

**THE WHISTLEBLOWER**

Written by

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**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...

**TWB 2.**

**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!

**TWB 3.**

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.

**TWB 4.**

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.

**TWB 5.**

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.

**TWB 6.**

**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.

**TWB 7.**

**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.

**TWB 8.**

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.

**TWB 9.**

**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.

**TWB 10.**

**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--

**TWB 11.**

**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.

**TWB 12.**

**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.

**TWB 13.**

**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.

**TWB 14.**

**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.

**TWB 15.**

**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.

**TWB 16.**

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.

**TWB 17.**

**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.

**TWB 18.**

**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.

**TWB 19.**

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.



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.

**TWB 21.**

**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 Sehk? 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.

**TWB 22.**

**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.

**TWB 23.**

**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.

**TWB 24.**

**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.

**TWB 25.**

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.

**TWB 26.**

**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)**

**TWB 27.**

**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...

**TWB 28.**

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 Policai...

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.

**TWB 29.**

**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?

**TWB 30.**

**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, apopleptic 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.

**TWB 31.**

**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...

**TWB 32.**

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 MEDICA 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.

**TWB 33.**

**63 INT. HALLWAY - WOMEN'S MEDICA 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.

**TWB 34.**

**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...

**TWB 35.**

**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.

**TWB 36.**

**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?

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.

**TWB 37.**

**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.

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.

**TWB 38.**

**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?

**TWB 39.**

**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.

**TWB 40.**

**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?

**TWB 41.**

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?

**TWB 42.**

**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.

**TWB 43.**

**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?

**TWB 44.**

**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?

**TWB 45.**

**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)**

**TWB 46.**

**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.

**TWB 47.**

**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?

**TWB 48.**

**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--

**TWB 49.**

**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.

**TWB 50.**

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.

**TWB 51.**

**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.

**TWB 52.**

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.

**TWB 53.**

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.

TWB 55.

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...

TWB 56.

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.

**TWB 57.**

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.

**TWB 58.**

**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.

**TWB 59.**

**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.

**TWB 60.**

**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?

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.

TWB 61.

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?

**TWB 62.**

**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.

**TWB 63.**

**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.

**TWB 64.**

**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...

**TWB 65.**

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)**

**TWB 66.**

**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...

**TWB 67.**

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.

TWB 68.

**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.

**TWB 69.**

**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.

**TWB 70.**

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.

**TWB 71.**

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.

**TWB 72.**

**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...

**TWB 73.**

**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.

**TWB 74.**

**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.

**TWB 75.**

**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 - UNHMQ - 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.

**TWB 76.**

**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.

**TWB 77.**

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.

**TWB 78.**

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.

**TWB 79.**

**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.

**TWB 80.**

**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

**TWB 81.**

**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...

TWB 83.

**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.

**TWB 84.**

**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

**TWB 85.**

**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?

**TWB 86.**

**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.

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.

**TWB 87.**

**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.

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?

**TWB 88.**

**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.

**TWB 89.**

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)**

**TWB 90.**

**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.

**TWB 91.**

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.

**TWB 92.**

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...

**TWB 93.**

**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.

**TWB 94.**

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:

TWB 95.

**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...

**TWB 96.**

**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.

**TWB 97.**

**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.

**TWB 98.**

**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.

**TWB 99.**

**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.

**TWB 100.**

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!

**TWB**

**101.**

**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.**

**TWB 102.**

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...

**TWB 103.**

**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.

**TWB 104.**

**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?

TWB 105.

**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?

**TWB**

**106.**

**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.  
**TWB 107.**

**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.

**TWB 108.**

**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...

**TWB 109.**

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.

**TWB 110.**

**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

**TWB 111.**

**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:  
TWB 112.

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.

**TWB**

113.

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.**

**TWB 114.**

**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.**