

UNTITLED BILL CARTER PROJECT

by

Bill Carter

Based on the memoir

FOOLS RUSH IN

by

Bill Carter

Current Revisions

by

Jordan Roberts

Participant Productions

Kirkham/Lewitt Productions

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You say that the river
finds the way to the sea
and like the river
you will come to me

beyond the borders
and the dry lands
You say that like a river
like a river...
the love will come.

And I don't know how to pray anymore
in love...
I don't know how to hope anymore
for love...
I don't know how to wait anymore

(Translated from Italian)

"MISS SARAJEVO" - U2

OVER BLACK

The first thing we hear is the soft squeak of metal on metal. Then quiet VOICES speaking in a FOREIGN LANGUAGE, punctuated by raucous LAUGHTER. Now we hear a WOMAN's breathy sighs, growing louder with each exhale. Then, all at once, these sounds will DISAPPEAR...

...and we hear a MAN'S VOICE. He's tired. Maybe drunk.

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.)
I'm still looking for you.
(then)
Isn't that crazy? Why would I still
look for you?
(then)
I already found you...

More silence. Then we hear a DEAFENING CRACK OF THUNDER and find ourselves...

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAY

...in the middle of a lush and hilly forest. Rain is coming down in buckets. We hear VOICES approaching, then FOOTSTEPS running...

...as BILL CARTER and his girlfriend CORRINA (both in their 20's, and donning backpacks and rain ponchos) splash through the river and onto a muddy trail. They are getting soaked. Bill tries to hurry them along, but it's no use: Corrina can't stop laughing. And when she slips and falls into the mud, it only makes her laugh harder.

CORRINA
Ohmygod... I'm gonna pee...

BILL
(laughing too)
Come on...

But when he offers his hand, Corrina declines, preferring to just sit there.

CORRINA
Listen.

She lays back, looking up at the trees, their leaves shaking like a million tambourines.

CORRINA (CONT'D)
Isn't that incredible?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes her eyes to listen. Bill listens too, then looks down at his girlfriend in the mud, her face pounded by the rain. Bill can't help smiling.

UNDER A ROCK CANOPY - MOMENTS LATER

Bill looks out at the rain, still falling outside, as Corrina finishes drying her hair with a towel. When she's done, she comes behind Bill, putting her arms around him.

CORRINA

Why did you take all summer?

BILL

For what?

CORRINA

To ask me out. We've had five dates.
We could've had fifty.

BILL

Maybe you should stay up here.

They're both facing out, not seeing each other. But each knows the relationship just crossed that line. A beat.

CORRINA

(a smile)

That was pretty smooth. And a nice offer. But you haven't answered my question.

(whispers in his ear)

You noticed me the first day. And I think you even noticed that I noticed you.

BILL

(laughs)

No. I didn't notice that.

CORRINA

My mom is right: Men are blind.

Still standing behind him, she puts her hand in his hair. (She'll move her hands down his body, as she describes his clothing that day)

CORRINA (CONT'D)

Navy blue wool cap...

(hands on his cheeks)

Three days growth: I thought it was rebellious. Turned out, it was just laziness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORRINA (CONT'D)
(hands on his chest)
Green Pearl Jam tee shirt.
Unfortunate choice, but tight-fitting.
(down to his pants)
Brown belt... Blue jeans. But not
this pair, the ones with --

She moves her hand around to his inner thigh as she comes to face him.

CORRINA (CONT'D)
-- the hole right...there. Showing just enough leg.
(their faces close)
Sorry. Don't remember your shoes.

Bill is clearly aroused. Corrina smiles

CORRINA
I don't remember that either.

He kisses her. Eventually, this kiss will bring them down onto the ground. The following dialogue is between kisses, as they pull off their clothes.

BILL
Are you always this frisky when it rains?
(between kisses)
I'm just sayin'... It rains a lot up here, so, ya know, you stayin' awhile might be a great idea.

Corrina rolls him over and climbs up on top of him.

CORRINA
Well, since you asked so nicely... I would love to stay.

She looks down at him and, very slowly, very seductively, starts to unbutton her shirt, eventually revealing her breasts...

...as Bill stares up, transfixed and delighted. Then something shifts in her, on her face. A stillness.

CORRINA (CONT'D)
Open your eyes.

BILL
They are open.

CORRINA
No. I mean now, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Corrina reaches down and gently touches his face.

CORRINA (CONT'D)
Open your eyes now.

A beat. Bill looks up at her, disoriented. Confused.

BILL
...Why?

CORRINA
Because I'm gone, baby. I'm gone.

Bill stares up at her a moment longer, then instantly...

CUT TO:

INT. TINY ROOM - SPLIT, CROATIA - NIGHT (TWO YEARS LATER)

...we are CLOSE-UP on Bill's face, EYES CLOSED. And when he does open his eyes, his very bloodshot eyes, we realize we are looking at a changed man. The truth is, Bill looks like shit. His hair is longer, dirtier and he sports a scraggly beard. He is also high as a kite.

The SOUNDS we heard at the top are back now in full force: The metal squeaking, which we now recognize as BED SPRINGS... The voices talking in a foreign language... That weird laughter... The deep throaty groans.

Bill squints up at a heavy-set WOMAN, currently gyrating on top of him, with an expression that might best be translated as: Who The Fuck Are You And What The Fuck Are You Doing? But she isn't the only distraction pulling him from his memory of the forest. The foreign voices. That weird fucking laughter. Bill lifts his head (no easy feat) and looks around in vain for the source of the sounds, then finally drops his head back, hanging it off the bed, giving him...

AN UPSIDE-DOWN POV

...of a BLACK-AND-WHITE TV across the room. And the image isn't just upside-down. Because of the now-ferocious velocity of his lover's movements, THE IMAGE SHAKES too.

As Bill squints, trying like hell to make sense of this indecipherable vision, we hear his tired voice once more:

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Is it the drugs?
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is that how I trick myself into
believing I'll meet you in these
rooms?

Bill crooks his neck to turn the TV image RIGHT-SIDE UP and, to curb the shaking, he GRABS THE WOMAN'S BOUNCING THIGHS and holds them still, giving him his first reasonably focused look at...

THE TV (AN OLD EPISODE OF M.A.S.H)

...ALAN ALDA speaking in dubbed CROATIAN to his CO-STARS.
His punchline is immediately punctuated with high-pitched, shrill LAUGHTER.

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or maybe I've gone mad.

Now other MASH CHARACTERS speak Croatian as well.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Maybe we've all gone mad, all crossed
the same line, and now none of us can
get back.

Bill's lover finally notices his distraction with the TV and extracts herself from him to go and shut it off. But by the time she returns, Bill is sitting up in bed, taking a long, deep hit off a HASH PIPE. He communicates as best he can, without language, that the time for lovin' has passed. The woman doesn't mind. She simply pulls on a robe, then extends her hand, waiting for payment. Bill nods, then opens his NEARLY EMPTY WALLET. He offers it to the woman, who takes the few remaining bills, mumbling unhappily in Croatian.

BILL
Me...sleep...here?

Bill gestures 'sleeping'. The woman shakes her head, no.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come on. You have all my money.

He takes another hit off the pipe as the woman opens a door to reveal...

...her HUSBAND and YOUNG SON, sitting in the next room, waiting patiently for this transaction to conclude.

Bill meets their stares and exhales a MOUTHFUL OF SMOKE.

EXT. SPLIT, CROATIA - ON THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Bill, bundled against the cold in a tattered coat and wool cap, stares out at the violent Adriatic Sea.

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.)
So, it's not just me. Maybe we're all
stuck here now, --

There's a LOUD RUMBLE. Bill turns to watch THREE MILITARY TRANSPORT VEHICLES bounce along the cobblestone street.

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- locked out of the place we were
before, the place we were all...
What? Happy? No...
(then)
...The place we were still alive.

Bill locks eyes with an exhausted SOLDIER, his own age, staring out the back of the transport truck. After the truck is gone, Bill takes a swig off a bottle of VODKA and looks out at the sea once more...

...as it STARTS TO RAIN.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SPLIT, CROATIA - NIGHT

The RAIN now beats against the apartment's window, where we see a REFLECTION OF A TELEVISION, broadcasting CNN.

CNN REPORTER (ON TV) (O.S.)
--And scenes like this are playing
out all across the Balkans, --

Now we find JASON (25 and efficient) sitting up in bed, watching, as IVANA, 20's, tries to sleep next to him.

ON THE TV - CNN

FOOTAGE of BOSNIAN REFUGEES fleeing a village: An OLD WOMAN with a BUNDLE OF STICKS on her back.

CNN REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
-- as Serb, Croatian and Bosnian
militaries each attempt to carve out
their piece of the former republic of
Yugoslavia.

NOW WE SEE FOOTAGE IN SARAJEVO: Civilians RUNNING as SNIPER FIRE shatters car windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CNN REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
And Sarajevo, the former capitol, now
under siege by Bosnian Serb forces,
remains a place of violence and
chaos.

The images of SARAJEVO are abruptly replaced by an
ADVERTISEMENT for FORD TRUCKS.

Jason shakes his head, disgusted.

JASON
No water, no electricity, and 250,000
nearly starving... And CNN gives it
exactly 22 seconds.

IVANA
(half-asleep)
I know. We'll fix it tomorrow.

Someone starts TAPPING on their door.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bill, shit-faced, and soaking wet stands in the hall.

JASON (O.S.)
Who is it?

BILL
Bill Clinton. Send out your women!

Bill chuckles as the door opens. Jason is not amused.

BILL (CONT'D)
I know it's late and I'm a dick.

JASON
Where have you been?

BILL
How's your hair stay so neat while
you sleep? It's not glued, is it?

JASON
You said you'd be here on Monday.

Bill tosses up his hands: "Oh, well..."

IVANA
Jason: It's fucking midnight.
(then, rolling over)
He's not staying here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An odd moment. This was loud enough for Bill to hear.

BILL

Tell her, 'he' had no intention of staying here.

(sticks his head in)

And, just so we're current, I never liked you either, honey.

Jason pulls Bill into the corridor and shuts the door.

JASON

Fuck you, man.

(then)

Do you even remember what you said to me on the phone last week?

Bill says nothing. Because he doesn't remember.

JASON (CONT'D)

I sent you a ticket for a train that got here a five days ago.

BILL

And I was on it. I just... I met these guys and they--

JASON

-- We thought you were dead, Bill!

(Bill shuts up)

Can you understand that? We thought you fucking killed yourself.

Bill just stares at his shoes.

BILL

(quietly)

I can't do that, remember?

The two just stand there. Jason calms down. A beat.

JASON

Look... The U.N. is flying me back to New York for a week on Tuesday. I got you a seat. I lied and told them you've been volunteering here. Ivana used her mileage to get you a ticket from New York to California.

Bill presses his face right up to the door.

BILL

SORRY, IVANA. I was only kidding!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jason pulls him away from the door.

JASON
It's time to go home.

BILL
I just need a few bucks.

JASON
Are you even hearing me?

BILL
I'll pay you back. You know it.

Jason looks at him, then goes back inside, returning with some cash.

BILL (CONT'D)
Thanks. I really---

JASON
--It's not from me.
(Bill looks at him)
Your mother sent it. But that's it.
We agreed.

Bill stares at his mother's money, then hands it back.

JASON (CONT'D)
Just take it. She sent it for--

BILL
I don't want it!
(then, quiet)
You shouldn't've done that... She
doesn't have...money. I just wanted
to borrow some from --

JASON
-- I'm not loaning you any more
money.
(then)
The flight leaves Tuesday morning.
It's my last favor.

Bill is silent.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's been two years. Do you think
Corrina would want you to--

Bill explodes, SHOVING Jason against the wall. Jason
easily pushes him off, nearly sending Bill to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ivana, hearing this, comes into the hall. Bill stands there a few moments, wobbly and incoherent. Then, quiet:

BILL
You don't know anything about it.

He stumbles up the hall as Jason and Ivana watch him go.

EXT. ON THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Bill pulls a blanket out of his knapsack and prepares to curl up for the night, when he hears:

ENGLISHMAN (O.S.)
Mother fuckers!

A MAN (we'll meet as GRAEME) is getting his ass kicked by THREE CROATIANS. But despite the ass kicking...

GRAEME
I'm gonna fuckin' rip out your hearts
and eat 'em, ya pricks!

Bill watches this, his expression blank.

MOMENTS LATER

The men have pulled Graeme to his feet and are now taking turns punching him. Suddenly, one of the Croats is hit in the legs from behind, sending him to the ground, as Bill steps into the fray, SWINGING A LEAD PIPE into a second guy's gut, taking him down too. Graeme doesn't miss a beat. He starts wailing on the remaining Croat, while simultaneously kicking the two guys on the ground. Then he grabs a beer bottle, SMASHES IT AGAINST A WALL, and holds the jagged glass up to the Croat still standing.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Come on... I wanna see your blood.
Please? I'm beggin' ya!

The Croat evaluates his circumstance: There's Bill with the pipe, and a crazy Englishman with a broken bottle. He decides to beat it, pulling one of his comrades with him, and leaving the second, groaning on the ground. Graeme hurls the bottle after them, shattering it on a wall.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Chicken shit!!

Graeme kneels down and starts rifling through the groaning guy's pockets. Bill gives Graeme a look, wondering what the hell he's gotten himself into.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Ta, by the way.

BILL
They jump you?

GRAEME
Nah.
(spits some blood)

I jumped them. Fuckers.

And thus do we meet GRAEME BINT, a 27 year old Englishman with BRIGHT ORANGE HAIR, sticking straight up. He wears several earrings in each ear and a few necklaces as well.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
I was mindin' my own business... When
I hear one of 'em, it might'a been
this fuck-wad here,--

He roughly FLIPS THE GUY OVER, still searching.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
--goin' on 'bout how many Muslim
babies it takes to make a good soup.

He finds a CIGARETTES on the fallen Croat.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
That kind of ugly shite's worth a
pack of smokes, isn't it?

Graeme is missing a few teeth, but grins anyway.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong. I like a dead
baby joke s'much as the next guy.
It's just, these fucks weren't
jokin'.

He finds money in the guy's pocket.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
That's my sweetheart!
(to Bill)
Fancy a bite to eat?

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Graeme and Bill both wolf down their plates of hearty cheap food. Graeme is flipping through Bill's PASSPORT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME

Couple weeks in France, Germany,
 Italy... Two days in fucking Britain -
 - A very judicious use of time, mate.
 Hat's off to ya! Then a few months
each in Holland, Turkey, Lebanon and
 fuckin' Morocco.

(laughs)

Well, your teeth aren't fucked up
 enough for a junkie... So, I'm gonna
 go with hashish.

Bill's face reveals nothing, but somehow Graeme knows
 he's guessed correctly. He grins.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Missed my callin'. Should'a been a
 fuckin' cop.

(leans in, whispers)

Now then: Ya don't happen to have any
 mementos of yer travels, d'ya?

EXT. RESTAURANT - IN THE BACK - NIGHT

Bill holds the lighter as Graeme takes a long, deep hit
 off Bill's PIPE, holding in smoke as he talks.

GRAEME

So what's the next stop on your world
 tour?

BILL

I'm thinkin' about going home.

GRAEME

Why the fuck'd'ya wanna do that?

Bill looks at him: 'Exactly'. Then he shrugs.

BILL

I'm broke. A friend finagled me a
 U.N. flight back to the states,
 Tuesday.

GRAEME

(one more hit)

Typical. We can't get the U.N. to
 give us a fuckin' radio, but they'll
 fly dope fiends to America.

(off Bill's look)

Oh. It's not personal, mate. I like
 dope fiends. But if you're so broke,
 why'nt you sell some of your hash?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL
I don't sell drugs.

Bill's serious. Graeme looks at him, then cracks up.

GRAEME
I fuckin love Americans!
(then)
Listen, since you're not leavin' till
Tuesday, let's make a trade: You
share your dope with me and my mates,
we share our roof with you.

BILL
...What kind of roof?

GRAEME
The best kind... Kind that moves.

Graeme flashes Bill another cock-eyed grin and we start to hear a LOUD RUMBLING, as...

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

...A warrior TANK, emblazoned with the INSIGNIA of the UNITED NATIONS, thunders by. Bill and Graeme stand among some trees, shivering. They're mid-conversation:

GRAEME
Fuck no. The Red Cross is full of shite, man. Bunch of pompous, wasteful fucks. Worse'n the U.N.

Graeme FLIPS OFF the passing U.N. tanks. Bill pulls his hood over his head to protect him from the falling snow.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
We're a more 'loose' organization, ya could say.

BILL
What do you do...exactly?

GRAEME
Whatever. Deliver food, mostly.
(blows his hands)
Jesus. I'm freezin' my nuts off.

BILL
Deliver it to who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME

Preferably to people who're really hungry. That way, the ladies're more likely to sleep with ya.

Bill just stares, his face blank.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Ya do have a fuckin' sense of humor, right?

In the distance, we see a set of HEADLIGHTS, then two sets, then four, all getting closer. Now we hear MUSIC too. Graeme smiles as the headlights start WEAVING FROM SIDE TO SIDE, erratically, like some freaky light show, syncopated with the approaching MUSIC.

INT. LEAD TRUCK - SAME TIME

English house music BLASTS. ALLEN, the driver, a meaty 25 year old Australian with a scruffy beard and CHEAP RED WIG, sings along, bouncing to the music. He spots a FIGURE in the center of the road up ahead, waving his arms. He speaks into a CB radio.

ALLEN

I think we have 'im.

BACK ON THE DARK ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Graeme step aside as the first two trucks of the "SERIOUS ROAD TRIP" come to a stop. On the first is a colorful painting of the "ROAD RUNNER" scrambling over a pastel desert. On the other, "WILE E. COYOTE", arms extended, reaching out for the Road Runner. Now two more painted trucks arrive: The first has a giant "BART SIMPSON" with streaks of anger shooting out of his head, the next is covered with "BLUE SMURFS". Finally, the last vehicle in the convoy, a 1958 LAND ROVER, rounds a corner, heading towards them.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

TONY GAFNEY, a 30 year old Irishman with short hair and large blue eyes, drives. He's the leader of this gang. Next to him, a 28 year old Frenchman, CHRISTOF, whose black hair looks like it hasn't been combed in months. MENI, a giant Englishman of Iraqi descent is there as well. Christof squints through the windshield and sees another figure standing next to Graeme.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOF
Looks like Binty's found himself
another piece for the road.

BACK ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The Land Rover SCREECHES TO A STOP. It is painted in big Rasta colors, with smiley faces on the hubcaps. Tony sticks his head out the window.

TONY
What're ya waitin' for, a bloody invitation from the Queen herself?

Bill and Graeme run to the truck's tailgate.

TONY (CONT'D)
You get it?

Graeme pulls a METAL BOX out of his backpack and tosses it up to Tony. Then he and Bill...

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

...climb up into the back of the truck.

CHRISTOF
Who's this?

GRAEME
Shit. What's your name again?

BILL
Bill.

CHRISTOF
Fuck me. He's a Yank.

TONY
You brought a SPAM? On my truck?

GRAEME
Fuck off, Tony. This SPAM saved my ass. Bill: Meet The Serious Road Trip. And mind your valuables. They're moral degenerates, the lot.

Tony still glares at Bill.

TONY
Know how to drive a truck, SPAM?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOF
He's talking to you, SPAM.

BILL
What's...a SPAM?

CHRISTOF
A SPAM is you, SPAM.

GRAEME
British Army slang: Spastic Plastic
American Motherfucker.

TONY
Do you?

BILL
Drive a truck? Um... Not really.

TONY
Jesus Christ...

MENI
Can you fix an engine, then?

Bill meets his stare, then shakes his head, no. Tony, grunts, then climbs back into the driver's seat.

GRAEME
Okay, he's only with us a few days.
So, see if you can't skip being total
cunts, huh?

Tony hits the gas, sending Bill TUMBLING to the floor. He pulls himself up into a seat, shouting over the engine:

BILL
Where are we going anyway?

GRAEME
WHAT?

BILL
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

GRAEME
Sarajevo.
(Bill didn't hear)
SARAJEVO.

BILL
(surprised)
...But there's a war there.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (CONT'D)
(then, uncertain)
Isn't there?

That's it Tony's had it. He pulls the truck over.

TONY
Get him off my truck.

GRAEME
It's not your truck.

TONY
Right now it is. And I'm not sharing
it with some ignorant fuckin' Yank
with nothing to contribute.

GRAEME
Who says he's got nothing to
contribute? He's strong. He's
healthy...

Unbeknownst to Tony, Graeme holds Bill's HASH PIPE and stash behind his back, waving it for Meni and the others to see. They immediately respond. Very enthusiastically.

CHRISTOF
Ya know, Tony, we could use another
guy.

MENI
Welcome aboard, SPAM. Good to have
ya!

EXT. BEACH - LATER THAT NIGHT

The trucks have pulled off the road. MUSIC BLARES from the Land Rover's speakers, as Tony works on its engine.

Graeme, Bill and the others sit around a fire, passing the hash pipe around the circle.

CHRISTOF
So, what do ya do in ze' States?

GRAEME
He's a big shot in Hollywood.

Bill gives him a look: What?

GRAEME (CONT'D)
You told me you were!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

I said I worked as a gofer on a commercial!

ALLEN

You fuck any movie stars?

BILL

...What?

CHRISTOF

I'd like to fuck a movie star.

GRAEME

The French are such a generous people.

CHRISTOF

He-heh... You're just jealous I sleep with your Swedish girl, eh?

GRAEME

Nah. I didn't mind that. I just wish Birgitte hadn't spent the whole next night goin' on about your little French dick. I think it upset her: Said it reminded her of a snail. Escar-dick, I think she called it.

Everyone laughs. No one louder than Christof. He and Graeme exchange high-fives, then start wrestling on the ground. Bill takes this all in, clearly out of practice with this kind of camaraderie.

TONY (O.S.)

Did the SPAM fucking bring that?

They all turn to Tony, who's looking at the pipe.

THE DRIVERS

(all at once)

No, man. ... No. This is mine, etc.

Tony glares at them a moment longer.

TONY

Get to sleep. We're pullin' out early. And that better be gone before we cross the border.

He starts off, then stops and grabs the pipe from Meni. He tries to hit on it, but it's gone out. Bill, standing closest, flicks his lighter and lights the pipe for Tony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

How long does it take to get to
there?

TONY

(smoke in his lungs)
How 'bout you don't talk to me?
(exhales, then)
And I pretend I don't fuckin' hate
you.

He hands the pipe back to Bill, then SHUTS OFF THE MUSIC, grabs his sleeping bag and climbs into the truck. The others head for their trucks as well. Meni, the large English-Iraqi, is the last to go.

MENI

Oh. D'ja get one of these yet?

He reaches into his pocket and hands Bill a RUBBER CLOWN NOSE. Then he takes one last hit off the pipe and walks away, leaving Bill to stare at his new clown nose. Alone.

INT. SMALL HOTEL ROOM - DAY (TWO YEARS EARLIER)

Outside the window we see the sun shining on the ocean. We hear a few CLICKS of a camera's SHUTTER, before...

...we find Bill, on the floor, photographing Corrina asleep in bed. After a few more shots, she wakes.

CORRINA

Tell me you're not really doing that.

BILL

You look beautiful, Mrs. Carter.

He takes a few more pictures.

CORRINA

Will you please put that away?

BILL

Why? I want to remember this. Statistically, we're as happy as we'll ever be.

CORRINA

How romantic!

BILL

Hey... I'm just tryin' to keep it real, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORRINA

No, you're not.

He continues to happily photograph her, until...

CORRINA (CONT'D)

If this was 'real'... You wouldn't
still be here.

(then)

With me.

Bill stares at her. The comment throws him off as we...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. BORDER/LAND ROVER - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

...find Bill, seated in the back of the Land Rover, staring out at the barren LANDSCAPE, the CAMERA in his hands. He lifts the camera to fire off a shot, then notices...

...the others giving him a disapproving look.

CHRISTOF

You're not some wanker journalist,
are ya?

BILL

No.

MENI

Better not let Tony see that.

Graeme laughs. Christof kind of grunts. Bill puts the camera back in his duffel, then looks out...

...at Tony talking to a BOSNIAN SOLDIER at the border.

MENI (CONT'D)

Ever been inside a country at war?

Bill hesitates, then shakes his head, as he watches Tony and the soldier arguing. Tony finally hands the guy a CARTON OF CIGARETTES. The soldier smiles and nods.

BILL

You get in with cigarettes?

GRAEME

Well... Today we do.

EXT. STORE - KISSEYAK - CENTRAL BOSNIA - LATER THAT DAY

The Land Rover pulls up next to an isolated store. Graeme, Bill and the others are inside, looking out at...

...THREE MEN in track suits and Addidas, all clutching MACHINE GUNS, patrolling the block. As soon as they turn the corner...

...Tony stays behind the wheel, while Graeme, Bill and the others get out and head to the store's entrance.

GRAEME

(to Bill)

Okay. All you gotta do is keep the old lady busy, while we shop.

They can see a VERY OLD WOMAN inside.

BILL

...Who were the guys with the guns?

GRAEME

(casual)

Nobody. But if the fuckwits come back, get our attention, okay? Sing or something.

Before Bill can say another word, Graeme heads inside.

INT. STORE - KISSEYAK - CENTRAL BOSNIA - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON an OLD LADY'S hardened face. She has a light mustache on her lip, and a "U" tattooed on her forehead, but she SMILES a toothy grin when she sees Bill looking up at her. Bill nervously smiles back, then -- not knowing what else to do -- picks up a POTATO to buy when a LOUD NOISE in back startles him. He turns to see...

...Graeme, Tony and Christof ripping the place off, loading up their jackets with GROCERIES, while dropping things and making a racket.

Bill turns back to the old lady, certain she must've heard, but she's still smiling: The woman is stone DEAF. Relieved, Bill hands her the potato and prepares to pay when he looks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUT THE WINDOW

...at the men in track suits, now eyeballing him from outside. Bill tries to act nonchalant, grabbing a few more items as the CRASHING behind him continues...

...and THE GUNMEN APPROACH THE ENTRANCE outside.

BILL

Oh, shit.

Bill COUGHS loudly, but the guys keep DROPPING SHIT and making noise in back. Finally Bill starts to sing "YELLOW SUBMARINE"...

...as Graeme and the others hear the 'signal' and stop...

...just as the guys with guns enter, looking Bill over. He meets their gaze and continues softly, as he catches a glimpse of...

...Graeme, standing perfectly still in back, a salami under one arm, a bottle of vodka under the other, and a loaf of bread in his mouth.

Bill nods to the gunmen, who give him a once-over and talk amongst themselves. The old lady suddenly SHOUTS something at them in Croatian, waving them off. They turn and walk out, as the woman flashes a smile at Bill.

EXT. STREET - LAND ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Graeme and the others exit in back with their haul...

...as Bill exits up front, meeting them at the truck.

BILL

What the fuck was that!? You said you gave food away.

GRAEME

We do. Just not to her.

Bill looks at the smiling lady, waving from the window, then back to Graeme, confused.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

See the tattoo on her forehead? It was a gift from her countrymen after WW2. The "U" stands for Ustasha, Hitler's Croatian pals. The old bitch was a Nazi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

We hit her every time we come in.

As they pile in the truck, Bill looks across the street: The guys with the guns are still staring at them as they pull away.

MENI

HVO: Bosnian Croat Military. They control this village.

GRAEME

And they'd stick you in the liver, just to see you squeal.

BILL

So, they're...the bad guys?

TONY

(with disgust)
Jesus Christ.

Tony CRANKS UP THE MUSIC to end this discussion.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE A BOSNIAN VILLAGE - LATER

The trucks and Land Rover come around a bend. After a moment, a JEEP rounds the corner, following them.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Meni stares out the back window at the jeep, a concerned look on his face. Up front, Tony is also looking...

THROUGH HIS SIDE-VIEW MIRROR

...at the Jeep. Inside are the armed men from the store.

Tony picks up the radio and barks into it:

TONY

Showtime, ladies!

Everyone gets up and starts moving at once.

EXT. BOSNIAN VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

As the convoy enters the village, the Land Rover starts sounding its HORN: A loud jazzed-up version of the LOONY TUNES THEME blasts out of speakers on the truck's roof. KIDS in the village start to run after the trucks, as...

INT. LAND ROVER - SAME TIME

...Tony keeps his eye on the JEEP, still following them.

Meanwhile, the others are pulling on BRIGHTLY COLORED WIGS and big FLOPPY SHOES. Bill looks over at Meni, putting on a PINK DRESS WITH ENORMOUS BOOBS SEWN IN.

MENI

You still have your nose?

BILL

You're...a circus?

GRAEME

No, mate. We're a circus. So, put on your fuckin' nose.

Graeme KICKS OPEN THE BACK DOOR, where a bunch of SCREAMING CHILDREN are already gathering around. Graeme takes a big sip from a jug, then, using a zippo to light what looks like a thin bowling pin, he leans out of the truck and spits out whatever he drank, BLOWING A PLUME OF FIRE ABOVE THE KIDS' HEADS. They scream with delight, then to Bill:

GRAEME (CONT'D)

All you gotta do is go out there and...I don't know, fall over and shit. Ya know, be funny.

Bill stares back, mystified.

EXT. BOSNIAN VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The impromptu circus is in full-swing. All the drivers are dressed up in some kooky attire as they juggle, walk on stilts, ride one-wheeled bikes, and blow fire.

Bill, looking extremely self-conscious, finally steps off the truck wearing a wig and his clown nose. The kids swarm him. He has no idea what to do. He just kind of stands there, looking ridiculous, then notices the Croats from the Jeep watching him. Nervous, he starts HOPPING AROUND, trying to 'be funny'. He's not. But Meni (in the pink dress) solves this problem by THROWING A WHIPPED CREAM PIE into Bill's face and chasing him with a rolling pin, speaking Bosnian in a falsetto voice. The kids HOWL with laughter, as...

...Tony watches the guys in track suits climb back into the Jeep and head back the other way. He nods to Graeme:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mission accomplished.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CENTRAL BOSNIA - AFTERNOON

MUSIC BLARES AGAIN as the Land Rover whizzes past a
MILEAGE MARKER: SARAJEVO - 15 Kilometers

INT. LAND ROVER - CENTRAL BOSNIA - CONTINUOUS

Tony hangs up the RADIO and calls to the others:

TONY
Checkpoint's two clicks in front of
us, so get busy.

Graeme pulls out the metal box he carried at the top. He
opens it: Inside are dozens of SMALL PLASTIC BAGS.
Graeme starts to stuff the plastic bags into several pair
of white athletic socks.

BILL
What is that? Is that...heroin!?

GRAEME
No.

BILL
We can't bring in hash, but we can
bring in fucking heroin?

GRAEME
Will you shut it? It's morphine. For
medicine. Now, start stuffing.

They finish stuffing the bags into socks and Graeme
distributes them. Then, one by one, he and the others
STUFF THESE SOCKS INTO THEIR PANTS, endowing themselves
with monster cocks. The last sock is handed to Bill, who
just stares at it.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Either you put it down there, or I
will, mate.

Bill stuffs the sock down his pants.

EXT. S4 - SERB CHECKPOINT - CENTRAL, BOSNIA - DAY

The Land Rover rounds a corner and slows to a stop behind
the other SRT trucks, all waiting to clear a barricade,
manned by a dozen SERBIAN SOLDIERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER

The soldiers are now searching the Land Rover...

... as Bill, Graeme and others stand in line, filing past the checkpoint. (Their voices are low throughout.)

BILL

These guys are Bosnian Croats too?

GRAEME

(shakes his head)
Bosnian Serbs. Confused yet?

BILL

Why won't they let you bring in
medicine?

GRAEME

Well, I guess if you're the kind of
person that hides in the hills and
shoots children on the way to
school... You're not gonna be the
kind who gives a shit if the kids you
just shot are in pain.

Bill looks over at a soldier, holding a GERMAN SHEPARD
that sniffs people as he passes.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Relax. They're looking for
explosives. Weapons.

BILL

Not drugs?

GRAEME

...Not usually.

Bill shoots him a look that says 'Not usually' is not an
acceptable answer, then he notices the soldiers unloading
boxes off the Serious Road Trip trucks.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

They take 40% of everything, then
sell it to the Bosnian mafia, who
sell it to the same people we were
gonna give it to for free.

Just then, the dog gives Graeme a few sniffs, before
immediately STICKING HIS NOSE DEEP INTO BILL'S CROTCH.
Bill starts to push the dog away, but a Serb soldier
SHOUTS AT HIM IN BOSNIAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bill stops, allowing the dog to LICK THE DRIED WHIPPED CREAM from the pie thrown at the circus. The soldier eyes Bill, suspiciously.

BILL

Um... It's...

GRAEME

(in Bosnian)
It's pie. It's just pie.

The guard looks closer, then YANKS the dog off Bill's crotch, waving them past. Graeme starts to laugh.

BILL

Very funny. Only I noticed it wasn't your dick the dog was about to chew off.

Graeme can't stop laughing. Bill looks over at the Land Rover, just as..

A SERB, with long shaggy hair, steps off the truck with Bill's CAMERA. He hands it to another soldier who walks off with it. Bill immediately heads towards the guy...

BILL (CONT'D)

Hey... Hey! That's my camera.

A guard starts YELLING something in Bosnian...

GRAEME

SPAM! What are you doing?

Bill gets to the soldier with his camera.

BILL

That's mine.

The soldier stares at him, chewing gum. Then he laughs, says something in Bosnian to the others. They laugh too. Bill takes a step forward. Within seconds, there are three rifles aimed at his head. He freezes.

Graeme approaches very slowly: Now a gun is aimed at him.

GRAEME

Whao, whoa... Okay, okay... Everyone just take it easy.

He speaks a few words in bad Bosnian. Then, to Bill:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAEME (CONT'D)

SPAM, I want you to listen to me: You are going to step back, and let the cock-sucking thief have the camera. Do you hear me?

But Bill doesn't move. Now the soldier turns to Graeme.

SERB SOLDIER

I study English before this shit war. His camera for your rudeness, I think.

The soldier walks away with the camera. Bill starts towards him, but Tony is on him, grabbing him by the arm.

BILL

My wife gave me that camera. I'm not leaving without it.

TONY

Get in the fucking truck.

Bill doesn't move. Now the Bosnians start YELLING AT HIM.

TONY (CONT'D)

GET IN THE FUCKING TRUCK NOW.

Bill still won't budge. Finally Tony KNEES BILL IN THE STOMACH, sending him down to the ground. Graeme comes over. Tony, livid, shoots Graeme a look and walks away. Graeme helps Bill to his feet.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

No one says a word as they pull past the checkpoint and onto the road. After a moment, Tony pulls the Land Rover over and kills the engine.

TONY

Do somethin' like that again, I'll shoot ya myself, I swear to God.

BILL

It wasn't your camera.

TONY

Exactly, you cunt, it wasn't my camera, but it almost got me and everyone else in this truck shot!

(Bill starts to speak)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY (CONT'D)
One more fuckin' word, I'm leavin'
you here.

Graeme, too, is looking at Bill, incredulous.

GRAEME
Where do you think we are, man?

Bill says nothing, just stares out the window.

TONY
(to Graeme)
When we get to Sarajevo... He's on
the first convoy back.

Tony pulls the truck back out on the road. No one speaks.

Bill stares out the window, his face hard.

EXT. ROAD - LATER THAT DAY

We HEAR the roar of the trucks just as the SRT convoy
blasts along a lonely stretch of road...

...and as we WIDEN we get a good glimpse at NO MAN'S
LAND, a barren landscape, controlled by no one.

INT. LAND ROVER - SAME TIME

Tony picks up the transmitter and talks into the radio.

TONY
Okay, listen up: We're in No-man's
land. For the next 2 kilometers, any
driver gets shot, you push him out of
the way and keep going. DO NOT STOP.
For anything.

Tony now CRANKS UP THE MUSIC and hunkers down, driving
with his head below his hands, popping up every few
seconds to see the road and yell into the radio. We can't
hear him over the engine and the MUSIC. Christof sits on
the passenger floor, his back crammed under the dash
board: his face on the seat. Graeme lays with his face
against the floor. Bill watches all this, half-convinced
they're fucking with him again, and half not giving a
shit. He, alone, remains seated upright.

TONY (CONT'D)
(to Bill)
Suit yourself, asshole.

Bill just stares...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUT THE WINDOW

...at a WOMAN hanging wet clothes on a line, strung between two piles of rubble. TWO CHILDREN play nearby, tossing stones at each other, just as...

...A BULLET SHATTERS THE WINDOW JUST BEHIND BILL!

Bill drops to the truck's floor, more surprised than scared. He looks over at Christof, as he vigorously shakes a plastic bag, filled with vodka.

CHRISTOF
(off Bill's look)
Whenever we get through, we celebrate
with a Martini.

Bill contemplates this odd ritual.

EXT. SARAJEVO - SUNSET (AN HOUR LATER)

Dark clouds cast an eerie shadow over the crumbling city.

The Land Rover turns off a thoroughfare and whizzes through an intersection. The TRAFFIC LIGHT, long ago rendered ineffective by gunfire, hangs from a single cable, swinging in the wind.

On either side of the road are abandoned VEHICLES, stripped of every accessory and riddled with bullets. The Land Rover zig zags, trying to avoid an enormous CRATER in the center of the street.

INT. LAND ROVER -- SARAJEVO - CONTINUOUS

Graeme lowers the window and sticks his head outside.

GRAEME
Oo la la. Check it out. The women
here are bang on.

Bill looks out as they pass two YOUNG WOMEN, the only people visible on this street: Tall, dressed in black and wearing high heels. Their jackets are flayed open, revealing short skirts. Graeme sticks his head out.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Afternoon, ladies!
(they giggle)
Jesus... I love this town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Bill's not looking at women. He's looking at the deserted city all around them: Months of artillery and mortar fire from the local hills have taken their toll. Nearly every BUILDING they pass is wholly or partly DEMOLISHED, their walls, riddled with bullets and looking like swiss cheese.

EXT. UNIS TOWERS, SARAJEVO - CONTINUOUS

The Land Rover pulls behind the trucks on a basketball court near the UNIS TOWERS, a pair of 40 story buildings. Except for the first 10 floors of the closest tower, the structures are BURNT-OUT from top to bottom.

GRAEME

They use these buildings for target practice.

A pack of thirty KIDS instantly swarm the trucks. Drivers throw candy out the window, partly to distract the kids, but it's no use: They jump onto the running boards, pulling on the truck's doors. One DESPERATE KID reaches into the window and grabs Bill's jacket. Bill, unsure what to do, just sits there, staring at the boy's hand until Graeme leans over, flashing his TEETH, as if to bite the kid's arm...

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Gggrrrrrrrrhhh!

...as an ARMED GUARD pulls the boy off the truck. Bill looks out his window as the kid FLIPS HIM OFF.

After all the trucks have entered the garage, the guard drags a LARGE METAL GATE across the entrance.

INT. FOOD WAREHOUSE, UNIS TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Christof, Bill, Allen and the other drivers unload the last boxes into a holding cell which looks like a huge lion cage. Once the boxes are all in, Graeme closes the cage, securing it with a PADLOCK, the size of a football.

GRAEME

The whole bloody town is starving. We don't lock the gate, this food is gone in an hour.

INT. STAIRWAY, UNIS TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Graeme and Bill, each with a box of food, head up a dark stairway. There's garbage and rubble everywhere.

GRAEME (V.O.)

First floor is military press.
Propaganda really, for the Bosnian army, but good guys. Second floor's the offices of Radio M.

The Bosnians they pass on their way up are all abnormally SKINNY, with sullen faces and dark features. Graeme, clearly no stranger here, nods to most of them.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Third floor's a cafeteria. Tends to be kinda quiet, since they got no food. Makes it a nice place to shag by the way.

They get to the fourth floor, where Graeme sees a FRENCH DOCTOR, wearing a "Medecins Sans Frontiers" hat, passing in the corridor. Graeme reaches into the box and grabs all the socks they'd stuffed with morphine. He tosses them to the doctor and keeps heading up the stairs.

FRENCH DOCTOR

Ahhh. You are a saint.

GRAEME

Thank the Yank. He's the one nearly lost his nuts.

Bill passes the doctor, who stares, not understanding.

ON THE 7TH FLOOR - SUNSET

They exit the stairwell, passing an EMPTY ELEVATOR SHAFT and stepping over piles of DEBRIS everywhere. Bill notices a SIGN, pointing up a passageway. It reads:

WHEN YOU'VE HAD YOUR FILL, RIGHT THIS WAY

Bill looks up the corridor to a room whose outer wall is missing. GOLD LIGHT from the setting sun fills the room.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Snipers can see you in there.

Undeterred, Bill makes his way into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Nice view though.

INT. THE FORBIDDEN ROOM - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER

The two are pressed against the wall on either side of the room's new 'window', a huge gaping hole a few yards wide, where a missile has blown away the wall. Bill crooks his head out, looking down at

SARAJEVO - DOWN BELOW

It looks exactly like what it is: A city under siege. There are signs of desolation everywhere. Whole blocks look as if they've been burned.

GRAEME
Hard to believe there's a quarter million people hidin' down there.
(then)
See the snipers?

Graeme points towards FLASHES of gunfire in the hills.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Bosnian Serbs. Also called Chetniks.
They're the ones blockading the city.

A CAR turns a corner, accelerating to nearly 80 miles an hour, racing down an otherwise deserted avenue.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Sniper's Alley. Fastest way across town and fastest way to die.
(then)
Jesus...She's still there.

Graeme points to a CAR, sitting in the middle of Sniper's Alley: Inside is a DEAD BODY.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Been out there for a week. Anyone tries to get near her, gets shot.
(then)
Come on.

Graeme makes his way out of the room, hugging the wall as he goes. But Bill just stands there, looking down on the dead woman's body in the bullet-riddled car.

INT. SERIOUS ROAD TRIP OFFICE, UNIS TOWERS - NIGHT

They enter an office filled with junk, its walls plastered with TRAVEL ADVERTISEMENTS, many with bullet holes through them. Some of the drivers are PUSHING FILE CABINETS in front of the windows. Allen is trying to set up a portable stove. Christof stands in an opened window, pissing out onto the parking lot below.

GRAEME

Well, now you know where the loo is.

Bill just stares at Christof, pissing.

LATER THAT NIGHT

It's dark. And VERY COLD. The drivers are sleeping on the floor, under tables and desks. Graeme is snoring, inches from Bill's face. Bill lies awake, watching the steam from his breath. He looks over at a RED YUGOSLAVIAN FLAG, hung in front of a broken window, flapping in the wind. Suddenly, a HUGE EXPLOSION nearby rocks the building. Bill sits bolt upright, but everyone sleeps soundly.

EXT. UNIS TOWERS - SARAJEVO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bill, all alone, comes out of the building. He just stands there, in the shadows, motionless. It's scary as shit out here. We hear GUNFIRE in the distance. After a moment, Bill starts to walk and pretty quickly, his walk becomes a run.

EXT. SNIPER'S ALLEY - NIGHT

Bill rounds a corner and stops, winded, fifty yards away from the shot-up car with the corpse in it. Once again, he starts to run and doesn't stop until he's near the car. He walks towards it. Suddenly a SHOT rings out. Bill hits the ground. Then another SHOT. They're landing within a few feet of him. He crawls on his stomach to the car, and opens the door...

...The body in the driver's seat isn't a corpse, it's CORRINA. And she's alive. She looks right at Bill, her face blank.

CORRINA

You have to bury her, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

(softly)
...Bury who?

GRAEME (O.S.)

Hey....

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - UNIS TOWERS - NIGHT

Graeme is shaking Bill, waking him from the dream.

GRAEME

(whispered)
What the fuck's goin' on? You were
shakin', mate.

Bill looks up at him, groggy. Graeme pulls on a coat.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Come on. I wanna show you somethin'.
(finger to lips)
Shhhhh. Tony doesn't like us goin'
out after curfew.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two walk up the DESERTED street. There is rubble and decay everywhere. We hear GUNSHOTS in the distance.

GRAEME

(surprised)
Fuck me...

Graeme stops, staring at a BOMBED-OUT BUILDING.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

I just realized... That's where I
stayed.

BILL

When?

GRAEME

The first time I came here. Nine
years ago.(off Bill's look)
My parents brought me for the
Olympics. This was our hotel.

Graeme walks closer. He's uncharacteristically somber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Know why they chose this city?
(Bill doesn't)
Because it was a model for inter-
ethnic relations. Nobody here gave a
shit who their neighbor was. Serbs.
Croats. Muslims... They all got along
fine cuz nobody identified themselves
that way. They were all just...
Sarajevans. They still are.

More shots ring out from the hills.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
(quietly)
That's why the Chetniks want to wipe
this place off the map.

Bill looks around at all the desolation.

BILL
Jesus. I had no idea it was this bad.

GRAEME
(deadpan)
Well... Ya know, in fairness... You
are a bit of a drug addict.

Bill gives him a look and the two stumble on. They're
about to turn a corner, when Graeme stops Bill, pulling
him back, and indicating...

...TWO POLICEMEN up the block, loading TWO YOUNG MEN IN
HANDCUFFS into a police car.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Sarajevo cops. They're okay... Unless
they catch ya after curfew.

BILL
Then what?

GRAEME
You spend the night in jail, playing
cards with 'em. They let you go in
the morning...as long as you lose.
(with a smile)
Fancy a run?

BILL
...A run where?

Graeme points to the ENTRANCE to a nondescript building
about 40 meters away. But before Bill can respond...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...Graeme tears ass across the street. Bill, not knowing what else to do, runs after him, his eyes on the cops.

INT. BB DISCO - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS as Bill and Graeme make their way down a series of stairs. They finally get down to...

...an underground disco, where SOLDIERS, WOMEN and LOCALS dance in a feverish, trance-like pace. With all the purple lights, smoke and loud music, it a cross between a 1960's acid house and a 1930's Berlin Cabaret.

On stage, a man we will meet as VLADO plays HEY JOE, backed up by his band, THE MISSIONARIES.

Graeme rubs his hands together, then shouts:

GRAEME
ROCK AND ROLL, FUCKERS!

Vlado and the band notice him and bow slightly.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
(to Bill)
Where there's a will, there's a way,
eh?

Graeme points to the corner, where men are pouring gasoline from five gallon plastic jugs into a GENERATOR, a process overseen by a gaunt and shy-looking man we'll meet later as MIRZO.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
The 'People' have to dance.

Vlado jumps off the stage, mid-song, and embraces Graeme, slamming his guitar against him and filling the hall with NOISE. The following is all shouted:

GRAEME (CONT'D)
How you been, mate?

VLADO
I'm still alive. For the moment.

GRAEME
Bill, meet Vlado: Resident
Existentialist. And Guitar-God.

VLADO KAJAVIC is a malnourished local whose almond shaped eyes and goatee make him a dead ringer for Frank Zappa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vlado shouts something to his band, then unplugs his guitar. The band rocks on without him as he slides into a booth, signalling for Graeme and Bill to join him.

GRAEME (CONT'D)
Bill is from America. He's in the movie business.

BILL
I'm not in the --

VLADO
-- Ahhh. You must bring him to see "Hair", then.

BILL
"Hair", the musical?

VLADO
Yah. For 13 months, we do play. Sometimes, no one is there to watch. Who cares?

Another rail-thin MAN with thick black glasses and long hair sits down and peers deeply into Bill's eyes. Meet SHIBE, 30's. He's slightly mad.

VLADO (CONT'D)
Shibe! Meet Bill.

Shibe presses his face closer, nose to nose with Bill. It's a little unnerving.

SHIBE
What is the difference between Auschwitz and Sarajevo?

Bill shrugs, but Shibe is waiting for an answer.

BILL
I don't know.

SHIBE
In Auschwitz, they always had gas.

Shibe LAUGHS, heartily. So do the others. Bill does not.

SHIBE (CONT'D)
Ahhh. This joke makes you uncomfortable. That is good. It shows you have big heart. I like this: Less chance you fuck my girlfriend that way.

Again, everyone laughs except Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHIBE (CONT'D)

Some advice: In Sarajevo, nothing is funny unless it is also not. Don't forget this.

(then)

So! Now is time for us to drink until dawn, Bill.

BILL

Dawn of which day?

SHIBE

Ahhh. Now I love you. I would make marriage to you, but I am already married.

BILL

I thought you had a girlfriend.

SHIBE

What can I say? I am big lover.

(then)

So, what are you doing in Sarajevo?

BILL

I'm only here a couple days.

GRAEME

I think Mr. Hollywood should stay and film you wankers.

Before Bill can protest again...

SHIBE

Ahh. Is good idea. You have camera?

BILL

No.

SHIBE

Perfect! The only way to make a movie about this crazy place is without camera.

VLADO

I told him, he must come to see our play.

Shibe and Vlado immediately ARGUE IN BOSNIAN for a bit.

BILL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHIBE

Eghgggh. This play, it sucks.
Seriously: You must not see it. Is
pure shit. Trust me, I know.

(then)

I am the director.

Shibe laughs again, a high-pitched wonderful laugh.

LATER

Bill and Shibe are both plastered. Bill notices a LARGE MAN, seated at a table across the room. CELO, 50's, sits with two striking WOMEN, both decked in jewelry and heavy make-up. Celo wears a gold chain and gold rings. Under the table sit two pit bulls on a short leash. Above the table hangs an oil painting of this same man, wearing the exact same outfit, the pit bulls at his feet.

SHIBE (CONT'D)

Celo. Our local warlord. He owns the
bar and runs the mafia. Big guns but
small mind. Very useful in a
war...yes?

Bill watches Celo for a moment, then gets up and walks over to him. Celo doesn't see him right away.

BILL

(very drunk)
Do you speak English?

CELO

A little. Why?

BILL

If you're such a powerful man, why
can't you do something about that
woman's body.

(Celo stares)
There's a dead woman in a car near
here.

Celo's expression is blank, but his eyes are cold.
Graeme, finally realizing what's happened, arrives to do
damage control, his arm around Bill.

GRAEME

Celo! Nice to see you, mate. Don't
mind my friend Bill. He's had a pint
too many.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BILL

The body's just sittin' there. You should bury her, put her in the ground or something.

He stands there, tottering, drunk. Graeme finally pulls him away from Celo, who never takes his eyes off Bill.

EXT. STREETS - SARAJEVO - DAWN

Bill and Graeme are walking back to the towers. Both are shit-faced, stumbling a bit. Graeme pees against a wall.

GRAEME

- because the guy fuckin' kills people, tha's why!

Bill ignores him. Now he starts to pee too.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

So what happened to this wife? The one who gave you the camera.

Bill hesitates before answering.

BILL

...She died. In a car accident.

GRAEME

Oh, shite...

BILL

Two years ago.

Such is the nature of their social skills, that neither knows what to say next. And so they say nothing. They finish peeing and walk on in silence, before hearing BANGING, and turning to see...

...a group of MEN BUILDING COFFINS in the middle of a courtyard. There are dozens of the plain simple pine boxes, stacked on top of each other.

Graeme keeps walking. But Bill stands there, staring.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - DAWN

They quietly sneak back into the office, but Tony is already up, waiting for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY
(to Graeme)
Do it again, I'm taking your
passport.

GRAEME
You're not taking my---

TONY
-- Shut it! The truck back to Split
is leaving in twenty minutes. I want
him on it.

Tony starts to walk away.

BILL
I want to stay.

TONY
Tough.
(then, to Graeme)
Go down and help them load the
trucks. Take the asshole with you.

GRAEME
Don't be a prick, Tony. We can use
another man.

TONY
Yes. What we can't use is a lazy,
spoiled Yank. From Hollywood, no
less.

BILL
(almost to himself)
Jesus... I worked on one fucking
commercial.

GRAEME
Tony: Come on. There's all sorts of
shit around here that none of us want
to do... Make Bill do it.

Tony considers this as Bill looks to Graeme and we hear..

IN DARKNESS

BANG.. BANG... And then a third BANG. With each, a small
hole of light grows larger...

INT. BATHROOM, TSRT OFFICE, UNIS - DAY

...as a hand reaches through a small hole in the door and fumbles around for the lock. The door opens and lets in the harsh white sunlight: Human feces cover the floor and walls. Tony hands Bill a MOP and BUCKET and walks off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bill walks up the sidewalk, looking at a hand-drawn map. Then he notices everyone else on the sidewalk is HUGGING THE WALLS as they walk. Now he starts hugging the walls too.

He rounds a corner and sees a LONG LINE OF PEOPLE holding buckets and jars, waiting patiently. An OLD MAN at the front of the line holds a hose, extending out of a hole in the middle of the road. As they file past, he fills their containers from the make-shift well.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SARAJEVO - DAY

A decidedly snazzier environment than we've seen so far. JOURNALISTS stand around in clusters, smoking, talking. Bill looks up at the FANS, the FLOOR LAMPS, the TELEVISIONS, as he makes his way to the front desk, where we recognize Mirzo from the disco, dressed as a bellhop.

BILL

I'm Bill. I met you at the disco last night. Graeme said you could help me make a call.

Mirzo looks around to make sure no one is looking, then looks over at the ROW OF KEYS behind the desk. He grabs one with the NUMBER 648 on it...

INT. HOLIDAY INN - CORRIDOR - DAY

...and 648 is the number we now see on a closed door, next to which Mirzo is standing, keeping a lookout.

JASON (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing in Sarajevo?

INT. HOLIDAY INN - ROOM 648 - CONTINUOUS

Bill sits on a bed, using a SATELLITE PHONE housed in a large suitcase. The room is obviously inhabited. Clothes are strewn about, and there are half a dozen PHOTOGRAPHS, all of the same attractive WOMAN, with the same BIG SMILE, at various locations around the world. We'll meet this smiling woman later, as DARCY.

BILL

I'm working for The Serious Road Trip. They're an aid organization.

INTERCUT: INT. JASON'S OFFICE - SPLIT, CROATIA - DAY

JASON

I know who they are, Bill, and they're not a fucking aid organization, they're lunatics.

BILL

I don't want to fight with you. I only called to tell you I can't make the flight. I wanted to know if you'd call my mom and --

JASON

-- No, I'm not doing that. You call your mother and tell her you're in a war zone. You do that!

Both men are silent. Bill stares...

OUT THE WINDOW

...at the car in Sniper's alley: But the woman's dead body is now gone.

JASON (CONT'D)

Bill... Why are you doing this?

BILL

She wants me here.

JASON

...Who does?

BILL

Corrina. I can feel it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Really?
(then)And how much dope did that take, man?

The next thing Jason hears is the CLICK of the dead line.

INT. WAREHOUSE, UNIS TOWERS - DAY

Bill and the other drivers haul boxes from the storage room to the trucks.

GRAEME

Where're we goin'?

TONY

Dobrijna.

The drivers react, clearly not happy with this news.

ALLEN

Shit...

TONY

Yeah, the U.N. doesn't wanna go there either. That's why they're starving. We'll take back roads, and no fucking about. We're in and we're out.

INT. TRUCK - STREETS OF SARAJEVO - DAY

Graeme drives. Christof's in back. Meni's next to Graeme. Bill's squeezed against the passenger door, looking...

OUT THE WINDOW

...at TWO MEN running down the sidewalk, full-speed. Then he sees a group of MOTHERS, each with a stroller, talking. Their strollers hold water bottles, fire wood, boxes of food. But no children.

BILL

Where're the babies?

MENI

We never see 'em.

GRAEME

Too dangerous. The snipers in the hills... They aim for the prams, leave the mothers alone.

(off Bill's look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Th' science o' grief: Shoot a mother,
the family rallies around the kid.
But shoot a kid... The family goes to
shite.

Bill, taken aback by this, just stares at the women.

EXT. TRUCKS - DOBRIJNA/SARAJEVO - DAY

The trucks trudge up a hill through a heavily bullet
ridden part of town. People lurk in the shadows. Faces
are hidden in dark windows.

EXT. WOMAN'S CENTER - DAY

DOZENS OF WOMEN, each holding an empty cardboard box or
bag of some kind, form a human chain snaking its way to
the back of the truck, where the guys will fill each
woman's container with FOODS and SUPPLIES. Some of the
women smile at them. Some don't even notice them. They
just take their food and move on, eyes vacant.

GRAEME

This is what it's about. No black
market fuckwits taking a cut.
Personal deliveries, 'n we see who
gets what, fair and square.

A particularly PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN approaches. Bill puts
the usual number of items into her box. But Graeme adds a
few more items, then a few more, and more still, grinning
like a fool at the women the whole time. Bill shoots
Graeme a look and the woman moves on.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

What? I'm just usin' my moral
compass to assess her need.

CHRISTOF

(eyeing the girl)
No shit. She's got my moral compass
pointin' too.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill, a shirt wrapped around his mouth and nose, wipes up
shit with a rag and bucket of water.

He can hear SOUNDS OF A PARTY through the wall. After a
moment, he realizes Tony is behind him, holding a bottle.

TONY

Havin' fun, SPAM?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill flips him off. Tony just laughs and walks on.

EXT. ORPHANAGE, SARAJEVO - DAY

Bill unloads boxes onto the sidewalk. The other drivers, dressed as clowns again, come out of the orphanage, juggling. The CHILDREN have followed them outside, watching entranced. Then Bill notices a group of WOMEN watching the children. Some hold their hands over their mouths, tears in their eyes.

Allen has returned to the truck. He stares at the CRYING WOMEN, bewildered by their behavior.

ALLEN (O.S.)
What're they on about?

Bill doesn't answer. He just stares at the crying women, as they watch the children laughing.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - KITCHEN - DAY

Bill, Graeme, Meni and Allen are devouring leftovers, while Mirzo once again keeps watch at the door.

ALLEN
Fuck me! Remember butter?

GRAEME
(to Bill)
Come on, we'll take a piss in style
for a change.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They head for the john, passing several JOURNALISTS as...

JOURNALIST AT HOTEL
--and this woman was standing there,
standing over her dead daughter,
swear to God. And this cold fuck,--
(claps a PHOTOGRAPHER
on the back)
-- leans over to me and whispers:
"Bob. The light's better that way.
I'm gonna get her to face us."

There are a few shouts of "No!" and "He didn't!" But mostly there is laughter. Bill listens, his face blank. Then he notices a SMALL CAMCORDER sitting with some other A/V equipment near the men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOURNALIST AT HOTEL (CONT'D)

So, he walks over and he fucking moves her! Moves the woman. She's in shock, shells are falling all around us, but he just kinda strolls over, tugs her elbow with one hand, her shoulder with the other, and turns her into the fuckin' light, swear to God. And the footage? Breathtaking.

(shakes his head)

Yep. The bastard's got an eye!

Bill looks at Graeme, raising an eyebrow a few times. Graeme has no idea what this means, until Bill casually points to the camcorder. Graeme gets a big grin on his face, then instantly marches right over to the reporters.

GRAEME

He may have an eye, but he's missin' a heart and soul, and I'm havin' doubts about his fuckin' balls too. Come on, then.

Graeme puts up his fists.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Come on. I have no choice. That story makes it impossible not to kick your ass.

They look at Graeme like he's nuts, then laugh, certain he's kidding. That's when Graeme walks up and punches the photographer in the nose. In the ensuing scuffle, all of the reporters (and some STAFF and GUARDS) grab hold of Graeme, and pull him towards the exit.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Oh, great! Sure! Kick out the guy who doesn't drive around in armored cars all day, eating fancy food and sleeping in a warm bed.

Graeme falls. Now they're dragging him on the floor, past Bill. Graeme signals for Bill to go out the back.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Fine! Go ahead. Throw out the one man with scruples, with honor!

They throw him out onto the sidewalk, closing the door.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

(through the glass)
At least I have a conscience!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The reporters walk back where they were before.

JOURNALIST AT HOTEL
(to his photographer)
You okay?

The man nods. Afterwards we PAN OVER to reveal...

...The CAMCORDER is missing.

INT. TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY

They're back in the truck. Graeme and Bill are in back, arguing about how to work the camera.

GRAEME
No, you fuck off. It says "On" right there. Push that! Just push it!

Bill does: The lens detaches from the body.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, SARAJEVO - ANOTHER DAY

Bill once again unloads boxes from the truck onto the sidewalk. He notices some KIDS playing nearby, using wooden GUNS for weapons. He goes into the Rover and grabs the camcorder, still unsure how to use it. Hiding it as best he can, he starts to film the boys. A couple of them start SHOVING each other and within moments, the shoving gets more violent. Bill's not sure what to do. He lowers the camera and...

BILL
Hey!

But the boys ignore him completely and keep fighting.

LEJLA (O.S.)
And what are you?

Two teenage GIRLS approach on the sidewalk. One stops, the other does not.

BILL
I don't know. What are you?

LEJLA PAJEVIC, 16, has short dark hair with a wide grin and full lips. She's the one that stopped. Her older sister, SELMA, 17, just keeps walking. Selma is much paler and skinnier, less attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA

I am a Bosnian. A Sarajevan. You are not.

BILL

Well, how long's it take to become a Sarajevan?

(Lejla just stares)
I've been here a week.

Lejla laughs. Selma looks bored, speaks in Bosnian.

LEJLA

My sister asks if you like to come to lunch at our house.

Selma shoves Lejla, yelling in Bosnian. This is obviously NOT what Selma said. Bill smiles.

BILL

Thank her for me, but I can't leave the truck.

SELMA

(less good English)
Don't thank! She invites you only for to use camera to make her movie star.

LEJLA

Is true. I make actress when this shit war is over.

Lejla makes 'actor' faces. Sad. Scared. Happy. Bill laughs. Selma does not. Then Bill notices one boy is CHOKING another.

BILL

Hey... Stop it...

Bill goes to the boys and tries to separate them. But as he does, several other kids SNEAK BACK TO THE TRUCK and start to pull boxes off the back. Bill, oblivious, clutches the two fighting kids by their collars (both of whom are now screaming at each other). Then he notices one of the boys sneaking a peek back to the truck. Bill follows his gaze and finally sees what's happening.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hey... HEY!

Bill lets go of the two boys, who instantly stop fighting and flee, laughing their asses off. They point at Bill, repeating a Bosnian word that probably means 'sucker'!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bill gets back to the Rover and chases off the kids. Then he turns to the two sisters, both of whom are laughing.

BILL (CONT'D)
(good-natured)
So, are you part of this gang?

LEJLA
In Sarajevo: Children very clever.
They don't need help.

BILL
I could've used some.

LEJLA
Why should we help you? We don't
know if we love you yet.

Selma pokes her and barks in Bosnian again.

LEJLA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I mean: We don't know if we
like you.
(then, flirty)
Do you have a girlfriend?

SELMA
Oh my God. Always same question!
(then)
You are American, yes? When will
your President make fight with
Karadzic?

BILL
Who's that?

LEJLA
You don't know Karadzic?

BILL
I gave up on the politics. Too
confusing. I just deliver food.

The girls look at him, strangely. A beat.

LEJLA
Karadzic is the leader of the
Chetnicks, the Serbs on the hill. You
should know him. His army shoots the
people you deliver your food to.

It wasn't meant as an insult. It stings anyway. Selma
says something in Bosnian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL

What? And this time I want a real translation.

LEJLA

She thinks you are a war tourist and not worth our time.

Selma starts to pull Lejla away. Lejla shrugs.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

She is very mean person. I am not.
(then)
Give me your hand.

He does. She takes out a pen and writes a name on his palm: Karadzic.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

Now, you are not just a war tourist.
Your education begins.

BILL

Thank you. That's very nice.

LEJLA

It's okay.
(smiles)
Movie stars love everybody.

They walk off, then Lejla turns around and smiles again.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

Did you see my beautiful Bosnian teeth? They will look good on the big screen, no?

Bill watches them go as...

...Tony walks out of the orphanage, noticing Bill and the camera.

TONY

Where the fuck did you get that?
(Bill doesn't answer)
Point it at me or any of us and I smash it. Understand?

BILL

Tony, if you're still pissed about the thing at the border, I--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TONY

-- This isn't about that! This's
about who you are, which is why the
shite at the border happened.

Tony walks off again, but Bill won't let it go.

BILL

Who am I, then?

TONY

(even)

A selfish ignorant punk, like every
other American I've ever met, who
only stops starin' at his own fuckin'
navel when something o' his -- or
somethin' he wants -- is threatened.

(then)

Let me ask you somethin', Hollywood:
If there was anything here the U.S.
really cared about... You think you'd
still be the only Yank asshole on
this street?

BILL

You're not the only one who cares
what's happening here, Tony.

TONY

(snickers, then)

Whatever you say, SPAM.

Tony gets into the Land Rover and drives away.

INT. UNIS TOWERS, TSRT OFFICES - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Graeme walks up the cluttered corridor and opens a door,
but before he can go in, Bill steps out holding a
flashlight and looking a bit sheepish. (Time has passed:
Bill has shaven)

GRAEME

There you are. Tony's callin' a
meeting.

Bill nods vaguely and walks off. Graeme eyes him,
curious, then decides to...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

...enter the room with his own flashlight. He looks around, not seeing anything at first. Then the beam of this flashlight comes upon

A WALL

upon which Bill has hand-drawn a very detailed GRAPHIC CHART of the Bosnian War. There are roughly-drawn MAPS with CIRCLES AND ARROWS, articulating disputed BORDERS. There are NAMES of the various warring factions. We recognize "KARADZIC", among them with the note: "Sisters talked about him; leader of the Chetniks" There are also FACTS and DATES: TITO DIES:1980...Civil War Begins:1991
First Aid From Europe: 1992

Graeme gawks at the massive 'teaching aid', teetering between chagrin and...well, awe.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Graeme walk in. Tony is packing things.

TONY

You two, go and pack. There's a shipment of food on the docks in Ploce. It's ours if we can get there in two days.

BILL

I'd rather stay and help here.

TONY

No.

GRAEME

Come on, Tony, you've got enough guys. We're just gonna get high the whole time and drive you nuts anyway. Let us stay and deliver the last of the food downstairs.

Tony looks at the two of them.

TONY

So, what're you two, fucking now?

GRAEME

(not missing a beat)
He won't do it, man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)

I've tried everything. How do you get
your boyfriends to put out?

Tony holds his look for a moment, then heads out.

TONY

That shit better be delivered by the
time I'm back.

Tony walks out. As soon as he's gone, Bill walks over to his duffel bag and opens a secret compartment, sewn into the side of it: He removes a large flattened hunk of hash. Graeme stares at him.

GRAEME

Motherfucker.

Bill laughs as...

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

...MUSIC BLASTS. The SRT office is transformed into a bit of a RAVE: HASH SMOKE fills the place, as Bill wanders around, PLACING LITTLE PIECES OF HASH into people's pipes. Meanwhile Mirzo strings together a row of batteries to power the sound system. Graeme and Bill, our hosts, are each dancing with some LOCAL GIRLS. Other GUESTS, most of whom we've seen at the disco, dance as well.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Most of the people have gone. Mirzo has passed out at the turntable. Graeme and his local girl are making out on a make-shift couch.

Vlado, Shibe and Bill, all polluted, are still passing the hash pipe back and forth. Every once in a while, Bill will film a few seconds of Vlado, sometimes upside-down.

VLADO

---It has to be the Americans.

BILL

Why?

VLADO

Because Europe will continue to do nothing for us. Because Bosnia doesn't exist to Europe. Because if it did exist, this war would have to exist, and if this war exists, then the Great European Union...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLADO (CONT'D)
 Continental Brotherhood, etcetera...
 It is a lie. It is a dream.

SHIBE
Ahhh, a good dream.

VLADO
 Good, bad... A dream is a dream. But
 how do you wake people who like their
 dream?

Bill considers this question as MUSIC KICKS IN FOR:

A MONTAGE:

- Bill and Graeme hand Celo, the warlord, a hunk of HASH. He looks it over, then hands them a BLANK VIDEO TAPES.
- Bill films Shibe's production of "HAIR". There are three people in the audience, two of whom are SLEEPING. Shibe walks over and slaps one of them on the head, shouting at them. Bill cracks up.
- Graeme and Bill deliver food to a hospital. As Bill waits out front, he sees a girl, 11. (We'll meet her as ALMA later). Brown eyes and long brown hair, but it's her smile that transfixes Bill, a lopsided, crooked grin. The truth is, she looks an awful lot like Corrina. Bill just stares at her.
- TWO YOUNG BOYS lead Bill and Graeme into a decrepit apartment building, where they find a LARGE COW, being milked by an OLD MAN in the middle of his living room.
- Scrounging food in the Holiday Inn's kitchen, while the camera batteries are plugged in, charging nearby.

MUSIC OUT:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, SARAJEVO - DAY

Bill is guarding the truck again. Selma and Lejla walk up the street with several BOYS.

LEJLA
 I have solved your problem.

BILL
 I've been looking for you.
 (then)
 And what problem is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA

How to have lunch with pretty
Sarajevan actress and mean sister.
These boys will watch truck.

Bill scoffs: They're the kids who tried to rip him off.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

You think Bosnians can't be trusted?

BILL

No. Just those Bosnians.

Graeme comes out of the orphanage with a hand truck.

BILL (CONT'D)

Graeme. These are the sisters I told
you about. And the kids.

Graeme smiles at the sisters, then GROWLS at the kids,
scattering them. He locks up the truck.

LEJLA

Do you have girlfriend, Graeme?

SELMA

Ugh... Always the same question.

BILL

Listen. Could we film you two?

Lejla looks like she just won the lottery.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Graeme films while Bill walks with the sisters.

SELMA

She watches you. While you make your
movie.

BILL

Why?

LEJLA

I like it. It is different from the
movies about us on TV. On the TV,
they only like the sad lady with
sticks on head, running from burning
village.

She imitates a panicking old women, running, moaning.
The imitation borders on the cruel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA (CONT'D)
We see her all day long.

Graeme almost drops the camera from laughing.

LEJLA (CONT'D)
Is true, yes? Is same woman, over
and over, I think. They should put
the sticks on my head. A young, sexy
girl. Then the world will not ignore
Sarajevo.

Lejla continues her pantomime of a sexy girl with sticks
on her head as the men laugh and Selma shakes her head.

EXT. SNIPER'S ALLEY, SARAJEVO - DAY

Graeme films Lejla, Selma and Bill in front of a brick
wall that looks like it has been sledgehammered. There's
a big hole in the center.

LEJLA
Our father made this place in the
first months of the war. It is only
way we can come and go, since our
front door faces the snipers.

Lejla takes Bill's hand and walks into this tunnel.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

They exit the pitch black tunnel, and enter a dark lobby,
then climb a staircase, passing a door with hundreds of
BULLET HOLES.

BILL
How do you---

Lejla covers his mouth with her hand and shakes her head.

LEJLA
(whispers)
Chetniks. They are very near. 50
meters.
(points to a tower)
They know our names. Sometimes, they
call to us. They want us to come...
So they can shoot us.

BILL
How do they know your names?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA

They used to live in our building.
(off Bill's look)
They were our neighbors.

Bill takes this in. A beat.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

Come. I show you our first bullet!

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN

HOME MOVIES: The sisters, fatter and happier, sit around a coffee table singing along to Lejla's guitar. We are:

INT. LIVING ROOM, SISTER'S HOUSE, SARAJEVO - DAY

Bill, Graeme, the girls and their PARENTS have gathered around a TV (powered by a car battery) to see the video.

LEJLA

Watch. Here it comes. Wait...

ON THE TV: All of a sudden we hear a SHOT. The camera goes sideways. The family falls on top of one another, then, after a moment, start to laugh hysterically.

Lejla now points to a hole in the wall behind Bill, a date written in ink next to it.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

See! You must film: For history!

Bill nods, then notices other bullet holes, dozens of them, all marked and circled with dates.

The mother summons them to the dining room, where a FEAST has been made from ONE POTATO and ONE ONION.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

I do most of cooking.

This sets off both Selma and her mother barking at her.

EXT. SNIPER'S ALLEY, SARAJEVO - DUSK

The girls are walking Bill and Graeme back out the tunnel. A moonless night, pitch black except for the dim flicker of candlelight in windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA

Hey! You should make filming of Miss Sarajevo contest.

GRAEME

Of what?

SELMA

Ugh. Is a beauty pigeon.

LEJLA

(correcting her)
Pageant.

Both Bill and Graeme are sure she's joking.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

No. Is serious! To find most beautiful woman in Sarajevo.

Selma rolls her eyes.

GRAEME

I take it, you're not partaking?

SELMA

Is stupid. And disrespectful to real woman!

LEJLA

What she means to say is: She has no titties to put in bathing suit.

Selma doesn't understand. Lejla translates. Selma pokes her and starts chasing her up the block. The men watch, enchanted, laughing at the sisters, then a SHOT rings out.

Everyone RUNS FOR COVER: Bill. Graeme. The sisters. Other pedestrians too. The BULLETS land all over the place. SHATTERING A WINDOW, HITTING A TREE.

After a moment, Lejla looks at her watch, then casually stands up, even though shots are still being fired.

GRAEME

What are you doing? Get down!

LEJLA

It's okay. You can get up.

GRAEME

...What?! Get back down! Lejla!!

SELMA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Selma starts yelling at her sister in Bosnian. Bill crawls over and yanks her back down. Lejla just laughs.

LEJLA (CONT'D)
It's just Ivan.

BILL
....Who?

LEJLA
I give him the name. He's always up there at this time. And he never hits anything.

Bill looks around. It's true: None of the shooter's bullets are landing near people. Bill finally stands up, facing the direction of the shooter, who's still FIRING. Glass SHATTERS nearby. Lejla cracks up, laughing.

GRAEME
Bill! Someone is fucking shooting at you!

BILL
No. She's right. He's missing on purpose!

LEJLA
See! I make up a story about him: He only shoots because, if he does not, they will replace him with a bad man, a man who kills. That is why Ivan is my friend.

Shots keep ringing out. But the BULLETS never land anywhere near them. Finally, Selma and Graeme come out of hiding and the four of them run up the street, laughing.

LATER

Bill and Graeme are walking towards the towers alone.

GRAEME
So, how long have you had this death wish?

BILL
What are you talking about?

GRAEME
Mate: You've been trying to 'off' yourself since we met.
(off Bill's look)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm not knockin' it. It's why a
lot of people come.

BILL

Well, I'm not one of them.

(then)

In the hospital... I promised her I
wouldn't do that.

A beat. Graeme laughs out loud.

GRAEME

I'm sorry...

(still laughing)

It's just... Maybe you should'a
thought of that promise... before
comin' to a place where people are
shooting at ya.

Bill takes this in. The two walk on home.

INT. TV STATION, SARAJEVO - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

It's summer now. Hot. Mirzo, Shibe, Bill, Graeme and JOHNNY, a Sarajevan slacker in his 20's, all sit around the decrepit furniture, smoking a huge joint. They are very stoned. The joint is passed to Johnny, who hovers over a small marijuana plant, directing a bead of sweat onto a leaf. He hits off the joint, then examines it.

JOHNNY

Shit. This joint's rolled with pages
from my school textbook. And I still
don't know the answers.

Graeme laughs, then looks at Shibe and Bill watching...

ON A SMALL TV

...BONO and EDGE discuss their new tour on MTV.

BONO (ON SMALL TV)

What we're doin' is addressing the
notion of a united Europe. The
Maastricht treaty is set to be
ratified and that'll be a great step
towards turning that dream into a
reality.

VLADO

See! He calls it a dream too.

JOHNNY

Pah! This man bores me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

(stoned)

What's wrong with him?

SHIBE

I like his shiny pants.

GRAEME

He's a dick. United Europe, my balls.
He's been talkin' this shite all
year, but last I checked, Bozo,
Bosnia was still part of the bloody
continent.

BILL

His name's Bono.

GRAEME

Bozo's a better name.

JOHNNY

The fucker can talk, can't he?
Look at him: He's still answering.
She asked the question, like, three
hours ago.

It's true: Bono's still talking. Everyone laughs.

BILL

(stoned)

They should come. See what's
happening. They could tell people.

The others all look at Bill and bust a gut, laughing.

BILL (CONT'D)

Fuck off. I'm serious. A lot of
people actually like them.

Everyone in the room makes fun of a different U2 song,
all at once. Even Bill has to smile.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vlado, Bill and Graeme, still stoned, walk home. There is
a decided increase in the number of SOLDIERS on the
streets.

BILL

Why so many soldiers all of a sudden?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLADO

They're Bosnian military. There's a rumor the Serbs are about to start a major offensive. My unit was called up this morning.

Bill and Graeme look at him: Are you okay?

VLADO (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Whatever. You live. You die.

They turn a corner and come upon a WOMAN crying hysterically, as she follows a STRETCHER, carried out of her building by two MEN. On the stretcher is a BODY, covered with a sheet. The woman keeps pawing at it.

VLADO (CONT'D)

As I said.

Graeme looks up: Bill has already walked away. He runs and catches up.

GRAEME

Hey. You're not gonna shoot that?

BILL

We're gonna be late. Vlado's sister is waiting.

GRAEME

She's not goin' anywhere.

Bill keeps walking. Graeme shoots him a look. Bill stops:

BILL

How does filming her make us any different from the prick whose camera we stole?

GRAEME

What the fuck're you talkin' about? We're not movin' her into the fuckin' light. I just think we should film her.

BILL

Film her then.

He hands Graeme the camera and walks away. Graeme and Vlado exchange a look.

THROUGH A VIEWFINDER

Vlado's sister, MIRA, sits next to a 12 year old GIRL. A baby sleeps on the couch behind her.

MIRA (IN THE VIEWFINDER)

Then I heard a voice. It was the voice of my friend calling out for his wife. But she was dead. That voice, I can never forget. Never, ever.

We WIDEN to find...

INT. LIVING ROOM, MIRA'S HOUSE, SARAJEVO - DAY

...Bill aiming the camera at Mira, while Graeme holds a microphone, a diaper wrapped around its handle.

MIRA

We had to make a grave, but had no...
Place, no...

GRAEME

(interrupts)
...Graveyard.

Bill shoots Graeme a look: Stop talking.

MIRA

And then we didn't have any wood for
the...the box...the---

GRAEME

...Coffin?
(Bill pokes him)
What? I'm helping!

Mira shoots Vlado a look, unsure about the two loonies. Vlado, as usual, shrugs. He wears an ARMY JACKET over his torn jeans.

MIRA

And so we put her in a piece of
furniture... A thing for...

She gestures with her hands, then looks to Graeme for assistance. Graeme looks at Bill: "See! She wants help."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRA (CONT'D)
(remember the word)
... A chest. Of drawers. Without
drawers.

Very suddenly, she starts to cry. The men settle at once.

MIRA (CONT'D)
And we bury her. And when we bury
her... From the hills... They are
shooting at us.
(then)
I still see her face. Her...
beautiful face.

She speaks to her daughter, who gets up and goes into the kitchen. Vlado comes and sits next to his sister.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I don't want my daughter to hear what
I say now: Do you know what I am
most afraid of?

No one says anything.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I am afraid that one day I will
forget to miss her. I will forget to
miss my friend, who I love...so
dearly.

(wiping tears)
Do you understand?

No one speaks. Bill looks like he can't breathe.

We start to hear a rhythmic BEEPING as...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

...Corrina lays in a bed, her head bandaged, bruises and lacerations on her body.

Bill sits next to the bed, not looking at her.

CORRINA (O.S.)
Look at me.

Bill hesitates, then looks up: Corrina's still unconscious, eyes closed. Bill looks down again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

I don't want to look at you. Not like this.

CORRINA (O.S.)

It's your memory.

CLOSE ON: Bill, who doesn't answer.

CORRINA (CONT'D) (O.S.)

So, what am I doing here, Bill?

BILL

It's the last time I saw you.

CORRINA (O.S.)

No. I mean in Sarajevo.

BILL

You're not here. I know you're not here. I just need to remember.

CORRINA (O.S.)

Bill...

He finally looks up at Corrina, whose eyes are open now.

CORRINA (CONT'D)

The woman in the car... She wasn't the one you needed to bury.

Bill just sits there. We start to hear GUNSHOTS and...

CUT TO:

INT. UNIS TOWERS - THE FORBIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

...Bill, sitting on the floor in front of the hole in the wall, his eyes closed. After a moment he opens his eyes and stares straight ahead, barely breathing.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Bill walks up the stairwell and into the office, carrying water. He sets it down, then walks to the FOOD CLOSET: It's almost empty. He takes out a JAR and opens it, sniffs, then pours its unidentifiable contents into his mouth. He stops, tenses. Something's not right. Things are out of place. Then he hears a noise...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...and turns to see TWO TEENAGERS hiding behind him. Each carries several PLASTIC BAGS, filled with items from the office, including the METAL TIN for Bill's hash. They start to run. Bill chases them, knocking a BAG from one of their hands, and following them...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...into the hall, where he actually catches one of them, pulling him down to the ground. But the other guy KICKS BILL IN THE BALLS and pulls his friend away. Bill squirms on the ground, trying to catch his breath, then runs...

INT. UNIS TOWERS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

...down the stairs after them, just as the BUILDING SHAKES VIOLENTLY from a nearby EXPLOSION. Bill stops on the stairs. ANOTHER BLAST ROCKS THE BUILDING.

EXT. UNIS TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Bill comes out of the building as the EXPLOSIONS continue. The teenagers are long gone, but the streets are a BLUR of activity and movement. People are RUNNING in every direction. Bill runs to the end of his block, giving him a view of THREE DIFFERENT BUILDINGS, all ON FIRE. Bill isn't sure what to do. He decides to head back to the towers, just as...

...TWO MEN in front of him on the sidewalk are both SHOT. Blood from one of their heads SPLATTERS ONTO BILL. He dives to the sidewalk with the other PEDESTRIANS. Everyone is screaming. Shells start to EXPLODE all around them. It's deafening.

Bill crawls over to the men: One is already DEAD. The other is bleeding from the neck. Bill pulls off his jacket and tries to cover the man, who is shaking violently. BULLETS and SHELLS are still landing all around them. Bill hears the squeal of tires....

...as a SMALL CAR pulls to the curb. A LARGE MAN jumps out and runs over to the wounded man, shouting to Bill in Bosnian.

BILL
I don't... I don't understand!

The man signals for Bill to help carry the wounded man to his car. Bill nods and the two pick him up, putting him the back seat of the tiny car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then the driver opens the passenger door for Bill to climb in. Bill hesitates for a moment, then gets in.

INT. SMALL CAR - DAY

They drive away. Bill looks out at the city: Something is happening. The violence has been amped up a few notches. They drive past SEVERAL BUILDINGS ON FIRE. And there are WOUNDED MEN and WOMEN laid out on the streets.

EXT. HOSPITAL, SARAJEVO - DAY

Cars are already parked two or three deep in front of the hospital. The small car gets as close as it can, then parks. Bill and the driver climb out and start to pull their wounded passenger from the car. All around them, other WOUNDED PEOPLE are being helped out of cars.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bill and the driver carry their passenger up the hall. Bill looks down. He is, literally, walking through PUDDLES OF BLOOD.

INT. HOSPITAL, SARAJEVO - DAY

Quiet. Bill sits in a corridor, still shaken, his clothes covered in blood. He realizes he's still wearing his small backpack. He takes it off, pulls out his camera. A WOMAN DOCTOR walking past stops when she sees the camera. They share a look. She motions for him to follow her. Bill just stares, unable or willing to move.

MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks with the doctor down another corridor. The light is dim and bleak. They pass an old man sitting on a bench. He has a broom which he casually sweeps over the top of his boots, back and forth, back and forth. Bill watches the man and looks like he's on the verge of losing it; his eye twitching.

Bill stops for a moment, before the doctor summons him to continue and pushes open two swinging metal doors. Bill enters this new room, which is BRIGHT WHITE from the SUN, which pours in through skylights. He stops and stares. At first, we don't see what he sees. But the stench is obviously horrible. Bill covers his nose and mouth with the sleeve of his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now we realize he and the woman doctor are standing in front of four bodies on the floor. Outside, we still hear loud EXPLOSIONS, the sound of GLASS BREAKING.

WOMAN DOCTOR
(shouting over the
noise)
Please. For history.

Bill doesn't understand. She points to his camera, motions for him to use it. Bill just stares at her, then starts to shake. But, finally, he raises the camera to his eye and...

THROUGH THE LENS

...we see what he sees: One body is MISSING BOTH LEGS. Another is DECAPITATED, his HEAD resting inside his open torso. Two others are totally unrecognizable, their faces nothing but blood and flesh.

EXT. HOSPITAL, SARAJEVO - DAY

Bill is on all fours, throwing up. All round him, the gunfire and artillery are constant now. He doesn't move. He can't. Finally he looks up, just in time to see a UN TRUCK whizzing past, shiny and clean, spotless, amid the chaos and horror all around him.

EXT. UNIS TOWERS, SARAJEVO - DAY

Bill walks up the street, still in a daze.

INT. UNIS TOWERS, STAIRWELL - DAY

Bill walks up the stairs, while EVERYONE ELSE walks down, carrying their possessions.

INT. UNIS TOWERS - TSRT OFFICES - NIGHT

Bill comes in to find Graeme, pacing.

GRAEME
Where the hell have you been? I
looked everywhere!

His face drops when he realizes Bill is covered in blood.

BILL
Relax... It's not mine.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Graeme and Bill are laying down in a far corner. We can still hear explosions and gunfire outside. Graeme looks very depressed. He throws PENCILS into the cork ceiling.

GRAEME

Fuck me.

BILL

What?

GRAEME

What if, six months from now, I'm sellin' fuckin' shoes, and lookin' back on this as the high point of me fuckin' life?

He throws another pencil up. There is a NOISE in the hallway. Both men instantly FREEZE. Then they blow out their candle and crawl away from the moonlight, coming in the window.

AT THE ENTRANCE

The door opens and a FIGURE walks in. We can't make him out. He comes further into the room, then flips on a FLASHLIGHT, surveying the room. Eventually, he will illuminate...

GRAEME AND BILL

....hiding under a desk, holding an answering machine and a coat rack, respectively.

GRAEME

Motherfucker!

It is Tony, shining the light in their eyes.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Tony is gathering their belongings. Allen, Meni and Christof are there as well, packing up.

TONY

It's not a discussion. We're leaving in the morning. Everyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Why? You haven't been here. It's been this bad before. In a couple of days, it'll --

TONY

The road out of town's been closed on and off all week. We'll be lucky to get out as it is.

GRAEME

There's not enough fuel to get the trucks back to Split.

TONY

We're only taking two.

GRAEME

We don't have enough gas for two.

TONY

Then we'll fuckin' walk back to Split. How the fuck do I know?

A beat. For the first time, Tony looks worried.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's shit out there now, pure shit! The Croats are moving into Muslim villages, clearing 'em out.

A beat. Greame knows what this means. Bill does not.

TONY (CONT'D)

We'll stop in Fojnica. We dropped off two barrels of fuel at Achman's last month. That'll get us to the border.

He heads out.

GRAEME

Tony: If the Croat Army is clearing Muslims out of those villages...

(off Tony's look)

I'm just sayin'... The fuel might not be there.

Tony considers this fact, then walks out.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE SARAJEVO - SUNRISE

The Land Rover and another truck pull out of the city.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Land Rover and other truck come around a bend and enter a small village. CHILDREN start to run down the road, following them, shouting for a circus. But the trucks keep rolling.

EXT/INT. VILLAGE - LAND ROVER - BOSNIA - DAY

Bill is looking out the window...

...at the buildings they're passing: Some are BURNED. Others are BULLET RIDDEN. They slow to a stop in front of one house, still SMOLDERING FROM FIRE. There are TWO LARGE BODIES AND ONE SMALL ONE, laying under bloody and soot-stained sheets in the yard.

BILL

Who did this?

GRAEME

That's easy: They did.

Graeme points at TWO MEN, walking out of the smoldering house, dragging a couch and carrying it into their house across the street. Other furnishings are tossed onto a BONFIRE, around which other neighbors warm themselves. Some of the children WAVE and SMILE at Bill, smile within a few yards of their former neighbors' dead bodies.

EXT. ANOTHER VILLAGE - LATER DAY

CROAT SOLDIERS have set up a DETOUR, routing traffic onto a dirt road, so that it bypasses a small village.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - OUTSIDE VILLAGE - DAY

The Land Rover pulls onto the road, alongside hundreds of MUSLIM REFUGEES walking.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Bill looks out at the FACES of families walking alongside the truck.

BILL

I thought the Croats and Muslims were allies against the Serbs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME

They were. Until they remembered they hated each other even more.

(then)

Guess it's time to update your wall.

EXT. VILLAGE - SUNSET

ACHMAN, a scrawny teenage boy in PINK HI-TOPS, stands in the middle of the road, looking up the hill...

THROUGH TOY BINOCULARS

...as The LAND ROVER clears a ridge.

Achman beams and waves his arms, wildly.

INT. BARN - DAY

Achman pulls the door open, letting in the sunlight. Then he leads Tony and the others inside and pulls away an dirty old tarp to reveal: TWO BARRELS OF FUEL.

The boy beams, clearly proud as hell.

INT. ACHMAN'S HOUSE, FOJNICA - NIGHT

The drivers are all crowded into Achman's house. The boy listens to a SHORT WAVE RADIO delivering a local news report. Tony looks over a map.

TONY

The Bosnian commander said there's a roadblock 10 kilometers south, but he's pretty sure they'll let us pass.

BILL

(re: Achman's family)
What about them?

TONY

There's nothing we can do about them.

Tony walks away. Achman's father comes in the room holding three machine guns, a few hand grenades and a rifle. He places them against the wall, speaking Bosnian.

ACHMAN

(translating)

He says these are for tonight. In case the Croats enter our house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone stares at the small arsenal of weapons. Allen grabs one of the guns.

ALLEN

I'm not letting some 19 year old Croat slit my throat just cause I'm sleeping in a wrong fuckin' house.

The others look at him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(clueless)
What'd I say?

ACHMAN

Is not needing to be scared. This is not like other village. Our neighbors, they protect us, even though we are Muslim.

Bill and the others look at the boy: His innocence is almost agonizing.

GRAEME

(to Achman)
I'm sure you're right, mate... But just in case...

Now Graeme grabs a machine gun as well.

CHRISTOF

This is insane. I don't know how to fire a gun. None of us do.

In a matter of seconds, Graeme breaks down a machine gun, reloads it and checks and rechecks. He handles the gun with utter conviction and professionalism.

Everyone stares, in disbelief.

GRAEME

Seven years SAS.
(off Bill's look)
Special Forces. I didn't mention it?

Tony pulls the gun from Graeme and Allen.

TONY

Outside! All of you. Now.

EXT. ACHMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tony has pulled all the drivers outside, away from Achman, who watches from the window.

TONY

I got a war in my own country. If I was going to fight, I'd've done it there.

CHRISTOF

He's right. Us being here guarantees them dying. The Croat soldiers'll come for the fuckin' Land Rover first thing.

GRAEME

They're going to slaughter these people. We all know it.

TONY

Yes. And, unless you're a god damn surgeon or have a bloody army hidden in your pocket, there's fuck-all any of us can do about that.

BILL

So you want to just leave? That's your contribution, Tony?

TONY

Listen, six months ago ya didn't know these people were on the planet, so keep your morally superior horse shite to yourself!

Bill stares at Tony, then...for no particularly good reason, he jumps him and starts to punch the shit out of him. The others jump in, pulling the two apart. Tony is furious. Graeme sticks his face into his.

GRAEME

Hey, HEY! Leave it!!

(then)

You deserved it, Tony.

Tony pushes Graeme off him and stomps away. At this point, everyone starts talking at once, arguing. Finally Achman, who's come outside, starts pounding a GUN ON THE GROUND to get their attention. When they're quiet...

ACHMAN

This is not your war.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others just stand there, considering this fact.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ACHMAN'S HOUSE - FOJNICA - NIGHT

Achman and Bill sit in the living room, each with a gun.

Bill looks out the window as a car drives by, slowing down in front of the house before speeding off.

ACHMAN

Is it nice in America?

(Bill shrugs)

Is your part of America close to Texas? I want to visit Texas and see cowboys. I try here to use rope with our cows. I am 'suck' at it. Is very hard to be cowboy.

(then)

But now cows are all dead, so...

His voice trails off. The two settle, staring out the window at the fires still burning in the next village.

ACHMAN (CONT'D)

Is good you leave Bosnia. Here, there is much death.

A beat.

BILL

Would you come with us? If you could.

ACHMAN

I am not afraid for dying. But if something happens to my family... And I am not here... For that, I have much afraid.

(then)

In America... They are afraid to die?

BILL

Yeah. Some.

Bill just stares out at a burning village, still visible on the hillside, a few kilometers away.

EXT. ACHMAN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The group has piled into the truck. Bill looks out the window at Achman, standing in the snow in his pink Chuck Conner high tops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill suddenly jumps out and starts digging through the supplies, gathering whatever is loose. Anything: pencils, batteries, a few bars of chocolate, a hat. He bundles up the supplies and hands them out the window to Achman, who pantomimes a 'lasso'.

ACHMAN

I will practice my cowboy. And when the death stops... You will show me Texas, yes?

BILL

Sure. I'll show you Texas.

Tony starts the engine and pulls the truck away. Achman starts to run alongside the Land Rover, his pink high tops kicking up the white snow.

Bill and the others watch the boy for a moment, then turn away, facing front. We see the boy through the window behind them, still waving, still running, but receding in the distance as the truck moves on.

No one says a word. Everyone stares straight ahead.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: EXT. SPLIT, CROATIA - DAY

TONY BLASTS HIS HORN at some WORKMEN, blocking the road. He sticks his head out, SHOUTING IN CROATIAN.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Bill looks out the window at the PEOPLE outside on the streets: They laugh. Eat at cafes. Walk their dogs. Live their lives.

Graeme can see the look on Bill's face.

GRAEME

I know. Fuckin' weird, right? One hundred fifty kilometers away... A different goddamn world.

(then)

And no one gives a shit.

Bill stares at a YOUNG COUPLE kissing in a cafe. Then he recognizes a BUILDING. He grabs his duffel bag, opens the door, and jumps out without a word.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill doesn't answer. Graeme grabs his shit and follows.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jason is in a meeting with a DOZEN people: UN STAFF, NGO EXECVS, a few UN TROOPS as well. Ivana sticks her head in.

IVANA

Sorry to bother you, but...

She opens the door wider, revealing Bill in the hall.

JASON

Jesus... When did you get here?

BILL

Just now.

(then)

What do you know about Fojnica?

JASON

Fojnica? Why?

BILL

We were there last night. We know a family there.

UN SOLDIER

Rather bleak, I'm afraid. Last report had it firmly in the Croat Army's column. They've been pretty brutal everywhere else. Was the family Muslim?

Bill doesn't answer, but Jason notes the look of devastation on his face.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - SPLIT, CROATIA - BATHROOM - DAY

Bill closes the door and drops onto the floor, a wreck. Then he kicks a trash bin, sending it flying. A newspaper ADVERTISEMENT falls on the floor. Bill stares at it.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks in, holding the newspaper ad.

BILL

How far away is Verona?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Why?

BILL

We're goin' to a concert.

Bill shows Jason the ADVERTISEMENT: It's for a U2 CONCERT IN Verona. Jason looks at Bill like he's slightly mad.

BILL (CONT'D)

Do you have two different fax lines here?

JASON

...Why?

BILL

I need to fax myself.

Bill sits at Jason's desk and starts typing. Jason just stares.

EXT. STADIUM, ITALY - NEAR THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We can hear PEARL JAM playing already inside. Bill, Graeme and Jason press towards the turnstiles with hundreds of other FANS.

GRAEME

Where'd'ya get the tickets anyway?

JASON

Compliments of the U.N.

GRAEME

Typical. Is there anything you guys won't waste fuckin' dosh on?

BILL

Will you shut the fuck up? I'm nervous enough as it is, okay?

GRAEME

Well, don't be. They're not gonna talk to you anyway. And they're gonna see right through that stupid fax.

They hand the tickets to a TICKET TAKER.

BILL

Ask him how to get backstage?

Jason asks a question in Italian.

INT. BACKSTAGE - ENTRANCE - LATER

The music is louder now, deafening. A muscle-bound Italian security guard, wearing reflector sunglasses, blocks a doorway. Bill hands the guy a piece of paper.

BILL

(casual)

How're ya doin? I'm here to do an interview with Bono for Sarajevo Television. They sent this fax, confirming, a few days ago.

The guard scans the fax, then hands it back.

BILL (CONT'D)

Look, we've come all the way from Bosnia.

(the man's face
doesn't change)

There's a war going on there.

ITALIAN GUARD

There is always war in the Balkans.
War and thieves. Like you. Now, get the fuck out of my face.

Graeme shoots Bill a look: Told You So.

A moment later a well-dressed WOMAN, 30's, walks up to the guard, flashing her BADGE. He opens the door.

BILL

(to the woman)

Excuse me! My name is Bill Carter from Sarajevo Television. I was sent a fax by U2, but this guy won't let us in.

The woman stops and takes Bill's fax. Then she looks at the guard.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The woman has walked Bill, Graeme and Jason backstage with her. They are standing with CYNTHIA, 30's, U2's press agent.

CYNTHIA

Who sent you this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL
I'm not sure. Someone in Dublin.

CYNTHIA
(surprised)
And you're from Sarajevo?

BILL
Well, I'm not. I've only lived there
ten years. But he's a local.

He's pointing at Graeme, who plays along, nodding.

GRAEME
(Bosnian accent)
Hello.

CYNTHIA
Look, I'm very sorry. There must've
been some mistake. They never do
interviews before they play. And they
have to leave for the airport right
after the show, so...

GRAEME
(under his breath)
Oh, shit...

Graeme is staring at BONO and THE EDGE coming up the
corridor with some FRIENDS.

Bono and The Edge look them over. The Edge nods. As Bono
passes...

BONO
(to Graeme)
Love the hair.

Graeme SMILES LIKE AN IDIOT as Bono and the others head
into a dressing room.

BILL
(calling)
Excuse me, Bono: We're from Sarajevo
Television. We've come a long way to--

CYNTHIA
(stopping him)
Don't!

Bono and the others enter the dressing room, closing the
door. Cynthia looks over Bill's fax one last time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I'll talk to them.

She walks into the dressing room. Jason stares at Bill, clearly surprised how well this is going. As for Graeme, he still has an idiotic star-struck look on his face.

GRAEME
(in a reverie)
That was Bono. That was fucking Bono just standing there. He likes my hair.

Bill laughs, recalling Graeme's assessment of the singer.

BILL
Yeah. "The Fucking Wanker".

A moment later, the door opens.

CYNTHIA
I've been with them 15 years. He has never done an interview before a show. But he knows you came a long way, so...

She steps aside. Inside we catch a glimpse of Bono, seated on a couch. He stands up...

BONO (O.S)
Welcome to Italy, Bill Carter from Sarajevo Television. It's a long way to come for a U2 show.

Bill and Graeme both just stare, a bit slack-jawed. Finally Graeme speaks:

GRAEME
(thick Bosnian accent)
Yes. Is. Yes.

The door shuts, leaving Jason outside.

He just stands there, mystified.

JASON
(to himself)
Son of a bitch...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Graeme, still a bit giddy, films Bill talking with Bono.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

The people of Sarajevo send their regards. They love rock and roll, by the way.

BONO

I've always wanted to go.
(to Graeme)
You're from there?

BILL

(quick)
He doesn't speak English.

Bono waves. Graeme glares at Bill: You Fucker!

BONO

So, what's it like now?

BILL

It's kind of surreal. But it's even more surreal here. Once you leave Bosnia, it's like the war's not really happening.

BONO ON TV

Right, right. Out of sight, out of mind.

BILL ON TV

But the people themselves, they're so fucking alive.

Bono considers this as...

INT. SARAJEVO TELEVISION STUDIO - ONE WEEK LATER

...Shibe, Vlado, Johnny, Mirzo, Graeme, Lejla, Selma and Bill are all crammed into the studio to watch the interview on the small TV.

BONO ON TV

Well, that's the thing about the human spirit. Hate can't destroy it.

VLADO

No, only bad music can. Like yours, you boring fuck.

GRAEME

Shut the fuck up.
(then)
He's actually kind of cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sisters laugh at the suddenly 'star-struck' Graeme.

BILL

Graeme's right. He wants to help,
Vlado.

VLADO

Pah! He's not gonna help us.

BILL

Listen...

BONO ON TV

Maybe we should come and play there.
Could you help set that up?

BILL ON TV

Absolutely.

The room goes nuts, shouting and whooping.

BONO ON TV

And, tell you what: Why don't we
dedicate the show tonight to...
Well... Who should we dedicate it to?
I mean, who're the good guys?

VLADO

Ohmygod... What an idiot...

BILL ON TV

Well, it's complicated... I had a bit
of trouble with that myself. Maybe
you should just dedicate it to the
people of Sarajevo.

BONO ON TV

Right. That's what we'll do then. And
I'm serious: Tell the folks back in
Sarajevo, we're gonna come play
there. You have my word.

More WHOOPING. Johnny now fast-forwards to Bill's FOOTAGE
OF THE VERONA U2 CONCERT: We can see the enormous ZOOROPA
stage set.

JOHNNY

Wow. Is big, no? They will play in
soccer stadium!

VLADO

They're not playing in the soccer
stadium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This sets about another volley of 'Shut up', along with:

JOHNNY	SHIBE
(to Vlado)	For once... The cynic is
Where else they play? Look	outnumbered. Allah be
how big is the stage!	praised!

*

VLADO (CONT'D)
They're not coming to Sarajevo.

The others look at him.

VLADO (CONT'D)
How are they going to play? The Chetniks... They shoot people when they go to a funeral. Before U2 has finished their first bad song, the Chetniks will drop a bomb. Over. Short concert. No encore.

The others exchange looks, suddenly realizing he's right. They all stare at the TV, watching the U2 concert they almost had...but lost. Then Bill has his 'lightbulb' moment.

BILL
...We go there.

GRAEME
What're you talking about?

BILL
We go the other way. They don't come to Sarajevo. Sarajevo goes to them. Wherever they are.

The others exchange looks. No one understands.

LEJLA
How?

SHIBE
(quiet, to Selma)
Ahhh. In our hearts. Yes. Is beautiful idea. But, we will need to take drugs, no?

Selma looks at him like he's crazy. Bill walks to the TV and points to the GIANT VIDEO SCREENS above the U2 stage.

BILL
We go on television.

INT. EUROPEAN BROADCAST UNION (EBU) - SARAJEVO - DAY

One Week Later. A crowded room of JOURNALISTS and TECHNICIANS. On one wall, a phone bank with journalists yelling in their daily report, all in different languages. A row of tv monitors show the faces of famous newscasters and correspondents. Bill pokes his head into an adjacent kitchen, where DARCY, a 30-something American, and CHARLIE, an Asian-American, eat pizza. (Darcy is the woman whose satellite phone Bill used at the Holiday Inn.)

BILL

Excuse me, are you the ones in charge
of the satellite links?

DARCY

(not looking, bored)
What news outlet are you with?

BILL

I'm not really with an outlet. But
I've been talking to U2 --
(Darcy looks up)
-- the band. And we're tryin' to see
if there's a way we could do live
link-ups during their shows.

DARCY

I'm sorry, but we don't do
entertainment. We do news.

BILL

This will be news. That's the point.

Darcy gets up and walks up to him.

DARCY

Are you a journalist?

BILL

No. I told you --

DARCY

-- Leave my office, please.

Bill looks at her for a moment, then sets down his backpack and opens it. He pulls out a BUSINESS CARD and hands it to her.

BILL

That's a direct line to U2's manager.
Why don't you give him a call?

EXT. EBU OFFICES - DAY

Bill and Graeme are standing outside, waiting. Bill notices a bunch of KIDS playing on the street. Then he sees Alma again, the girl that looks like Corrina, the one he saw a few months ago. Bill sets down his pack and takes out his camera to film her, but when the kids see him point the camera...

SARAJEVO KID #1
Careful, nigger...

Bill looks at them, incredulous.

SARAJEVO KID #2
I fuck you up, asshole. She's not
your bitch.

They run off a ways, then throw stones at Bill. Alma just looks over her shoulder at Bill and laughs.

Bill watches her go. Darcy comes outside. A bitch, as usual.

DARCY (O.S.)
Okay... It seems, yes, someone from
U2 is interested in doing some
satellite links. But the person I
spoke with never heard of you.

BILL
I told you, I don't work for them. I
just met them. They asked me to--

DARCY
-- Let me be honest: I don't like
you. But I'm going to see what I can
do for one reason, and one reason
only.

BILL
Well, whatever it is, I'm sure---

DARCY
-- I am doing this as a personal
favor to Bono.

She purses her lips, puts a piece of hair behind her ear, and walks off.

INT. EBU OFFICES - STUDIO - TWO WEEKS LATER

It's the day of the first up-link. Things are, to put it mildly, chaotic. Bill watches as TECHNICIANS pull wires and set up a CAMERA, considerably more professional than his own. He walks out...

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...to find Graeme and Shibe, standing aside, watching flummoxed, as the local Sarajevans ARGUE IN BOSNIAN.

BILL

What's going on?

SHIBE

They argue who will do first satellite interview tonight.

BILL

Very funny. You're doing it.

Shibe shakes his head.

SHIBE

I cannot.

GRAEME

He has to report to his unit for duty.

BILL

Fuck...

(then, to Shibe)

You okay?

SHIBE

Eh... I don't know. I want to love my enemy. But not if they kill me.

(then)

So, who you pick for replace me?

Bill has no idea. He watches the 'candidates' argue.

SHIBE (CONT'D)

Where is the concert?

BILL

In Bologna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIBE

Ahhh. Then it is easy!! You ask
Mirzo.

BILL

Why Mirzo?

BACK IN THE TRANSMISSION STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie, the Asian/American technician, places a small wire on Bill's shoulder.

CHARLIE

With this, you can hear exactly what they're hearing in Bologna.

Bill puts the earpiece into his ear and...

SUDDENLY WE HEAR the hi-decibel aural circus of a U2 show: People cheer, scream, and sing along with the band.

Bill notices Mirzo pacing, nervously. He takes out the earpieces and places them into Mirzo's ears. The man's face instantly lifts. He raises his head, eyes glowing...

MIRZO

Shit...

(then, taking them out)

Maybe this is bad idea. I am not good with talk. And I only receive one letter from her. Maybe she--

BILL

Mirzo....

MIRZO

Why does anyone care about Mirzo?

GRAEME

I don't care about you.

BILL

Me, either.

GRAEME

I think you suck.

BILL

Just talk to her.

CHARLIE

We're up!

EXT. U2 CONCERT, BOLOGNA ITALY - NIGHT

...as Bono paces in front of the huge video screens.

BONO

I suppose the thing is with TV, you don't know if what you're seeing is real. You can't tell the difference any more between the adverts and what's happening on CNN or what's coming in on satellite. You can't ask the television tough questions. We've got a satellite dish in Sarajevo to ask those questions.

BACK IN THE EBU

As Bill and the others listen to Bono's voice over the room's speakers.

BONO OVER THE SPEAKERS

We've got a friend there, a cool guy named Bill Carter, a rock n roll fan. Let's see if we can get him on the line. Are you there, Bill?

BACK IN THE STADIUM

...Bill and Mirzo appear on the 90 foot video screens while Bono and 50,000 FANS stare up at them..

BILL (ON STADIUM SCREEN)

Yeah, I hear you Bono.

The AUDIENCE applauds en masse...

BACK IN THE EBU ROOM

...and the DISTORTED sound pours from the speakers.

GRAEME

What's that? Are we 'down'?

DARCY

(moved)
No. That's...applause.

EXT. U2 CONCERT, BOLOGNA ITALY - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

MIRZO is on the big screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRZO

(nervous)

...And...um...My parents live four miles from where I stand, and I cannot talk with them by phone, or see them for 17 months. They don't know I am alive even.

(stumped)

Um... The weather is good.

People in the AUDIENCE stare, unsure how to react.

INT. TELEVISION STATION, SARAJEVO - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Darcy rolls her eyes. Mirzo looks over at Bill, who gestures for him to 'Just say it'.

MIRZO

Um... If is okay...I have small message... for...for my wife. When war starts... She goes to Bologna. She... I don't know...maybe she is there. Tonight.

INTERCUT: THE STADIUM IN BOLOGNA

The place goes crazy. Everyone cheers. EVERYONE!

All the technicians in the EBU studio stare, moved.

MIRZO (CONT'D)

So... if you are there or if you can hear me, Mirita. Mia cara, my darling Mirita.

(starts to tear up)

Te Amo...I love you. I miss you. And one day... This war is over. And you come home.

The crowd in Bologna stands in awe and disbelief: Many are crying. Even Bono and other members of the band have tears in their eyes.

Bill listens in the EBU studio, barely breathing.

MIRZO (CONT'D)

Thank you, Bologna. Tonight... We feel...not so alone.

On stage, the members of U2 exchange looks, very pleased with how this went, then slowly, quietly, they start to PLAY...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...and the satellite feed goes down.

INT. TV STATION, SARAJEVO - NIGHT

For a few seconds, there is total silence. The entire room is stunned by what just happened. Then, as if cued by a silent bell, everyone descends on shy little Mirzo.

MUSIC IN:

MONTAGE OF SATELLITE UP-LINKS

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

Bill talks with a young fireman, as the rest of the crew sleeps on the ground. The fireman shakes his head, "no".

EXT. STADIUM, PARIS - NIGHT

The fireman now appears on the giant video screen, above the band.

EXT. STADIUM, MADRID - NIGHT

On the video screen is an OLD WOMAN, speaking, while Vlado translates.

EXT. SNIPER'S ALLEY - DAY

Bill approaches a painter with an easel. He assumes he's painting Sniper's Alley, but when he looks at the canvas, it's a beautiful landscape, resembling nothing in sight.

EXT. STADIUM - BERLIN - NIGHT

That painter holds up his painting on the video screen.

MUSIC OUT:

INT. SRT OFFICE, UNIS TOWERS - NIGHT

Bill and Graeme enter the office to find Tony, Christof, Allen and the others unpacking boxes. They all look considerably healthier than Bill and Graeme. Tony measures Bill with a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

I'd've thought, by now, with all your
dosh, you'd be in fancier
accommodations.

BILL

I don't have any dosh.

Tony grunts. Allen walks in carrying bottles of propane.

ALLEN

How long you been out of gas?

BILL

I don't know...a while...I think.

Meni enters with Christof, carrying newspapers.

CHRISTOF

There he is! The man, himself!
Causing a bit of a stir in Europe.

He tosses a newspaper at Bill. Bill opens it: On the
cover is a PHOTO from a U2 concert: We see Bill and Mirzo
up on the giant screen above the band.

ALLEN

Papers are sayin' almost a million
people know what it's like here,
thanks to the U2 shows.

BILL

That's good. Right?

CHRISTOF

How much ze' payin' ya, anyway?

BILL

Nothing.

MENI

Why not?

BILL

Because I haven't asked.

The tension in the room is now palpable.

BILL (CONT'D)

What's not gettin' said here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTOF

Some of us think you're taking
advantage of a situation. For
personal gain.

The moment hangs. Graeme deflects the tension with:

GRAEME

Fuck off. You're just jealous cuz
we're shagging all those U2 groupies
and you're not.

But it doesn't work. The tension remains until Bill
finally walks out of the room.

EXT. UNIS TOWERS - THE NEXT MORNING

Bill and Graeme help the others load up. Tony saunters
over to Bill. He just stands there. Odd. Finally:

TONY

The Serbs were asking for you at the
checkpoints. Wanted to know where
you're staying.

BILL

Well, Tony: I'm sure you told them.

TONY

I did. I told 'em you were staying at
the Holiday Inn.

(never looks at Bill)
That should give those wanker
journalists a bit of a jolt.

The two men finally share a look. As Tony walks away:

TONY (CONT'D)

Keep doing what you're doing.

Tony climbs into the Land Rover and drives off without
another word. Bill looks to Graeme, dumbfounded.

BILL

I'm sorry... Was he just nice?

GRAEME

Nah.

BILL

Right. Not possible.

Both men are smiling.

INT. SELMA AND LEJLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Selma, Bill and Graeme are sitting on the couch, with the sisters' parents. Lejla pokes her head out of a door.

LEJLA

You cannot laugh. I need to practice.

She repeats this in Bosnian, then comes out in a bathing suit and parades across the living room, smiling regally.

LEJLA (CONT'D)

This is my 'contest' walk.

Selma chortles. Lejla immediately goes and pokes her, SHOUTING in Bosnian, then turns to the men, expectantly.

BILL

Wow...

GRAEME

There really is a fuckin' beauty pageant?

(re: Their mother)

Oh, shit. Sorry.

LEJLA

Yes! And I am going to win. See!
I already won!

She unfurls a HOMEMADE SASH and drapes it over her. Upon it are written the words: MISS SARAJEVO.

SELMA

Bill: Tell her this is demeaning to women.

Bill can't. He's utterly charmed, as Lejla walks back to the wall and starts her 'contest walk' over again. The girl smiles at her father, who scoffs, not bothering to look at her. Her mother giggles, poking Bill and talking to him, non-stop in Bosnian. Selma barks at her mother, telling her in Bosnian that the men don't understand, but Mom just keeps talking.

EXT. STREET - SNIPER'S ALLEY - DAY

The sisters are walking Graeme and Bill back home.

LEJLA

I think, maybe, you should be judge.
At Miss Sarajevo contest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEJLA (CONT'D)

People like you. It could be good for my victory.

(Bill laughs)

What? You vote for me, yes?

BILL

Of course. Who else would I vote for?

SHOTS RING OUT. Everyone hits the ground.

GRAEME

Ow, fuck....

BILL

You okay?

GRAEME

I twisted my fuckin' ankle.

The girls both giggle as Graeme shakes out his leg.

Then he looks at his watch and stands up, hopping up and down, shaking out his knee...

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Motherfucker...

BILL

Graeme....

Lejla and Selma have crawled over to an abandoned car.

SELMA

Get down, you idiot!

GRAEME

(laughing, in pain)

Shit...

LEJLA

(laughing too)

It's him... It's Ivan!

It's true: Once again the shots aren't landing near any of the people on this street. Bill looks up to the hills.

GRAEME

I think I broke my goddamn foot!

(hopping)

Fuck... Fuck...

Graeme starts to laugh. Lejla, watching, starts to laugh too. Then she runs out towards him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SELMA

Lejla!!

BILL

Will both of you just get the---

Suddenly SHOTS are fired again. These land within a few feet of Graeme, who LEAPS behind another car.

GRAEME

What the fuck?!!

BILL

Graeme! Graeme, are you---

But before he can finish the question, we hear Selma's terrifying scream...

SELMA (O.S.)

NOOOOO!

...and Bill spins to see Selma, her white dress COVERED IN BLOOD, her thin arms thrown around Lejla's limp body.

SELMA (CONT'D)

LEJLA!!!!!!

BLOOD is now pouring through Selma's fingers, gathering in a pool in her lap.

The gunshots continue, but Bill and Graeme crawl on their bellies across the pavement. They get to Selma and help to lay Lajla onto the ground. She's still alive, looking up at them with wide eyes. For a second, she appears to still be laughing, but then the smile leaves her face. And the next moment, she is gone.

SELMA (CONT'D)

(in Bosnian)

Please, no... Please, God.... No.

Not my Lejla...

She just rocks her sister back and forth, crying.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Bill and Graeme stand among a dozen of Lejla's RELATIVES. In front of them is a simple WOODEN COFFIN like the kind Bill saw being built on his first day.

A MAN WEARING A TATTERED TUXEDO sits on a stool, playing a SAD MELODY on his CELLO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Selma stares straight ahead, her eyes vacant. Next to her is her mother. When the older woman sees Bill, she nods slowly. Bill has no idea how to respond. He just stares back, his face blank. Then he looks back at the coffin, where he sees several TOKENS of love and affection, among them, the handmade MISS SARAJEVO SASH.

Bill stares at it, heart-broken.

INT. LEJLA AND SELMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A wake is in progress. Bill and Graeme, as cleaned up as they can get, stand in a corner, looking very uncomfortable.

GRAEME

(whispered)

Blimey... Tony says the SRT's closing up shop for awhile. They want us all back in London.

Bill nods vaguely, not really listening. He's staring at the DATED BULLET HOLES in Lejla's walls.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

You want to come with me?

BILL

(surprised)

What about the concerts?

GRAEME

When they're done. They're not gonna tour forever.

SELMA (O.S.)

Bill...

He turns to see Selma, standing in front of him.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Can I ask a favor?

INT. EBU - NIGHT

Charlie walks over and puts an earpiece in Selma's ear.

SELMA

They will hear me?

(Bill nods)

How many people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME

Well, it's Wembley Stadium in
London... And it's sold out, so...
About 100,000.

She thinks he's joking. But Bill nods: It's true.

BILL

Say anything you want. Anything.

CHARLIE (O.S)

5,4,3,2,1...you are live NOW.

Bill stands in the darkness, watching Selma. She's silent
for a moment.

SELMA

Hello. My name is Selma Pajevic and I
live in Sarajevo.

EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - NIGHT

100,000 fans watch Selma on a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN

SELMA (ON VIDEO SCREEN)

I live here my whole life, and like
many here, I will not leave. Sarajevo
is my home.

There is thunderous applause.

SELMA (ON VIDEO SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I have a sister. Her name is Lejla.
This is her, dancing to your music,
Mr. Boo-noo.

Selma holds up a picture of Lejla, dancing in their
living room.

Bono smiles. The audience goes wild.

BACK IN THE EBU:

We HEAR more APPLAUSE and SHOUTS from London over the
speakers.

Selma is silent for some time, determined not to cry.
Darcy starts waving her arms at Bill, trying to get him
to keep Selma talking. Bill ignores her. Finally:

SELMA (CONT'D)

My sister did leave Sarajevo. She
left in a box.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101.

SELMA (CONT'D)
The snipers in the hills, they killed
her. They killed my Lejla while
Europe did nothing.

Darcy shoots Bill a look: Did You HEAR What She Just
Said? But Bill never takes his eyes from Selma.

BACK IN LONDON

We MOVE along the stunned, silent faces in the crowd.

SELMA (ON VIDEO SCREEN)
I am sorry. Tonight you are
listening to wonderful music. You
should enjoy. I would. Lejla would.
But I need to ask a question. I ask
it for her. What are you going to do
for us?

We see a well-dressed FAMILY (The FATHER and three YOUNG
BOYS all wear blazers and ties). Mom and the boys listen,
attentively, but their father is seething.

SELMA (ON VIDEO SCREEN) (CONT'D)
What are you going to do about this
war?

On stage, Bono, too, looks a bit uneasy. He and The Edge
exchange a look, then, almost sheepishly:

BONO
Well--

But before he can continue, Selma leans into the
microphone, cutting Bono off with:

SELMA
--Excuse me, but I think nothing.
Europe will do nothing for us.

Bono, flustered, has no idea how to respond. The other
band members exchange looks: This one isn't going well.

ANGRY FAN
(shouting)
Play some bloody music!

The fans near the man are split equally: Some shout for
him to SHUT UP. Others nods their heads, in agreement.

Bono looks up at the screen, unsure how to proceed.

(CONTINUED)

BONO
Well I'm just a rock n' roll singer
and all I can do for you tonight is
play you a song.

His response is lame at best. And he seems to know it. He raises his remote, killing the image of Selma, as the band kicks into their song, ONE...

BACK AT THE EBU

...this song continues as Bill walks up to Selma.

SELMA
I was too mean?

BILL
No. You were perfect.

She starts to cry. He puts his arms around her.

BILL (CONT'D)
They're playing Wembley again
tomorrow night. You have to do that
again. Just what you did. Can you do
that?

SELMA
What? Insult people? It is easy.

INT. DISCO, SARAJEVO - LATER THAT NIGHT

The energy in here is explosive. Vlado rocks the place like never before. Bill, Shibe, Johnny and Mirzo are stuffed into a booth downing shots and celebrating. Bill looks over at Graeme, who seems to have found himself another LOCAL GIRL. They're undressing each other on the dance floor. Bill looks up at Celo, standing above him at their table.

CELO
I have a message for you.

BILL
...Yeah?

CELO
It's about what you're doing, the things you're saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

I'm not saying anything. They're the ones who are---

Celo grabs Bill's face with his large fat hand and squeezes it, literally lifting him up off his chair.

CELO

I want you to listen to me.

BILL

...Fuck! Okay, I'm listening.

Bill is actually scared. So are the others at the table, but no one makes a move. Celo leans his face close to Bill's, whispering...

CELO

Good. Keep listening. Because...

(then, shouting)

I LOVE IT, MAN!!

He lets out a loud sick laugh, clapping Bill on the back.

CELO (CONT'D)

My American friend has balls, no?

He drops a free bottle of Vodka on the table and walks off. Bill just sits there, his face white.

INT. EBU - THE NEXT NIGHT

Bill, Selma, Graeme and the others enter for the next uplink. But nothing is prepared: No camera. No lights.

BILL

(to Darcy)

What's going on?

Darcy returns the look, a smug smile on her face.

DARCY

Well...You're not.

INTERCUT: INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Once again, we hear PEARL JAM playing. Cynthia stands in the hall, a phone to one ear, her finger in the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

There were members of Parliament there. The girl insulted the bloody British government.

BILL

Did you listen to her?

CYNTHIA

Yes! And I was moved, okay? I was. But the press is killing us.

She's holding several NEWSPAPERS, each with disparaging HEADLINES about U2 and/or Bono.

BILL

Look, we can't take a break. People are finally paying attention. We have to--

CYNTHIA

-- You're not listening, Bill. We're not taking a break, we're done.

BILL

Let me talk to Bono.

CYNTHIA

He's not here, and it wasn't his decision. It was the band's, and it was unanimous.

BILL

What the fuck does U2 care what some newspapers say about them?

CYNTHIA

Bill: You're disappointed, I get it. But don't be a shit. It's not some newspapers, it's the bloody lot!

BILL

Please... Don't let them do this. It's working...

CYNTHIA

No, it worked!! You said it yourself: Sarajevo is on the cover of every newspaper in Europe today. Unfortunately, right next to a bull's eye with my boss' face on it.

(then)
The band's done enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

Bullshit. None of us have done--

CYNTHIA

(hard)

-- Well, they've done all they're
going to do.

Bill hesitates a moment, then hangs up.

GRAEME

What happened? Fuckin' cowards pull
the plug? FUCK 'EM!!

Graeme puts his arm around Bill, drunk and sloppy.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Hey, mate... It was a good run.

BILL

(incredulous)

...A 'good run'?

GRAEME

We had some fun! Now, we'll jus' have
to figure somethin' else out.

His nonchalance hits Bill like a brick.

BILL

Get the fuck away from me.

Bill walks out of the room. Graeme follows him.

GRAEME

Don't be a dick... Bill!!

But Bill keeps walking out onto the street.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - ONE WEEK LATER

Time has passed. (Bill's facial hair has changed again) And most of the furniture is gone. Bill sets one of the last chairs onto a BURNING FIRE in the corner. He finds an old BOX in the corner and opens it: Inside are a few remaining cans of CAT FOOD. Bill stares at a can for a moment, then opens it and starts eating with his fingers.

EXT. STREETS OF SARAJEVO - NIGHT

Bill is scavenging, trying to find firewood on the street. It's slim pickings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BOY, no older than nine, walks past Bill, without a word. Bill notices he's carrying something: It's a HANDGUN. A real handgun.

The boy turns and gives Bill a look, then moves on.

INT. TSRT OFFICES - UNIS TOWERS - NIGHT

Graeme enters the dark office. He lights the lantern and starts to gather his things. After a moment, he hears a noise and SHINES HIS FLASHLIGHT on Bill, sitting in the corner by the window, drinking. No one says a thing and Graeme keeps packing.

BILL

Who's the war tourist now?

GRAEME

Fuck off. You should be thinkin' about leavin' too.

(Bill drinks)

We came here to bring food. The food's gone. Now all we're doin' is taking food from people who have no choice about leaving.

BILL

Speak for yourself. The only people I'm takin' food from are cats! And they're all dead.

Bill stands and starts to piss out the opened window.

GRAEME

What, did you think you were gonna stop the fuckin' war, Bill?

BILL

Screw you.

Graeme stops. If anyone else had said this to him, he'd beat the shit out of them.

GRAEME

Get in line. You're not the only sad fuck in the world, ya know...

He walks out, leaving Bill sitting in the dark.

EXT. STREETS OF SARAJEVO - A MONTH LATER

Bill has a FULL BEARD now, and he's even thinner than he was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks down the street, opening the hoods on the ABANDONED CARS he passes. Finally he finds one with a BATTERY in it. He pulls out a wrench and removes the battery.

INT. TSRT OFFICES, UNIS TOWERS - DAY

It's hard to imagine that the place could look worse, but it does. The curtains have all been SHOT AWAY now. One corner of the room is stained from FIRE. Bill sits at his desk, looking at TAPES on the camera's viewfinder. As he works, he eats from a jar of God-knobs-what. When he's done he tosses the jar against a wall, SHATTERING it and sending the shards atop a pile of other broken jars.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello...

Bill sits up...

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Hello... Anyone up here?

Bill just stares, but says nothing. He clearly has no idea who the hell this is. Finally, the door to the office opens and Darcy, the bitch from the E.B.U. stands there. She looks at him for a moment.

DARCY

Jesus... Don't you look like shit.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bill has boiled water on an OPEN FIRE in the center of the room. He pours it into two cups, then starts to dip a VERY USED TEA BAG into the cups. Bill hands her a cup without a word.

DARCY (CONT'D)

I thought you'd left. I called around, found Graeme in London. He said you were still here.

A beat.

BILL

I'm sorry. Didn't we hate each other?

Something about the way he says this makes Darcy smile.

DARCY

I used to be...more tense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

...huh.

DARCY

I was looking for you because U2
contacted me.

(Bill looks at her)

Bono wants to talk to you about your
documentary.

BILL

...What documentary?

DARCY

The one you've been making here.

BILL

I'm not making a documentary. I'm
just making a...record. So people can
remember.

(then)

And how does Bono know what I'm
doing? I never told him.

DARCY

Oh. Didn't you know? Graeme took
some of the footage with him. He
sent it to the band in Dublin.

Bill takes this in, clearly surprised by this news.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Anyway, whatever Bono saw, he liked.
He wants you to come to Ireland to
edit. He's thinking of writing a
song.

Darcy scoots herself a little closer, touches his cheek.

DARCY (CONT'D)

So... I guess you're not a loser
after all.

She leans in and kisses Bill. His eyes remain wide-open,
looking around, as if to say, WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

AN HOUR LATER

Darcy, having had her way with Bill, buttons up her
blouse and straightens her hair.

DARCY (CONT'D)

So, will we be seeing you at the Miss
Sarajevo Contest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

When is it?

DARCY

Tomorrow.

Memories of Lejla flood Bill's mind. He shakes his head.

DARCY (CONT'D)

(snickering)

Yeah. I don't blame you there. Might be the most fucked up thing I've ever heard of.

(then)

So, what should I tell them?

BILL

Who?

DARCY

U2. I promised I'd call when I found you.

(fluffs her hair up)

And I am not breaking a promise to Bono.

Bill looks at her a moment, then wraps himself in his threadbare blanket and walks to the door, opening it.

BILL

Tell him it's not done.

Darcy finally realizes she's being given the boot. For the slightest moment, she's stung. Then she pulls it together, putting on a small tight smile on her way out.

DARCY

Well, Bill Carter... It was good for me.

And out she goes, without looking back.

...GIGGLING and GOSSIP in Bosnian, and find ourselves...

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

...in a dark dressing room. A bit of light enters through a dirty skylight, as GIRLS and WOMEN, some half-dressed, are huddled together, applying their make-up in cracked and broken mirrors. Not everyone is giggling. Some are dead-serious about this business. A YOUNG GIRL is watching an older woman applying her make-up, then tries to mimic her, spreading lipstick across her face.

INT. THEATER - BY THE STAGE

Bill is setting up his camera. We can tell he has mixed feelings about being here. He watches the JUDGES handing out NUMBERED PLACARDS to the contestants, then he turns and sees something offscreen.

Whatever it is, takes his breath away.

SELMA

is about to enter the women's dressing room. For the first time, we see her wearing MAKE-UP. And she's clutching one of the NUMBERS they're giving contestants.

No one speaks for a moment.

SELMA
Don't tell my father. Okay?

Bill nods.

BILL
You look beautiful.

SELMA
Ugh.. I do it for Lejla.
(then)
She is probably angry--
(then)
--or pissing herself...laughing.

This makes Bill smile.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Hundreds of people, dressed in their best suits and dresses, enter the decrepit theater...

INT. THEATER - DAY

...and take their seats in folding chairs, fanning themselves against the sweltering heat.

Two WORKMEN are hanging a BANNER above the stage. It reads: Miss Sarajevo, 1993

The mood is festive. REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS jostle for position. After a moment, Bill notices a man looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's the fellow telling the story about the photographer in the Holiday Inn, the day Bill stole the camera. Bill tries to ignore the guy, but the man keeps staring. Finally, he speaks:

HOTEL JOURNALIST
Hey... You're that guy...

Bill is about to deny it, when...

HOTEL JOURNALIST (CONT'D)
The U2 guy.

BILL
(relieved)
Yeah.

The man studies Bill a moment, his face blank.

HOTEL JOURNALIST
Good for you.

BILL
Thank you.

The M.C. comes up on stage, signaling the beginning of the show. Bill, shaking, fumbles with the camera, giving the reporter a better view of it. The man gets an odd look on his face, then turns back to Bill. There's no question that he recognizes the stolen camera. But all he does is nod his head and chuckle to himself, before walking away.

The M.C. says something in Bosnian: One by one, 12 women in bathing suits sashay onto the stage. At the end of the line is Selma. She can't bring herself to smile, but she looks lovely just the same. She and Bill share a look.

Each of the women is holding a small section of a banner, that unfurls as they walk across stage. It reads:

"DON'T LET THEM KILL US."

No one in the place says a word. They just stare at this plea, in silence.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bill is walking back to the Towers alone. He turns a corner and comes upon a MAN, sitting on a crate, crying. It takes a while to realize he's holding the LIMP BODY OF A YOUNG CHILD in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill looks around: There is no one else nearby. No one watching. This man is all alone in his grief. Bill starts shaking. He falls to his knees, then takes his camera out of his bag. He fumbles, trying to put the tripod up. EXPLOSIONS go off nearby. Then more EXPLOSIONS. He finally gets the camera up as....

CUT TO:

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

...FIREWORKS EXPLODE over the ocean, while Corrina and Bill watch, sitting at a table by the window.

They're silent for a moment. (Physically, we're looking at the younger Bill, but not emotionally. He's still shaking) Corrina looks over at him, concerned.

CORRINA

Are you all right?

Bill doesn't answer. But he doesn't look all right.

BILL

Tell me...

CORRINA

Tell you what?

BILL

What you told me here. What you told me at this restaurant.

Corrina looks away.

BILL (CONT'D)

Please...

CORRINA

I don't think that's a good idea.

BILL

Please.

She touches his face, tenderly, tears in her eyes.

CORRINA

Leave this one, baby.

(then)

I love you. But leave this one.

(then)

This memory's too hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL
I need you to tell me.

Corrina stares at him. Seeing him like this is heart-broken. She starts to cry.

BILL (CONT'D)
Just once...

CORRINA
Don't do it, Bill...

BILL
Just once.

Finally she nods, wipes her eyes and performs her 'part'.

CORRINA
Honey...?

BILL
(almost a whisper)
...Yeah.

CORRINA
I'm pregnant.
(then)
We're gonna have a baby.

She smiles through her tears, determined to give him what he wants, determined to make this memory a joyful one. And maybe it even works. Bill looks at her, genuinely surprised, filled with joy.

BILL
...What did you say?

CORRINA
Congratulations, Daddy.

Bill lights up like a light bulb. But as they sit there, we watch this light slowly, inevitably, and agonizingly leave his face. Then, immediately, like a junkie, he wants it back.

BILL
Say it again.
(Corrina is silent)
Come on, say it again. From the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORRINA
The baby's gone. He's with me now.
(then)
Let us go.

BILL
No. Just say it again. Come on! It's
okay. I'm good.

Corrina just looks at him.

CORRINA
You have to let us go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNIPER'S ALLEY - DAY

Bill sits alone on a bus stop bench, mumbling to himself.

BILL
(almost inaudible)
No.
(then)
Say it again.

He looks around, realizing PEOPLE are looking at him. Bill doesn't seem to care. He is long past embarrassment. But then he looks up and notices:

ALMA, the 11-YEAR OLD girl he'd seen on the street months earlier, the one that looks like Corrina. She's with a few of her friends, but she's the only one staring at him from across the street. He meets her stare. She walks towards him. No one speaks for a moment.

ALMA
You have an extra smoke?

Bill doesn't answer at first. Then he reaches into his jacket and hands her a half-smoked cigarette. She takes it and strikes a match on a wall to light it

ALMA (CONT'D)
You're the U2 guy.

BILL
And you're the ones who throw rocks
at me and called me names.

ALMA
That was my friends. I wouldn't do
that. I don't use ugly words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a hit off the cigarette, shrugs.

ALMA (CONT'D)
Ta for the smoke.

Bill nods. She walks off, then turns back.

ALMA (CONT'D)
Hey... Wanna go for a drive?

Bill just stares at her.

INT. VOLKSWAGON - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Alma sits in the driver's seat of a car shell with no windows and no floor, not to mention an engine. Bill sits next to her.

ALMA
I warn you: I am bad driver.

Bill hasn't smiled in a long time. But there's the slightest of smiles on his face now. And when Alma vocalizes starting the car, revving the engine, and changing gears, his smile grows. She "turns on" the radio and hums the music to a popular pop song.

ALMA (CONT'D)
You know this song?
(he shakes his head)
"Pump up the Jam." It rocks.

Bill stares at her for awhile.

BILL
Would you mind if I filmed you?

ALMA
Why?
(Bill doesn't answer)
I don't care. But I have to keep my eyes on the road.

Bill turns on the camera, holding it low, so he can film her 'driving' the car. She does it with utmost seriousness.

BILL
What do you think of the war?

The camera CLICKS OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
Shit. I have to change tape.

ALMA
You know why your camera died?
(Bill looks at her)
It is because, in this car... There
is no war.

She smiles. The smile of a little angel. Then she pretends to roll down her window, shouting at her pals.

ALMA (CONT'D)
(in Bosnian)
Hey! Who wants to go to the beach?

MOMENTS LATER

The car is packed with her FRIENDS. Bill is in the back now, filming them laughing and arguing as they drive.

EXT. VOLKSWAGON - SAME TIME

We watch the motionless car from many angles, listening to the laughter and arguing of children on their way to the beach.

LATER THAT DAY (HOURS LATER)

Bill and Alma are now alone in the car, passing a cigarette back and forth between them.

ALMA
Why do you stay, if your friends have all gone? You should go too.

BILL
Go where?

ALMA
(shrugs)
I don't know. Home.

BILL
I don't really have a home.

ALMA
Everyone has a home.

Bill hesitates a moment, not looking at Alma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

My wife died. She was my home.

A beat.

ALMA

Ahhh. Is that why you are always sad?
The other Americans are always so
happy.

She puts on a BIG FAKE SMILE. Bill smiles.

BILL

You actually remind me of her.

They settle. She rolls another cigarette.

ALMA

I was sad once.

BILL

...Once?

ALMA

It was near the beginning of the war.
I was in a bunker with my parents and
our friends. For weeks no one could
leave. Yuck. I was so bored! All we
did was read the same books and
listen to the same music. It was
awful. So, one day I ask my friend,
this boy who likes me, to go get me a
new tape. "Please?" He wouldn't go.
But I kept asking him, cuz I knew he
liked me. And finally the boy goes
to get me some new music.... They
shot him five meters from the door.

Bill looks at her. He clearly was not expecting this.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I watched it. And screamed so loud,
they had to hold my mouth. For hours.
Then I cried...forever. I stopped
eating, talking. I wanted to die. I
was a big pain to everyone! But...
finally...my grandmother told me
about the souls in heaven.

(then)

Do you know about the souls up in
heaven, Bill?

(Bill says nothing)

There are so, so many of them. And
they are begging to come.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALMA (CONT'D)

They don't care how long they get to stay. Even only ten years, ten days! They just want to be here.

Bill won't look at her.

BILL

(a whisper)

Why?

ALMA

Why what?

BILL

Why do they want to be here?

Alma uses a BOSNIAN EXPRESSION. Bill stares at her.

ALMA

It means, "To be alive." To be human.

(then)

That's all they want, the souls. To be what we are, you and I, right now. Even in shitty Sarajevo.

Bill stares at Alma, this wise child for a long moment.

ALMA (CONT'D)

So, now I am not sad anymore. Now, I just live. The way he would want me to live, the way he would live if he were here.

(then)

And at the end of every day... I tell him stories... Stories about being a human.

Bill takes a breath in. And then he starts to cry.

For the first time in years. He cries. And we...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - A SCREEN (BILL'S DOCUMENTARY)

...Alma LAUGHING, pretending to drive the V.W.

INT. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - THEATER - (18 MONTHS LATER)

Bill stands in the back of the theater, as a SMALL AUDIENCE watches Alma up on the screen. She starts to sing along to the 'imaginary' radio.

ONE HOUR LATER - AFTER THE FILM

Half the people are leaving the theater as Bill makes his way up front. Those who remain applaud, tepidly.

BILL

Thanks. Your professor asked me to come up here and tell you what made me go to Sarajevo, but I still haven't figured that out, so...

There are a few titters. More people get up to go.

BILL (CONT'D)

I can tell you why I left: I left because of the girl you saw in the film. Alma. There was something so...un-damaged about her. I thought, if people could see that -- see her and the other people I met there -- it wouldn't be so easy to ignore them.

MAN'S VOICE

Excuse me, --

Halfway back, a SERBIAN MAN stands up in the theater.

SERBIAN MAN

I am from Serbia. And I don't understand why this university would allow you to show such propaganda.

A beat. People turn to look at the man.

SERBIAN MAN (CONT'D)

There are no Serbs in the hills, killing the people of Sarajevo, Mr. Carter. That is a lie. No matter what you and your rock star friends would have us believe.

BILL

Well, I'm not going to debate you about something I saw with my own--

GRAEME (O.S.)

Why the fuck not?

Bill looks to the back, where Graeme stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME (CONT'D)

I'll debate him.

(to the Serb)

Have you actually been in Bosnia during this war? Or are you just some ex-pat fuck gettin' all mushy about the Fatherland, while pulling your dick in London?

Bill can't help smiling.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

Because I was there. And Serbs aren't the only ones with blood on their hands, there's plenty of that for everyone, but they are very definitely in the hills above Sarajevo shooting people. And not just people, children! And they're still doing it. Two hours from here by plane. So, if ya don't mind, why don't you go fuck yourself.

The Serb student stares back, speechless. Graeme turns to Bill:

GRAEME (CONT'D)

By the way, Hollywood: Loved your flick.

INT. PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bill and Graeme are throwing them back at the bar.

GRAEME

How many places've you shown it?

BILL

(shrugs)

Too many. Not enough.

(changing the subject)

You been back?

GRAEME

To Sarajevo? Nah. Can't bring myself. But The Serious Road Trip's back there. With dosh, no less. I hear they're stayin' at the fuckin' Holiday Inn.

(Bill smiles, then)

Holy shit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graeme points up to a TELEVISION on the wall:

We see IMAGES of JETS dropping munitions on a hillside.

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Following a period of intense violence in the city, U.N. air strikes have begun taking out Bosnian Serb gunnery positions in the hills around Sarajevo.

Bill and Graeme stare at the TV, incredulous.

BILL

Am I really seeing this?

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

And, as you can see, Bosnian Serb forces have already begun to retreat.

ON THE TV: FOOTAGE of Chetnik forces retreating.

GRAEME

Oh, Christ... Now, I'm gonna have to sell shoes.

Bill just keeps staring at the TV.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SARAJEVO - DAY (TWO YEARS LATER)

Jason comes out of the bathroom, pulling on a sweater. He looks over at Bill, standing by the window.

JASON

You ready?

Bill doesn't answer. He just stares...

OUT THE WINDOW

...at the UNIS TOWERS, his former home, on the other side of town. Most of the two buildings are now covered in scaffolding. A CRANE hoists steel beams to their roofs.

Bill looks down on the city of Sarajevo: On the street formerly known as Sniper's Alley, traffic moves along at a leisurely pace.

INT/EXT. TAXI - SARAJEVO - DAY

Our POV is through the window of a taxi: RUBBLE and DESTRUCTION are still visible everywhere, but so are signs of renewal: WORKERS fill dump trucks with DEBRIS. The burnt-out shells of abandoned CARS are hauled up onto a flatbed truck. CEMENT is poured into huge craters in the center of major streets.

Bill and Jason stare out at the city passing by. Then they get to a stop light and Bill notices a group of MOTHERS standing around, talking. He looks closer:

For the first time, he sees BABIES in their carriages.

It makes him smile.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - DAY

Bill steps out of the taxi. He starts to walk towards the entrance...

ALMA (O.S.)
Mr. Carter...

He turns to see Alma, now a sassy 15-year-old, wearing too much make-up.

ALMA (CONT'D)
Remember me?

She hugs him. A beat.

ALMA (CONT'D)
How 'bout them?

Bill looks over his shoulder, where most of his posse has gathered together: There's Vlado and Shibe, Mirzo and Johnny. Selma and her parents are there as well.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - NIGHT

The place is PACKED. U2's enormous STAGE is set up at one end of the arena.

At the other end, pretty high up, we find Bill, Jason and the others. Alma looks through binoculars, pouting.

ALMA
Why aren't you down there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

I'm exactly where I want to be.

Alma takes a drag off her cigarette. Bill looks over at Jason, shaking his head in amazement.

BILL (CONT'D)

What?

JASON

We've spent almost 5 billion dollars trying and get these people to talk to one another... A rock group comes to town... And it's like the war never happened.

A man steps up to a microphone on the stage.

BILL

Who's that?

SHIBE

Who knows? Some politician wanker.

Whatever the man says elicits a HUGE ROAR from the crowd.

SHIBE (CONT'D)

He just told the people what a great day it was... when he came up with the idea for the link-ups.

Bill takes this in, then smiles.

Suddenly the LIGHTS GO OUT and the ROAR OF THE CROWD is deafening. One by one, the members of U2 come out on the stage and wave. People are going nuts, jumping up and down, screaming. Some are already dancing...

Bill looks over at Jason standing next to him, shaking his head in amazement. They shout over the roar:

SHIBE (CONT'D)

Feel the love, baby. It's everywhere!

He laughs riotously. Vlado, as usual, does not.

VLADO

Pah! This is one day. Tomorrow: The world is still shit. And this band, they will still suck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But, as Bono steps towards the microphone, Vlado -- of course -- is the first in their row to jump to his feet, cheering and already riffing his air-guitar. Bill gives him a look, laughing.

VLADO (CONT'D)
What? Today...is today.

BONO (FROM THE STAGE)
Good evening, Sarajevo!!!!
(then)
Sorry it took us so long to get here.

It's hard to imagine the roar getting louder, but it does. And as we move across the FACES in the crowd, each an expression of joy, of hope, each a picture of a better future, all sound will FADE AWAY...

...until we are in silence and CLOSE ON Bill's face.

BILL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Are you seeing this? Do you know
that I think you did it...? Do you
know I don't care if I'm wrong?
(then)
And I've stopped...finally...stopped
looking for you.
(then)
I don't have to anymore.
(then)
You're everywhere.
(then)
Today.

And as the music comes back up, comes back up LOUD, we pull away, high up into the sky, as U2 keeps a promise to play for the people of Sarajevo and we

FADE TO BLACK

OVER CREDITS

We FADE IN once more...

...on ACTUAL LIVE FOOTAGE of U2 performing a different song from this concert: MISS SARAJEVO. We will also intercut ACTUAL FOOTAGE from Bill Carter's documentary, giving us a look at the 'real' people we've seen portrayed in the film. There will also be some CURRENT FOOTAGE, showing us where these people are now:

Shibe

Tony

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mirzo

Vlado

Meni, Allen and Christof

Graeme

Alma

Bill Carter

...and finally...

...Achman, the boy in the pink high-tops, left behind in the village of Fojnica, who -- much to our delight -- is shown, alive and well,...

...in the peaceful city of Sarajevo.

Today.