

Against All Enemies

Screenplay
by
James Vanderbilt

Based on the book
by
Richard A. Clarke

July 15, 2005

I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

U.S. Code Oath of Office
Section 502

Anyone who kills any person without justice and due process shall be as if he had killed the whole world. Anyone who saves one life shall be as if he had saved all mankind

The Qur'an

FADE IN ON:

AN ALARM CLOCK BEEPING

5:30 a.m. Still dark. A hand enters frame. Shuts it.

CUT TO:

A COFFEE MAKER - Finishes brewing. Also on a timer. We're in a kitchen. We hear a SHOWER going upstairs.

CUT TO:

COFFEE BEING POURED. Steaming down into a ceramic mug with frogs on it. PAN OVER TO - A trash can, mostly full.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAWN

RICHARD CLARKE (early 50's) ambles out to the curb, trashbag in one hand, coffee in the other. Clad in an old bathrobe. Dumps the trash in the can. Sips the coffee. Watching the sun emerge. Greeting the day.

CUT TO:

INT. CRESSEY HOUSE -- DAWN

ROGER CRESSEY rises from his morning paper to greet his PREGNANT WIFE LAURIE who enters, holding their BABY.

LAURIE

You've got the doctor this morning?

ROGER

Yeah.

He kisses her on the cheek. Laurie makes a face.

LAURIE

Dragon breath.

Roger kisses her again as punishment and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE -- DAWN

The streets of WASHINGTON D.C. Traffic, already heavy. LISA GORDON-HAGERTY (mid-30's), stuck behind an idling SUV on the edge of the roundabout. Trying to will it to:

LISA

Merge. Merge. Merge.

The SUV does not merge. Lisa sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUARD HOUSE -- MORNING

Guarding what, we don't know yet. Tight on a small car. A YOUNG MARINE checking in the driver, BEVERLY ROUNDTREE (early 50's, black).

YOUNG MARINE

You have muffins today, ma'am?

BEVERLY

Apples.

(off his look)

Lieutenant, apples are good for you. Take an apple.

She lays a granny smith on him as he waves her through.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

A TIE RACK. Clarke peruses a sizable collection of neckware. Selects one. Puts it on.

CUT TO:

INT. CRESSEY BATHROOM -- MORNING

Half clad in his suit, Roger brushes his teeth. Ridding himself of dragon breath.

CUT TO:

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- MORNING

A large two tiered office. The first floor houses several desks and two private offices. The second level is a balcony above. Stationed at a desk in front is Beverly. She looks up as Lisa enters, grumbly from the commute.

BEVERLY

Morning, Lisa. Have an apple.

LISA

Where are the muffins?

BEVERLY

I didn't make the muffins.

From somewhere in the back:

KURTZ (O.S.)
Watch out, she's pushing apples.

She turns to see PAUL KURTZ (late 30's) emerge from the back of the office eating an apple.

LISA
Why didn't you make the muffins?
I love the muffins.

BEVERLY
Paul, you hush. Lisa, take an
apple.

Lisa does, grudgingly. As she heads upstairs to her desk:

LISA
I miss the muffins...

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- MORNING

Roger looks up as the DOCTOR enters. With a grin:

ROGER
What's up, Doc?

DOCTOR
You're really going to do that one
every time, aren't you?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Clarke, sitting with his breakfast meeting.

POLITICIAN
When do you start the new position?

CLARKE
End of the month.

The Politician butters his toast.

POLITICIAN
You know... There is the perception
going around town that you were
pushed out.

Clarke gives a little smile. Not confirming, but not denying
either. His BEEPER goes off.

CLARKE

Give me a moment, will you?

He reaches for his cell phone...

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN - SILENCE. Three words appear:

FIVE MINUTES LATER

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE'S CAR (MOVING) -- MORNING

SOUND and PICTURE come CRASHING BACK IN as -

Clarke drives like a BAT OUT OF HELL. Pushing his car to the limit, frantic look on his face. HORNS BLARE as he flies through morning traffic...

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET -- MORNING

Roger, in his suit, RUNNING FULL OUT down the sidewalk. We hear his footfalls and heavy breathing. Drawing stares...

EXT. GUARD HOUSE -- MORNING

Clarke, checking in with the YOUNG MARINE. His cell phone goes off. Picking up, before he can say hello -

LISA (O.S.)

(through phone)

A plane just went into the second tower, where are you?

CLARKE

Coming. Activate the CSG on secure video.

As the Young Marine waves him through we pan up to see the Guard House is actually guarding

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE -- MORNING

Clarke's car, racing up the drive to the West Wing Entrance...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- MORNING

Assistants look up as Clarke RUNS THROUGH THE HALLS. This is the White House. You don't run here. Others, in small clusters, have begun to gather around TV's.

From here on out things will be moving extremely fast, so for purposes of economy, names in **bold** will be SUPERIMPOSED onscreen as we meet the characters. Clarke bursts into

INT. OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT -- MORNING

Coming face to face with Vice President Dick Cheney and National Security Advisor Condaleeza Rice.

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

What do you think?

CLARKE

It's gotta be al-Qaeda and they like simultaneous attacks. This may not be over. We're putting together a secure teleconference to manage the crisis. I'd like to get the highest ranking member from each department-

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

Do it.

CONDALEEZA RICE

Secret Service wants us to go to the bomb shelter.

CLARKE

I would. And I'd evacuate the White House.

A beat at this last part. Broken by:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Sir, we need to go now!

Cheney begins gathering up papers as Clarke leaves. TRACKING with him as he passes EIGHT SECRET SERVICE AGENTS - Outfitted in Kevlar with SHOTGUNS.

We FOLLOW Clarke through the West Wing, passing people cluttered around TV's. Catching snippets of news coverage from New York. Smoke pours from the World Trade Center Towers. Clarke, hurrying down to the

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- MORNING

Keycarding his way in. First headed through the Situation Room - Operations Center. A man falls in step with him - Ralph Siegler - Situation Room Deputy Director.

RALPH SIEGLER

We're on the line with NORAD, on an air threat conference call-

CLARKE

Where's POTUS?

RALPH SIEGLER

In a kindergarten in Florida.
Deb's with him, we have an open
line to her cell.

Turning a corner into the

Video Conferencing Center. Like nothing we've seen in movies before - no dark lighting or plasma screens here. Older equipment, a well worn rug, and surprisingly small for such an important information hub. Two desks, staffed by military officers, a long table that mirrors the one in the Sit Room proper, a bank of video monitors on the wall and that's it.

ON THE SCREENS - Across Washington, Principals are settling in in front of cameras. In the room itself, several people (including Lisa) are taking the roll of who is present.

LISA

We're still getting people in.

Clarke, about to respond when RICE enters the Conference Center behind him.

CLARKE

(to Rice)

Do you want to chair this?

CONDALEEZA RICE

No, you do it. I'm going to the PEOC with the Vice President. Tell us what you need.

CLARKE

An open line to you and the Vice President. Mike?

Major Mike Fenzel looks up at this.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Go with Condi and get a secure line open to me. This phone.

He points to a WHITE PHONE on the table. Fenzel nods and exits with Rice. Clarke takes a seat at the table. Keying a mic, addressing the faces on the screens.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Okay, we're gonna do this in crisis mode, which means keep your mics off unless you're speaking - if
(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)
you need to speak, wave to the camera, and if there's something you don't want everyone to hear, call me on the red phone. Start with facts - FAA, FAA go.

ON THE SCREEN - Jane Garvey - FAA.

JANE GARVEY
The two aircraft that went into the towers were American Flight 11 and United 175. Both 767's-

CLARKE
Where's Norm?

JANE GARVEY
We're trying to find him.

CLARKE
Can you order aircraft down without the Secretary of Transportation? We're going to have to clear airspace around New York-

JANE GARVEY
We may have to do a lot more than that. We have reports of eleven aircraft off course or out of communication, maybe hijacked.

CLARKE
Eleven?

LISA
(softly)
Oh, *shit...*

CLARKE
Okay - how long to ground everything?

JANE GARVEY
You're asking me to declare the entire continental U.S. a no fly zone?

CLARKE
Yeah.

JANE GARVEY
Nobody's ever done that before - it's gonna take awhile.

(MORE)

JANE GARVEY (CONT'D)

We've got four thousand birds up right now and it's our National Ops Commander's first day on the job.

CLARKE

Get back to me.

He looks up to see ROGER CRESSEY enter the room. Out of breath from his sprint from the doctors. No time for the two men to acknowledge each other - Clarke dives back in:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

JCS, JCS - I assume NORAD's scrambled fighters and AWACS. How many and where?

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - General Richard Myers - Joint Chiefs.

GENERAL MYERS

It's not a pretty picture - we were in the middle of a NORAD exercise. Otis has launched two birds toward New York and Langley is trying to get two up now. The AWACS are at Tinker and not on alert.

CLARKE

Bottom line - how long till you can put Combat Air Patrol up over D.C.?

GENERAL MYERS

Fast as we can. Fifteen minutes?

CLARKE

Do it. State, State, DOD, DOD - we have to assume there will be simultaneous attacks overseas, we need to close the embassies and move DOD bases to combat Threatcon-

LISA

Dick.

Clarke looks over to see PRESIDENT BUSH come onscreen on CNN. Lisa turns up the volume:

PRESIDENT BUSH

(on TV)

...into the World Trade Center in an apparent attack on our country...

As Bush continues, Clarke is pulled aside by a large man, Brian Stafford - Director of Secret Service. Speaking quietly, nodding to the image of the President:

AGENT STAFFORD

We gotta get him out of there to someplace safe and secret. I already stashed FLOTUS.

CLARKE

Hang on - Frank, Colonel?

They are joined by Franklin Miller - Special Assistant to the President and Colonel Thomas Greenwood - USMC.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(to Miller)

The President can't come back here until we know what's going on - can you work with Brian and figure out where to move him?

FRANKLIN MILLER

You got it.

CLARKE

And Colonel, work with Roger on getting CAP up over New York and D.C.

Greenwood nods and goes. Clarke spares a look over at Roger. Their eyes connect. They're living their worst nightmare.

AGENT STAFFORD

When Air Force One takes off, can it have fighter escorts?

FRANKLIN MILLER

Sure we can ask, but...

CLARKE

But what?

FRANKLIN MILLER

You guys know that CAP, fighter escorts - they can't just shoot down planes within the United States. There has to be an order.

AGENT STAFFORD

Fuck. He's right. Call the PEOC-

Clarke goes and snatches up the WHITE PHONE. Dial tone.

CLARKE

Shit - how do I get the PEOC?

RALPH SIEGLER

Button on the left.

Clarke hits it. Speed dial. FENZEL answers.

FENZEL (O.S.)

(through phone)

PEOC.

CLARKE

Mike, get a pen. Somebody has to tell the President he can't come back here yet, Cheney, Condi somebody. Secret Service concurs and we don't want them saying where they're going when they take off - you got the pen?

FENZEL (O.S.)

I got the pen.

CLARKE

Second - when they take off, they should have fighter escort. Third - we need to authorize the Air Force to shoot down any aircraft that looks like it's threatening to attack and cause large scale death on the ground.

FENZEL (O.S.)

Including passenger jets?

CLARKE

Any aircraft, Mike.

FENZEL (O.S.)

Fuck.

CLARKE

I know. You got it?

FENZEL (O.S.)

Yeah, get right back to you.

CLARKE

Keep the line open.

He hangs up and heads back to the table. Keys a mic:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

FAA, FAA go. Status report?

JANE GARVEY

All aircraft have been ordered to land at the nearest field. Here's what we have as potential hijacks - Delta 1989 over West Virginia, United 93 over Pennsylvania...

As Garvey continues reading down her list, Agent Stafford slips Clarke a note. He opens it. It reads:

Radar shows aircraft headed this way

He looks up at Stafford.

AGENT STAFFORD

I'm going to empty out the complex.

Siegler sticks his head back into the Conference Center:

RALPH SIEGLER

There's been an explosion in the Pentagon parking lot, maybe a car bomb!

CLARKE

Shit.

PAUL KURTZ appears at his side:

KURTZ

Dick, if we evacuate the White House, what about the rest of Washington? What about Continuity of Government?

(re: the viewscreens)

We lose one of these guys and-

CLARKE

I get it. Jane, can you give me the rest of those flights?

From the screens, Jane Garvey resumes the list of potential hijacks. Clarke, copying them down. Roger steps over, his face pale.

ROGER

It was a plane.

KURTZ

What?

ROGER

A plane hit the Pentagon.

(to Clarke)

Did you hear me?

CLARKE

(pointing)

I can still see Rumsfeld on screen,
so the whole building didn't get
hit-

ROGER

Dick-

CLARKE

(evenly)

No emotion in here. Find out where
the fighter planes are and get me
Combat Air Patrol over every major
city in the country *now*.

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- MORNING

A MADHOUSE. Secret Service evacuating the entire complex.
People grabbing papers, files, jackets - as they RUSH through
the corridors...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)

*If you're wearing high heels, take
off you shoes and run! Run!*

Women dumping their heels as they head for the exits...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- MORNING

From above, an INCREDIBLE SIGHT - people *pouring* out of the
most powerful building in the world. Using every exit,
running through parking lots, check points, even across the
White House lawn. A stunning thing to see.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- MORNING

We hear the complex being emptied. Beverly, still there.
Looking out the large bay window at the city. In the distance -

SMOKE rises from THE PENTAGON.

BEVERLY

Oh, my Lord...

The phone rings. Beverly picks it up. Automatic:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Richard Clarke's office-

LISA (O.S.)

(through phone)

Bev, it's Lisa - you have to go.

BEVERLY

No.

LISA (O.S.)

There's a plane headed this way-

BEVERLY

I'm not going, Lisa. What do you need?

A beat and then:

LISA (O.S.)

Can you bring us the chem-bio gear?

BEVERLY

I'm coming.

She hangs up and goes to a cabinet. Opens it with a key and begins extracting GAS MASKS...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- MORNING

Clarke, pulling a MAN off to the side. The Continuity of Government Coordinator.

CLARKE

How do I activate Continuity of Government?

C.O.G. COORDINATOR

You tell me to do it and I do it.

KURTZ

Dick, I got Mike in the PEOC!

Clarke turns and grabs the phone from Kurtz.

FENZEL (O.S.)

(through phone)

Air Force One is getting ready to take off, they'll divert to an airbase. Fighter escort is authorized. Tell the Pentagon they have authorization from the President to shoot down hostile aircraft, I repeat - they have the authority to fire.

CLARKE

Roger that. Tell them I'm instituting Continuity of Government.

(to Fred)

Do it.

He hangs up as Fred heads to work the phones. Back to the mic:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

All agencies, all agencies - we are initiating C.O.G. Please activate your alternate command centers and move staff to them immediately. DOD, DOD - how's the Pentagon?

ON A SCREEN - Donald Rumsfeld - Secretary of Defense.

RUMSFELD

We're starting to get smoke in the conference center.

We can see it too. Rumsfeld waves a hand in front of his face to clear some of it.

FRANKLIN MILLER

Don, this is Frank Miller - we can send you a chopper to activate DOD's alternate site.

RUMSFELD

I am too goddamn old to go to an alternate site. I'll send Wolfowitz.

CLARKE

Okay. JCS, JCS - be advised that the President has ordered the use of force against aircraft deemed to be hostile.

ON MYERS' SCREEN

GENERAL MYERS

What are the Rules of Engagement?

CLARKE

Just what I said.

GENERAL MYERS

I'm saying, what constitutes hostile? I need ironclad ROE if we're gonna start taking down 767's. I don't want pilots delaying while it gets lawyered to death-

CLARKE

Right, Frank? Work with Tom and get DOD an answer.

Miller goes. As he moves we see BEVERLY has entered the room and is handing out GAS MASKS. Giving one to Clarke:

BEVERLY

Hey.

CLARKE

Hey. Thanks.

Broken by:

LISA

*CNN says car bomb at the State
Department! Fire on the Mall near
the Capitol!*

Clarke spins back to screens, keying the mic:

CLARKE

State, State!

ON A SCREEN - Richard Armitage - Deputy Secretary of State.

RICHARD ARMITAGE

State, here, go.

CLARKE

Rich, has your building just been bombed?

RICHARD ARMITAGE

Do I fucking look like I've been bombed, Dick?

CLARKE

Well, no, but your building covers about four blocks and you're behind a big vault door.

RICHARD ARMITAGE

All right, goddammit, I'll go look for myself...

As we watch him clear frame, grumbling:

RICHARD ARMITAGE (CONT'D)

Where the hell is our C.O.G. site...

The C.O.G. Coordinator's back:

C.O.G. COORDINATOR

We have a chopper on the way to extract the Speaker from the Capitol.

(MORE)

C.O.G. COORDINATOR (CONT'D)

Did you want all departments to go
COG or just national security
agencies-

RALPH SIEGLER (O.S.)

*Secret Service reports a hostile
aircraft ten minutes out!*

That gets the room's attention. A beat.

CLARKE

All agencies.

C.O.G. COORDINATOR

Right.

FRANKLIN MILLER

(pulling Clarke aside)

I need to talk to you.

Clarke goes with him. Quietly:

FRANKLIN MILLER (CONT'D)

We have to get these people out of
here. But I'll stay if you're
staying.

Clarke, taking this in. Then:

CLARKE

I need everyone to follow me right
now.

He walks out of the Conference Center. The others follow.

INT. OUTSIDE VIDEO CONFERENCING -- MORNING

Clarke huddles with them, away from the screens.

CLARKE

We've got an inbound hostile that
wants to bring the building down
on our heads. Cheney's in a bunker -
we're not. You've all gotta go.

LISA

Right, Dick, none of us are leaving
you, so let's just get back in
there-

CLARKE

Some of you have kids. I don't.
Think about them.

He looks to Roger. A beat.

ROGER

If we don't hold this together, no one will. We don't have time for this.

He pushes past them, going back in. The others moving to follow but Miller BLOCKS THEM, holding out a legal pad.

FRANKLIN MILLER

If you're staying, sign your name.

KURTZ

What the hell's the point of that?

FRANKLIN MILLER

I'm gonna e-mail the list out so the rescue teams know how many bodies to look for.

A beat. Kurtz grabs and signs. Heads back in.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- VIDEO CONFERENCING CENTER -- MORNING

Clarke, re-entering, to the room:

CLARKE

Somebody get the Capitol Police on the phone and find out about the car bomb-

FRED

It's bogus; no fires, no bombs, but Metro and the streets are jammed with people trying to get out of town - it's gonna be tough to get people to their alternate sites-

Clarke, taking a seat and keying the mic:

CLARKE

DOD, DOD - what's the status on fighter cover?

ONSCREEN

GENERAL MYERS

We have three F-16's from Langley over the Pentagon, Andrews is launching fighters from the D.C. National Guard, we have fighters aloft from the Michigan Air National Guard moving east toward a potential

(MORE)

GENERAL MYERS (CONT'D)
hostile over Pennsylvania, and six
fighters from Tyndall and Ellington
are en route to rendezvous with
Air Force One over Florida where
they will escort it to Barksdale.

CLARKE
What about CAP?

GENERAL MYERS
NORAD says we'll have AWACS over
New York and D.C. later this
morning.

Roger leans in:

ROGER
Dick, you got Wolfowitz at the
alternate site.

Clarke looks up to see Paul Wolfowitz - Deputy Secretary of
Defense settling in ONSCREEN. Clarke keys the mic:

WOLFOWITZ
Dick, can you hear me?

CLARKE
Yeah.

WOLFOWITZ
We have to think of a message for
the public - tell them not to clog
the roads, let them know we have
control of the airways. Have
somebody go out from the White
House.

CLARKE
Paul, there's no one in the White
House but us and no press on the
grounds - I think the President
will have to say something when he
lands at Barksdale, but we need to
be careful.

WOLFOWITZ
Why?

CLARKE
Because we don't know if the attacks
are over, we don't really know
what's going on-

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - Dale Watson - FBI Counterterrorism Chief, waves his hand frantically wanting to be recognized.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Hang on, Paul - Go ahead, Dale.

DALE WATSON

We've got a report of a jet crashing in Kentucky near the Ohio line.

CLARKE

Confirmation?

DALE WATSON

Working on it, but this thing is still going on. Port Authority is closing all bridge and tunnel connects to Manhattan, but I think we need to order evacuations at all landmarks around the country, Sears Tower, Liberty Bell, Disney World, TransAmerica Building-

CLARKE

Got it.

DALE WATSON

Call me in the SIOC when you can.

RALPH SIEGLER (O.S.)

Incoming plane is six minutes out!

CLARKE

Frank, can you take over for a sec?

Miller nods and slides into a chair. We follow Clarke out of the Video Center to...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- MORNING

...where he scoops up a RED PHONE. Hitting speed dial to

INT. FBI -- STRATEGIC INFORMATION OPS CENTER -- MORNING

...where an AGENT hands the phone to Dale Watson. INTERCUT:

CLARKE

What have you got?

DALE WATSON

Passenger manifests from the airlines. We recognize some names. They're al-qaeda.

CLARKE

They used their *real names*? How
the fuck did they get onboard then?

DALE WATSON

Don't shoot the messenger, friend,
CIA forgot to tell us about them.
We need to make sure none of this
gang escapes the country like they
did in '93-

CLARKE

I don't think any of these guys
are trying to escape, Dale.

DALE WATSON

Yeah. I- Oh, dear God...

Clarke, momentarily confused. Then he looks to see a TV
playing CNN where -

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER'S SOUTH TOWER FALLS.

They watch in silence.

Finally:

CLARKE

Find out how many people were still
inside.

DALE WATSON

I'll try.

CLARKE

And evacuate everything. All
landmarks and federal buildings
across they country.

DALE WATSON

Got it. Hang in there.

CLICK. Watson's hung up.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- VIDEO CONFERENCING CENTER -- MORNING

Clarke, re-entering. Coming face to face with Roger.

ROGER

Dick. John.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE

What else?

ROGER

We're getting preliminary reports
that the hijackers used boxcutters
to take the planes-

Lisa comes up.

LISA

United 93 is down, crashed outside
of Pittsburgh. It's weird, didn't
hit anything but the ground.

CLARKE

Was that the one coming for us?

ROGER

I don't know. Guess we'll find
out in...

(checks his watch)

Four minutes.

Clarke nods, heading back to the video mic. Passing GARY
BRESHNAHAN - currently running the tech of the conference.

CLARKE

You shouldn't still be here, Gare.

GARY BRESHNAHAN

You want the fuckin' video to work,
don't you?

CLARKE

Okay, if you're staying, pull can
you pull up Coast Guard and
Treasury?

GARY BRESHNAHAN

Coast Guard no problem, but I'd
bet the mortgage no one's home at
Treasury.

CLARKE

I need them both, Gary.

Breshnahan gets back to work as...

FRANKLIN MILLER

Dick, DOD's initiated steps to go
to global alert. DEFCON 3. We
haven't been there since '73.

CLARKE

(keying the mic)

State, State - DOD's gone to DEFCON
3. You know what that means, right?

ONSCREEN

RICHARD ARMITAGE

That I better go tell the Russkies
before they shit a brick.

He clears frame to make the phone call.

GARY BRESHNAHAN

Dick, I got Coast Guard for you.

ON A SCREEN - Commandant Jim Loy - U.S. Coast Guard

CLARKE

Coast Guard, Coast Guard, go.

COMMANDANT LOY

We have a dozen cutters steaming
at flank speed to New York, what
else do you need?

CLARKE

Jim, you have a Captain of the
Port in every harbor right?

COMMANDANT LOY

Yeah.

CLARKE

Can they close the harbors? I
don't want anything leaving until
we know what's on them or anything
coming in and blowing up like in
Boston.

COMMANDANT LOY

I have that authority...

He points to an ADMIRAL behind him...

COMMANDANT LOY (CONT'D)

...and I have just exercised it.

CLARKE

Good. Justice, Justice - over.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - Larry Thompson - Deputy Attorney General.

LARRY THOMSPON

I'm here, Dick.

CLARKE

Jim's doing the water, you gotta
do the rest - can you get with
(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Immigration and Customs and close
the land borders?

LARRY THOMPSON
You want to lock down the country?

CLARKE
Soon as you can.

He sees ON ANOTHER SCREEN - Armitage has returned.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
State, State - go.

RICHARD ARMITAGE
Damn good thing I called the
Russians, guess who was about to
start an exercise of all their
strategic nuclear forces?

CLARKE
Jesus.

RICHARD ARMITAGE
Yeah. By the way, we're getting
calls of support from everyone,
we're closing the embassies,
skinnying down staff, stepping up
security-

Clarke seeing Jane Garvey ON ANOTHER SCREEN, waving
frantically. He keys her in, cutting off Armitage:

CLARKE
FAA, FAA, go.

JANE GARVEY
We're down to nine hundred thirty
four aircraft aloft, but we have a
situation in Alaska.

CLARKE
The pipeline?

JANE GARVEY
Korean Airlines 85's not responding.
NORAD's scrambling.

CLARKE
How close is it to Prudhoe Bay?

JANE GARVEY

Close enough that if it goes down there it would effectively cripple the entire U.S. Oil economy.

CLARKE

Does Alaska Center have comms with it?

JANE GARVEY

We're checking...

She begins talking with somebody offscreen. Coming back:

JANE GARVEY (CONT'D)

They've got comms.

CLARKE

Have Alaska Center tell KAL to obey the F-15's orders or we will blow them out of the sky.

JANE GARVEY

Roger that.

She moves offscreen again. Clarke waiting, tense...

Ralph Siegler walks over to Clarke. Quietly:

RALPH SIEGLER

(softly)

By my count, incoming aircraft should strike the White House in the next thirty seconds.

Clarke nods. Face tight. Looking over at the others, all hard at work, on phones. Not paying attention to the count. Siegler softly counting down off his watch.

RALPH SIEGLER (CONT'D)

Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen...

ON A SCREEN - Jane Garvey's back.

CLARKE

FAA, FAA - go.

JANE GARVEY

KAL 85 has acknowledged, is breaking off and following the F-15's. False alarm. We really would have shot them down, wouldn't we?

CLARKE

Absolutely.

He looks back up to Siegler who mouths - *Three, two, one...*

Nothing. No explosion. Clarke and Siegler exchange a look. Then back to business:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Gary, do we have a line to Treasury yet?

GARY BRESHNAHAN

I keep telling you, no one's home.

CLARKE

You understand I'm attempting to prevent the complete economic collapse of our country, right?

GARY BRESHNAHAN

I'd try a phone.

CLARKE

(to Kurtz)

Paul, get Treasury, get the Fed, activate the National Communications System. We have to make sure the markets can close their books and we're going to have to protect the comms centers and SIAC.

KURTZ

(hurrying away)

On it.

Clarke retakes the chair, keys the mic:

CLARKE

FEMA, FEMA - where are you with New York?

ON A SCREEN - Mike Brown - Deputy Director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency

MIKE BROWN

The Mayor's ordered the evacuation of everything south of Canal Street and the Governor's called up the National Guard. We have eight teams enroute to Manhattan and four rolling to Arlington. Both New York and D.C. have declared a State of Emergency.

CLARKE

How many dead?

MIKE BROWN

They have no idea.

(shaking his head)

Thousands.

From the other side of the room:

ROGER

Dick, I got Mike from the PEOC!

Clarke rises and goes. Taking the phone... DIAL TONE.

CLARKE

You gotta be kidding-

RALPH SIEGLER

Button on the left.

Clarke hits it. It DIALS. ANSWERED:

VOICE (O.S.)

(through phone)

What?

CLARKE

Let me speak to Major Fenzel.

The Voice grunts and we hear a phone passed to

FENZEL (O.S.)

Dick?

CLARKE

Jesus, Mike, who's asshole you have answering the phone over there?

FENZEL (O.S.)

That would be the Vice President, Dick. He wants you to come over.

CLARKE

On my way.

He hangs up and heads for the door - passing TV, CNN PLAYING:

PRESIDENT BUSH

...freedom itself was attacked
this morning by a faceless coward.
And freedom will be defended...

CLARKE

Shit, is he doing this *live*?
He's a sitting duck-

LISA

It's taped - he's in the air
already. Shot it at Barksdale a
couple minutes ago. By the way,
aren't we supposed to be dead by
now?

CLARKE

The day is young.

He pushes through the door, exiting the Situation Room...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- MORNING

COMPLETELY DESERTED. Every desk empty, every hallway devoid
of people. The literal corridors of power - EMPTY.

Clarke walks briskly. The silence, eerie.

Rounding a corner to find - a MACHINE GUN THRUST IN HIS FACE.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Stay where you are, sir!

A whole cadre of Secret Service, guarding the VAULT DOOR.

CLARKE

Guys, it's me. The Veep called me
over from the SitRoom.

One Agent goes to check this, the others push Clarke up
against the wall and FRISK HIM. The door opens and **Steven
Hadley - Deputy National Security Advisor** pokes his head
out.

STEVEN HADLEY

He's clear, guys. Let him through.

INT. PEOC -- MORNING

Clarke enters the **Presidential Emergency Operations Center** -
A hardened bunker decidedly more plush than the Situation
Room. TV's BLARE NEWS from all five networks. Fenzel sees
Clarke and walks over, leading him to a corner.

CLARKE

How's it going over here?

FENZEL

(quietly)

I can't hear the crisis conference because Mrs. Cheney keeps turning down the volume on you so she can hear CNN and the Vice President keeps hanging up the open line on you. Other than that, we're a Swiss watch.

Clarke pats him on the shoulder and heads to the Conference table where the Vice President and Condaleeza Rice sit. Squatting down between them:

CLARKE

The President can't come back here yet.

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

I convinced him to go to Offut. It wasn't the easiest sell. I want you to prepare a briefing for him for when he lands in Omaha and I need a timeline of everything you've done.

CLARKE

Got it. Do you need anything?

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

The comms in this place are terrible.

CLARKE

Now you know why I wanted money for a new bunker?

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

It'll happen. Are you getting everything you need? Everyone doing what you want?

CLARKE

Yes, sir.

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY

Then you better get back in.

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- MORNING

Clarke, alone. Briskly walking back to the Situation Room. Taking a shortcut heads outside to

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- ROSE GARDEN COLONNADE -- MORNING

Looking out as he walks to see a PERIMETER OF .50 CAL GUNS established at the edge of the grounds of the White House. SOLDIERS MANNING POSTS. Unbelievable. And then...

The building BEGINS TO RUMBLE.

People on the streets - shouting, pointing upwards. Is this the incoming plane? The ROAR GROWS DEAFENING until...

TWO F-15 EAGLES SCREAM over the WHITE HOUSE!

Clarke, nearly driven to the ground by the force of the jets. He stands there, staring up, almost in disbelief. For the first time, concrete proof that this is happening.

This is real.

We PULL OUT to take in all of

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- MORNING

The air, awash with FIGHTER JETS, SIRENS, and SCREAMS. Ambulances and firetrucks clog the streets. Smoke rises from the caved in PENTAGON building in the distance.

Washington D.C. is a warzone. And the Air Force is flying Combat Air Patrol over our Nation's Capitol.

OVER THIS - our MAIN TITLE...

AGAINST ALL ENEMIES

Hold the words as the screen FADES TO BLACK...

OVER BLACK:

TV NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
...boots on the ground in
Afghanistan. The administration
vows that this will not stand...

We hear ICE CUBES in a glass. Liquid poured over them.

FADE IN ON:

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- RITZ CARLTON BAR -- NIGHT

Close on THE GLASS. It's scotch. The cubes crackle.

TV NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
...Soviet troops moved into the
country early this morning.
President Carter had this to say...

Sitting at the bar, a young RICHARD CLARKE. Late 20's. Idealistic State Department worker. Eye half on the TV he raises the drink to his lips.

SUPERIMPOSE - Christmas Day, 1979.

BEERS (O.S.)

The holiest of holy days and I find you in a bar. There's something to that, although Lord knows what.

Clarke turns to see RAND BEERS. Mid-30's, combat veteran, but with a gleam in his eye and a grin on his face. Fellow guy at State. He takes a seat next to Clarke.

CLARKE

When did they call you back in?

BEERS

Couple hours ago when news of the invasion hit. My first forkfull of turkey was halfway to my mouth.
(to the Bartender)
You don't have any turkey, do you?

BARTENDER

Wild Turkey.

BEERS

It'll have to do. First we lose the Shah and now this. What do the Russians want with Afghanistan?

CLARKE

Staging ground to hit our oil supply in the Gulf?

BEERS

That would be the nightmare scenario. You always this cheery on Christmas?

Beers' drink arrives. Clarke raises his, they both toast and shoot them. Clarke, getting to his feet.

CLARKE

I gotta get on a plane.

BEERS

I thought we were all going back to State and burning the midnight oil in a valiant attempt to save the world.

CLARKE

Mort's sending me to Florida.

BEERS

That sounds dramatically less
valiant.

CLARKE

I have to meet with some General.
Kingston.

Beers puts down his glass.

BEERS

Robert Kingston?

CLARKE

Yeah.

BEERS

(laughing)

You're gonna meet with Barbed-Wire
Bob? Oh, *man*, you're in for a fun
holiday...

CLARKE

Why do they call him Barbed-Wire
Bob?

EXT. FLORIDA FIGHTER BASE -- RUNWAY -- DAY

FOOSH! A FIGHTER JET flies overhead. A BLAZING SUN beats
down. Clarke stands on a RUNWAY in Florida in a suit and
sunglasses. Accompanied by a STAFF SERGEANT.

STAFF SERGEANT

The General's in there, sir.

He points to - a MOBILE HOME at the end of the runway,
surrounded by BARBED-WIRE. The Sergeant claps him on the
shoulder. Sympathetically:

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Clarke stares at him. What the hell has he gotten himself
into? Alone, he trudges towards the trailer...

INT. KINGSTON'S TRAILER -- MORNING

Clarke knocks. No response. He opens the door. Dark and
smoky - a big contrast to the harsh sunlight outside. Clarke
has to squint to see.

CLARKE

Hello? General Kingston?

GENERAL KINGSTON (O.S.)

Yeah?

CLARKE

I'm Richard Clarke, sir. Mort
Abramowitz sent me?

As Clarke's eyes adjust he can make out THE GENERAL - older and grizzled. Sitting at a table. Smoking a cigarette and drinking grapefruit juice from the carton.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Mort Abramowitz sent you.

CLARKE

Yes, sir. Can I sit?

GENERAL KINGSTON

No. What's your billet?

CLARKE

(confused)

I work at the State Department-

GENERAL KINGSTON

And before that?

CLARKE

I started in the Pentagon, in, uh,
the PMI program out of college.

GENERAL KINGSTON

And did what, made coffee?

Clarke blinks at this.

CLARKE

I did research. Wrote briefs.
Made recommendations-

GENERAL KINGSTON

And at State I bet you do research,
write briefs, and make
recommendations. Better government
through paperwork - you're a real
fucking hero, kid.

CLARKE

Excuse me?

GENERAL KINGSTON

I can't use you.

He takes a long sip of grapefruit juice.

CLARKE

Use me for what?

GENERAL KINGSTON

Not your concern. Get back on your transport. Tell Abramowitz he sent the wrong man.

CLARKE

With all due respect, I have five years working at DOD and State, I am one of the youngest to have risen to my position and routinely give orders to men twice my age - I have been called many things, but never, ever, the wrong man.

Kingston takes him in. Stubbing out his cigarette.

GENERAL KINGSTON

You've never served, have you?

CLARKE

No, sir. I protested, though.

GENERAL KINGSTON

You know what the difference is between a politician and a soldier?

CLARKE

I get the feeling you're going to tell me-

GENERAL KINGSTON

A soldier takes responsibility - for his decisions, for his actions, for his men. A politician runs from responsibility. He points fingers. He blames others.

(pause)

Your "five years in and giving orders to men half my age" - your pride in it - you're a politician.

Clarke stares at him.

CLARKE

General-

GENERAL KINGSTON

Tell me, in your five whole years in government - you ever actually get anything done?

Silence. Kingston may have cut close to home. Softly:

CLARKE

I didn't come down here to be lectured.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Fine. There's the door.
(gestures to it)

Run.

A beat.

CLARKE

What's next? You gonna call me a chicken?

He walks over to Kingston's table and sits.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Don't believe I gave you permission to sit-

CLARKE

General, you run the "Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force" for the Middle East, which - as far as I can tell - has no ability to deploy, much less do it rapidly, which means you need help. I have been sent by the State Department. I have just spent five hours on a plane. I'm all you've got.

Silence. Kingston stares at him. Finally:

GENERAL KINGSTON

Let's take a walk.

EXT. TARMAC -- MORNING

Clarke and General Kingston stroll down the asphalt as planes scream past overhead.

GENERAL KINGSTON

How much do you know about the Middle East?

CLARKE

My portfolio-

GENERAL KINGSTON

Forget your portfolio, your portfolio is Russia.

(MORE)

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

All you guys know is Russia, you can't see the big picture. You know how many military bases we have in the Persian Gulf?

(off Clarke's look)

One. In Bahrain. You know why?

CLARKE

Because they don't want us there.

GENERAL KINGSTON

That's right. The Saudis will allow us a couple ships in the Gulf, and they'll sure as hell sell us oil but other than that, we leave each other alone. They're content to let us play see-saw with the Soviets as long as both teams stay off their playing field. And we've done that as much as we can, because the last thing we want to become is the invading capitalist infidels.

He lights a cigarette.

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Which brings us to Afghanistan. As far as the greater Islamic world is concerned, out better red than dead friends just challenged Allah to a duel.

CLARKE

So what do we do?

GENERAL KINGSTON

They went in, we gotta go in. You gotta get me some bases. Saudi, Egypt, Qatar - anywhere and everywhere.

He lights a cigarette. Exhaling with a sigh.

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

We gotta start playing on the one field we shouldn't be anywhere near.

CLARKE

We should do more than that. We should help the Afghanis win.

Kingston stops walking and turns to him.

GENERAL KINGSTON

You think this is about winning
and losing?

CLARKE

What else is there?

Kingston fixes him with a look.

GENERAL KINGSTON

You got a family, Clarke? Wife,
kids?

CLARKE

No, sir.

GENERAL KINGSTON

You should. Rugrats'll change
your entire worldview. Suddenly
it's not about Russia and America -
not winning and losing. It's about
how do I keep my kids from getting
blown up?

CLARKE

How?

GENERAL KINGSTON

Simple. Move countermove. Maintain
the status quo - keep your kids
alive.

A jet screams overhead. Kingston drops the cigarette and
grinds it out. Looking at Clarke.

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

You know what the quickest way to
fuck up the world is?

(pause)

Try and change it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE EAST DESERT -- DAY

A rickety U.S. TRANSPORT CHOPPER soars over the sand dunes
as we begin a MONTAGE...

EXT. SAUDI ARABIA PALACE -- DAY

Clarke and a CADRE of AMERICAN DIPLOMATS step off the chopper
and is hustled into the palace by guards...

INT. SAUDI ARABIA PALACE -- DAY

Clarke, the diplomats, and King Khalid bin Abdul Aziz - SAUDI ARABIA. As he shakes his head "no".

EXT. MIDDLE EAST DESERT -- DAY

The Chopper, flying again...

INT. PALACE OF OMAN -- DAY

Clarke, the diplomats, and Sultan bin Said Al Said - OMAN, who bursts out LAUGHING at the request...

EXT. MIDDLE EAST DESERT -- DAY

The Chopper, in the air *again*...

INT. EGYPTIAN PRESIDENTIAL COMPOUND -- DAY

Clarke and the diplomats, now at an elaborate banquet with President Anwar Sadat - EGYPT. SADAT hears their request, gets up, and storms out as we END THE MONTAGE...

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT -- BEERS' OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke collapses in a chair across from Randy Beers.

CLARKE

We're not getting the bases.

BEERS

Of course we're not getting the bases, no self respecting Middle East Country wants to look like they prefer us to the Russians. Only way we get a foothold in the region is if the Soviet Union ceases to exist.

CLARKE

So how do we make that happen?

BEERS

(smiling)

I'll just go check my world domination file-

CLARKE

How do you kill a king?

Beers stares at him.

BEERS

You're serious.

CLARKE

Yeah, how do you kill a king? Do you try and storm the castle and fight your way through the garrisons? No, you go in through the back door and slit his throat while he sleeps.

BEERS

You think Afghanistan's the back door.

(pause)

You want to arm the mujahideen...

CLARKE

The Russians are infidels in the kingdom of heaven.

Beers leans back in his chair and shakes his head.

BEERS

Israel will never go for it.

CLARKE

They will if they think the Russians are winning and can stage a D-Day type landing through the Gulf.

EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS -- DAY

Jerusalem - 1983. Clarke walks the streets with General David Ivry - Israeli Ministry of Defense.

CLARKE

The Russians are winning, General. If they succeed in Afghanistan, they'll have a staging area for a complete takeover.

IVRY

If such a thing were what they wanted. Your President Reagan has been very helpful to our country. Not like the peanut farmer.

CLARKE

He would like to station some troops here in the event of an invasion.

IVRY

Everyone else turned you down, didn't they?

CLARKE

Israel is a friend to the U.S. and we protect our friends.

Ivry stops and looks at him. Smiling.

IVRY

You really believe that, don't you? You are young, idealistic. You still believe in white hats and black hats like your president.

(sighs)

What is it with Americans and cowboys?

Clarke chuckles. Ivry extends his arm, pointing down the hill to the Holy City.

IVRY (CONT'D)

It began here, you know. A few square miles of land that comprises the birthplace of all major religions. And Jewish, Christian, and Muslim - all want to claim it as their own. Do you claim it too?

CLARKE

I was raised Catholic.

IVRY

Is that what you fight for?

CLARKE

No.

IVRY

Then what do you fight for? Capitalism is merely an economic idea. Communism is an economic idea. While the two superpowers chip away at each other in a war of ideas we here are embroiled in wars of God. Is America so convinced of her righteousness that she wants a part of that?

CLARKE

We just want to station troops here.

Ivry sighs. Considering.

IVRY

The men who fight the Soviets, men who have sworn to destroy Israel, you will give them weapons? You will arm them?

CLARKE

If it can stop the Russians, yes.

Ivry looks at him. Knowing the realities of the world.

IVRY

I will take your proposal to my government. Just do me one favor.

CLARKE

Make sure we don't lose?

Ivry shakes his head.

IVRY

Make sure you know what you are fighting for.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT -- ABRAMOWITZ'S OFFICE -- DAY

1985. Close on Clarke, across from his boss Morton Abramowitz - Assistant Secretary of State for Intelligence and Research.

ABRAMOWITZ

Don't just tell me we're *losing*, Clarke, tell me what the fuck to do about it.

Clarke slides a photo across the desk.

CLARKE

The Hind-D helicopter. Soviet made, it's basically a flying tank that's tearing the Afghan camps to pieces. Bullets can't pierce it's armor. We need to get stinger missiles to the mujahideen to shoot them down.

ABRAMOWITZ

Never happen, come up with something else.

CLARKE

There is no something else. If the muj can't take out the Hinds, they're done. You asked me to do cost analysis on the Soviets, right?

He hands Abramowitz a piece of paper.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

The Russians are spending money fighting proxy wars in Afghanistan, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Angola, and Mozambique. That's five theaters on two continents and their economy is in terrible shape.

ABRAMOWITZ

So?

CLARKE

So, we don't beat them with guns - we beat them with *money*. We get them to spend so much fighting that their economic center can't hold. Afghanistan's our best bet on this - they're completely overextended. We start taking down their choppers they're going have to recommit huge sums to hold onto what they have. We take the legs out from under the giant and he'll topple on his own.

Abramowitz mulls this.

ABRAMOWITZ

CIA and the Pentagon will never agree to release the missiles.

CLARKE

What if I take it to DOD directly?

ABRAMOWITZ

You can't do that.

CLARKE

Why not?

ABRAMOWITZ

We're State, they're Defense. You want to piss off everyone above us? You want to get on Baker's bad side?

CLARKE

I want to do more than just push papers. I've been drafting memos for a year and *nothing's happened*.

Abramowitz regards him. Seeing the frustration.

ABRAMOWITZ

You're making enemies, Dick.

CLARKE

It doesn't matter. *This matters.*

He stabs at the photo. Abramowitz sighs.

ABRAMOWITZ

Hypothetically, who would you take it to at Defense?

CLARKE

Perle.

ABRAMOWITZ

Perle hates us by *definition*.
More specifically, he hates you.

CLARKE

No he doesn't.

ABRAMOWITZ

Yes he does. But, hey, you want put the future of your career in the hands of the Prince of Darkness? Be my guest.

INT. PENTAGON -- RICHARD PERLE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke sits across from Richard Perle - Assistant Secretary of Defense.

PERLE

You realize, of course, that I hate you. Just as I hate the entire State Department.

CLARKE

Rich-

PERLE

Turkey, 1984. A coup overthrows the government. Our wonderful State Department, of which you are a member, decides to denounce said coup before running it by some little insignificant people like, oh I don't know, the *Secretary of Defense*. And who has to fly to Turkey to clean up this mess?

(pretending to think)

His name is on the tip of my tongue... Handsome devil, I can almost picture his face...

CLARKE

It was you, Rich.

PERLE

That's right! It was me!

CLARKE

If you recall, I went with you.

PERLE

To repent for your sins and the sins of all Staties, yes.

CLARKE

Will you release the stingers?

PERLE

Nobody's blocking it.

CLARKE

Can you check?

PERLE

Only because it will show you up in the most delicious of ways.

Smiling Perle picks up his phone and dials.

PERLE (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me. Nobody's blocking the release of the stingers to the muj, right?

(pause; face darkening)

Who? Well, fuck the CIA!

He slams the phone down. Pointing at Clarke:

PERLE (CONT'D)

Don't smile, don't you dare smile.

Clarke can't help but smile. Perle, rising:

PERLE (CONT'D)

I gotta go smack some spooks, I'll call you soon.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Clarke, entering the large outer office where the assistants work. At one desk is a young BEVERLY ROUNDTREE.

BEVERLY

Mr. Clarke, how was Defense?

CLARKE

Defensive.

Walking over to her desk, snagging a MUFFIN from her basket.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come work for me, Beverly? The pay and the perks are exactly the same as what you're getting now.

BEVERLY

As enticing as that sounds, I'm fine where I am.

CLARKE

Some people say you work for an asshole.

BEVERLY

Some people use the same language to describe you.

CLARKE

Yeah, but I bring a certain panache to it.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Dick, I got Richard Perle for you!

Clarke leaves and goes to his desk. Picking up his phone:

CLARKE

Rich?

PERLE (O.S.)

(through phone)

Here's the deal - no US Army on the ground in Afghanistan, the muj will have to come out and be trained on the stingers in Pakistan.

CLARKE

But we're good?

PERLE (O.S.)

If you define good as pressuring the CIA into covertly smuggling weapons to crazed rebel leaders, yes we're good.

(pause)

Look at you, Clarke. You actually got something done.

CUT TO:

ON TELEVISION - People dancing in the streets in MOSCOW.
OVERJOYED. A NEWSCASTER over this:

NEWSCASTER

...we are watching the beginning
of the dissolution of the Soviet
Union and the effective end of the
Cold War...

Pulling back to reveal we are once again

INT. RITZ CARLTON BAR -- EVENING

Christmas Day, 1989. Clarke and Beers sit at the bar, each
about halfway through separate glasses of scotch.

BEERS

(drunk)

We have to stop spending Christmases
like this. Fucked up stuff happens
when we spend Christmases like
this.

Clarke smiles.

BEERS (CONT'D)

Well, Cold War's over. I was
thinking of maybe going into sales.
You?

Clarke, still glued to the TV.

CLARKE

It's amazing, isn't it?

BEERS

You mean how fucked we are?

Clarke turns to him.

CLARKE

What are you talking about?

BEERS

Let me count the ways - Russia
doesn't exist for anybody to be
afraid of anymore, America's got a
target on her back bigger than
ever, and our entire intelligence
community is staffed with people
who only know how to do one thing -
fight a Cold War that just ended.

(MORE)

BEERS (CONT'D)

Plus, I seem to have lost the use of my legs which may impede me from making it from this barstool to the car, so all in all...

He looks back to the TV - people all over America and Russia, celebrating gleefully.

BEERS (CONT'D)

I'd say we're pretty fucked.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- MORNING

July 1990. Clarke walks in briskly, cheery. Passing BEVERLY, who sits at her desk, now his assistant.

CLARKE

Morning, Bev.

BEVERLY

Charlie Allen's on line one.

CLARKE

What's his mood?

BEVERLY

He sounds like his hair's on fire.

CLARKE

Aren't you glad you came to work for me?

BEVERLY

Each day is a gift.

Clarke smiles, swoops into his office and punches through the call.

CLARKE

Morning, Charlie!

INTERCUT with Charlie Allen - CIA National Warning Officer

CHARLIE ALLEN

I swear to Christ, that crazy fucker is going to do it!

CLARKE

CIA guys in the White House are telling Bush there's no way Sadaam moves troops now - it's July, it's Kuwait, it's 108 in the desert. What makes you think he'd actually invade?

CHARLIE ALLEN

Emcon.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE

They're operating under emcon? No radio transmissions?

CHARLIE ALLEN

And they're hiding their troop movements. You don't do that if you're just trying to scare someone.

CLARKE

Okay. Okay - I'll try and get a Deputies Committee Meeting.

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Deputies Committee Meeting. Clarke sits with the DEPUTIES from various departments - CIA, State, DOD, and military. We see each one from CLARKE'S POV as they admonish him:

DEPUTY CIA DIRECTOR KERR

Charlie's nuts, there's no way he's going in now.

SWISH PAN to

ADMIRAL DAVID JERIMIAH

We're already removing troops from the Gulf, we're not gonna stop for rumors.

SWISH PAN to

STATE DEPARTMENT ANALYST

Our ambassador says Saddam has given her his word - he is not going to invade Kuwait and that's that.

INT. RAND BEERS' HOUSE -- EVENING

Beers sits on the couch, while Clarke rages.

CLARKE

The deputies committee won't do anything. They just kick it up the line, and guard their own turf.

BEERS

Such is the way of Washington, my friend. Word is you've got Baker pissed at you again.

CLARKE

So what?

BEERS

Dick, we work for the State Department. He's the Secretary of State. Are you seeing the connection?

CLARKE

Baker won't fire me.

BEERS

If you say so. Hey, you want to see something cool?

Beers rises and walks over to his FIREPLACE MANTLE - Covered with pictures. Family, friends, some Christmas cards, others framed. He picks one out. AN INFANT. Hands it to Clarke, who examines it.

BEERS (CONT'D)

First picture of my grandson. Pretty good looking, huh?

CLARKE

He looks nothing like you.

BEERS

That's what I'm saying.

Beers smiles and replaces the picture on the mantle.

CLARKE

Think you have enough pictures up there?

BEERS

That's what mantles are for. What do you have on your mantle?

CLARKE

Candlesticks.

BEERS

That's just sad, man.

CLARKE

What? They're nice candlesticks.

BEERS' WIFE (O.S.)

Randy, Dick? You're gonna want to see this...

Clarke and Beers exchange a look and head into

INT. BEERS' KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Where BEERS' WIFE is watching the NIGHTLY NEWS:

DAN RATHER (O.S.)

...just received word that Iraqi
military forces are swarming across
their borders and invading Kuwait...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

A Principals Meeting. Between James Baker - Secretary of State, Dick Cheney - Secretary of Defense, Paul Wolfowitz - Under-Secretary of Defense Policy, and Brent Scowcroft - National Security Advisor.

BAKER

The President's not sure he wants
to commit forces to this.

SCOWCROFT

What if Saddam consolidates power
in Kuwait and then pushes through
into Saudi Arabia? He captures
their Eastern Oil fields and
suddenly controls most of the
world's oil. Baghdad would be
able to dictate terms to America -
you want to see that happen?

CHENEY

United Kingdom's in agreement.

BAKER

The President's concern is putting
boots on the ground in the Middle
East. We've never done that before-

WOLFOWITZ

We *couldn't* do it before because
of the Soviets.

CHENEY

At the very least we're gonna have
to do some saber rattling to get
Saddam out of there.

WOLFOWITZ

We can't threaten the guy if we
can't follow through. He has to
know we can take him out.

BAKER

Can we take him out?

WOLFOWITZ

Not with our current levels of
deployment in the region.

CHENEY

So we need to get some bases.
Who's got experience negotiating
for bases in that region?

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE EAST DESERT -- DAY

A ricketier U.S. TRANSPORT CHOPPER again soars over the sand
dunes with the same shot as before...

EXT. SAUDI ARABIA PALACE -- DAY

Clarke and a CADRE of AMERICAN DIPLOMATS (including Cheney)
again step off the chopper and head into the palace...

INT. SAUDI ARABIA PALACE -- DAY

King Fahd bin Abdul Aziz - SAUDI ARABIA. Nodding his head
"yes", very excited about the prospect of Americans...

INT. EGYPTIAN PRESIDENTIAL COMPOUND -- DAY

Clarke and the diplomats, now at another elaborate banquet
now with President Hosni Mubarak - EGYPT. Mubarak clinks
glasses in a toast to Cheney...

INT. PALACE OF OMAN -- DAY

Clarke walk with Sultan bin Said Al Said - OMAN, who now
speaks excitedly about the prospect of bases...

SULTAN OF OMAN

Of course you may come! That dog
Saddam must be made to pay.

(deadly serious)

But let me ask you one question -
will you bring the Stealth?

CLARKE

The stealth fighter? Yes, sir.

The Sultan looks around to make sure no one else can hear.

SULTAN OF OMAN

May I ride in it?

CLARKE
 (taken aback)
 Uh, I'm sure we can work something
 out.

The Sultan claps his hands together like an excited schoolboy.

SULTAN OF OMAN
 Excellent! We will have a banquet
 to celebrate! Come...

INT. U.S. BARRACKS -- EVENING

Clarke on a SATPHONE to ABRAMOWITZ. Talking rapidly as he
 pulls a jacket on for dinner. Intercut:

CLARKE
 Mort, I just wanted to let you
 know negotiations are going well-

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.)
 (grave)
 Dick-

CLARKE
 Cheney did a real number on them-

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.)
 Dick, I just got off the phone
 with Baker.

CLARKE
 He should be happy-

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.)
 He's firing you.

Clarke STOPS. Stunned.

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I did everything I could, but-

CLARKE
 (angry)
 But what?

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.)
 You know what. You pissed off
 someone more powerful than you.
 You gotta learn how to play the
 game-

CLARKE
 Gonna be kinda tough to do that
 without a job, Mort.

ABRAMOWITZ (O.S.)

I'm trying to get someone over at the White House to take you, but as soon as you're done over there, you're officially out of the State Department.

(pause)

I'm sorry.

CLICK. Abramowitz has hung up.

EXT. U.S./SAUDI AIRBASE -- DAY

As ENORMOUS CONSTRUCTION VEHICLES work round the clock on the new airbase. Clarke stands on the freshly poured tarmac, staring out at it. A FIGURE approaches him from behind...

GENERAL KINGSTON (O.S.)

Heard you got canned.

Clarke turns. It's General Kingston.

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Politics, huh?

Clarke allows a smile.

CLARKE

Right.

Kingston stares out at the construction.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Is it just me, or does this not quite look like a temporary base?

(turning to Clarke)

This isn't all for Saddam, is it?

CLARKE

Pentagon wants to keep a foothold in the region.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Now that the Russians are gone.

The desert wind blows. The General lights a cigarette.

GENERAL KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Listening posts picked up some chatter. Apparently some of your former mujahideen friends tried to convince the King to let *them* take on Saddam instead of us.

CLARKE

Really.

GENERAL KINGSTON

They figured if they could take
down Russia, why not Iraq?

Clarke, watching the YOUNG SOLDIERS offload a transport
chopper of weapons.

CLARKE

Cause we got the better toys.

GENERAL KINGSTON

Son, look around you. Who are the
infidels in the Kingdom now?

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

January 25, 1993. C.I.A. Headquarters - McLean, Virginia.

TWO ROWS of CARS is idling by the SECURITY CHECKPOINT, waiting
to be let in to the garage. A BROWN STATION WAGON pulls to
a halt across the street. A PAKISTANI MAN emerges. He pulls
something out of the car with him.

It is an AK-47.

The man calmly walks up to the rows of cars. No one notices.
An almost surreal scene. People in the cars, drinking coffee,
talking on their carphones. The man raises the rifle to his
shoulder and pulls the trigger.

GLASS EXPLODES. PEOPLE SCREAM. The man, methodical. Single
shots. Pumps a bullet into a Camrey - BOOM! The driver's
head snaps back. Turns to a Civic - BOOM! Blood gushing
from the passenger's shoulder.

Someone gets out. Tries to run. BOOM! Shot in the back.

The man fires ten times in all. Then lowers the rifle, turns,
and walks away from the carnage.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

A new office, inside what will become the CSG VAULT in the
Old Executive Office Building. Clarke, on the phone with an
FBI AGENT:

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

His name is Mir Amal Kanshi-

CLARKE
Iraqi?

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
No, Pakistani national, black sheep
of a rich family-

CLARKE
Did we get him?

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
He caught a plane out of Dulles.

CLARKE
You didn't close the *airports*?

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
He was too quick for us-

CLARKE
He was in a *station wagon*.

Beers pokes his head in as Clarke slams down the phone.

BEERS
I came by to see how the new job
was going, but I can come back-

CLARKE
He got away.

BEERS
In a *station wagon*?

CLARKE
I know - I mean the guy only *shot
up the fucking CIA!*

BEVERLY (O.S.)
(from the next room)
Language, Dick!

CLARKE AND BEERS
(in unison)
Sorry, Bev.

BEERS
So who is he? Hezbollah? Abu
Nidal? Lone nut?

CLARKE
No idea.
(shouting)
Paul!

PAUL KURTZ sticks his head in.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Mir Amal Kansi, see if he's
connected to Iraqi intelligence.
Take Dan and Steve with you.

Kurtz goes. Clarke looks to Beers.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

This feel like Iraq to you?

BEERS

No.

CLARKE

Yeah, me either.

BEERS

Is this even in your job
description?

CLARKE

I'm supposed to be running
"International Programs" for the
National Security Council.

BEERS

What does that even mean?

CLARKE

You see my problem. I'm in charge
of humanitarian aid, proliferation,
and terrorism.

BEERS

(appalled)

They stuck you with *terrorism*?

CLARKE

Tell me about it.

BEERS

You fully staffed up yet?

CLARKE

I'm still interviewing.

BEERS

Good luck.

(moving to leave)

Try and find someone who can outrun
a station wagon.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- MORNING

A young ROGER CRESSEY sits nervously, waiting for his interview. Beverly watches him squirm and smiles, reassuring.

BEVERLY

It's okay, hon. He's a pussy cat.

From inside Clarke's office we hear SCREAMING followed by a phone being slammed down.

ROGER

Like a rabid killer pussycat?

STEVE SIMON, passing overhears this:

SIMON

Sometimes, yeah. Steve Simon, this is Dan Benjamin.

He motions to DAN BENJAMIN, sitting at a far desk.

ROGER

Roger Cressey. You guys have any advice?

SIMON

For interviewing with Dick? Well, you never want to look him in the eye...

BENJAMIN

But don't look away from him, either. He can smell fear.

SIMON

It's true.

From the intercom on Beverly's desk:

CLARKE (O.S.)

What do I have at ten?

BEVERLY

Job interview.

CLARKE (O.S.)

Can I push it?

BEVERLY

No.

CLARKE (O.S.)

Who's this one?

Beverly opens Roger's file on her desk. Reading:

BEVERLY
Roger Cressey, twenty-five,
graduated from George Washington-

CLARKE (O.S.)
You mean Georgetown.

BEVERLY
No, George Washington.

Beverly looks at Roger, who's cringing in the chair.

CLARKE (O.S.)
Why the hell am I even meeting
someone who graduated from G.W.?
You know how many Ivy League kids
want this job? This is ridiculous -
when he shows up just tell him
we've already filled the position
and send him on his way.

BEVERLY
Can't do that, Dick.

A beat.

CLARKE (O.S.)
He's here, isn't he?

Another beat and then the door to Clarke's office opens.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
(to Beverly)
We're gonna have to work on our
communication skills.

BEVERLY
My skills are just fine.

She hands him Roger's resume.

CLARKE
(to Roger)
All right, get in here.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Clarke and Roger sit. Clarke, paging through the resume.

CLARKE
So you went to G.W.?

ROGER
(raising a fist)
Go Colonials.

CLARKE
(the joke doesn't go
over)
Yeeeeeah. You're in the PMI?

ROGER
As were you.

CLARKE
Why do you want to work for me?

Roger takes a deep breath.

ROGER
I want to make a difference.

A beat. Clarke closes the file and begins to rise.

CLARKE
All right, I think we're done here-

ROGER
What? Why-

CLARKE
"I want to make a difference"?
That's the cheesiest answer for a
government job I've ever heard-

ROGER
You've survived three
administrations, two Republican,
now a Democrat-

CLARKE
I don't know if "survived" is the
best way to put it-

ROGER
You know how to get things done.
I want to get things done.

Clarke appraises him. Then reopens the file. Reading:

CLARKE
You're twenty five and you already
published a policy paper?

ROGER
In the Christian Science Monitor,
yes, sir. I have a copy if-

Clarke holds out his palm - "hand it over". Roger does. He expects Clarke to out it away, but the older man immediately begins reading it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You don't have to read it now-

CLARKE

Shhh.

He keeps reading. Flips to the second page. Roger, growing increasingly uncomfortable with this.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(not looking up)

You have a pen?

Roger hands one over. Clarke keeps reading, begins lining stuff out. Tries to make corrections.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(still not looking up)

This is out of ink.

Roger practically trips trying to get him a new pen. Clarke keeps reading, keeps correcting. Finally:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

You're way off on your conclusions-

ROGER

I wrote it a couple years ago, I wasn't as well versed in-

CLARKE

You're hired.

ROGER

If you'll just give me a chance-
What?

CLARKE

Did I stutter?

From the intercom:

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Dick, National Security Advisor!

Clarke rises quickly and goes to pick up the phone. Punching through the call we INTERCUT with Tony Lake - National Security Advisor.

TONY LAKE

(panicked)

Did the Serbs do it? Did the Serbs
bomb it?

CLARKE

Hang on a second.

(to Roger)

Get out.

ROGER

You won't regret this-

CLARKE

Out.

Roger goes. Into the phone:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I'm back.

TONY LAKE

Was it even a bomb?

CLARKE

(smooth; stalling)

We don't know yet, Tony, but we're
on it. I'll get back to you as
soon as I can.

He hangs up.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Bev, I need the Sit Room!

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Line two!

Clarke picks up.

NAVY OFFICER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Situation Room.

CLARKE

Did something just get bombed?

NAVY OFFICER (O.S.)

Well, something just exploded, we
don't know if it's a bomb, sir.
At the World Trade Center.

(pause)

Were we supposed to call you?

CLARKE

Yes.

NAVY OFFICER (O.S.)

I mean - I know you handle terrorism and we're supposed to call you when something might be terrorism, but you want to know when things happen in the United States too?

CLARKE

Yes.

NAVY OFFICER (O.S.)

So you handle domestic crises, too?

CLARKE

What are we, Abbott and Costello here?

NAVY OFFICER (O.S.)

Got it, sir. Will call when we know more.

Clarke hangs up. Heading out, passing Beverly:

CLARKE

Call Tony, tell him I'm on my way-

BEVERLY

I didn't know we handled domestic terrorism-

CLARKE

We do now.

Clarke's out the door.

INT. PENTAGON -- HALLWAYS -- DAY

Clarke, walking and talking as he's briefed by Benjamin and Simon.

BENJAMIN

It was definitely a bomb. FBI thinks they're close to an arrest. They reconstructed the van that housed the bomb - it's a rental. Tell him the best part.

SIMON

After the explosion, the guy who rented the van called it in as

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

stolen. He's going *back* to the rental place tomorrow to try and get his *security deposit*. This has to be the dumbest terrorist in the known and unknown universe.

CLARKE

So as Butch said to Sundance - who are these guys?

BENJAMIN

Two incidents barely a month apart. Both highly visible domestic targets - one aimed at capitalism, one aimed at government. Best guess? Either a bunch of pissed off Iraqis, or some rogue Islamic Fundamentalists.

CLARKE

So what are they after?

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Simon and Benjamin standing in front of Clarke, Beverly, and Kurtz:

SIMON

Okay - I call this Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Islamic Radical Fundamentalists In Five Minutes But Were Afraid To Ask. To begin, the Muslim Bible is called the Qur'an. All Muslims believe the Qur'an to be the word of God, or Allah, passed down to his prophet Muhammad by the Angel Gabriel-

BEVERLY

The Angel Gabriel, like in our Bible?

BENJAMIN

Exactly like our Bible, in fact, the Qur'an is remarkably similar to it. For instance, while Muhammad is the main prophet, there are other prophets in the Qur'an who may sound familiar - such as Adam, Moses, Abraham, and Jesus.

BEVERLY

Wait a minute - Jesus is part of the Islam?

SIMON

To quote the Qur'an "*The Messiah, Jesus son of Mary, was only a messenger of Allah, and His word which He conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit from Him.*" So, they agree that Jesus, Mary, all of them existed, but were messengers of Allah-

BENJAMIN

(impatient)

Tell them about the Five Pillars.

SIMON

I'm getting there-

BENJAMIN

(can't wait)

All Muslims believe there are Five Pillars of Islam, things that all practicing Muslims are required to do.

(counting them off)

They are - Profession of Faith to Allah, Prayer five times a day, Fasting during the month of Ramadan, Paying of Alms to the church, and Pilgrimage to Mecca once in your life.

SIMON

(annoyed)

I said I was getting there-

BENJAMIN

You can connect all five of these to Christian beliefs as well -

(counting off again)

Profession of faith, obviously - Prayer, same thing although not so often - Fasting during Ramadan, we've got Lent - Paying of Alms, collection plate-

KURTZ

And Pilgrimage?

CLARKE

How many Catholics do you know who are dying to go to Rome?

SIMON

(jumping back in)

The point, is that the vast majority of Muslims aren't that different from Judeo-Christians - they all believe in Peace on Earth and Goodwill Towards Men. Radical Islamists, though, believe in a *Sixth Pillar*.

BENJAMIN

Jihad.

SIMON

Now there are two types of Jihad, Offensive and Defensive. Defensive is simple - a Muslim country is attacked, it is the duty of every Muslim man of age to pick up arms and defend it.

CLARKE

Like Afghanistan.

SIMON

Exactly, in fact the word for "jihadist" is actually "Mujahid"...

BENJAMIN

Which takes you to "Mujahideen".

SIMON

Offensive jihad, on the other hand, is where mainstream Islam and radical Islam part ways.

BENJAMIN

Offensive jihad is the attacking of non-Muslims in order to bring them and their lands under Islamic rule. It's conquest, pure and simple. Now, up until 1924, only the "Caliph", the head of Islam, could order an offensive jihad - this order is called a "fatwa".

KURTZ

What happened in 1924?

SIMON

Kemal Ataturk abolished the Caliphate.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

He was the first President of Turkey and sought to establish a separation of church and state - basically he led the first purely secular government of an Islamic nation...

BENJAMIN

Which is widespread today. Turkey and Pakistan both democratically elect their rulers, Saudi Arabia - although technically an Islamic theocratic monarchy that supposedly derives it's power from Allah - is extremely secular, as is Egypt-

SIMON

Bottom line - most of these governments pay lip service to religion, but ultimately are just political.

CLARKE

Which Islamic fundamentalists don't care for very much.

BENJAMIN

No. And *who* supports these secular puppet governments in their eyes?

A beat.

CLARKE

America.

Benjamin nods. Softly:

BENJAMIN

Give the man a cigar.

BEVERLY

So, wait - without a Caliph, who can declare Offensive Jihad, now?

SIMON

Basically anyone with enough religious credibility and financial backing to fund it-

BENJAMIN

But be very clear about this - the goal of Offensive Jihad is total control. One world. One religion. One holy leader, a new Caliphate, to rule over it all.

Silence as everyone takes this in. Finally:

CLARKE

So if World Trade was hit by
fundamentalists, who's behind it?
Who wants to be the new Caliph?

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

Deputies Committee Meeting. Clarke sits with the Deputies.
First to speak is Bob Blitzer - FBI.

BOB BLITZER

We got the truck rental guy. He's
part of a cell that included
Egyptians, a Jordanian, an Iraqi,
and a Pakistani. We believe the
leader of the cell is a man named
Ramzi Yousef.

He hits a clicker - RAMZI YOUSEF'S PHOTO appears onscreen.
Winston Wiley - CIA speaks next:

WINSTON WILEY

We ran the perps' names through
every database we have - they're
not members of any known terrorist
group. The Bureau gave us some
overseas telephone numbers they
called but we didn't recognize any
of them.

CLARKE

So, what - these guys met at a
pick-up game at the Y in Brooklyn
or Jersey City and then decided to
go blow up the World Trade Center
because they were *bored*?

BOB BLITZER

Could be. They all seem to be
linked to a Muslim Preacher from
Egypt, a guy in Brooklyn or Jersey
City they call "The Blind Sheik".

CLARKE

How'd they get into the country?
What did their visa application
say, "terrorist"?

BOB BLITZER

Uh... two of them showed up last
year at JFK without any documents
or visas.

(MORE)

BOB BLITZER (CONT'D)

One of them, Ahmed Ajaj, was detained because he had 'How to Make a Bomb' manuals on him.

CLARKE

And the other one?

BOB BLITZER

The leader, Yousef. They let him go.

Clarke, nearly apoplectic.

CLARKE

We let a guy go who was with a bomb builder, we let him get into a cab at JFK even though he showed up without a *passport*?

WINSTON WILEY

He was supposed to check in-

CLARKE

And he didn't? Who could've seen *that* coming?

BOB BLITZER

I'd appreciate it if you'd lower your voice, Dick-

CLARKE

And I'd appreciate it if the FBI didn't let terrorists kill Americans and then hop the first commercial flight out of the country!

The other Deputies, looking uncomfortable at the outburst. Blitzer gets to his feet.

BOB BLITZER

We're briefing you as a courtesy. This isn't even in your portfolio.

CLARKE

The hell it isn't, I'm on terrorism-

BOB BLITZER

But this is *domestic* - FBI is running point. CIA gets international and you don't get to call *either* of us on the carpet and tell us how to do our jobs.

He gets up and storms out, Wiley close behind.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke and Beers sit on Clarke's front stoop. Sipping drinks, taking in the night air.

BEERS

Six months on the NSC and you've already managed to piss off Defense and the Chiefs - you sure you want to get into a turf war with the FBI and CIA too?

CLARKE

The CIA shooting and now this - suspects get away both times. We need somebody to coordinate.

BEERS

(chuckling)

And you think it should be you? You're White House, not law enforcement. You write briefs-

CLARKE

Something new is going on, Randy. You're telling me you don't feel it too?

BEERS

So take it to the Deputies-

CLARKE

A Deputies Committee is a Deputies Committee no matter who's in the Oval. I need more than that.

BEERS

More as in...

Clarke stares at him. Beers, realizing what he's saying:

BEERS (CONT'D)

Dick, guys like you don't get on the Principals Committee.

CLARKE

Why not?

BEERS

The CIA Director, the FBI Director, the President, and you? I don't think so.

CLARKE

I need to get into the room.

BEERS

With *terrorism*?

Beers leans in.

BEERS (CONT'D)

You know what terrorism is to this government? A pimple on the ass of a gnat. More Americans die every year being struck by *lightning*, then because of terrorists. Sure it's in the news now, but that'll fade-

CLARKE

This is important-

BEERS

If it's so important, why did they give the job to *you*?

Clarke looks at him. Hurt.

BEERS (CONT'D)

You got fired by Baker and someone at the White House threw you a lifeline. You've got friends in this town, Dick, and I'm one of them. But you keep pissing people off and no one's gonna be there to catch you. Try and bulldoze your way onto the Principals Committee - are you out of your *mind*?

Silence. Clarke takes a sip of his drink. Staring out into the street.

CLARKE

You think I should just play politics.

BEERS

In Washington? Yeah, it's been known to work.

CLARKE

So how do I do it?

(pause)

How do I politic my way into that room?

Beers, exhales. Thinking.

BEERS

Okay, let's assume for a second this is even possible. It'd be a major power play. For you to gain power someone - several *important* someones - would have to lose it. You okay with having those kinds of enemies?

CLARKE

Absolutely.

BEERS

Then there's only one way to do it. You gotta get access to the top. The one man they'd fuck their mother for face time with.

A beat.

CLARKE

The President.

BEERS

He says go, they got no choice but to follow.

CLARKE

So I just waltz into the Oval and say, "Hey Mr. President, Dick Clarke here, put me on the Principals Committee"?

BEERS

No.

CLARKE

Then what?

BEERS

In a town of disposable posts, the only way to advance is become indisposable. Put it another way - it's a fucked up world. Find something fucked up and fix it.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Roger stands next to Beverly's desk. Peering through the open door to Clarke's office, where he sits, sifting through STACKS OF PAPERS. Roger, quietly:

ROGER

What's he doing?

BEVERLY
Reading intelligence reports.

ROGER
Does he do that often?

BEVERLY
Only about three hundred a day.
But that's just weekdays, on the
weekends he can make it up to six.

Clarke looks up and notices Roger standing there.

CLARKE
Cressey, right?

ROGER
Right.

CLARKE
I hired you, right?

ROGER
Right.

CLARKE
Get in here.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Roger closes the door. Staring at the reports:

ROGER
What are you looking for?

CLARKE
Credible threats against the United
States of America.

ROGER
Cool. Can I help?

Clarke motions to a stack. Roger sits, and we watch as the
two men begin sifting through files in silence...

FADE TO:

TEN HOURS LATER. Beverly enters, carrying Chinese Food.
Opens the door to find Clarke and Roger, still reading, both
sitting in the EXACT SAME POSITION, each with their right
hand on their chin. She laughs. They look up.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Is that Chinese?

BEVERLY

Yes.

ROGER

Marry me.

BEVERLY

No.

She sets the food down. Clarke, Roger, and Beverly take a seat on the floor and dig in. MOUTHS FULL:

ROGER

Can I ask you something?

CLARKE

Shoot.

ROGER

Why aren't we trying to find Ramzi Yousef?

A beat. Beverly looks over at Clarke.

CLARKE

FBI and CIA are running point-

ROGER

No, I mean why aren't we. This office. We're terrorism, right?

Another beat. Beverly pops a won-ton into her mouth.

BEVERLY

It's a fair question.

CLARKE

Because right now we're on the outside and everybody knows it. To get in the hunt, we have to get everyone's attention. We have to find something everyone else missed.

ROGER

On what?

CLARKE

On anything.

ROGER

And that's what we're doing now?

CLARKE

That's what we're doing now.

(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Playing the game.

(pause)

I've been thinking...

BEVERLY

He's been thinking.

ROGER

Is that good?

BEVERLY

Never good.

CLARKE

(smiles)

You want to work for me, you need some real world experience.

ROGER

Gamesmanship and noodles isn't real world?

BEVERLY

Can I have the duck sauce?

Roger gives her the duck sauce.

CLARKE

I'm going to send you to Somalia to work point for us there.

Roger pales at this.

ROGER

You mean war-torn Somalia or is there like a Somalia, Florida I don't know about-

CLARKE

You'll be fine. Bev?

BEVERLY

You'll be fine.

(noting his complexion)

Have an egg roll.

EXT. SOMALIA AIR BASE -- DAY

A TRANSPORT CHOPPER touches down and Roger steps off it into the bright sun. ARMY RANGERS run to and fro. A group of military heading towards him. One, MIKE SHEEHAN sticks out his hand. Shouting over the rotors:

SHEEHAN
You Cressey? Dick's guy?

ROGER
Yeah!

SHEEHAN
Mike Sheehan, you're my replacement!
Here!

Sheehan takes a .45 strapped to his hip, racks it once and slaps it into Roger's palm. With a grin:

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)
You're gonna need this!

Leaving a stunned Roger, Sheehan gets aboard the chopper which LIFTS OFF. Roger watches it go, then looks back to the barracks and down at the GUN in his hand...

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

A Sunday. Clarke, up early. Still reading intelligence reports. The SOUND OF CHILDREN from next door. Distracting him. He rises and goes to the open window, passing the CANDLESTICKS on the empty mantle.

At the window he sees a YOUNG FATHER, playing Frisbee with his kids. Clarke watches them for a bit.

Then closes the window.

Back to the couch, back to the reports... He STOPS. Rereading one particular line. He picks up a phone and dials. Then:

CLARKE
Secret Service, please.

A few clicks as the call is transferred and

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)
Agent Townes.

CLARKE
Agent, this is Richard Clarke from the White House - I know this is going to sound nuts, but has anybody tried to kill the President recently?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)
Uhhhhh, no?

CLARKE

(reading)

Sorry - the former President,
President Bush.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)

To the best of my knowledge no
one's tried to kill either of them.
You plannin' something?

Clarke hangs up on him. Paces the office. Thinking.
Decides. Picks up the phone and dials again...

CLARKE

Get me Ambassador Crocker in Kuwait,
tell him it's Richard Clarke and
yes, I know it's four in the morning
there...

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Clarke sitting with TONY LAKE.

CLARKE

Saddam tried to kill Bush.

TONY LAKE

Are you serious?

Clarke hands him the intel report. As Lake scans it:

CLARKE

It's a translation from a London
Arabic language newspaper that
says Kuwaiti Police foiled an
assassination attempt on former
President while he was there.
Ryan Crocker backchannelled to
Kuwaitis, they confirmed it.
They're holding sixteen prisoners -
two Iraqis.

TONY LAKE

Tell the Kuwaitis they have to
come clean with this. And get
Secret Service, FBI, and CIA teams
in on the ground investigating -
I'm not taking the word of Kuwaiti
police for shit.

CLARKE

Tony, I don't have authority to
order FBI or CIA to do anything
much less send teams in-

TONY LAKE

You do if the order comes from the President.

CLARKE

Does it?

TONY LAKE

(reaching for his phone)

It will...

INT. RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Clarke dining with Tony Lake and Janet Reno - U.S. Attorney General. Over club sandwiches:

JANET RENO

The Kuwaitis gave our teams access to the prisoners. They were recruited in Basra by the Iraqi Intelligence Service and given a Land Cruiser with a bomb pre-installed in it. They were instructed to park it near the University in Kuwait City and detonate it by radio when President Bush and the Emir of Kuwait's motorcades drove by. The bomb would have killed everything in a four hundred yard radius.

TONY LAKE

What went wrong?

JANET RENO

They got into a traffic accident before they reached the University. Police found the bomb, started arresting everyone in sight.

TONY LAKE

(to Clarke)

The President wants a list of possible targets for retaliation.

CLARKE

Within Iraq?

TONY LAKE

Yeah. Work with State and Defense.

CLARKE

They're not going to be happy to have a White House guy in the mix.

TONY LAKE

That's their problem. I'm late for a meeting.

He makes to get up when

CLARKE

Is he really going to do it? ..

TONY LAKE

What do you mean?

CLARKE

Clinton inherited Somalia, this would be his first use of force. A lot of people at the Pentagon don't think he's up to it.

TONY LAKE

We're just talking about a list of targets for now, that's all.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke, sitting across from Lake.

TONY LAKE

Christopher gutted your list. He wants just one target - Iraqi Intelligence Headquarters. And he wants to hit on a Saturday night to minimize casualties.

CLARKE

Yeah, God forbid we kill any of the people who actually *planned* this. This is what I was worried about-

TONY LAKE

You want to start Gulf War 2?

CLARKE

No, I want to send a message that if you fuck with us, you die.

Lake stares at him.

TONY LAKE

You must be great at parties.

CLARKE

They are lining up for this, Tony.
(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Lining up from here to Timbuktu to take a shot at us. To become the next Ramzi Yousef.

TONY LAKE

You don't even know who "they" are.

CLARKE

No, but I know who *this* is. We have the intel. We have the means. Let's send the message.

A beat.

TONY LAKE

This is the target. Live with it.

Clarke sighs.

CLARKE

When are you going to take it to the President?

TONY LAKE

I'm not. You are.

Clarke blinks.

TONY LAKE (CONT'D)

You said it yourself, he has to do this. So go brief him.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Clarke sits nervously, waiting to brief the President. Clinton's secretary, BETTY CURRIE smiles at him kindly. Almost like Beverly and Roger.

BETTY CURRIE

The President will see you now.

Clarke rises and walks to the door. Opening it into...

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE -- DAY

The real thing. William Jefferson Clinton - 42nd President of the United States sit behind his desk.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Dick Clarke, right?

CLARKE

Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
I saw you the other night on C-SPAN briefing the intelligence committee. You were pretty good.

CLARKE
The other night?

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Yeah, it was a replay.

CLARKE
Sir... that was on at two in the morning.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
I was up reading. This your first time in the Oval?

CLARKE
No, sir. I was here under Presidents Reagan and Bush.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
And we let you keep working here?
(smiling)
What do you have for me?

CLARKE
Our target is the Iraqi Intelligence Headquarters. Ships will move into position on Saturday night and an execute order will be sent from the Joint Chiefs to CENTCOM. Our ambassador at the UN will ask for an emergency session of the Security Council, at the same time Justice and the CIA will release detailed white papers to the press and foreign embassies outlining our evidence. Embassies will be put on high alert in case of Iraqi countermoves, CIA and FBI will place known Iraqi agents under surveillance, and you'll make a short statement to the country announcing your first use of force as President.

Clarke winces as this last sentence comes out of his mouth.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Had to throw in that last part, didn't you?

CLARKE

Really wishing I hadn't, sir.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

They don't think I'm up to it.

(musing)

It's a good plan. If it doesn't work, we may have to do more. See you Saturday.

CLARKE

Thank you, Mr. President.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke sticks his head in on Lake.

CLARKE

We're a go.

EXT. PERSIAN GULF -- NIGHT

June 26, 1993 - Arabian Gulf. A Spruance Destroyer Class ship, the U.S.S. PETERSON (DD-969) launches 14 CRUISE MISSILES from her deck. We watch as they scream into the sky, leaving a fiery orange trail in their wake...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT

A GENERAL hangs up a phone and turns to Clarke.

ARMY GENERAL

Birds are aloft - we've got forty minutes on the clock.

Clarke nods and scoops up his own phone.

CLARKE

Bev, get them started on the calls to Congress-

(to the room)

Has somebody told the Secretary General yet?

KURTZ

V.P.'s on with him now. Dee Dee put the lid on for the night, though-

SIMON (O.S.)

Dick, they want you in the Oval!

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE -- NIGHT

In a bit of chaos. Clarke enters as cameras are hastily being set up for Clinton's television address.

The President is finishing up a few calls to Congressional Leaders. He waves Clarke over. Hanging up the phone:

PRESIDENT CLINTON

When do we get pictures from the missiles?

CLARKE

We don't get pictures from the missiles, sir, but we'll have bomb damage images from satellites to show you first thing in the morning-

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Tomorrow *morning*? I'm going on TV to say we blew up this building - I'd like to know that we did. Don't the missiles have cameras in them?

CLARKE

Sir, if the missiles communicated, someone might see them coming or interfere with them. But we know how many we fired and when, so we can calculate how many will hit-

PRESIDENT CLINTON

We can't communicate with the missiles? What if I wanted to turn them back?

The color drains from Clarke's face.

CLARKE

You- you don't want to, do you sir? Because you can't- I mean, there's no mechanism to-

PRESIDENT CLINTON

No, I don't, but I want to make damn sure we hit the target before I go telling the world we did.

BETTY CURRIE (O.S.)

Mr. President, I have the Speaker for you.

Clinton holds up a hand and takes the call. Clarke moves quickly away. Heading out of the Oval, we TRACK HIM DOWN

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDORS -- NIGHT

Walking briskly, passing staffers and turning a corner to

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tony Lake and Admiral William Studeman - Deputy Director CIA
look up as

CLARKE

He's not gonna go on TV. He wants
confirmation before he announces-

ADMIRAL STUDEMAN

Confirmation of a strike?

CLARKE

Yeah.

TONY LAKE

Fuck me, we didn't think of this?

CLARKE

Admiral, can we get keyhole over
the target-

The Admiral is already dialing...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

CIA Headquarters. CIA Watch Commander, on the phone:

CIA WATCH COMMANDER

You want to retask how many
satellites?

ADMIRAL STUDEMAN (O.S.)

Twenty minutes, get it done.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT

ARMY GENERAL

(shouting to the room)

I need DOD, DIA, any satellite we
can find focused on this area!
Call France if you need to!

One Aide to another:

AIDE

There's no way we make this in
time...

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The mood, glum. Network TV plays in the background. The
Admiral, still on the phone. Clarke checks his watch.

CLARKE

First strike should have been a couple minutes ago.

TONY LAKE

(to the Admiral)

Anything?

The Admiral shakes his head.

CLARKE

Doesn't mean they didn't hit.

TONY LAKE

Doesn't mean they did.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT

ARMY GENERAL

We have no images of a strike?

AIDE

We have no images period, sir.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

A heavy silence. Broken by:

CLARKE

We go back into the Oval, we tell him to do it anyway.

TONY LAKE

With what intel? With what proof?

CLARKE

Admiral?

The Admiral cups his hand over the receiver.

ADMIRAL STUDEMAN

It's going to be a couple hours at least before we know anything.

TONY LAKE

If he goes on and it turns out we missed, he's going to look like the biggest dickhead of all time.

CLARKE

And if he doesn't go on?

Lake, about to respond when

TONY LAKE
(looking at the TV)
Hang on a sec...

TOM BROKAW has broken into the regular broadcast. Looking confused. Lake, turning up the VOLUME:

TOM BROKAW
...here now, the President of the
United States.

THE TV cuts to an image of CLINTON in the Oval.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
My fellow Americans, this evening
I want to speak with you about an
attack by the Government of Iraq
against the United States and the
actions we have just taken to
respond...

As Clinton continues, Clarke and Lake stare at each other, confused. We begin to CUT AROUND THE COUNTRY SEEING - People in bars, families at home, salesmen at Best Buy, all watching the address...

INT. BUSH RANCH -- NIGHT

Crawford, Texas. Future President GEORGE W. BUSH sits watching the address...

PRESIDENT CLINTON
There should be no mistake about
the message we intend these actions
to convey to Saddam Hussein; to
the rest of the Iraqi leadership;
and to any nation, group, or person
who would harm our leaders or our
citizens.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- NIGHT

Beverly, watching from her desk...

PRESIDENT CLINTON
We will combat terrorism. We will
deter aggression. We will protect
our people.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

As Clinton, winds up, we PUSH IN on Clarke's face - his thoughts in lockstep with the President's words:

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Finally, I want to say this to all the American people: While the Cold War has ended, the world is not free of danger. And I am determined to take the steps necessary to keep our nation secure. We will keep our forces ready to fight. We will work to head off emerging threats, and we will take action when action is required. That is precisely what we have done today. Thank you, and God bless America.

The TV CUTS BACK TO Brokaw.

TONY LAKE

(turning the volume down)

What just happened? Did he get the intel?

ADMIRAL STUDEMAN

Nothing from CIA or the SitRoom.

They hear a commotion in the hallway. Clarke looks out the door to see - President Clinton and VICE PRESIDENT AL GORE walking down towards them. In a jovial mood.

CLARKE

(immediately standing)

Mr. President, Mr. Vice President.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

So what'd you guys think?

TONY LAKE

We weren't sure you were going to go on, sir. We thought you needed proof that the missiles hit.

Gore chuckles. A private joke between he and Clinton.

VICE PRESIDENT GORE

You should tell them.

He laughs again and Clinton joins him. The others in the room, mystified as to what's so funny.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Okay... so, I wanted relative certainty that the missiles hit, and none of you guys could give me that. So I called CNN.

CLARKE

You- sir?

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Yeah, and the cameraman in their Jordan bureau had a cousin who lived near the target so they called him and asked if he'd seen anything and he said yeah, intelligence headquarters just blew up. So I figured we had relative certainty.

A beat... and the Tony Lake bursts out laughing. Clarke and the others joining in.

PRESIDENT CLINTON (CONT'D)

You guys did a great job on this. And I meant what I said in there. We gotta protect our people. You tell me what we gotta do, and we'll go do it. Tony, can I see you a sec?

Lake goes and confers with him. They shake hands and then the President departs. Lake returns.

TONY LAKE

The President wants you to brief the Principals Committee on terrorism.

(smiling)

Congratulations. You got yourself in the room.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE -- DAY

Principals Committee Meeting. Clarke with the President, Lake, and others.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

What are the odds the Iraqis were involved in the CIA shooting or the World Trade?

TONY LAKE

It's doubtful. CIA says no. Can't blame everything on Saddam.

CLARKE

The FBI has a lead on World Trade, though. A blind Sheik in New York - Omar Abdel Rahman, hangs out at the Al Kifah Center in Brooklyn.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

They're gonna arrest him?

CLARKE

They're sitting on him. Doing surveillance to see if anything else is in the pipeline. They have an undercover inside.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

And we're relatively certain he's involved? Not for nothing, but we don't want the FBI persecuting a blind holy man-

CLARKE

He's involved. Nancy and I are pushing CIA to get us a list of names that he and Ramzi Yousef have in common but the bottom line, Mr. President, is this -

(pause)

Someone is after us, and we don't know who they are.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

As of this moment, you're in charge of finding out.

Lake's beeper GOES OFF. He checks it.

TONY LAKE

Shit.

CLARKE

What?

TONY LAKE

Somalia. Aideed's men just executed 24 Pakistani peacekeepers.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE

I have a man there.

INT. SOMALIA AIR BASE -- LIVING QUARTERS -- DAY

Roger is huddled on the floor by a window, SATPHONE pressed to his ear, talking to Clarke. We hear GUNFIRE OUTSIDE:

ROGER

We're kind of being shot at!

Through the phone:

CLARKE (O.S.)

Are you in any danger?

ROGER

I repeat - we're kind of being shot at!

CLARKE (O.S.)

Are they firing at the base?

ROGER

I don't know - what say I just go out and look?

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- NIGHT

Clarke, on the phone:

CLARKE

They're going to evacuate all non-essentials to Kenya, you go with them and get back here.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Dick, Mike Sheehan's on three! He says it's urgent!

CLARKE

(into phone; to Roger)

Hang on.

He clicks over.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Mike?

SHEEHAN (O.S.)

Hey, remember our blind sheik friend up here in New York?

CLARKE

Yeah, the President wants to make sure he's actually connected.

SHEEHAN (O.S.)

He's planning on blowing up the Holland Tunnel, the Lincoln Tunnel, the George Washington Bridge, an FBI office, and the United Nations Building.

CLARKE

Okay, so he's connected. Hang on.
(clicks back to Roger)
Sorry, I gotta go...

INT. SOMALIA AIR BASE -- LIVING QUARTERS -- DAY

ROGER
We're being *shot at*-
(CLICK)
Hello? *Hello?*

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- NIGHT

Clarke, back to Sheehan:

CLARKE
When's he gonna do this?

SHEEHAN
Fourth of July. Because, you know,
he's got a sense of humor.

CLARKE
You're picking him up?

SHEEHAN
Already on the way.

CUT TO:

NEWSCAST

TOM BROKAW
...plot was foiled today. The
government confirms the targets
were a variety of New York
Landmarks...

Pull back to REVEAL...

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Clarke sits on his couch, watching the news. Phone to his
ear. Beers on the other end.

BEERS (O.S.)
You are a fucking political *phoenix*.
First Saddam and now this?

CLARKE
(absently)
Yeah...

He's staring at his MANTLE. The CANDLESTICKS.

The only things there.

BEERS (O.S.)
You don't sound too excited.

CLARKE

I'm just tired. Call you later?

BEERS (O.S.)

Anytime.

Clarke hangs up. Still staring at the mantle. He rises. Walks over. Picks up the candlesticks. Moves them closer together. Steps back to look - Better? Worse? He frowns.

Moves them apart again. Looking at them. No matter what he does, they're still just fucking candlesticks.

He picks them up. Turns and tosses them in the TRASH.

Silence. The clock ticks.

He notes the time. Makes a decision. Goes to the closet rapidly, grabs his coat, and is out the door...

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- ARRIVALS -- NIGHT

Clarke stands by a baggage carousel as people come down the escalator, fresh off planes. Clarke looking for someone. Finally seeing him...

Roger. Home. Haggard after the endless flight. And completely surprised to see his boss waiting for him.

ROGER

Dick?

CLARKE

Hi. Yes. Hi.
(awkward)
How are you?

ROGER

Fine. Twenty hour flight back-
Are you meeting someone here?

CLARKE

You. I mean- I knew you were
coming in and... It was sort of a
last minute decision.
(pause)

I just wanted to make sure you're
okay.

ROGER

(touched)
I am. Thanks.

CLARKE

Do you need a ride somewhere or-

INTERRUPTED as a beautiful woman runs up to Roger and plants a big wet kiss on him. Once they de-embrace:

ROGER

Dick, this is my girlfriend Laurie.
Laurie, this is my boss Dick Clarke.

LAURIE

Good to meet you.

She extends a hand, smiling. Clarke shakes.

CLARKE

Likewise.

(pause)

Well, you two have a lot of catching
up to do. I should be going.
Nice meeting you.

He turns and goes. Roger watches him leave. Walking across the concourse. ALONE.

Laurie turns to Roger, confused.

LAURIE

Was he meeting someone here?

Before Roger can respond he sees Clarke pause at the terminal exit. Turning around, walking back towards them.

ROGER

He seems to be coming back...

Clarke arrives.

CLARKE

Sorry, I forgot- I wanted to tell
you, we're not on the outside
anymore. And on Monday we start
going after Ramzi Yousef.

Roger smiles. Clarke nods.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Okay. Nice meeting you. Bye.

He turns and goes again. This time leaving. Laurie looks at Roger.

LAURIE

Who's Ramzi Yousef?

CUT TO:

INT. PHILIPPINE AIRLINES 747 (FLYING) -- EVENING

December 1994. A quiet cabin in midflight. Close on

RAMZI YOUSEF. Sitting in a window seat. Peering out the window innocently, but we see his HANDS WORKING in his lap. He glances around nonchalantly - nobody watching. He leans forward. We hear the sound of TAPE RIP.

--UNDER THE SEAT - As Yousef's hands AFFIX A DEVICE under his seat cushion using black electrical tape. A plastic bottle and a cheap Casio watch.

Yousef straightens up. And smiles at the Stewardess as she rolls the drink cart towards him...

EXT. CEBU AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Island of Cebu, Philippines. The 747, LANDING...

INT. CEBU AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT

Yousef, disembarking at the Gate. He walks briskly, eyes forward. We TRACK HIM through the terminal until he passes

A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN - Walking to the Gate. We drop Yousef and FOLLOW HIM back to the Jetway to the plane...

INT. PHILIPPINE AIRLINES 747 -- NIGHT

The Japanese Businessman, walking down the aisle of the aircraft. He reaches Yousef's former seat. Checking his ticket for the seat number. It MATCHES.

The Businessman stows his carry-on and settles into Yousef's seat for the second leg of the flight...

EXT. CEBU AIRPORT -- NIGHT

The 747, LIFTING OFF...

INT. PHILIPPINE AIRLINES 747 (FLYING) -- NIGHT

The Japanese Businessman, doing some work in a notebook. His tray table down. Sipping a glass of Pellegrino. He finishes it. Reaches up and hits the CALL BUTTON.

The Stewardess, in the front of the cabin. Sees the light. Looks back. The Businessman holds up his cup for a refill. She nods and goes to get the bottle. Returning with it...

She's six rows away from the Japanese Businessman when his lower body explodes.

The BLAST is small and contained, but the sound deafening. Chunks of the poor man go flying as the device DETONATES...

INT. PHILIPPINE AIRLINES 747 COCKPIT (FLYING) -- NIGHT

The PILOT, screaming into his headset:

PHILLIPINE AIRLINES PILOT

(subtitled)

*Mayday, Mayday, we've had an
explosion onboard! Cabin pressure
is stable but we're coming in!*

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Roger, SPRINTING DOWN the hallway, file under his arm...

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke looks up as Roger BURSTS IN, out of breath:

ROGER

Yousef...

CLARKE

We got him?

ROGER

Missed him. Fire in an apartment building in Manila - they found his hideout. It was filled with liquid explosives and timers... and this.

He hands Clarke the file.

ROGER (CONT'D)

He's calling it "Bojinka".

Clarke, reading it with growing horror:

CLARKE

This is a list of flight numbers...

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke, with Roger and Lake. All in a near panic:

TONY LAKE

You called FAA?

CLARKE

We're trying to ground all flights from the Philippines now.

ROGER

This has gotta be related to that
Japanese businessman last month-
(paging through a
report)

Here, "device was nitroglycerine
with a Casio watch as a timer"-

CLARKE

Tony, you can set an alarm on a
Casio to go off *three years* from
now. If he's already hidden these
on planes-

TONY LAKE

(reaching for a phone)
Everything over the Pacific needs
to get on the ground, *now*.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

Clarke and Roger, outside the West Wing entrance.

ROGER

He's going after planes now.

CLARKE

Yeah.

(pause)

Captive target group, maximum
destruction-

ROGER

Economics. Destroy confidence in
air travel. Bring down tourism,
business travel-

Clarke looks up at him, realizing:

CLARKE

It's media friendly.

ROGER

What?

CLARKE

Planes and landmarks. It's perfect
for the news. They aren't just
going for body count - they're
going for *headlines*.

(pause)

Who are these guys?

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Steve Simon drops a FILE on Clarke's desk.

SIMON

List of contacts for Yousef and
Kansi.

Clarke scans down the names - there is *al-Fadl, Nosair, Adullah, bin Laden, Azzam, Rahman*, the list goes on and on and on...

CLARKE

The Blind Sheik's Egyptian, right?

SIMON

Violently so, yes. He's the cleric
who issued the fatwa to kill Sadat.

CLARKE

And Yousef is Pakistani.

SIMON

Grew up in Kuwait.
(pointing to the names)
This guy Saudi Arabia, this guy
Afghanistan-

ROGER

So it's the International
Fundamentalist All Stars.

KURTZ

(to Clarke)

Where have we seen *that* before?

A beat. Quietly:

CLARKE

The mujahideen.

ROGER

So you think this is Muj 2: Electric
Bugaloo?

(off their looks)

Sorry. Generational thing.

BENJAMIN

Makes sense. You had two Great
Satans in the world - Russia and
America. Russia's gone, and *we're*
now the ones with troops in the
Holy Land, so...

ROGER

What does the FBI think?

KURTZ

The FBI is *fucked*. 56 princeships
in need of a king. New York doesn't
talk to D.C, D.C doesn't talk to
L.A....

CLARKE

And everything's gotta go up the
chain of command, which only takes
about an hour shorter than forever.
(shaking his head)
I'd give a years pay for one fed
who gets what we're facing here...

CUT TO:

EXT. O'NEILL'S CAR (MOVING) -- NIGHT

Cresting a hill headed down into Washington D.C. *The Clash*
blares on the radio. The sun, cresting over the Capitol.
JOHN O'NEILL sits behind the wheel. Tired but smiling, he's
driven through the night to a new job...

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAWN

Cleaning crews work as O'Neill carries a CARDBOARD BOX of
belongings through the empty hallways. Heading to...

INT. EMPTY OFFICE -- DAWN

Just a phone and a desk. O'Neill sets the box down. Takes
the place in. His new home. The PHONE RINGS.

O'NEILL
(picking up)

Hello?

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAWN

Clarke, on the other end, taken aback by the strange voice.

CLARKE

Who's this?

INT. O'NEILL'S OFFICE -- DAWN

O'NEILL
"Who's this?" You called me - who
the hell are you?

CLARKE (O.S.)

Dick Clarke.

O'NEILL
From Bandstand?

INTERCUT:

CLARKE
(annoyed)
From the *White House*. I do
terrorism.

O'Neill beginning to unpack.

O'NEILL
Hey, what do you know, I do
terrorism too. John O'Neill.

CLARKE
How long have you been Section
Chief?

O'Neill unpacks some files.

O'NEILL
Ohhhh, roundabouts a minute and a
half. And here I am, already
talking to the White House, living
the dream. What can I do you for,
Dick?

CLARKE
We have a lead on Ramzi Yousef.

O'Neill puts down the files. All business.

O'NEILL
Where?

CLARKE
Pakistan. We had a walk in at our
embassy, he gave us a location. I
know you have to go up the chain
of command but-

O'NEILL
(immediately)
We need a snatch team in, a
photographer so we can verify- we
have his prints right? Somebody
needs to roll him when we grab
him, fax it to the New York Office
so we can compare-

CLARKE
You're not even gonna get a team
in without Pakistan clearing it-

O'NEILL
Can you muscle State?

Clarke, impressed by the rapidity of O'Neill's responses.

CLARKE
I used to work there, but we need
to figure out flightpaths-

O'NEILL
Yeah, don't want to get shot down
on the way out-
(pause)
We should be doing this instead of
talking to each other, shouldn't
we?

Clarke, smiling. Liking this guy. A beat and then:

CLARKE AND O'NEILL
(in unison)
I'll call you back.

They both hang up.

EXT. PAKISTAN -- DAY

February 6, 1995. We're inside a parked car across the street
from a rickety white two story guest house called the SU-
CASA. The sun burns down. It's hot as hell.

A thin Muslim man exits the house. He runs his hand through
his hair. The signal.

A team of American and Pakistani agents in black explode out
of the car, sprinting across the dirt road - the camera
jostles as we follow them up the steps of the house and...

INT. SU-CASA GUEST HOUSE -- DAY

...BURST through the door of ROOM 16 to find -

RAMZI YOUSEF asleep in his bed. He wakes screaming at the
team who expertly bind his hands and feet with zip cords and
throw a black bag over his head -

YOUSEF
(in Farsi)
*A warrant! I demand to see your
warrant!*

- as they bodily pick up Yousef and haul him -

EXT. SU-CASA GUEST HOUSE -- DAY

- OUTSIDE and down the stairs and we don't cut as they toss him INTO the car we started in which SPEEDS OFF...

One shot. No cuts. The whole abduction taking 45 seconds.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- FBI HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

O'Neill, looking more ragged than ever. Circles under his eyes. TWO AGENTS off to the side, whispering:

FBI AGENT

Has he even slept in the last three days?

O'Neill's PHONE RINGS - he snatches it up. INTERCUT:

CLARKE

They got him. He's on the plane.

O'NEILL

Can we unclench yet?

CLARKE

Not till he's wheels down in New York.

INT. U.S. PLANE (FLYING) -- DAY

Yousef sits in a seat. Still with the bag over his head. FBI AGENT PICKARD takes a seat next to him. Removes the bag. Yousef blinks at the light.

AGENT PICKARD

I wanted you to see this.

He points out the window - the NEW YORK SKYLINE. Passing the WORLD TRADE TOWERS.

AGENT PICKARD (CONT'D)

You failed.

Yousef turns away from the Towers. Looks at the Agent. And *smiles...*

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Clarke sits at a table alone. As O'Neill approaches:

CLARKE

John O'Neill?

O'NEILL

That's what my mother claims.
Brought you a gift.

He puts a bottle of scotch he's carrying down.

CLARKE

Lagavulin. You've been checking
up on me.

O'NEILL

(taking a seat)

Yup. From what I hear, you have
the ear of the President, steal
other people's turf, and are
considered a bit of a fucker. You
check me out as well?

CLARKE

Born in Atlantic City, just
transferred in from Chicago, and
not the most popular man within
the political ranks of the FBI.

O'NEILL

I'm a bit of fucker myself.

O'Neill grins at this. Clarke grins back.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

So, you gonna help me drink this
or what?

CUT TO:

Later. A few scotches in.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

The Director thinks it's over. We
got Yousef, we got the blind sheik,
and World Trade was an isolated
random incident.

CLARKE

What do you think?

O'NEILL

I think this is *beginning*.

Clarke says nothing. Just sips his scotch.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

I hear you're working on Clinton,
trying to get more money.

CLARKE

I figure half a billion should get
counterterrorism up to speed.

O'Neill laughs.

O'NEILL

No way you get that kind of cash
from them.

CLARKE

So I've been told.

O'NEILL

You know what else I hear?

CLARKE

What?

O'NEILL

That you're in it for the power.
Trying to consolidate a bunch of
different agencies under you, under
the White House.

CLARKE

What if I am?

O'NEILL

Then you're either power hungry
son of a bitch or you see something
the rest of them don't.

CLARKE

You know what I see? A chemical
weapon going off in downtown Boston
and FEMA, the National Guard, and
the FBI tripping over each other
because nobody's ready for it.

O'Neill stares at him.

O'NEILL

Who's coming after us, Dick?

A beat.

CLARKE

I don't know.

Silence. O'Neill sips his drink.

O'NEILL

Al Capone.

(MORE)

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

We Feebs love to talk about Capone,
don't we? Our finest hour. You
know how they got him, right?

CLARKE

Taxes.

O'NEILL

They followed the money.

(leaning forward)

Let's assume for a moment that
World Trade, Aided's militia,
Bojinka - they're not isolated.
They're connected.

CLARKE

Okay.

O'NEILL

So who connects them? Who pays
for this shit?

CLARKE

Conventional wisdom is no one state
or person. Maybe a couple of small
donations from back in the homeland
but look at how World Trade went
down - they don't have enough money
for the proper amount of explosives
needed to bring the towers down,
they go back for the van deposit-

O'NEILL

So Yousef's pleading to being cash
poor.

CLARKE

Yeah-

O'NEILL

But that doesn't make sense.

CLARKE

Why not?

O'NEILL

Yousef flew into JFK in March '92.

CLARKE

I know, we have the records-

O'NEILL

Dick - he flew *first class*.

Clarke stares at him...

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

A meeting of the CSG. O'Neill with them.

ROGER

You're looking for a money man; we think we may have someone. One name keeps popping up.

(passing out files)

This man, bin Laden. Osama or Usama depending on how you pronounce it.

O'NEILL

What do you guys have on him?

SIMON

Not much. He's rich, family money from construction. Did a year in Afghanistan fighting with the muj - although most rich boys back then did. We call it the "jihad jollies".

BENJAMIN

Kind of like summer camp, you go just sit in a tent nowhere near the front lines for a month, then come back and tell everyone how you "fought for the cause".

SIMON

(flips a page)

Highly critical of the Saudi royal family's secular living to the point where they booted him out. Basically, he's nothing special except for the fact that his name keeps popping up.

O'Neill turns to Clarke.

O'NEILL

So he could be the money.

CLARKE

Yeah.

ROGER

What do you think CIA knows about him?

A beat. O'Neill smiles at Clarke.

O'NEILL

I like this kid...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Clarke sits with Winston Wiley and several CIA suits.

WINSTON WILEY

We're aware of bin Laden.

CLARKE

How aware?

WINSTON WILEY

He's a terrorist financier.

Clarke looks from one face to the other.

CLARKE

Christ, he's not an asset is he?

WINSTON WILEY

No. But he is... a person of interest. Off the record? The Saudis tried to have him killed.

CLARKE

Really.

WINSTON WILEY

There were rumors that after Saddam went into Kuwait, bin Laden went to the House of Saud and offered to help get him out. Said he would raise an Army of Muslim warriors to fight against the purely secular Hussein. Tried to give them a viable alternative to letting Americans into the Kingdom. Obviously, they turned him down.
(pause)

You were one of the people who convinced them to go other way, weren't you?

CLARKE

I was there.

WINSTON WILEY

In any case, bin Laden broke with the government after that. Started calling them out as traitors to the Muslim world. They responded by revoking his citizenship and hiring a hit squad.

CLARKE

Where is he now?

WINSTON WILEY

Somewhere in the Sudan, we think.

CLARKE

You think?

WINSTON WILEY

We don't have the funding to keep tabs on every terrorist financier dilettante. Believe me we'd like to, this one seems... determined.

(pause)

You're trying to get more money for terrorism right?

CLARKE

Yeah.

Wiley leans forward. In earnest:

WINSTON WILEY

Try harder.

EXT. HAITIAN AIRPORT -- MORNING

April 19, 1995. A PLANE comes in for a landing...

INT. HAITIAN AIRPORT -- MORNING

Clarke walks through the heat, cell phone pressed to his ear. From the phone:

O'NEILL (O.S.)

The hell are you doing in Haiti?

CLARKE

Just managing your average everyday military crisis. Where are you?

O'NEILL (O.S.)

Having a barbecue on the CIA Headquarters lawn.

CLARKE

No, seriously, where are you?

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS LAWN -- DAY

O'Neill wears a huge white CHEF'S HAT and APRON, working a GRILL FULL OF BURGERS on the CIA HEADQUARTERS LAWN.

O'NEILL

Having a barbecue on the CIA Headquarters lawn. I wanted to start fostering more interagency communication.

INTERCUT:

CLARKE

And you figured the best way to do that is to ply them with liquor and meat?

O'NEILL

You got a better idea?
(shouting)

Hey, Ronnie, burger's up!

His beeper goes off. He checks the number. The office.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Shit, I have to call in...

He trails off noticing - OTHER BEEPERS begin going off on the other FBI Agents there. Then the CIA Agents. Soon it's everyone. O'Neill's face falls.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Hey, Dick...

IN THE AIRPORT - Clarke's own pager begins going...

CLARKE

Good luck.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

You too.

He hangs up. Clarke, DIALING. Beverly answers.

CLARKE

What was it?

BEVERLY (O.S.)

A bomb. Federal building in Oklahoma City. It's horrible...

Clarke, hurrying through the airport, looking for a television...

CLARKE

Who's in?

BEVERLY (O.S.)

I'll get Steve.

Clarke rounds a corner to find an AIRPORT BAR. A CROWD of U.S. SERVICEMEN have gathered, watching the first images. On the phone:

SIMON (O.S.)

Dick?

CLARKE

Convene the CSG-

SIMON (O.S.)

Already done, the President's running the meeting. But, I mean- *Oklahoma City*? Not exactly a fundamentalist's finest hour.

CLARKE

I know, this smells domestic.

Clarke pauses seeing - BODYBAGS being carried away from the scene. People crying over the dead.

American dead.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Steve. We can use this.

Several heads at the bar turn.

SIMON (O.S.)

What?

CLARKE

For the funding. We can use this to get the money we need.

A BURLY SERGEANT bristles at hearing this.

BURLY SERGEANT

What the *fuck* is wrong with you? There were *kids* in there-

AIDE

Hey, he's with the White House-

BURLY SERGEANT

I don't give a shit if he's with the Pope-

CLARKE

I meant get money so this doesn't happen again-

The Sergeant SPITS on him. Clarke blinks in surprise.

BURLY SERGEANT
 (shaking with rage)
 Get the fuck away from me...

As the Aide hustles him away.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Clarke sits on his couch, phone to his ear. Watching TV -
 TIMOTHY MCVEIGH being led away by FBI agents. Clarke, still
 wearing that weary expression. Through phone:

ROGER (O.S.)
 The President's pushing the bill
 through Congress. We'll get the
 money.

CLARKE
 (absently)
 Good.

ROGER (O.S.)
 Hey, Dick, are you okay?

CLARKE
 Fine.

He doesn't look fine. Before Roger can respond, he hangs up
 the phone.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS CORRIDORS-- DAY

Clarke and Roger, walking with Wiley.

WINSTON WILEY
 The money will help. We're talking
 about creating a virtual CIA station
 to track bin Laden's people.

CLARKE
 Why the stepped up interest?

WINSTON WILEY
 There's a rumor bin Laden had a
 hand in trying to kill Mubarak.

CLARKE
 So his name popped up again.

WINSTON WILEY
 In conjunction with an assassination
 attempt on the sitting Egyptian
 President.

CLARKE

Kind of interesting since the Blind Sheik was involved with the assassination of Egypt's last President.

WINSTON WILEY

Your friend at the FBI thought so too.

(pause)

There are rumblings he's starting to piss the wrong people off.

CLARKE

That's his problem.

WINSTON WILEY

Could become your problem too. Look, I like him. He's the first fed in fifty years who wants to be buddy-buddy with the Company, but he's cutting himself off at the knees. You're a political guy, Dick-

CLARKE

(instantly)

No, I'm not.

WINSTON WILEY

Jesus, relax, I meant it as a *compliment*. If he's your friend, help him. Teach him how to play the game.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CAFETERIA -- DAY

Clarke and O'Neill, having lunch. O'Neill exhales, upset.

O'NEILL

The fucking *gun lobby*. They feel the bans we're requesting violate the second amendment.

CLARKE

The bans on bomb making materials? Who hunts ducks with C-4?

O'NEILL

Apparently you've never been to New Jersey.

Clarke appraises him. Carefully:

CLARKE

You might want to take it easy.

O'NEILL

We need this stuff passed *now*.

Clarke puts his sandwich down.

CLARKE

You're making enemies, John.

O'NEILL

Good.

Interrupted as Roger sits down. Face serious.

ROGER

I need to talk to you-

Before he can continue:

O'NEILL

What happened?

CLARKE

Is it an embassy?

O'NEILL

It's the fucking Aum, isn't it, I knew we should have followed up-

CLARKE

(grabbing his phone)

I'll call Lake-

O'NEILL

(grabbing his phone)

I'll get the director-

ROGER

Guys!

They both stop, mid-dial.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm getting married.

A beat. They lower the phones.

O'NEILL

Holy Christ, it's worse than I thought.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION -- LATER

Waiters pass drinks. Roger and Laurie, standing in the receiving line. Laurie, talking to a friend.

LAURIE'S FRIEND

...it was beautiful.

LAURIE

Thank you.

LAURIE'S FRIEND

(to Roger)

Your pals are real party animals, huh?

He motions over to a

TABLE - Where Clarke, O'Neill, and Kurtz sit.

KURTZ

...he could just be the money.

O'NEILL

In '93, when no one wanted to touch the muj coming back from Afghanistan, bin Laden personally underwrote the travel of four hundred of them. That's not just a checkbook that's a man with a plan.

To a passing woman:

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Can I get another scotch, hon?

WOMAN

I'm a *bridesmaid*.

O'NEILL

Sorry, my mistake. The dress is lovely.

She moves on in a huff. To Clarke:

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

What do you think?

CLARKE

I think the dress was lovely.

O'NEILL

That's what I'm saying. Didn't help on the scotch front, though...

Laurie approaches.

LAURIE

Who wants to dance with a married woman?

Before O'Neill can respond -

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Not John.

(taps Clarke)

What do you say, handsome?

Clarke rises and takes her hand. They spin out onto the dance floor. Clarke, quite fleet of foot.

CLARKE

How are you holding up?

LAURIE

I'm about ready to kill my family.
Other than that?

Clarke smiles. Looking over to see Roger sit down with the others.

CLARKE

You've got a good husband there.

LAURIE

Yeah, he'll do.

Watching Roger join in on the shop talk.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I think you have him more than I do.

(pause)

He idolizes you, you know.

CLARKE

I can't imagine why.

Laurie doesn't respond. They continue dancing.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

We do important work. Roger does important work-

LAURIE

Just don't turn him into you, okay?

Clarke stares at her.

CLARKE
I don't think there's much chance-

LAURIE
There is.

(pause)
The sky can't be falling all the
time. Not for him.. Okay?

A beat. Clarke nods.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
I don't mean any offense. We both
love you. But sometimes, you
seem...

CLARKE
What?

She looks up at him.

LAURIE
Sometimes you seem very sad.

A TAP on Clarke's shoulder. Roger.

ROGER
Can I cut in?

Clarke steps back.

CLARKE
Of course.

He kisses Laurie's cheek and steps away. Roger takes his
bride's hand and sweeps her onto the dance floor. The happy
couple. The beginning of a family.

Clarke stands in the corner. Just watching.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke sits in his living room. Sipping a glass of wine.

Alone.

The clock on the wall ticks. Amplifying the emptiness of
the place. On his mantlepiece. Still empty.

Clarke sighs. Drains his glass. Rises and heads to bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY -- NIGHT

A desert wind whips past the guard gate...

INT. U.S. EMBASSY -- NIGHT

A large cocktail party. The AMBASSADOR, glad handing some dignitaries. An AIDE comes up and passes him a note. The Ambassador glances at it and excuses himself.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY -- BACK STAIRS -- NIGHT

The Ambassador hurries down the back staircase - cold concrete, for internal use only. Headed to the basement...

INT. U.S. EMBASSY BASEMENT -- NIGHT

A WINDOWLESS CONCRETE ROOM. Only a mirror on the wall. Two way. A SUDANESE MAN sits at a table, speaking in Arabic to an interrogator. He's sweating. Stubs out a cigarette and runs a hand through his hair. He's been there for hours. The interrogator slides a pad of paper and a pencil to him. The Sudanese man looks up at him.

SUDANESE MAN

Coca?

The Interrogator shakes his head. Stabs at the paper - "write". The Sudanese Man becomes indignant.

SUDANESE MAN (CONT'D)

Coca!

BEHIND THE MIRROR

AMBASSADOR

What's he saying?

AIDE

He's thirsty, he wants a Coke.

AMBASSADOR

For Chrissakes...

He exits...

IN THE ROOM

The argument has escalated. The Sudanese Man sits back, folding his arms across his chest - he will not write. The door opens and the Ambassador enters. Puts a can of Coke down on the table. Pops the top for him.

AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

You will write it down for us.
Everything.

The interrogator translates. The Sudanese Man doesn't respond, instead draining most of the soda in long gulps. He picks up the pencil and begins to write. "al-Qaeda..."

EXT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Clarke, walking through the parking lot briskly as Roger briefs him.

CLARKE

It translates to "The Base"?

ROGER

Or "The Foundation". Bin Laden's money comes from construction and he's using it as a metaphor for the foundation of the building of a Great Caliphate.

CLARKE

And this man was a walk-in?

ROGER

Practically a run in.

(checks his notes)

Jamal al-Fadl, former muj - he was a financial front man for the group, moved large sums of money for Osama. About a hundred thousand of it ended up in his own pocket.

CLARKE

Bin Laden found out?

ROGER

And Jamal came to us.

Crossing the street towards the WHITE HOUSE...

ROGER (CONT'D)

There's something else...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- OVAL OFFICE -- DAY

A PRINCIPALS MEETING. Clarke, briefing.

CLARKE

He's trying to buy uranium.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

For a nuclear weapon?

CLARKE

Yes, sir. Also chemical weapons.
And he's training soldiers at camps
in Afghanistan.

TONY LAKE

We can confirm this?

CLARKE

Al-Fadl trained at one himself
alongside Ramzi Yousef.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

So we can connect this bin Laden
to the World Trade Center attack?

CLARKE

Tangentially, yes. Bin Laden's on
the move now. He's closed his
companies in Khartoum and left the
Sudan for Afghanistan. That's
what allowed al-Fadl to escape.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Why'd he leave?

CLARKE

The Sudanese expelled him.

TONY LAKE

We've been pushing the NIF to expel
him for months, Saudi Arabia's
been doing the same for years.
Why'd they do it now?

CLARKE

A combination of reasons, but my
feeling is, the NIF were worried
about how much power he was
acquiring in the region. They
were worried he could potentially
overthrow their government.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Wait a minute - you're telling me
this man, whose name we only really
first heard about a year ago, this
man potentially has the power to
purchase nuclear weapons and topple
mid-east governments?

CLARKE

It would appear that's what the
Sudanese believe, sir.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Janet, start figuring out how we
can get an indictment.

The President turns to George Tenet - CIA Director.

PRESIDENT CLINTON (CONT'D)
George, can we pull off a snatch?

GEORGE TENET
It would be difficult, sir.
Khartoum would be tough enough,
but if he's gone to ground in
Afghanistan...

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Find him. And Dick, find out just
how prepared we are in case he
does get his hands on a weapon.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke, Roger, and O'Neill rise as LISA GORDON-HAGERTY blows
into the room, already talking:

LISA
You guys are fucked. Seriously,
seriously fucked.

CLARKE
Guys, this is Lisa Gordon-Hagerty
from Energy - I worked with her on
the Tokyo Subway Attack-

LISA
Your fuckedness knows no bounds.

CLARKE
-and she's here to brief us on
preparedness.

LISA
Yeah, "preparedness" implies that
we're even remotely ready for
something, *which we're not*. I
mean, forget about dirty bombs for
a second, we have absolutely no
capability to deal with a biological
or chemical attack. Let's say,
for example, someone releases ebola
in New Mexico.

ROGER
Where's someone going to get ebola
from?

LISA

The Soviets had it. They were developing bio weapons right up until the Iron Curtain fell - you don't think their ten thousand doses didn't go onto the black market along with all those old nukes everyone was so worried about? So - ebola in Albuquerque. Health and Human Services would be on point for that, right?

ROGER

Right.

LISA

Wrong, cause FEMA wants in too. That's two agencies jockeying already and I'm not even gonna get into the investigative side of things. So - two agencies, one outbreak. Can they quarantine the area?

ROGER

Of course-

LISA

Not legally they can't. Both would have to go through local or federal government. But let's say they're actually able to do this with relative speed and lock down the area. What happens to the people?

O'NEILL

They die.

LISA

Really? They just calmly lay down and expire?

CLARKE

They try to escape.

LISA

After a couple attempts to beat up and doctors and nurses, yeah, they're gonna try and hop the fence. Do you shoot them? Can you shoot them? Who has to give the order? FEMA can't. H.H.S. can't.

CLARKE

The President can.

LISA

In an election year, Bill Clinton's gonna drop the order to mow down infected civilians on national television. Because, don't forget how many cameras are going to be around the area - you can't exactly quarantine a city without attracting attention.

CLARKE

He'd have to.

LISA

Yeah, but how many would get away while the question worked it's way up the chain and hands were wrung? How quick would the infection spread?

O'Neill turns to Clarke.

O'NEILL

I like her. She's cheery.

LISA

All right hotshots, if one hundred percent mortality scenarios aren't your cup of tea, let's go with something a little more non-lethal - say, anthrax in Albany?

ROGER

Anthrax can be vaccinated against.

LISA

Sure can. You know how many doses we have in this country? Ten thousand. All for the military. Know how they got it?

Clarke puts his head in his hands.

CLARKE

This is about the horse, isn't it?

LISA

That's right, the Army's got a horse! And they kept shooting it full of anthrax slowly to build up an immunity. A possible nationwide plague to rival the Black Death, and what do we have to combat it with? Secretariat.

A beat. Deadpan:

O'NEILL

We're gonna need more horses.

LISA

Brother, you ain't lying. Because sooner rather than later something like this is going to happen and we don't even have a half-assed outdated plan *on the shelf* for it.

A beat as they absorb this.

CLARKE

So how long would it take to put a plan together?

LISA

You're asking the wrong chick, mon ami. I don't work here.

(rising)

Sorry to cut this short, but I gotta get back to my nukes.

Clarke stands with her, offering his hand.

CLARKE

Thank you, I'll pass all this along to the President.

LISA

When you do, you might want to ask if he thinks it's such a good idea security wise to put the Olympic Village on the Georgia Tech campus.

ROGER

What's dangerous about the campus?

LISA

For starters? There's a nuclear reactor in the middle of it.

Clarke blinks. O'Neill dials his cell phone.

O'NEILL

(into phone)

Yes, I need to talk to the Director about the Olympic Village Security...

Lisa smiles as she exits.

LISA

You fellas have a super day. I'm
voting for Dole.

CUT TO:

ON TELEVISION

Balloons falling. Clinton at the podium. Accepting four
more years in office to a cheering crowd. We are in

INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- NIGHT

A victory party. Tuxedoed guests mingle and watch Clinton
on the huge projection screens at the room's front. Clarke
mingles. Roger approaches. Having to talk loudly over the
other guests.

ROGER

I was thinking you should ask that
woman from Energy to come over and
work for you.

CLARKE

I was thinking the same thing.

ROGER

You should get her now...

A ROAR from the partygoers off a line in Clinton's speech.
Shouting over this:

ROGER (CONT'D)

...Cause I'm leaving!

CLARKE

This early?

ROGER

No, I'm leaving! Maybe go back to
the Pentagon for awhile!

Clarke stops. Realizing what he's saying.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm burnt, Dick. I want a life.
I want kids. I want to *sleep*.

A beat.

CLARKE

Sky can't be falling all the time,
right?

ROGER
 (frowning)
 You okay with this?

Clarke manages a smile.

CLARKE
 Actually- Yeah. Yeah. I think
 it's a good idea.

Roger smiles. Relieved.

ROGER
 You want another drink?

CLARKE
 Sure.

Roger heads towards the bar. Stops, turning back. Another
 ROAR to be shouted over:

ROGER
 You know if you ever need me, all
 you gotta do is call!

CLARKE
 I know!

But it's SWALLOWED UP by the sound. Roger smiles... and
 DISAPPEARS INTO THE CROWD. Hold on Clarke and then

FADE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS -- NIGHT

Clarke's car driving down the road...

O'NEILL (O.S.)
 Who's this guy we're meeting?

INT. CLARKE'S CAR (MOVING) -- NIGHT

Clarke drives, O'Neill sits shotgun.

CLARKE
 Mike Scheur. Runs Alec Station,
 the virtual CIA post on bin Laden.

O'NEILL
 Interagency cooperation - you gotta
 love it.

(pause)
 Your boy Cressey jumped ship, huh?

CLARKE
It was time.

O'NEILL
You really believe that?

CLARKE
Most people last two years doing
this, he lasted five-

O'NEILL
And you figured he was family.

A beat.

CLARKE
I don't have family, John.

O'Neill exhales.

O'NEILL
You should. They make life a hell
of a lot more interesting.

Clarke drives on. After a bit:

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Just so you know, I'm headed out
too. Going to the New York office
to head the National Security
Division. I'll be running
counterterrorism for the FBI-

CLARKE
But not in Washington.

O'Neill turns to him.

O'NEILL
This is good for us.

CLARKE
I didn't say it wasn't.

O'NEILL
You didn't say congratulations,
either.

CLARKE
Sorry. Congratulations.

O'NEILL
Thank you.

(MORE)

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

(pause)

You know you're not alone in this,
right?

Clarke stares straight ahead, gripping the wheel.

CLARKE

Right.

INT. ALEC STATION -- NIGHT

The first fully virtual CIA station. Devoted to one goal - tracking the Bin Laden Network. Clarke and O'Neill stride down some stairs following an AGENT.

O'NEILL

You're hiring that woman from
Energy?

CLARKE

She was right about the Olympics.

O'NEILL

She was right about everything.
Scared yet?

The Agent opens the door leading them into

INT. SECTION CHIEF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Section Chief rises.

SECTION CHIEF

Gentlemen, welcome to Alec Station.

O'NEILL

What's the good word?

SECTION CHIEF

For starters, Osama bin Laden may
have sleeper cells in up to fifty
different countries.

Clarke and O'Neill look like they've just gotten the wind
knocked out of them...

EXT. ALEC STATION -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

After the meeting. Clarke watches O'Neill rage.

O'NEILL

Fuck! I knew it!

He kicks the bumper of his car.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

How long has CIA been onto this guy, huh? Years - and we gotta play catch up? What'd they think bin Laden's been doing since he fought the Soviets, aromotherapy?

CLARKE

We're on him now.

O'NEILL

He's got troops, he's going for nukes, and now he's got sleepers. What about that says to you that we're *ahead* of the curve? *Fuck!*

CLARKE

Just calm down-

O'NEILL

You gonna tell me about politics now, Dick? You gonna teach me how to play the game?

CLARKE

The game gets things done-

O'NEILL

(pointing)

That in there - *that's* the game!
We're better than that! *Goddammit!*

He kicks the car again. Clarke, realizing:

CLARKE

They wanted you out, didn't they?

O'NEILL

What are you talking about?

CLARKE

Your transfer. They wanted you out of D.C.

O'Neill, breathing hard. Frustrated. Finally:

O'NEILL

Yeah, okay? Yeah. But it doesn't matter what they want, this is what *I* want. Fuck working at Headquarters, New York is the target. You *know* it's the target. And I'm gonna to be there.

Clarke stays silent. O'Neill, calming down. Looking at his friend.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

You know I'm not the only one they want out, right?

CLARKE

I'm safe.

O'NEILL

Nobody's safe in this town, Dick. You don't think people are trying to get you fired? Actively trying?

CLARKE

Who?

O'NEILL

Your enemies? They're not just overseas. Watch your back.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Lisa, moving in to her new digs. Fiddling with the Mr. Coffee by her desk.

LISA

How do you make the coffee machine work?

KURTZ

We just ask Bev for coffee.

Passing behind him, Beverly swats him on the arm.

KURTZ (CONT'D)

Ow! I'm delicate...

Clarke exits his office, mood somber.

LISA

Why, Dick, you positively glow in the morning.

CLARKE

Berger called. About my job.

The place GOES QUIET.

LISA

Should I keep unpacking, or...

KURTZ

Classy.

LISA

Thanks.

BENJAMIN

The new National Security Advisor
isn't going to can you. We're
just starting to get traction here.

Clarke allows a half smile.

CLARKE

I'll see you when I get back.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sandy Berger - National Security Advisor rises to shake
Clarke's hand.

CLARKE

Good to see you Sandy. Getting
settled?

SANDY BERGER

Yup.

CLARKE

Need me to bring you up to speed
on anything?

SANDY BERGER

No, I'm up to speed, Dick. That's
the problem.

He gestures for Clarke to have a seat. He does.

SANDY BERGER (CONT'D)

Since this President has taken
office, the amount of terrorist
incidents that have occurred-

CLARKE

I know.

SANDY BERGER

I don't think you do. There has
to be a change.

A beat. Clarke looks at him.

CLARKE

The President agrees with you?

SANDY BERGER

It was his idea.

Fuck.

SANDY BERGER (CONT'D)
Dick, we'd like you run it.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE
Run it?

SANDY BERGER
All of it. We'd like you to be
the National Coordinator for
Security, Infrastructure, and
Counterterrorism.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Clarke returns. Looking stunned. Everyone looks up.

BENJAMIN
What happened?

CLARKE
I don't quite know... but I'm now
apparently the National Coordinator
for Security, Infrastructure, and
Counterterrorism.

LISA
Try fitting that on a business
card.

CLARKE
(heading for his office)
You're the Weapons of Mass
Destruction Preparedness Director
to the National Security Council.

LISA
Says who?

Reaching his office...

CLARKE
The President.

He closes the door. The others look at Lisa, who shrugs.

LISA
Sweet.

CUT TO:

ABC NEWS - Peter Jennings on TV:

PETER JENNINGS

...President Clinton is expected to announce Richard Clarke as the country's first "Terrorism Czar"...

Clarke's name and the words "Terrorism Czar" start OVERLAPPING on the soundtrack from OTHER NEWSCASTS. But slowly, they begin to be OVERWHELMED by a VOICE-OVER...

BIN LADEN (V.O.)

(subtitled)

...for over seven years the United States has been occupying the lands of Islam in the holiest of places, the Arabian Peninsula, plundering its riches, dictating to its rulers, humiliating its people, terrorizing its neighbors, and turning its bases in the Peninsula into a spearhead through which to fight the neighboring Muslim peoples...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- ROSE GARDEN -- DAY

Clarke in his best suit stands next to President Clinton, being announced in his new post. OVER THIS:

BIN LADEN (V.O.)

...all these crimes and sins committed by the Americans are a clear declaration of War on God, his messenger, and Muslims. And ulema have throughout Islamic history unanimously agreed that the jihad is an individual duty if the enemy destroys the Muslim countries...

Clarke and the others CHUCKLE at a joke the President tells at the podium...

BIN LADEN (CONT'D)

On that basis, and in compliance with God's order, we issue the following fatwa to all Muslims -- The ruling to kill the Americans and their allies, civilians and military, is an individual duty for every Muslim who can do it in any country in which it is possible to do it in order to liberate the al-Aqsa Mosque and the holy mosque from their grip, and in order for their armies to move out of all

(MORE)

BIN LADEN (CONT'D)
*the lands of Islam, defeated and
 unable to threaten any Muslim.*

The CROWD APPLAUDS at the conclusion of the President's speech. Clarke, moving to shake his hand make a few remarks as we CUT TO:

A VIDEOTAPE

Grainy in quality. OSAMA BIN LADEN.

BIN LADEN (CONT'D)
*We, with God's help, call on every
 Muslim who believes in God and
 wishes to be rewarded to comply
 with God's order to kill the
 Americans and plunder their money
 wherever and whenever they find
 it. We also call on Muslim ulema,
 leaders, youths, and soldiers to
 launch the raid on Satan's U.S.
 troops and the devil's supporters
 allying with them, and to displace
 those who are behind them so that
 they may learn a lesson-*

PAUSE. Freezing Bin Laden's image. Fuzzy and shaking...

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Clarke, watching it. Alone in the dark. He hits rewind. The image backtracks. He hits play again...

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY -- MORNING

Nairobi, East Africa - U.S. Embassy. August 7, 1998.

10:30 in the morning. The U.S SOLDIER standing in the guard gate lights a cigarette with a match. A Toyota Dyna pick up rumbles down the street towards him. Slowing.

A man jumps out of the passenger seat. Lobs something at the gate. It clatters on the ground. Grenade.

GUARD

Jesus...

BOOM! The Grenade BLOWS. The guards scatter. The driver of the truck lifts an AUTOMATIC WEAPON and begins FIRING. Hosing down the area with bullets as he pulls the Toyota closer to the still closed gate.

DRIVER
(to his partner;
subtitled)
The gate! The gate!

The retreating guards, RETURNING FIRE. The man with grenades turns and RUNS. The Driver curses and pulls the truck up to the gate. Closing his eyes, praying and

WHOOMP! The Toyota disappears in a FLASH OF LIGHT.

It swallows the guards and the gate and passersby on the street and debris flies and windows shatter and...

Charred bodies and guts litter the street. Blood soaked chunks of concrete. In the distance, SCREAMING.

We've just seen a truck bomb kill 213 people.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY -- KENYA -- MORNING

Kenya - U.S. Embassy. Hundreds of miles away. An EMBASSY STAFFER picks up a ringing phone.

EMBASSY STAFFER
(subtitled)
Yes?

STATE DEPARTMENT LIASON (O.S.)
(through phone)
There's been a bombing at our
Nairobi embassy, we need you to
lock yourselves down and double
your security-

WHOOMP! The WALL EXPLODES INWARDS, collapsing the room and cutting the staffer in half.

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- MORNING

Clarke, Lisa, George Tenet, and several others hurry toward the Situation Room.

CLARKE
Where's the President?

AIDE
They're waking him, sir.

CLARKE
You tell him Osama bin Laden just
declared war on the United States.

GEORGE TENET
We don't know that.

Heading down the staircase to the SitRoom.

LISA

Two embassies in four minutes -
this has to be al-Qaeda.

GEORGE TENET

And you are?

LISA

Lisa Gordon-Hagerty, Weapons of
Mass Destruction Preparedness
Director. Cool title, huh?

CLARKE

Lisa will be the Mission Controller
for the investigation and recovery
efforts in Africa.

LISA

I will?

(Clarke nods)

Shit, I gotta go pack again...

She heads into the SitRoom.

CLARKE

George can I see you a sec?

He pulls Tenet into a vestibule. Speaking quietly:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

You know this is bin Laden.

GEORGE TENET

I admit it feels right, yes.

CLARKE

This isn't like Ramzi Yousef where
we had an indictment and cooperation-

GEORGE TENET

We'll get an indictment now.

CLARKE

The Taliban isn't going to hand
him over and we're not going to be
able to pull off a snatch.

(pause)

We need to kill him.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE -- LATER

A PRINCIPALS MEETING. Clarke hands President Clinton a group
of satellite photos.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

What are these?

CLARKE

Coordinates for the al-qaeda training camps, sir. George?

GEORGE TENET

Our intelligence confirms there's going to be a meeting of the al-qaeda leadership on the twentieth.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Bin Laden will be in attendance?

GEORGE TENET

That's what we're being told.

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- DAY

After the meeting. Clarke and Sandy Berger, leaving.

SANDY BERGER

Don't tell your people we're a go until right before - we don't want this leaking.

CLARKE

Likewise.

Berger takes a deep breath.

SANDY BERGER

Something else concerns me.

CLARKE

The timing?

Berger looks around to make sure no one is listening.

SANDY BERGER

The President gives his deposition on Monica on the seventeenth, we launch cruise missiles on the twentieth. It's going to scream "Wag the Dog". And we're going to look complicit.

CLARKE

That can't be helped.

SANDY BERGER

Just do us a favor. Don't miss.

BEERS (CONT'D)

The Dems want to *keep* the White House in 2000 and you just got in their way! Gore's already campaigning and because of *you*, the President look like he's comfortable killing people in order to distract the nation from his sex life! Do you *really* believe that Clinton or Gore's people will ever allow you to do something like that again?

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke, on the phone.

CLARKE

Please, just tell the Secretary that I want to discuss another strike. Thank you.

He SLAMS down the phone in frustration as Lisa enters with a grave look on her face.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I'm getting stonewalled left and right. They don't want to risk *missing* again. How do they expect us to stop these people, with squirt guns and hope?

(noticing her expression)

What?

LISA

You mean... you haven't seen it?

CLARKE

Seen what?

LISA

The cable.

CLARKE

What cable?

LISA

(turning to go)

Maybe I should have Sandy tell you-

CLARKE

Lisa, *what's wrong?*

Lisa takes a deep breath.

LISA

A source in one of our friendlier mid-East governments called the consul general last night. He had details on it.

CLARKE

On what?

LISA

On how you're to be murdered.

(pause)

Osama bin Laden's put a contract out on your life.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke and Lisa sit with Sandy Berger.

SANDY BERGER

You're getting Secret Service.

CLARKE

Sandy, this is ridiculous. We get garbage reports all the time-

LISA

What if it's real?

CLARKE

Well, as Mr. Spock said to Captain Kirk, "If you die, we all move up one rank."

LISA

Stop fucking around, Dick. This is serious.

CLARKE

I'm *being* serious-

SANDY BERGER

And so am I.

(with finality)

You're getting Secret Service.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke returns from Berger's office. Surprised to find Beverly standing by his desk, waiting for him.

CLARKE

What are you doing in here?

BEVERLY

Wanted to make sure you're okay.

CLARKE

Why wouldn't I be okay?

BEVERLY

That man's trying to get you killed.

CLARKE

Well, that makes sense since I'm trying to get him killed. It's okay, Bev, really-

BEVERLY

I want you to get a gun.

CLARKE

I'm taking Secret Service protection already, I don't need a gun-

BEVERLY

You get a gun or I'm quitting.

Silence. Clarke straightens up. Looking at her.

CLARKE

I hate guns.

BEVERLY

So do I. Don't make no difference. You gonna do it?

Clarke stares at her.

CLARKE

I'll do it.

BEVERLY

Okay, then.

(gestured to the phone)

You got Richard Perle on Two.

INT. SECRET SERVICE PISTOL RANGE -- EVENING

Clarke stands with a SECRET SERVICE AGENT who hands him a .357 Sig Sauer.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Have you ever fired a weapon before, sir?

CLARKE

No.

The Agent holds up a pistol. Showing him:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

This is the .357 Sig Sauer, takes seven rounds, six in the clip, one in the pipe. Twenty five ounce weight, no trigger guard, your safety is here and here only.

He hands it to Clarke who hefts the weight, awkwardly.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)

The .357 is a large caliber designed to put and keep people down. Headshots only work for movies and marksman - you want to aim for center mass.

CLARKE

Okay...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Let's give her a try.

Clarke slowly takes a firing stance. Very uncomfortable. How the hell did it come to this? He squeezes the trigger... BOOM! It's DEAFENING.

CLARKE

Jesus...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Adjust your grip. Again.

Clarke raises the weapon again - BOOM!

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Clarke sits at his desk. It's late. On the phone with William Cohen - Secretary of Defense. INTERCUT:

WILLIAM COHEN

It's not going to happen. This man has been on the run since 1993. He's dodged Saudi hit teams, he's dodged us. He's good at this.

CLARKE

Bill, look-

WILLIAM COHEN

Even if we get the intelligence of his whereabouts, it's going to be two hours old.

(MORE)

WILLIAM COHEN (CONT'D)

Corroboration from a second source will be another hour - Figure two more hours to get the White House to sign off, two more to get the subs into firing position, 45 minute flight time for the missiles - bin Laden would have to be at the same location for almost eight hours.

CLARKE

He has to sleep sometime.

WILLIAM COHEN

Look, I appreciate the fact a threat has been made on your life, but you're taking this too personally-

CLARKE

I'm walking around with a .357 strapped to my hip and Secret Service guarding my house - how *should* I be taking it Bill?

(pause)

What if we had George send a team into Afghanistan?

A beat. Cohen stiffens.

WILLIAM COHEN

The United States does not assassinate people.

CLARKE

So missiles are okay but a sniper isn't?

WILLIAM COHEN

You know the policy.

CLARKE

This isn't policy, it's *politics*. You just don't want to go down with the ship.

WILLIAM COHEN

I resent that!

CLARKE

Resent it all you want.

He hangs up in disgust. Lisa enters, weary. Slumps on the couch, rubbing her eyes.

LISA
Bin Laden again?

CLARKE
Can't find him.

LISA
The camps?

CLARKE
Won't bomb them.
(pause)
We're on the outside again.

LISA
What do you mean "we", white man?
I can go back to Energy and pretend
I never knew you.

CLARKE
That might not be such a bad idea.

Lisa sits up.

LISA
Hey, Dick? I'm not going anywhere.
And for the record, even though
Mike says you're the worst shot in
recorded history? I'm glad you
got the gun.

Clarke looks at her.

CLARKE
Believe it or not, I am too.

A beat. Lisa smiles and gets to her feet. Then stops.
Something occurring to her.

LISA
The problem with hitting bin Laden
is the timeline, right?

CLARKE
He'd have to be in the same place
for eight hours, yeah.

LISA
But, out of favor or not, if you
could give the President a tighter
window, he'd order the strike?

CLARKE
Most likely, yeah.

LISA

So how do we collapse the timeline?

Silence. Clarke scratches his head. Then:

CLARKE

How familiar are you with the Predator Project?

INT. AIR FORCE HANGAR -- DAY

A MISSION CONTROLLER leads Clarke, Lisa, and Sandy Berger around the small drone craft known as THE PREDATOR.

MISSION CONTROLLER

She's 47 feet long with a max altitude of 45,000; feet barely a blip on radar. We first started flying her '96 - she's faster and lighter than spy satellites and provides real time video of the ground.

SANDY BERGER

So with this, you could get eyes on a target in real time.

MISSION CONTROLLER

Not only eyes on, you can track the target.

LISA

How's that for collapsing the launch window?

Berger looks suitably impressed.

CLARKE

How quickly do you think we could get the Air Force to deploy one to Afghanistan?

SANDY BERGER

I'll take it to the President.

CUT TO:

BOOM! FIREWORKS EXPLODING over the NEW YORK SKYLINE...

INT. NEW YORK FBI BUILDING -- O'NEILL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

July 4, 1999. Clarke and O'Neill sit watching the fireworks. Sharing a bottle.

CLARKE

Good view from up here.

O'NEILL

Half the reason I took the gig.

(pause)

When are they gonna put the Predator up?

CLARKE

Soon.

O'NEILL

Congrats, by the way. Not many guys I know rate their own personal fatwa. It's like you and Rushdie.

Clarke smiles. O'Neill stares out the window.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Millennium's in a couple months. Gonna make this look like a tailgate party in Lot C at the Meadowlands.

CLARKE

You know the real millennium isn't till next year.

O'NEILL

I know that and you know that. You think Osama knows that?

A beat.

CLARKE

He's going to be coming for us.

O'NEILL

Oh, most definitely.

CLARKE

Embassies, allies-

O'NEILL

Dick. He's done that already. Only thing left is to try it here.

Clarke looks back out the window at the fireworks.

CLARKE

They're already here.

O'Neill nods. Watching with him. After a bit:

O'NEILL

So it's forth quarter, we're third
and long, and down by six.

CLARKE

Pretty much.

O'NEILL

So you gotta ask yourself, in that
situation - who do you want by
your side?

Clarke turns and looks at him. O'Neill nods and we

CUT TO:

EXT. CRESSEY HOUSE -- BACK YARD -- EVENING

Fall foliage. The sun sinking. Americana. Roger sits at a
patio table, playing with his NEWBORN. He looks up as he
hears the back gate creak open.

ROGER

Dick?

CLARKE

I heard you back here, I hope I'm
not disturbing you. Who's this
little one?

Roger props the baby up on his lap.

ROGER

Say hello to Emily.

CLARKE

Hello, Emily.

ROGER

You want to hold her?

CLARKE

I don't think-

ROGER

No, it's cool. Sit there.

Clarke sits. Roger hoists the baby into his lap.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Okay, now just rest her head there
and... voila! You are successfully
holding a baby.

Clarke stares at her. She grins and gurgles.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Pretty amazing, huh?

CLARKE
(still staring)
Yeah... Hang on, she's got a
little...
(dabbing her mouth
with his handkerchief)
There you go, honey.

He bounces her a little. She coos.

ROGER
You're a natural. You want a beer
or something?

CLARKE
No, I'm fine. Is Laurie around?

LAURIE (O.S.)
Dick?

Clarke looks up to see Laurie standing on the porch. We
can't tell if she's happy to see him or not.

CLARKE
Hi.

LAURIE
Hi.

CLARKE
Congratulations.
(pause)
I didn't mean to sneak in the back-

LAURIE
Yes, you did.
(pause; smiling)
It's good to see you.

CLARKE
You too.

LAURIE
I've got some iced tea inside.
I'll bring it out and leave you
two to talk.

EXT. CRESSEY HOUSE -- BACK YARD -- LATER

Clarke and Roger sit in the fading light. Laurie has taken
Emily back in, leaving them alone.

CLARKE
How's the Pentagon?

ROGER
Fine.
(grinning)
I take a lot of shit for knowing
you. How are things at 1600?

CLARKE
They think I'm the mad bomber.
Steve and Dan are leaving.
(pause)
I don't have many friends these
days.

Roger stares at him. A lot unsaid between them. Then:

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Jordan infiltrated a cell here for
New Years. Intel suggests several
targets - lots of dead Americans.
You know bin Laden, he likes
multiple targets, multiple cells-

ROGER
-on the same day, I know.

CLARKE
One day. The millennium.

Roger stares at him.

ROGER
What are you doing here, Dick?

Clarke looks up at him.

CLARKE
I need you.

INT. CRESSEY KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roger and Laurie, sitting up late. Talking it through.

ROGER
So... what do you think?

Laurie sighs.

LAURIE
I think it's a dangerous world. I
think we have a beautiful girl...
(MORE)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

I think her Daddy should go protect her.

Roger smiles...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT

December 31, 1999 - 11:49 EST. A MADHOUSE. Various aides and CSG members working the phones. We focus in on one - ROGER. He's back.

ROGER

(into phone)

No, we got the cell for Los Angeles!
Yeah, they were gonna blow up LAX!

(listening then)

Lisa - they want to know where we are on New York!

Across the table, Lisa cups her hand over her own phone and shouts back:

LISA

We've got armed Coastie cutters in the harbor and- and- call O'Neill, he'll know!

She goes back to her call as Roger goes back to his:

ROGER

I'm gonna check New York and get back to you.

He hangs up and redials, as we pan down to Kurtz:

KURTZ

(into phone)

...yes, sir, we've already foiled several attempts - The Jordanians who were going to bring down the Amman Radisson and kill the tourists at Mount Nebo, the Yemeni cells in Los Angeles and Calgary and- what? We had intel about Boston but no arrests, though we did grab an al-Qaeda operative in New York and-

An AIDE announcing to the room:

AIDE

POTUS is on-site at the Lincoln Memorial! Ten minutes, people!

Lisa, off the phone, crossing to Kurtz.

LISA
Where the hell is Dick?

KURTZ
(cupping the receiver)
He said he had to get changed.

LISA
Changed?

PAN BACK to Roger.

ROGER
John? John, I can barely here
you, where are you?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

O'Neill stands outside the Mayor's Mobile Command Center
among THOUSANDS OF SCREAMING TIMES SQUARE PARTYGOERS.

O'NEILL
*Times Square! I figure if they're
gonna try anything in New York,
it's gonna be here!*

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT

INTERCUT:

ROGER
Fair enough. Be safe.

O'NEILL
*You too! And, kid? It's good to
have you back!*

Roger smiles as he breaks the connection.

LISA (O.S.)
Oh, my God...

Roger turns to see what Lisa means and sees

CLARKE - Standing in the doorway. Dressed in a TUXEDO.
Holding a bottle of champagne.

LISA (CONT'D)
(to Kurtz)
You weren't kidding about "changed".

CLARKE

You've all done an amazing job. We've had no attacks and no computer failures. We've put a bunch of people in custody. We've done everything we can. So I propose this - we go up to the roof, pop a bottle of champagne, and see if the Washington Mall explodes or not.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF -- NIGHT

The real thing. Clarke, Roger, Lisa, Kurtz, Beverly and others stand counting down the seconds.

BEVERLY

Ten seconds.

(giggling)

You look like James Bond...

CLARKE

In a good way?

BEVERLY

Sure.

From around them the countdown - *Five, four, three, two, one!* But instead of screaming "Happy New Year!" EVERYONE IMMEDIATELY GOES SILENT. Some scanning skylines, our people on their cell phones. Listening. Tense. Then:

KURTZ

Nothing in Atlanta.

LISA

Boston's good.

ROGER

New York's clear.

Clarke, scanning the skyline for explosions. Only fireworks from the Lincoln Memorial. Suddenly - POP!

Everyone REACTS. Spinning around for the source of the sound... BEVERLY. She's just popped the champagne. Looking at them all like they're nuts. Shouting:

BEVERLY

Happy New Year!

The others laugh and follow suit. Popping other bottles. Breathing sighs of relief. Clarke pours some for Roger.

Dick? ROGER

Yeah? CLARKE

Thanks. ROGER

Clarke smiles. Gulps his own glass. Then:

CLARKE
Okay, everyone, it's three hours
to Los Angeles, so back to work!

Nobody complains. Filing back downstairs, contented grins
on their face. Lisa falls in with Clarke as they walk.

LISA
So what's next, boss?

CLARKE
We have confirmation bin Laden
tried to hit us on our own soil.

So now? KURTZ

CLARKE
Now we hit back.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFGHAN DESERT -- NIGHT

Silence. The middle of nowhere. And then from above

WHOOSH! An unmanned DRONE AIRCRAFT STREAKS OVERHEAD!

INT. PREDATOR MISSION CONTROL -- NIGHT

Clarke and Roger sit in the Mission Control center for the
Predator Drone project in an undisclosed location.

A LARGE VIEWSCREEN displays NIGHTVISION VIDEO IMAGES of the
ground below the craft.

CLARKE
Human intel says he's supposed to
be in this area tonight?

Yup. MISSION CONTROLLER

(MORE)

MISSION CONTROLLER (CONT'D)

We'll do fly-overs of known al-Qaeda camps, see if we can pick up any movement, but finding him could take awhile.

CUT TO:

LATER - Everyone at Mission Control exhausted. Clarke and Roger sit, picking at takeout.

CLARKE

You should get some sleep.

ROGER

Who knows when we'll get to do this again? Election's coming up. New administration, new priorities...

CLARKE

Aren't you glad you came back?

ROGER

Yeah, actually.

(smiling)

Lisa keeps putting bumper stickers on my stuff in the office. You have to tell her that my desk is not "Bush Country".

Clarke laughs.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Laurie and I are trying to get pregnant again.

CLARKE

So what are you doing hanging around here?

Roger takes a bite of noodles.

ROGER

Protecting my kid. Family isn't so bad, Dick.

CLARKE

(smiles)

I'm noticing.

Roger smiles back.

MISSION CONTROLLER

I think we've got something.

Clarke and Roger riser and walk over to him. The Controller gestures to the screen.

MISSION CONTROLLER (CONT'D)

Couple Land Rovers just took off from this camp.

(to the "Pilot")

Follow that car.

(to Clarke)

I've always wanted to say that.

The "Pilot" toggles a joystick which shifts the Predator's flightpath. As it tracks the convoy through the desert:

ROGER

You think it's him?

CLARKE

Whoever it is has enough security with him - look at that formation.

He stares at the screen. Pushing in on the middle Land Rover - the one being protected by the others...

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I think it's him.

ROGER

(to the Controller)

We need a secure line to the Pentagon *now*.

INT. PENTAGON -- WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The WATCH COMMANDER on-duty, on the phone with Clarke:

CLARKE

We need you to prep the subs for firing now-

WATCH COMMANDER

Sir-

CLARKE

We're getting confirmation from the President but time is of the essence-

WATCH COMMANDER

There are no subs in that region, sir.

Clarke stops.

CLARKE

What?

WATCH COMMANDER

There are no subs in the region at this time. We are physically unable to fire on your target.

Clarke stares at the target - the al-qaeda convoy onscreen.
Still moving.

CLARKE

Who moved the subs?

WATCH COMMANDER

I'm not privy to that information, sir-

CLARKE

Thank you, Lieutenant.

He puts the phone back down. Still staring at the screen.
What might be Osama bin Laden, driving on. SAFE.

ROGER

(gently)

We'll get him next time.

CUT TO:

TWO MEN ON A SKIFF. In the ocean. Peaceful waters. One of them stands up. WAVES. We see he's waving to

A YOUNG SOLDIER on the deck of a ship. He waves back just as

WHOOOMP! The two men are INSTANTLY VAPORIZED and

INT. U.S.S. COLE -- MESS HALL -- DAY

A spoonful of soup almost into an Ensign's mouth when a FIREBALL SLAMS THROUGH THE MESS and we cut up to

EXT. U.S.S. COLE -- MORNING

SCREAMING as men and women rush across the flight deck towards the Gaping Hole that's just been cratered into the side of the 457 foot long ship. Over this:

October 12, 2000. U.S.S. Cole - Port of Aden, Yemen.

INT. CRESSEY HOUSE -- NIGHT

4:30 a.m. Roger is simultaneously pulling on his coat, trying to drink coffee and talking on his cordless phone.

ROGER

What the hell were they doing in Yemen any way?

LISA (O.S.)

DOD cleared it, forgot to run it through an interagency security check.

ROGER

Who's running the investigation?

LISA (O.S.)

FBI grabbed the ball - guess who?

EXT. YEMEN AIRPORT -- DAY

John O'Neill and a PHALANX OF AGENTS stride through the airport towards a line of cabs. O'Neill on his phone.

O'NEILL

I'm on the ground. It's al-Qaeda.

INTERCUT:

CLARKE

You know for sure?

O'NEILL

You don't? Bin Laden's family practically built this country.

Sliding into a car. It begins DRIVING.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

State's already giving us a shitload of static, doesn't want to rock the boat on the mid-east peace process.

CLARKE

Watch out for the Ambassador there.

O'NEILL

Yeah, I hear she's a peach.

Looking out the window at - A CONSTRUCTION SIGN, by airport. The company that built it. It reads - *The Bin Laden Corporation*. O'Neill sighs.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

We're going to hit back, right?

CLARKE

Sheehan's at the Pentagon right now. We'll know soon.

O'NEILL

Dick, we *have* to hit back.

EXT. PENTAGON -- DAY

Clarke, walking with Mike Sheehan. He stares across the parking lot as various OFFICIALS climb their various limos. Sheehan, mad enough to spit.

CLARKE

We're not going to hit them?

SHEEHAN

No. It's a fucking *disgrace*. O'Neill's already called this as al-qaeda, but CIA won't sign off on it. Pentagon brass won't let Delta go get bin Laden, Air Force won't bomb - I mean, who do they think attacked the Cole, fucking *Martians*?

(to Clarke)

You've tried taking this up the line?

CLARKE

Yeah.

SHEEHAN

And?

Clarke shakes his head.

CLARKE

Election's in a month. They're trying to close Israel and Palestine-

SHEEHAN

American soldiers are dead, Dick.

CLARKE

Clinton thinks he's done all he can.

SHEEHAN

Fuck him then. He hasn't.
(watching the limos)
None of us have.

CLARKE

There's got to be a way.

Sheehan turns to him.

SHEEHAN

Then find it.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke sits with a NAVY ADMIRAL and the MISSION CONTROLLER.

CLARKE

We need to put the Predator up again.

MISSION CONTROLLER

It's too dangerous this time of year with the seasonal winds. We have to wait for Spring.

NAVY ADMIRAL

And even then...

CLARKE

Even then what?

NAVY ADMIRAL

We've decided to take the program in a different direction. We want to arm the Predator.

CLARKE

That's good. That means we can take out a target as soon as we have eyes on.

NAVY ADMIRAL

Our thinking exactly. Of course to run the tests and refit the aircraft is going to put the fleet out of commission for a little while.

CLARKE

How long?

NAVY ADMIRAL

Initial tests have gone extremely well. We're confident we can have armed Predators flying as early as 2004.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE

That's in *four years*.

Before the Admiral can respond, the door opens and Lisa walks in, breathless.

LISA
Sorry to interrupt, but they just
kicked John out of Yemen.

INT. TOWN CAR (MOVING) -- EVENING

O'Neill sits in the back of the car, on his phone. The small TV plays CNN - "Florida Recount Underway"

CLARKE (O.S.)
(through phone)
What happened?

O'NEILL
I came back for Thanksgiving and
the State Department denied me a
return visa to Yemen.

INTERCUT:

CLARKE
You're heading the investigation!

O'NEILL
Not anymore. Ambassador Bodine
thinks I "stepped on too many toes".

CLARKE
Did you?

O'NEILL
Hell, yeah, they blew up one of
our ships! Hey, does anyone know
who's President yet?

CLARKE
John, no bullshit - What's going
on?

A beat. O'Neill lowers his voice.

O'NEILL
They want me out of the Bureau.

CLARKE
You're kidding.

O'NEILL
No bullshit. I'm gonna fight 'em
but you better watch yourself too.
(MORE)

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

(watching the TV)

All those chickens we pissed off
over the years look like they're
about to come back home to roost.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

January 2001. Condaleeza Rice - National Security Advisor
-rises to shake Clarke's hand.

CLARKE

Good to see you Condi. Getting
settled?

RICE

Yes. Dick, let me right to the
point - we believe you've done a
wonderful job, and the President
would like you to stay on.

CLARKE

I'd be delighted to.

RICE

And we'd like to expand your focus.
I know you've been pushing to look
at Cybersecurity.

CLARKE

I have, yes. It's a growing threat-

RICE

It's yours. I have to say, though,
the NSC looks exactly like it did
when I was here a few years ago,
except for your group. It's all
new.

CLARKE

Yes, it's new, but so is post Cold
War security. For instance there's
intel that al-qaeda might try to
hit the G7 summit in February-

RICE

You're concerning yourself with
operational issues now.

CLARKE

Yes.

An awkward beat.

RICE

There will be plenty of time to discuss all of this-

CLARKE

Of course. I was wondering when I'll be able to brief the President.

RICE

Dick, we're going to be doing things a little differently.

CLARKE

Meaning?

RICE

For starters, we feel the National Coordinator for terrorism should report to the Deputies Committee.

Clarke's face falls...

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Clarke returns. Lisa, noticing his expression.

LISA

What happened?

CLARKE

They took us out of the room.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke, on the phone with Steven Hadley - Assistant National Security Advisor. INTERCUT:

CLARKE

When can I brief the Deputies Committee?

STEVEN HADLEY

We're just getting situated right now. How about next month?

CUT TO:

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

February 2001. Clarke emerges from his office, pissed.

ROGER

You going to see the deputies?

CLARKE

They just canceled. They want to do it in *March*.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

March, 2001. Clarke on the phone again.

STEVEN HADLEY (O.S.)

How's your April look?

CUT TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

April, 2001 - Deputies Committee Meeting. Clarke, briefing the Bush Administration Deputies.

CLARKE

...the bottom line is we need to put pressure on al-qaeda and the Taliban by arming the Northern Alliance. Simultaneously we need to target bin Laden and his leadership by reinitiating flights by the Predator.

Paul Wolfowitz - Deputy Secretary of Defense speaks:

WOLFOWITZ

I don't understand why we're beginning by just talking about this one man bin Laden.

CLARKE

We're talking about a network of terrorist organizations called al-qaeda that happens to be led by bin Laden, and we are talking about that network because it and it alone poses an immediate and serious threat to the United States-

WOLFOWITZ

Well, there are others that do as well, at least as much. Iraqi terrorism for example.

Clarke blinks.

CLARKE

I am unaware of any Iraqi-sponsored terrorism directed at the United States since 1993, and I think FBI and CIA concur with that judgment-

WOLFOWITZ

You give bin Laden too much credit. There's no way he could have done all those things like the '93 attack on New York without a state sponsor. Just because FBI and CIA have failed to find the linkages don't mean they don't exist.

Clarke, floored. Trying to control his anger.

CLARKE

Let me be clear - al-Qaeda plans major acts of terrorism against the U.S. It plans to overthrow Islamic governments and set up a radical multi-nation Caliphate that will then go to war with non-Muslim states-

STEVEN HADLEY

Dick-

CLARKE

(voice rising)

They have published all of this, and sometimes, as with Hitler and Mein Kampf, you have to believe these people will actually do what they say they will do!

WOLFOWITZ

I resent any comparison between the *Holocaust* and this little terrorist in Afghanistan!

It's like the air has been sucked out of the room.

CLARKE

(slowly)

I wasn't comparing anything to the Holocaust. I'm saying, bin Laden has already told us what he plans to do and we would be wrong to ignore it.

Wolfowitz stares daggers at Clarke. Steven Hadley tries to defuse.

STEVEN HADLEY

It's obvious that both al-Qaeda and Iraq are issues that require more examination. We'll schedule more meetings.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- DAY

As the meeting breaks up, Clarke catches up to Hadley.

CLARKE

I need to brief the President, Steven.

STEVEN HADLEY

We've been showing him your office's reports, he's well aware of what's going on-

CLARKE

I'm not sure he is. I'm not sure anyone is. CIA's been hearing up chatter that al-Qaeda's picking up the pace. Security services in Italy, France, and Germany have all found and arrested cells-

STEVEN HADLEY

I've read the reports.

CLARKE

All due respect, you guys have been out of this for eight years, things have changed-

STEVEN HADLEY

We're professionals, Dick. We understand the situation.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

June, 2001. Clarke sits with Rice.

RICE

I know you've been pushing for a meeting and we'd like you to sit down with the President next month-

CLARKE

Fantastic-

RICE

To brief him on cybersecurity.

A beat.

CLARKE

What about terrorism?

RICE

We're still waiting for the Deputies Committee to submit a proposal. Once they do, we'll get you in there.

(off his look)

Nobody's saying al-Qaeda's not a threat, but these things take time-

CLARKE

We may not have time! We're getting intel that something major might be coming down the pipeline-

RICE

Like it was with the G7 summit where nothing happened?

CLARKE

With all due respect, this is ridiculous-

RICE

This is your job. And when you are in with the President, you are not to deviate from the subject matter of the briefing. Are we clear?

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- OVAL OFFICE -- DAY

July, 2001. Clarke sits with PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH.

CLARKE

Mr. President, I'm here today to discuss the growing threat to our internet and computer infrastructure...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- WASHINGTON -- DAY

FBI Headquarters. Close on a FAX MACHINE as it spools out a memo from the Phoenix office. The first few lines:

The purpose of this communication is to advise the Bureau and New York of the possibility of coordinated efforts by Usama bin Laden (UBL) to send students to the United States to attend civil aviation universities and colleges.

Phoenix has observed an inordinate amount of individuals of interest who are attending or who have attended civil aviation universities and colleges...

The fax continues to come out. UNNOTICED BY EVERYONE...

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

August, 2001. Clarke, sitting at lunch with Rice.

RICE

The President thought you did a great job with the briefing.

CLARKE

Thank you.

RICE

He'd like you to run cyber full time.

Clarke puts down his water glass.

CLARKE

And the rest of my portfolio?

RICE

Maybe it's time to let someone else run terrorism for awhile.

Clarke stares at her. Taking this in. Slowly:

CLARKE

I know I've made enemies, but-

RICE

This isn't about that.

CLARKE

Then what's it about?

RICE

You've been doing this for ten years. You're a little close to it.

CLARKE

Where should I be?

RICE

The President is asking you to serve. The choice is yours. In the meantime, we've scheduled an opportunity for you to brief the Principals Committee on terrorism.

CLARKE

When?

RICE

September 4th.

INT. CLARKE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Clarke, Roger, and Lisa, sitting on the couches.

ROGER

So screw 'em. Quit.

CLARKE

I can't.

ROGER

Can't or won't?

CLARKE

They think I'm Ahab with the White Whale.

LISA

They're right. You remember what happened to Ahab?

Clarke stares at her.

ROGER

You're getting the meeting, right?

CLARKE

Yeah, in September. And I guarantee you the outcome of that is going to be that what we really need to do is schedule more meetings on it.

LISA

That's not true-

CLARKE

You know what the title of the President's Daily Briefing was today? "Bin Laden Determined to Strike in U.S." That was the headline and we're doing *nothing*.

LISA

Powell's pushing to hit al-Qaeda. Armitage too-

CLARKE

Pushing isn't the same as *doing*.

LISA
I'm saying, not everyone in this
White House is evil. The
President's a good man, Dick.

Clarke is silent.

LISA (CONT'D)
You should take the job.

ROGER
Look at it this way, it's nothing
compared to what they did to John.

CLARKE
What do you mean?

ROGER
You didn't hear? He quit.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke and O'Neill sit on the stoop, bottle between them.
O'Neill raises a glass.

O'NEILL
To dinosaurs who have outlived
their usefulness.

Clarke doesn't know how he feels about the toast, but clinks
glasses any way.

CLARKE
You could have just transferred.

O'NEILL
No, my friend, they got me dead to
rights. A real "resign or we'll
fire you" fuckeroo. Lost some
"sensitive documents". Gave them
the excuse they were looking for.
They wanted me gone? They get
their wish.

He drains his glass. Pours another.

CLARKE
You know you're gonna miss it.

O'NEILL
More than anything. All I ever
wanted. Badge and a gun and some
bad guys.

CLARKE

Efram Zimbalist?

O'NEILL

Fuckin' A.

(takes a belt)

But at a certain point, between the politics and the bullshit, you realize you spend more time fighting your bosses than the bad guys. You say to yourself - this can't be the rest of my life. Cause, fuck it, Dick, it *shouldn't be*.

(pause)

And it shouldn't be for you either.

Clarke takes a sip and regards his friend.

CLARKE

You go to Catholic school growing up?

O'NEILL

What gave me away?

CLARKE

Me too. Boston Latin. And what they do there is, when you're about ten, they take you into this big room where all the names of graduates are carved onto the walls. And they say "Look at these names." John Hancock. Sam Adams. Paul Revere. I mean, everyone right up through the Kennedys. They say "Look at what these men did with their lives. Look at what they did for their country. What are you gonna do?"

(pause)

What did we do, John? Really?

O'NEILL

A lot.

CLARKE

Enough?

O'NEILL

Is it ever?

Clarke stares at him. Quietly:

CLARKE

I got stingers to the muj.

O'NEILL

What?

CLARKE

They were getting their asses kicked by the Soviets and I...

He trails off.

O'NEILL

You got them the missiles.

CLARKE

The same people who are trying to kill us now. I helped them *win*.

O'Neill puts his drink down.

O'NEILL

Good for you.

CLARKE

What?

O'NEILL

What were you supposed to do, nothing? Not try and bring down the country that had eighty thousand nuclear weapons pointed at us?

Clarke doesn't respond.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

You think this is, what - your *fault*? You want someone to forgive you?

(laughing)

Jesus, you really *did* go to Catholic school...

CLARKE

I met a guy once who believed the only way to not fuck up the world is to give up on changing it.

O'NEILL

For what it's worth, I'm glad you didn't take his advice.

A moment between them.

CLARKE

I'm gonna take the job at cyber.

O'NEILL

Good. I sleep better at night knowing you're in government. Hey, that meeting next week - you go in and tell him what we know. You convince that fucker to *do something* before it's too late.

Clarke smiles.

CLARKE

Yes, sir. And what are you gonna do?

O'NEILL

Go get some of that big private sector money. I'll send you postcards from my yacht.

Clarke laughs.

CLARKE

What do you have lined up?

O'NEILL

My friend, you are looking at the new head of Security at the World Trade Center.

FADE TO BLACK...

OVER BLACK - SILENCE. Three words appear:

September 11, 2001

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE'S CAR (MOVING) -- MORNING

SOUND and PICTURE come CRASHING BACK IN as -

We're back at the beginning. Clarke drives like a BAT OUT OF HELL. HORNS BLARE as he flies through traffic...

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET -- MORNING

Roger, RUNNING FULL OUT down the sidewalk. Footfalls and heavy breathing. Drawing stares from passersby...

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER -- NORTH TOWER LOBBY -- MORNING

CHAOS. BLOOD. SCREAMS. O'Neill sprints through the concourse. Firefighters help with the evacuation.

O'Neill grabs one.

O'NEILL

Where's your boss?

FIREFIGHTER

*I think he's dead! He laid down
behind a truck- I think he's dead!*

(pause)

Anybody call the FBI?

O'NEILL

Get these people out, okay?

The Firefighter nods and O'Neill sprints away, running through the blown out lobby windows into

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER -- PLAZA -- MORNING

MADNESS. Everything we've seen in footage but more. Both planes have already hit. Hunks of concrete and twisted metal rain down, taking out onlookers. And other things fall too. *People.*

The sound they make upon impact is indescribable.

O'Neill runs BETWEEN THE TOWERS. The asphalt below his Gucci loafers, slick dusty red. Like a blood paste.

And we're praying he won't go into the other tower, praying he'll turn and run uptown and we get a quick glance up the street and it's dusty but safe and people are headed away from what's about to happen and maybe he'll go too...

But he doesn't.

He doesn't stop. Almost a miracle he isn't crushed by something, he sprints through the broken window into

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER -- SOUTH TOWER LOBBY -- MORNING

Inside, O'Neill grabs a COP.

O'NEILL

How we doing?

COP

*How the fuck do you think, sir?
We got people on crutches clogging
up the stairwells-*

O'NEILL

Then let's go!

They sprint to the nearest

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER -- STAIRWELL -- MORNING

Helping people out and O'Neill LOOKS UP - The stairs are CLOGGED WITH PEOPLE - going up *fifty stories*. Hundreds of people. Trapped above.

AND THEN THERE IS A ROAR...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- MORNING

Clarke, on the phone with DALE WATSON:

DALE WATSON

Oh, dear God...

Clarke, momentarily confused. Then he looks to see a TV playing CNN where -

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER'S SOUTH TOWER FALLS.

They watch in silence. Finally:

CLARKE

Find out how many people were still inside...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- VIDEO CONFERENCING CENTER -- MORNING

Clarke, re-entering. Coming face to face with Roger.

ROGER

Dick. John.

Clarke blinks - AS IT HITS HIM. We didn't see it register in his face the first time but we do now. Then he says:

CLARKE

What else?

Our SOUND BEGINS TO FADE as we hear they continue:

ROGER

We're getting preliminary reports that the hijackers used boxcutters to take the planes...

As we FADE TO...

A MONTAGE - Taking in the AFTERMATH...

MEN AND WOMEN on the streets of New York, openly weeping...

FIREFIGHTERS searching through the rubble...

SOLDIERS draping a HUGE TARP over the HOLE IN THE PENTAGON...

FIGHTER JETS flying cover over Los Angeles...

THE WALL OF MISSING PICTURES in New York...

A group of FRENCH STUDENTS singing "God Bless America" on the streets of Paris...

And below of all of this we hear BAGPIPES PLAYING and we finally FADE UP TO...

INT. ST. NICHOLAS OF TORENTINE CHURCH -- DAY

September 28, 2001 - Atlantic City. O'NEILL'S FUNERAL. Flowers and pictures and a coffin draped with the American Flag. A CATHOLIC PRIEST delivers MASS.

In the pews, Clarke, Roger, Lisa, and Beverly. Other familiar faces as well...

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DAY

The same faces look on as O'Neill's coffin is lowered into a freshly dug hole...

INT. TOWN CAR (MOVING) -- DAY

Moving across the stark New Jersey landscape under a grey sky. Our foursome ride in silence, headed back. Finally:

ROGER
They found him whole.
(off their looks)
That's something.

Tears roll down Beverly's cheeks.

CLARKE
We should toast him.

EXT. MAY'S LANDING -- PACKAGE STORE -- DAY

The Town Car pulls up to a small PACKAGE STORE on the outskirts of town. Roger and Lisa get out.

CLARKE
Get some whiskey.

LISA
I can't drink whiskey.

ROGER
We'll figure it out.

They go inside, leaving Clarke and Beverly.

BEVERLY

We still gonna do cyber now?

INT. PACKAGE STORE -- DAY

The bell over the door jingles as Roger and Lisa enter. Heading up to the counter, looking at the bottles.

ROGER

Gin?

LISA

Vodka. Let's do vodka tonics.

The STOREKEEPER pulls a bottle of Absolut off the shelf. Roger goes to grab some tonic bottles out a fridge.

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you have any lemons?

STOREKEEPER

Right here.

He produces some from behind the counter. Roger returning:

ROGER

We don't have anything to slice them with.

STOREKEEPER

It's okay, I got a boxcutter.

He pulls it out, extending the blade.

Lisa's face goes white. She turns and walks out of the store, leaving the Shopkeeper confused.

INT. TOWN CAR (PARKED) -- DAY

Lisa gets into the parked car. WEEPING. Clarke, not knowing what to do. What to say. Finally:

CLARKE

It's going to be okay-

LISA

(lashing out)

You're an emotionless son of a bitch, you know that?

Clarke, stunned. Lisa, still weeping.

LISA (CONT'D)

Sorry... I'm sorry...

She continues to cry. The door opens and Roger gets in, carrying their purchases. Teary himself. Clarke and Beverly look to him for an explanation, but instead:

ROGER

Let's go.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

The Town Car pulls up. Clarke gets out. Walks up the steps to the door. Pulls his keys out. Goes inside.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

He turns on the lights. Stoic as always. Hangs up his coat. Passing the mantle, heading into

INT. CLARKE'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

He turns on the kitchen lights. Goes to the cabinet. Extracts a glass. Turns on the sink. Fills the glass with water. Takes a few sips.

And then he begins crying.

It's silent at first. Shoulders shaking, eyes wet. Figuring it will pass.

It doesn't. Sound comes into it. Not hysterics, just a man crying, and surprised by it's force.

He puts down the glass, so not to drop it. He starts to bend because of the tears. Because of the grief. He grips the counter for support.

And we watch as Richard Clarke stands alone in his kitchen and weeps for the dead so hard that he nearly falls over.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...boots on the ground in
Afghanistan. In other news, the
President has called for a cabinet
level Office of Homeland Security...

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Clarke sits with Rice. Stoic as ever. All business.

RICE

You've done a wonderful job, Dick.

CLARKE

Thank you.

(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I was pleased to see the President's
come around on Homeland Security.
I'd like to throw my hat in the
ring.

RICE

Your hat?

CLARKE

To run it. I'm definitely qualified-

RICE

(smiling)

Nearly overqualified, I'd say.
The President thinks you're doing
really well with cyber.

CLARKE

You'll bring my name up?

RICE

Of course. But you should know,
the President's almost sure he's
going to ask Governor Ridge to
take the post.

CLARKE

Really?

RICE

Yes.

CLARKE

He's a good choice.

RICE

We think so. Is there anything
else?

A beat. This is difficult for Clarke.

CLARKE

I think when I'm done implementing
the new cyber directives, it might
be time to move on.

RICE

We'd be sorry to see you go.

CLARKE

I appreciate that. But I think
it's time.

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Beverly at her desk. Clarke takes a seat on it's edge.

CLARKE

I'm done.

She looks up, knowing what he's talking about.

BEVERLY

Yeah?

CLARKE

Roger and I both. Gonna go open a consulting firm.

BEVERLY

You gonna keep your mouth shut?

Clarke smiles.

CLARKE

I'll be fine, Bev. I already typed up your references, you can go to any department you want-

BEVERLY

In this government? And be the woman who worked for Dick Clarke? No, thank you, I think I'll like my retirement just fine.

Clarke laughs and squeezes her hand. Rising to finish up. Passing a TV that shows EMBEDDED REPORTERS IN AFGHANISTAN...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- WEST WING HALLWAYS -- DAY

August 2002. Clarke walking with Rice.

RICE

There is something we'd like you to handle before you go.

CLARKE

Yes?

RICE

The Time article.

They round a corner into HER OFFICE.

RICE (CONT'D)

It was pretty devastating to the administration.

(MORE)

RICE (CONT'D)

Claiming the President did nothing on terrorism before 9/11. Andy's going crazy trying to find the leak.

CLARKE

I would imagine.

--Rice stares at him.

RICE

Your name was in it a fair amount.

CLARKE

I was the National Coordinator.

RICE

Of course. That's how you can help us. We'd like you to give a press backgrounder rebutting the article.

CLARKE

A backgrounder.

RICE

Nothing on the record, nothing using your name, just a couple of reporters - high placed White House terrorism source explains how the administration was taking action. You can do that for us, can't you?

A beat.

CLARKE

I don't know if I'd be the best person-

RICE

Of course you would. Like you said, you were the coordinator.

(smiling)

I'll just grab a few out of the press room, okay?

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

Clarke, sitting with several reporters. No cameras, just tape recorders. Clarke, speaking on deep background:

CLARKE

...the Bush administration decided then, you know, in late January, to do two things. One, vigorously pursue the existing policy, including all of the lethal covert action findings, which we've now made public to some extent. So, that process which was initiated in the first week in February, decided in principle, uh, in the spring to add to the existing Clinton strategy and to increase CIA resources, for example, for covert action, five-fold, to go after al-Qaeda.

REPORTER 1

What is your response to the suggestion in the Time article that the Bush administration was unwilling to take on board the suggestions made in the Clinton administration because of animus against the foreign policy?

CLARKE

I think if there was a general animus that clouded their vision, they might not have kept the same guy dealing with the terrorism issue. That doesn't sound like animus against the previous team to me.

REPORTER 2

You're saying that the Bush administration did not stop anything that the Clinton administration was doing while it was making these decisions, and by the end of the summer had increased money for covert action five-fold. Is that correct?

A beat... and then Clarke nods.

CLARKE

All of that's correct.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Clarke and Roger, moving OFFICE FURNITURE into Clarke's house. Hefting a desk out of a truck.

ROGER

Working out of your house should be fun. You and me, locked up here all day - should be a blast.

CLARKE

You couldn't have gotten a smaller desk?

ROGER

You couldn't have paid for movers?

Clarke gives him the eye.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So, they got you to do a backgrounder?

CLARKE

They think I was the leak.

ROGER

Maybe it was more than that. Maybe it was for leverage.

(pause)

9/11 Commission's pushing for open hearings you know.

CLARKE

I know. Rest?

They put the desk down. Roger, staring up at the house.

ROGER

How exactly did Osama bin Laden not find and kill you? You live in an electric blue house whose color can be seen from space - you'd think he'd have figured that out.

CLARKE

He's pretty good at hiding himself.

ROGER

Yeah. You think we really saw him that night?

Clarke looks at him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Me too.

(pause)

Okay, let's lift this bitch.

They heft the desk and begin maneuvering it up the porch.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I wonder how your replacement's
adjusting to the job...

Clarke smiles at this...

INT. C.S.G. VAULT -- DAY

RAND BEERS emerges from Clarke's old office, shouting:

BEERS

*I'm going over to see Hadley, I
need the intel from this morning
and the briefing on Tora Bora!*

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke, sitting at his new desk, on the phone. Roger hovering
over his shoulder, expectantly.

CLARKE

(into phone)

Yes, sir. Thank you, we look
forward to it.

(hanging up; to Roger)

We have our first client.

ROGER

This calls for a celebration. You
want to get the champagne or should
I?

The phone rings again. Clarke reaches for it...

ROGER (CONT'D)

I guess I'm getting it.

He exits to the kitchen as Clarke answers:

CLARKE

Hello?

INT. BEERS' OFFICE -- NIGHT

Beers on the other end. He looks ragged. INTERCUT:

BEERS

Hey, it's me. I need to talk to
you. You think I could swing by?

CLARKE

When have you ever needed an
invitation?

BEERS

Are you alone?

CLARKE

Roger's here-

BEERS

I need to talk to you alone.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Clarke sits on his stoop with a bottle of wine and two glasses. Beers ambles up.

CLARKE

You look awful.

BEERS

Thanks. Roger still here?

CLARKE

He took off about an hour ago and he stole my champagne. Pinot?

BEERS

I think I have to quit.

Clarke stares at him. Beers takes the glass.

BEERS (CONT'D)

Instead of going all out against al-qaeda they want to fucking invade Iraq again.

CLARKE

But Iraq's not a threat-

BEERS

Try telling them that. Some of the meetings I've been in- That whole "Axis of Evil" thing? Wasn't just posturing. They want to take Saddam out.

CLARKE

That doesn't mean they'll do it.

BEERS

We've only got token US forces in Afghanistan, bin Laden's still missing, the Taliban's regrouping, and we're not upping the troops. Why do you think that is?

CLARKE

They're holding them back for invasion...

BEERS

You've heard Wolfowitz on this - they've had a hard-on to go into Iraq since Inauguration. All they needed was an excuse. You hear about the memo from Karl Rove that was found in the park? Telling senators "Run on the war on terror"? The "War On Terror" is the excuse.

He drains his glass and takes a seat. Pours himself another. Clarke, softly:

CLARKE

We'll become what he said we were...

BEERS

What?

CLARKE

Bin Laden's fatwa. He said *"America is turning its bases in the Peninsula into a spearhead through which to fight the neighboring Muslim peoples"*.

(pause)

If we do this, we become what he always said we were. In the eyes of millions of Muslims - this will make him right.

Beers nods. Takes a sip of wine.

BEERS

Yeah. So I'm quitting.

They stare out into the night. Considering it all.

CLARKE

Somebody has to do something.

(pause)

Somebody has to tell people what's really going on.

BEERS

70 percent of this country thinks Iraq attacked the Pentagon and the World Trade Center - why? Because that's what the administration *wants them to think*.

(MORE)

BEERS (CONT'D)

Perception is reality, right? So the White House pushes that perception and wham - that's the reality.

(shaking his head)

You can't fight that.

Clarke looks over to him.

CLARKE

I can try.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Beverly awakens to a ringing phone. Picking it up:

BEVERLY

Hello?

CLARKE (O.S.)

How's retirement?

BEVERLY

Boring as hell.

CLARKE (O.S.)

You want a job?

Beverly smiles.

BEVERLY

Took you long enough.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Beverly sits at a computer, Clarke stands next to her.

BEVERLY

So what do you want me to do?

CLARKE

You can start by typing this up.

And he hands her a YELLOW PAD filled with writing. On the top of it *Chapter One - Evacuate the White House...*

In the background, the TELEVISION plays footage of U.S. TROOPS rolling into IRAQ...

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke having dinner with Roger and Laurie. Emily in her high chair. Clarke sits with their newborn Sarah on his lap. Roger and Laurie, looking hesitant:

A book. LAURIE

Yes. CLARKE

And it'll contain- ROGER

Everything. What we did right, CLARKE
what we did wrong, and how what's
happening now is going to help al-
qaeda multiply a hundred-fold.

Sarah coos. Clarke spoons some Gerber pureed carrots into
her mouth.

The White House will crucify you. ROGER

They'll try. CLARKE

These people don't try. They'll ROGER
turn a thirty year career of public
service into a Leno punchline.

I was hoping for Letterman. CLARKE

You think this is funny? You'll ROGER
be attacking the very thing they
expect to keep them in the Oval
through the next election. They
will bury you.

Maybe. CLARKE
(allowing)

"Maybe?" That's your answer? ROGER

Honey- LAURIE
(trying to calm him)

I'm gonna get some more wine. ROGER

Roger rises. Goes to the fridge.

CLARKE

You should distance yourself from me while you can.

LAURIE

What are you talking about?

As Roger angrily uncorks a new bottle:

ROGER

He's talking about how we just started a business together, started getting our feet under ourselves...

CLARKE

And I'm aware this book will put that in jeopardy.

(to Laurie)

Our futures, *your future*. You're both young and have two beautiful children, you both can still have good careers-

ROGER

That's not fucking fair, Dick. "I'll play the martyr and fall on my sword for truth and justice while you guys run for the hills"?

CLARKE

That's not what I meant.

ROGER

(retaking his seat)

Then what do you mean? Please, clarify - we're all ears.

CLARKE

I don't have- I've never had-

He looks down to Sarah in his lap.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

The only one who should have to pay for this is me.

ROGER

Then why do it?

Clarke looks at him.

CLARKE

Because I want to make a difference.

Roger blinks, we can see how this hits him. After a beat:

ROGER

Look- Laurie and I will discuss
it, okay? Give us a little time-

CLARKE

Of course-

LAURIE

We don't need to discuss it.

She looks at her husband and puts her hand on his.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

He's right. They're wrong.

(to Clarke)

Go get them.

CUT TO:

INT. CBS STUDIO -- 60 MINUTES' TAPING -- DAY

March 2004. Clarke sits across from reporter LESLEY STAHL.

CLARKE

We had a terrorist organization
that was going after us, al-qaeda.
That should have been the first
item on the agenda, and it was
pushed back and back and back for
months.

LESLEY STAHL

You're about to testify publicly
before a committee that wants to
know if the Bush administration
dropped the ball. What are you
going to tell the committee when
they ask you that?

CLARKE

There's a lot of blame to go around,
and I probably deserve some blame,
too. But on January 24th, 2001, I
wrote a memo to Condaleeza Rice
asking for, urgently - underlined
urgently - a Cabinet-level meeting
to deal with the impending al-qaeda
attack. And that urgent memo wasn't
acted on.

LESLEY STAHL

Do you blame her for not
understanding the significance of
terrorism?

CLARKE

I blame the entire Bush leadership for continuing to work on Cold War issues when they back in power in 2001. It was as though they were preserved in amber from when they left office eight years earlier. They came back. They wanted to work on the same issues right away: Iraq, Star Wars. Not new issues, the new threats that had developed over the preceding eight years.

Stahl looks over her shoulder to the cameraman.

LESLEY STAHL

We good Jimmy?

(off his thumbs up;
to Clarke)

Thank you. It'll air Sunday.

CUT TO:

ON VIDEO:

PRESIDENT BUSH

You can't distinguish between Al-Qaeda and Saddam when you talk about the war on terror.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

Clarke contends that with statements like that, the President continually left an impression that Saddam had been involved in 9/11.

And we're now WATCHING THE 60 MINUTES INTERVIEW ON A TV:

CLARKE

The White House carefully manipulated public opinion, never quite lied, but gave the very strong impression that Iraq did it.

LESLEY STAHL

You're suggesting they knew better-

CLARKE

-they did know better-

LESLEY STAHL

-and it was deliberate.

CLARKE

They did know better. They did know better. We told them. The FBI told them. The CIA told them. They did know better. And the tragedy here is that Americans went to their deaths in Iraq thinking that they were avenging September 11 when Iraq had nothing to do with September 11. I think for a Commander in Chief and a Vice President to allow that to happen is unconscionable.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. CRESSEY BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Roger and Laurie watching the interview. Openmouthed. The phone rings. Roger picks up.

CLARKE (O.S.)

(through phone)

What do you think?

ROGER

I think multiple pounds of shit are about to hit various fan...

A FLURRY OF NEWSCASTS:

TOM BROKAW

...Clarke's book, set to come out just days before he testifies before the 9/11 Commission, has Republicans up in arms...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

SCOTT MCCLELLAN addresses the REPORTERS:

SCOTT MCCLELLAN

If Dick Clarke had such grave concerns, why wait so long? Why wait until the election? Clearly, this is more about politics and a book promotion than it is about policy. The very first major policy directive of this administration was to develop a comprehensive strategy to eliminate al-Qaeda - not roll it back, as some had

(MORE)

SCOTT MCCLELLAN (CONT'D)
 previously called for, but to
 eliminate al-Qaeda...

CUT TO:

ON VIDEO - Representative Christopher Shays - R-CT.

REP. SHAYS

Mr. Clarke is engaging in
 revisionist history, apparently
 for personal partisan reasons.
 The fact is, when he had the
 authority and responsibility to
 craft U.S. counterterrorism
 policies, he consistently failed
 to articulate a cogent strategy or
 plan to Congress....

CUT TO:

60 MINUTES

STEVEN HADLEY

Iraq, as the president has said,
 is at the center of the war on
 terror. We have narrowed the ground
 available to al-qaeda and to the
 terrorists...

CUT TO:

THE O'REILLY FACTOR

BILL O'REILLY

...he's now teaching a class with
 Senator John Kerry's foreign policy
 advisor at Harvard. A legitimate
 question can be asked about Clarke's
 political agenda...

CUT TO:

INT. RUSH LIMBAUGH'S RADIO STUDIO -- DAY

LIMBAUGH doing his show. The VICE PRESIDENT on the phone:

RUSH LIMBAUGH

Mr. Vice President, why did the
 administration keep Richard Clarke
 on the counterterrorism team when
 you all assumed office in January
 of 2001?

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY (O.S.)

He was moved out of the
counterterrorism business over to
the cyber security side of things.

RUSH LIMBAUGH

Cyber security meaning internet
security?

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY (O.S.)

Yes, worried about attacks on the
computer systems-

RUSH LIMBAUGH

Well, now that explains a lot,
that answer right there explains-

Limbaugh LAUGHS.

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY (O.S.)

Well, he wasn't in the loop,
frankly, on a lot of this stuff-

RUSH LIMBAUGH

He was demoted.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Has been transformed into a WAR ROOM. Roger, Beverly, and
Kurtz working the phones. On the RADIO:

VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY (O.S.)

The other thing I would say about
Dick Clarke is that he was here
throughout those eight years, going
back to 1993, and the first attack
on the World Trade Center, and
'98, when the embassies were hit
in East Africa, in 2000, when the
U.S.S. Cole was hit. And the
question that ought to be asked
is, what were they doing in those
days when he was in charge of
counterterrorism efforts?

BEVERLY

Can we turn that off please?

Clarke comes in the front door.

CLARKE

Having fun yet?

ROGER

They're coming with both barrels.
 (grinning)
 I should've bailed when I had the
 chance.

KURTZ

Forget the talk shows, the real
 test is Wednesday. You're
 testifying in an open hearing in
 front of the 9/11 Commission with
 the whole world watching. *That's*
 where they're gonna try and sink
 you.

Clarke nods. Then, to Roger:

CLARKE

Can I talk to you for a sec?

INT. CLARKE'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Clarke leads Roger into the kitchen. Shuts the door.

CLARKE

We lost some clients.

A beat.

ROGER

The White House?

CLARKE

Either that or the coverage.

ROGER

It's to be expected-

CLARKE

Rog, if I go down on Wednesday-

ROGER

Don't think like that.

CLARKE

They're gonna throw some major
 shit at me and we don't know what.
 If I go down on Wednesday, you
 break with me. *Publicly.*
 Understand?

Roger stares at him. Then heads for the door.

ROGER

I need to go out for awhile.

CLARKE

Where?

ROGER

There's someone I've got to see.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Roger follows Lisa to her car. She is not pleased.

LISA

So it's one big family reunion
over at the Clarke household, huh?
Wonder why nobody called the
Republican-

ROGER

Lisa, come on. You helped him
with the book-

LISA

You mean the book that he forgot
to tell me was gonna attack the
President? Where's Dick's
culpability, huh?

ROGER

He says it-

LISA

Bullshit, Roger. He blames everyone
but *himself*. I tried this, they
wouldn't let me do that-

ROGER

They're trying to destroy him-

LISA

What the fuck did you expect,
flowers?

ROGER

We need to know what they're going
to use on him.

She whirls on him.

LISA

Are you out of your *mind?*

ROGER

You're the only one still in the
loop, you're the only one who could
find out-

LISA

*He took an oath. Same as you,
same as me. Preserve, protect,
defend - and you don't tell stories
out of fucking school!*

ROGER

Lisa-

LISA

*I support this President, and you
and Dick turn it into a *joke*. You
mock me, you mock what I stand
for, and now you want my *help*?*

Roger stares at her.

ROGER

*So you'd be content to let a good
man go down?*

Lisa, mad enough to spit.

LISA

Fuck you, Roger.

She turns and storms away.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Roger returns. Beverly looks up from her desk, questioningly.
Roger shakes his head - *no dice*.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A ON TV - AN IMAGE OF:

KRISTEN BREITWIESER

*We spend billions of dollars on
our defense and our intelligence
and it's just wholly unacceptable
to hear these lame excuses...*

Cut to - FOOTAGE of the HEARINGS -

CNN NEWSCATER (V.O.)

*That was 9/11 widow Kristen
Breitwieser, one of many of the
victims' families who has been
attending the commission hearings...*

As we PUSH IN ON the front row of spectators - all VICTIMS'
FAMILY MEMBERS...

INT. CLARKE'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

Clarke, watching this on TV. He focuses in on one SLIGHT WOMAN at the end of the row.

A WIDCW. She looks frail...

CNN NEWSCASTER (O:S.)

Many of whom are eager to hear tomorrow's testimony from Richard Clarke-

The sound goes MUTE. Clarke looks up to see Beers standing over him.

BEERS

Last War Room before the big show. You ready?

Clarke, one eye still on the Widow...

CLARKE

Yeah...

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Late. Clarke sits with Roger, Beverly, Kurtz, and Beers.

BEERS

You have to figure they'll come at you strong, right out of the box.

KURTZ

Thompson?

ROGER

Absolutely.

BEVERLY

Lehman?

CLARKE

I don't think Lehman will-

BEERS

He will, Dick. They've been given orders to protect the President.

ROGER

Maybe you could say something in your statement at the beginning that could basically nuke them - just put them back on their heels-

BEERS

That wouldn't stop them.

KURTZ

If only we knew what they had-

From the door:

LISA (O.S.)

The backgrounder.

They all turn to see Lisa standing on the porch outside the screen door. Nobody knows what to say. Finally:

CLARKE

Lisa. It's good to see-

LISA

Shut the fuck up before I change my mind about being here. Can somebody open this door?

Beverly rises and unlocks it.

BEERS

What backgrounder?

LISA

In 2002, Dick gave a press backgrounder which basically went against everything he says in his book. They're gonna release it.

BEVERLY

But they can't-

LISA

They are.

CLARKE

I gave it anonymously-

LISA

On behalf of the White House, which has just cleared all news outlets to print the source of the interview.

Silence.

BEERS

That's their hole card. That's what they're gonna come at you with.

(MORE)

BEERS (CONT'D)

(pause)

We're fucked.

They stare at one another, the reality sinking in.

ROGER

No. No, there's still gotta be a way to win this-

LISA

Win? After all we've been through, you think this is about *winning*?

ROGER

You want to make my house payments, Lisa? You want to put my girls through college?

KURTZ

Rog-

ROGER

An entire career protecting this nation and all people are gonna remember is what happens tomorrow when they drag his name through the mud with this petty, probably illegal bullshit! I mean, what was he supposed to do when they asked him to background the press - *resign*?

CLARKE

(quietly)

Yes.

They all turn to look at him, surprised. He rises.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I need some air.

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clarke stands on his sidewalk. Taking in the night sky. A breeze blows. He closes his eyes.

The creak of the screen door behind him. Roger comes out onto the porch. Clarke doesn't turn around.

ROGER

You okay?

CLARKE

You see a way out of this?

A beat. Roger lowers his head.

ROGER

No.

CLARKE

Me either.

(exhales)

Maybe that's a good thing.

Roger regards him.

ROGER

You going screwy on me, Dick?

Clarke turns to look up at him.

CLARKE

Lisa's right. This isn't about winning or losing. This isn't about me or the President. This about them.

ROGER

The administration?

CLARKE

The victims.

Roger stares at him.

ROGER

She's here because of you. Hates what you did but doesn't want to see you fall. None of us do.

Clarke looks down at his porch steps.

CLARKE

John spent more than a few nights sitting on this stoop.

ROGER

I remember.

CLARKE

He once told me that I shouldn't feel guilty for things I've done. Mistakes I've made. And then he and three thousand other people ended up buried under glass and concrete on my watch.

(looking at him)

So what do you think? Was he right? Am I guilty?

ROGER

Don't do this to yourself-

CLARKE

Aren't I? Aren't you? Aren't all
of us guilty?

Silence. Roger stares at him. Very softly:

ROGER

Yes...

Clarke nods.

CLARKE

But they pretended they're not.
They ran from it.

(pause)

I ran from it...

He looks up at Roger.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna run anymore.

Roger doesn't know what to say. Clarke climbs back up the
steps, headed for the door. As he passes him:

ROGER

What are you gonna say tomorrow?

A beat. Clarke stares at him as we...

CUT TO:

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

Microphones are set on desks one by one. Sound is tested.
Water pitchers filled. Mahogany tables polished...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Today is the day many have been
waiting for, former Terrorism Czar
Richard Clarke is set to testify
in front of the 9/11 Commission...

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING STEPS -- DAY

Clarke and Roger climb the steps as a PHALANX of REPORTERS
photograph and film them. Roger sees off to the side -

A REPUBLICAN AIDE - handing out copies of something to the
press. Clarke sees it too.

CLARKE
The backgrounder?

ROGER
Yeah.

They continue climbing the steps as the paper is distributed...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING HALLWAYS -- DAY

Clarke and Roger heading through the wide marble corridors to the Hearing Chamber. Panning off them to a REPORTER doing a STAND-UP:

REPORTER
...this new information coupled with the fact that Clarke was turned down for a Homeland Security post...

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Lisa and Beverly, watching the coverage ON TV:

REPORTER
...has many Republicans saying his book is nothing more than sour grapes...

Beverly tosses a THROW PILLOW at the television...

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

Now FILLED with PEOPLE. Cameras trained on the PANEL OF CONGRESSMEN settling into their seats. Roger, leading Clarke down the aisle towards the front witness table.

CLARKE
Where are the families?

Roger points them out. Front Row.

AMONG THEM - THE WIDOW he saw on TV the night before. He stares at her. She looks up for a moment, staring back.

At the front of the hearing room, 9/11 Commission CHAIRMAN THOMAS KEAN speaks:

CHAIRMAN KEAN
I'd like to call the hearing back to order.

Clarke blinks, reverie broken. Roger pats his shoulder.

ROGER

Good luck.

He takes a seat in the gallery. Clarke walks over to the witness table. Everyone settles in. Ready.

CHAIRMAN KEAN

Our next witness is Mr. Richard Clarke, who served as the former national coordinator for counterterrorism at the National Security Council. Mr. Clarke served on the National Security Council's staff with great dedication. We are pleased to have him here with us, to join us.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Lisa and Beverly watching.

CHAIRMAN KEAN (O.S.)

Mr. Clarke, could I ask you to raise your right hand so we place you under oath?

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

Clarke raises his right hand.

CHAIRMAN KEAN

Do you swear, or affirm, to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

CLARKE

I do.

CHAIRMAN KEAN

Thank you very much, sir.

Clarke takes his seat.

CHAIRMAN KEAN (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Clarke, your written remarks will be entered into the record in full. We'd ask you, sort of, to summarize your statement and please proceed.

CLARKE

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

He takes in the room. Takes a deep breath. And begins.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

Because I have submitted a written statement today, and I've previously testified before this commission for fifteen hours, and before the Senate-House Joint Inquiry Committee for six hours, I have only a very brief opening statement...

As we begin to CUT AROUND THE COUNTRY...

Men and women watching Clarke on television. In HOMES. STORES. AIRPORTS. BARS. All watching as he says:

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(on TV)

I welcome these hearings because of the opportunity that they provide to the American people to better understand why the tragedy of 9/11 happened and what we must do to prevent a reoccurrence...

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

CLARKE

I also welcome the hearings because it is finally a forum where I can apologize to the loved ones of the victims of 9/11.

IN THE GALLERY - There is an audible intake of breath.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

To them who are here in the room...

CUT TO:

AROUND THE COUNTRY

CLARKE

(on TV)

To those who are watching on television...

(pause)

Your government failed you.

People, nodding...

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

CLARKE

Those entrusted with protecting you failed you.

(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(pause)

And I failed you.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

LISA

Holy shit...

INT. 9/11 COMMISSION HEARING ROOM -- DAY

CLARKE

We tried hard, but that doesn't matter because we failed.

He turns back to the Gallery. TO THE FAMILIES.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

And for that failure, I would ask -- once all the facts are out -- for your understanding... and for your forgiveness.

An amazing moment. The families stare at him. He stares back. Tears in Roger's eyes. Tears in Clarke's own.

And then he turns back to face the panel.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

With that, Mr. Chairman, I'll be glad to take your questions.

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Lisa CLICKS OFF the television.

BEVERLY

What about the rest of it?

LISA

It doesn't matter.

BEVERLY

But the backgrounder, they could still-

LISA

No.

And she's shaking her head. Her cheeks wet with tears.

LISA (CONT'D)

That's what they'll remember.
That's what they'll take away.
What he just did...

She doesn't have the words for it. Instead she weeps. Crying and smiling all at the same time.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING HALLWAYS -- DAY

Clarke and Roger exit the room. CAMERAS ERUPT. Reporters surge forward and we can hear them filing to their stations, all talking about one thing - "The Apology".

And we hear OTHER NEWSCASTS and PUNDITS talking about it over the soundtrack and some are amazed and others are skeptical, and others call it an outrageous ploy and the sound begins to overwhelm us building and building and...

SILENCE.

On Clarke. In the crowd. We see people's mouths moving but hear nothing, THE SOUNDTRACK IS BLANK. And he sees

THE WIDOW. Standing with other families. They come towards him. Clarke, not knowing what to expect...

And then she hugs him tight. Pulling him close. And whispering into his ear, breaking our silence:

THE WIDOW

We forgive you.

And the other families swarm him as well, all telling him they forgive him and we can hear them and it's good because in the end it's really all that matters and we begin to PULL UP AND AWAY...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

The same electric blue one we began with. A breeze blows.

We push up the steps, where Clarke and O'Neill once sat. Empty now. SUPERIMPOSE:

The White House called Richard Clarke's allegations "deeply irresponsible and offensive".

The 9/11 Commission Report stated that "perhaps the most incisive of the advisors on terrorism to the new administration was the holdover Richard Clarke."

Following Richard Clarke's testimony, support for the War in Iraq plummeted. However, many Americans still believe Iraq had something to do with the attacks of September 11, 2001.

At the current rate of violence, more Americans will have died in Iraq than on 9/11 by December 2006.

We push through the open front door into

INT. CLARKE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Also empty. But filled with SOUND. Voices of friends we have heard talking in here over the years.

The words onscreen fade and are replaced by

Richard Clarke and Roger Cressey currently head Good Harbor Consulting out of Washington D.C. They have a good deal of clients. Beverly Roundtree runs their office.

Lisa Gordon-Hagerty works in the private sector.

Rand Beers is retired and co-teaches a class at Harvard with Clarke.

John O'Neill is buried in Atlantic City.

These words fade to. Replaced by:

To this day, Richard Clarke remains the only person ever to apologize for the attacks on September 11, 2001.

And we finally push in on

CLARKE'S MANTLE. Once empty, now FILLED WITH PICTURES.

Roger and Laurie and their girls, Beers and his grandchildren, and many, many, many more.

All Clarke's family.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT