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The Interpreter

By Charles Randolph

She wouldn't tell me her husband's name.
She wouldn't even write it.
She knows not to speak
the names of the dead.
Zuwanie's murdered half the town.
How could it get any worse?
With Zuwanie, he could murder the other half.
No. Just us, they said.
Xola's right, Philippe.
You've done well, my friend, but just us.
I'll do the talking.
[Native African dialect - Ku]
They're Ku.
[Boy calls in Ku]
[Shouts]
It's OK. It's OK.
The Teacher says good day to you.
[Gunshot]
[Hubbub of voices in various languages]
The United Nations was born in a hope
that survived world war...
[speaking Spanish]
[Continues in Spanish]
[Translator] We must not allow the peace
of the world to be jeopardized.
[Various languages in translation]
[Translator] Not only is this a negation
of democracy and its principles,
it constitutes interference
in the internal affairs of sovereign states.
We are presently in the throes
of a great transition
in humankind's affairs.
Modern technology is altering our world
in ways that would have been
impossible to fathom
when the United Nations Charter was signed.
- Could you take your jacket off?
- Go ahead.
- Next.
- Ma'am?
What?
- Put it in the drawer, please.
- Step forward, please.

- Step through.

- Oh, man.

[Female translator]

Peace, security and freedom
are not finite commodities
like land, oil or gold,
which one state can acquire
at another's expense.

Get the GA President into the safe room.

Inform him.

Clear out the tourists,
get the Prime Minister on his way out.

[Continues in Spanish]

While globalization has benefited
portions of the world...

While there are now 191 nations represented,
you'll only have to learn to say "peace"
in the six languages of the General Assembly.

- Do we get a pin?

- Folks, you need to follow me.

Ladies and gentlemen,

we need to take a 15-minute recess now.

We will advise you further
at the end of that time.

We can't use the stairs.

- I know a short-cut.

- What, did you design the building?

- I still get lost every other day.

- Silvia?

I'll be right back.

- What is that?

- Come on, Roland, it's my flutes.

I have a lesson.

Don't make me drag it around.

I let you do this,

I'll get coats and hats and yogi mats...

I had a beauty. "Pie in the sky".

- Isn't it like "castles in Spain"?

- Exactly. Les chateaux en Espagne.

Stay away from both doors.

We'll unlock when it's all clear, sir.

Delegates' entrance clear.

Delegates' lounge clear.

Visitors' lobby clear.

Protectee is back in America.

Want to wait this out at Oz?

We can grab a sandwich.

- I've got to get back in to get my stuff.

- Merde, how long is this going to take?

[Indistinct whispered conversation in Ku]

[Conversation in Ku continues]

[Conversation in Ku becomes agitated]

[# Moby Grape:

[Background chatter]

[Jukebox stops - conversations halt]

[# Lyle Lovett:

[Conversations resume]

[Woman] Hey, you got the Kellers. We're out having a good time, so leave a message.

Hey, you got the Kellers. We're out having a good time, so leave a message.

[Phone]

[Machine] Silvia? Rudy thought he had a flute lesson tonight.

Will you call me when you get in?

- You know, they make new ones now.

- Yeah, I know.

[Car horn]

[Car horn]

[She shrieks, he apologizes in Portuguese]
Portuguese.

[Hum of conversations in variety of languages]

[Translation]

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,
the situation in Matobo
has now become critical.

With Ajene Xola in hiding
and Kuman-Kuman in exile,
Edmond Zuwanie has few domestic obstacles
to his policy of ethnic cleansing.

The Security Council therefore
must press for his immediate referral
to the International Criminal Court
in The Hague.

Miss Broome.

I'm Jonathan Williams, Ambassador Harris's

adviser. We need you for a few minutes.

- Which language?

- The Matoban ambassador. He'll speak Ku.

- Ku?

- You speak the language, don't you?

- Let's be clear, Mr. Ambassador.

- [Silvia translates into Ku]

The United States may not recognize the ICC
as a legitimate court,

but we do not condone the methods

President Zuwanie uses against his people.

[Speaks Ku]

Dr Zuwanie is an educator.

He is... our teacher.

But his opponents

engage in ever more ferocious acts.

The partisans of both Kuman-Kuman

and Ajene Xola have become...

terrorists.

The French proposal

is a diplomatic headache for both of us.

- What a predicament.

- It doesn't have to be.

Dr Zuwanie wouldn't have to appear

before the International Criminal Court.

Not if he were somewhere else.

- Do you want him to resign?

- Tell him this.

If he goes voluntarily, we're confident

the French proposal will be vetoed.

[Speaks English] You can tell him yourself.

He will be here next Friday,

exercising his right

to speak before the General Assembly,

where he will announce

a new programme of democratic reform.

Perhaps then there will be no vote

and your predicament will disappear.

[Silvia] It will end here.

The Teacher will never leave this room alive.

That's it.

"The Teacher will never leave this room alive. "

Word for word.

- And what language did you say?

- Ku.

It's a tribal dialect of Matoban, spoken throughout the south central African belt.

- Did you see anyone?

- No, but I think that they saw me.

Why didn't you report this last night?

It didn't mean anything to me at the time.

- Rather, I didn't know what it meant.

- But now you do.

I heard something today.

I don't know if I'm permitted.

- It was in a closed...

- You are.

In fact, you're obligated, as you were last night when you didn't.

I think they were talking about Edmond Zuwanie.

He's planning to come here to address the GA.

Can you see her?

Turn on the light.

Call the Secret Service.

[# Zenvox:

Bet you really miss this. Welcome back.

Ma'am? Excuse me.

Please don't touch the Prime Minister.

- [cell phone rings]

- I need you to step back, please.

Woods.

[Raised voices]

The first of the demonstrators.

They're here to protest the appearance later this week by Edmond Zuwanie.

Not just his political future

but any future for him

hinges on that speech

to the General Assembly.

Dr Zuwanie is accused of genocide,

but he's expected to argue that his actions

were a defensive response to terrorism

and not acts of aggression, as some

Security Council members have charged.

- Secret Service.

- Just a moment, please.

We're with Foreign Dignitary Protection.

- It's a branch of the US government.

- Dot.

This is international territory.

I need you to wait for an escort.

Zuwanie lands at 8.45 hours.

State Department says no meet-and-greet,
no shopping, no Lion King.

He leaves your podium,

his plane has two hours to clear US airspace,
unless the UN cancels the visit

and Tobin and I can get back

to the important work we were doing.

That's up to the GA President.

We just present a threat assessment.

- Why is he coming?

- To make a speech.

To escape the International Criminal Court.

Security Council was debating whether
to bring charges of ethnic cleansing,
so he'll come,

talk about free elections and reform
and pray that that appeases everyone.

So the stakes are high.

He's not going to cancel.

Tell me about the interpreter.

Born here, but lived mostly
in Africa and Europe.

She studied music in Johannesburg
and linguistics at the Sorbonne
and various countries in Europe.

Parents?

British mother, white African father.

Moved here five years ago.

Interview couldn't have taken long.

She's just what they want.

- She is the UN.

- Can she cook?

What else do we know?

Since the initial clearance.

Is she married?

Does she have a child?

Does she belong to any clubs?

Is she registered to vote?

Democrat? Republican?

What religion is she?

Who is she?

Silvia.

[They speak Spanish]

Secret Service Dignitary Protection Squad.

We're responsible for visiting heads of state.

- I don't recall seeing you around.

- They hire us for our forgettable faces.

- Is she on guard?

- Yes, ma'am.

Ma'am. Why is it you guys who carry guns
always sound like cowboys?

I don't concentrate on faces in my job.

But you listen to voices.

Do you think you could identify the voice?

Well, I'd say yes, if it were...

It was almost a whisper.

Whispers disguise the quality of a voice.

You, I imagine, study faces.

- You know, I'm not really a dignitary.

- I know.

How'd you happen to be up there after hours?

We had an evacuation.

I'd left some things in the sound booth.

And there just happened to be some fellas
talking about an assassination

in a language that you and eight other people
understand, in a room full of microphones.

Do you think I'm making it up?

Why would I report a threat I didn't hear?

- People do.

- I don't.

- Some people like attention.

- I don't.

- You don't want Zuwanie here.

- I didn't make it up.

- How do you feel about him?

- I don't care for him.

- Wouldn't mind if he were dead?

- If he were gone.

- Same thing.

- No, it isn't.

If I interpreted "gone" as "dead", I'd be fired.

If they were the same, there'd be no UN.

- Your profession is playing with words.

- I don't play with words.

- You're doing it now.

- You are.

If I wanted him dead, I wouldn't have reported it. It's not what I want.

- That's not why I'm here.

- Here?

Working at the UN, instead of standing on a road somewhere with a machine-gun.

- You believe in diplomacy?

- I believe in this place.

- I believe in what it tries to accomplish.

- Well, you've had a tough year, lady.

Listen.

I'm scared, and my protector is someone who doesn't believe me.

You don't look scared.

People handle fear in different ways, Mr. Keller.

It turns some people into stand-up comedians.

You don't know me at all.

Maybe I should see about assigning someone to look after me who's better suited to the job.

I don't look after you,

I look after the man who's been threatened, if there was a threat.

My job, as it concerns you, is to investigate you.

So you're not here to offer me any protection whatsoever?

No, ma'am.

And we were getting along so well.

- So what do you think?

- She's a liar.

Agent Keller? Morning.

Special Agent Lewis, FBI. This is Agent King.

We're on loan.

So they have to be returned in the same condition, or no refund.

- Keller.

- Woods.

- Are you sure you're ready to come back?

- I'm better working.

- We got a credible threat?

- We should assume so.

As popular as we are in the rest of the world,
the last thing we need is to have
a foreign leader get popped here,
particularly a guy like this that we don't like.
So State wants you to know, NSA, CIA, FBI,
whatever you need to keep this maniac's
heart beating till he gets out, it's yours.

- [phone rings]

- Woods.

[Caller indistinct]

[Dot] Zuwanie's head of security's arrived.

He wants a meeting right away.

[Tobin] He'll have to wait

till we get back from Washington.

- He's white. He was a Dutch mercenary.

- He'll still have to wait.

[Jon] It's hard to remember

that Zuwanie was once a good man.

That's not unusual for these guys.

They begin as liberators. 20 minutes later,
they're as corrupt as the tyrants they topple.

He liberated the country from one of
the most corrupt governments on earth,
gave the people hope, and was a hero.

They need another name for what he is now.

- Man likes his gun.

- He'll have it with him.

He knows he won't be scanned.

Who are his enemies?

Aside from the thousands of victims' relatives?

These two.

Both his opponents, both want his job.

On the right, Ajene Xola.

Son of a doctor, Paris-educated,
pacifist to begin with.

- Aren't they all?

- He managed longer than most.

- And the other?

- He has two names, he's always in the Post.

One name, twice. Kuman-Kuman.

He's been yelling about Zuwanie being

a madman and the UN not doing enough.
He's in exile in Brooklyn.
A socialist and a capitalist,
both gaining strength with the people,
both with the motivation to see Zuwanie gone.

- Gone?

- Dead.

But not just dead.

Dead in front of the delegates of 191 countries
and every news service with a camera.

- In front of the world.

- Nobody needs to be that dead.

In my opinion,

we're wasting tax dollars staying late.

It's a con.

- This is the interpreter?

- I need everything CIA has on her.

[Phone ringing]

[Answer machine:]

[Speaks French]

[Lud] So what do we make of this interpreter?

Is she making it up? Is she imagining things?

I'm looking for Mr. Lud.

- Is she pretty?

- I brought you a copy of her UN file.

Dr Zuwanie won't cancel his speech,
you know.

That's up to the GA President,

but you might want to think about it.

- Ms Broome has a Matoban passport.

- Excuse me?

She was born here, she was raised there,
so she has dual citizenship.

Are you serious?

Black or white?

No, thank you.

- Is she black or white?

- White.

- [Lud] Did you give her a polygraph test?

- [Tobin] Not yet, no.

Well, shouldn't you?

[Cell phone]

Hi, Ma.

Back off, you're too close. Way too close.

What are you, on a date?

Hey, you got the Kellers. We're out
having a good time, so leave a message.

[Female voice] Hey, you there?

Maybe I made a mistake.

Are you there?

Shit.

I told him I want to come back.

He's dropping me off at the airport now,
and I was wondering...

Anyway, you don't have to meet me.

Unless you want to.

I hope you haven't changed the locks.

[# Lyle Lovett:

If I were Roy Rogers

I'd sure enough be single...

It'd just be me and Trigger

We'd go riding through them movies #

They're ready for you.

I'll be right there.

- I'll be right there.

- OK.

Ms Broome.

- Can I get you anything?

- How about a hood?

- I want to split that.

- When do I know the results?

Right away.

You know when you're lying, don't you?

Look straight ahead, feet flat on the floor.

Is your name Silvia Broome?

Miss Broome?

I found out something from our domestic Intel.

All this may have begun with a tragic accident.

- What do you mean?

- Her parents farmed in the mountains.

This area became infested

with rebels in the '80s

and Dr Zuwanie was forced to mine the roads.

Her parents were bringing her younger sister

back from school and hit a mine.

- And they were killed?

- All of them.

- How old was she?

- 12, 13.

Something like that, even years later,
could incite all kinds of ideas.

She has every reason

to want Dr Zuwanie tried at the ICC.

I'll be right back.

- Oh, no. Come on.

- OK, the control questions show stress,
and the key questions show stress
as well as the baseline questions.

We should just read her palm.

- How did I do?

- Je ne sais pas.

Nils Lud. Dr Zuwanie's head of security.

I thought since you were in a
question-answering mood, I might ask a few.

Might I ask where you stand now
politically, Miss Broome?

I'm for peace and quiet, Mr. Lud.

It's why I came to the UN. Quiet diplomacy.

With respect, you only interpret.

Countries have gone to war
after misinterpreting one another.

I would say she's clearly under stress,
but not necessarily lying.

Congratulations.

- I'm told what you heard was a whisper.

- Yes.

Is it possible you could identify it
if you ever heard it again?

It might be.

Tell me, do you have a brother?

I hope it's all right. I took this opportunity
to ask Miss Broome a few questions.

You're free to go.

Agent Scott will drive you back to the UN.

Would you drive Ms Broome
back to the UN, please? Thank you.

- Does this mean the test was...?

- The test was inconclusive.

But I'd rather make the mistake
of believing her than the bigger one of not.

Next time you want to question an American citizen here, you ask permission.

- Silvia.

- Don't worry, I'm not leaving any...

Did you do something naughty?

A couple of FBIs were asking me about you.

If you often work later than everybody, or bring things in after hours. Like that.

- What'd you tell them?

- I said, from a sound engineer's point of view, you're perfect.

I need somebody on the guy with two names.

- Mo.

- It's one name twice. Kuman-Kuman.

You volunteering, or just correcting me?

- I'm from Brooklyn.

- You got him. You and...?

- I was on him when he first came here.

- OK, you got him again.

I thought she had perfect pitch.

She says whispers

don't have a recognizable pitch.

NSA agrees. They say it's very difficult.

- They don't know that.

- They say they do.

No, not NSA. Whoever she heard.

Why not let them keep thinking she can ID it?

- What are you asking me to do, Jay?

- I don't want her to be harmed.

In fact, get a place, keep an eye on her.

We got three days. She's your only link.

Are we using her as bait?

Just make the calls.

I'm sending you an attachment.

Can you print front and back?

I've asked INS for a list of arrivals in the last six months.

Zimbabwe, Botswana, Matobo.

I'll do voice samples on everyone.

So when she hears the voice again, she can identify it.

- She said it was a whisper.

- Well, now she thinks she can do it.

- Photo there yet?

- It's printing. Let me put you on speaker.
That's an anti-Zuwanie rally.
The man speaking is Ajene Xola.
Look at the crowd.
Look closely.
Any leads?
Maybe one.
Come on down to Mexico.
Is that you?
Tell me what someone like you
who uses the word "diplomacy"
like she's chastising me
is doing at a rebel rally?
- A peace rally.
- I don't want to do this again.
That's exactly what it is.
What I'm doing is listening.
After that. After you listen.
- You're asking the wrong question.
- It's one you don't want to answer.
Why would somebody type the names
of everyone in this on the back?
This is a death list.
The question you should be asking is,
"Who gave me this and why?"
- What are you not saying?
- What are you accusing me of?
How do you feel about Zuwanie,
never mind "I don't care for him"?
I feel disappointment.
That's a lover's word.
What about rage?
Of all the people I've looked into
since this thing started,
the one with the darkest
Zuwanie history is you.
- It was his land-mines that killed your...
- Sh!
We don't name the dead.
Everyone who loses somebody
wants revenge,
on God if they can't find anyone else.
But in Africa,
in Matobo, the Ku believe that

the only way to end grief is to save a life.
If someone is murdered,
a year of mourning ends with a ritual
that we call the Drowning Man Trial.
There's an all-night party beside a river.
At dawn, the killer is put in a boat.
He's taken out on the water and he's
dropped. He's bound so that he can't swim.
The family of the dead then has to choose.
They can let him drown,
or they can save him.
The Ku believe that if the family
lets the killer drown,
they'll have justice
but spend the rest of their lives in mourning.
But if they save him,
if they admit that life isn't always just...
...that very act can take away their sorrow.
Vengeance is a lazy form of grief.
Why do you look away?
There are things I don't like to talk about
and you call it lying.
But not when you do it.
I'm not the one under investigation.
That was a long time ago.
- FBI.
- Intel.
- TTF.
- Sniper team.
Secret Service.
This is Nils Lud,
head of Dr Zuwanie's security.
Shall we take a walk?
[She plays haunting melodic tune]
- How close can a vehicle get over here?
- Not close enough.
- No garage under the GA.
- Dogs sweep every night. It's not a bomb.
- It has to be a rifle.
- From where?
How does he get a rifle in?
- Could be from up close.
- Who gets that close?
One of Zuwanie's bodyguards?

That's a good thought, but we'd much prefer to kill him at home without you watching.

It's already here.

If these guys know their stuff, the weapon is here.

[Phone rings]

Hello?

- [line crackles - no voice]

- Hello, Philippe? Hello?

[She screams]

No prints on the door and negative for latex dust.

- Nothing on the door?

- No.

- No forced entry.

- Did Doug not see him?

No, he missed it.

Some lady called 911, saw the guy.

Go easy on him, OK? He feels terrible.

On the roof. He must have gone over the roof to get to the next building.

- I couldn't see the fire escape.

- Give me that.

You mean you screwed up.

- I mean I screwed up.

- So did I.

I need Polaroids of that, inside and out.

- You OK?

- Great.

- Who else has a key to this apartment?

- No one.

- You don't keep a spare outside somewhere?

- No.

- No one else has a key...

- Nobody.

- The door wasn't forced.

- They can't pick locks?

They can, we can tell. They didn't.

- Where do you keep your key?

- My purse.

- It hasn't been out of your sight all day?

- No.

Yes.

In my locker.

Dot. Wake up Rory, have him dust her locker and those beside it before morning.

So you were just having a quiet evening, some gentleman in a mask waves to you.

That's about it, yeah.

[Something falls]

Dot?

Is there anything special about this mask?

I'll be honest with you.

I don't know how honest I can be with you.

My brother gave it to me.

I still have a brother there

who I'm close to. Simon.

We've... lost touch for a while,

but... we're close.

Is he standing on the road somewhere with a machine-gun, or is he into diplomacy, too?

He's more into lists.

Farm kids will do anything

to amuse themselves. Mostly you fight.

I read. My brother kept lists.

Weird lists in ratty notebooks.

Times and dates that Mum used the F-word, countries with advantageous

male to female ratios,

odd animal facts.

Did you know the leading cause of death for beavers is falling trees?

- Yes.

- You did not.

He had a notebook for words that he liked.

Hypotenuse, doodad, bodacious.

Could he be involved in this?

We're stuck, aren't we? You and I?

We're kepla.

It means standing on

opposite sides of the river.

Give me a reason to get to the other side.

[Speaking Ku]

[Muffled cries]

Just wait a second.

OK.

There's a blue and white outside.

NYPD'll keep an eye on you until morning.

And then?
We'll figure something out.
Thank you.
My wife was killed two weeks ago.
She... she'd left me.
She'd left me before,
but she'd always come back.
She was going to come back this time.
She said.
She was a dancer.
The guy was a dancer, too.
Eddie.
Great dancer.
Lousy driver.
The only way he knew how to stop a car
was to slam it
into a bridge abutment in Santa Fe.
So there was no taking her back this time.
The thing is, if he had lived,
and I had a choice...
...I think I would have let him drown.
I might have even
held his head under the water.
Not a very Ku thing to do.
If you need anything, you can call the precinct
or just go downstairs.
This is my cell number.
It's the same card.
Goodnight.
Lock this.
It's a remodel. Owner's in the middle
of a divorce. We got lucky.
We got a clear view.
Front door's 50 seconds away.
- I'll do first shift.
- Are Lewis and Clark babysitting Kuman?
Lewis and King. He'll be in bed soon.
FBI's right.
Guy does the same routine every day.
Call me if she gets
another trick-or-treater. I'm off.
Sweet dreams, partner.
[French being spoken]
[Silvia translates]... the belief

that the individual needs of people
are paramount to its purpose,
and with it goes the assumption
that human rights are fundamental
to human prosperity and development.
They cannot be separated.
They can only be said to exist...
You got one shot. You sever the brain stem,
creating paralysis,
you drop the perpetrator without reflex action.
He can't activate a detonator. Thank you.
If you have to issue a verbal warning,
you get very close before you do so.
No. There won't be time for a second one.
Whatever the weapon is,
consider this a suicide bomber.
There's no profile for a suicide bomber.
This could be nine or 90, male or female,
a PhD or a dropout.
All they have in common
is they are not afraid to die.
So this is either a fanatic for a cause
or someone who has nothing to live for.
We'll run two teams. DDO calls the decoy exit
NYPD snipers from these two buildings here,
our guys sniper the bridge.
Her locker was clean.
The others were covered with prints.
Someone wiped hers. We're looking
at a janitor or a maintenance worker.
Or another interpreter.
So when do we do this voice line-up?
We're not doing that any more.
- She says she can't.
- Can't what?
ID the voice. She thought she could, now
she thinks she can't. She's sure she can't.
She can't because she can't, or because
she never heard anything to start with?
[Conversation in Portuguese]
- He says he wasn't here... I think.
- Not according to this.
[He speaks Portuguese, she speaks French]
- He traded shifts with someone. Com quem?

- Jamal.

Jad Jamal. He's in Crown Heights.

[Knocking]

Afternoon. Secret Service.

Need to talk to Jad Jamal.

- Does this guy live here?

- No, no here. With lady.

You got lady's number?

Does he have a cell phone?

OK, we'll be back. If he shows up before that,
have him give us a call.

[Chanting and singing]

[Click of camera]

[Phone]

- Hello?

- Silvia, c'est moi. Philippe.

Philippe.

- Going out.

- I got her.

- Shit.

- Shit.

Oh, come on.

Philippe.

[She speaks French]

- What is it?

- I've done a terrible thing.

- It is Simon.

- No, listen.

Someone contacted me.

One of Kuman's people...

I thought it was one of his people...

to arrange a meeting with Xola.

They said it was time to admit that
only together could they stop Zuwanie.

- What happened?

- So I arrange it.

But it was a trap.

Xola's dead.

I knew it.

I knew he was dead.

Was my brother there?

No, Simon wasn't there. Only Xola.

I stayed in the car. No one came back out.

- Where is he? Where's my brother?

- I don't know.
- You think Kuman has him?
- I don't know what to think.
Everything is chaos. It's all gone to hell.
How did it get to be like this?
You see what I did? I took Xola right to them.
- You didn't know.
- Forgive me.
- I was only trying to help.
- There's nothing to forgive.
Yes, there is.
- I have to go.
- Philippe.
[Click of camera]
You cannot do that. How the hell do I
protect you if I don't know where you are?
You emphatically told me that you weren't.
That was before you had a man in a mask
on your fire escape.
I've had a 24-hour shift of agents
across the street.
Who was that in the park?
- It's personal.
- We're past that. What's his name?
It's not your business.
Is he the one you e-mailed
before reporting the threat?
"Where are you?
I'm worried about you. Write me. "
"Please. I need to know you're OK"?
Worried why? Because he's involved?
Is that him, here, now, in my country,
making threats? That is my business.
You're wrong. It's got nothing to do with you.
[Simon's voice] I'll take care of you.
- I'm going to Starbucks. Want anything?
- Just what I need, another night without sleep.
I'm good. Thanks.
What's up with Common Kuman?
- Brushing his teeth.
- I gotta talk to him.
Caf Atlantic, noon to two, then
the Nava Club for a steam and massage.
- Coffee?

- No, I'm good, thanks.

She can't sleep either. Just turned the TV on.

Probably PBS.

- Where you going?

- You're here with your bag.

I can go home and get a good night's sleep.

Unless you want me to stay.

No. Thanks.

- Thanks.

- I'll see you tomorrow.

United Nations, New York. Protests erupted here following an announcement that President Edmond Zuwanie will address the General Assembly Friday.

The exiled leader Kuman-Kuman rallied today's protesters.

He would be more convincing if he were assassinated.

He doesn't even have to die.

An almost-assassinated leader

gets so much credibility,

he can do anything he wants...

and stick around to enjoy it.

Security is on heightened alert

in response to anonymous threats...

[cell phone]

- Keller.

- [Silvia] I'm sorry.

I really didn't know you were watching me...

... or I wouldn't have just... left like that.

- You want to tell me what happened?

- I had to meet someone.

- Philippe Broullet.

- If you knew, why did you ask?

I know his name, I know he's

a photographer for a French magazine.

- He needed to talk to me.

- Now you're watching TV, unable to sleep.

- What did he say?

- How do you know I'm...?

Are you over there?

Jesus.

He told me we lost a friend.

He lost a friend.

I... lost someone I loved once.
It was a long time ago.
You can't sleep either.
I don't know why I'm calling you.
- What do you do when you can't sleep?
- I stay awake.
You don't name the dead, you said. Why?
What... what happens?
You move past them. You leave them behind.
You can do that,
but you have to be ready to let them go.
To move on.
You've been going through hell.
Keeping busy.
You, too, I think. I don't know all of it, but...
Are you going to be there until morning?
It almost is morning.
Yeah, I'll be here.
Is it OK if I just try to fall asleep
over the phone?
That's fine.
Goodnight.
She's coming your way.
Oh, no. No scooter, please.
Come on, no scooter.
Yes. Thank you, God.
You might as well drive me.
We're going to Brooklyn.
Corner of Bergen and Nostrand.
Jad Jamal. Worked the interpreters' lounge
the day the mask showed up.
- Bring him to me.
- Can't. He didn't show up for work.
- Sit on his apartment.
- Doug's there.
Hey. Got the INS files.
- This isn't the way it's supposed to be done.
- You can let me off up here.
She's at the corner of Bergen
and Nostrand in Brooklyn.
- She's where?
- My guy's on the move.
She's here, whether I brought her or not.
- Go back. What's she doing?

- Waiting for something.

- Holy shit.

- What?

The janitor. Jad Jamal.

- That's not him.

- I know. That's his room-mate.

Jamal's room-mate just left the building.

His name is Gamba. Jean Gamba.

- Should I stay here?

- No, you stick with the room-mate.

- Are we working on a warrant?

- Lewis is.

- How are you?

- I got something for you.

OK, bless you.

Tobin?

- What's up?

- I don't know, but it don't feel good.

- What are they doing?

- Just standing there.

We're getting on the el.

[Speaks Ku]

- Shit.

- She just got on the bus with Kuman.

[Tobin] What the hell is she doing?

Did I hear home?

- Or was I wrong, then?

- No, you're right. I'm Matoban.

And a fair Matoban, in fact.

[Tobin] King, you stay with that bus.

Do you know who I am?

Yes.

You're a killer.

You ordered the murder of Ajene Xola.

You got a red light in that car?

Why don't you use it?

- Who told you this nonsense?

- Where's my brother?

Your brother? I don't even know who you are.

You are on the wrong bus, so to speak,

to be so reckless.

Your people arranged a meeting

through Philippe Broullet.

- You know him.

- I don't... and I didn't.

But the fact is, somebody wants you to believe that I killed Ajene Xola.

- I don't believe you.

- [Kuman-Kuman] But you should believe me.

- Why?

- Because I would form a coalition with Xola.

Neither of us have made enough progress alone.

He has the working people.

I have the finances.

If he is dead, it is a loss for all of us. Me especially.

[Doug] We're getting off.

I got the back room.

Jesus.

Clear the other room.

OK.

- Closet.

- Yeah. I got the bed.

[Dot] Ho! Keller?

- We got a dead body in the closet.

- Jamal?

Yeah. I'll call it in.

God, how can you see in here?

Wait. Wait.

Why the lanterns?

Well, that's just rude.

- What do you do so far away from home?

- I work. And I hope.

- Same as me, then.

- I doubt it.

You work for...?

I'm an interpreter at the UN.

So like the UN.

Layers of languages signifying nothing.

- You'd prefer more war?

- I prefer more business.

Guys, get with me here. We got a situation.

No, boss, we got a situation.

We just got on the 133. With Mohammad.

And Silvia Broome. And Kuman-Kuman.

- What?

- You're on the same bus?

With our subjects.
Get off the bus,
and get Silvia Broome off that bus now.
We can't do that. We're moving.
Doug, is the room-mate carrying anything?
- Doug, is he carrying anything?
- A satchel.
- All right... where is it?
- It's in his lap. He's been carrying it all day.
- Oh, man.
- Can either of you get to him?
Not without gettin' made.
Despite all the flags on First Avenue,
there are no nations any more.
Only companies. International companies.
It's where we are. It's what we are.
I think you're wrong.
You are still young. I'm an acquired taste.
What's your brother's name?
Simon. Simon Broome.
- OK, we're stopping.
- You got guts, coming out here.
I'll see what my people can find out about him.
But remember,
I'm not your brother's keeper, eh?
Yeah. Thank you.
Come on, guys, talk to me. What's going on?
We're stopped. She's getting off.
- What's going on?
- And so is my subject.
Keep talking to me. What's going on?
Is he carrying the satchel?
OK, he's got the satchel.
But I think he made me.
That's OK, I got him.
- Kuman?
- He's staying put.
Miss Broome! Please get in the car.
Move it!
- I got Gamba.
- I'll stay with Kuman.
No. Just get off that bus.
Get everybody off that bus right now!
- Doug!

- Mohammad?

- Hey! Guy forgot his lunch.

- Oh, man.

I'm standing here on Nostrand Avenue
in Crown Heights,
at a scene that can only be described
as unconscionable carnage.

...frantically helping victims
of an apparent terrorist attack.

These events are more familiar
in the cities of the Middle East.

There is no word yet.

However, there are unconfirmed reports
that Kuman-Kuman, the exiled Matoban
revolutionary, may have been on board.

- You all right?

- I'm OK.

Doug?

This is Ron Ferguson, reporting live
on Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn,
where just after 10.30 am this morning...

We're OK, boss.

[Reporter]... the violence has now found
its way into the heart of New York City...

- The death toll is 17, with scores injured...

- The obvious speculation about al-Qaeda...

...widely seen as the probable successor
to Edmond Zuwanie...

Tunnels and bridges

will close for at least 12 hours...

...alleged terrorist attack by Ajene Xola...

...Zuwanie is still planning to address
the General Assembly of the UN.

What were you doing on that bus?

Thank you for bringing me home.

Hey!

I lost a man today. A kid.

- How do you know Kuman?

- I never met him before.

You think that not getting caught in a lie
is the same as the truth!

- I'm not lying. I went to him for help.

- With what?

I can't tell you. Someone might get hurt.

"Someone might get hurt. "
There's a bus full of dead people!
"Someone might get hurt" ?
Who? Someone you know?
Someone who's mixed up in all this?
You? Why did you leave Africa?
- I told you.
- No, you didn't. Why did you come here?
- Stop it.
- Goddammit!
- Stop shouting at me!
- Stop lying!
- I'm not lying!
- Stop lying!
I was just on that bus! I can't think
with all this noise. I can't! You have to stop!
That isn't me.
Don't be ridiculous.
- It isn't me.
- No, that is you.
And I know, because I drive you home,
and I look at you through the binoculars,
and everything else that I shouldn't do.
It was once.
It's not any more.
After the rallies,
after my parents and sister were killed,
then the rifles came out.
It was the only way to get anyone to listen.
Just to listen.
I killed a boy who had nothing to live for
beyond the money he'd get for killing me.
I shot him in the head
so he wouldn't shoot me.
Then I handed the rifle to my brother
and told him, "I'm through. "
I walked away with him shouting at me,
"You're a coward. "
"Our parents are dead, Zuwanie's alive. "
My brother,
who in another life wouldn't harm a...
That was the last thing he ever said to me.
The only contact I have is the notebooks
I send and imagine him receiving.

I know he's alive. I know it.
But I'm not to him.
I lied to you because I was afraid.
I was afraid
he might be involved in what I heard.
I lied to everyone else
so they'd let me near the UN,
and that's the only place that I believe
has a chance to change any of this.
And I lied to you about Ajene Xola because...
I loved him. Once.
Until the color of my skin became a problem.
The politics of my skin.
I walked away from Africa with nothing.
No brother, no family, no lover, nothing.
Just a belief that words and compassion
are the better way.
Even if it's slower than a gun.
Where are you going?
You've got blood all over your face.
You can't say stuff like that
with blood on your face.
- [Protesters shouting]
- [Man speaking Ku]
This is precisely why Dr. Zuwanie
must be allowed to speak.
[Translation] This monstrous act of terrorism
was aimed at you...
...and at the heart of the United Nations.
- I can't listen to this.
- Do not allow them to intimidate you...
...or Dr. Zuwanie.
[Policeman] I'm not at liberty to tell you.
- Where we going?
- Bathroom.
Keller.
Get this processed and back to me right away.
Did he leave a note?
Did you read it?
Of course you did.
Would you read it to me, please?
"Dear Silvia, I came to tell you something
and then didn't. "
"I wanted to, but when I saw you

I couldn't find the words. "

"I told you I didn't know where Simon is.
That was a lie. "

"He was there that day.
A young boy shot him. "

"I couldn't tell you. I'm a coward.
Simon was braver than me. "

"You're braver than me. I'm so sorry. "
I'm so sorry.

The second time was me.
I feel like my friends must feel
when they try to say something.
- It's all right.
- That's what I say to them.
He left this with the note.
The only thing that I wanted...
...besides having her back...
was to be left alone.
[Child's voice]
My bonnie lies over the ocean #
[young Simon's voice] Don't cry.
- Don't cry.
- I'm not crying.
- You don't have to cry.
- I'm not.

Because I'm here,
and I won't leave. I promise.
Look at me. I'll take care of you.
[Silvia's voice] We'll take care of each other.
I'll take care of you.
[Young Simon] Promise me.
[Silvia] I promise.
I promise.
[Thunder]
[Shower running]
Xola's dead. Kuman's dead.
Who do you work for?
- Don't touch.
- Those things'll kill you.
[Thunder continues]
Russell!
[Shower still running]
[Neighbor] Hey!
[neighbors] - What the hell's going on?

- Close the door!
Silvia!
- Silvia!
- [Footfall]
[Shower still running]
Silvia!
Keller!
Keller!
She's not here. Check the roof.
[Siren]
[Dot] Jay?
- Dot, what have you got?
- There was something on her credit card.
His name is Jean Gamba. He's our bomber.
- And our assassin?
- That would be good for us.
But I doubt it.
He tried to kill her.
- What happened?
- I shot him.
That's a pity.
He might have told us something.
- And Miss Broome?
- Gone.
- He killed her?
- She was gone before he got there.
- Mind if I take a look upstairs?
- Hold on. Dino?
- Yeah.
- Take Mr. Lud to the apartment. And Brian?
- Get NYPD to push their tapeline...
- Keller? Go home and get some sleep.
- I'm gonna wait for her.
- Like hell you are.
I need you awake tomorrow morning.
Woods? Get him home.
- Drive around the block.
- You heard Jay. I gotta take you home.
What if there were two guys? Three?
We just set the trap and run? Is that it?
They're not our family
and they're not our friends.
You told me that.
You lose somebody, you lose somebody.

I don't want to lose two somebodys.

One circle, then I'm taking you home.

[Beeping]

[Silvia] Hello? Are you there?

I'm fine. I'm all right, but I...

I can't talk to you.

You were right.

My brother... my brother was right.

It takes too long, Tobin. I'm going home.

[Phone ringing]

Keller.

Keller, Lewis. Those numbers
scribbled on Jamal's kitchen wall.

Ray's Pizza, some sex lines, a hardware store
and a global cell phone.

Chase down the global cell.

- Keller, it's Mo.

- Go ahead, Mo.

She booked a flight online.

Check all flights to South Africa
out of JFK, LaGuardia and Newark.

And then what? If I find her.

Get her on the phone with me.

He's here.

That's him?

Second car.

Keller? Lewis.

The global cell belongs to Jean Gamba.

- Got the times of the calls?

- Yeah.

Day before yesterday, 3.30 pm.

Anything there?

- Day before yesterday, 3.30?

- 3.30, yeah.

Call it. No, have Lewis call.

- I'm Lewis.

- Clark, I mean.

- No, King. And he's dialing.

- Extension 647.

The bus. Right after.

I want to know who he called.

It's King. It's the Matoban mission.

An extension.

- Lud?

- No, someone named Marcus Matu.
Head over. I need a face for that name.
[Mo] She's booked 9 am, JFK.
- I'm on the LIE. Almost there.
- Call me from the gate.
Not as much sky as I remember,
but more skyscrapers.
They diminish.
Desire diminishes.
- Where is the Second Avenue?
- Just after we get off the bridge.
They decorated the bridge.
When I came here before, they lined
the bridge with flowers, welcoming me.
- That flight departs from gate one.
- Thank you.
- No sign of her. Hasn't checked in yet.
- Let me know when it's boarding.
Can we hold 'em in the safe room
to buy time?
You can try, but it's up to him.
There was a parade.
Right here on this Second Avenue.
There was a snowstorm of confetti.
[Indistinct shouting and chanting]
[Protester] Murderer!
This is Second Avenue, sir.
- Are you at the mission?
- Yeah, but he isn't.
- Nobody knows where he is.
- They know, they just won't tell us.
- You get a photo ID?
- Yeah.
Go back inside
and fax that to UN security now.
Get his address and get over there.
I've got eight minutes.
[Dot] Keep it tight.
Agent Keller!
He's here. I just saw him.
Broadcast that description.
Good. Next.
Move on.
There it is.

- OK.
- All right, go.
- Levels, please.
- Un, deux, trois...

Ladies and gentlemen, British Airways
flight 178 to Johannesburg is ready to close.

Please make your way
to gate one immediately. Thank you.

- Thank you. Levels, please.
- [Counting in Russian]

The Assembly will first hear an address
by the President of the Republic of Matobo.

On behalf of the General Assembly,
I have the honor to welcome
to the United Nations

His Excellency Dr. Edmond Zuwanie,
President of the Republic of Matobo,
and to invite him to address the Assembly.

[Smattering of applause]

Mr. President, Mr. Secretary-General.

Today my beloved country is under siege.

As you saw the other afternoon
across the river in Brooklyn,
the terrorists in my country will stop at nothing.
How am I to defend my country
against enemies like these?

- I admit I have dealt harshly with terrorists...

- Tobin, it's King.

...as we all will have to.

- I don't think Matu's here.

Remember the profile of suicide bombers
and how there isn't one?

...who know the evil
and violence of real terrorism...

Your mother and sister
will get their cheque on Monday.

- This isn't his apartment.

- You did well.

No one here will live long.

It's an AIDS hospice.

...with a reciprocal and immediate violence...

- My opinion? It's a con.

I have been forced to do this.

It is the hope and specific goal

of my administration

- to reform these brutal methods...
- Get him off the podium.
- To participate in the formation...
- We've got to go.

But I want to speak!

[Click]

[Screaming]

Come on, sir, run!

[Alarm blares]

He's OK.

- Cover here. I'll take the hall.
- Where's Keller?

Freeze!

Incredible. Thank God I looked up.

- He's from our mission.
- I know. Holster your weapon.

Dr. Zuwanie.

I remember the last time you were here.

- [security] Use the 42nd Street exit.
- We almost had an assassination here.

[Security] Please move...

We watched you on the telly back home.

My family. All the families.

You were like the Beatles.

Two or three more seconds,
he would have assassinated him.

An almost-assassinated leader
gets so much credibility
so he can stay in power
and gets to stick around to enjoy it.

We were so proud of you.

There you were, speaking to the world.

I don't think you should touch...

Because I'm not wearing a glove?

What is your name, child?

I'm the Silvia whose family you killed.

- What's in your hand?
- It's... Just a precaution.

What's in your hand?

He must've been very surprised.

He thought it was a live round.

- Where is everyone?
- But you knew better.

[Click]

Give me the live round.

I grew up seeing you with this gun.

It's the gun you saved our country with.

- Drop the gun!

- Put it down!

Keller, US Secret Service.

It's the same one you used to kill it.

- He's got a Glock on his hip.

- Code 100 in the sound room.

Look at it.

Look at it!

- Careful. The bleeder had AIDS.

- There's no way you can prove this.

You'll cop a plea.

You're just an employee, right?

- He's in custody. They're bringing him down.

- SWAT team's at 42nd Street.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah. Where's Zuwanie?

- The safe room. What happened?

- It was a fake.

A piece of theatre to justify the killing.

Ethnic cleansing, genocide.

You there? That's the flight. She's not on it.

I checked every hotel in New York,

her friends.

They don't know where she'd go.

No one knows her.

- I know her.

- OK, where is she?

- She said she was going home.

- [Silvia] I'm going home...

What home?

- How'd you happen to be there after hours?

- [Silvia] An evacuation. I left some things.

It takes too long...

I wouldn't mind if he were gone.

She's here. She's been in that room all night.

How could someone so good, so...

How could you give us so much,

so much...

then take away more?

- He in there?

- Yeah.

Keep everybody out.

Silvia?

Silvia?

It's me.

I'm coming in alone. I'm coming in.

Five minutes.

Close it.

- Close it!

- Silvia, don't do this.

It was all just theatre, an almost-assassination meant to justify his acts.

- We've got all we need to prosecute.

- I have him.

- He'll die in prison.

- I want him to die how Simon died.

That'll be over in two seconds,

and you'll have all your years.

Sir, it's a lot worse than you think.

Your so-called assassin is dead.

Your head of security is making a deal.

We have Lud and the rifle.

You'll be tried before two courts.

- He's been tried!

- Sir, you're finished.

- It doesn't matter!

- Silvia. Listen to me.

I told you I'd let him drown.

The man who drove my wife

into a bridge abutment.

- But I wouldn't.

- Then you'd be wrong.

No, I wouldn't be wrong. I don't want to spend the rest of my life in mourning.

[Cocks gun]

You have to get out of here.

I can't do that. So put the gun down.

- I can't.

- Yes, you can. Put it down.

I can't! I can't... I can't.

Just go.

This is how it's done.

This is how you put a gun down.

Please.

You shoot him, he'll be dead...
...but then you'll be dead...
...and I don't know what I'll be.
Put it down.
Read it!
Read it.
- Where?
- The beginning. Read it.
- "The gunfire around us... "
- Louder. Like when you wrote it.
When you believed it.
When you meant it.
"The gunfire around us makes it hard to hear. "
"But the human voice
is different from other sounds. "
- "It can be heard...
- "It can be heard over...
over noises that bury everything else. "Even...
- "Even...
- "Even when it's not shouting. "
"Shouting. " "Even when it...
"Even if it's just a whisper. "
"Even the lowest whisper
can be heard over armies...
[Silvia] "When...
- "When...
... "when it's telling the truth. "
That little boy was my country.
[Silvia] Hove Vambi...
...killed by land-mines.
Alexander Mungoshi...
Charles Kufomo...
Ruth Kufomo...
...shot to death defending their home.
Robert Chenjari...
Benita Matkudzi...
...burned to death during a protest rally.
Edgar Sakuro...
Masumi Bamcha...
John Enkumo...
Yvon Enkumo...
- [GA President] Let the record show...
- Steven Gawanda...
...that the Security Council...

- Solo Gawanda...
...has unanimously commanded...
- Steven Shamere...
...that President Zuwanie of Matobo...
- Stambuli Watiku... Esther Tikembu...
...be tried at the International Criminal Court
in The Hague
for crimes against humanity.
[Silvia's voice] Simon Broome...
shot to death in a soccer stadium.
How did you make out?
They said you told them I wasn't a danger.
- I lied.
- Thank you.
They didn't believe you.
They're sending me back.
I wanted to say goodbye.
It's OK. I'm going home.
We never...
I never had time to tell you
how much I miss Africa.
We never had time for a lot of things.
You don't have anyone left there, do you?
No, it's where I remember them.
Ever been to Africa?
Lot of airports, no lions.
- When are you leaving?
- Tomorrow.
Wow.
Hey, look at this. We're not kepla any more.
We're on the same side.
You never know
who you're going to meet, do you?
No.
Will you let me know how you are?
You'll always know.
What was her name?
Laurie.
Keller.
Killed in an auto accident in Santa Fe...
...23 days ago.
[Speaking Ku]
Rest in peace?
Close enough.

[African language singing and chanting]
SkyFury