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FADE IN:

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SCREEN TYPE: THIS IS A TRUE STORY

\*

EXT. KIGALI AIRPORT. DAY

A burning white sun high in a clear blue sky,

PAN DOWN TO:

A rundown (sixties) airport, peeling in the heat.

A mad traffic jam of cars, vans, motorbikes all stopped at a checkpoint where a RWANDAN POLICEMAN blows his whistle, waves some and stops others as bored Rwandan soldiers look on.

CLOSE ON: A white van pulls out of traffic, a balls-out case of line jumping. HORNS, OBSCENITIES.

A HAND: Extends from the passenger side of the van, Rwandan francs pressed neatly between thumb and palm.

The van stops next to the policeman.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Rusesabagina, good morning.

In the passenger seat PAUL RUSESABAGINA, late 30's, flashes a smile. He is dressed in a sharp blue suit (always dressed in a neat suit and tie, it is a matter of pride).

A quick shake of hands. Money passes from one to the other.

EXT. KIGALI AIRPORT TARMAC. DAY

The van parked by the runway tarmac. African music plays on the radio. Paul drums his fingers, checks his watch.

ZOZO, porter/driver, early thirties, sits nervously.

An airport baggage handler approaches the van.

HANDLER

Sir, the flight is delayed one more hour.

PAUL

Thank you.

(to Zozo)

We can get the beer.

\*

\*

ZOZO  
 (suddenly worried)  
 Rutaganda's place?

PAUL  
 What's wrong?

ZOZO  
 Beg your pardon sir, you are Hutu. You  
 are safe there.

PAUL  
 You are with me, Zozo, don't worry.

Zozo throws the van into gear and speeds off.

EXT. KIGALI STREETS. DAY

The white van, marked "THE HOTEL MILLE COLLINES," whips its way through  
 Kigali's packed streets and open-air markets.

EXT. KIGALI STREETS. DAY

Zozo works THE HORN, weaves in and out of traffic.

ZOZO  
 What is it like to fly on a plane, sir?

PAUL  
 It depends where you sit Zozo. In coach  
 it is like the bus to Giterama.

ZOZO  
 That is why they call it coach?

PAUL  
 Maybe. But in business class there are  
 fine wines, linens, Belgian chocolates.

ZOZO  
 (impressed)  
 You have taken business class?

PAUL  
 Many times.

Suddenly, Zozo slows.

Paul looks up, SEES: a gathering on the side of the road -- a large  
 crowd of men dressed in exotically, yet identically colored shirts.  
 They're members of the INTERAHAMWE - the Hutu Militia.

(Interahamwe - the Hutu Militia will be distinguished by these wildly colored shirts) They chant, drink beer, dance onto the road, obstructing cars, threatening the occupants. Several of them perform a rhythmic dance - the INTERAHAMWE war dance to thumping drumbeat music from a boombox.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Turn off.

Zozo, scared, looks for a side road, studies the traffic behind.

ZOZO

There is nowhere to turn, sir.

\*

As the van approaches,

PAUL

Slow down.

The van pulls up beside the Militia.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Boys, do you know the way to Mr. Rutagunda's warehouse?

\*

Some Militia approach. They are suddenly friendly, helpful.

MILITIA MAN #1

It is one more mile on this road.

Paul reaches into his pocket, takes out some Rwandan dollars.

PAUL

This is thirsty work, let me treat you to some beers.

As the van pulls away Zozo looks to Paul, relieved.

INT. RUTAGANDA'S WAREHOUSE. DAY

At his desk in front of a fan. GEORGE RUTAGUNDA, late 30's, huge, gold chains, Rolex watch, (like an African Mafia boss) but the same Interahamwe shirt. He squeezes an orange rind into a cup of espresso.

Behind him, through his office window, the white van is being loaded with cases of beer.

George holds out his massive shirt.

GEORGE

You will join us at the rally today?

Paul sits opposite, sipping coffee.

PAUL

I will try my best George but these days  
I have no time for rallies or politics.

GEORGE

Politics is power, Paul. And money.

Paul studies his watch.

PAUL

Time is money, George. We need extra beer  
today.

GEORGE

Business is good at the hotel?

PAUL

Very good.

GEORGE

I am always glad to see you Paul.

George leads Paul out into the warehouse. \*

As a forklift lifts A WOODEN CRATE, George angers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hell man, that is not beer, put it back!

DRIVER

But, sir, the Carlsberg is behind... \*

GEORGE

Forget the Carlsberg, give him Grolsch.

(to Paul)

I won't charge extra. \*

PAUL

Thank you. \*

The driver of the forklift, anxiously, spins the machine to return the  
crate but it slides off and CRASHES onto the floor: MACHETES, hundreds  
of them, spill out.

An awkward moment then George picks one of the crude blades.

GEORGE

A bargain buy, from China. Ten cents  
each, I'll get a dollar.

PAUL

At least.

Off Zozo terrified.

EXT. KIGALI AIRPORT TARMAC. DAY

A Sabena airliner lands. Passengers disembark via a roll-up staircase.

Paul's van pulls up by the luggage belt.

A large polystyrene box comes down the conveyor belt. It has Brussels - Kigali destination stickers all over it.

As Zozo picks it up, water sloshes from the lid.

PAUL

The ice has melted!

Zozo goes to open it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't. Let's go.

Paul slips money to two customs officials.

EXT. KIGALI STREETS. DAY

The van speeds through traffic. More traffic jams, Zozo edges up on the sidewalk. Then at an intersection they see.

THE INTERAHAMWE PARADE - a mass of young men and women, most in the same colorful uniform. Line after line, waves all performing the INTERAHAMWE war dance, in wild hypnotic sync, many wave sticks, spears, wooden imitation guns. A large banner reads, "Hutu Power."

A flatbed truck, speakers blare drumbeat music. On it GEORGE RUTAGUNDA dances the DANCE and waves a machete to the crowd.

Zozo sinks down behind the wheel.

PAUL

Sit up, smile, Zozo, don't attract attention to yourself.

ZOZO

Boss, some of those men are my neighbors, they know I'm Tutsi.

The parade passes. As they wait Paul takes out the wad of notes George gave him, peels off a few dollars.

PAUL

Here, Zozo, for your trouble.

Zozo takes it.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE. DAY

The van turns off the street into The Milles Collines Hotel driveway and HONKS twice as it pulls down a short drive lined with tall shrubs. An ARMED GUARD rushes from his booth and lifts the gate. Perfectly timed. The van doesn't even have to slow as it passes. A sign on the guard house reads "WELCOME TO THE HOTEL MILLE COLLINES".

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Lush tropical gardens, peacocks wander the well-manicured lawns, an exotic African paradise. The van heads to a magnificent colonial building.

PAUL (V.O.)

Pull up at the front door.

A valet opens the front door of the hotel and looks shocked. It's unheard of for a service van to stop out front.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(urgent, to the valet)

Help Zozo.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul leads Zozo and the valet into a magnificent lobby, a tasteful blend of Africa and Europe. Guests stare as water sloshes and spills from the crate.

GREGOIRE, early thirties the receptionist behind the desk throws a look of disapproval. Paul, imperial, snaps his finger toward him.

PAUL

(re: spilled water)

Gregoire. Take care of this.

\*

Gregoire engages a guest in chit-chat, ignores Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gregoire! See to this right away.

The elevator door opens and reveals BIK the Belgian hotel manager, mid-40's, reading some reports. He looks up, sees Paul and Zozo carrying the box as they step in. Bik looks puzzled.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's an emergency, sir.

\*

Now Bik sees the wet floor.



BIK

Paul!

PAUL

Gregoire will deal with it, excuse me.

The elevator doors shut. Bik's left standing in disbelief.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN. DAY

The crate is hefted onto a counter. The top pried off. A crowd of cooks gathers around Paul and Zozo as they peer in.

ZOZO

Any of them make it?

HEAD CHEF

Into the sink!

They hoist up one end of the crate and LOBSTERS spill out. Many make it into the sink, but some miss and slide across the counter and fall onto the floor.

The cooks sort the living from the dead.

ZOZO

Twelve are dead.

PAUL

How dead?

The cooks smells a dead lobster, shakes his head no.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Dump the bad meat, save the shells, fill them will ah, a stuffing, something local.

COOK

Cassava, and Tipali.

PAUL

Yes. Call it 'fresh Scottish Lobster in a cassava and Tipali crush'.

Paul fixes his tie, very pleased, another crisis solved.

INT. BANQUET ROOM/HOTEL MILLE COLLINES. DAY

Paul inspects the tables' fresh flowers, sparkling crystal glasses. He looks to the bar - Grolsch on ice.

The sound of African drums fills the air.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul emerges, as a troupe of African male dancers in ceremonial costume - Leopard skin dress, ostrich feather head dress, spears and shields perform a greeting dance for a the American Ambassador and a crowd of European dignitaries.

The male dancers are joined by a troupe of young female dancers in similar ceremonial dress. The ceremony comes to a foot stomping finale. The guests break into LOUD APPLAUSE. Paul flings open double doors to a reception room and the crowd moves in.

PAUL

Mr. Ambassador, please come in. \*

US AMBASSADOR

Thank you, Paul. \*

A UN Colonel, OLIVER, middle aged, Canadian, follows the US Ambassador. The Colonel wear the blue berets and armbands of UN Peacekeepers. (all UN troops will be distinguished by their bright blue berets, white helmets and arm bands) \*

PAUL

Colonel Oliver, you are very welcome. \*

The Ambassador shakes the Colonel's hand. \*

US AMBASSADOR

Colonel. I'd like you to meet Mr. Colson, of our Regional Aid Division. \*

MR. COLSON, crew cut, military build, is obviously CIA.

US AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Colonel Oliver is the liason officer for the U.N. peace keeping forces. \*

Paul backs away unnoticed...

INT. KITCHEN/HOTEL MILLE COLLINES. DAY

...then marches into the busy kitchen, claps his hands toward a gathering of waiters.

PAUL

Please, serve the hors d'ouvres now.

A waiter whispers to him.

WAITER

General Bizimungu wants to see you.

Paul heads out of the kitchen.

INT. HOTEL BAR. DAY

A luxurious lounge/club called the Kigali Club - an African Casablanca, complete with animal heads, a statue of a mountain gorilla, grand piano in the corner. Rwandan Hutu army officers, (distinguished by their crisp khaki uniforms, in the style of the French army), arms dealers, government dignitaries, businessmen and reporters mingle freely. The few tourists stand out.

Paul heads to a table. The center of attention and conversation is General BIZIMUNGU, 40's, dressed in a crisp, heavily decorated uniform, a strong figure, relaxed, in control. \*

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Paul, this scotch is exceptional.

PAUL

It's a single malt, Glenmorangie. I thought you'd like it. Anything you need, gentlemen, let me know.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Oh, Paul, talk to the coat check, please.

Paul heads for the lobby. He's intercepted by an zealous young Tutsi reporter BENEDICT who covers the political scene for the local independent newspaper.

BENEDICT

Paul, Paul, a moment please. \*

PAUL

Yes, Benedict, what can I do? \*

BENEDICT

Can you get me into the Ambassador's reception?

PAUL

I'm sorry, it's a private function.

Benedict takes out his reporters notebook.

BENEDICT

At least tell me who is attending. The newspaper will be grateful.

Paul laughs.

PAUL

I will be grateful if you keep my name out of your newspaper. Wait here and you will see who has attended as they leave.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul fixes a floral arrangement as he passes then arrives at the clock room hatch.

PAUL

(to the coat check)  
Did General Bizimungu bring a briefcase?

COAT CHECK

Yes, sir.

PAUL

Take it to the bar storeroom. Put three bottles of Glenmorangie...

(he writes it down on a pad)  
...GLEN-MOR-AN-GIE, into it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Paul moves off as the coat check scurries away.

CONNIE DENVER (O.S.)

Oh, Paul, Paul.

\*

An American woman, CONNIE DENVER, rich, blonde, surgically enhanced, stands by the door of the tourism office.

INT. HOTEL TOURISM OFFICE. DAY

Paul walks into the tourism office. It is decorated with posters and photos of Rwanda's single most important economic asset - the rare silver back mountain Gorillas. There's a picture of the real-life Diane Fossey next to the movie poster for "Gorillas in the Mist". Numerous books and video cassettes. CONNIE DENVER's older husband, BOB, and four American friends wait.

CONNIE DENVER

Paul, Paul. Our trip has been cancelled.

PAUL

Yes, I'm sorry Madame Denver, it is because of the rebels.

CONNIE DENVER

Rebels? What rebels?

\*

BOB

Don't be stupid for Christ sake. The Watusis are invading the country. I told you not to come here.

PAUL

The Tutsi rebels are far away on the border. And soon there will be peace.

BOB

Tutsis, Watutsis they'll still shoot you.

CONNIE DENVER

But I came here to see the gorillas?

PAUL

I will try to arrange something.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM. DAY

The luncheon is in full swing. Paul glides in the background.

Close on: The Ambassador in deep conversation with **Oliver**. \*

US AMBASSADOR

Things will calm down when the president signs the peace agreement with the rebels.

**COLONEL OLIVER** \*

Our intelligence, Mr. Ambassador, is that the Hutu government has been stockpiling weapons and are preparing a massacre. \*

US AMBASSADOR

That's not what I hear. Excuse me. Paul.  
(Paul comes over) \*

**Colonel**, you know the house manager, Paul Rusesabagina. \*

PAUL

How was your meal, sir? \*

US AMBASSADOR

Magnificent. \*

(reads)

Scottish lobster, in Rwanda. You see General what a genius this man is. You want anything, this man can get it? \*

**COLONEL OLIVER** \*

How about a battalion of U.S. Marines. \*

US AMBASSADOR

Now, General, don't ask for the impossible.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

I have heard, Mr. Ambassador, that they have discovered oil here, under Lake Kivu.

\*

Oliver bursts out laughing.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

You're right, Mr. Ambassador, Paul knows how to get anything, even U.S. troops.

\*

\*

The ambassador takes Paul's hand, shakes it warmly.

US AMBASSADOR

Thank you for a wonderful meal, Paul.

Paul moves away graciously, and in one smooth move checks out, then pockets, the hundred dollar bill the ambassador palmed him.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

General Bizimungu gazes through glass into the reception room, SEES Paul shake hands and joke with the Ambassador. (He's impressed.)

Paul notices the General.

The General raises his briefcase and waves.

Paul waves back. Another favor rendered.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS. NIGHT

It is night now. Floodlights bathe the hotel in a warm glow. Tiki oil lamps illuminate the walkways and spread scented citronella smoke among the trees. Wild birds CALL OUT.

EXT. HOTEL REAR CAR PARK. NIGHT

Paul walks to the employee car park at the rear.

He sees Gregoire and another male reception clerk tossing Zozo's pillbox porter's hat between them with Zozo trapped in the middle trying to jump and catch it. Gregoire thinks this tease is great fun.

GREGOIRE

Come on, Zozo, cockroaches can jump, some  
of them can fly.

\*

The clerk sees Paul just as he's about to throw, miscalculates, the hat sails over Gregoire's head and lands at Paul's feet. Zozo scampers to pick it up.

PAUL

No.  
(points to Gregoire)  
You pick it up.

\*

Gregoire doesn't move.

PAUL (CONT'D)

How are your dish-washing skills,  
Gregoire?

\*

Gregoire bends, picks up the hat, hands it to Zozo, who walks away quickly. Gregoire and his friend turn to head back into the hotel.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gregoire, there are no cockroaches in  
this hotel, do you understand?

BIK (O.S.)

Cockroaches?

Bik has walked out of the rear door and overheard.

BIK (CONT'D)

Don't tell me we have cockroaches, Paul?

\*

A sly smile breaks on Gregoire's face as he uses Bik's arrival to disappear inside.

PAUL

No, Bik, it's a code word for Tutsis.

\*

BIK

That's what I came to talk to you about.

PAUL

Excuse me?

BIK

The Hutu-Tutsi thing. The BBC faxed to say they would be here on the sixth for the peace accords. And the U.N. wants the banquet room for that day, a reception to broadcast the signing ceremony. Can you organize monitors and check the satellite dish?

\*

PAUL

Leave it to me.

Bik leans slightly closer.

BIK

Also, could you remember to use the service entrance at all times?

PAUL

Of course.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. NIGHT

Paul hops in his car and tosses a box of Belgium chocolates on the seat next to him.

EXT. KIGALI STREETS. NIGHT

Paul speeds through the streets of Kigali HUMMING along to music on the radio and eating chocolates from the box. He passes bicycles laden with produce. The song on the radio ends and local news comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Good Hutus of Rwanda, beware. The dictatorship of the Tutsi cockroach is near. Watch your neighbor. Identify these cockroaches. Then rise up and stamp out this murderous infestation...

Paul turns the station. Finds another with music.

EXT. KIGALI NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT

Lights burn in windows. Kids play soccer in dusty lots. Paul's van turns onto a residential street and slows. He HONKS twice. The metal gate to a walled compound swings open. A GUARD (old, peaked hat, bare feet, pathetic) stands just inside. Paul waves to him and pulls into the courtyard, two cars are already parked there.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A neat bungalow and gardens behind the high wall. Paul parks and gets out. A DOG runs and greets him, BARKING.

PAUL

Down, Pealiss.



His wife, TATIANA, a woman of great natural beauty, emerges from the house, beside her an even taller, very elegant woman, she has a doctor's bag and a stethoscope in her hand. This is ODETTE, their family doctor and close friend.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Good evening, Odette, who is sick this time? \*

TATIANA

I asked Odette to take a look at little Anais. She has a rash.

PAUL

Your brother's here?

TATIANA

Yes, with Fedens and the children. He wants some advice.

ODETTE

Good to see you, Paul. \*

Paul embraces Odette warmly, kisses Tatiana.

ODETTE (CONT'D)

I must go, Paul. \*

TATIANA

You will not stay for dinner.

ODETTE

No thank you, Tatiana. \*

PAUL

My best to Jean Baptiste.

EXT: PAUL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The old guard opens the gate, Odette drives off.

EXT. PAUL'S GARDEN. NIGHT

PAUL

(a sigh)

Thomas wants advice?

TATIANA

He wants your wisdom.

PAUL

Let's have dinner first.

TATIANA

Of course.

His brother-in-law THOMAS and sister-in-law FEDENS come out to greet Paul the Patriarch. They hug. Kids run everywhere. Paul spots his twin nieces Anais (in blue) and Carine (in yellow), four years old. He scoops them up, one in each arm.

PAUL

Hello, Anais. \*

She laughs.

CARINE

I am Carine.

PAUL

You are not Anais? \*

ANAIS

I am Anais.

PAUL

Oh, Carine, that is a shame. I have a present for Anais. \*

Anais reaches out her hand. Paul sets them on the ground, takes a chocolate from his chocolate box, deliberately hands it to Carine. Anais jumps up and down.

ANAIS

It is for me.

PAUL

Goodness, I cannot tell. I guess I must find another present.

He takes a chocolate gives it to Carine, then hands out the chocolates to his children who are gathered around.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN. DAY

A crowded family table. Tatiana, Paul's four children, Thomas and Fedens, and the twins Anais and Carine.

PAUL

Roger, your turn.

Paul's eldest, ROGER, 12, bows his head.

ROGER

For food and clothes, and all that grows, etc, etc. Dear Lord, thank you.

PAUL  
Thank you, Roger.

Food is passed around. Roger gobbles his down.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Why the hurry, Roger?

ROGER  
Simon has a new pet. Can I go see it?

PAUL  
No, I don't want you going on the street.

ROGER  
Please, papa, I have a secret path. \*

PAUL  
Who is this Simon?

TATIANA  
Simon, next door, the Charingas' boy.

PAUL  
Homework?

ROGER  
It's done.

TATIANA  
And he did extra chores.

PAUL  
Wash your things, and be back soon. \*

Roger takes off at a run.

EXT. PAUL'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Roger runs to a wooden fence, gets down, moves two boards and squeezes through into a path, almost a tunnel in dense reeds.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S (SIMON'S) YARD. NIGHT

Roger crawls along his path. There's a gap a little way down, and Roger shoots through it into the wide open of the neighbors yard. He runs to a back window of the house and taps on it. Soon SIMON, 12, appears. He slides it open.

ROGER  
Let's feed it.

Simon lets Roger in.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S (SIMON'S) HOUSE. NIGHT

Roger holds a WILDLY COLORED SNAKE in a jar. Simon has a bag of bugs. Waves the bag in front of the snake. It's forked tongue goes wild.

ROGER

Let me.

Simon hands him the bugs. Roger lifts the lid, drops one bug in, and the snake strikes. The boys jump back, laugh.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

After dinner coffee for the adults. Tatiana, Thomas and Fedens at the table. Paul, in his usual position, at the head, listening, like Solomon.

THOMAS

I've heard bad things, Paul. My assistant says we should get out of Rwanda.

FEDENS

Why should we leave? I have a new job, things have never been better for us.

THOMAS

What good is it if we are murdered in our bed?

TATIANA

Your assistant, he is Hutu?

THOMAS

Yes, and he is in the Hutu Power Militia.

CARINE

He wants your job.

THOMAS

No, he is a friend, but he tells me to listen to the radio. All day they talk about the great slaughter.

TATIANA

That station is filth.

Paul has listened, now he decides to speak.

PAUL

Today I talked to my friend the American Ambassador and Colonel Oliver of the United Nations. They are preparing a banquet for the peace signing. The BBC are flying in their best reporters. The world is watching. There will be peace. Don't listen to this man.

\*

Solomon has spoken. Fedens smiles, Tatiana rubs Paul's arm.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S (SIMON'S) YARD. NIGHT

Roger crawls along his grass tunnel. Then he hears something. He looks through the reeds toward the street.

HE SEES: Military boots, a cluster of Hutu soldiers in their crisp Khaki uniforms.

He hears whispering.

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

That house.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Paul, Tatiana, are by Thomas's car. They say good night to their guests. Anais and Carine sleep in the car.

Paul nods to the old guard to go open the gate. Just then Roger emerges from the thicket, wide-eyed, afraid.

ROGER

There are soldiers.

PAUL

Where?

ROGER

On the street.

Paul nods to Tatiana to take Roger inside. Thomas and Fedens grab the sleeping twins from their car.

Paul goes to his big metal gates and peers through the two inch gap between the gate hinge and the gate post.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

HE SEES: (two houses down) the group of Hutu soldiers, clustered around jeeps, they whisper and point. It's a raid.

Now they move rushing out of view.

The sounds of SPLINTERING WOOD, GLASS BREAKING, CHILDREN'S CRIES, WOMEN SCREAMING.

Suddenly there's a face, beside Paul's. It's Tatiana.

TATIANA

What is it?

She looks, sees the soldiers, as they drag a middle-aged man onto the street.

He is crying, pleading, like a whipped dog.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, it's Victor. Why do they want Victor?

\*

They watch as Victor is beaten to the jeep. At this point Victor loses it completely, stops pleading, grabs on to a soldier, clinging, screaming like a terrified child - like a man who knows he is going to die. It's a horror.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

Do something.

PAUL

What?

TATIANA

Call your friends in the army. Call someone. Victor is harmless. This is a mistake.

PAUL

Please, be quiet.

Tatiana, moves toward the gate handle.

TATIANA

I'm going to talk to them.

Paul grabs her.

PAUL

No.

TATIANA

We must do something.

Paul takes her by the arm, leads her to the house.

PAUL

What would you have us do? Argue with  
these madmen? We cannot interfere.

\*  
\*

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Thomas and Fedens wait, anxious, as Paul appears.

PAUL

You better stay the night, it is too  
dangerous to be on the streets.

Tatiana hides her anger.

TATIANA

I'll fix a bed.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Paul lies in bed unable to sleep. The clock reads 3:00 am.

TATIANA

Why didn't you call your contacts in the  
army?

PAUL

I couldn't help.

TATIANA

You could have asked for a favor.

PAUL

No, I could not. What do you know about  
favors Tatiana, about barter and deals?  
All day long I work to please this  
officer, that diplomat, this tourist. To  
store up favors so that if there is a  
time when my family need help I have  
powerful people I can call upon. Now you  
would have me waste a precious favor on a  
stranger.

TATIANA

Victor was not a stranger, he was our  
neighbor.

PAUL

He was not family. Family is all that  
matters. Do you think if you or I were  
being dragged from here, any one of them  
would lift a finger to help us?

TATIANA

They do not have your connections.

PAUL

Connections? I have no connections, only favors. If I call to help Victor, a General will think "Paul Rusesabagina is a fool. He thinks my favors are so numerous and so insignificant as to waste them on everybody." Then my hard work is doubly squandered. I insult the General and I do not get to use my favor at all. Please leave these things to my good judgment.

His turn away indicates the discussion is over.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. MORNING

Paul's car rolls up to the hotel's guard house.

SUPER THE TITLE: APRIL 6th, 1994.

An army jeep is parked just inside. General Bizimungu is in the passenger seat, talking into a walkie-talkie.

The General gives an I'll see you soon wave.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

The hotel entrance is a mini-jam of airport buses, white UN jeeps, foreign news crew Land Rovers, and a TV repair van unloading monitors. Paul marches in, past Zozo the bell hop, who helps the TV men unload.

PAUL

Welcome, gentlemen.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

The lobby buzzes with activity. At the reception, Gregoire is surrounded by a BBC news crew: GLORIA, young, chic female reporter/producer, and JOCK, tough, experienced Scottish cameraman, and his local sound guy Peter. Gloria is upset.

GLORIA

We reserved five rooms not two

GREGOIRE

I'm sorry, ma'am, but I see only two here in the computer.



Jock sees Paul.

JOCK  
Paul, how the hell are ya'?

\*

PAUL  
I am delighted to see you, Mr. Daglish.

JOCK  
They moved you from the Diplomat?

PAUL  
Promoted. House Manager.

JOCK  
Good for you.  
(moves closer)  
We're having a little trouble, Paul. We  
booked five rooms, but...

\*

Paul moves behind the desk.

PAUL  
Let me check.

He punches into the computer.

PAUL  
Ah, I see the mistake. You were reading  
CBC - the Canadian broadcasting people  
instead of BBC Gregoire.

Close on the computer: It clearly states BBC - two rooms. Gregoire  
looks to Paul with a mix of puzzlement and anger.

Of course, the BBC, five rooms.  
(lies)  
They are being prepared as we speak. I  
have ordered fresh flowers and  
complimentary champagne.

\*

Gloria picks up her bag.

GLORIA  
Great, I really need a shower.

PAUL  
Just give me a moment to get your keys.

Paul better come up with three rooms fast. Then he spots the reporter  
Benedict hovering at the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (to Gloria)  
 Excuse me for one second.

Paul hurries over to Benedict.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Benedict, **you should** meet the BBC people.  
**They could use your expertise.**

\*  
 \*

Benedict is delighted. They head back across the lobby.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (whisper)  
 Benedict, General Bizimungu will be here  
 any moment. The BBC should talk to him.

\*

They join the BBC team.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Madame, this is Benedict Nangori, one of  
 our best journalists. He covers all the  
 big stories. I thought you should meet.

Gloria, a consummate news producer, turns on the charm.

GLORIA  
 Benedict, beautiful name. I'm Gloria  
 Fleming. BBC.

Paul moves off to the desk, Gregoire can barely disguise his pleasure.

GREGOIRE  
 There are no more rooms.

PAUL  
 Give me the phone.

Gregoire hands it over. Paul dials.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Madame Denver. I have very good news. I  
 have a present for you, in return for the  
 cancellation of your gorilla expedition I  
 have arranged a safari at Lake Kivu  
 lodge. A wonderful experience. No, no  
 extra charge. A luxury coach will leave  
 in one hour. I'll send maids up to help  
 you all pack. You're welcome.

Paul hangs up, turns to Gregoire.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Call Kivu Lodge, ask for George, tell him I need three rooms. And send a team of maids up to the Americans. I want those rooms turned around in twenty minutes.

Paul heads for the glass doors and sees:

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

General Bizimungu, briefcase in hand, gives the tv interview, He's confident, controlled Benedict stands close by as Gloria interviews.

GLORIA

There are rumors, General, that your army, the Hutu army, consider these peace accords a sellout to the Tutsi rebels.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

(laughs)

Nonsense. At this moment we are making plans to rehabilitate the dissidents into our armed forces.

\*

GLORIA

Then the army fully supports the president as he signs the peace agreement.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Of course, the president is a clever man, he knows what he is doing. Thank you for coming to Rwanda. (on the move). You will see what a beautiful country this is.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul turns, walks past porters ferrying the BBC luggage. He puts his hand out. Gregoire hands him keys.

Paul does his rounds. He double checks the banquet room where technicians install several TV monitors and test the signal.

He looks in the kitchen, frenzied activity.

He wanders behind the bar. Everything is 'under control'.

He returns to the lobby, greets Connie, her flustered husband and their friends, followed by a team of porters and luggage.

PAUL

Forgive the hurry but I do not want you to miss the lunch buffet on the paddle steamer across the lake. It is the most spectacular sight in all Africa.

BOB

Lunch? All we do is eat. I thought there was famine in Africa.

\*  
\*

PAUL

Exactly, we can't have our guests starving. What would they think of the Mille Collines back in the United States?

\*  
\*  
\*

Gen. Bizimungu, takes Paul's arm, pulls him aside, hands him his empty briefcase.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Keep that cockroach Benedict away from me.

As the General disappears into the bar, Paul waves over the coat check, hands her the briefcase.

PAUL

Same as last time.

She nods, hurries off just as the BBC crew appears. Paul hands out keys, greets each.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The fifth room is your broadcast room.

GLORIA

Good. I'd like to book a massage.

\*

PAUL

Of course.

Jock, the Scottish cameraman, hangs behind as the others leave, takes his key.

JOCK

Did you bring any of those wee girls who used to sit at the bar in the Diplomat with you? You know?

\*  
\*  
\*

PAUL

I'm sorry, Mr. Daghish, this is the Mille Collines. No working girls here.

JOCK

Can we phone them in, Paul?

PAUL

I'm afraid I can't do that, Mr. Daglish.  
Ah, Zozo.

Paul calls Zozo over.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You remember Zozo, from the Diplomat?

Jock gets the code instantly, as Zozo smiles.

JOCK

Zozo! The very man!

The Scot and Zozo greet, then hurry off.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM. DAY

Paul supervises waiters hanging a banner. It reads "Peace, Love, and Brotherhood! UNAMIR 1994".

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Reporters watch rows of TVs. All broadcast the signing of the Arusha Accords. (Reporters have political chatter.)

CLOSE ON: the TVs as President Habyarimana signs.

COMMENTATOR

As president Habyarimana signs a peace accord between the Tutsi rebels and his Hutu army there remains strong doubts that the extremist Hutu Power will abide by the accords. But for now hope has returned to Rwanda for the first time in many years.

All the African reporters in the room CHEER.

Fireworks go off outside the hotel.

Colonel Oliver raises a glass of champagne and leads the room in a toast. \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

To Peace.

The room as one raise their glasses.

CLOSE ON: Paul as he nods to a member of the tribal band on the small stage. Then, African drummers hammer out a fast uplifting beat as the full troupe of ceremonial dancers skip into the room in celebration.

INT. HOTEL BAR. DAY

Paul checks out the banquetes. They appear empty, then a voice.

General BIZIMUNGU

Paul, join us.

It's General Bizimungu, he is sitting with George Rutagunda now in a shiny blue suit. A bottle of whiskey on the table is almost gone. Bizimungu and Rutagunda watch the peace celebration across the lobby.

\*  
\*

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Have a drink.

He pours. George points his glass toward the Europeans.

GEORGE

Look at them, they want to see the tribes dance to their tune. Here is our dance.

Rutagunda staggers to his feet, launches into a drunken version of the Hutu Militia War Dance.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on, Paul. Show them our dance.

Paul takes George's arm, does two steps of the dance, then appears to stumble and shoulder bumps the big man.

George falls into his chair.

PAUL

Forgive me, George, my step was off.

Rutagunda bursts out laughing, toasts:

GEORGE

To our president. May he find peace.

As Paul is forced to join in the toast, Rutagunda laughs, Bizimungu smiles at some insider joke.

\*  
\*

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM. EVENING

Reporters and crews pack up their equipment. Paul shakes hands, orders porters to pick up cases. Then a porter whispers a message to Paul.

PAUL

Excuse me, gentlemen.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. NIGHT

Paul emerges, discovers Fedens and Thomas - they look embarrassed to be in such exulted surroundings.

THOMAS

Forgive us, Paul. We must talk.

PAUL

What's wrong?

THOMAS

We are leaving Rwanda, Paul.

PAUL

Go to the terrace, I will join you.

CUT TO

EXT. HOTEL POOL TERRACE. NIGHT

Drinks are served at a table as Paul listens to Thomas.

THOMAS

My assistant, the Hutu Power man, says we should get out now, that soon it will be very bad.

\*

Paul stifles his anger.

PAUL

Give me this man's name.

THOMAS

His name is Naramaranga, but please, Paul, even though he is Hutu Power, he is a friend, he likes me. He told me there is a signal. It is "Cut the tall trees." When they hear the signal, the militia are to go to war.

\*

\*

\*

\*

FEDENS

Please, let us take Tatiana with us. You are Hutu, you will be safe.

PAUL

Thomas, Fedens, I am a man who looks after his family. If there were danger I would be the first to leave?

BANG - a distant explosion, a flash of light on the far side of the city. Fedens jumps.

FEDENS

What was that?

PAUL

Calm yourself, it is fireworks to celebrate the peace.

THOMAS

Please, Paul, tomorrow I will bring you my car. You will sell it for me and get a fair price. We will go to Tanzania until there is real peace.

ZOZO

Excuse me, Paul, you have a call.

\*

Zozo hands Paul a cordless phone.

PAUL

Hello. Tatsi. Yes, they are here. Yes. I know but I want them to calm down.

Thomas and Fedens listen.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Already the press are packing their bags. The BBC man told me there's no story here. We are boring now. I'll be home soon.

He hangs up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let us all go home and sleep.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. EVENING

Paul escorts Fedens and Thomas to their car.

PAUL

Call when you get home. And don't worry, Thomas. Good night.

INT. PAUL'S CAR. NIGHT

Paul's at the wheel, driving. A thick mist. Barely a car on the road. Shadows dart past faint house lights. The windscreen clouds. Paul switches on his wipers. A Toyota truck, loaded with Militia, appears from the mist, speeds past. Paul switches the preset buttons on the radio as he drives. He can only find fevered drum-based MUSIC.



EXT. PAUL'S STREET. NIGHT

Paul turns onto his street. The houses are dark: windows shuttered; gates closed; not a soul about. Paul stops before his gate. HONKS twice. The gate doesn't open. He hops out and opens it with a key. Gives it a push and pauses as he heads back to the car. He hears the far off sound of gunfire. Distant explosions light the night sky.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Paul drives in. His compound is curiously dark. His headlights sweep across his pitch-black house.

CUT TO:

The gates swing shut. We PULL BACK as Paul turns and faces his house. Paul whistles for the dog, nothing. He goes back to the car, gets a flashlight, heads for the front door.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The door slowly opens. Paul steps in quietly, tries the light switch, nothing. He listens. The only sounds are distant explosions and gunfire. The beam of his flashlight cuts the blackness, illuminating: magazines arranged on a coffee table; an empty chair; children's toys in a basket.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Paul continues his search. Scans the counter. There's food on the stove. The table is set. He hears a GROWL, quickly cut short, from one of the bedrooms.

INT. PAUL'S HALL. NIGHT

Paul shines the light into a room. Looks for a second, then closes the door, and walks to the next. He stops and listens with his ear to the door. Nothing. He pushes it in.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Paul's light sweeps across the room and illuminates:

Eyes - terrified eyes, a room full of faces, staring back.

THEIR POV: A dark figure behind a blinding light.

The dog breaks free, runs to Paul.

PAUL

Pealiss!

From among the faces, Tatiana's voice heavy with relief.

TATIANA

Paul!

Paul's eyes adjust, he recognizes many of his neighbors, all crowded into this small room. Then he sees their friends Odette and her husband Jean Baptiste.

PAUL

Jean Baptiste!

JEAN BAPTISTE

Our house has been burned.

PAUL

What is going on?

TATIANA

The president has been murdered.

PAUL

Murdered! By whom?

ODETTE

The radio says Tutsi rebels.

PAUL

Nonsense. Why would the rebels kill the president when he agreed to peace?

Tatiana pulls Paul aside.

TATIANA

Where are Thomas and Fedens?

PAUL

I sent them home. Go and call them.

TATIANA

I tried already. The phones do not work.

Jean Baptiste turns on his tiny radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Our great president is murdered, by the Tutsi cockroaches. They tricked him, then they killed him. We must cleanse this country, Good Hutus of Rwanda. We must clear the brush. Clear the brush of all cockroaches. Clear the brush!!!

The words are cut short as a grenade blast rattles the window. Everyone jumps, children whimper. Paul is shocked but tries to pull things together.

PAUL

Come on, everyone out of this room, find  
a seat in the living room.

He holds the door open, they file out, frightened. Tatiana is last, he stops her, steps back in, closes the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(in hushed anger)

Is every Tutsi in the neighborhood here? \*

TATIANA

They came through the bushes, over the  
wall. What could I do?

PAUL

Send them home. We are not the police.  
What do we have to protect them?

TATIANA

Please. Let them stay 'til morning. The  
militia will not come here, they know you  
are a Hutu with influence. \*

PAUL

They know you are Tutsi!

The door knocks. Paul gets up, angry.

TATIANA

Please, Paul, 'til first light.

PAUL

Dawn. Then they go.

Paul opens the door, it's Odette, holding the hand of Paul's eldest daughter.

ODETTE

Forgive me, Paul. Danielle says that  
Roger has gone.

Tatiana comes over instantly, worried.

TATIANA

Gone where? Tell me, Danielle. \*

Their daughter Danielle answers.

DANIELLE

Next door, mama. He was afraid for his  
friend Simon. He went to fetch him.

\*

EXT. UNDERGROWTH. NIGHT

Roger crawls between the shrubs. He hears ANGRY VOICES.

He peers through the long grass.

Sees: Hutu soldiers boots, feet in sneakers, bare women's feet. And among them the glint of machetes, hoes, a club spiked with nails, a length of chain CLANGING on the ground.

EXT. PAUL'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Tatiana rushes out the front door, Paul after her.

Paul catches her and puts his hand over her mouth.

PAUL

Shhhhh.

SHOUTS next door. Paul pulls Tatiana behind the car. A beat. More SHOUTS. Paul takes his hand from her mouth. She's sobbing.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD. NIGHT

Roger crawls to the gap in the shrubs. Feet, a crowd, leaving, through a gate. Engines rev.

Roger crawls from the bushes.

Crawls across, the driveway, crawls through a puddle.

Then stops, SEES SOMETHING, AN (UNSEEN) HORROR!

EXT. PAUL'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Paul and Tatiana exit the back of the house with flashlight in hand headed towards the rear gate.

Paul searches along the chain link fence, finds a section loose, he pulls it back, clambers underneath it.

\*

\*

Tatiana clasps her mouth, afraid to utter a cry.

\*

EXT. UNDERGROWTH. NIGHT

\*

Paul crawls through this scrub tunnel.

\*

Then he hears BRANCHES SNAPPING. \*

He moves toward the sound. \*

Discovers Roger, terrified, thrashing in a tangle of bushes. \*

He grabs Rogers shirt, pulls him as the little boy startles. \*

PAUL \*

Ssshh! \*

Paul drags his son through the chainlink fence, whisks him up in his arms and rushes him to the house. \*

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Paul bursts through the back door and sets Roger down. Tatiana is beside them.

TATIANA

Roger!

Paul turns the flashlight on Roger. Tatiana pulls back in horror: Roger is covered in blood. Her SCREAMS, stifled by fear.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! \*

PAUL

Where are you hurt, son?

Roger stares blankly. Odette is beside them now.

ODETTE

Get his clothes off.

Hands pull and tear his clothes off. Towels wipe him down. Odette looks all over his body with the flashlight. Despite the blood Roger has no injuries.

PAUL

What happened, son? Where did you get this blood?

But Roger, trembling, just stares, totally traumatized. Children cry.

ODETTE

He's not injured.

His paralysis freaks the women in the room. Paul turns angrily to them.

PAUL

Leave us, give us some space.

He ushers the neighbors out of the room, closes the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Tatiana)

The neighbors must go at dawn.

\*

Tatiana hugs her son.

EXT. KIGALI. DAWN

The faintest grey of dawn over the city. Then a flock of birds rises as one in the distance. A millisecond later, the cause of their flight, a grenade explosion, echoes.

The birds dart, in another direction as the STACCATO of a machine gun rips the air.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM. DAWN

Paul sits on the edge of the bed, staring out the window.

Behind him Tatiana has Roger cradled in her arms, he still trembles wide eyed as she tries to get him to talk.

TATIANA

Will you take a little milk?

Nothing.

PAUL

Let him sleep.

The door knocks. The old guard calls in frightened.

OLD GUARD (O.S.)

Mr. Paul.

\*

PAUL

(to Tatiana)

It is time for the neighbors to leave.

He heads for the door.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM. DAWN

Paul steps out, closes the door behind him. A small delegation of the men wait nervously.

JEAN BAPTISTE

It is true.

He holds up the tiny radio, tuned to the BBC World service, a crackly Brit voice. (It's Gloria the reporter.)

GLORIA THE REPORTER (O.S.)

The Hutu president's plane was struck by a ground-to-air missile as he returned from signing the peace accord with the Tutsi rebels. There were no survivors.

The Hutu government has already blamed the Tutsi rebels. The rebels have denied the accusation. Already there are reports of reprisal killings on the streets.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As they listen, a young woman lets out a SQUEAL, and flees the window where she's been sitting.

WOMEN (O.S.)

They are here.

Hysteria in the room, women and children push toward the bedroom. Paul manages to make it to the window, nervously steals a glance and sees:

A HUTU ARMY SOLDIER sits on the high wall by the gate. He pulls another up beside him.

Panic in the room now. Paul turns.

PAUL

Shut up!

PAUL'S POV: The soldiers drop into his garden. They draw pistols.

TATIANA (O.S.)

What is it, Paul.

PAUL

Stay with the children.

PAUL'S POV: The soldiers go to the gate, slide the bolt, swing it open.

Two jeeps, jammed with heavily armed SOLDIERS, sit in the drive like many-limbed beasts of war. Paul watches as the jeeps rumble into his garden. The soldiers jump out.

INSIDE THE ROOM:

Nothing can stop the women and children from fleeing into the bedrooms. Paul is frozen at the CRASH of rifles on the door.

The door gives, SOLDIERS flood in.

They are startled by the crowd in the living room, rifles raised, SHOUTS.

SOLDIERS

Out, get out now!

Paul pulls himself together, marches over to the soldier.

PAUL

Who is in charge?

A Captain is at the door.

CAPTAIN

Who are you?

PAUL

I am Paul Rusesabagina, a good friend of  
General Bizimungu.

CAPTAIN

We are looking for you.

He takes Paul by the arm, leads him outside.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE. DAWN

The Captain stops by his jeep, studies his clipboard.

Tatiana with Roger in her arms, her kids and all the neighbors herded  
together.

PAUL

What is this about?

CAPTAIN

Let me see your identity card.

Paul pulls it from his pocket, hands it to the Captain.

CLOSE ON: Paul's ID - it reads Ethnicity: HUTU.

The Captain studies him, waves for the soldiers to back off.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You heard the Tutsi cockroaches murdered  
our president.

PAUL

Yes, it is a calamity for us all.

CAPTAIN

You work at the Hotel Diplomat?

PAUL

No. I work at the Mille Collines.



The Captain looks confused. Paul quickly:

PAUL (CONT'D)

I used to work at the Diplomat.

CAPTAIN

Do you know how to open the safe there?

(Paul nods)

Our government needs to use the hotel and the room keys are in the safe. You must open it.

PAUL

Of course.

Paul sees out into the street behind the jeeps: a group of Militia in their colored shirts armed with machetes, have gathered, trying to see what is going on.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Captain, I must take my family.

It is not safe here.

CAPTAIN

Where is your family?

Tatiana is beside him now.

TATIANA

(interrupts)

This is them.

\*

Tatiana points to the huddled neighbors. Paul is stunned.

CAPTAIN

All of them! I cannot take them.

TATIANA

No, no, good Captain, you do not have to.

We have the car and our van.

She points to the Mille Collines van.

The Captain looks doubtful, then his two-way radio barks - an urgent message. He listens.

Tatiana drags the kids and ushers everyone toward the van. In a second, they are all clambering in.

CAPTAIN

Let's go.

Paul jumps behind the wheel of the van. Neighbors are jammed in like sardines, 15, more, inside. Tatiana and their kids are squashed together on the front bench.

The convoy (jeep - van, car - jeep) starts up and turns out into the street.

The Militia men wave sticks, machetes.

INT. VAN TRAVELING - DAY

Paul looks back as they speed off down the street.

Sees: The Militia looters pour into his gateway.

As they pass the Caringa home, Militia looters carry off a TV and push a stove on a child's skateboard.

Tatiana has Roger on her lap, she cradles his head.

EXT. KIGALI STREET. DAY

The convoy speeds through the deserted streets. Slowing only to maneuver through makeshift roadblocks where Militia wave machetes, nailed clubs and spears as they dance.

FURTHER ALONG THE ROAD: a group of Militia swarm over a car, smashing the windshield, the windows. Inside a family huddles together in terror, waiting for the windows to give way.

In the gutter by the side of the road, three dead bodies.

PAUL  
(to Tatiana)  
Don't look.

\*

EXT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT. DAY

The convoy pulls up at this older, shabbier hotel. There are other jeeps, and several staff in a panic. The janitor, ROBERT, sees Paul, bursts into waves of joy.

ROBERT  
Mr. Paul, sir. Oh, Mr. Paul. We must open every door right now for the government.

\*

Paul jumps out of the van, hurries to the lead jeep.

PAUL  
(to the Captain)  
The safe is in the manager's office.

\*

The Captain nods to two soldiers.

CAPTAIN  
Go with him, get the keys.

INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT LOBBY. DAY

Paul runs through the lobby. The staff look petrified.

INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul bursts into the room. The two soldiers follow.

He goes to the hotel's big old combination safe, spins the combination a few times, tries the handle, clunk! It doesn't open. He's forgotten the number.

The soldiers look at him impatiently. Paul improvises.

PAUL  
Gentlemen, you'll find some chocolate,  
and maybe a few beers in the fridge.  
Don't let them go to waste.

The soldiers fall over each other to get to the fridge.

Paul tries the safe numbers again, clunk! It opens.

He sees: a big bunch of keys, a wad of dollars, Rwandan francs, a check book, and several bottles of the best cognac, whiskey, some Cristal.

He looks round nervously but the two soldiers are busy fighting over the beer and chocolates in the fridge.

As they do, Paul, hands trembling, stuffs the wads of notes, into his belt, pulls his shirt over and shuts the safe door.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I've got them.

He is about to leave.

SOLDIER 1  
Wait!

Paul looks back at the soldier.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

Paul sits, as the two soldiers guzzle beers and stuff chocolate into their pockets.

INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT LOBBY. DAY

Paul hurries through the lobby toward the entrance.

EXT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT ENTRANCE. DAY

Paul emerges to see:

All of the occupants of the van, Tatiana, his kids, Odette on their knees, with their hands on their heads.

The Captain hovers over them, pistol in hand, turns, sees Paul. He marches toward him and SLAPS HIM HARD on the face.

CAPTAIN

Traitor!

Paul reels from the blow, but manages to stay on his feet.

The Captain snatches a bunch of ID cards from a soldier, hurls the cards in Paul's face.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

They are all Tutsi cockroaches.

PAUL

Let me explain.

He grabs Paul by the scruff of the neck, pushes him toward the kneeling captives. The Captain snatches a pistol from one of his soldiers, shoves it into Paul's hand.

CAPTAIN

SHOOT THEM!

Paul looks at him.

PAUL

Please, I don't use guns.

CAPTAIN

There is nothing to it.

The Captain raises his own pistol and FIRES it. Everyone jumps with fright.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Shoot them now or you die first.

The Captain aims his pistol at Paul's head. Cocks the hammer.

PAUL

Captain, what could I pay you not to do this?

The Captain laughs.

CAPTAIN

You want to pay me?

PAUL

Why not? These are not rebels, look at them. Soon they will be worthless to you. Why not take some money, for your work?

CAPTAIN

How much?

PAUL

Name a price.

CAPTAIN

Ten thousand francs for each one.

PAUL

I don't have that much.

The Captain laughs, snatches the gun from Paul, marches toward them.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait!

Paul reaches into his pocket, pulls out the bunch of dollars.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Here, here, a thousand US dollars - fifty thousand francs for my family. To let us drive off to the Mille Collines.

CAPTAIN

How many in your family?

PAUL

Six.

The Captain looks at his soldiers, at the wad of notes.

CAPTAIN

Pull your family out.

Paul runs over, grabs Tatiana, Roger, the three girls. Odette kneels beside Tatiana. Paul whispers.

PAUL

Have you any money?

ODETTE

Nothing.

Paul pushes his family toward the van, looks back, sees the Captain pocket the dollars, move toward the line.

TATIANA

Paul, don't let them die.

PAUL

(urgent)

Get in.

Paul pushes them into the van, shuts the door, digs into his soul for all the courage he can muster, then turns back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Captain, let these people give you some money, whatever they have.

The Captain hesitates. Paul sees this, runs over to the line of neighbors.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Give me everything, everything you have.

A pathetic rain of Rwandan francs, useless coins, watches, jewelry falls onto the ground. Paul scoops it all up.

The Captain looks at it, takes it, then:

CAPTAIN

There is only enough for one cockroach.

The Captain raises his pistol.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Pick one to take with you.

Now each terrified neighbor looks to Paul, begging.

PAUL

Wait, wait.

Paul counts the kneeling figures: ten adults, four kids.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ten.

CAPTAIN

And four children?

PAUL

I'll give you a hundred thousand francs  
for all of them.

The Captain points the gun.

CAPTAIN

Give me it.

PAUL

I don't have it here. At the Mille  
Collines. I can get it for you.

CAPTAIN

You will run into the hotel and hide  
behind the U.N.

PAUL

I swear, Captain, one hundred thousand  
francs, enough for a house. I will get  
the money, you keep them outside.

The Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN

I will keep your family outside. Let's  
go.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. DAY

The convoy pulls up at the outer gates of the Mille Collines. It's  
manned by ARMED UN PEACEKEEPERS.

The Captain walks to Paul in the van.

CAPTAIN

Go with my soldiers. And hurry back if  
you want to keep these cockroaches.

The Captain nods to Paul's children.

Paul jumps into the Rwandan army jeep.

PAUL

(to UN Peacekeepers)

I am the manager. Open the gate.

\*

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Chaos - UN jeeps, hotel vans, dismayed tourists, frightened Tutsi  
refugees.

CLOSE ON: Bik, the Dutch manager, bag packed, anxious, sees Paul.  
YELLS.

BIK

Paul, I have to talk to you ...

But Paul ignores Bik, barrels his way through the din and crush of the parking lot.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul rushes in: The lobby is filled with Tutsi refugees, and scared white tourists.

A solitary receptionist, besieged by anxious guests, is relieved to see Paul.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, sir, please can you...

Paul rushes to the accounting room behind the reception desk, closes the door.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE. DAY

Paul pulls bundles of dollars from the hotel safe.

EXT. HOTEL. DAY

Paul pushes through the mob at the door. Bik comes up.

BIK

Paul...

(grabs Paul)

...I have to talk to you.

\*  
\*  
\*

PAUL

I'll be back.

Paul breaks free and hurries over to the Army jeep.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(hops in)

Let's go.

\*

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. DAY

Paul jumps from the jeep. Waves to Tatiana in the van, then gives the money to the Captain.



PAUL

Now let them go.

No response. Money in hand, the Captain eyes Paul with malice.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't be foolish. There's more money to be made here.

CAPTAIN

You want to buy anymore cockroaches ask for Captain Naramunju.

The Captain smiles, then jumps in his jeep and speeds off. Paul runs to the van and jumps in.

INSIDE THE VAN

Jubilation, in the rear of the van. Odette is in tears.

ODETTE

Thank you, thank you, Paul.

Paul doesn't reply. Tatiana hugs him. He gives her a look - a mix of relief and anger - the crowd in the back almost cost him his family. \*

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul's van arrives. Bik hangs from a minibus.

BIK

(shouts)

Paul, I have to go. The staff have fled Kivu Lodge. I have to close it. \*

He flings office keys to Paul.

BIK (CONT'D)

While I'm away, you're in charge. \*

Bik's van takes off. A group of tourists hears Bik's words.

TOURISTS

Hey, hey, we need our passports, we want to get a flight.

Paul looks at them.

TOURIST

They're in your safety boxes. We need them right away.

PAUL

Come inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

At the desk, the same receptionist is overwhelmed.

TOURIST (O.C.)

He's in charge, that's him.

Paul goes behind the desk. Rumors fly among the crowd of tourists.

TOURISTS

(staccato) to the airport...my embassy  
...tried to call... the airport is closed  
... refund... this is outrageous ...

Behind the tourists, Tatiana and the neighbors look lost.

Paul addresses the frightened Western tourists.

PAUL

Please, I am the house manager. Return in  
thirty minutes and we will deal with all  
your requests, thank you.

Paul turns to the room key boxes, nearly all are empty.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What happened to all the rooms?

Finally he finds a key, pushes through to Tatiana, hands a key to Odette and Jean Baptiste.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Take this room. Tatiana, bring the  
children.

Paul starts to lead his family away.

TATIANA

(re: neighbors) What about them?

Paul loses it.

PAUL

Them. They almost got us all killed. I  
have done enough for them! We cannot look  
after them anymore.

TATIANA

What are you going to do? You cannot  
drive them out onto the road. **They can  
stay with me.**

\*  
\*

PAUL

What!

\*  
\*

TATIANA

**I will not have them on my conscience.  
They will stay in my room.**

\*  
\*

PAUL

(to Zozo)

Zozo, get a key for two staff bedrooms.  
Put these people in them.

ZOZO

Yes, sir.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

Paul hurries his family along the corridor. Rwandan refugees wander  
aimlessly pulling their meagre possessions.

REFUGEE

**(calls out)**

Moses, Moses Seradungu.

\*

PAUL

Can I help you?

REFUGEE

I'm looking for Moses Seradungu's room.

PAUL

What is his room number?

REFUGEE

I don't know.

PAUL

Go downstairs, I will help you.

Paul finds his room and opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY

Paul leads his family into a one-bedroom suite. The kids drop to the  
beds exhausted. Tatiana picks up the phone and dials.

PAUL

What are you doing?

TATIANA

Trying Thomas and Fedens. We've got to get them here.

Paul paces the room. The maids clearly haven't cleaned it since it's last occupants: the beds are unmade; towels are on the floor; and a newspaper is scattered across the desk.

PAUL

(re: room) This won't do.

TATIANA

It will do just fine.

So Paul tidies the place. As he does,

PAUL

Any luck?

TATIANA

No answer. Please send someone to get them, please.

PAUL

I'll try.

Paul leaves.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul waits, then a car pulls up, an Indian businessman, Mr. Garindi, gets out, shakes hands, he's shaken.

MR. GARINDI

Terrible times, Paul. There are bodies everywhere. I cannot stay here.

\*

PAUL

I need a great favor.

He hands Mr. Garindi an address.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need you to go to this address and bring my brother-in-law and his family.

MR. GARINDI

No, no. This is a very dangerous part of town. I cannot do this.

PAUL

This would be an enormous favor to me. I  
am a man of means, Mr. Garandi. When this  
nonsense is over I will be most grateful.

\*  
\*  
\*

MR. GARINDI

I will see what I can do.

Mr. Garindi climbs back into his car.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul stops just shy of the lobby. Around the corner is a mob of angry guests. Paul takes a moment to gather himself: straightens his tie; button his jacket; flick a piece of lint from his shoulder. Then he takes a breath and steps around the corner.

PAUL

Thank you for your patience, ladies and  
gentlemen. Now, how can I help you.

\*  
\*

The mob rushes him.

CUT TO:

Paul works the front desk as angry guests surge all around him. Zozo emerges from the office with two tourists.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where are the receptionists? Where's  
Gregoire?

ZOZO

He has taken the presidential suite.

PAUL

What!

Paul storms off.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: A door with a placard reading "Presidential Suite". Paul knocks. The door opens. Gregoire answers, half-naked.

GREGOIRE

(surprised)  
Mr. Manager.

PAUL

Gregoire, what are you doing here?

A WOMAN'S VOICE INSIDE (O.S.)

Who is it?

GREGOIRE

What do you want?

PAUL

Get out of this room and get back to work.

GREGOIRE

I don't have to listen to you anymore.

PAUL

I am in charge now. Get back to work or I'll fire you.

GREGOIRE

Let me ask you Mr. Manager, do you notice a smell of cockroaches? If I were to leave this room, I'm sure I could find this smell. I know people who could cleanse it. (stares) But maybe it doesn't bother you? Why is that? Are used to this smell? Not me, I need a clean room to escape it.

Gregoire closes the door. Paul's eyes burn with anger, but this battle will have to wait.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul comes into the lobby and discovers Colonel Oliver, he is escorting a tall, well-dressed man, the Tutsi Minister of Finance XAVIER and his family.

COLONEL OLIVER

Paul, you know who this is?

PAUL

Yes, Colonel Monsieur Xavier, the Minister of Finance.

COLONEL OLIVER

Get him a room, but tell no one he is here.

(to Xavier)

Paul will look after you.

XAVIER

I will need a suite.

PAUL

Of course.

He moves over to Zozo.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get the key to suite twelve, take these people there right away.

There's a commotion by the door. Paul goes over.

A valet stops a group of Tutsi refugees from entering.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What's going on?

VALET

Sir, they have no reservations.

Paul studies the group, - a ragged bunch, no way are they Mille Collines guest material.

REFUGEE #2

Please, sir, we have nowhere else to go. They're hunting us.

PAUL

Wait over there.

REFUGEE #3

We need a room.

PAUL

I said everyone go over there.

Paul sees: UN Colonel Oliver giving an interview to the BBC in front of the hotel. \*

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul approaches the BBC reporter Gloria and Colonel Oliver as their interview concludes. \*

GLORIA

Do we know who fired the missile that killed the president?

COLONEL OLIVER \*

No. But I fear it's intention may have been to kill the peace accords and spark a civil war between the Hutu Militia and the Tutsi rebels.

GLORIA

We've heard reports of reprisal killings.  
Will the UN intervene to stop the  
bloodshed.?

\*  
\*

COLONEL OLIVER

Unfortunately we're here as peace-keepers  
not peace makers, we can't take an  
aggressive role.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GLORIA

If the UN changes your mandate could you  
stop the bloodshed?

\*  
\*

COLONEL OLIVER

Yes. With some re-enforcements I'm  
confident we could impose order.

\*  
\*  
\*

GLORIA

Have you requested re-enforcements?

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

Yes we have.

\*  
\*

GLORIA

What was the response?

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

We're awaiting a decision, excuse me.

\*  
\*

Colonel Oliver shakes Gloria's hand then moves off toward Paul.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D)

Paul, I've sent my soldiers to rescue the  
Lady Prime Minister, she'll need a room.

\*

PAUL

Yes sir, but these people (points) they  
cannot stay here. I've heard you have a  
refugee center at the airport Stadium?

\*  
\*  
\*

COLONEL OLIVER

I'm sorry, I can't possibly take them  
Paul. I'm overrun with refugees. As soon  
as we can stabilize the situation we'll  
take them.

\*  
\*  
\*

Paul moves to the door, where Jock and Gloria argue beside a saloon car  
with the word 'press' spelt out in tape on the wind screen

JOCK

For fuck's sake, Gloria There's a big  
news story out there! We need to get out  
and cover it.

\*  
\*



GLORIA

We're not going outside the hotel grounds unless we have an armored car. That's the ground rules.

\*  
\*

JOCK

Ground rules! Where the fuck do you think you are, Wimbledon?

GLORIA

We cover the story from here until we can get proper protection.

She walks off.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul works his way through the crowds in the lobby, sees a trolley of dishes by an elevator, looks around, can't see any staff. Disgusted, he pushes the trolley himself.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN. DAY

Paul pushes the trolley into the deserted kitchen. At the back door, several cooks listen to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

'Good Hutus, we must destroy an infestation of cockroaches at the technical college.'

PAUL

Turn that off. We have a hotel to run.

The cooks halfheartedly slouch back to the sinks.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

The lobby is overflowing with refugees. Paul stands with phone to ear. Zozo walks up.

PAUL

(to Zozo)

Where's housekeeping? They won't pick up.

ZOZO

Sir, no one wants to work. They say the boss has left.

Paul heads for the back office.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

A neat corporate office.

Paul picks up the phone.

INT. SABENA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. BRUSSELS. NIGHT

Several executive officers sit across from Sabena President GODEFROID around a speaker phone.

SABENA PRESIDENT

Can I have your name again?

PAUL (O.S.)

Paul Rusesabagina, Mr. Godefroid. The house manager. I met you on your last visit.

SABENA PRESIDENT

Yes, Paul, I remember. The Mille Collines is a very important property for Sabena. Our directors believe we should close down, shutter the place until this unrest is over?

This is really bad news. Paul can't allow them to close.

PAUL

Sir, that would be very bad for our reputation. We are an oasis of calm for all our loyal customers. What would they think if Sabena deserted them now? (lies) I assure you the United Nations has everything under control.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ON THE SABENA PRESIDENT

He looks at the others.

SABENA PRESIDENT

Very well. But if this thing gets worse, we must close. If there's anything you need, call anytime.

PAUL

There is one thing I need right away.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Paul waits by the fax, then it spits out a single page.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM. NIGHT

Every member of the hotel staff is gathered together. Paul addresses them as Zozo hands out copies of a fax.

PAUL

This is my letter of appointment, signed by Mr. Godefroid, the president of Sabena. The Mille Collines is a five star establishment, we will run it that way. If you don't want to work for me, then leave now.

No one moves.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I want the hallways cleaned now, a menu prepared for the dining room. Where's the pianist?

A hand goes up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I want you on the piano in the Kigali Room tonight. Back to work.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. MORNING

Paul emerges to find more refugees, some settled on the lawn, others gathered in clumps by the doorway.

Paul calls over to the valet.

PAUL

Take these people to the rear car park, they can't stay here.

Suddenly women and children on the lawn scream and run in fear. Behind them bushes shake, then suddenly a bloody figure wearing only boxer shorts bursts out from among the trees and flees to the middle of the driveway. It's the journalist, BENEDICT, covered in blood. His ear has been chopped off.

PANDEMONIUM. As Paul runs to him, calls to Zozo.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get Odette!

Paul grabs Benedict, tries to calm him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What happened?

BENEDICT

They're killing everyone. The Lady  
Minister! The UN soldiers. They're at the  
gate.

He points down the driveway. This sparks many of the women refugees,  
and white guests, to flee inside the hotel.

Odette arrives with her bag, leads Benedict inside.

Jock has been filming all of this.

EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY. DAY

Now Jock runs, camera still on his shoulder, toward the gate.

Paul takes off after him.

More Tutsi refugees running up the driveway in fear.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. DAY

As Jock films, Paul arrives by the gate house. UN soldiers watch the  
outside road. Engines roar, then.

A convoy of Toyota trucks circle on the road outside the gate. Drunken  
Militia men on the back wave spears, machetes, one, in a woman's disco  
wig, waves a cordless power drill. The drill bit is red with blood.

In the next truck, TWO Militia MEN triumphantly taunt the UN soldiers  
as they hold blue UN helmets high on sticks. The helmets are shot  
through with holes.

MILITIAMAN #1

We kill UN. We kill you next.

ENRAGED UN SOLDIERS cock their weapons, aim.

A UN armored car races past the Militia and turns into the driveway.  
The back door opens, UN Colonel Oliver jumps out. \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

Hold the line here. Do not shoot!

The Colonel stabilizes the situation, his men watch the militia drive  
by. Paul approaches Oliver \*

PAUL  
What's happening?

COLONEL OLIVER  
They murdered my soldiers. Ten Belgians  
who I sent to get the lady minister.

PAUL  
Where is she?

Oliver shakes his head. He helps Paul clamber into the armored car.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul follows Oliver as he marches through the lobby. Several reporters surround them.

REPORTERS  
Is it true about the Belgian soldiers...  
Are all ten dead?

Paul watches the UN command disappear into an elevator.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

Paul is in the corridor, talking to Tatiana.

PAUL  
Has Roger spoken yet?

TATIANA  
No, Odette says he's in shock.

PAUL  
How can we help him.

TATIANA  
He needs to be in a safe place.  
(a beat)  
Have you heard from Mr. Garindi?

PAUL  
Give him time.

There's a clank of metal. Paul looks and sees:

A waiter struggling with a trolley of food by a door.

He hurries to help the waiter as Jock opens, indicates quiet, waves Paul and the waiter in.

INT. HOTEL BBC ROOM. DAY

The room is set up as a make-shift broadcast center.

Gloria is on a phone to the BBC in London, she hangs up.

GLORIA

Okay, we're feeding through live now.

She fixes her outfit, sits straight up in the chair. Behind her two monitors show footage of a plane crash and bodies along roads.

GLORIA

Okay London .... and five four three two one ...That's correct Tom. Today's gruesome ambush of a ten man Belgian patrol has left the UN peacekeeping force in a state of disarray. Its commander has called for re-enforcements. However, the General Council is deeply divided. The United States, still smarting from the UN's disastrous Somalia mission, has indicated that it will veto any moves to reinforce. Meanwhile, the slaughter goes on. Gloria Brooks in Kigali, Rwanda.

Gloria on the phone, listens.

GLORIA

And, cut ...good, give me a call guys, let me know you've got it.

Jock turns to Paul.

JOCK

Perfect timing.

PAUL

This goes out live?

Jock points skyward.

JOCK

Satellite feed.

GLORIA (ON PHONE)

Great. (listens) No kidding, When will they be here? Excellent. Yes, call then.

She hangs up.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

The news room has heard that the French and the Belgians are putting together an intervention force.

PAUL

When will they be here?

GLORIA

Very soon.

PAUL

Thank God.

Jock's is at the window scanning with his camera, getting b roll, then he sees something.

JOCK

Hey Peter, hook me back into the monitors.

Jock's filming as Peter makes the connection.

JOCK (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Holy shit.

GLORIA

What is it?

Jock focuses

On the monitor: blurry focus of a shanty town on a hill.

NOW FOCUS: Of a crowd hovering close to a group of Rwandan Tutsis seated on the ground. Two Militia emerge from the crowd, waving machetes. They SLASH their way along the line, savage, powerful blows, butchering people like cattle. (Author note: we will use real news footage of this)

JOCK (CONT'D)

You fucking see that!

GLORIA

(shock)

Oh my God!

On Screen: The crowd run off, waving machetes.

Gloria snaps out of her shock, snatches the phone, dials.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It's Gloria. Listen we've footage, unbelievable footage! A massacre! Machetes, murderers, dead bodies. You have to lead with this. We'll send it through right now. Wait 'til you see this.

She puts the phone down, turns to the others, triumphant.

An embarrassed silence in the room. Jock is disgusted by her glee. He picks up a plate from the trolley.

JOCK

(to Gloria) Here, have a sandwich.

GLORIA

Fuck you.

She storms out. Paul fills the embarrassed silence.

PAUL

I'm glad you filmed this. Now the West will have to stop it. Excuse me, gentlemen.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

The businessman Mr. Garindi knocks on room 211. Paul opens the door, sees him, then turns back to Tatiana.

PAUL

Tatsi, come.

Tatsi appears at the door with several of the kids.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to the kids) Go back inside.

The kids do as they're told. Paul and Tatsi shut the door and join the businessman in the hall.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Did you find the twins?

Tatiana clings to Paul, fearful of the news.

MR. GARINDI

I made it to the house but it was empty. It had been robbed.

TATIANA

Oh God.



PAUL

Was there blood?

MR. GARINDI

No blood. As I left a neighbor, an old woman, waved to me. I went to her house. She has the little girls. They are safe.

TATIANA

My brother, his wife. Did this woman know of them? Did they leave the children with her?

The businessman shakes his head no. Tears run down Tatiana's face. She holds Paul's arm to stop from falling to the floor.

PAUL

This is not bad news, Tatsi. Perhaps they fled or could not make it home. There is hope.

TATIANA

(to the businessman)

Please go back, bring the children to us.

MR. GARINDI

(frightened)No ma'am, I cannot do that. The roadblocks are everywhere. They are looking for children. They shout, "Kill the babies to clear the infestation." Leave them be, they are safe. I have to go now.

Paul takes a small wad of notes from his pocket, presses it into the businessman's hand.

PAUL

Thank you for your help.

He leaves. Tatiana pulls Paul to her.

TATIANA

My sister is dead, Paul. They would not leave the children.

PAUL

No. They are not dead. Stop this.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul and Tatiana push through the French tourists and AID workers running across the lobby.

FRENCH TOURISTS  
 Mon Dieu, Merci.

Cheers break out. Paul and Tatsi peer from the crowd and through the lobby window see:

EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY. DAY

French and Italian special forces pull into the parking lot, standing tall in their jeeps, macho western super troops, triumphant. Salvation!

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Wild cheering, flowers draped around necks, kisses. Westerners, Rwandans, dance and sing in celebration.

Paul SEES: Colonel Oliver off to the side, with the commanders of the French special forces. \*

CLOSE ON: OLIVER \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

You have a battalion, you could stop this now. The Hutu army is no match for you.

FRENCH COMMANDER

Those are not our orders.

Oliver pulls off his blue beret, throws it on the ground, points his finger at the French and Italian officers. \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

You will remember this day for the rest of your lives.

He walks off, returns, picks up his beret.

Paul watches as he storms into the lobby.

Paul follows.

INT. HOTEL BAR. DAY

Paul follows the Colonel into the Kigali Club. The place is empty, the bartender missing, gone to celebrate. \*

PAUL

Colonel, what can I get you? \*

Paul gets behind the bar.

COLONEL OLIVER

Anything. Strong.

PAUL

Canadian Club?

Oliver cracks a weary smile. Paul pours two drinks, slides one across. He raises his glass.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Colonel. You have saved us all.

COLONEL OLIVER

(raw cynicism)

Congratulations. You should spit in my face.

PAUL

Excuse me, Colonel.

COLONEL OLIVER

We think you are dirt, less than dirt, worthless.

PAUL

I don't understand.

COLONEL OLIVER

Don't bullshit me, Paul. You're the smartest man here. You have them all eating out of your hand. You'd own this fucking hotel, except for one thing.

Paul doesn't answer.

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're fucking black! You're not even a nigger, you're African!

(downs his drink)

They're not staying to stop this thing. They're gonna fly right out of here with their people.

PAUL

(shocked)

Their people?

COLONEL OLIVER

They're only taking the whites.

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. DAY

Paul opens the door. Tatiana and the kids pack bags, prepare to leave.

PAUL  
Children, go into the hallway.

Tatiana and the children stop what they're doing, puzzled.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(to the kids) Please, go.

The kids leave.

TATIANA  
What's wrong?

Paul takes her hands in his.

PAUL  
All the whites are leaving.

Tatiana's grip tightens.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
They are being evacuated.

TATIANA  
What about us?

PAUL  
We have been abandoned.

Tatiana clings to hope.

TATIANA  
The soldiers will stop the killers.

Paul loses it.

PAUL  
Listen to me woman. I said all the whites  
are leaving. The French, the Italians,  
even the Belgian UN soldiers.

TATIANA  
But who is left?

PAUL  
I don't know. Colonel Oliver says the UN  
has three hundred soldiers for the whole  
country. Black soldiers, Pakistanis.

\*

He looks up at her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The most the Colonel can spare for the hotel are four men, and they're not allowed to shoot.

\*

He takes her hand, makes her sit down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If anything should happen, if the Militia arrive, you must take the children and go to the roof.

Tatiana's eyes are wide with fear.

TATIANA

What for?

Paul takes his anger out on Tatiana.

PAUL

Do what I say, woman. You hear me? I will meet you there.

He storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

REVEAL: A chaos of luggage, white tourists, AID agency people, Italian and French soldiers, elite, slick.

On the edges, clumps of Rwandans, watching, silent, fearful.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

A torrential African rain storm soaks everything. Porters with big umbrellas run the white evacuees to the buses.

French and Italian commanders check off names on clipboards.

Jock films the evacuees boarding buses.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

At the front desk, Paul, dripping wet from working the convoy, listens to a French tourist who refuses to pay his bill.

FRENCH TOURIST

Why should I pay to stay in a, in a  
holocaust? Tell me.

Paul, stone-faced, polite, destroys this asshole.

PAUL

You are not staying sir, you are leaving.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul watches in the rain as the final agency people are being loaded  
onto buses.

Several white aid workers weep uncontrollably as they are dragged away  
from frightened Rwandan coworkers.

Paul in the rain.

Across the parking lot Colonel Oliver watches from his jeep. \*

Jock and his sound man embrace two beautiful young HOOKERS.

One girl begs Jock to take her with him.

HOOKER

Please, please, they will put me on the  
street. They will chop me.

JOCK

Darlin', believe me, if I could...

He digs in his pockets, pulls out money, cigarettes. Everything he has  
he gives to her.

Then he pulls her toward Paul, digs out his wallet.

JOCK (CONT'D)

Here. Here.

He pushes two Visa cards into Paul's hands.

JOCK (CONT'D)

Give her what she wants, room, food,  
anything. Charge it all. Don't you put  
her out, Paul.

PAUL

I would never do that.

JOCK

I know that, Paul. I'm sorry.  
Here take this. \*

\*

Jock pulls a Rolex off his wrist. \*

PAUL \*

This is a Rolex, I can't take it. \*

JOCK \*

Take it for Christ sake. I wish it was a  
fucking aeroplane. \*

Jock embraces Paul, tears in his eyes. \*

Gloria watches from the doorway. Embarrassed by Jock, She becomes officious.

GLORIA

Let's go, Jock.

JOCK

(turns on her)

Go! What the fuck sort of journalists are we, running from a war? I'm ashamed. Are you? Well, are ya'?

GLORIA

You're drunk.

Gloria marches onto the bus.

GLORIA

(to a French soldier)

What are we waiting for?

FRENCH SOLDIER

We have to evacuate some nuns from a convent. They are on their way.

Jock kisses the hooker, heaves his camera onto the bus.

Then there is a disturbance on the driveway.

A group of French nuns, along with maybe a hundred Tutsi women and children come running up the driveway. They are all terrified. One nun leads them with a French flag.

French soldiers run forward. A commander orders them to form a line, blocking the refugees.

French soldiers begin pulling nuns from the terrified crowd.

Several nuns begin hysterically weeping, pulling Rwandan children with them. Panic breaks out among the crowd.

INT/EXT. BUS. DAY

Jock grabs his camera, pushes off the bus.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Nuns cling to young children. French soldiers wrench the nuns away, lift them off their feet, carry them to the bus.

JOCK films, as A FRENCH OFFICER screams at him.

The last nun is dragged onto a bus.

Jock looks to Paul, then gets on the bus.

The convoy - French jeeps, buses, Italian jeeps, UN jeeps takes off, through the refugees, turns a corner, gone.

Paul, drenched, is left alone to fend for his new guests:

\*

Weeping women, frightened children.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. DAY

The convoy passes the gate house.

Across the road, two jeeps of Rwandan Army soldiers watch the convoy leave. They get on the radio.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Where five minutes before the lobby was a frenzy of wealthy Europeans and aid workers, the groups of clustered black faces are silent except for the crying of babies and sobbing mothers. Paul picks his way among them. Zozo catches up.

ZOZO

What do we do with all these people?

PAUL

Open up the ballroom, we'll put them there. And Zozo tell the kitchen to make rice and beans - a lot of it.

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

Paul enters, drops to the bed. Tatiana curls up next to him.

TATIANA

You could leave, Paul.



PAUL

What are you saying, Tatsi?

TATIANA

Your card says Hutu. Take our children, go and get the twins, pay money at the roadblocks. Get them out. Please.

PAUL

Enough of this. We stay together. Let me rest, I will feel better then.

Paul puts on his walkman earphones, presses play, the rich cowboy drawl of Don Williams singing ???

Close on: Paul as his eyes droop and to the music.

A kalidiscscope of colors filter through drooping eyelids as

Close on Paul's face, as the music plays.

His eyes open wide, disturbed, music playing

Paul's POV, an Army lieutenant stands over him, other soldiers around.

The lieutenant reaches down, pulls the earphones from Paul's ears.

LIEUTENANT

You are the manager?

PAUL

Yes, sir. What is wrong?

\*

LIEUTENANT

Everyone must leave the hotel now.

PAUL

Why sir?

LIEUTENANT

It's an order. Get everyone out now.

PAUL

I...ah...need some time. Please give us twenty, thirty minutes. People are sleeping.

The lieutenant is not impressed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Please, have some cold drinks. I will be as quick as I can.

'Cold drinks' softens the soldiers' attitudes.

LIEUTENANT

We will be outside, ten minutes.

The soldiers march off. Paul goes back inside. The kids, sensing the menace, sit still and wide-eyed on the floor. Suddenly Tatiana notices Roger is missing.

TATIANA

Where's Roger?

Danielle points to under the bed.

CLOSE ON:

Roger trembling under the bed, as Paul's face appears.

PAUL

Come on son, everything is all right.

He slides him out, clutches him in his arms, then turns him over to Tatiana as he phones the front desk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Who is this? Zozo. I know. Get them beer.

He turns to Tatiana.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Go to the roof now.

TATIANA

(terrified)

What for Paul.

PAUL

(forceful)

Do as I say. I will be there soon.

He hurries out.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

Paul's door opens, his head appears round the corner.

The corridor is empty of soldiers. Now, frightened Tutsis peer out from their rooms. A group of men, among them the politician Xavier, are gathered in the hallway. Paul spots one man holding a pistol. He runs up.

PAUL

(to the man with the pistol)

Are you mad? They will gun us all down.

PISTOL MAN

Better to die by the bullet than the  
machete.

Paul pulls the gun off him.

PAUL

Wait here, please.

Paul hands the gun to Xavier, hurries off.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul bursts in, sits by the phone and dials.

PAUL (ON PHONE)

Good day, General Bizimungu please. Do  
you know where he is? Please ask him to  
call Paul Rusesabagina. It is urgent.

Phone again.

A SERIES OF FLASH CUTS: increasingly frantic calls.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Colonel Bagsora. Where? Can you find him?

ANOTHER CALL:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Who would order such a thing?

ANOTHER CALL:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Did you find the General?

Paul hangs up the phone defeated. He looks at his watch. His head flops  
onto the desk, onto the Sabena logo. He sees it.

INT. SABENA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. DAY

The Sabena president and two VPs sit on couches.

PRESIDENT

If British Airways abandons the route we  
should bid for it.

His intercom buzzes, he's annoyed then.

SECRETARY (ON PHONE)

I'm sorry, sir. I have a call from Paul in Kigali. He says it's urgent.

The president goes to the phone, hits the speaker button.

PRESIDENT

Paul. Are you alright?

PAUL (O.S.)

We have a big problem. The Hutu army have come and ordered us all of us out of the hotel.

The president is baffled.

PRESIDENT

Out? Where are you going?

PAUL

I do not know, sir. I think they will kill us all.

The president can barely form words to reply.

PRESIDENT

All. What do you mean all?

PAUL

The staff, the guests.

PRESIDENT

The staff and guests! How many?

PAUL

Now we have eight hundred guests and one hundred staff. I have ten minutes left. I wish I could have done more, sir. Please, thank all my friends at Sabena. You have been good to me and my family.

PRESIDENT

(panicked) Paul, wait, wait, I'm going to put you on hold for one minute, stay on the phone.

He hits the hold button. Looks to the other executives. They are stunned to silence by Paul's profound farewell.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul listens to music on the phone.

INT. SABENA EXTERIOR OFFICES. DAY

Pandemonium - the president has everyone working the phones.

PRESIDENT

Get the prime minister's office. Call  
General Chareaux. Louis get the UN. Tell  
them this is Belgian property.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

The music is suddenly interrupted.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Paul, are you there?

PAUL

Yes, thank you Mr. President.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Paul, if you have one call in all the  
world to stop this, who would you call?

Paul thinks.

PAUL

The French. They supply the Rwandan army.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Paul, do everything you can to buy time.  
I will call you back.

Paul hurries from the room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Zozo at the computer, printing something. Paul walks up, sees: The  
Hotel's Registry printing. Paul grabs it, studies.

PAUL

What are you doing?

ZOZO

The lieutenant wants the register.

He pushes Zozo toward the elevator.

PAUL

Go and get more beer.

Now Paul is on the computer, typing.

ON SCREEN: The register shows that day's date: April 13.

Paul hits a few keys.

ON SCREEN: The date above the register is April 4.

Paul hits the print button. The printer clicks to life.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul with the printed registry and Zozo with beer walk to the jeeps. The soldiers don't wait for the Captain's order, they mob Zozo, grab beers. The lieutenant marches up to Paul.

LIEUTENANT

Where's the guest list?

Paul hands him the printout. He studies it, reads.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Anderson, Arthurs, Boulrier. What is this?

PAUL

The guest list. It hasn't been updated since the murder of the president.

The lieutenant grabs Paul by the shirt.

LIEUTENANT

Are you trying to make a fool of me? There are no Europeans left in that hotel. Get me the names of all the cockroaches in there.

PAUL

That will take time.

LIEUTENANT

You don't have time. If I do not have the names, so that I can pick out the traitors, then I will kill everyone here in this car park. Get in there now.

Paul turns to walk back in. The lieutenant hurries to his men, pulls beers from their hands, smashes them on the ground. One soldier comes running to him with a radio. Paul watches. The lieutenant listens, then calls to Paul.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Hey you, come here.

Paul returns.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Who did you call?

PAUL

Call, sir?

LIEUTENANT

Don't lie to me. What's your name?

PAUL

Rusesabagina. Paul Rusesabagina.

LIEUTENANT

I will remember that name. (turns to his soldiers) Let's go.

The soldiers roar off down the driveway.

Zozo looks to Paul, a thank you Jesus look.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF. DAY

Paul emerges onto the roof, sees Tatiana, his children, and many of the neighbors sitting huddled together. (They do not know the soldiers have left.)

Tatiana is frozen to the spot.

PAUL

They have gone.

Tatiana grabs him. Tears of joy. Paul's neighbors swarm him, touch him, thank him like a messiah. This effects him. He seems genuinely moved as he shakes hands and hugs them.

ZOZO

Sir. The president of Sabena is on the phone for you.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul arrives behind the front desk.

Paul hits the button.

PAUL

They are gone. Thank you, sir. What did you do?

INT. SABENA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. BRUSSELS. DAY

Gotfroid is at his desk.

SABENA PRESIDENT

I managed to get the President of France on the phone.

PAUL (O.S.)

Thank you, sir, you saved our lives.

SABENA PRESIDENT

Paul, I pleaded with the president to go in and get you all. He told me it will not happen.

PAUL

Why?

SABENA PRESIDENT

I can give you many political answers Paul but the truth is that Africa is not worth a single vote to all of them: French, British, Americans.

Silence.

SABENA PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

You have to get out of there, Paul. I will do whatever I can.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

The elite of the Tutsi refugees, those with contacts or friends abroad, are gathered in the office.

PAUL

There will be no rescue, no intervention force. We can only save ourselves. Call any foreigner you know, tell them what will happen to us. Say goodbye but when you say goodbye, say it as though you're reaching through and shaking their hand. Let them know if they let go of that hand, you will die. (silence) We must shame them into sending help.

The others look stunned.



PAUL (CONT'D)

Get on the phones while we still can. At least we can say they heard our cries. Zozo come with me.

Paul leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul looks around the lobby. It resembles a refugee center more than a five star hotel.

He turns to a computer, calls up the register, then hits DELETE and erases the register.

He picks up the phone, calls.

PAUL

Send two of the housekeeping carpenters to the lobby.

Paul strides across the lobby, calls to Zozo.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Everyone gather together now. Zozo get them all together.

They herd together quickly.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No one can remain in this lobby any longer. I have rooms available. Who can pay? The rental is six hundred francs per day.

About fifty percent of the hands go up.

TUTSI WOMAN

I cannot pay?

PAUL

Go with Zozo to the ballroom. We will find you bedding. This is a hotel. No one will be allowed to stay in the lobby.

The carpenters arrive beside Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Good. I want you to go around and take all the numbers off the doors.

CARPENTER

What shall we put in their place.

PAUL

Nothing. I want no numbers on the doors.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

Paul going door to door, knocking. The rooms are all packed with Tutsi refugees. A door opens.

PAUL

Good day. Here is your bill for the last week. If you cannot pay, or think you will not be able to pay, go to the ballroom. Zozo will take care of you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

Paul knocks on a door. The Tutsi politician Xavier opens the door, sees that it is Paul.

XAVIER

Come in Paul.

INT. HOTEL LUXURY SUITE. DAY

A beautiful two-bedroom suite. Xavier lives in comfort compared to the other refugees.

PAUL

I'm afraid you will have to move room.

XAVIER

Move? Where to?

PAUL

I'm going to put you on the third floor.

XAVIER

The third floor are low class rooms.

PAUL

Yes they are. However if the army return they will expect important people such as yourself to be in these grand rooms.

XAVIER  
 (to his wife)  
 Pack the bags, we have to move.

PAUL  
 Also, this is your bill for the last  
 week.

Paul leaves, Xavier looks shocked.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE

Paul and influential refugees, Odette, Benedict (with a bandage over his missing ear), Xavier and others call, plead, write and send faxes all around the world. We see this NIGHT and DAY; DAY and NIGHT --

Then Odette on the phone.

ODETTE  
 Yes, that's right. I helped set up the  
 treatment center in Nairobi. I'm in the  
 Mille Collines Hotel right now with my  
 husband, Peter, and my two boys. If you  
 do not help us we will be murdered.

Zozo arrives.

ZOZO  
 Sir, General Bizimungu is here.

EXT. HOTEL POOL TERRACE. DAY

The pool patio is deserted except for General Bizimungu and three soldiers who lounge at a table. Gregoire and his girlfriend sun on reclining deck chairs like movie stars. Paul and a waiter with a tray of drinks join the General.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU  
 I am glad you are well.

Paul hands the scotch to Bizimungu.

PAUL  
 I'm sorry it is not Glenmorangie.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU  
 As long as it is scotch.  
 (drinks)  
 Your white friends have abandoned you,  
 Paul.

PAUL

The United Nations are still here.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

(laughs) The United Nations. Madmen are on the streets, Paul. But I will take care of you. (chugs his drink) Your cellar is well-stocked, right?

PAUL

Yes, General. I am glad you came by. I overheard something that I think you should know about.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

What did you overhear?

PAUL

A discussion between an American Embassy official and a UN Colonel.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

What did they say?

PAUL

The American assured the colonel that they would watch everything.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Watch everything? How? They are gone.

Paul points surreptitiously to the sky. The General looks up.

PAUL

Satellites.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Satellites?

PAUL

Yes, they can photograph the epaulets on your shoulder.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

And what will they do with these satellites?

PAUL

The American said intervention is too costly, better to get photographic evidence and snatch up the high command.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

The high command? Our high command?

PAUL

'Snatch them up and put on a war crimes trial. Lock them all away forever. No political risk, and big publicity.' That's what he said. (a beat) I thought I'd better tell you.

The General looks again to the sky then.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

The Americans! Who are they to put us on trial. Let us imagine Paul when their president Kennedy was shot, they said it was a black man. Then their politicians, their radio stations gave orders 'we must wipe out these black people before they wipe out us.' What do you think would have happened? No different.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Indeed, general. Excuse me momentarily.

INT. HOTEL CELLAR. DAY

Paul fills Bizimungu's briefcase with scotch, hands two six-packs of beer to Zozo. Paul notes his once packed storeroom, now considerably dwindled in stock.

PAUL

Where has all our beer gone?

ZOZO

Sir, Gregoire has been taking beers.

PAUL

How much beer?

ZOZO

Many beers.

EXT. HOTEL POOL TERRACE. AFTERNOON

Paul arrives back at the pool, hands Bizimungu his briefcase. Zozo gives the beer to the soldiers.

PAUL

I am worried about thieves and criminals coming into the hotel. Perhaps you could arrange for some police to guard us.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

The police are very busy.

PAUL

I understand General, but when I last talked to the president of Sabena he promised me that anyone who helped protect Belgian property would be rewarded.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bizimungu understands this is a financial proposition.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

He did.

\*  
\*

PAUL

"Well rewarded" Those were his words.

\*  
\*

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

If I were to spare a few policemen, where would I station them?

PAUL

The front gate would be best, General. They could check all guests.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

I will see what I can do.

PAUL

I admire you, General. How do you keep command of your men amidst such madness?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

I am strong, Paul, like a lion.

PAUL

I wish I were like you. Look at my staff, they won't work, they listen to no one.

Paul nods over toward Gregoire.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

He is staff?

The General gets up.

Gregoire, who is lying face down on the deck chair, doesn't see him approach. The General pulls the deck chair from underneath Gregoire and throws it into the pool. As Gregoire tries to scramble to his feet, the General propels him forward with a massive kick up the ass.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (CONT'D)

Get to work, you slug.

Gregoire races from the pool, followed by his girlfriend.

The General clicks his fingers and his soldiers follow.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (CONT'D)

Make sure, Paul, your guests are generous.

INT. LOBBY. DAY

Benedict greets Paul in the lobby.

BENEDICT

Paul, we would like to speak to you in your office.

PAUL

We, who is we?

BENEDICT

A delegation.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul walks in and discovers the office packed with the elite Tutsi refugees including Xavier, Odette and Jean Baptiste. Paul's puzzled, there's an air of tension in the room.

PAUL

Yes.

A brief silence, then a Tutsi bank manager speaks.

BANKER

You have no right to charge us rent.

PAUL

Why not?

BANKER

This is no longer a hotel, it is a prison and you are profiteering from our misery.

ODETTE

That is not true.

Another accuser speaks up.

TUTSI ACCUSER

Yes it is. He charges for food, for everything. Where is all this money going? We hear he has a deal with Bizimungu.

TUTSI ACCUSER #2

It is said that you work for the murderer  
George Rutagunda.

Murmurs of agreement. Paul has heard enough.

PAUL

I confess. ( a beat) It's true I have a  
deal with General Bizimungu. He was just  
here. I worked out another money making  
scheme for him. New arrivals will be  
taxed at the gate.

Silence.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you know what my deal is with  
Bizimungu. I pay him and he keeps you  
alive. Anyone want to take their money  
back?

Paul pulls money from his pocket, hands it around, offers it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Here, here take it. And you don't have to  
pay your bill. I will move you into the  
ballroom or out into the gardens.

He walks among them.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And, yes, I work with George Rutagunda.  
I buy rice and beans, beer and soap. I  
will have to visit his warehouse soon  
because we are running out of food. Who  
wants to come with me?

Paul holds the door open.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Anyone who wants to come with me stay  
behind. If not, please leave.

They hurry out, duly chastised. But Odette and her husband Jean  
Baptiste remain.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You are most certainly not coming with  
me. You will get me killed.

JEAN BAPTISTE

You can't go to that place, they know  
what you are doing here.



PAUL

George will not hurt me, I am too profitable to him.

ODETTE

What if he is not there?

Paul hasn't got an answer for that one. He leads them out.

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Roger is asleep, on a couch in the living room, several kids sleep on the floor.

TO THE BED: Where Tatiana suppresses bursts of laughter as Paul relates the Gregoire story in whispers.

PAUL

As soon as the General left he came running back. (mimics Gregoire) Help me, sir, I have been possessed by a witch. (Paul's own voice now) A witch you say? (mimics) Yes, yes, I did not know I was in that room. The president's room, why would I be in the president's room? (own voice) Indeed, the General asked me the same. (mimics) Asked you what? (own voice) Does Gregoire think he is president now?

Paul mimics Gregoire's whimpers of fear.

TATIANA

(laughing)

Stop, stop, we will waken the children.

Paul lifts the bottle of fine bordeaux, pours more.

PAUL

Lynch Bages, 84. Perfect with lamb, or fine rare beef.

TATIANA

So where is the lamb?

PAUL

Maybe Gregoire and the witch ate it.

They both chuckle, then Paul remembers, a cloud of anxiety comes over him.

TATIANA

What's the matter?

PAUL

We're running out of beer and other supplies.

She kisses him.

TATIANA

The foreigners abandon us and you do inventory. You are so conscientious.

She kisses him again, tries to cheer him.

PAUL

I have to go out to get food.

TATIANA

Go out! Where?

PAUL

To Rutagunda's place. It is close by.

TATIANA

No, no.

PAUL

I have to, *Tatiana, we are only as valuable as the service we provide.*

\*  
\*

TATIANA

You cannot go alone.

PAUL

I'm not going alone. I'll take Gregoire with me. He's a good Hutu, and he wants to impress me now.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

The lobby is deserted except for Gregoire now neatly dressed.

PAUL

Gregoire it is good to see you back to work.

GREGOIRE

Please, except my humblest apologies...

PAUL

Don't worry. I have a job this morning. I must go to visit my good friend George Rutagunda. You know George?

Gregoire nods, impressed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fetch the van.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAWN

A thick mist blankets the grounds as Paul and Gregoire emerge.

GREGOIRE

(fearful) Where are we going, sir?

PAUL

For supplies, you drive.

GREGOIRE

The fog is too heavy, sir.

PAUL

Just drive, Gregoire.

INT. VAN. DAWN

They pass the gate, the policemen are asleep in the box.

The van passes along the deserted main road, past a wrecked car, over broken glass, the fog swirls around them.

Then Gregoire hits the brakes.

In front of them, a makeshift barricade, long poles stretched across two oil drums.

They wait for someone to appear from the fog: No one.

GREGOIRE

We should go back, sir.

Paul wants to agree, but can't. He opens his door.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

Paul gets out, tentative.

PAUL

Hello?

Nothing. He moves to the barrier, lifts the pole, places it on the ground, hurries back to the van.

INT. VAN. DAWN

PAUL

Let's go.

They drive past the barricade.

The van weaves through the fog-enshrouded streets.

They slow to check road signs in the fog - on one a woman's dress, shredded and soaked in blood, is draped like a banner.

EXT. RUTAGANDA'S WAREHOUSE. DAWN

The fog still hangs like a cloud. As they pull up, a group of young Militia emerge from Toyota trucks.

MILITIAMAN #1

What do you want?

PAUL

We are to meet Mr. Rutagunda.

MILITIAMAN #1

The commander is not here.

PAUL

He will be here.

MILITIAMAN #1

Show me your ID

Paul and Gregoire hand over their ID cards. The Militia man studies them, then pockets the cards.

PAUL

Excuse me.

MILITIAMAN #1

What?

PAUL

Our cards, please.

MILITIAMAN #1

What cards?

PAUL

You have our cards.

MILITIAMAN #1

No. But I make cards. Would you like me to make you two cards?

PAUL

How much?

MILITIAMAN #1

One thousand francs.

Then from out of the fog, three Toyota trucks roar up. George Rutagunda, heavily armed, in cut-off shorts and an open shirt, his barrel chest laden with bandoliers, jumps out.

The Militia man pulls out the ID cards, hands them back.

MILITIAMAN #1 (CONT'D)

apologetic)

A joke.

Rutagunda strides over.

GEORGE

Paul. My old friend.

Paul climbs out, greets George, as a Militia man swings open the doors of the warehouse. They walk in.

INT. RUTAGANDA'S WAREHOUSE. DAY

The warehouse is filled with looted televisions, artwork, cars. George points to the stacks of beer.

GEORGE

Everything is double the price now, you do understand that?

PAUL

I need rice, beans, beer, and your best whiskey.

GEORGE

Beer yes, but no whiskey.

PAUL

You have no whiskey?

GEORGE

No whiskey, no spirits. Your rich cockroaches at the hotel, they will have to do without their scotch. *Anyway, I have bled that cow enough Paul.*

\*  
\*

Paul counts out the Rwandan francs.

PAUL

What do you mean George? \*

GEORGE

Their money is no good to them. Soon all \*  
the Ineysi will be dead. \*

PAUL

(incredulous) ) \*

You cannot kill them all.

GEORGE

Why not? We are half way there already. \*

Paul's stomach heaves. He hides it, turns over the money, gets in the \*  
van with Gregoire. George comes to the passenger window. \*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let me give you a tip my friend, our \*  
generals in the army say 'do not go near \*  
the Mille Collines or they will send the \*  
Belgian soldiers back here'. But the \*  
generals are about to leave, and we will \*  
be in charge. It is time to butcher your \*  
cow for the meat. (a beat) \*  
You can help us Paul. You have some very \*  
important traitors at your hotel. The \*  
politician Xavier. The liar Benedict. If \*  
we were to get them, then maybe we could \*  
let one or two cockroaches get away. You \*  
understand, Paul. \*

Paul says nothing, but Gregoire has been listening very carefully.

PAUL

Let's go.

GEORGE

Take the river road back. It is clear.

The van takes off.

INT. VAN. DAWN

The fog has gotten thicker. They can barely see a yard ahead.

PAUL

Are you sure this is the river road?

GREGOIRE

I saw the sign.

The van begins to bump erratically. Bump, bump, bump.

PAUL

Stop. You've driven off the road.  
You'll put us in the river.

The van jerks to a halt.

EXT. RIVER ROAD. DAWN

Paul clambers out, stumbles, falls.

And discovers he's looking at the face of a dead child, a young Tutsi girl, her hands clasped on her ears as though to block the sound of her own death - an African Munz's Scream.

Paul clambers to his feet, sees that the van is on a road littered with dead bodies, men, women, children.

The bumps were dead bodies, the van has driven over them.

A breeze from the lake blows the fog clear for thirty feet.

REVEALING: a carpet of bodies, hundreds of them sprawled all along the road as far as Paul can see. Paul wanders stunned among misshapen corpses, made more ghostly by wisps of fog.

Finally, Paul clambers shell-shocked back into the van.

PAUL

Go back! Go back!

Gregoire throws the van into reverse.

They bump back over the carpet of bodies, each shake and crunch another horror.

EXT. HOTEL REAR DELIVERY AREA. DAY

The van pulls up at the rear suppliers entrance. Paul hops out, turns to Gregoire.

PAUL

Tell no one what you saw, do you  
understand?

Gregoire, Zozo and the porters begin unloading the van.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS. DAY

Paul wanders to a bench set back in a manicured grove of bushes. Beyond him a crowd of Rwandan refugee children play in the swimming pool, laughing, jumping, splashing like they were at a municipal pool in Central Park.

Paul watches. Tears stream from his eyes, the stream grows into a flood, he buries his face in his hands.

Then a voice.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

Mr. Manager.

Paul wipes his eyes, turns.

A little boy stands behind him, holding out his arm.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Mr. Manager, sir.

Then Paul sees what is wrong. The boy has a big thorn imbedded in the muscle of his arm. Paul studies it.

PAUL

That's a big one. (pinches the thorn)  
Here we go.

Paul pulls on the thorn, the kid doesn't flinch.

Paul picks him up, carries him to the pool, throws him in.

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Tatiana feeds the children - rice and beans. Paul arrives.

CHILDREN

Good evening, Papa.

PAUL

Roger, you have no greeting for me.

Roger tries to speak, struggles to mouth the words but nothing comes out, as though he has forgotten. Tears form in his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

There, do not worry, no tears.

He hugs him, puts him back at his food, then takes Tatiana's hand, leads her to the door.



TATIANA  
(whispers) Where are we going?

They slip out.

INT. HOTEL ROOF DOOR. NIGHT

Tatiana stops.

TATIANA  
Please, Paul, why do we have to go to the  
roof?

PAUL  
It's alright. This is the only place I  
can find some peace.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF. NIGHT

Paul slips out onto the roof. Tatiana follows. Artillery and mortar  
fire rumble in the distance. Flashes silhouette along the far hills  
above Kigali.

He leads her to a blanket, a candle, two glasses and the bottle of  
wine. They sit. He opens the wine.

TATIANA  
(laughs) I hear we must pay for  
everything. How much for this?

PAUL  
A kiss.

They kiss.

TATIANA  
You are a very good man, Paul  
Rusesabagina.

She kisses him again.

PAUL  
I have a confession. When we met...

TATIANA  
In Ruhengeri?

PAUL  
Yes, when you worked as the nurse.

TATIANA  
Yes.

PAUL

I had you transferred to Kigali.

TATIANA

What?

PAUL

I bribed the Minister of Health to have you transferred to Kigali.

TATIANA

Why?

PAUL

To be closer. So that I could marry you.

TATIANA

What was the bribe?

(silence)

What am I worth to you?

PAUL

It was substantial.

TATIANA

Tell me what it was.

PAUL

A car.

TATIANA

What sort of car?

PAUL

What does it matter.

TATIANA

I want to know.

PAUL

A Volkswagen.

TATIANA

A Volkswagen!

She slaps him playfully.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

I hope it was a new Volkswagen.

She kisses him, they lie back on the roof, kiss passionately.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul instructs the porters to clean around the entrance.

The UN armored car comes up the driveway. Colonel Oliver gets out, strides across the tarmac, he shakes Paul's hand. \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

Great news, Paul, we're going to get you out of here.

The sweetest words Paul has ever heard.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM. DAY

Oliver is on the stage, all the refugee guests are crowded into the room he has a list in his hand. \*

COLONEL OLIVER \*

The UN has been notified that the following families have received travel visas from the following countries.

He reads. \*

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D) \*

Abukesu - Tanzania, Arumangu -Zambia,  
Bawroanga - Kenya,

CLOSE ON: Elation among the chosen families.

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D) \*

Gituaranga - Zambis, Horangora - Belguim

CLOSE ON - Fear on the faces of families who realize they have missed this alphabetical list, anxiety among the others.

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D) \*

Paramisambi - Zambia, Rusesabagina - Belgium.

Tatiana kisses Paul.

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D) \*

Zamacanga - Ghana. A plane will land at the airport tomorrow and the named families will be flown to Kenya. Two UN trucks will be here at 7 a.m. The named families must be ready to leave then.

A voice calls out.

TUTSI WOMAN

Colonel, sir. Why not take us all to the airport? We can wait there to obtain visas.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

I can't do that. Our camp at the airport is overwhelmed already. We could not defend you there. You are better to stay here and work to get an exit visa.

\*

Oliver jumps from the stage, pushes through the crowd.

\*

Paul's POV: Odette and Jean Baptiste are silently devastated. He pushes through to the Colonel now surrounded by those who didn't make the list.

\*

PAUL

Colonel, Odette Camundu ... she must be on the list.

\*

Oliver shakes his head no.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

Paul, only those I called can get on the trucks. I do not want to have to pull people off, you understand?

\*

Paul nods yes. Tatiana arrives beside him, pulls him aside.

TATIANA

I will not leave without the twins.

PAUL

We have to get out of here Tatiana.

TATIANA

Please, please try one more time.

PAUL

I'll try but we have to leave, with or without them. I want you to promise.

She reluctantly nods yes.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Mr. Garindi waits nervously in the lobby.

Paul arrives.

MR. GARINDI

It is dangerous to be here. The radio says this is a nest of cockroaches.

PAUL

I need one last favor. Go back and get the twins.

MR. GARINDI

(emphatic) No, it is impossible. That side of town has been destroyed in the fighting. The children are dead.

PAUL

How do you know?

MR. GARINDI

Everyone is dead there. The dogs eat the bodies in the street. I have to go.

PAUL

I will give you my house.

The businessman turns back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's a fine house. Here is a paper.

Paul spots an elegant woman carrying laundry toward the elevator. He runs to her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Madame Kawunda, please.

Paul leads her over.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need you to witness this signature.

(to the businessman)

Madame Kawunda is the Minister for Agriculture. She is a very reliable witness.

Paul signs, then hands the pen to the puzzled woman.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Please witness this deed.

She signs. Paul pushes the deed into the man's hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

There, now go and find them. They have no papers. No one knows they are Tutsi. They will be alive.

The businessman heads for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You must be back by 7:00a.m. tomorrow.

Paul watches him go.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Seven, remember.

The Mr. Garindi leaves.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS. NIGHT

Paul skirts the little groups of poor families bivouacked on the lawn. The smoke of cooking fires has replaced the Tiki lanterns. The grounds are a mini refugee camp.

Paul joins Tatiana, Odette and Jean Baptiste who sit at a table by the pool.

ODETTE  
Don't worry, Paul, we will make the next list.

Zozo arrives, with beers, serves them, is about to leave. **Tatiana grabs him by the arm.** \*

**TATIANA** \*

**Sit with us Zozo.** \*

**ZOZO** \*

**No ma,am, I am too busy.** \*

**PAUL** \*

**Zozo you are family, join us.** \*

Zozo is shocked by this breach of protocol but sits.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You are my dearest friends. I promise you before God that I will not sleep until I have you out of here. All of you.

He embraces Jean Baptiste

JEAN BAPTISTE  
It is good that you are going, Paul, because now we know we have one person who will save us.

Odette hugs and kisses him.

ODETTE

We owe you our lives.

Paul takes Zozo in his arms.

PAUL

You are my family now, Zozo, my brother.  
I will get you out of here.

ZOZO

Thank you, sir.

PAUL

Let us remember this night and tell the  
world that even in hell there are good  
people.

A unbreakable bond of faith with each other.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

The lucky families are gathered: Tatiana and all her children; Xavier and his wife; Benedict; and others.

Some of the unlucky ones peer around the door of the ballroom. A UN officer stands in their way.

UN LIEUTENANT

Back. Everyone back. Only those with  
letters of acceptance in the lobby.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

The UN convoy waits outside. Tatiana waits nervously as Paul checks his watch.

TATIANA

A little longer, Paul?

PAUL

We wait until 7:00. If he is not here  
with the twins he is not coming. We  
leave. That was your promise. Go help the  
children.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul is in a horrible mood. The refugees in the ballroom try to push by the UN officer. Paul joins him.

UN LIEUTENANT

Back, please. Stay back.

PAUL

Zozo, tell those people to get back to the ballroom. They can not be here.

Zozo scampers off.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What are we waiting for? Come on.

Paul herds the convoy people toward the door.

CLOSE ON: Gregoire watching from behind the front desk.

Through the doors we see the trucks being loaded.

Zozo returns.

ZOZO

Sir, the others want to speak to you.

Reluctant, Paul walks over to the ballroom dwellers.

PAUL

Yes.

TUTSI WOMAN

Good, sir we have letters, please take them for us.

Paul reaches out for the letters, takes them, reads the addresses: President Nelson Mandela. Pope John Paul. President Clinton.

TUTSI MAN #1

If you leave, we are certain to die.

ZOZO

I have a letter, sir.

Zozo hands Paul the letter. He studies the address. It reads "To the great man Muhammad Ali."

Others crowd around.

PAUL

I will get you all visas. I promise. I will get you out of here.

Paul's at a loss. He has to tear himself away.

Afraid to look back, he heads for the convoy.



EXT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

The last of the evacuees clamber onto the UN trucks. The children are on board but Tatiana waits.

TATIANA

Ask them to wait a little longer. For the twins.

PAUL

Get on the truck, Tatiana.

TATIANA

No.

He checks his watch, then takes her in his arms.

PAUL

Look, our children are crying, please get on the truck.

Paul helps Tatiana on board. He looks toward the door.

POV: The unlucky refugees are now crowded at the windows, lost souls watching out from their prison at the lucky ones.

Paul whispers to Benedict as he boards.

INT. TRUCK DAY

Paul clambers on beside her. He reaches Tatiana as Benedict sits beside her.

PAUL

I have to stay.

TATIANA

No! Sit down now.

PAUL

I cannot leave these people. I will wait for the twins.

Paul backs off. Tatiana tries to follow. Benedict grabs her.

TATIANA

Let go. Let me off this truck.

A commotion as she tries to get up.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

Let me go. Children get off.

PAUL

I will follow on the next plane. Go.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY.

The truck starts up. Paul runs beside it, shouts to Tatiana.

PAUL

I love you. Keep the children safe.

TATIANA

Paul!

Then another voice.

ROGER

Papa! Papa!

The convoy takes off down the driveway.

Paul, Zozo and other refugees cluster by the door.

Zozo looks round,

Sees: Gregoire put a phone down.

INT. UN JEEP. DAY

UN Colonel Oliver sits next to a UN PAKISTANI DRIVER.

\*

The convoy passes looters and small groups of Militia on the road but proceeds unheeded.

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. DAY

The room is still littered with clothes, kids drawings, the personal junk accumulated over four weeks.

Paul tries to arrange things, then collapses on the bed, paralysed with doubt - Why did he do this?

Then the door bangs.

ZOZO

Boss, sir, quick, please, come quick.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

The door springs open, Paul confronts Zozo.

ZOZO  
(breathless)  
Sir, the radio, you must hear, it is on  
the radio.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN. DAY

Paul and Zozo burst into the kitchen. The cooks and others are clustered, listening to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
...Block the roads to the airport! The  
cockroaches from the Mille Collines are  
escaping! Xavier. The liar Benedict, the  
traitor Rusesabagina's cockroaches. Stop  
them now at Rue Don Bosco. Thirty  
thousand francs for the head of Xavier!

PAUL  
Dear lord, how did they know?

ZOZO  
I saw Gregoire make a call, sir?

PAUL  
When?

ZOZO  
As the trucks go.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul bursts out of the kitchen - enraged.

Gregoire is at the front desk. Sees Paul - understands instantly.

Gregoire takes off, running for his life.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS. DAY

Paul chases after him, through the door.

Gregoire disappears into the thicket of trees.

Paul after him.

Through the trees.

Gregoire, younger, faster, climbs the high wire fence.

Finally, Paul reaches the fence.

Sees Gregoire escape into the bushes on the other side of the fence.

Paul gives up, turns back toward the hotel.

INT. JEEP TRAVELLING. DAY

As the UN jeep turns a bend, **Colonel Oliver** SEES crowds of Interahamwe swarming from beside houses, from gardens. They pull burning tires, old furniture, junk onto the road. \*

INT. TRUCK TRAVELLING. DAY

The UN truck suddenly lurches, then slows. The refugees from the Mille Collines grow alarmed.

TATIANA

What's happening?

INT. HOTEL OFFICE. DAY

Paul is on the fax phone, begging.

PAUL

Please, General, I will give you money, whiskey.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (O.S.)

You said you had no whiskey.

**PAUL**

Please, I have money. They're driving into an ambush, it's on the radio. \*

EXT. KIGALI STREET JUNCTION. DAY

Swarms of crazed Militia fill the road. Gun fire breaks out.

**Colonel Oliver** steps from the jeep, waving his pistol in the air. \*

Militia men swarm around him, push past to the truck.

INSIDE THE TRUCK:

A MACHETE SLASHES through the canvas.

Children scream, HANDS GRAB at people.

Benedict is hauled off the truck. Beaten.

Tatiana protects her kids in a corner, kicking at the hands that grab for her.

ON THE STREET: Xavier falls to the ground.

Screams, shouts, MORE SHOTS.

Oliver fights his way through to Xavier. \*

Oliver points his pistol. \*

The crowd backs off slightly.

Xavier gets to his feet.

BANG - more gun fire. IMMACULATA falls, wounded in the foot.

More are dragged from the trucks. Machetes flash in the sun.

Then HORNS, GUNFIRE - RWANDAN SOLDIERS drive through the crowd in two jeeps. The crowd scatters, then re-forms as Rwandan soldiers push between the Militia and the refugees.

As they do, another Militia gunman steps out, fires wildly at the refugees, but wounds A RWANDAN SOLDIER in the stomach.

Suddenly fights erupt between the Militia and the soldiers.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul paces up and down, he can hear gunfire in the distance.

MACHINE GUNFIRE - THEN SINGLE SHOTS.

Paul jumps in the van, guns the engine, drives.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT GATE. DAY.

Paul's van speeds toward the gate.

THEN - A LOUD METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE

As a UN JEEP, its tires shot out, sparks cascading from wheel rims, screams up to the guard house.

Paul slams on the brakes.

The jeep is followed by the two trucks, their canvas slashed fluttering in the wind.

Paul throws the van into reverse and clears the way.

The convoy pulls up in front of the hotel.

Bloody and battered, the terrified refugees fall from the trucks.

Paul and Odette run among the casualties. Then he sees them:

Tatiana, clothes torn, scratches on her face.

The kids screaming in terror.

Paul runs to them, grabs, kisses, weeps louder.

Battered refugees everywhere, other hotel residents looking on -  
equally terrified because: They know they are doomed.

Paul sees Roger, trembling, tears soak his face.

ROGER

Papa! Papa!

He grabs Roger up. Tatiana struggles to Paul, embraces.

PAUL

Thank God you are safe.

Tatiana breaks from the embrace.

TATIANA

Did he bring the twins?

Paul shakes his head no.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS. DAY

Paul sits alone on his secluded bench in the garden.

A cloud of despair shrouds him.

As he watches several women dip cooking pots into the pool.

He hurries toward them.

PAUL

What are you doing?

TUTSI WOMAN

There is no water from the pipes.

Paul heads for the front doors. He's intercepted by the two Rwandan  
policemen stationed at the gate by Bizimungu.

GENDARME

Where is our beer? You promised us beer.

PAUL

Did you explain to the good General that  
I have temporarily run out of stock?

GENDARME

He said to ask Mitterand and the French  
to send you more.

PAUL

You will get it in due time. Now, please,  
get back to the gate.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul enters, sees Zozo.

PAUL

What is this about no water?

ZOZO

It's true, sir, the water has been turned  
off. \*

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Paul enters. Odette, Benedict watch CNN on the TV.

Paul shakes his head in disbelief.

PAUL

We can still get CNN here in hell.

A state department woman gives a press conference.

ODETTE

The Americans are talking about us.

ON TV:

STATE DEPT. OFFICER

From the reports we have received from  
Rwanda it appears that acts of genocide  
have been committed.

REPORTER

Excuse me, how many acts of genocide does  
it take to declare this a genocide?

STATE DEPT. OFFICER

I, ahh, there is, ahh we have  
terminology, that has been.

BRIT REPORTER

You haven't answered the question. How many acts of genocide before your government will declare this a genocide?

STATE DEPT. OFFICER

I'm not prepared to, nor am I able.

Everyone in the room is dumbfounded.

Then Benedict begins laughing, a maniacal laugh, then he bangs on his chest, and hoots like a chimpanzee.

BENEDICT

I've got it. I have the answer. Watch.

They all stare as he begins beating his chest, and hopping about like an ape.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

We must become mountain gorillas. Then they can put us on the endangered species list. Come on, try it. They think we're halfway there already.

Benedict hops up onto a desk.

The door flies open. It's General Bizimungu.

He surveys the room, then points at Paul.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Come here.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

Bizimungu looks terrible, an alcoholic suffering D.T.s.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Where are my supplies?

PAUL

I'm sorry, General. The cellar is empty.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

You have cockroaches dancing on tables and you tell me the cellar is empty? Did they drink my whiskey?

PAUL

No. We have no way of finding other stock but I have money for you from the guests.



Paul pulls a bundle of notes, hands them to the General.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Rwandan francs! They are only good now  
for wiping your ass. There is nothing  
more I can do for you people. No police.  
No protection. You're on your own.

The General storms off.

INT. LOBBY. DAY

Paul walks through the lobby. He carries an ash tray to a trash can,  
the futile task of a dedicated hotel manager on auto-pilot. He sees a  
UN jeep pull up outside.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Paul meets the UN soldiers, (They are the four Ghanians who guard the  
gate). They look frightened.

UN OBSERVER

The policemen have gone. What happened?

PAUL

I ran out of whiskey. Please go down and  
guard us.

Then ROAR of an engine and the CRASH of splintering wood.

As a battered Toyota pickup appears, it races up the driveway. The  
truck drags the wooden gatehouse on a rope behind.

Crazed Militia pack the bed of the pickup.

BANG, BANG, BANG. A Militia man fires a pistol into the air.

The Tutsi refugees camped on the lawn flee in panic as the Militia  
truck speeds around the driveway.

The Militia taunt and yell at the Tutsi refugees.

The truck does a screeching turn and heads back down the driveway,  
leaving a trail of splintered wood.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get down there and stop them, please.

Now the Ghanians are really frightened.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get down and stop them.

UN SOLDIER

You know we cannot shoot.

PAUL

What do you mean you cannot shoot?

UN SOLDIER

We are peacekeepers, it is not in our  
mandate to shoot.

PAUL

Then go and pretend you are soldiers.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS. NIGHT

Paul and Tatiana pass the clusters of families around their cooking  
fires. They pass the pool, now just a third full. He sits her on the  
bench in the grove.

TATIANA

We are almost out of water.

PAUL

We are almost out of everything.

He takes her hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We had a good life, you and I. I want to  
make our peace. To thank God for the time  
we had.

He kisses her, total love.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We have to have a plan.

TATIANA

What sort of plan?

PAUL

Our children cannot see us die first. If  
the Militia comes, you must hurry up to  
the roof. I will meet you there.

TATIANA

Please do not talk like this.

PAUL

We have to. If I do not come, you must  
take them all by the hands and jump.

She puts her hands to her ears. He pulls them down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The machete is no way to die. Promise me  
you will do it.

She cries harder and squeezes his hand in fear.

Suddenly, A BANG, from behind them and then above their heads a trail  
of fire - an RPG rocket - zigzags toward the hotel.

A HUGE EXPLOSION on the wall, one-story beneath the roof.

Paul throws Tatiana to the ground, covers her.

Smoke and concrete dust fall around them.

INT. HOTEL STORE ROOM. NIGHT

Paul, Zozo stand amongst the debris: a gaping hole in a wall. The room  
is covered in burned note papers, menus brochures for Sabena's two  
hotels, the Mille Collines and the Diplomat.

Odette appears carrying her medical bag.

ODETTE

Was anyone hurt?

PAUL

No. It was only a storeroom. \*

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. NIGHT

Colonel Oliver arrives in his armored truck. Paul, Odette, Benedict and  
others gather around him. \*

PAUL

They fired a rocket at us.

COLONEL OLIVER \*

Yes. Where are the Rwandan police?

PAUL

I ran out of bribes. Bizimungu took them  
away.

COLONEL OLIVER \*

That explains it. I'm sorry to tell you  
this but we've heard rumors the Militia  
are getting ready to storm the hotel.

PAUL

Will you protect us.

COLONEL OLIVER

I can't, I don't have the men.

\*

VARIOUS VOICES

We have no one...We will be killed.

COLONEL OLIVER

There's one option.

\*

PAUL

What is it?

COLONEL OLIVER

The rebels have fought their way into the city. They have many Hutu prisoners. They're willing to exchange them for you all.

\*

ODETTE

Will the Hutu army agree?

COLONEL OLIVER

I think so. They are in disarray now. The rebels are winning, and the Hutu high command are anxious to get some of their men back.

\*

TUTSI WOMAN

How would we escape?

COLONEL OLIVER

By convoy.

\*

XAVIER

This time the Militia will kill us.

PAUL

They will surely kill us here. It's over here. We have to take the chance.

TUTSI WOMAN

No, we'll be chopped on the street.

PAUL

We'll be chopped here.

The crowd disperses. Colonel Oliver takes Paul aside.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER

A man came to my headquarters, asked that I give you this.

\*

Colonel Oliver hands a letter.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D) \*

Paul, I need you to buy me a day or two.  
I don't have the fuel for this convoy. I  
will have to scrounge it.

PAUL

I can't. I have nothing left to bribe  
with. Can your men at the gate hold out  
for another day?

COLONEL OLIVER \*

No, Paul, they're afraid. They've  
demanded to be moved back to headquarters  
now.

PAUL

Give me their uniforms. I will put people  
at the gate, in disguise.

COLONEL OLIVER \*

I wish I could, Paul. Try to hold out.  
One more day.

Colonel Oliver leaves. There is nothing more Paul can do. \*

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Tatiana is beside him. He opens the envelope, finds his makeshift house  
deed and a note.

PAUL

It's from Garandi. \*

(reads) \*

I am sorry. There is no hope for the  
twins. The old lady's house has been  
destroyed. \*

INT. HOTEL PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Paul sleeps fitfully. It is almost dawn, then he sits up.

PAUL

The Diplomat!

Tatiana wakens, startled.

TATIANA

What's wrong?

PAUL

I have to go to the Diplomat.

INT. OFFICE. DAWN

Paul is on the one working phone.

PAUL

General, sir. I am glad to find you. I have found you some supplies.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (O.S.)

Whiskey?

PAUL

The finest, and cognac, champagne. Come and I will get them for you.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (O.S.)

I'll be over.

PAUL

Bring back your policemen...

...But the line is already dead.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Bizimungu's jeep arrives at the hotel. Paul greets him.

PAUL

We must go to the Diplomat.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Get in.

PAUL

Your police are at the gate?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

After the Diplomat!

Paul clambers in the back.

INT. JEEP TRAVELLING. DAY

The jeep turns away from the Mille Collines front gate.

They travel at high speed along the road. Then the driver sounds his horn, because...

Paul sees: A large crowd of Militia marching along the road toward the hotel, waving machetes and sticks.

PAUL

Where are they going?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

They can go where they want. They are in charge now.

PAUL

What do you mean, General?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

We have decided to move the government to Gitarama.

PAUL

When?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Today.

EXT./INT. DIPLOMAT HOTEL. DAY

Paul arrives into the lobby of the Diplomat. Looters have stripped the place bare. The convoy pulls up. General Bizimungu stands with his pistol out. The looters see him and disperse.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Maggots!

INT. DIPLOMAT HOTEL OFFICE. DAY

Paul enters the manager's office, followed by the General. It has been stripped clean, except for the safe, which is pock-marked with bullet strikes.

CLOSE ON: Paul: he sees a big problem. The dial is damaged.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Do your work.

Paul goes to the safe and turns the dials, tries the handle - nothing. It is incredibly hot, and Paul is soaked with nervous perspiration, he takes off his jacket.

PAUL

It might be damaged, General.

Bizimungu's look says: it better not be for your sake.

Paul starts again, turns the dials more carefully, tries and opens the safe door. CLICK.

He pulls it open, sees six bottles of Glenfiddich, four bottles of VSOP brandy.

Bizimungu is joyous as Paul hands him a bottle

Bizimungu sits on a window ledge, takes a swig.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Here. (offers) To celebrate.

Paul takes a swig.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU (CONT'D)

You know what the Scottish call it?

PAUL

No.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Ishca Baha - the water of life. I went on a tour once of the finest single malt distillery in the world. Have you ever been to Scotland?

PAUL

No, sir.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Wonderful country, wonderful golf. I wonder - will I ever go back? What do you think?

PAUL

I hope we all get to do many things. Can we go now?

The soldier arrives with a box. He whispers to Bizimungu.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

(to the soldier) Pack those carefully, put them in my jeep, and guard them.

PAUL

(looses his cool)

Please, General, call and put your policemen back at the gate.

The soldier packs the bottles. Bizimungu pours into Paul's cup.



GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

I am going to do you a great favor.  
(studies glass) I am going to take you  
with us to Gitarama.

PAUL

I do not want to go to Gitarama, General.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

You cannot go back to the hotel. The  
crazy men are going there now. Better to  
come with me.

Paul is now terrified.

PAUL

The Militia are at the hotel?! We must go  
back now, General, please, for my family.

Bizimungu, now tipsy, drinks more.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

We are better here.

PAUL

(desperate, forceful)  
Listen, you need me.

Bizimungu laughs.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You are a marked man.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

How so.

PAUL

The Americans, and the UN they have you  
as a war criminal. You are on a list.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

I am on a list! What list?

PAUL

When the Europeans left, their soldiers  
gathered lists.

Bizimungu grabs Paul.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

You lie.

PAUL

If you do not help me, you will stay on that list.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

I committed no war crimes.

PAUL

Who will tell them? You need me to tell how you helped the hotel. The others who have gone, they blame you for all their misfortune. They say you led the massacres.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

(nervous now) I led no massacres.

PAUL

You think they will believe you?

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

You will tell them the truth.

PAUL

(defiant)

I will do nothing unless you help me now.

Bizimungu reaches for his pistol.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What are you going to do, shoot me? It will be a blessing. Go ahead shoot. I will pay you to shoot my family. You can do nothing to me!

Bizimungu jumps up, grabs Paul, pulls him.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

You will tell them I did nothing.

EXT. DIPLOMAT HOTEL. DAY

Paul and Bizimungu rush out to the jeeps.

INT. JEEP TRAVELLING. DAY

Paul almost overcome with anxiety. Bizimungu worried.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAY

Militia swarm around the front of the hotel.

The jeeps race through, scattering them. They screech to a halt. Several refugees sit, huddled and battered. Bizimungu jumps out, snatches an A.K. from a soldier, fires in the air.

GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Get back! (to his soldiers) Get them out of here.

Paul does not wait.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

Paul races into the hotel, past frightened refugees who flee.

Then Paul sees a face he recognizes.

It's Gregoire with the Militia! Paul ducks into the stairway.

IN THE STAIRWELL

He leaps the stairs four at a time.

He makes it to the third floor, pushing past frightened refugees who race down the stairs.

ON THE THIRD FLOOR

He runs straight into a bunch of young Militia.

MILITIAMEN

Rusesabagina. Show us Rusesabagina.

They shove Paul along the corridor.

MILITIAMAN #1

Show us the manager. He wears a suit.

PAUL

They have him in the lobby, go quickly.

The killers race off. Paul gets to his feet and runs.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY

Paul bursts in. The place is a mess. And it's empty!

PAUL

Oh God, please Lord.

IN THE CORRIDOR

He careens out of the room.

And sees Gregoire coming with a group of Militia.

GREGOIRE

That's him. That's Rusesabagina!

They charge toward Paul.

Then a roar of gunfire. The ceiling and walls around Gregoire explode. General Bizimungu's men run up with weapons drawn.

HUTU SOLDIER

Get out, or I'll shoot you.

Paul rushes to the stairs.

More gunfire echoes (soldiers clearing the Militia).

AT THE STAIRS - Paul races upward, falls, pushes past others struggling to get down.

AT THE ROOF - now, there are clumps of refugees who have fled up there, including Xavier who huddles in a corner.

PAUL

Tatiana! Oh God. Have you seen Tatiana?

Paul runs to the edge of the roof, looks over.

SEES: bodies - women, and children, still, on the ground beneath, by a row of hedge.

PAUL (CONT'D)

screams in agony)

Tatiana!

The bodies move, look up, it's not them. It's refugees hiding. Paul, delirious with fear, runs along the parapet.

BELOW he sees soldiers herding the Militia.

He runs back to the stairs.

INSIDE THE STAIRCASE: He jumps four stairs at a time.

INSIDE THE CORRIDOR: Soldiers are chasing off the Militia.

TO HIS ROOM: Paul staggers in, crazed with fear. He looks under the bed.

INTO THE BATHROOM - empty.

He's about to run out again, sees the connecting door to the adjoining hotel room is slightly open.

INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM: It's empty, then A WHIMPER.

FROM THE BATHROOM, he moves in, cautious.

IN THE BATHROOM: Nothing. He moves over, pulls back the shower curtain.

Reveals: A cluster of women and children, the older ones holding hands over the mouths of the younger ones. And there at the back: Tatiana and his kids.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's alright, they're gone.

Tears, hugs, women tremble.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT. DAWN

The grey of dawn, before the sunrise.

Colonel Oliver in his jeep leads a convoy of UN trucks past the guard house and Bizimungu's police and up the drive. \*

CUT TO:

THE UN TRUCKS

Parked in front of the hotel. Tutsi refugees file up and are helped on board by UN soldiers.

Paul helps Tatiana and the children onto a truck.

An ARGUMENT breaks out towards the back of the convoy. Paul rushes toward Xavier and Benedict who argue.

XAVIER

They should go one truck at a time. When the first truck gets through to the airport, then the others will follow.

PAUL

We can't wait. We all go together or not at all.

Paul takes matters into his own hands. He locks the doors of the hotel. There is no going back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It is time to leave. The Mille Collines is closed.

Paul climbs onto the truck. The others follow, some reluctantly.

Colonel Oliver gives the signal. \*

The trucks take off down the driveway.

INT. TRUCK TRAVELLING. DAY

Paul now at the front of the truck

WATCHES out through a slice in the canvas.

SEES, the convoy pull out of the Mille Collines.

They travel along the road.

Turn a corner, and the truck slows ...

PAUL SEES: a great mass of Hutus fill the road:

Militia, kids, soldiers discarding uniforms.

No longer a mob, but a crush of Hutu refugees now fleeing toward them, fleeing the advancing of the rebel army.

A crowd of Militia men wave their arms, shout at the trucks.

COLONEL OLIVER

Don't stop. Push through.

\*

The driver reluctantly speeds up.

A break in the mass of Hutu refugees.

Then GUN FIRE ahead.

Children begin crying, it becomes infectious, spreading to Paul's children, some of the women.

Then ahead, a gang of Militia men break from the bushes beside the road.

They're running fast toward the truck, some carry rifles.

There's more gunfire behind.

The Militia are almost upon them now.

Colonel Oliver has his pistol drawn.

\*

COLONEL OLIVER (CONT'D)

Keep going.

\*

The Militia are at the truck.

But they run STRAIGHT PAST!

As a platoon of Tutsi rebel soldiers (in bush camouflage and red and blue headbands) burst from the brush.

Pursuing, careful, professional.

PAUL

It's the rebels.

The crying stops. Silent disbelief.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We've made it!

Cheering breaks out. Children frightened again by the sudden euphoria break into cries of joy.

A rebel soldier waves his AK 47 in the air.

EXT. KIGALI SOCCER STADIUM. DAY

The trucks crawl into the chaos of the stadium, a mass of refugees, the wounded, lost children, abandoned old people, hundreds crammed together.

Paul, Tatiana, and the others clamber off the trucks. They hug, cry, an outpouring of relief. Then Tatiana spots someone among the crowds.

She rushes over.

TATIANA

Have you seen my sister Fedens?

Heads shake 'no'. Tatiana moves on, more frantic, pushing through the crowds.

TATIANA

Two little girls, twins, an old woman had them.

More 'nos'

Now she's desperate, pushing, tripping through the crowds, and around her we see others doing the same, then

ROGER (O.C.)

Mama, mama.

He reaches her, pulls at her dress.

ROGER

Mama, wait.

She takes his hand.

ROGER

No, mama, look.

Tatiana turns .... and sees Paul carrying the twins in his arms.

She squeals with joy, runs to him, snatches one from his arms.

TATIANA

Oh, my babies.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Anais, it is so good to see you.

CARINE

I'm Carine!

ANAIS

(in Tatsi's arms)

And I'm Anais!

Their laughter mix with tears of joy among the crushing mass of survivors.

\*

FREEZE

FADE TO BLACK:

THE GENOCIDE ENDED IN LATE JUNE 1994, WHEN THE TUTSI REBELS DEFEATED THE HUTU ARMY AND MILITIA.

\*

TWO MILLION HUTUS FLED INTO THE NEIGHBORING CONGO IN THE LARGEST SINGLE EXODUS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THEY LEFT BEHIND ALMOST ONE MILLION CORPSES.

\*

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\*

PHOTO OF: GEORGE RUTAGUNDA

\*

George Rutagunda was convicted of crimes against humanity. He is now serving a life sentence in a Tanzanian jail.

\*

PHOTO OF: GENERAL BIZIMUNGU

Augustin Bizimungu escaped with the Hutu Militia to the Congo. In August, 2002 he was captured in Angola. A UN war crimes tribunal has charged him with crimes against humanity.



