with FOOTAGE of THE REAL KATHRYN BOLKOVAC in her BBC HARDTALK INTERVIEW with TIM SEBASTIAN. Show...

TIM SEBASTIAN

We talked to *Bill Hynes*, who was the senior UN official in Bosnia at the time, we talked to him a year ago, on this program about some of your allegations. He said they weren't true at all. He said 'We've had senior officials from New York, we've had investigations from the State Department... I can now categorically say that not a single UN official was involved in trafficking'.

KATHY

I think that Mr. Hynes knows this is a false statement.

TIM SEBASTIAN

So you're accusing him of lying. That not a single word he said is true.

KATHY

I watched that... Yes.

Tim shifts. Kathy sits calm.

TIM SEBASTIAN

Would you do it again?

KATHY

Yes I would. No doubt about it... I would definitely do it again. I'm not the type of person who would... As a law enforcement officer, I am held to a higher standard.

BLACKNESS.

END TITLES READ:

AFTER A TWO YEAR BATTLE, A BRITISH TRIBUNAL RULED THAT KATHRYN BOLKOVAC MADE A PROTECTED DISCLOSURE AND WAS UNFAIRLY DISMISSED BY DYNCORP FOR BLOWING THE WHISTLE.

KATHRYN BOLKOVAC IS YET TO BE RE-HIRED IN THE INTERNATIONAL SECTOR. HER NAME WOULD THREATEN AN INSTITUTION'S FUNDING.

IN 2003, DYNCORP WON A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT IN IRAQ. THIS IN ADDITION TO CONTRACTS IN COLUMBIA, LIBERIA AND AFGHANISTAN.

TRAFFICKING IN PERSONS IS A GLOBAL CRIME. OVER TWO MILLION PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TRAFFICKED FOR THE PURPOSE OF SEXUAL SLAVERY. THE NUMBER OF UNKNOWN CASES ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL.

PLEASE STOP THE TRAFFIC.