

HOW THEY BUTCHERED US

By

DAVID MANOA

BASED ON THE INCREDIBLE TRUE STORY:

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FADE IN:

SCREEN TYPE: THIS IS A TRUE STORY

A BEAUTIFUL AERIAL SHOT OF UVIRA TOWN - ESTABLISHING

We are looking down at the City of Uvira, CONGO.

The City looks great and quiet. Mountains... Tanganyika lake... Kalimabenge river. Beautiful places.

THESE WORDS APPEAR:

"UVIRA, CONGO 2004"

EXT. UVIRA TOWN - AERIALS - EARLY IN THE MORNING

EXT. SONGO DISTRICT - AERIALS - MORNING

Dissolve closer still: a black-and-white aerial photograph of a neighborhood in Uvira CONGO. The whole city is covered with groups of tiny houses, all alike, in size, shape or type of materials. Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

QUARTIER SONGO  
UVIRA, CONGO

WE SEE: More than 500 residents are protesting around the burning white SUV. They shout, sing as they pull burning tires, old furniture, junk onto the road.

WE SEE: A wrecked white SUV burns in the middle of the street surrounded by crowd of protesters.

Two front tires has blown out. There is a gaping hole in the windshield on the driver's side. Smoke spills out the windows.

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

MONDAY MORNING

0615 HOURS

As the camera pulls in, we see JUSTIN MUGABE, forty five, sitting inside the car, coughing and sneezing. The smoke spills out the rear window and looks unconscious, but still breathing.

After a moment Justin stops breathing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

CLOSE ON: JUSTIN'S BODY as he falls at the wheel, and never waking up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

There are men with machetes and guns, slashing throats and burning bodies. Nineteen-year-old Murama Charles first faints, then ran, only to find herself with a gun pointed at his own head. In this moment, Murama silently prays.

Murama Charles

(Praying silently)

Save me, Oh Jesus. I haven't done anything to get killed. Please God, forgive my sins and all other things I have done.

A gunman cocks and fires twice in the head.

We see a man's chest - 2 Pac's drenches in blood splashes. Murama falls on the ground with his head bast open.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A man in his mid twenties is running in fear. We SEE pedestrians walking.

EXT. PEDESTRIANS - SAME LOCATION

The man is hiding behind the concrete wall. The gunmen chasing him are looking around and the cannot find him everywhere.

CUT:

EXT. SONGO STREET - AERIALS - MORNING

As the camera pulls down, we see, More than 500 residents are protesting around the burning white SUV, the residents are blocking the road that makes all cars to stop.

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

MONDAY MORNING

0630 HOURS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

We hear gunshots from far everywhere in town.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL COMPOUND - EARLY MORNING

DARKNESS. As the MAIN TITLES BEGIN, a burning white sun high in a clear blue sky,

PAN DOWN TO:

CLOSE ON: The flag of the Democratic Republic of the Congo with a sky blue color, adorned with a yellow star in the upper left canton and cut diagonally by a red stripe with a yellow color is waving.

Computer type quickly beeps on SCREEN:

ACTION KUSAIDIA

0700 HOURS

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

INT. BILL'S CLASSROOM

The students in the classroom. The clock says 07:02am.

The teacher, Mr. Bill, a Congolese male in his early 30's, but muscular, walks in the classroom holding the folder held the book, papers. Bill walks toward his desk and places his folder on the wooden-desk. Bill moves three steps to the right, he is standing in front of a black board looking toward his students.

The students are all back in their normal seats and David leaps up onto his desk. The teacher gets out the classroom and closes the door behind him.

Asaph (David's brother) and Rukundo quickly rise from their seats to go to the window. The rest of the class follows them. While David continues speaking, Asaph and Rukundo join him on the desk and then David jumps down.

DAVID

(whisper his brother)

Asaph! Is everything right? It seems like there is something that you're hiding from me, brother!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (cont'd)  
Now, if you have something to say,  
just tell me, please.

David rises from his desk and stares at the window. Two men holding guns

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE CLASSROOM - SCHOOL FIELD

Students look outside, SEE: Two militia trucks, TOYOTA stops, raising a dust cloud. Doors BANG open. As the Troop approach the school compound.

A large crowd of men dressed in military camouflage uniforms and armed with their AK-47 in two convoys. The troop jumps out of their two cars. They surround the school compound. The leader grabs JEAN CLAUDE, 19's by the hair, punches him in the face then kicks him in the stomach as hard as he can.

Students, scared, looking from the window.

RUKUNDO  
Jesus Christ, guys. What the hell  
is going on outside?

David turns his sights back on outside and sees the situation.

Tears bead at the corners of David's eyes. The memory is painful.

TROOP LEADER  
(In Swahili; subtitled)

Here are some of the best ways to  
kill roaches, along with their  
families. Kill them all.

TROOP LEADER (CONT'D)  
Hands behind your back, you INYENZI  
- cockroach, in native language.  
And don't you move your head or I  
will shoot you and your, cousin,  
uncles, aunts, brothers or your  
stupid families.

The Troop leader bends on knees and whispers.

(CONTINUED)

TROOP LEADER  
(In Swahili; subtitled)

You RATS need to be illuminated. If  
you don't snake in the morning, it  
will bite you in the evening.

The troop leader fires in the air. JEAN CLAUDE falls  
unconscious. The students quickly return to their seats  
panicked.

TROOP LEADER (CONT'D)  
(In Swahili; subtitled)

We are going back, but soon we are  
coming back for you and our  
families.

The troop leader approaches Claude and spits in his face.  
And Claude wipes his face the his right hands.

ASAPH  
(In Swahili; subtitled)

They're gone! What's next?

DAVID  
(In Swahili; subtitled)

Let us go home now, brother! things  
are not seen good today.

The troop rolls away through street. Claude sits bleeding  
from his nose. He's never hurt before. It's overwhelming.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL COMPOUND -- (SEEN FROM ABOVE)

A shotgun fires across the street, students were running in  
every direction and exits for their life.

JOHN, in his 40's was in the next classroom when he heard a  
gunshot and people began running, 'screaming, crying and  
trampling' over each other. He breaks the door where dozens  
of students including David, Asaph and Rukundo were trapped  
in.

JOHN  
(holding a metal in his right  
hand)  
Everybody out; now.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Run for your life. Go home and  
hide.

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY. DAY

A group of students, along with David, Runkundo and Asaph push through running across the lobby. They are all terrified.

The moment students exit the classroom and the door closes, one of the government guards (Asmani) RACKS his AK47 and steps into the light to stop the them --

Government soldiers run forward. A commander orders all students to form a line. Asaph begin pulling David and Rukundo from the terrified crowd.

But JOHN stops students from getting shot. The soldier slowly steps in, ready to shoot whoever moves.

John holds both David and Asaph hands. Rukundo pulls Asaph closer, intending to die with them. And just as the scene is about to explode into violence --

DAVID

(terrified)

What we do now?

ASAPH

Hide, run or maybe die.

RUKUNDO

There is no dying here. we all  
gonna survive no matter what  
happens, let us stick together.

JOHN

Kids do not worry, I will protect  
you from dying.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No one dies here. We all going home  
safe.

The soldiers pulls his AK47 away and walks towards the students.

SOLDIER'S VOICE

Guys! I apologize for pointing my  
gun to you. I am here to help not  
to kill.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I am KILO from the 16th brigade.

Computer type quickly beeps on SCREEN:

0645 HOURS

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL FRONT GATE. DAY

The government convoy pulls over the gate. Across the road, two trucks of the Congolese Army soldiers the convoy park. The commander-in-chief gets on the radio and calls for student to come out.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
If there is anyone inside,  
surrender and we won't shoot. We  
are giving you five second to come  
out and turn-in yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Kristian (Kris), 40's, wakes up as they are moving him from the paramedic's gurney onto an exam table in the Emergency Room. The silence in his head is frightening. Kris can see nurses scrambling around him. When Nurses begin to pull at his cloths, he begins calling random people.

KRISTIAN  
Sammy, John... Were is Mom.

He silences.

A nurse learns him over, praying.

NURSE  
Almighty, God. PLEASE, God be with  
Kris....In Jesus name. Dear Lord,  
We up your precious little Kris and  
pray for healing, give him and his  
family strength during this anxious  
time. Touch his body and give the  
Dr. on how to treat him, Amen.

The nurse silences, a minute, then continues.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE  
(Whispers)  
How are you feeling now!?

Kris turns his head and looks at the nurse and asks him a question.

KRISTIAN  
I just wanna go ho....me. I can't  
feel my hands and both legs. My  
chest is in pain.

NURSE  
Can you tell me what happened and  
how did it happen?

KRISTIAN  
A gunman attacked me and shoot me.  
They were three holding guns.

NURSE  
Get some rest and relax. You are  
safe here, no one is going to hurt  
you. This is a a hospital.

KRISTIAN  
How did I get here?

NURSE  
An ambulance just drove you by. The  
man said they found you bleeding in  
the middle of the street. You were  
alone actually.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S CLASSROOM

ASMANI, twenty one, stands in the door where ELISHA, nineteen, was just standing next to him both looking outside. SHUKURU, eighteen, is behind his desk trying to hide by covering his head down.

ASMANI  
(Whisper)  
We just have to sit here and keep  
quiet. Otherwise we will get  
killed.

ELISHA  
Oh No! We need to find a place to  
hide. Or just run from this place.

(CONTINUED)

SHUKURU

Look at them! They have guns and  
machetes. Don't you think they can  
kill us!?

There is lots of SCREAMING and RUNNING AROUND in a the  
school compound! The camera pulls back to reveal that  
Shukuru is covering his head down.

ELISHA

(Whispers - Swahili titled)  
No one moves. We stay here until  
this place gets secured or we die  
together.

Slowly the blackness begins to shift in. And the door slams  
open. Then two soldiers from the Mai Mai comes in carrying  
AK47's -- shouting in Swahili --

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Shoots - Swahili titled)  
Get up, you stupid bastards!  
Get out!

Shukuru steps forward holding up his hands on the back of  
his head.

SHUKURU

(Shouts - Swahili titled)  
Don't shoot! don't shoot! Please...

The soldiers grab Shukuru and push Elisha and Asmani  
outside. And one soldier grabs Asmani's left hand and begins  
to pull him out. Asmani is resisting and one soldier hits  
him with the butt of a rifle.

Asmani goes down. Then blood streams down his nose. And then  
he sees Shukuru staring up at him. Asmani's face changing,  
starting to turn bad.

CUT TO:

INT. MANOA'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Faint light. A little later, Aline (early 30's), David's  
Mother, comes out the kitchen, wiping her hands on a towel.  
She sits in the living room and holds a baby. The clock  
behind her, on the wall says 07:07am.

MANOA, David's Father, in his early 40's, moves around  
Living Room touching things: Chairs; faucets.

(CONTINUED)

MANOA, The father grabs an old SONIC STEREO off the counter and turns up the volume to a roar. The father sits in silence in the living room.

He remains calm and listens to the stereo.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

The local school KUSAIDIA was attacked this morning around 06:30AM. Outside the classroom the attackers were holding guns. The teacher helped some of the students escape.

MANOA

(breathless)

Oh my God, the radio, you must hear, it is on the radio.

Mother drops the breakfast on the floor. screams.

Father seats, too. Mother gives him

ALINE

(breathless)

Dear lord, where is my kids?

The Father stands. looks at the Mother.

MANOA

Stay here.

EXT. FRONT HOUSE. DAY

The mother chases after him, through the door.

The Father disappears into the thicket of trees. The mother after him. Through the trees. Finally, The mother reaches the him.

ALINE

(breathless)

We are both going to get the kids.

MANOA

(worried face)

It's not safe, honey. stay please, I will be back as soon I find both our kids.

The mother goes back to the house. The Father runs in the the street.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

0725 HOURS

EXT. UVIRA STREETS. DAY

The Father runs to a wooden fence, gets down, squeezes through into a path.

EXT. SCHOOL COMPOUND -- (SEEN FROM ABOVE)

JOHN, dark and brown-eyes, short and skinny, the teacher, holds David, Asaph and Rukundo all together. David sees his Father running towards them.

DAVID

Dad, here.

JOHN

Go to your father, find your family.

The Father runs over, grabs David, Asaph and Rukundo. The father kneels beside David and Asaph and Rukundo. Rukundo whispers.

RUKUNDO

Where is my Dad? Is he coming to pick me up?

MANOA

No, son. You are going with us, home.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

Gorgeous sweeping footage. "Out of Africa" type music.

The the father walks with David, Asaph and Rukundo who looks so scary and worried.

RUKUNDO (V.O.)

In my life, we'd lived in 3 countries. But I didn't grow up this way. I'll spend my day in the field with my Dad.

EXT. ZONE STREET - MORNING (MUSIC OVER)

EXT. SCHOOL COMPOUND - DAY 10

The father, David, Asaph and Rukundo walk slowly and dejectedly up the street heading home. The school yard is a wild tangle of prairie grass and wild flowers.

EXT. STREET - DAY BLACK & WHITE

FATHER and kids turn the corner and calmly walk to an old, calm crowded street.

MANOA (V.O)

Kids...My father once told me,  
freedom would make this country  
into a beautiful land. But as you  
can see now it has turned into an  
ugly one.

It is obvious that the father does not want to take them but he is also afraid of getting hurt so he quickly holds their hands.

MANOA

We're in this together, let us get  
home safe.

In long shot, the father is walking with three kids as they walk toward the gate. The gate opens.

INT. MANOA HOUSE. DAY

SAMUEL, David's little brother, a 7 years old kid lays on the couch. There is a knock at the door. Samuel quickly stamps out to open the door, but the mother stops him from opening the door.

Father knocks on a door again. David's mother, ALINE opens the door, sees that it is MANOA, her husband with kids, David, Rukundo and Asaph.

ALINE

Come in. Rukundo's family is here  
as well as others.

The door opens and Mr. Manoa walks into the room with kids. Aline quickly glances at the window.

(CONTINUED)

ALINE

Hun, I thought you were stuck with  
kids somewhere.

The other refugees stand up when Manoa enters with kids.

REGUGEE 1

(breathless)

What happened. Are you alright?

MANOA

Very bad. We'd have to get out here  
as soon as possible.

CUT TO:

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

1900 HOURS

INT. MANOA'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The house is overflowing with refugees. men, women with  
babies are impatient. Manoa sits on couch with phone to ear.

Asaph walks up.

MANOA

(to Asaph)

They can't pick up.

ASAPH

No body is going to answer the  
phone.

David and Rukundo are asleep, on a couch in the living room,  
several kids sleep on the floor.

EXT. UVIRA TOWN - NEXT DAY (SEEN FROM ABOVE)

EXT. KASENGA BRIDGE -- DAY

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

TUESDAY

1045 HOURS

(CONTINUED)

A wrecked mini van burns in the middle of the empty bridge. Empty. No other cars, no people in sight..

There is a splash of blood in the windshield on the passenger's side. Flames consume the backseat. Smoke spills out the windows.

As the camera pulls in, we see ALEX LUKUTA, twenty five, sitting in front of the ruined car. His looks unconscious, but still breathing.

After a moment Alex Lukuta walks away from the burning car, crossing the bridge.

CLOSE ON ALEX'S FEET as he falls to the ground, and never waking up.

EXT. UVIRA STREET. DAY

As the camera pulls in, we see, the cars and trucks and buses have stopped, the people are blocking the road that makes all cars to stop.

THE CLOCK... It's 12.30 p.m. We hear gunshots everywhere in town.

WE SEE:

One group of young protesters are burning tires and blocking streets with large rocks. The other group hold their banner up which reads: "All Tutsi must be killed or return home"

People walk across downtown intersection with broken cars' windows, burning buses in background.

EXT. KIOSK - DAY

The kiosk explodes and burns.

THE CLOCK... It's 2.30 p.m. We hear gunshots everywhere in town.

EXT. KIOSK - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

DANIEL, 21's, interviewed in front of the KIOSK by a camera crew. Flaming kiosk behind.

DANIEL

A nice old policeman pulled me out and then went back in to save my cousin..and then there was this explosion.

INT. MANOA'S HOUSE - LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

MANOA and all refugees are listening to the radio broadcast.

MAMI

I don't thin we are going to  
survive this.

ALINE

Mami?! Come on sugar, by God's  
grace, we will be saved like the  
Israelite. No matter what. We are  
all in this together.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. EARLY IN THE MORNING.

THE CLOCK... It's 06.30 a.m. We can still hear gunshots  
everywhere in town.

Manoa sleeps in his clothes on top of the couch. David  
is asleep beside him. The phone rings. Manoa picks it up,  
listens.

All refugees watch.

Manoa rises up slightly from the couch, concerned, as he  
talks.

MANOA

Hello.

What-what-what? You sound  
terrible...

(A beat)

Okay.

He hangs it up. He sits there a long beat, staring. He looks  
disturbed.

MANOA

(breathless)

Listen up! Tomorrow morning we are  
leaving the town.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNNAMED NEIGHBORHOOD (SEEN FROM ABOVE)

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - EVENING

THE CLOCK... It's 07.30 p.m. We can still hear single gunshot far everywhere in town.

The warehouse is too hot and stinks. Inside, the main building is mostly an open space, except an overhead light illuminates a concrete floor. Broken pallets lay at the end of building. In front of the broken pallets, the crowd of armed men gathering in silence.

A large crowd of rebel soldiers dressed in camouflage and blue berets gathering on the inside the compound. They are members of the MAI MAI - the Congolese Militia.

The troop leader stands between broken pallets and the crowd of rebels. As THE CAMERA PULLS, we see crossed swords and two stars on troop leader's shoulder boards.

TROOP LEADER

(aggressively)

We choose to be here for the reason. This is the time that we must act as a team. And if we need to kill each of those cockroaches, then let's kill them all.

He raises his left hand.

Then a low-ranking rebel speaks.

REBEL #1

We'll be here by choice, let us operate the way you want, sir.

TROOP LEADER

Let's do this, brothers.

All crowd of rebels raise the right hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANOA'S YARD. NIGHT

THE CLOCK... It's 11.41 p.m. We can still hear single gunshot far everywhere in town.

Manoa's best friend, MALIK in his early 30's, crawls from the bushes. Malik crawls across, the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

The door knocks. Manoa rushes out the front door. Malik calls in frightened.

MALIK (O.S.)

Papa, Manoa.

MANOA  
(to All refugees)

It is time for you guys to leave,  
all neighbors to leave.

Manoa heads for the door.

MALIK (O.S.)  
I have a bad news for you guys.

MANOA  
(nervously)  
What is it?

MANOA (CONT'D)  
Tell me, Malik.

The door slowly opens. Manoa steps out quietly, closes the door behind him.

Manoa takes Malik aside.

MANOA  
(nervously)  
Malik, what is going on?

MALIK  
All of you have to get out of here  
by tomorrow morning.

MANOA  
We can't just leave without.

MANOA (CONT'D)  
Where are we going exactly!

The only sounds are distant explosions and gunfire.

MALIK  
(breathlessly)  
There was a meeting this afternoon.  
the meeting was led by Colonel  
NYAKABAKA.

(CONTINUED)

MANOA  
(interrupts)  
This is him?

The Mai Mai attacked the whole city? Is it a Genocide or just the revenge?

MALIK  
No brother!

They want you guys out of the country, live or dead. I need to go back before getting caught.

MALIK (CONT'D)  
Let me know if i can help you guys.

MANOA  
(interrupts)  
Of course, we need your help. Find us a minivan that can fit all of us. Please make sure you keep our house safe.

Malik crawls along his path to leave the compound. Then he  
Malik hears something, strange voices. He looks through the reeds toward the street. He hears whispering.

HE SEES: A crowd people in their camouflage uniforms, Mai Mai soldiers with machetes and guns Military boots.

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(aggressively)  
Tomorrow we must act.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIK'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Malik runs to a wooden fence. He gets down and squeezes through into a path, a tunnel in dense reeds.

Three soldiers approach Malik. Then stop and walk away.

Malik turns from the reeds and then looks away. He slowly turns onto his street.

INT. MORIS'S HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

MORIS KAN sits behind his desk, in a room scattered with half a dozen other desks, most of them unoccupied. He's the local UNCHR director, a bald head. He's 50, but looks much younger and strong. He's spent too much time in castle, and has too much energy.

Mark hears voices outside. He pushes back her chair and gets up. He walks towards the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mark steps out to see who is standing there. It's not so safe for a male to be outside alone at night.

Mark observes the outside and decides to go back in the house. He walks down a narrow alley and enters the building through the back entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark enters and locks the door behind her. He leaves the bedroom's door open.

He hears the far off sound of gunfire. Distant explosions light the night sky. And closes the door and remains calms and scarred.

MARK

This is going to be bad.

The music is suddenly interrupted.

CUT TO:

INT. JEAN LUKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JEAN LUKA, fifties, is sitting in the living room with his wife, RUTH (forties) and kids, both Nine and seven years old. The family is squeezed into a black old couch watching an old fashion TV.

A MOMENT LATER

The door burst open. The family spreads apart, the mother and kids screams.

(CONTINUED)

Four huge men with strange looks, shaped men bigger than two hundred pounds, with AK-47s and knives breaks the house, get in.

Right before the huge man hits the trigger cocks his AK-47.

HUGE MAN

We're here not to warn you, but to punish you and your family. You're a traitor. You choose to help, but carry information to our enemies.

JEAN LUKA

What are you talking about?! Look I have nothing to do with that stuff, man! Look, I am an innocent guy here, whatever information you've from someone else is wrong... I mean really wrong... Just leave my family alone.

HUGE MAN

Kill them all... Now, but first start on him. shoot!

They all release trigger at the same time. They make Luka's entire body look convulse while his wife and kids watching. Luka opens his mouth, arms out-stretch.

He is trying to say something, but his wife and kids cannot understand. Then his breath comes out.

LUKA glances at his wife and kids.

JEAN LUKA

(breathless)

I love you all.

Tears bead at the corners of Luka's eyes. Then collapses. no movement at all. His breath is out. Wife and kids are crying.

One of those huge men twists towards the wife and two little kids and pulls the trigger and all(woman and kids) go down three.

The little kid is managing to turn his head towards the mother. They drag him at aside. The kid's movement stops.

The killers leaves the house with no further incidents.

CUT TO:



MANOA (cont'd)  
to die here with these women and  
kids? We cannot take this for  
granted. If you do not wish to go  
with us, you better find another  
option.

Manoa releases him and the Steven goes down.

Women and children are sitting on the mats. The front door  
to the apartment is open and sunlight is pouring in through  
the screen door. Steven looks at his watch.

The watch reads 7:45 am. And suddenly the door opens. Manoa  
gets out, walks toward the VAN.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - ENGINE ON - DAY

Manoa approaches the Van and SEES: Malik is behind the wheel  
of the vehicle. Masudi is into the front seat next to him.  
Malik turns to Manoa.

MALIK  
What the hell is taking you so  
long?

MANOA (O.S.)  
I was taking care of some family  
stuffs and making sure we are  
safe...

MANOA (CONT'D)  
Who is this guy?

MALIK  
Don't worry brother i gave you my  
word. It's MASUDI (my only cousin)

MALIK (CONT'D)  
He is my cousin, willing to help.  
Colonel Nyakabaka wiped out  
Masudi's family three months ago.  
Now Masudi want's to help you  
escape.

MASUDI  
(interrupts)  
The Militia are working with some  
suck demonic power, brother! We  
must escape the town now, General,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASUDI (cont'd)  
Colonel or whatever you call  
him killed my family and I am the  
only one who survived.

The sad music is suddenly interrupted.

THE FRONT DOOR

The front door knob turns slowly. Steven opens the front door and slams the door behind him. We SEE: A BAREFOOT as Steven quietly exits the house. Then we see his back, as he steps toward the VAN.

Manoa looks around in the street, can't see anyone. The street is completely quiet and clear. He looks back to the street, sees a young man walking.

Manoa glances back at the young man as he disappears into the mango trees across the street. And glances back to the Van.

MALIK  
(whisper)  
Look at what we have here. Come,  
Come, Come and take a look...

Malik reaches into his pocket, takes out an old picture.

A HAND: EXTENDS FROM THE DRIVER SIDE OF THE VAN, PHOTO  
PRESSED NEATLY BETWEEN THUMB AND PALM.

OVERHEAD SHOT

We see for a moment, A WIDE SHOT looking down at the photo. We SEE: three dead bodies lay on the ground, covered in blood.

MANOA (O.S.)  
Did they destroyed the village?

MASUDI  
They killed everyone in that  
village. I don't think they wanted  
any witnesses.

MANOA  
Holly God, I am so sorry for your  
lose brother.

MASUDI  
I haven't see others' graves.  
Probably they they burned them or  
were buried alive.

(CONTINUED)

MALIK (O.S.)

(interrupts)

What if -- what if Boniface, your cousin survived? Boniface was so smart. he knew Colonel NYAKABAKA was looking for him and could have ran before the attack.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I know there a new refugee camp opened up recently in BURUNDI. There are more than 3,000 people whom they villages were burned and survived the attacks.

MANOA

Wait, He might be there.

Masudi doesn't reply; but he doesn't look hopeful.

MALIK

Bring out people and let's get out of here before the war begins.

MASUDI

The time is ticking. Remember, I am not letting this happening again. Enough is enough brother.

Malik steps out of the car and slams the behind him.

MALIK

Let's go. Hurry up.

Masudi goes to the back of the Van and opens the rear door. Ready to pack up things from the house.

Steven goes back inside. And Masudi rushes inside behind him to help. Then both take a breath and step in the house.

STEVEN

(breathless)

Everyone, grab your stuff and get out. We are leaving the town.

WOMAN (O.S)

Is it safe?

STEVEN

This is not the time for discussion, Ma'am. The time is ticking and we cannot watch our own kids dying here.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Hurry up. You Masudi, grab the sleeping baby from the mat and take him out with you.

MASUDI

I got it.

WOMAN

(breathless)

Holly Moses!

MASUDI

Ma'am this is not the time to pray. God cannot help you, If you are just sitting here. Help yourself and He will help you as well.

All refugees get in the Van. Masudi closes the door. Across the road, two convoy of Congolese Army soldiers watch the Van leave. The Van turns a corner, gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANZI HOSPITAL - BUKAVU - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL AERIAL SHOT OF THE HOSPITAL - BUKAVU - ESTABLISHING

We are looking down at the main hospital of Bukavu, CONGO.

The hospital looks great and quiet. No movements around the hospital.

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

MONDAY MORNING

1145 HOURS

... PANZI HOSPITAL, BUKAVU...

In a wheelchair is a middle-aged man, dressed in a bloody camouflage, twenties, a bloody bandage is wrapped around his shoulder and both wrists. his name is MOISE NKUNDA, a Sergeant.

He glances at the guard right next to him, dressed in neat and clean camouflage with AK-47.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT MOISE NKUNDA  
were you told to protect me from  
harm or to keep me under  
surveillance?!

The guard ignores his question.

THE GUARD  
(Swahili - subtitled)  
I will be stationed outside your  
door 44/7 until you're ready to be  
discharge, and go back to the camp,  
Sir!

A MINUTE LATE

The guard leaves him alone in the room.

A CLOSE UP ON:

Moise lays on his bed in pain, he is now in stable  
condition, his chest remains painful and wants morphine. He  
uses remote, he buzzes for a nurse but none comes.

The guard comes back in, he checks on him and closes the  
door back. He goes outside and stands in hallway next to the  
window.

MOMENT LATER

A nurse enters the room. She is wearing complete with an  
official name tag: ALICIA NELLY, thirties.

SERGEANT MOISE NKUNDA  
Hello. Help please!

The nurse leans down and jabs a needle in into his shoulder.  
AND leans down next to his ear to whisper.

THE NURSE  
(whispers - Swahili subtitled)  
I have a last message for you  
sergeant... The poison will stop in  
your heart within a second.

The nurse looks into sergeant's eyes. He wants to say  
something, but no sound comes from his mouth, he realizes he  
cannot move.

The nurse leaves the room and disappears in the corner in  
hallway.

The guard comes in and finds out that sergeant has been  
killed.

(CONTINUED)

THE GUARD

(screaming)

The last nurse did it. Call the police.

The doctor comes in and finds out that sergeant is not moving. No movement. Gone.

THE DOCTOR

Gone. He is dead.

The sad music is suddenly interrupted.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEKINA RESTAURANT - DAY

THE CLOCK... It's 0135 hours.

As both General DUNIA and Colonel Kabaka walk to his booth and sit down. A heavy-set waitress, reluctantly moves to his table -- unseen by General Dunia as he takes out his utensils and arranges them.

In a corner booth, four big AUTHORITY POLICE are having a meal together. General is sitting across from Colonel Kabaka in a corner booth. Colonel Kabaka looks at his utensils.

A waitress appears to refill both glasses of champagne the white linen table cloths. General Dunia lifts champagne glass, sips. sets it down. across from General, Colonel KABAKA lifts his glass too and sips. Both smile.

GENERAL DUNIA

(whispers)

Now let's get back to business. You tell me how you're planning things. How many recruiters have you in your plans.

COLONEL KABAKA

Mr. General?! We now have all the equipments, just waiting on the delegation from Bukavu. They will be here by tomorrow, by 6pm. We do have bunch recruiters in town. We've got the two truck containers full of machetes shipped to us by the Russian and Chinese and one truck container of AK-47s.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL DUNIA

That sounds good to me, but you've got to remember, we do not want to loose this time. kill them all!

GENERAL DUNIA (CONT'D)

(In Swahili; subtitled)

We have to wipe out the whole town. No more cockroaches in this country.

General Dunia takes another sip again, keep drinking until he finishes the whole glass of champagne and excuses himself to leave. General Dunia leaves the restaurant and leaves Colonel Kabaka behind in the restaurant.

The music is suddenly interrupted.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULONGWE BRIDGE - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL AERIAL SHOT OF THE BRIDGE - MULONGWE - ESTABLISHING

Jeep follows the Van as it makes it way towards KAVINVIRA - BURUNDIAN BORDER. The Van speeds across the bridge, as the music plays.

Malik, the driver, slams break. There is a roadblock across the bridge, Militia wave machetes, trench raiding clubs and spears as they chant... Then a Van stops to avoid the trap.

STEVEN

Now what? Any idea at all?

MALIK

I guess, They are waiting for us

WOMAN

There is no turning around. We just have to keep going.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Let's all pray!

Steven glances across the bridge, as dozens of protesters carrying signs, burning tires and chanting.

A mile away, behind the Van, protesters formed a human wall and block by a pair of pickup trucks decorated with banners reading "No more TUTSIS" and "KILL THEM ALL."

(CONTINUED)

Dozens of protesters then fill in the roadway, carrying signs reading "NEVER AGAIN" and "Stand Against RATS."

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Holly God... Even behind us? There is no choice.

MANOA

Listen up! If we die, let's die together. There is no dying separate. Let's all die as we came.

MASUDI

Ladies and gentleman, I am dying here with you. I cannot let this happen here.

STEVEN

Like Manoa says! No one gets out. Let us die here.

Steven looks down and remains silent.

DAVID

What if the burn the car! are we staying?

Finally, Manoa is about to reply, but David erupts.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm so scarred. Are going to survive this?

MANOA

Don't worry about it. We will be safe.

CUT TO:

INT. IN THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Asaph, Nseko, Mwiza and Anita are squeezed into the rear with two other refugees and one old man. Anita sits across from Steven, next to Mwiza. Anita looks at David.

ANITA

Are you OK? David grins, displaying bloody teeth.

Anne addresses the whole crowd.

(CONTINUED)

ANITA

I don't want to die!

Manoa addresses the whole crowd.

MANOA

Listen up ladies and gentlemen. As we all know, we are leaving the town tomorrow morning. MALIK is going to get us a minivan and heading to BURUNDI.

REGUGEE 1

Is it safe for us?

MANOA

We have no choice.

REGUGEE 2

This sounds great, but how can we trust him? MALIK

MANOA

Malik is a friend of mine, he cannot betray my family. Let us take cover inside. And I'm going to keep an eye on him.

REGUGEE 1

All women and kids, go to sleep. We man will take cover. I'll keep an eye on the window.

MANOA

I'll keep an eye on the front door.

REGUGEE 3

I'll keep an eye on the back door.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

How many weapons do you have to us.

REGUGEE 1

None of your business, woman. Just go to sleep.

MANOA

Guys, we have no time for this. Remember, time is ticking.

REGUGEE 3

Yes, Sir.

All refugees stare at Manoa as he stands.

(CONTINUED)

THE SOUND OF DRUMS, from a distance, echoes.

CUT TO:

EXT. AHMED'S BEDROOM - EARLY IN THE MORNING

AHMED ZEN, sixties, lay on the left side of his bed. The cell phone rings. His hands is out stretch. Not reaching toward the cell phone, but toward the empty half of the bed.

The cell phone ring louder. He forces himself to roll and grabs the cell phone. A hand reaches for it, bringing the receiver up to the face of and answers the cell phone.

AHMED

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Yes.

Silence.

AHMED

Uncle, JOHN!? Is it you?

MAN'S VOICE

Yes! Are you aware of what is happening around the town?

AHMED

Wait... What?

MAN'S VOICE

Get out of that place. I mean...  
NOW.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Three gunmen entered Luka's house and executed him and his family. No survival. All died...

Both silence.

AHMED

This is insane... How did it happened.

Suddenly...through tears...Silences.

(CONTINUED)

CLICK! Ahmed hangs up the phone, then have cell phone down and clothes on, slips the cell phone into his jeans pocket then get out. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal AHMED getting out his bedroom, alone.

He moves from the bed room to the windows in the living room.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIKARI'S HOUSE - THE NIGHT SKY IS SPECTACULAR

ANASTASIE, nearly her forties, feeds children - rice and beans, meat and cup of milk each. BIKARI, nearly his fifties, lays on the bed. Eyes open.

A full moon beams down the outside of the house like a spotlight.

The sound of a vehicle outside draws Bikari over to the window. Beyond the bars, he sees that two tracks has arrived, carrying several soldiers. He recognizes the leader.

Soldiers spreads and surround the house.

TROOP LEADER  
(whisper - Swahili subtitled)  
Make sure no one gets in or out.  
This is an official operation. get  
them alive or dead.

LESS THAN A MINUTE

The first gunshot is fired up in the air. He runs back into the living room.

BIKARI  
(whispers - Swahili Titled)  
Hurry up and go hide in the  
bedroom, I will take cover here.  
Now one is getting hurt.  
(pause)  
Honey!? Don't panic i got this.  
Just keep children safe and calm.

Bikari grabs the kitchen knife and cocks his rifle with his back against the wall. He slowly begins to edge toward the curtains so he can see outside.

Glass shatters across the room. The window next him explodes into multiple fragments. Bullets pierces the wall where he stands.

(CONTINUED)

Silence

ANASTASIE

(whispers - praying)

Please, God... You've been with us  
before. Help us now, God. Make them  
leave or make us escape alive.

Bikari edges closer to the gaping hole that was once his window. The tip of his rifle barrels, and lifts shredded curtain, and looks outside. It is dark and Sees no one, but shadows.

The thunder rumbles sky lights up. He sees all of them clear.

TROOP LEADER(O.S)

You need to come out or your house  
will be burned within a second. I  
am going to count one to ten, and  
if no one comes with are going to  
act very serious.

Silence...

TROOP LEADER(O.S)

One... two... three... four...

Major RAY NICHOLAS, early thirties, slowly comes form the corner with his two escorts behind the group leader. All with the rifles cocked ready to fire.

Ray Nicholas is right behind the troop leader. Then Nicholas grabs him around his neck.

MAJOR NICHOLAS

Drop your weapons! Put it down now!  
And don't move until I say so! This  
family has nothing to do with your  
dirty politics.

The troop leader orders his army to put their weapons down and leave the place. Then Nicholas stabs the troop leader near to her heart.

Suddenly fights erupt between Nicholas' soldiers and the Militia.

He lets one of him go and he falls to the ground. Nicholas orders his escorts to shoot the troops. Suddenly then gun fire. All troops fell on the ground.

Bikari glances and notices all the troop soldiers falling on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

MAJOR NICHOLAS  
(Call - Swahili subtitled)  
Monsieur, BIKARI... It's me Major  
NICHOLAS... Your uncle from  
MINEMBWE. I am here to rescue your  
family.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNITED NATIONS - NEW YORK - DAY

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JADEN and SONIA sit on the couch. They're actually watching what we've just seen. On their television. UNITED NATIONS meeting.

THE SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE UN, (KOFI ATTA ANNAN),  
ADDRESSES A FULL ASSEMBLY.

He looks at the front row where THE SECRETARY OF STATES  
HILLARY CLINTON sit among the Representatives.

SECRETARY GENERAL  
The conflict in the eastern  
Democratic Republic of Congo needs  
to be addressed. We now have  
thousands and millions innocent  
people getting killed everyday. We  
as the United Nations need to  
address the key issues, for the  
particularly sexual violence.

The secretary of the state Clinton speaks in return.

SECRETARY OF STATE - HILLARY CLINTON  
We are redoubling our efforts to  
address the fundamental cause of  
this violence: the fighting  
that goes on and on in the eastern  
Congo needs to stop now. We want to  
banish the problem of sexual  
violence into the dark past, where  
it belongs. The international  
community must start looking at  
steps we can take to try to prevent  
the mineral wealth from the DRC  
ending up in the hands of those who  
fund the violence here.

(CONTINUED)

## SECRETARY OF STATE - HILLARY CLINTON

(CONT'D)

The Congo needs an army that is ... well paid and well trained, that will protect the people and not feel as though it has to feed off of the people, and victimize the people.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONGO - BURUNDI BORDER CROSSING - DAY

The streets are a mad traffic jam of cars, vans, motorbikes and people. Any of these cars could be carrying explosives or enemies.

LATER

A brand new military JEEP approaches a paved road ahead on the mud road, front border.

The DRIVER (COMMANDANT RAMBO) stops the jeep and six Congolese soldiers jumps out of the Jeep, armed in RPGs, AK-47 and grenades stand guard, over the Congolese Tutsi, waiting them to cross the Congo-Burundi border. Then Lieutenant Colonel Saudi, middle 50's, brown, dark haired, steps out of the Jeep.

A Humanitarian agent, Kris Johnson is waiting for colonel to negotiate and looking into the possibility of relocating the refugees away from the border.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAUDI

What is it that you white people and the Humanitarian Agencies looking into our countries?!

Both silence a minute.

KRIS JOHNSON

We are closely monitoring developments in the Congo to be ready to help if any more refugee arrivals. For Go's sake we are trying to help your people.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAUDI

For what reason?!

(CONTINUED)

KRIS JOHNSON  
Their lives and survivals...

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAUDI  
What if i kill them in front of  
you... I cannot leave any  
witnesses, even you.

KRIS JOHNSON  
(whispers)  
Humanitarian and the UN, plus USA  
are watching over their drones and  
under covers. You might do it, but  
i am telling you... Now you are  
under target.. only if you cannot  
cooperate or if you wanna play your  
games.

Lt. Colonel nods and silences for a moment.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAUDI  
This is insane, why watching our  
countries?! no more colonization...  
Take them, but don't you dare  
coming into this country anymore.

KRIS JOHNSON  
(whispers)  
I tell you my friend... This is the  
world we live in. You might play  
your games, but there are other  
people planning new one... more  
than yours.

A large group of refugees - 1,652 people, mostly women and  
children, get on board and passe through border heading the  
GATUMBA CENTER - BURUNDI.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIEN MAL ACQUIS STREET - DAY

A white mini-bus drives into the middle of the Bien Mal  
Acquis street. Rocks crunches beneath the tires as the  
mini-bus drives by. Then Captain MALAKI, early 30's, AND his  
three escorts all dressed in military uniforms POINT THEIR  
RIFLES at the DRIVER (Brian) AND SCREAM ORDERS TO STOP.

Then Captain MALAKI, lays his finger gently against the  
trigger. The DRIVER (Brian, breaths in, and breaths out.  
Then stops the mini-bus.

INT. MINI-BUS - ENGINE ON (PARKED IN THE MIDDLE OF STREET)

Brian (the driver) reaches back and pulls a nice black jacket. He stacks it on his laps and cover his riffle and put his eye back to the scope and lays the cross chair on the top left corner of the door.

BRIAN

(nervous)

No one moves, until I do something.  
This is a red zone. No one leaves  
this Car, let's all die or survive  
together as we all came together.  
Hear me?!

PASSENGERS (O.S)

(nervously reply)

Yes.

Brian is nervously waiting on the riffle-men to engage.  
Nothing happens.

Silence.

A MOMENT LATER

Then Captain MALAKI, approaches the mini-bus and point the gun to Brian. His escort take cover behind him, twenty feet from the mini-bus.

CAPTAIN MALAKI

Any weapons in here?!

BRIAN

Can't tell you...

CAPTAIN MALAKI

willing to die here, with all these  
traitors! huh...

BRIAN

There is no traitors in here,  
unless you want us to be... Treat  
us with respect, if you want us to  
be your guess. otherwise, I am  
going to send you somewhere else...  
I mean Now.

BRIAN - (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for, arrest me  
already!

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

Then Captain MALAKI points pistol at Brian. But Brian takes the first shot and aims at Captain MALAKI's chest. Then Captain MALAKI falls on the ground and his three escorts scatters and run away.

Silence

Brian glances left and right, he can hear gunfire in the distance. He climbs down the mini-bus and grabs Captain Malaki's riffle and jumps jumps in the mini-bus, drives.

MACHINE GUNFIRE - THEN SINGLE SHOTS.

BRIAN

Let us get a hell out here.

The mini-bus drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATUMBA REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

The UNHCR's partner, the International Rescue Committee, has begin working in the affected sites.

DAVID has never seen that before. There so many refugees in one place at the same time.

The refugee camp is filled with people of all ages: Men, Woman, Boys Girls. Most of the refugees are small children and elders who have run away from their homes.

UNHCR AGENT

This is insane... What country does this to his own people?

UNHCR AGENT (CONT'D)

We need to separate children children who arrived here without their families.

Children who arrived without their parent are now separated from others.

Then silences for a moment then approaches a large group of refugees.

UNHCR AGENT

Who is in charge, here. Can i talk to your team leader.

There is smoke from giant cooking pots drifting into the air.

(CONTINUED)

Now, the refugee camp is safe from the war.

The largest group of refugees - 1,652 people, mostly women and children are gathering outside waiting for the UNHCR, together with other UN agencies and non-governmental organizations to start an emergency distribution of food provided by the WFP (World Food Program) and other relief items to last the refugees for an initial 10-day period.

And we see Simon and Anna (UNHCR crew) walking through the camp.

SIMON

Has the Congolese government tried to rescue all these innocent people of their own? Over one million have lost their lives now.

Simon sweeping his hand, indicating the mass of refugees.

SIMON (CONT'D)

These people left their villages, and came to these camps to find refuge and there is no hope for them to survive.

ANNA

This is a war zone. If they stay in this area, they'll be killed too. Congolese Government has to do something to help these people.

CUT TO:

EXT. KILIBULA DISTRICT- CONGO - DAY

The military pickup arrives, and the soldiers jump out the truck.

The air smell like burned flesh and dead bodies and burnt hair.

There is a terrible destruction of the houses and a massive killing. 10 or 12 bodies are stacked outside smoking houses. Few family members are on their knees, shedding tears next to the corpses of their relatives.

Colonel Jules Mike, 40's, gets out of the pickup and silent. Jules is filled with shock, just staring at the corpses all around him.

We see a half-naked kid standing next to his parents' corpse piled outside. He stares down at his dead parents, naked and burned alive. The half-naked kid falls onto his mother's

(CONTINUED)

corpse and begins to wail.  
SILENCE!

Colonel Jules watching the boy wailing next to his parents' corpse  
LATER,  
Colonel Jules, burst into tears as he listens to the boy's voice wailing for his parents.

BOOOOM!

COLONEL JULES MIKE  
(Swahili-subtitled)  
Stay down! -- stay down! --

There is an explosion in the distance.

A muffled burst - in the distance - Colonel Jules runs toward the kid as his escorts run toward the explosion.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAY

There's a KNOCK at the wooden door. Ben stands at the door. More KNOCKING. LOUDER now.

Silence. AND then Robert moved close toward the door and peeks. He sees two people outside waiting for the door to be open.

ROBERT  
(arrives at the door, pauses,  
suspiciously now)  
Who is it?

BEN  
It's me, Ben, open the goddamn door. Hurry up kid.

ROBERT (O.C.)  
Okay, okay, buddy...

BEN  
Just open the door.

Robert opens the door. He SEES Ben... then Julius holding black shoes on her hands. Ben rushes inside and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
(rushing inside)  
Crazy, crazy out there!

Robert stares at Ben and asks.

ROBERT  
What you talking about, are you  
okay, buddy?

JULIUS  
(interrupts)  
They are killing people. I mean  
KILL... a killer is after us.

ROBERT  
What a second. what you mean after  
US?

JULIUS  
Chris and his son are both dead.

ROBERT  
Wait... what, what?

Robert looks over at Ben, 30s, a bulky, arrogant  
bruiser sitting on a stool among a group of ROUGHNECKS  
closes the door behind him.

JULIUS  
Keep it down. there a mass killing  
out there.

ROBERT  
(NOTICES the blood on  
Ben's sweatshirt)  
What you going on out there,  
seriously. Is that blood? Ben

BEN  
We got jumped and someone tried to  
kill us.

ROBERT (O.C.)  
Holly, shit. Now what we do? I got  
a gun in here.

CUT TO:

INT. GATUMBA CAMP - BETWEEN THE TENTS - NIGHT

A BEAUTIFUL AERIAL SHOT OF THE GATUMBA CAMP - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

FRIDAY NIGHT

2200 HOURS

We are looking down at the camp.

The camp looks quiet. There is no movement at all...Everyone is sleeping. I can hear the coughing from sleeping people in distance.

David is sleeping with his two Steven and Kim.

Silence continues for a moment.

The force of armed combatants approach the camp.

BOOM!

The sound of AK-47 rocks on full automatic. Refugees Now panic and scream. IZZY, 15's, hits the floor.

DAVID

(panic)

What the fuck is happening.

Kim gets leans and peeks and David pulls him back.

DAVID

(glances outside and whispers)

What the hell you think you are doing. Be careful, and do not move.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Wait, I see him coming toward us.

A man with an Ak-47 approaches and stops at the door. He then lashes the flash light towards the inside. David leans forward to identify the shooter.

A Grenade ERUPTS from the opposite side of the floor and Lucas, 23's, hits the floor.

The gunman slowly walks toward inside.

BOOT!

(CONTINUED)

Two shots hit into Echa, 15's back. She collapses to her knees, and dies.

A beat!

ECHA'S MOTHER

Echa! My daughter is dead. Help please.

MOSES (O.C.)

Don't talk. He is coming in here.

David Sees movement directly behind him and panics. Moses digs the tent to find a way out. A shot hits his right palm.

MOSES

Get back. I got hit, I am bleeding, really bad.

Everyone moves back and squeezes into a torn tent.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE TENT - NIGHT

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

2235 HOURS

David and Steven clothes are covered with blood and dirt. A moment later, both David and Steven sitting across from one another. David stares at Steven and whispers

DAVID

(whispers)

I think they going to burn they tent.

STEVEN

Shut up, he is coming in.

BOOM!

The second grenade hits the ground between David and Steven.

We SEE a gunman holding a sharp knife. He pulls a scary woman from the left and slides the knife in her throat. the scary woman hits the ground.

JACKY, 6 years old girl stares at the gunman then craws towards David.

(CONTINUED)

JACKY  
Ooh! my God.

David presses his palm against her eyes.

DAVID  
(whispers)  
Shhhh! This is going to end soon.  
Just hang in there. Don't talk.

He comes another gunman. Not the original shooter. He steps forward and stands in a doorway, then pauses.

GUNMAN  
Shoot these INYENZI (cockroaches).  
Remember no eyewitnesses and no survivors.

He is holding an AK.

David sees something and feels uncomfortable standing down; he says something to Steven:

DAVID  
(whispers - Swahili titled)  
Hey, Steve -- Now we've got two  
gunmen standing at the door with  
guns, waiting to kill us -- Let us  
run to the back and find the way  
out here...

MOSES (O.C.)  
Hey! Stev... Come over this way  
please.

The third grenade hits the doorway; then Moses says something:

MOSES (O.C.)  
(yelling)  
Run...

STEVEN  
This way... All of you.

David stares at Jacky's right leg. Her foot has been blown off. The dust and rocks shard at them. The sound of AK's and grenades fills the air.

Moses lifts the tent from the ground and SEES outside. Empty space; then says:

(CONTINUED)

MOSES

Here! there is no one out there.  
Run...

DAVID

Run! Run...

Everyone runs through the back. The sound of AK's and grenades follows.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAMP - FRONT - NIGHT

A gunman appears, standing on in front of a white burning tent. we HEAR the sound of an automatic gunfire and a female hollering in the middle of two gunmen.

The camera panes behind a hollering woman. The fire flames are flicks from a burning white tent.

Boom!

A loud sound of a grenade comes from inside the tent.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - RECEPTION AREA - EARLY IN THE MORNING

The reception area is packed with patients that have injuries. Children are screaming crying.

There is one wounded child is accompanied by a man. They both sit and wait. Munge and Mario are seated at the waiting area.

A resident DR.Emmanuel approaches both Munge and Mario and say something.

INT. IN THE HOTEL ROOM - GOMA - MIDNIGHT

The digital CLOCK next to JOHN CLARK's bed shows 12:05 a.m. in glowing white numbers.

JOHN CLARK, middle fifties, lays on the right side of his bed. The cell phone rings. His hands is out stretch. Not reaching toward the cell phone, but toward the empty half of the bed.

He glares at the clock next to his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

The cell phone rings louder, and LOUDER. He forces himself to roll and grabs the cell phone. A hand reaches for it, bringing the receiver up to the face of and answers the cell phone.

JOHN CLARK

Hello! MR.CLARK speaking! How can help you.

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Hello! This is me Colonel, JULES MIKE. We just received the information from the headquarters. The GATUMBA CAMP is under attack.

CLARK, burst into tears as he listens to Jules talking.

JOHN CLARK

(in tears)

Any survivors?

COLONEL JOHN CLARK

Around 500 refugees have been evacuated by the authorities and local police. Few others are still missing. It is affirmative. The last information confirmed that, the enemies were the FNL(The National Forces of Liberation). The FNL left the location already and they still looking around and try to find out how many people died.

JOHN CLARK

Any casualties.

Silence.

CLARK gets up, turns on a light. He makes his way to the toilet and stands in front of mirror and pauses.

COLONEL JULES MIKE

The houses were completely destroyed and burned. At least 166 innocent refugees were mercilessly slaughtered. And probably few others were taken to hostages. The injured were taken to different hospitals i the city of Bujumbura.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CLARK  
I have to be there.

COLONEL JULES MIKE  
Be where!?

JOHN CLARK  
I have to be in that Camp by  
tomorrow morning. The justice has  
to be done as soon as possible.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EARLY IN THE MORNING  
A BEAUTIFUL SHOT OF THE WHITE HOUSE ESTABLISH

Computer type quickly bleeps on SCREEN:

SATURDAY MORNING

0700 HOURS

... WHITE HOUSE, UNITED STATES ...

We are looking down at the White house.

Around 2,000 protesters from different ethnicity gather in  
front of the White House call attention to the violence of  
the Gatumba Massacre.

FEMALE VOICES (O.S)  
(yelling)  
We need Justice! We need justice.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE FRONT GATE - MORNING

From the INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE We HEAR the noise of the  
protest.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT stands at the main gate. He talks to  
his shirt cuff.

AGENT MARTIN  
We've got a situation, here on the  
outside.

Another AGENT comes from the corner and stars at the  
protesters.

(CONTINUED)

SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps ahead one or three steps then stops:

AGENT MARTIN  
What is this about?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)  
We need Justice, We need justice...

AGENT MARTIN  
I want to talk to the leader.

Alexis Charles, 40's raises his hand and moves forward. He steps close to Agent Martin and says:

ALEXIS CHARLES  
As we stand here, we are seeking for justice. Last night, More than 160 refugees mercilessly slaughtered. The Killing took place at a small refugee camp called GATUMBA, in BURUNDI near the Congolese border.

Agent Martin starts to make a note.

ALEXIS CHARLES (CONT'D)  
The lack of justice just keeps feeding this culture of impunity. We truly believe this is a betrayal to all innocent civilians in our region of Africa. We are here to seek justice and asking the United States to bring those who killed our relatives to justice. Thank you.

AGENT MARTIN  
(taking note)  
I am truly sorry about your lose. as of now, we as the Unites States of America are going to follow this case. As of now the secretary of the States is not in her office, But I personally will make sure I hand her the piece of information shared.

AGENT MARTIN (CONT'D)  
I've got your request, Now this gathering is dismissed.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDOM HOUSE - EARLY IN THE MORNING

A family of six is seating in the living room watching an old black and white television. JEANNE NYAMUCO, in her mid thirties sits on a black mat facing TV.

Richard stands beside his mother, Amina. Tears stream from Rickard's eyes, across his birthmark and off his chin.

NZEYIMANA RICHARD

Mom, why did that happen? Why all the killings? don't you thing they are innocent, why killing innocent people? Especially kids like me.

Jeanne, the mother glares at her son and looks at the television. There are tears streaming down her face. She takes Richard's hand and begins to wipe his face.

JEANNE NYAMUCO

Don't worry my son! Everything is alright.

NZEYIMANA RICHARD

How can everything be alright when innocent people are dying. Mom, you saw that on TV, didn't you/

JEANNE NYAMUCO

Yes, I did. I saw it...

Jeanne looks her son in the eyes and remains silent.

NZEYIMANA RICHARD

where was the police, Soldiers or the Government? Do you think they are coming to kill us too?

JEANNE NYAMUCO

Noway! don't think about it, please.

EXT. ACCROSS THE BRIDGE - IN THE AFTERNOON

A young man wheels a rusty bicycle and slowly approaches the group of militia; three gunmen appear. One gunman approaches the young man; he bends down and whispers to him.

THE GUNMAN

Hey boy! Who brought you here this evening. You are just coming to die in my hands.

(CONTINUED)

The young man is scare! He is shaking violently and frightened as he looks down on the ground.

A YOUNG MAN

I just wanna go home...

THE GUNMAN

Shut your mouth, boy. Now listen to me very carefully. My gun is thirsty and needs your blood or just give me something, money, sigarette or something. and this had to be between both of us.

One of the two gunmen signal his partner, the one standing with the Young man.

ONE GUNMAN

Don't you dare touching that boy. whatever you need or trying to do, just let him go home. NOW

A YOUNG MAN

Can I please go home. I do not have money on me. I have a two month old daughter and I don't wanna die and leave her without a father. Please.

Looks A young man in his face. He looks away and tells the young man to leave the area and not to come back again.

ONE GUNMAN

Listen to me, boy. Don't come back here or walking alone around this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN THE YARD - FRONT THE CAMP - NIGHT

The vice president, Azarias Ruberwa, mid 50's, squad car pulls up, car doors open then two security agents get out the car.

The air smell like burned flesh and dead bodies and burnt hair.

FOUR SECRET SERVICE AGENTS surround president's car. Then one security agent talks to his shirt cuff.

AGENT MUHIRE

Everything is alright, here on the outside.

(CONTINUED)

Another AGENT repeats the same thing.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps ahead one or three steps then stops:

The car door opens then the presidents gets out.

There is a terrible destruction of the houses and a massive killing. 60 or 80 bodies are stacked outside smoking tents. Few family members are on their knees, shedding tears next to the corpses of their relatives.

The vice president JOHN CLARK gets out of the car and silent.

The vice president JOHN CLARK is filled with shock, just staring at the corpses all around him.

We see a half-naked kid standing next to his mother's corpse piled outside. He stares down at his dead mother, half-naked and burned alive. The half-naked kid falls onto his mother's corpse and begins to wail.

SILENCE!

The vice president JOHN CLARK watching the boy wailing next to his parents' corpse

LATER,

The vice president JOHN CLARK burst into tears as he listens to the boy's voice wailing for his parents.

SILENT sad song plays in the background!

JOHN CLARK

(Swahili-subtitled)

We were born like others but we  
grew up to see that the earth does  
not love us and wants to  
exterminate us. Those who committed  
this crime do not want us to return  
to Congo. But I promised we shall  
go back at all costs.

Thousand of people are crying and grieving they loss. Then  
The vice president JOHN CLARK burst into tears.

SILENCE!

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps ahead one or three steps then talks to the vice president.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VICE PRESIDENT'S FACE - SAME

We see tears of pain coming down vice president's face.

A squad car pulls up, car doors open then the security agents opens the door.

The Vice president get in then.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DOOR - SAME

The vice president drops into his seat  
then A SECRET SERVICE AGENT closes the car door.

The car drives away.

CUT TO:

FADE OUT:

.END