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In The Land Of Blood And Honey

By Angelina Jolie

Before the war, the Republic
of Bosnia and Herzegovina
was part of one of the most ethnically and
religiously diverse countries in Europe.
Muslims, Serbs and Croats
lived together in harmony.
Bosnia and Herzegovina 1992.
Go get ready.
Get out of here.
Come to Mommy.
Go, go, go, go!
Okay.
It's too much!
You look gorgeous!
Great! Come here.
What are you doing?
Just this. A bit like this.
Oh, come on!
Okay, show me "sexy." What?
What time is it?
And this.
Don't forget this.
Thanks for helping me with him.
That's what I came
back here for.
I'm so excited for you.
Do you remember
how to get there?
No, no. Keep it.
Bye.
Have fun.
I love you.
You are worth the wait.
Stop.
I have something for you.
Thank you. Thank you, thank you.
And this song is for lovers.
Have them make
more space outside.
Secure the area.
We need more blood. Okay?
Everything will be all right.
Everything will be all right.
IN THE LAND OF BLOOD AND HONEY

Four Months Later.
Ajla. Wake up.
Is that Azra?
I can't see.
Where are they taking the men?
Where's your passport?
I don't know.
Where's your passport?
I don't know!
Open the door!
Get your coats and get out.
Cut!
Let's go!
All the men, up!
Go.
Let's go!
Come on!
Let's go!
Come on, come on!
Come. To the bus.
Let's go, let's go.
To the bus.
Let's go, let's go, let's go!
Come on.
To the bus.
Where are you taking her?
Don't, don't.
Hey, let's go.
Don't, don't.
Let's go!
Hurry UP! Hurry UP! Hurry UP!
Hurry up, grandma.
Hey!
Tell me.
Do you know how a
shepherd counts sheep?
No. How?
One, two, three, mwah, five, six.
Left!
Give me your purse.
Give me that coat.
Which of you can cook?
Not a shit cook, a real cook.
I'm a doctor.

I can sew.
Anything you need.
Coats. Curtains. I can make
something for the beds. I can...
Can you fuck?
No!
No!

SFR JUGOSLAVIA:

What is all this now, eh?
Is everybody having fun?
Let me do this one.
Are you hiding
something from me?
This one's done.
Hurry up! All this
is taking too long.
Are you okay?
I'm in constant fear
that they will come for us.
Everything's going to be all right.
You'll see.
They cut our electricity.
They cut our water.
How can you say everything
will be all right?
I don't even know if my sister is alive.
I know.
What am I going to do with him?
I have to get out of here.
I have to run away with him.
Maybe on a humanitarian
aid convoy.
They're attacking humanitarian
aid convoys as well.
We have to stay calm.
Why don't you get some sleep and
let me play with the little one.
You think we are too harsh?
I understand you.
You are young.
You don't care about the past.
We Serbs fought
the Turks for 500 years

and stopped them
from conquering Europe.
In 1914, we stood against
the Austro-Hungarian Empire,
and we brought it down.
We kicked Hitler's
ass, and we won.
One million Serbs were
killed in World War II.
This land is soaked
with Serbian blood.
And now they want us to live
here under Muslim rule?
In a Muslim state?
I recognize people.
Sometimes I get into a house
and I recognize their faces.
They're just pretending to
be good neighbors, Danijel.
Under Tito, they hid
their treacherous faces,
waiting for the opportunity to
destroy Yugoslavia and attack us.
I am a Serb patriot.
You don't have to question that.
Are you?
Then why are you
questioning our methods?
You think the rest of the world
will ignore all this? I don't.
The UN has already sent
peacekeepers to Croatia.
They will not turn their
backs on all of this.
Of course they see everything,
but they will not attack us.
They won't do anything.
And they know we are the right
partners for negotiations.
They need us.
They will not attack.
Bolster your men.
And finish cleansing this area.
You don't want your

men to doubt you.
And you, Father?
I had my doubts.
I have to go now.
Do strong work, Danijel.
Make me a proud father.
No. No!
Not again,
you swine! No!
Oh, please!
No! Please! No!
Enter.
Why did you sit there?
Stand up.
Ajla.
Remember how things were
when it was just you and me
in the club,
before this madness.
Remember.
I couldn't find you anywhere.
People are often not
what they seem to be.
Do you want to know my secret?
I'm trying to have a
conversation with you here.
Do you want to know
my secret, Ajla?
Yes.
I don't like taking
part in this war.
To kill people I've
gone to school with.
I find this war very
difficult to stomach.
But my father,
Nebojsa Vukojevich,
General Vukojevich,
thinks differently.
I told my men that they are
not allowed to touch you,
that you are my property.
Go.
Come on, get out!

People who leave
their homes are at risk of being shot.
Red Cross and
UN relief convoys,
even women and children
looking for food,
are being targeted.
The images of this attack galvanized
international opinion against the Serbs.
But Western governments don't want
to intervene in the conflict.
The American Secretary of State says,
"We don't have a dog in that fight."
Across Bosnia, nearly 6,000
people have been killed to date.
More coffee over here.
A million have been
forced from their homes,
creating Europe's biggest refugee
crisis in close to 50 years.
The causes of conflict
lie in the breakup,
after 40 years
of Communist rule,
of old Yugoslavia.
Come in, Ajla.
Don't be afraid.
Would you like a drink?
No, sir.
"Sir"?
Danijel.
I had a clear shot today.
One of your Muslim
friends was in my scope.
And I'm thinking about you,
wondering,
"Would she thank me if I
spared this poor man's life?."
And then it hit me,
"How can people
kill so easily?."
And then I wondered,
"Would she kill me
if she could?."

"Would Ajla kill Danijel?."
Did you kill him?
I didn't.
Is everything okay with you?
Everything is fine.
Hey!
We got a report
from headquarters.
The front line is stable.
Muslims are running all over the place.
You have to be more careful
of who you shoot at.
UNPROFOR is increasing
their presence.
They can see everything now.
The whole world is watching.
So now what?
Radovan and politicians will be
kissing international TV's ass?
They will try to make it look
like nothing's happening. Why?
The UN and UNPROFOR are doing nothing.
They're just standing on the other side.
We won already.
I'm just telling you
people, watch yourselves.
Enter.
Good evening, Ajla.
Thank you for dinner.
For cleaning up after me.
It's nothing.
It's not nothing.
You have a beautiful smile.
Thank you.
I never asked you,
who were you before the war?
What did you do?
I wanted to be a painter.
I was a painter, I suppose.
I have a painting hanging at the
Sarajevo Municipal Gallery.
In the Gallery?
Really?
Mmm.

But that doesn't really
matter now, does it?
And what did you paint?
People or, what do you call it,
Still life?
People.
Usually my sister.
And did you always
want to be a policeman?
Some of us don't have a choice.
This was always
my family tradition.
Captain?
Did you find it?
Yes. Yes, that's the one.
Copy it.
Watch and learn.
Yes, sir.
Watch where you're going.
Come on, clean it up.
Keep practicing.
That's it, that's it.
I'm going.
Tomorrow, after lunch, I'll go
to the back of the building.
In the bathroom, above the
radiator, there is a window.
Crawl through it.
I'll wait for you
on the other side.
I will not stop you.
Tomorrow?
Get out of the city
as soon as you can.
Find a shelter.
And do not come out.
If you have to, do it at night.
We can't see that well at night
and, by then,
my soldiers are drunk.
This will not end soon.
Things will only get worse.
You should know.
Are we so terrible that we

all should be exterminated?
You're not.
I'm sorry.
It's all...
It's politics, not murder.
All of this is complicated.
The politics of all this
are very complicated.
It is murder,
for political gain.
But still murder.
All the more reason for you
to leave tomorrow.
The sooner the better.
I can't protect you forever.
No matter how much I'd want to.
Get some coffee.
Thank you, captain.
I pray I never see
my husband again,
so he doesn't find out
what they've done to me.
I want to die.
Try to get some rest.
Got ya.
Careful!
Here's the backpack.
You sure you want to do this?
Yeah, I'm sure.
I'm sick of doing nothing, and
everybody's out of medication.
Bye. See you later.
Don't worry.
Get out! Come on!
Get the fuck out,
everyone! Hurry up!
Keep going!
Get out! Come on!
Sign it!
Come on, come on!
- Step out!
- My child is still in the apartment.
Come on, come on!
Take your things

and sign these papers.
We are returning tomorrow
to evacuate you.
Thank you.
Will this be temporary, or will
you have ownership indefinitely?
I won't sign it.
I have nowhere to go.
I have lived here
for 30 year...
Sign it.
Get out! Come on!
Get out, everyone!
Would you like me
to pour it for you, sir?
Yes.
Listen to me, Ajla.
I have been transferred
to Sarajevo.
I have to leave immediately.
I want to remind you
of that window.
The best time to escape
is one hour after dinner.
By then, everyone is drunk.
Now finish with my coffee,
and go.
She did everything she could.
She couldn't keep him quiet.
She did everything she could.
Oh, please forgive me.
Where is my son?
Headquarters - Sarajevo.
Hello.
Welcome.
Happy to see you.
Very good.
Two clicks to the left.
Let's go home, kids!
My girls are done!
Go home and get some rest.
What's up?
Are you still alive,
motherfuckers?

Any news?
This is from Santa Claus.
There's nothing new.
Look!
There's nothing new!
Hey, dicks!
Come on, fucking pussies!
That's enough.
Don't fuck around.
Look at that.
Darko.
Where did you go?
My wife is pregnant.
Three months.
Congratulations, my brother.
That's the best news in days.
Captain,
we're gonna finish this war before
the little man is born, huh?
It's a little boy?
It has to be.
I would love
a little girl too much.
She would drive me crazy.
She would make my head spin.
A little girl.
We are doing this
for them, huh?
So they don't have
to go to war,
when they grow up.
Yes. It's for them.
Jingle bells, Jingle bells
Jingle all the night
Ho, ho, ho!
Come on!
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
Hey. I know
this place.
I came here with
my mother once.
Fuck your mother.
Watch your language, or I'll fuck you up.

Do you hear me?
What's wrong with you?
It was a joke.
Save your jokes for someone
else What's wrong with you?
Fuck off.
Suck my dick.
Aleksandar, look!
Fuck you, too.
Holy warrior.
I've never been to a museum.
Look at all these faces here.
Hey, I found this one.
Take it over there.
Throw the sandbag over here.
Bring it here.
I'll help you.
Who's been hit?
It's all right.
Hey, you all right, old man?
Are you okay?
Can you hear me?
It's okay, it's okay.
You're alive.
Everything's gonna be all right.
Can you hear me?
You'll be fine.
You'll be fine.
...Bosnia and Herzegovina
today issued
in half of towns...
Spring 1993
...being pounded
by Serb forces.
The Bosnians say
UN arms embargo...
Come in.
...favors the Serb's side because it
already has all the weapon it needs.
A government spokesperson says
Bosnian patriots are fighting
to defend their territory,
but find themselves
surrounded and outgunned.

Still, they fight on.
Hey, it's all right.
It's me. Hana.
Esma.
Esma...
You, in the back.
You, you.
You.
Come on, hurry up.
Come on, get out of the truck!
Come out with your hands
in the air and surrender!
It's over!
You don't want to kill
your own people!
It's over!
It's over!
Come out!
Come on!
Hurry up!
Come on, come on!
Get up! Get your things!
Come on!
I can't any more.
I just can't.
You know that little
window in the bathroom?
I know.
When they drink after dinner, the
guard is usually a little late.
I think there is a good chance the
men will be distracted tonight.
And why are you
telling me this?
Because if I succeed tonight,
you should know how.
Get up! Come on.
Come, come.
Look at them.
Mitar.
Mitar!
Stay behind.
I'll handle it.
And don't drink too much.

I need you sober tomorrow.
Okay, let's go.
Give it to me.
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
Don't shoot!
What's your name?
Ajla.
What?
Ajla.
Tarik.
Are you okay?
She's alive?
Yeah.
You know where she is?
Yeah, I do.
She's not far, about two hours away.
Hey, slow down.
I can't, I'm too excited.
Slow down or they'll see us
and kill us. Slow down.
It's down here.
Watch your head.
You know, when my
mom used to sew,
she wouldn't stop for two days.
Lejla.
Come here.
Where is Adi?
They killed Adi.
They didn't.
They didn't. They didn't.
They didn't.
Dinner! Dinner!
Real food.
Let's see what we got.
It's good, it's good.
Here.
Oh, look at it.
Meatballs.
Anyone have peanut butter?
Here it is.
I brought it for you.
Here, here.
Look what we got.

Black pepper.
I would kill a man
for small glass of juice.
Yeah. Hey, hey.
Cevapi.
Or sopska salad.
And cola.
Who misses cola?
Steak. Big steak.
Medium rare.
It can be rare.
Or burnt.
Or whatever, just a steak.
Do you know when the
plane with aid arrived?
Early this morning.
And do you know where it was from?
Italy.
Forty minutes away.
No, less.
Peace. Shopping. Dancing.
Yes.
Some tourists sitting in the sun,
worrying about getting an even tan.
Everything as it used to be.
You know, it left empty.
It just stopped to drop off
supplies and it left empty.
They took no one.
Not even children?
No.
Lejla, I saw your painting today
in Danijel Vukojevich's office.
My picture?
Yeah.
What is my picture doing in
Danijel Vukojevich's office?
Trust me.
I was peering in with the binoculars and
thought you were standing in the room.
They're all disgusting.
Come on, hold on.
They're not all the same.
What do you mean?

I can't hate all Serbs.
My mother is a Serb.
Well, I didn't mean Serbs.
I meant Chetnik Serbs.
There is a difference.
We have to do something.
Think again.
Anyone have any ideas?
If we get you
inside, you can help.
Guys, we're surrounded.
Please be careful.
It's up to us to do it.
No one will help us.
They have surrounded us.
We have to do something.
We need some information.
I don't know.
Will you help us?
I can try.
We have to figure out how to...
Are you sure?
Of course I want to help.
How will you contact us?
Think about it.
- Where should I be?
- At the water point.
We need...
Please watch yourself.
Be smart.
Ajla, don't worry.
Be careful.
I'm always careful.
Be cautious.
Yes, I Will.
Come on, Bosnian.
Tell me a joke.
No, I don't know any.
Yes, you do.
They caught him in the convoy.
He said he's got information
on hideouts and sniper points.
You're a good guy.
Let me talk to him.

First and last name.

Tarik Paho.

What is your occupation?

What was your occupation
before the war?

I was an assistant baker.

Erlagich.

You had the best rolls in town.

Sir.

I can be of great help to you.

I worked as a spy for them.

And now you're gonna
spy for us?

I know where they moved the
army of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

If you give me a map,

I will show you.

Okay. Might as well try.

He's not going anywhere.

That's a nice painting.

Looks like a friend of mine.

And I know her sister.

She's the one who painted it.

Okay.

Show me.

Here.

Here, they have been deployed.

Aco, bring me that painter.

I want to have my portrait done.

Why are you fucking with us?

Where is she?

I don't know.

Where is she?

I don't know.

That's her.

Right there.

I was so happy
to see you alive.

Last time I saw you,

I couldn't get you to leave.

Was I wrong to assume
you wanted to be with me?

No.

Don't be afraid of me.

Good morning, Ajla.
And what do your men think of you
bringing a Muslim breakfast?
You worry about me.
Am I your prisoner?
You're a prisoner only if
you don't want to be here.
You are my official
painter now.
Am I?
Yes, you are.
Then I have nothing to fear.
A pear.
Probably the last pear
in all of Bosnia.
Enjoy it.
The room at the far end.
Do you know where to go?
Yes, sir.
Don't.
You look like a pirate.
Winter 1994.
Just yesterday these Muslims
killed 47 people. Civilians.
Those motherfuckers
will pay for this.
I swear.
This is going to be
the last winter of the war.
We now control more than
By springtime, we
will finish our work,
and there will be
peace in Bosnia.
Danijel is a good boy.
He grew up into a real man.
Strong.
His men love him.
Just...
He's been keeping
a girl for too long.
A Muslim girl.
I don't know, maybe it's not true.
People like to talk...

They say he doesn't
let anyone near her.
I'll gather the men.
Wine.
Is it your birthday?
No.
Is it yours?
No.
When is your birthday?
End of November.
Yours?
May 11th.
I missed it, then.
We now control more than
I'm not sure how I'm
supposed to feel about that.
I'm sorry.
You were at the camp today.
How do you know?
I heard your men
talking in the courtyard.
What is it like there?
Is it the way I imagine it?
It's worse.
Camps are the worst
part of war.
Nobody can deny that.
Why aren't you eating?
Come on, eat.
Look how skinny you are.
What's wrong?
What is going on, Ajla?
Sometimes I feel so much guilt
for being here with you.
Come on. It really
doesn't matter.
It would make no difference if
you were out there with them.
But I don't have to sleep
with their murderer.
You think your people
don't kill, huh?
You think you're better?
Innocent?

You know nothing about my war.

Nothing.

Just so you know,

you started the war.

And I'm the monster now?

I didn't mean it.

Then what did you mean?

You are afraid of me now.

Let's dance.

Excuse me?

Let's dance.

You're crazy.

Am I?

You're there lying alone

and I'm here dancing.

Who's the crazy one, then?

Get dressed.

Did you paint this?

Yes.

Paint my portrait.

Name?

Ajla.

Surname?

Ekmeçic.

Age?

Are you married?

No.

You have gentle hands.

Lady's hands.

My mother's hands

were rough and cracked.

Always black from the

earth she had to work,

so that Muslim ladies

could wear silk dresses.

She had to feed seven children.

She was in the field

that morning when they came.

August '44.

With her three older sons,

and my sister, Milica,

four years old.

I was the youngest.

My grandmother had taken me

and two of my brothers
to the side of the mountain
to look after the cows.
Thirteenth Handzar Division,
full of Turks and Ustashas,
was passing by.
They found a woman
with children in the field,
and they killed them all.
They slaughtered them.
And left them to rot.
Half of my village
was killed that day.
Your hands are white.
My grandfather was a Partisan.
I was raised to know no difference
between Serbs, Croats and Muslims.
Yeah.
Some of you were.
Clear your desk.
You and your driving.
Cold, huh?
Mmm-hmm.
It's an old truck, captain.
We need a new one.
A better one.
Yeah, it could be a Red Cross
truck so no one shoots at us.
An ambulance?
Stop fucking around.
Captain?
You need to sign this.
What is it?
Do you have a pen?
Wait.
Come on.
Here it is.
Give it to me.
Thank you.
Hey, boss.
Open the door!
Open the door now!
You.
What did you do?

What did you do?
You brought me here!
What did you do?
You did this!
What did I do?
Your father did...
Liar!
What did you do?
You're lying, you bitch!
You're lying!
Your father!
He let him in!
No, he didn't!
You're lying, you bitch!
You're lying!
How was she?
Good.
What do you see
in our future, Petar?
See these buildings there?
Yeah.
We'll wait for the fire to go
out, and then we'll clear it.
Start afresh.
Maybe we could...
Get out.
Knock before you enter the
room of a commanding officer.
Do you hear me?
Your mother would turn in her grave
if she knew what you're doing.
You think it's all right
to be with a Muslim whore?
Do you think it's all right?
Danijel.
Danijel.
Son, get rid of her.
That's not for you.
Trust me.
That's bad blood.
Danijel.
We must get rid of them.
Do you hear me?
Get rid of her, son.

Do you hear me?
Let me deal with this on my own.
On my own.
Don't!
Nebojsa.
My friend!
We are the same.
We're all Bosnians!
Nebojsa, I know you!
I should be able to trust you.
Did I make a mistake?
No.
I'm afraid I did.
Are you my enemy?
No.
Am I your enemy?
No.
Why weren't you born a Serb?
In other news...
Summer 1995
...at the United Nations today, the U.
S. Ambassador, Madeleine Albright
presented evidence of mass graves
near the Bosnian town of Srebrenica.
Albright says the satellite photos support
allegations that the Serb forces,
who captured the area
last month,
systematically executed the Muslim men
and boys who came into their custody.
The Red Cross claims at least
are missing and feared dead.
Three men who escaped from the Bosnian
town were reported to have...
Thank you.
I thought you left.
Put this on.
You look beautiful.
Where is everyone?
I gave them a night off.
Beautiful, huh?
I love his brushstrokes.
So bold.
I always wanted to touch it.

So do it.
I can't.
There's no one here.
We're alone, just you and I.
It's more about
the empty space.
The "empty space"?
Mmm-hmm.
It's the choice not to
do something there.
Look!
I found one I like.
No, really.
I like this one.
The Story of Empty Space.
Very funny.
I have to go to the front
line again tomorrow.
Do you?
When are you coming back?
I'm not sure.
But by Wednesday night,
I'll get in touch with you.
How?
I will order my cook
to punish you.
If you get no dinner
on Wednesday night,
that means I'm safe.
Then I'll be happy
to starve that night.
Why Wednesday?
On Wednesday, we meet in the
church across from the museum.
Whoever makes it there is safe.
They're not bombing churches?
They're not bombing churches,
which works in our favor.
So don't worry.
Stay here.
Darko.
Your father is asking for you.
Did something happen?
I don't know. He called an urgent

meeting for all senior officers.

You go.

I'll follow.

I have to go.

What's happening?

Go home on your own.

Just follow the road
up the hill.

Will you be all right?

Yes.

Here it is, my friends.

NATO has already started
bombing our positions.

That fucking Clinton
is trying to save his political
ass at home in Washington.

Ljubo, give it to me.

Here.

Just read this.

"Intervening to put an end
to ethnic cleansing"

"and mass atrocities."

Apparently they need
to save face,

make some noise,

and throw their idea

of justice at

a country they know

nothing about. That's it.

We expect that our

position, our area,

will be hit at any time.

But it doesn't matter.

Six hundred years after

the Battle of Kosovo,

here we are again.

On the eve of the Kosovo

battle, King Lazar

chose the heavenly kingdom

over the earthly one.

And tonight, my brothers, we

have the same choice before us.

We will not negotiate.

We will not be humiliated.

That's right.
They're attacking us.
And, once again,
we Serbs will be unbreakable.
- To Serbs.
- To Serbs!
- To freedom!
- To freedom!
Left, left!
Go left!
Let's go down there!
Aco!
Aco!
That piece of shit!
Go, go!
Go, go, go!
Go, go, go! Go!
Hey!
Hey, Darko.
Darko.
- It's okay, it's okay.
- I got it, I got it.
Watch out.
Watch yourselves.
Come on, hurry up.
It's me, we are at the church.
No dinner tonight
for the painter, okay?
Understand?
Are you surprised to see
me alive, you Turkish pig!
Why are you here?
To be with you.
Where did you go that night?
Were you with your Muslim friends?
Did you tell them I was in the church?
I saw your sister.
I'm sorry.
Hey!
Stop!
I said stop!
Raise your hands up.
Stop!
Put your hands up.

My name is Danijel Vukojevich.

I am a war criminal.

My name is Danijel Vukojevich.

I am a war criminal.

For three and a half years, the international community failed to decisively intervene and stop the war in Bosnia.

The siege of Sarajevo was the longest in modern history.

Across the country, 1 in every 2 Bosnians was forced to flee their homes.

During the war, as many as fifty thousand Bosnian women were raped, leading to the first conviction for sexual violence,

on its own,

as a crime against humanity.

The war in Bosnia was the deadliest conflict in Europe since World War II.

Since 1995, an uneasy peace has prevailed in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Still deep divisions remain, and the struggle for reconciliation continues.