

CURVEBALL

by
Steven Knight

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS LOUNGE, NIGHT

The 1900 hours arrival from Istanbul and the delayed 1600 hours arrival from Baghdad have emptied five hundred men, women and children into the arrivals lounge. It's stark, suffocating, and crowded.

Caption: Franz Josef international airport, Munich, Germany. October, 1999.

The bored immigration officers routinely abuse the passengers in loud German as they pass through the system. Women wear *Bhurkas*, the men are dressed in dark suits, stale from traveling.

Two policemen hold sniffer dogs on long leashes as they check baggage for Hashish or heroin. A family has been taken aside and are unloading all their belongings onto the carpet.

Everywhere noise, crying, the dogs barking.

Caption: This is a true story.

A family of five is at a glass booth, answering questions in halting German. Finally their passports are stamped and the passport guy beckons forward the next in line.

It's a young Iraqi guy in his late twenties. He looks like any other bachelor guest-worker.

But this is 'CURVEBALL'.

He steps forward and offers his passport. The passport guy studies it. A hand reaches out of the booth and adjusts a small mirror which the passport official angles to get Curveball's face in frame.

At that moment, Curveball speaks in heavily accented English. The lines sound rehearsed.

CURVEBALL

My passport is a forgery.

The passport guy looks up.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

I am from Baghdad. I am in danger. I need...political asylum.

A pause.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

Insallah.

Suddenly...

EXT. BURNING HOT PATCH OF DESERT OUTSIDE BAGHDAD

After the cramped interior of Munich airport, we are in the fierce heat of a featureless desert. There is no life, just a murderous sun, a heat haze and a dry wind.

Caption: 'Al Karma desert, Al Anbar Province, Iraq...
'FOUR YEARS LATER.'

A US military jeep drives into shot and comes to a halt in a cloud of dust. As the dust settles the passengers get out to look around.

There is an Italian American CIA analyst in her late twenties (RITA). Rita is eight years in the service. She's pretty, so she has to act tough to be taken seriously. She is accompanied by MARTHA. Martha really is tough, late thirties, fifteen years in the service, hard drinking, foul mouthed and with a face that's as hard and beaten up as an old saddle.

Despite the age difference, Rita is the ranking officer.

There is also a young IRAQI TRANSLATOR, and emerging from the back seat, a middle aged Iraqi in a white robe (THE INFORMANT).

The wind blows dust and grit all around them. The Informant's white robes billow out as he squats down on his haunches. Rita stands over him and speaks to the translator.

RITA

He's sure this is the place.

The translator translates and the informant vigorously nods pointing at the ground.

TRANSLATOR

He says if you don't find
anything here you can bury him in
the hole.

MARTHA

Tell the fucking son of a bitch
he can count on it.

Rita marches back to the jeep and pulls out a bottle of water. As she lifts the bottle to take a drink we see for the first time that behind her, on the near horizon, there is a HUGE LINE OF BULLDOZERS, EXCAVATORS AND TRUCKS shimmering in the heat haze, waiting for the order to move.

They all have United States flags flying in the dusty wind.

Rita grabs two snow white bio-protection suits and tosses one to Martha.

She then grabs the radio from the dash of the jeep and turns to face the line of earth movers which are shimmering menacingly.

RITA (INTO RADIO)

OK guys...

She wipes her brow.

RITA (CONT'D)

Here we go again...

The engines of the earth movers begin to roar and exhaust smoke billows.

We hear the opening bars of Dean Martin singing 'Gone Fishin'.

EXT. DESERT EXCAVATION SITE

A dozen earth movers, and trucks are churning up the desert, digging a hole and removing the spoil. The hole is twenty feet deep.

Guys in biological protection suits whistle directions, drivers in white overalls and germ-proof face masks sweat in the fierce heat and everywhere there is dust. The workers and soldiers look like aliens. The US flags attached to the big vehicles melt in the heat haze.

The Dean Martin song continues.

EXT. THE EXCAVATION SITE, NIGHT TIME

A full moon illuminates the desert and the digging is still going on. The excavation work is lit by giant searchlights with their beams swarming with bats and giant bugs.

We see two workers in white bio-suits looking on. When they remove their masks we see that it's Martha and Rita.

They look at each other, wiping away sweat. It's obvious they're getting anxious. Rita makes a decision and heads for the jeep. Martha follows her. The jeep's headlights sweep the desert as they leave...

Dean Martin continues to croon.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE, NEXT MORNING

The hole is now so deep the bulldozers are struggling to make it up the steep sides.

Then Rita and Martha's jeep races to the edge of the hole and pulls up in a cloud of dust. Rita jumps out and yells angrily....

RITA
Stop digging!!!

The music stops.

The order takes a while to get through to all the drivers, but after a while the trucks and bulldozers fall silent too.

The desert wind howls.

Rita is too furious to speak and begins to march towards a small encampment of tents which have been set up beside the excavation site.

EXT. INFORMANT'S ENCAMPMENT

The informant is asleep under a white canvas awning beside last night's fire. His wife and some friends lie on blankets nearby.

Rita suddenly looms over the sleeping informant and pours water from a bottle over his head. Martha follows.

The informant wakes with a start and begins to curse in Arabic. Rita pulls a pistol and points it at his head. The informant looks shocked. Rita has no translator but speaks to him loudly as if her anger will make him understand.

RITA
We just interviewed your fucking cousin in Tikrit.

MARTHA
He says you invented the stuff about nerve gas being buried here to get the US army to dig you a hole.

RITA
You're going to fill it up with water and open a fish farm. Is that right asshole?

The informant stares back at Rita with a look of sudden defiance.

There is a stand off for a moment in which it appears Rita might actually use her gun. Martha takes her arm gently and speaks surprisingly softly for someone so hard...

MARTHA

Hey. Some day we'll look back and laugh.

Finally Rita puts her gun back in her belt. She turns to stomp back across the desert towards the hole and we hear her yell...

RITA

Fill it in!

There is disbelief on the faces of the workers...

RITA (CONT'D)

I said, *fill it in!!*

Rita has arrived at the jeep and begins to beat the hell out of the vehicle in fury. She really kicks and punches the bodywork hard, hurting her fists. Martha calmly takes out a cigarette and lights it as she leans against the jeep and looks all around. Finally she speaks softly...

MARTHA (SOFTLY)

You know what?

RITA (GETTING HER BREATH)

What?

MARTHA

We need someone out here who knows what the fuck they're doing.

EXT. SNOW COVERED PINE FOREST, POLAR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Another stark change of environment.

The snow covered Virginia forest looks ice cold and pristine. We see a large and luxurious country house hotel nestled among the pines.

Caption: The Inn at Polar Springs, Virginia, three weeks later.

INT. PLUSH RESTAURANT OF THE POLAR SPRINGS INN

Well heeled middle aged couples sit in the elegant dining room. Everywhere there are hushed conversations, gentle laughter.

Among the couples we find DAVID KAY and his wife ANITA. David is early fifties, smartly dressed, his grey hair cut short in military style.

Unlike the other diners, David and Anita eat in silence because David is lost somewhere in his own mind, thinking hard about something.

Anita peers at David and sighs. The silence continues. Finally...

ANITA

Are you going to drop by at all this evening?

David looks up from his reverie.

DAVID

What?

Anita picks up her wine glass.

ANITA

Happy Birthday.

David thinks for a while then realizes. He raises his glass and takes a sip.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Is it something important?

In the background there is a conversation between a waiter and the maitre d'. The waiter is pointing David out...

Meanwhile Anita isn't taking David's silence for an answer...

ANITA (CONT'D)

I said, is it something important?

David half pushes his plate away. Anita lays down her cutlery.

DAVID

Yesterday afternoon the Head of the CIA asked me the King question.

ANITA

What's the King question?

DAVID

What would I do if I were King?

ANITA

King of what?

DAVID
The search for WMD's.

David is deep in thought again.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And like an idiot I gave him a
straight answer.

Anita smiles.

ANITA
You know David, you're turning
into one of those old guys who
always thinks he left the stove
on.

David smiles too.

DAVID
Oh the stove is on alright...

The Maitre d' arrives at the table, all hushed reverence.
He hovers over David.

WAITER
Mr Kay? There is a telephone
call for you.

David reacts as if he were half expecting this. Anita swigs
her wine like a tough broad then smiles directly at David.

ANITA
Mr Kay isn't here.

DAVID (SOFTLY)
That's right. Mr Kay isn't here.

An embarrassed pause. After a moment the waiter gathers
courage and leans close to David. He speaks softly.

WAITER
Mr Kay...It's the President of
the United States.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS AT LANGLEY

David drives up to the Security gate outside the CIA
complex and pulls over to be checked out.

Caption: CIA headquarters, next day.

David hands over some paperwork and photo ID to a uniformed
guard. The guard checks David's name against a list. He
offers David a map but David shakes his head...

GUARD

Doctor Kay, you've been allocated
a parking space right outside the
central building.

David looks amused and surprised.

DAVID

I have? I must be one important
guy these days...

David drives on...

INT. CORRIDOR IN LANGLEY, LATER

David is walking alongside JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, a Senior CIA
Executive. He's tall and dark in a neat dark suit.

He's a little breathless and excited as he holds open a
door for David.....

MCLAUGHLIN

...Someone told someone who told
someone who told the President
what you said at the grey beard
review.

They have arrived at a secure door and Mclaughlin punches
in a security code.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

He liked your ideas.

DAVID

John, my security clearance
expired two years ago. I'm not
even allowed through that door.

Mclaughlin holds the door open and we glimpse relentless
activity, a warren of offices, David's future...

MCLAUGHLIN

Look, our people are digging
holes in the sand and finding
sand.

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Also Rumsfeld saw your piece on
NBC. Everybody thinks you're the
guy.

DAVID

I'm 'the guy' what?

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN

The President wants you on a
plane to Baghdad the day after
tomorrow...

David takes a breath, a silent 'ah shit'.

INT. SMALL OFFICE INSIDE CIA HEADQUARTERS

David is hooked up to a lie detector machine (Polygraph).
A YOUNG ANALYST is asking questions. David is amused by the
process, as if he's grown out of it.

ANALYST

Since you last served with the
Agency, have you had access to
classified information outside of
Government employment?

DAVID

Yes.

The analyst looks a little wrong footed but continues...

ANALYST

Since you last served the agency
have you dealt with a foreign
intelligence service?

DAVID

Yes..

The analyst now really does look thrown...

ANALYST

Since you left the service have
you shared classified information
with a foreign intelligence
agent?

DAVID

Yes.

The analyst is now scratching his head. He turns the
machine off...

ANALYST

Doctor Kay, the answer we
normally look for to these
questions is 'no'.

DAVID

I'm aware of that but I've been
freelance for two years. I'm just
telling you the truth.

The analyst nods, studying his paperwork.

ANALYST

The agency system really isn't
designed to deal with truth that
is also undesirable.

David shrugs.

DAVID

I think undesirable truth is kind
of why they hired me.

INT. FIRING RANGE AT LANGLEY

David is firing his regulation issue Glock pistol at a
target. He's not doing so well.

The magazine is emptied with two more shots then David
removes his goggles and ear muffs.

The FIRING RANGE INSTRUCTOR peers at the target.

INSTRUCTOR

You're a little rusty Doctor Kay.

DAVID

Bill, for Christ's sake, just
sign my sheet and let me get out
of here. I have things to do.

The instructor signs a form in three places...

INSTRUCTOR

I guess it won't make any
difference. Shooting war's over
in Iraq, right?

INT. DAVID'S TEMPORARY OFFICE

David has been set up in a temporary back office. The walls
are bare and David is surrounded by boxes of files. His
desk is covered in open files, cross referenced and laid
out in order.

We glimpse headings referring to WMD.

David is studying a computer screen while a printer churns
out copies of a transcript in Arabic.

The door is knocked...

DAVID

Yeah...

A young Arab analyst in his mid twenties enters. This is HALIL. He's smartly dressed, good looking...nervous for reasons we don't yet understand.

HALIL

Sir? You asked for translation service.

David gathers the print-out from the printer. He's in a hurry...hardly looks up...

DAVID

I need these by tomorrow morning.
I'm leaving 5am.

He separates the papers...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Some are in Arabic, some in Farsi. Is that OK?

HALIL

No problem Sir.

Halil takes the papers and David returns to his screen...

HALIL (CONT'D)

I also read, write and speak Turkish, and two Persian dialects.

DAVID (BUSY)

Great.

HALIL

And also Kurdish.

David is back in his screen. Halil is still standing to attention...

HALIL (CONT'D)

I also understand the Iraqi dialect.

David looks up, wondering why Halil is still here.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Iraqi is one of the most difficult dialects in the Middle East to understand. Lot of idioms. Most translators don't get it....

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

....Sir.

David smiles.

DAVID

Are you fishing for an
invitation?

HALIL

I heard you're looking for an
executive assistant. I have a lot
to offer your mission Sir.

DAVID (AMUSED)

My 'mission'. Jesus...

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

HALIL

Chicago.

David raises his eyebrows to ask the question again.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Oh right...my parents are Iraqi
American.

David is now genuinely impressed.

DAVID

And what made you join the
service?

HALIL

I made my application on
September 12th 2001 Sir. At 9am.

The young guy's desire contrasts David's misgivings about
the 'mission' and David likes that. He ponders this for a
moment. He returns to the screen...

DAVID

Tomorrow morning bring the
translation in person.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Bring a change of clothes.

INT. GEORGE TENET'S OFFICE

George Tenet is sucking an unlit cigar and chairing the Friday afternoon 'prayer meeting', a weekly intelligence round-up on Iraq.

McLaughlin is there along with JIM PAVITT, tall, grey-haired and something of a dandy. There are four other senior CIA analysts, all sitting on one side of a long desk.

Tenet is on the phone.

TENET
OK, send him in.

Tenet puts the phone down and grins to the others...

TENET (CONT'D)
The second he steps through the door, OK?

Smiles all round. David enters and they all break into vigorous applause. David is amused, wrong footed...

DAVID
What did I do?

TENET
You got through CIA screening in less than a day. Head of Human Resources bet me fifty bucks it couldn't be done.

David is smiling as he takes his seat across the desk from them all.

DAVID
I see you still don't have a computer in here, George.

TENET
I'm an old fashioned guy...

John Pavitt leans across the desk to shake David's hand.

PAVITT (INSINCERE)
David, great to have you back on board.

DAVID
Thanks.

PAVITT
How's Anita?

DAVID
Telling me I should retire.

PAVITT
Maybe she has a point....

The slightly barbed comment is taken by David with a straight face.

TENET
So David, do you have everything
you need?

DAVID
Truthfully George?...No. No I
don't.

Smiles fade a little. Pavitt sighs softly, suggesting perhaps he was expecting David to be a trouble-maker.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You see...before I go to Baghdad
I'll need to see all the
intelligence.

Tenet tosses a screwed up sheet of paper into the trash

TENET
What's that supposed to mean?

Pavitt busies himself straightening things on the desk.

DAVID
It means there *has* to be more
intelligence on WMD's than the
stuff I've seen, right?

David looks along the line. Silence, a tangible cooling in the air. Tenet turns to Mclaughlin...

TENET
David's had all the relevant
intelligence?.

Before Mclaughlin can answer...

DAVID
Screw 'relevant'. I need to see
it all....

There is a long silence. David becomes concerned...

DAVID (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake George, almost
everything I've seen so far is
intelligence sourced from just
one guy...

A pause...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Code-name 'Curveball'.

The name causes a stifled reaction across the table. Pavitt taps his pencil on the desk. David is an old hand and sees something is up. He senses he's on to something...

DAVID (CONT'D)
What?

A pause. David looks from one to the other...

DAVID
Who the hell is 'Curveball' anyway?

EXT. MUNICH RED LIGHT DISTRICT, DAY

Curveball emerges from a strip joint and turns up his collar, lighting a cigarette. His face is framed as a neon flashes on his features.

Caption: 'Nuremberg, December, 1999...FOUR YEARS EARLIER'

On the street a freezing rain is hurting business. The girls are sheltering in doorways.

We see that Curveball looks a little drunk and he's not dressed for the weather. As he makes his way down the street a girl offers her services but he grins and gestures that he has no money.

Then he sees the rain splattered window of an internet cafe, brightly lit across the street.

INT. INTERNET CAFE

Curveball is sitting at a screen, sipping coffee. Rain pours outside. We glimpse the text that he is reading. We maybe glimpse the words 'The UNSCOM report' or 'WMD' or 'UN Security council'. We don't need to read the text, just know that he's researching something concerned with the UN or with WMD's.

Curveball studies the screen then turns to the young African guy who is using the screen next to him.

CURVEBALL
Excuse me, you have a pencil? And paper...

The African guy grins and hands him a scrap of paper and a pen. Curveball begins to scribble something down. The African guy then asks in English...

AFRICAN

Hey. Where you from?

Suddenly....

INT. ZINDORF IMMIGRANTS HOSTEL, NEXT DAY

We've cut abruptly to a drab interview room...

CURVEBALL

I am from Baghdad...

We are in the BND annex of the hostel outside Nuremberg. The room is lit by daylight through a barred window.

A young, junior BND operative is going through Curveball's slim file. He is asking questions in English from a single typed sheet. He doesn't look up as he asks questions....

Curveball stubs a cigarette then lights another. The air is full of smoke and the ashtray overflows.

OPERATIVE

Did you arrive in Germany
directly from Iraq?

CURVEBALL

Yes.

OPERATIVE

Who sold you your false passport?

Curveball doesn't answer. Instead he drags on his cigarette.

OPERATIVE (CONT'D)

Where did you get it?

Curveball shrugs. The operative scribbles on his sheet.

OPERATIVE (CONT'D)

Are you Sunni or Shia?

CURVEBALL

Sunni.

OPERATIVE

Were you a member of the Ba'ath
party?

CURVEBALL

No. Fuck them...

OPERATIVE

Was your father a member of the
Ba'ath party?

CURVEBALL

No.

OPERATIVE

Did you serve in the army?

CURVEBALL

No.

The operative reads Curveball's file....

OPERATIVE

You graduated in Chemical
Engineering. What was your job
after graduation?

A pause. A flicker of tension in Curveball's face as he
drags on his cigarette.

CURVEBALL

I worked...I was...Chemical
Engineer.

OPERATIVE

Where did you work?

CURVEBALL

I worked at...the Chemical
Engineering Design Center in
Baghdad.

From the reaction of the Operative, Curveball seems to have
pressed an important button and we see *that Curveball was*
expecting a reaction. The operative peers at Curveball for
a moment then scribbles a note on his file. He then hands
Curveball a business card.

OPERATIVE

He is my boss. He will want to
speak to you.

Curveball takes the card with some satisfaction.

OPERATIVE

You call him today, yes?

EXT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT, EARLY MORNING

An L-100 CIA flight comes in to land among the military
fighters, helicopters and transporter planes which occupy
the heavily fortified airstrip.

We see a sign full of bullet holes... 'Welcome to Baghdad International airport'.

EXT. AIRPLANE STEPS/AIRPORT APRON

David and Halil walk down the steps as the engines wind down.

At the bottom of the steps there is a welcoming party of two uniformed DIA guys flanking a two star General.

This is GENERAL DAYTON.

He's late fifties, greying, neatly uniformed. As David reaches the bottom of the steps David and Keith shake hands.

A second after they have greeted each other, Keith Dayton's face is dead straight as he says...

DAYTON

Doctor Kay, I just want to say I really should be hating your smart-ass spook guts for coming out here and taking my job away from me. But the fact is, this is a shitty, nasty assignment and on behalf of the military I'd like to say the CIA are welcome to it.

Halil's jaw drops. Dayton smiles.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Oh and...welcome to Baghdad.

David smiles too as Dayton leads them towards a waiting jeep. Halil speaks softly...

HALIL

Is he for real?

DAVID

You ever keep goats?

HALIL

No Sir...

DAVID

CIA and the military are like two goats. They clash horns just to hear the noise it makes.

Halil looks puzzled as they climb into the jeep.

EXT. CAMP SLAYER

David and Halil sit side-by-side in the back seat of an open jeep as it races through sun-baked scrubland between the airport and CAMP SLAYER. Keith Dayton is in the front seat beside the DIA driver.

They arrive at the perimeter of the camp and slow for a security check. Guards salute....

For the moment we only glimpse the inside of Camp Slayer through barbed wire.

We see a palace rising majestically from a vast ornamental lake and we will later learn this is THE PERFUME PALACE.

The lake is fed by canals where Egrets fish and pygmy cormorants fly in flocks. The sunrise makes the palace seem like a shot from a tourist brochure.

Dayton turns with a smile and points to the Perfume Palace.

DAYTON

That's Saddam's old whore house.

DAVID

I know. I had tea there once.

Dayton reacts as if he's been out-ranked again. The security barrier begins to open.

DAVID (CONT'D)

General Dayton, could we go take a look around it?

DAYTON (SURPRISED)

The whore house?

DAVID

For old times sake.

DAYTON

I've got you scheduled to address the troops in one hour.

DAVID

Yeah well I have a schedule of my own. That's why I'm here.

Dayton grudgingly nods the order to his driver and they race towards the looming palace.

INT. PERFUME PALACE, EARLY MORNING

David is walking around Saddam's former palace all alone. He crunches broken glass as he walks. Shafts of sunlight illuminate the scene.

The space is huge, with murals, carvings, and thirty foot chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

We cut around him as he wanders on the second and third floors.

Inside the vast ballroom we find David staring up at a gigantic mural of Saddam sitting on a white charger with a sword raised. The mural dominates the room.

David comes across an empty swimming pool in the shape of a palm. He goes to study a particular mural and it crumbles when he touches it. Halil enters, dwarfed by the size of the palace.

HALIL

Sir, I counted two hundred fifty three power sockets. Only three faucets are working. All the floors are solid concrete.

David peers at Halil.

DAVID

You smell it?

HALIL

What?

DAVID

Perfume. You can still smell the perfume from the hookers.

HALIL (SOFTLY)

They weren't all hookers.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Some were women who were brought here. They tortured them. Killed them. Just little girls sometimes. My Dad told me all about this place.

Halil looks upset. For the moment, David doesn't care to ask more. Finally...

DAVID

Let's make it smell of paint,
huh?

EXT. CHAOTIC STREET MARKET IN SHIA NEIGHBORHOOD OF BAGHDAD

Rita is driving a Toyota pick-up through a gathering crowd of children. Beside her is Martha, smoking a cigarette and cursing the crowds who are blocking their way. She takes a drink from a water bottle and from her reaction we suspect it is hard spirit...

Rita hits her horn and checks her watch.

RITA

Shit, shit shit.

MARTHA

Ah, what are you worrying about?
Fuck him.

Rita bangs the dashboard in fury. A child of eight is tapping at the window and Martha hands him a pack of cigarettes. A crunch of gears, kids all around.

RITA

Martha we are part of the reason
they bought this guy over here.
The least we can do is hear what
he has to say.

MARTHA

It'll be the same old shit from a
different asshole.

Martha leans across and hoots the horn for Rita.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Run the little bastards over...

INT. LARGE TENTED MEETING AREA, CAMP SLAYER

David is addressing a meeting of two hundred people. Most are in uniform, some are in civilian clothes. Halil is on the front row. Keith is sitting beside David at the front of the audience.

DAVID

Ok...you've probably heard
everything there is to know about
me already and if you haven't you
don't belong in intelligence.

Muffled laughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

In the nineties I spent four years in Iraq heading the UN weapons inspection teams...

Some derision which is muffled when David acknowledges it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yeah, right, OK, so now it's our turn. I guess we have a point to prove. That's why we're in kind of a hurry.

Some cheers.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We know there are weapons out there but it's a big desert, right?

Agreement from the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also most of the major weapons facilities have been looted out. That's just a fact. Nothing we can do about it now.

Dayton appears to feel he's being blamed and glares at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So from now on we have a new strategy.

David turns a page on his note-pad.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We go after people not places. We won't find anything running around from facility to facility looking at walls and bare wires. We speak to the people who ran the programs... Scientists, technicians...and cleaners and janitors and security guys. Sometimes they know more than the big guys...

A chair is knocked over in a clatter. Everyone turns to see Rita and Martha sneaking into the meeting through a side entrance. Dayton leans forward and speaks softly....

DAYTON

They're important.

Rita tries to find a seat without being noticed. Martha stands boldly at the side of the rows of seats with her arms folded.

DAVID
Good afternoon.

MARTHA
We got held up.

RITA
Not literally.

David can see the concealed smiles in the audience, the affection which they feel for these two. He decides to tease them.

DAVID
I was just saying that as part of the new regime, anyone arriving late for a briefing has to come up on stage and sing show tunes...

Laughter. Martha rolls up her sleeves...

MARTHA
Hey at last, my big fucking
break...

More laughter and yells of 'stop her!'...'shoot her!'...

David laughs and turns a page. Martha mumbles under her breath...

MARTHA (CONT'D SOFTLY)
Ass hole...

David resumes...

DAVID
OK, I want it known from the start that from now on, all the bullshit about CIA Jocks against DIA nerds and Special-Ops knuckle-draggers doesn't apply here. That's all just history.

Dayton doesn't look convinced.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We're going to all be one happy family...

Some groans...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Which is why we're going to live
together.

David turns to look at Dayton.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm moving the entire operation
into Saddam's whore house.

Hesitation then applause. Keith reacts with surprise.

As the applause dies down, we see that Martha has her hand
raised. David is puzzled.

DAVID
You object to working in a whore
house?

MARTHA
No Sir, I worked at CIA
headquarters for five years.

Cheers, laughter.

DAVID
So what is it?

MARTHA
Sir. I've been on the Iraq Survey
group since 'mission
accomplished'...

Sniggers.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
And I'd just like to ask...what
if there are no weapons of mass
destruction.

The meeting falls silent. David seems challenged by the
question and puzzled by the respectful silence it has
caused. Finally...

MARTHA (CONT'D)
I mean just for arguments sake.
What if there isn't anything to
find.

David wanders a little...

DAVID
There are weapons.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)
CIA says so. DIA says so. The
President says so. Rumsfeld,
Cheney and Wolfowitz say so. So
it's so.

A pause. David becomes deadly serious...

DAVID (CONT'D)
But if we discover that it isn't
so...

A pause.

DAVID
We tell the truth. No matter
what. That's why we're here.

The audience reacts with silence....

INT. SMALL GUEST HOUSE BEDROOM, MORNING

The bedroom is half lit until the curtain is pulled back.
We see the snow-covered rooftops of a Nuremberg suburb.

Caption: BND safe house, Nuremberg, December 1999.

Curveball is in a T-shirt and underwear, smoking a
cigarette as he peers out at the snow. He hears the door
being knocked.

EXT. NUREMBERG SAFE HOUSE

Outside in the snow a sleek black Mercedes is waiting with
a smartly dressed driver waiting to usher Curveball into
the passenger seat.

Curveball turns and throws a snowball at his bedroom window
as he makes his way to the car. He hoots with laughter.

He seems exhilarated by the snow, overjoyed to be here.

EXT. JOINT INTERROGATION CENTER, NUREMBERG.

Curveball's car pulls up outside the daunting concrete
fortress, an interrogation hub which is a relic of the cold
war.

INT. JOINT INTERROGATION CENTER, INTERVIEW ROOM

Curveball is being interrogated by two BND officers. The
senior officer is 'SCHUMANN'. He's tall, dark haired,
early forties.

The younger officer is half Arabic and acts as translator when needed. Curveball is smoking cigarettes endlessly...

The interrogation is conducted in English.

SCHUMANN

Do your employers know why you left Iraq?

CURVEBALL

No. *Nein....Ya and nein, right?*

He grins.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

I want to learn german. Maybe you can send someone to teach me. A woman...

SCHUMANN

Who else knows you're here?

Curveball shrugs.

CURVEBALL

My parents.

SCHUMANN

What about your wife?

Curveball looks down at his shoes and appears to be upset for a moment. Schumann makes a note.

Curveball shakes his empty pack of cigarettes. Schumann gestures to his translator and he tosses Curveball another pack which he unwraps as he talks.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

You said in your first interview that you worked at the Chemical Engineering design center in Baghdad.

CURVEBALL

Ya.

SCHUMANN

What kind of work did you do?

Curveball giggles.

CURVEBALL

Ya and nein. Right?

Schumann already appears mildly irritated by this guy.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

Maybe my language teacher could
be a blonde German woman.

Schumann understands the implication that Curveball wants a woman and shrugs as if all things are possible. He makes a note then consults paperwork.

SCHUMANN

You knew Lieutenant General
Hussein Kamal?

Curveball snorts dismissively.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

He was your boss?

CURVEBALL

Yes. At first. Then it was doctor
Taha...

Schumann reacts to the name and we sense Curveball knew the name would have an effect. He drags on his cigarette.

Curveball searches for a word then speaks in Arabic. The translator speaks in German and we see subtitles.

TRANSLATOR

(He says Taha and Kamal were
'thieves'. Crooks'. Lots of
kickbacks)

Curveball continues in English...

CURVEBALL

Everyone there was making...black
money. Kamal's bodyguards rented
out his cars for cash and women.

SCHUMANN

What projects did you work on
with Doctor Taha?

CURVEBALL

'Projects?'

The translator translates. Curveball waits a long time, uses his cigarette to draw pictures in the ash. Finally he looks up and smiles and answers in English.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

Before we talk about my work we
can talk about getting for me a
permit...and a German passport.

Schumann rocks slightly in his chair and makes a large note on his notepad. We read the word...

(MORE)

'Bio-waffen?'

....And see a subtitle. 'Biological weapons?'

Schumann taps the dot of the question mark firmly onto his pad with his pen. Then he looks up and smiles.

SCHUMANN

So you like blonde women, huh?

INT. PERFUME PALACE, BALLROOM/SPIRAL STAIRCASE

The place is in chaos as engineers, soldiers, analysts, the whole team begin to convert the ballroom into a functioning headquarters.

The giant mural of Saddam is in the process of being painted over with white paint.

Halil is walking through the chaos carrying a computer with the plug trailing. As we follow his progress up the spiral stairs we begin to get an overview of the headquarters taking shape.

He also has a cellphone to his ear which he is holding in place with his shoulder. As he pushes his way through the confusion he speaks into the phone in Arabic.

We don't get a translation but from certain English words we infer he is speaking to his mother at home in the US.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

Halil is sweating, the computer heavy in his hands, the phone conversation continuing...

As he rises up the stairs we see that a huge central bull pen is being established, with two giant TV screens. The desks are being laid out in concentric circles.

One of the screens is showing FOX NEWS. The other CNN.

Suddenly a chandelier crashes from the ceiling and lands at Halil's feet. Halil looks up and sees two military guys working...

HALIL

Hey! Watch what you're doing up there....

WORKER

Fuck you!

Halil continues through a door marked 'Teleconference.'

INT. TELECONFERENCE ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR

Halil enters to semi darkness and stands as an observer...

David is silhouetted against A GIANT SCREEN, EIGHT FEET HIGH. This is the teleconferencing facility and will feature throughout the rest of the story. David and Dayton will use this screen to communicate with both the CIA and the DIA.

The screen definition is good but prone to interference. Also, at the Washington end of the link, the image is determined by a moving camera which seeks the source of the loudest voice in the room. The problem is that if anyone is speaking off-camera, the camera will sometimes seek them out, causing the image to blur and change erratically.

The technical problems with this teleconferencing facility should be maddening and act as a metaphor for the communication problems throughout the intelligence, military and Government communities.

The conferences should be confused, almost surreal, with David or Dayton dwarfed by the large images of their superiors back in Washington.

In this first conference, David Kay is in conference with George Tenet, John McLaughlin and Jim Pavitt back at Langley. David speaks to the small camera which sends his image to Washington.

Halil lays his computer down on a desk and stands in the shadows...

DAVID

...No, no, you're not getting it.
Here...let me hold this up.

David holds a hand-drawn layout map of the Perfume palace up to the small camera...

DAVID (CONT'D)

This will be the secure area.
You see here is the SCIF...We
have a steel door here and thick
walls all around...

PAVITT

Yeah but I'm talking about the
CIA SCIF.

DAVID

We'll be together. That's the
point.

TENET

You'll need a separate SCIF for the CIA.

DAVID

Why?

The camera suddenly jumps to a door slamming closed at the far end of the office. An intern is bringing coffee...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit...

MCLAUGHLIN

What did you say David?

DAVID

It's OK. The camera keeps jumping around...

The image is swallowed and then jumps back to Pavitt, who is already speaking...

PAVITT

.....Military guys have only taken the DIA polygraph.

TENET

They haven't taken life-style polygraphs.

DAVID

Jesus...I know that...

TENET

Say again David, we missed that.

DAVID

It's going to get kind of weird to have a steel door between...

MCLAUGHLIN

I can't hear him, can you?

PAVITT

Can we get more coffee in here...

DAVID

Guys the camera is going after the voices...could you try to not talk unless you're talking to me.

TENET

David, you call the shots out there but we need there to be a steel door between you and the military. Seriously...

MCLAUGHLIN

If you can still hear us David...

The image flickers.

TENET

...has to be a steel door...

The image flickers some more...

DAVID

Guys, you're breaking up...

The image stabilizes then flickers again and David speaks quickly...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Hey Jim, before I lose you, I need you to send that WINPAC file you promised....

The picture flickers....

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Jim? I really need you to get me that file on....

The picture disappears altogether...

DAVID

...Curveball...

David and Halil are staring at the blank screen. After a moment...

HALIL

It's sun spots Sir. They said sun spots screw up the signal.

David nods. A pause.

DAVID

Gee. Who'd have expected sun spots in the desert?

EXT. PERFUME PALACE.

David and Halil emerge from the Palace into burning sun. Equipment is being delivered and unloaded all around.

An open top jeep is waiting for them with a uniformed military driver. As David climbs in...

DAVID

Take me to the Special Operations headquarters, then take Halil on to the translation pool.

The driver hesitates for a half a moment, a little anxious for reasons we don't yet understand. Finally...

DIVER

Special Ops then transpool. Yes
Sir...

EXT. PERFUME PALACE GROUNDS

David and Halil are being driven in through the Palace grounds and for the first time we see the strangeness and lavishness of the place.

There are three palaces, one of them still unfinished, situated around the vast man-made lake. The streets of the compound have ornate Victorian style lamp posts. The whole place looks flimsy and dream-like.

Then the driver pulls over and looks straight ahead.

DIVER

This is it Sir.

David and Halil react before we see why.

They have pulled up outside an exact re-creation of Fred Flintstone's house.

It is made from concrete moulded unevenly around a metal frame to look like a cave. It has the words 'Bedrock' chipped out of the concrete above the door frame. David turns to the driver with a look of disbelief.

DIVER

Saddam had it built for his grandchildren. The moment the Special Ops guys saw it they claimed it for their own.

David stares in wonder...

DAVID (SOFTLY)

Well naturally...

DIVER

They....they use Barney Rubble's slide to get in and out Sir.

A pause.

DIVER (CONT'D)

They say it's...pretty quick. In an emergency.

David and Halil are speechless for a moment. Finally...

HALIL

And where do the translators hang
out, Snow White's fairy castle
right?

The driver thinks for a moment.

DRIVER

No Sir, the translators occupy
one of the Japanese pagodas on
the lake shore.

David and Halil swap looks.

DAVID

Sounds...nice.

DRIVER

You'll hear opera.

DAVID

Opera.

DRIVER

They play a lot of opera.

A pause.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm told it's Puccini mostly.

INT. JAPANESE PAGODA/ADMIN OFFICE

The music of *'Madam Butterfly'* plays at full volume.

A middle-aged National Guard officer (JOHNSON) is sitting
at his desk with his eyes closed, relishing the music to
the exclusion of all else.

A young geeky Executive Assistant (SMITH) is typing on a
manual typewriter in one corner of the room.

Halil enters, and waits a moment. Smith sees him first and
calls out to his superior officer...

SMITH

Sir? Sir!

Johnson opens his eyes. He reacts and turns the music off.

HALIL

I did knock Sir, but...

JOHNSON

Can we help you?

Johnson looks to be annoyed at having been disturbed. He gets to his feet and begins to patrol the room. Halil hands Johnson some paperwork which he begins to read.

HALIL

Doctor Kay asked me to get the Arabic interpreters together so that we can organize some kind of rota...

Johnson stops and peers out of the window.

JOHNSON

Arabic speakers?

HALIL

Yes Sir.

A pause. Johnson hums Puccini under his breath for a few moments. Halil glances at Smith. Finally...

JOHNSON

I'm afraid...we don't have anyone here who speaks Arabic.

Halil is rocked back a little.

HALIL

Excuse me?

Johnson turns and speaks loudly as if Halil might not understand English.

JOHNSON

We don't have any Arabic speakers here.

Halil looks to Smith, who shrugs...

HALIL

This...is the translation pool, right?

JOHNSON

We are the Utah National Guard. Mostly we are ex-missionaries. We have people who speak Swahili, Chinese, Cambodian and Inca...as well as several European languages.

A pause...

HALIL

But...you don't have anyone who can speak to the Iraqis in their own language.

A pause.

JOHNSON

It's something we've been asking
for. Both by email to high
command and in our prayers.

Halil reacts...

INT. FRED FLINSTONE'S HOUSE

David is sitting at a desk inside the moulded concrete building. The interior has been stripped but the Fred Flintstone stone bed and chair are visible. The walls have been decorated with US flags and Regiment insignia. There is also a large sign which reads...

'Screaming Eagles...bombing you back to the stone age'.

Opposite David we see a very large SPECIAL OPS COMMANDER (AMORY) who is moving a mouse around and peering at his computer screen. Amory is a big Texan with military tattoos down his arm. The mouse looks tiny in his fist..

Though the cartoon setting is funny, the mood between the two men is sour...

AMORY (STARING AT THE SCREEN)

...OK, my next problem is you got
a CIA person on field duty with
no fire-arms certificate.

He turns the screen around for David to look at.

AMORY (CONT'D)

When this sweet young lady goes
out in the field alone I have to
have two of my guys baby-sitting
her. Luckily she usually travels
with her girlfriend.

Amory grins.

AMORY (CONT'D)

I hear she's a dyke.

As David studies the screen, Amory fixes him with a calm stare and speaks softly.

AMORY (CONT'D)

I know technically you're the
boss here now Doctor Kay...but
when the doo doo hits the air
con. Your guys are civilians. My
guys are soldiers. War is what
we do.

David gets to his feet and gestures at the screen.

DAVID

You're on this woman's case
because three weeks ago you tried
to screw her but you couldn't get
it up.

Amory reacts.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ever since then you've been
trying to get her off the camp.

Amory looks stunned. David heads for the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm a spook. Secrets is what I
do.

EXT. PERFUME PALACE CAR PARK

The car park near to the palace has been filled with truck
trailers which are being used as make-shift offices. One
of them is a lavatory. Another trailer has been stacked on
top of another and has a sign hanging above the entrance...

'High value target bar'.

Cigarette smoke and karaoke music pour out of the bar. We
hear a woman singing *'I will survive'* badly and loudly.

INT. HVT BAR

Martha is on the Karaoke microphone, singing her tonsils
out.

The bar itself is a plank across two water barrels. There
are rows of spirits and bottles of beer, a couple of
refrigerators, tables and chairs strewn around. The place
is a dive but it's home.

Rita is stamping her feet and shouting encouragement to
Martha.

David enters and Rita stops shouting. The rest of the
audience see David and turn back to their tables,
embarrassed to have been caught enjoying themselves by the
new boss.

Only Martha carries on. She finishes her song and takes a
bow to silence.

David takes a seat beside Rita. Martha joins them at the same time, wiping sweat from her armpits with her T-shirt. She refuses to be intimidated.

MARTHA (TO DAVID)

What did you think?

DAVID

From outside I thought it was the Islamic call to prayer.

MARTHA

Oh no. The call to prayer goes like this..

Martha gets to her feet, cups her hands around her mouth and yells... 'Allaaaaah..akhba'. At other tables everyone is smothering laughter...glancing over.

Martha sits back down and swigs her beer.

RITA

Sir, before this gets ugly, there's no point busting Martha and sending her home. Washington won't take her. They just send her back here. She has a kind of...emotion related Tourettes syndrome. She once called Scooter Libby a 'fucking piss-pants dwarf' to his face.

MARTHA

To *both* faces. He has two.

A pause. David addresses her directly...

DAVID

Martha I hear that you can't shoot straight.

MARTHA

Bullshit. On the range I'm kind of erratic. If it matters I can shoot a hummingbird up the ass.

DAVID

You failed your certificate eighteen times.

MARTHA

You heard that, huh?

DAVID

I need you to pass that certificate.

MARTHA

What's the hurry?

DAVID

I'm promoting you.

Martha looks disbelieving. David hands Rita some paperwork.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You two are going to head up the biological unit. I'll give you everything I've got from WINPAC. You start tomorrow.

A disbelieving pause. Finally...

MARTHA

Do you have a reason for this insanity?

DAVID

I've discovered a lot of people here don't like you.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lots of *different reasons* but mostly because you say things *people don't* want to hear.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's what I need.

David gets to his feet and heads for the door.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

David has secured a large office on the third floor. It has a dozen ornate pillars in inconvenient places, making the layout awkward and interrupting all eye-lines.

The office, like so much else here, is kind of a maze.

David is laying out sheets of paper all across the floor of the office. He has already laid out two dozen sheets which snake between the pillars.

He has a thick wad of typed sheets in his hand. He is selecting sheets and placing them carefully in position on his paper trail. He is engrossed in his work.

After a moment Dayton enters without knocking.

DAVID
Hey Keith. Thanks for coming...

Dayton stops and peers at the trail of papers across the floor.

DAYTON
What are you doing?

DAVID
This is a transcript of the WMD speech Colin Powell made to the United Nations Security Council before the war.

Dayton angles his head to read some of the sheets on the floor... David is still engrossed in his work...

DAVID (CONT'D)
...My superiors are being kind of slow in getting me copies of the intelligence he used...

David looks up and smiles...

DAVID (CONT'D)
...So I thought I'd use the speech itself as a starting point. I'm breaking it down into chemical, nuclear and biological.

He goes back to placing his sheets...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Keith, just bare with me a second, I'm almost done...

Dayton sighs and turns to peer out of the window...

DAYTON
I see the CIA has an office with windows.

DAVID (BUSY)
Ah now Keith *come on*.

DAYTON
This shit matters here...

DAVID
Not to me it doesn't. There's nothing to see out there but fucking sand.

DAYTON

And my engineers tell me you've asked for a steel door between CIA and DIA. What happened to happy families?

David has completed his task and returns to his desk...

DAVID

George Tenet insisted there should be a door. It will be left open at all times. Just because our bosses are assholes doesn't mean we have to be, right?

He looks at Dayton pointedly and Dayton shrugs.

DAYTON

So what did you want?

David has grabbed a file from his desk. We glimpse a passport size PHOTO OF CURVEBALL attached to the right hand top corner.

DAVID

DIA always grades its informants, right? A1 to F6.

Dayton hands the file to Dayton.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why would this guy have no grade?

Dayton consults the backpage.

DAYTON

He's a BND source. The Germans must have graded him.

DAVID

But he's all over my paperwork with 'major significance' by his name. He has to have a DIA grade.

A pause. Dayton looks at the coverpage and reads the name...

DAYTON

Curveball...

David comes close.

DAVID

Keith, bullshit aside, could you...

DAYTON

...put myself out to help you?

David nods. A pause. Dayton closes the file and hands it back...He makes a decision.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

I'll look into it....

The small offer of help is a breakthrough. Dayton gets to his feet and glances at the window...

DAYTON (CONT'D)

And while I look into it you can look out the window.

David smiles, a slight thawing between them.

DAVID

I just want to know who this guy is.

INT. BND SAFE HOUSE, NUREMBERG, NIGHT

Curveball is screwing a large, blonde German prostitute from behind on an unmade bed.

Caption: BND safe house, Nuremberg, February 2000.

Headlights from passing traffic intermittently light the room. A cigarette burns in the ashtray, a half bottle of cheap whisky beside it.

Turkish disco music is playing loudly downstairs.

EXT. CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, NIGHT

A sleek Mercedes pulls up outside the house. The lights inside are burning and we hear the Turkish disco music coming from inside. The driver gets out and checks his watch.

The prostitute emerges from the house and shivers in the cold as she hurries to the car. When she reaches it the driver smiles.

DRIVER

(Did you teach him some German?)

INT. BOARDROOM WITHIN THE BND PULLACH COMPLEX, NEXT DAY

A long board room table. Four BND guys and a translator look on in silence as Curveball sketches on a large sketch pad, smoking a cigarette and flicking it in an over-flowing ashtray. Schumann is sitting opposite Curveball.

The blinds are drawn against bright sunlight. Curveball passes his latest sketch across the table and Schumann holds it up to the light. We glimpse a neat drawing of a system of tubes and compressors inside the back of a long truck. Curveball speaks through the translator and we see subtitles...

CURVEBALL

(We engineered these mobile units at Djerf Al Nadaf and tested them at Amiriyah serum and vaccine institute. At first they used Renault trucks but then they switched to military vehicles.)

Everyone leans in to study the drawings...Curveball speaks in English...

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

There are six of them - And one more is being built...By now *seven* I think.

Schumann peers at Curveball, his gaze steady.

SCHUMANN

(What is their capacity?)

Curveball takes a long suck on his cigarette. He speaks in Arabic.

CURVEBALL

(Twenty to thirty metric tons of anthrax or small pox.)

The room reacts. One of the technical guys turns the diagram around to study it. Two technical guys fire off some fast questions in German, talking at the same time.

TECHNICAL GUYS

(What about dust and sand? How do you maintain pressure? How can the system be stable?)

Curveball studies his cigarette and shrugs and addresses the last question.

CURVEBALL

(The systems are not always
stable. For example...once when
I was in the design section,
there was an accident...)

Curveball grins and makes the sound of a big explosion.

SCHUMANN

(At Nadaf?)

Curveball nods.

TECHNICAL GUY

(What year?)

Curveball thinks for a moment.

CURVEBALL

(Nineteen ninety eight. October
I think. Big mess. Twelve
technicians killed.)

Curveball stubs his cigarette and lights another. He speaks
in English...

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

Hey, we get some beer in here,
yes?

Schumann glances at the diagrams then gestures for his
assistant to go for beer.

Schumann hands the sketch pad back to Curveball...

SCHUMANN

(Can you draw a map of the Djerf
Al Nadaf facility?)

Curveball takes the pad back.

CURVEBALL

(Yeah. Why not?)

INT. DAVID KAY'S OFFICE, IN HALF DARKNESS/LAMP LIGHT

David is on his knees, still organizing his paper trail
from Colin Powell's speech.

We see that he is studying a particular page which has a
map of a factory facility...and we glimpse the words 'Djerf
Al Nadaf' as a title. We glimpse some words, hand-written
in German at the top of the page.

Halil enters and David hardly looks up from his papers.

DAVID

Hey Halil. You don't speak German
by any chance do you?

HALIL

No Sir.

David sits back and rubs his eyes wearily...

HALIL (CONT'D)

Maybe the Mormons can help you...

David smiles as he gets to his feet and heads for his desk.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Did you cable Washington that
there are no Arabic speakers
here?

David gestures at the computer where text is flashing.

DAVID

I've written a three page letter
of exasperation about this whole
fucking set-up.

Halil sits at the computer screen where the text is
flashing.

HALIL

You want me to send it?

David ponders his files.

DAVID

Yeah.

He thinks for a moment...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also send a cable to Director of
Operations. "I need more personal
background on Curveball." And
send an encrypted cable to
WINPAC. "I need more *technical*
background on Curveball." And
send one to George Tenet in
person...

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

"Hey George. For the third
fucking time, I need everything
you have on Curveball."

EXT. CAMP SLAYER VEHICLE POOL, DAY

The sun is beating down as a convoy of a dozen vehicles prepares to set out of the camp on a mission.

Engines are being fired up and some small arms being engaged by drivers and DIA guys. Martha and Rita are loading up a jeep with equipment.

David walks out into the pool with Halil at his side. He yells.

DAVID

OK, listen up!!

There is no reaction at first then David clambers aboard the back of a jeep and yells out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Can I have your attention please!

Finally heads are turned, engines shut off.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I want you all to remove your dark glasses.

There is puzzlement. David checks with Halil and Halil nods, a little embarrassed. This is obviously a result of Halil's advice.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Take off your shades...

Slowly everyone begins to remove their dark glasses.

DAVID (CONT'D)

For Iraqis it's a sign of disrespect. Let them see your eyes.

David jumps down from the jeep and nods acknowledgement to Halil. We cut close to Martha.

MARTHA

'Respect?' What is he, a fucking rap artist?

She begins to sing 'Respect yourself' as she fires the engine.

EXT. CONVOY

Rita and Martha's convoy passes through the perimeter of Camp Slayer and out onto the Baghdad road.

As they rumble through a small settlement, people come to the roadside to watch. Rita smiles and Martha tosses some candy out of the window.

Suddenly a volley of rocks hits the vehicle with a thud, and one of the rocks cracks the windscreen. Rita seems a little uneasy but drives on, taking out a stick of gum.

RITA

First it was flowers.

MARTHA

Then spit.

RITA

Now it's rocks.

A pause. Martha reaches into her pocket and puts on her dark glasses.

MARTHA

What next huh? Sure as hell won't be respect.

INT. SMALL OFFICE INSIDE BND HEADQUARTERS

The office is in semi-darkness. Through the half open blinds we see the German Chancellory building.

Two TECHNICAL GUYS are preparing a slide show. A tall, thin senior analyst called MEINER is standing beside the screen.

Caption: BND headquarters, BERLIN, January, 2000.

One of the technical guys indicates that he is ready and Meiner closes the blinds.

An overhead projector is switched on and in the ghostly white light we find Schumann, who is sitting alone, waiting for the presentation to begin.

A shimmering image of a hand drawn map is projected onto a screen. The map is of a factory facility, titled 'Djerf Al Nadaf'...it is the same map we saw in David's hand earlier.

Meiner steps into the image of the map so that part of it is projected onto his face and shirt. He speaks in German and we see subtitles...

MEINER

(This is the map that your informant drew of the Djerf Al Nadaf facility...)

We see Schumann's anticipation.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(And this is an aerial photograph
of the same facility taken by the
Israeli Air Force.)

We cut back to the image on the screen and see an aerial
photograph being transposed onto the drawing.

The photo has been scaled up to the size of the drawing.
As the photo is overlaid onto the drawing, there seems to
be a rough match. We cut back to Schumann...

SCHUMANN

(So the drawing he made is
correct.)

Meiner points to a line at the edge of the photo.

MEINER

(No.)

A pause.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(Your informant told you the
mobile bio-units leave the
facility from this exit.)

A pause.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(The Israeli photographs show
that there is a solid brick wall
here. No trucks could enter or
exit.)

Schumann stands and comes closer. He studies the image.

SCHUMANN

(Perhaps the wall has been built
since he left.)

MEINER

(No. This photograph was taken in
the same month that the informant
claims to have been working at
Nadaf.)

Schumann steps into the projected image, the proof
illustrated on his white shirt.

SCHUMANN

(Perhaps a lapse of memory.)

Meiner picks up a file of documents.

MEINER

(The map is the least of your worries Herr Schumann.)

Meiner indicates that the blinds be opened. Daylight floods into the room. Meiner hands Schumann the file.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(Your informant described an accident. If that accident had ever taken place, there would have been soil contamination which would have been picked up by UN inspectors)..

A pause.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(In the UNSCOM report there was no record of contamination.)

Schumann studies Meiner, beginning to look deeply uneasy...

SCHUMANN

(What about the designs he drew? The mobile units?)

~~A pause. One of the technical guys speaks up.~~

TECHNICAL GUY 1

(It is the opinion of all of the analysts we consulted at the University of Berlin that those designs could never work in practise).

A pause. Schumann's face catches a chink of light. The other technical guy chips in...

TECHNICAL GUY 2

(There is too much instability in the system. And the amounts of anthrax he claims these trucks could produce is pure fantasy).

A pause...Schumann looks puzzled and addresses them all.

SCHUMANN

(So...he is lying.)

The technical guy 2 shrugs and switches off the projector.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

(But the technical descriptions are so detailed...)

TECHNICAL GUY 1

(A lot of this stuff is on the internet. The UNSCOM report to the UN. We're not saying this guy is stupid...)

MEINER

(perhaps it is us who have been stupid).

Meiner comes close to Schumann and speaks softly.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(Commander Urlhau suggests that we bury this.)

Schumann looks anxious and Meiner studies him as he wanders around the room.

SCHUMANN

(My office has already passed on some of this intelligence to the Americans and the British.)

He peers out between the blinds...

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

(Should we warn them?)

Meiner looks wearily at the pile of paperwork and shakes his head.

MEINER

(This is embarrassing enough already don't you think?)

Schumann is lost in thought as Meiner bundles up the files.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(Just tell them none of the intelligence can be positively verified...)

Meiner hands the bundles of files to Schumann, who takes the weight of them....

MEINER (CONT'D)

(We owe them no favors.)

Schumann is about to leave.

MEINER (CONT'D)

(And perhaps next time we should be more careful).

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE IN THE DESERT NEAR DJERF AL NADAF

Rita and Martha have gathered a crowd around their vehicle. A Red Cross truck is parked nearby and an Iraqi villager is controlling the crowds. Rita and Martha are handing out candy to children and ten dollar bills to their mothers.

RITA

Ok, who wants an Oreo? Oreo?

Fifteen kids scream and laugh and raise their hands.

RITA (CONT'D)

Ok, you, yeah you...come here.

The boldest of the boys pushes his way forward. Rita holds back on the Oreo.

RITA (CONT'D)

But first...wait, first, you go over to that nice lady over there...

Rita points to Martha and the kid reluctantly walks towards her. Martha swiftly takes the kids' hand and uses a punch to prick his finger. The kid howls in pain. Martha quickly squeezes a sample of his blood into a sample tray.

MARTHA

That'll teach you to be greedy.

INT. BIO-TESTING LAB INSIDE CAMP SLAYER

Rita and Martha are wearing their snow white bio-suits, testing the blood samples they've just taken.

The 'lab' is a make-shift affair, lashed together inside a trailer. There is a sink, a sterile cabinet and a centrifuge. They are both drinking cans of beer as they work.

David enters and Martha calls out...

MARTHA

Hey, hey, hey, this is a sterile area...

David hesitates.

RITA

It's OK she's kidding. Come on in.

David enters and they continue to work. Martha swigs some more beer. David glances at some paperwork beside the centrifuge.

DAVID

Did you find anything?

Martha unzips her bio-suit.

MARTHA

Healthiest set of fucking
villagers in the Middle East.

Martha hands David a handwritten report. David begins to read it.

DAVID

Why did you choose villages
around Djerf Al Nadaf?

Rita and Martha swap looks as if to say 'is this guy questioning our judgement'. David gives nothing back. Rita is defensive, Martha belligerent.

MARTHA

Hey Rita I'm finished here. I'm
going to go shower then get
drunk...

David stares at Martha and she stays put. Rita feels she must explain...

RITA

WINPAC intelligence said there
was an explosion in the bio-
weapons facility at Djerf Al
Nadaf in 1998. Twelve technicians
were killed. Today we blood
tested every kid in the area
between six and eight years
old...

MARTHA

Can I go shower or what?

RITA

...because we thought the
explosion might have infected
babies born in the surrounding
villages at around that time.

A pause, Martha glaring at David.

DAVID

But you found nothing.

RITA

Nothing.

MARTHA

Looks like your guys at WINPAC
screwed up again.

DAVID

Martha, they're not my guys.
You...are my guys.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D TO MARTHA)

Go get that shower...you smell
pretty bad.

She half smiles and heads for the door. Then she stops and
calls out.

MARTHA

Hey if we're 'your guys', do you
think you could democratize the
use of your translator.

RITA

Martha, shut the fuck up.

MARTHA

Rita's creaming her pants for
him.

David smiles and looks at Rita who looks a little
embarrassed.

RITA

I heard he actually speaks
Arabic.

INT. DAVID KAY'S OFFICE, LATER

Halil is at the computer screen, printing off a cable from
Washington as David enters...

HALIL

Sir, George Tenet sent you
this...

Halil hands David a printed sheet...

HALIL (CONT'D)

It's a message from the
President.

Halil looks slightly awed. David reads aloud...

DAVID

'From one Texan to another, good luck and good hunting'....

David nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Almost Churchillian isn't it.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Did George send anything on Curveball?

HALIL

No. I checked they'd received our cable and I just got a receipt of communication. Nothing else.

David peers out of the window, pondering. After a moment he turns...

DAVID

Give me a list of all the Brits we have in our team.

EXT. CAMP SLAYER CAR POUND

Two large Renault trucks are parked facing a brick wall. The rear door of one of them opens and a British Army analyst in his late forties (HARRY) jumps down from it.

He grabs a clip board which is hanging from a hook at the back of the truck and begins to write notes. As he does, David approaches...

DAVID

Hey...salute me or I put you on a charge...

Harry looks up, delighted...

HARRY

David!!

The two men grin and hug each other, long lost friends...

HARRY (CONT'D)

David I can't tell you how glad I am you've taken over. So far it's been a total fuck up...

DAVID

I've noticed...Mind if I take a look?

David grabs the tail board of the truck and climbs inside.
Harry follows...

INT. RENAULT TRUCK

The back of the truck is illuminated by a bulb which has been rigged up to a generator. In the half darkness we see the workings of the system inside.

David is examining the hardware and a circuit board which has been exposed. Harry is shining a torch.

HARRY

I thought I'd finally found the
mobile bio-units we were told so
much about.

David unscrews a casing and studies the mechanism inside.

DAVID

Hydrogen cylinders.

HARRY

We're pretty certain these trucks
were built for filling artillery
balloons.

A pause.

HARRY

Another fucking deadend.

David straightens and peers at Harry.

DAVID

Harry, can I buy you a drink?

Harry looks puzzled. David heads for the back of the truck.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Join me for a drink. That's an
order.

David jumps down from the truck. Harry, intrigued,
follows...

EXT. SMALL IRAQI ROAD CAFE WITHIN SIGHT OF PERIMETER

David and Harry sit outside the cafe beneath a shade made from brush and ragged white canvas. Children peer at them from the shadows. Goats graze on sparse weeds. The Perfume Palace is visible through the barbed wire perimeter in the near distance. Military trucks rumble by. A young Iraqi guy pours them tea then returns to the shade. After he has gone...

HARRY

You brought me outside the perimeter so I'd be officially off-duty, correct?

DAVID

Correct.

Harry sighs softly...

HARRY

And here was I thinking this was a social engagement...

DAVID

Harry, we worked five years together at UNSCOM and not once did either of us betray a confidence that would compromise our own national intelligence services...

David smiles...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Except when it suited us.

Harry gazes into his teacup.

HARRY

In the leaves I see trouble.

DAVID

This isn't trouble, it's just...idle curiosity.

HARRY

Oh my God, even worse.

DAVID

You see, I have an awful lot of intelligence on my desk from an Iraqi informant codename Curveball...

Harry sips his tea....

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's something weird going on. I need to know what the British know about him.

A pause. Harry smiles...looks all around...

HARRY

Totally, utterly and absolutely out of the question.

A long pause. David peers into the distance.

DAVID

Good.

EXT. PERFUME PALACE, CHEMICAL TOILET, LATER

David is sitting on the toilet reading an intelligence file marked 'WINPAC'. He sees that there is no toilet paper. He peers at the file.

EXT. CHEMICAL TOILET

As David emerges from the trailer he hears a sound which is familiar to him. It is the sound of a bullet, which pings off the corner of a trailer.

Another bullet hits. No one else seems to have noticed. All around people are going about their business, not realizing.

Between the trailers David glimpses a sniper with a rifle in the branches of an olive tree on the other side of the perimeter.

He yells...

DAVID

Incoming!! Incoming small arms
fire!!

Everyone dives for cover. A DIA guy who has hit the ground crawls over to David.

GUARD

Direction Sir?

DAVID

Trees back of the trailers.

GUARD

On it Sir!!

The guard begins to scuttle away and we hear an exchange of fire in the distance. After a few moments of silence David gets to his feet. Slowly others get to their feet as well, looking all around.

A young soldier nearby hurries to David...

SOLDIER

Are you OK Sir?

DAVID

Yeah I'm OK.

SOLDIER

There are a lot of stupid kids
out there with guns. They're
just having some fun.

DAVID

Yeah right.

David looks dubious as he dusts himself off and gestures at
the perimeter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Get someone to cut down those
olive trees.

SOLDIER

Yes Sir.

David smiles.

DAVID

Snipers using olive branches.
Funny huh?

The guard doesn't get it.

EXT. MARIANPLATZ, MUNICH

The famous Munich Glockenspiel clock begins its mechanical
dance. Crowds of tourists stand below and watch or take
photos as it strikes midday.

Caption: Marianplatz, Munich, October 2000

We see Schumann hurrying through the crowds towards an
outdoor cafe. Finally he sees the man he is meeting...a
middle aged American with steel grey hair, wearing a green
Bavarian overcoat. This is ALEX STEINER, head of the DIA
in Germany.

The two men greet each other as old friends.

CUT TO:

The table a few minutes later. Schumann and Steiner are
both sipping beer and speaking casually...

STEINER

So I just want to know what's the
fucking problem?

SCHUMANN

There is no problem.

STEINER

You have one of Doctor Taha's biological weapons team sitting in a safe house two miles from my office and I have to tell Washington we're not allowed to speak to him.

Schumann hides his reaction with a smile...

SCHUMANN

If he was your source would you turn him over to us?

Steiner shrugs and takes the point. He drops his next question casually...

STEINER

So...what's his name, this mystery guy?

Schumann smiles and shakes his head...

SCHUMANN

His name is classified.

STEINER

But he's for real, right?

Schumann doesn't answer.

STEINER (CONT'D)

If you're going to these lengths to keep him to yourselves he must be pretty hot shit.

SCHUMANN

You like this beer Alex? I prefer the dark...

Steiner leans back, feigns disinterest.

STEINER

He's still in Munich, right?

SCHUMANN

Alex, there would be no point you interrogating him. He doesn't even speak English.

STEINER

We have translators...

SCHUMANN

Also he hates Americans. He says if we send Americans he will stop helping us.

STEINER

Herr Schumann, come on...we have
agents who can pass for German.

Schumann reaches for into his coatpacket and produces an
envelope.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you are wasting your
time. However...

He smiles and offers the envelope.

STEINER

What's this?

SCHUMANN

Tickets to the ballet. You can
take your wife...

STEINER

I hate ballet and my wife is in
Arkansas but hey, thanks....

Schumann takes the tickets back and gets up to leave. He
sits his hat firmly on his head.

STEINER (CONT'D)

Come on. Just give me the son of
a bitch's name.

Schumann chuckles.

SCHUMANN

You persuade your friends at the
CIA to give back all the STASI
files they stole from East Berlin
in 1992....and maybe we'll give
you his name.

He grins.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

A deal, yes?

INT. PERFUME PALACE BULL PEN

The ballroom area is now a hive of activity, with the
central area dominated by the two giant TV screens showing
Fox News and CNN.

We glimpse footage of Donald Rumsfeld taking a news
conference as Keith Dayton hurries by, silhouetted against
the screen.

Dayton hurries up the marble staircase towards the teleconference room.

INT. TELECONFERENCE

David is speaking to John Pavitt and John McLaughlin at Langley as Dayton enters.

The guys in Washington loom large on the giant screen. Inevitably we join it at a time of confusion.

DAVID

Jim, the two guys you sent are interpreters not translators. There's a difference...

David sees Keith has entered...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey Keith...

PAVITT

What was that David?

DAVID

Guys, I've been joined by General Dayton. I asked him to join us...

The camera in Washington suddenly sweeps to McLaughlin who is making a call on a phone in a corner of the room.

MCLAUGHLIN

Hey Beth? Could you just get her some flowers or something....

David groans and Keith chuckles as he takes his seat beside David.

DAVID

George? Can we do something about this fucking system....

PAVITT

Keith? Is that you?

MCLAUGHLIN

David? George just called...

DAYTON

Jim, can you hear me?

MCLAUGHLIN

George said he's tied up, but he sends his regard...

David reacts and finally speaks loudly directly to the camera.

DAVID

Guys, before this thing falls apart completely, I need your attention. Please...

Silence. The technology hums, the picture distorts.

DAVID (CONT'D)

OK, since I got here I have sent fifteen emails and twenty encrypted cables to WINPAC, to D.O. and to D.I. requesting background information on the Iraqi defector code named 'Curveball'.

Immediately McLaughlin and Pavitt react with smothered alarm.

Halil enters with two coffees and knows to stay quiet. He hangs back in the half light.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So far I've received in return a whole load of nothing. And I now discover 'Curveball' was never even given a DIA grade.

Dayton leans into the camera/microphone.

DAYTON

David asked me to checked out the DIA file on him. I found out for some reason he was never given a grade. I guess we always assumed he was A1 because he came through the system from the CIA.

A pause. Silence...McLaughlin and Pavitt look blank.

DAVID

Guys? Can you hear us?

MCLAUGHLIN

We hear you. We just don't understand your problem...

DAVID

Where the fuck is George?

PAVITT

He's working on the President's daily briefing.

DAVID

OK, all I need is for you to tell me Curveball's real name. Then I can run him through the lists we have here. I can ask our sources in Baghdad if they knew him. It looks like he worked all over so there should be lots of people who knew him. That way I can begin to corroborate his intelligence.

Silence. Pavitt and McLaughlin now look like rabbits in headlight.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Silence. David knows these guys well...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, I just want his fucking name. This is a secure link...

Silence. Finally...

PAVITT

I'm sorry David, we can't give you his name.

A pause.

PAVITT (CONT'D)

The fact is we don't know his name.

A long moment of disbelief.

MCLAUGHLIN

We were never given his name.

A pause. David and Dayton swap looks...

DAVID

You're kidding me, right?

MCLAUGHLIN

The Germans shared his name with the British but they wouldn't give it to us. Some bitching going back to the end of the Cold War.

DAVID

Wait, wait, wait. Ninety per cent of the intelligence I have on my desk comes from this guy... And you're telling me...we don't know...his name?

MCLAUGHLIN

That is correct.

DAVID

But when our people interrogated him, didn't they insist on at least having his fucking name?

A long pause. Finally...

PAVITT

We've...never actually interrogated him ourselves.

MCLAUGHLIN

No US representative has ever been allowed to speak to him.

PAVITT

He doesn't speak English and he hates Americans.

David is dumbstruck for a long time. The image on the screen flickers....

DAVID (SOFTLY)

Holy shit...

PAVITT

Say again David?

After a moment Dayton looks half amused...

DAYTON (SOFTLY)

So that's why he doesn't have a DIA grading. He's an *unverified* source. Jesus Christ...

David is having trouble getting his breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

OK, OK, let's back up here. I saw Colin Powell himself, on my TV, telling the Security Council of the United Nations about Curveball's mobile units.

A long pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So there has to be some other
source of the same
intelligence....right?

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I mean Powell had photographs....

DAYTON (SOFTLY)

No. He had animated drawings...

A silence. Finally...

MCLAUGHLIN

Listen David, we're losing the
signal at this end. And PDB
begins in five minutes. Maybe we
can resume this meeting tomorrow?

Pavitt leans forward and flicks a switch. The picture
disappears. David, Dayton and Halil are left in half
darkness. After a long pause...

DAVID

Oh my, oh my.

INT. SMALL, DARK, DIRTY MUNICH DISCO

'Good Golly Miss Molly' is blaring out as Curveball throws
himself around the dance floor. He's drunk and worse. Two
bored BND SECURITY GUYS are leaning against the wall,
keeping an eye on Curveball to keep him out of trouble.

The other dancers are younger than Curveball, and his crazy
dancing is turning heads.

Then Curveball crashes into a young shaven headed GERMAN
GUY and a scuffle breaks out. The security guys step in and
drag Curveball towards the exit.

INT. BEDROOM OF CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, NEXT MORNING

Curveball is asleep in twisted sheets. Daylight peeks
through the closed curtains. The bedroom TV is playing on
mute.

For a long time we focus on Curveball's face, unshaven,
hung over, fast asleep.

Caption: Peissenberg, Germany, September 11th 2001

Then we pull focus to the TV set.

ON THE TV, WE SEE AN AIRLINER CRASHING INTO THE SECOND OF THE TWIN TOWERS.

We take the focus back to Curveball as his eyes flicker open.

INT. ALEX STEINER'S OFFICE IN MUNICH HOUSE, LATER

Steiner's office is plush and ornate, decorated with fine silks and beautiful furnishings. Munich House is the headquarters of the DIA in Germany and is one of the most finely decorated buildings in the intelligence world.

We move slowly across the fine furniture and the huge portrait of George Washington as we hear a phone being picked up and a number being punched in.

As we move across the room, we pass another TV which is showing CNN coverage of 9/11 a couple of hours after the attacks, also in mute.

Then we hear a phone ringing down the line, followed by an answer message in German.

When we reach Alex Steiner's face we see that he is on the phone, stony faced. He speaks calmly, almost gently.

STEINER

Hey, Herr Schumann it's your old friend Alex. Listen..in the light of today's events...

A pause. Steiner fights emotion...

STEINER (CONT'D)

...we have been asked to urgently review all information we have ever received from any source regarding weapons of mass destruction which may have been made available to terrorists. I am particularly concerned about those seven Renault trucks filled with anthrax which your Iraqi guy described back in February 2000.

A pause.

STEINER (CONT'D)

Call me back. Things changed today Herr Schumann. You don't fuck with us anymore.

He puts the phone down. We see his face brimming with cold fury, the portrait of George Washington behind him.

INT. LARGE MERCEDCES DRIVING THROUGH A BAVARIAN FOREST

Curveball is in the back of the car with Schumann at his side. A uniformed driver is driving fast down the deserted forest road.

Curveball looks scared and is still massively hung-over. He now speaks in passable German and we are given subtitles as they talk.

CURVEBALL

(I don't understand why I have to move again.)

SCHUMANN

(We are taking you to the mountains. The air is better.)

Then Curveball puts his hand to his mouth.

CURVEBALL

(I'm going to throw up....)

EXT. BAVARIAN FOREST

The Mercedes pulls up and Curveball hurries out, followed by Schumann. Curveball leans on a tree and throws up violently. Schumann watches with disgust.

Curveball finally straightens and wipes his mouth.

CURVEBALL

(Tell me the truth. Who am I running away from?)

SCHUMANN

(The Americans.)

CURVEBALL

(But I am *helping* the Americans!)

Curveball sits down heavily on a log and lights a cigarette. Schuman stands over him.

SCHUMANN

(Don't you understand anything you drunken asshole?)

Curveball leaps to his feet angrily but Schumann puts his hand firmly on his shoulder.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)
(OK you listen to me. After what
happened in New York the
Americans are like a wounded
bear.)

Curveball pulls himself free and shakes his head, his eyes
filling with tears.

SCHUMANN
(They're all over your files like
ants.)

CURVEBALL
(So let me speak to them...)

Schumann turns him around. Curveball snarls...

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)
(Why not?! Why won't you let me
speak to the Americans?!)

Schumann grabs him and pushes him against a tree. He puts
his face close to Curveball's face...

SCHUMANN
(Because even though it is my job
to thoroughly process every piece
of shit like you that comes to me
down the sewers of our system...I
know that you are a fucking
liar...)

A pause. He lets Curveball go and Curveball stares at him
blankly. Their breath clouds in the cold air. Curveball
finally becomes defiant...

CURVEBALL
(Go to hell!)

Schumann is about to react but controls himself.

SCHUMANN
(I'm taking you to a place where
you can't do any more damage.)

A pause. Schumann heads for the car and yells out, his
voice echoing in the forest.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)
(I just hope the damage is not
already done.)

INT. STRONG ROOM/FORMER LION'S CAGE, CAMP SLAYER, DAY

Two armed DIA guards are playing poker for pennies at a table that is surrounded by TEN MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH.

A buzzer is pressed and one of the guards half turns to flick a switch. After a moment, Rita and Martha arrive with a canvas bag.

GUARD 1
Hey potty mouth.

MARTHA
Fuck you.

GUARD 1
You already did. Don't you remember?

Martha studies the guard as he unlocks the barred door.

MARTHA
Man I must have been drunk.

As Rita and Martha enter, the second guard goes to a computer and sits at the keyboard.

GUARD 2
OK, shoot.

RITA
We need ten thousand dollars in cash to pay an informant.

GUARD 2
Name of the informant.

Martha reads from her paperwork and speaks casually...

MARTHA
Doctor Rihab Rashid...Taha.

Both guards immediately leap into life, both elated.

GUARD 2
Son of a bitch!

GUARD 1
Bingo! Doctor Germ!!

Rita and Martha are both exasperated but not in the least surprised as the two guards begin to rifle through the cards they have been playing with.

We now see that they are the copies of the 'Deck of Cards' with the names and faces of Iraq's fifty two most wanted.

RITA (WEARILY)
Jesus Christ guys...

Guard 1 has found the card he is looking for. It is
'Doctor Germ'.

GUARD 1
I swear Rita, if you get Dr Germ
to sign this I'll have the whole
set of Diamonds except Tariq
Aziz.

As he pushes his card onto Rita, the second guard produces
a cuddly toy...

GUARD 2
Martha, I want you to take my
little friend here with you too.

Martha can't help but smile...

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)
He's called Vernon. I want you to
take a picture of Doctor Germ
holding him. I already have
Vernon in the arms of Doctor
Anthrax and Mr Missile...My web-
site is the second most popular
in Iraq.

Martha studies the toy for a moment.

MARTHA
Soldier. Shove Vernon up your
ass.

INT. DARKENED ROOM IN A LARGE SAFE HOUSE/PRISON OUTSIDE
BAGHDAD

Doctor Germ is mid forties, wearing a head scarf and
designer blouse. She is sitting in an ornate high backed
chair, posing as if her picture were being taken.

Rita, Martha and Halil are in the room. Rita and Martha
ask the questions, Halil translates.

RITA
Ma'am, I want to take you back to
Al Hakim bio-weapons site in
November 1998.

Halil's translation promotes little reaction.

RITA (CONT'D)

I want you to tell me about the mobile laboratories that were being set up there.

A pause. Dr. Germ speaks and Halil translates.

HALIL

She says she wants to see her husband.

RITA

Well your husband doesn't want to see you.

Pause for translation.

MARTHA

The last time anyone put you in a room together you tried to kill him with the heel of your shoe.

Dr. Germ reacts with angry tears and begins to babble. Halil begins to summarize rather than translate....

HALIL

She's talking about this other woman again. Her husband has two wives. She says her husband is a... do you want all this ma'am?

MARTHA

OK. Tell her that wife number one is out in Baghdad wiggling her ass and buying French perfume while she's in here. If she wants to get out she needs to help us. If she tells us about the mobile laboratories she can go boil some rabbits.

Halil looks puzzled. Doctor Germ begins to cry. Everyone is hot and exasperated.

RITA

Just ask her about the fucking mobile bio-labs she had constructed in 1998.

A pause for translation.

HALIL

She says she has no idea what you're talking about.

Rita puts her face close to Doctor Germ's face.

RITA
You're a liar.

Rita waits for Halil to translate but Halil hesitates.

For the first time we are seeing that Halil, having been present at the teleconferences, is doubting the evidence.

Finally Halil translates. Doctor Germ gives Rita a deadly look. Rita meets her stare.

RITA
Ma'am, we have concrete, first hand testimony that you presided over the construction of seven mobile units, built on the back of Renault trucks. The testimony comes from one of the people who helped you design them.

Doctor Germ answers and Halil translates.

HALIL
She says name him. Give her the name of this designer.

Rita peers at Halil and senses that Halil is troubled. A pause. Martha catches on fast and peers at Halil.

MARTHA (SOFTLY)
We don't know have his name. Do we...

INT. MIC BUILDING

David and a small group of DIA men are watching a SAFE CRACKER at work on a huge door which leads into a walk-in strong room.

The outer area is looted, with bare wires hanging loose everywhere. There is anti-Saddam and anti-American graffiti all over the walls, along with obscene drawings.

Everyone watches in awed silence as the skinny safe cracker works on the combination, smoking a tiny hand rolled cigarette. His sleeves are rolled up too and his arms are covered in prison tattoos. He drops his cigarette on the floor and a uniformed DIA guy whispers to David...

DIA GUY
This is a no-smoking area.

David sighs and speaks softly.

DAVID

You are in the presence of
Mozart. Picasso.

A pause. After a moment the safe cracker tugs on the door
and it opens...

He takes a bow and there is a huge round of applause.

INT. STRONG ROOM

Inside there are boxes and boxes of files stacked up around
the walls. The DIA guys move in with wheeled trolleys.

DAVID

Ok, you keep every single scrap
of paper and you take it all to
my office...

They set to work.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nothing is worthless. Everything
has value here.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, NIGHT

David is asleep at his desk, surrounded by box files taken
from the strong room. We can see he has already begun to
search through some of them. Then Halil hurries in and
wakes David up.

HALIL

Sir? We just had a cable from
Scooter Libby in Dick Cheney's
office.

INT. DIA BULLPEN

The DIA bullpen is in half darkness.

We may or may not notice that BOTH screens are now showing
Fox News (no CNN). Both screens are on mute for the
evening.

Everywhere computer screens flicker in the half darkness.
Only a handful of analysts are at work. Some others are
sleeping at their desks.

David and Halil hurry in and head for an ANALYST who is at
work on his screen. Halil has scribbled some co-ordinates
on a scrap of paper. As they walk....

HALIL

He said he has been given
absolute confirmation that WMD's
were buried there.

DAVID

Did they identify their
intelligence source?

HALIL

No Sir. Just that Dick Cheney
said it was a sure thing.

David goes to the analyst and hands him the scrap of paper.

DAVID

Could you bring this GPS location
up on your screen?

The analyst punches in the co-ordinates. The light of the
screen reflects on David's anxious face. Finally...

ANALYST

Are you sure you have the correct
GPS Sir?

DAVID

What's the problem?

ANALYST

...this place exists alright.
It's just that...it's in Lebanon.

A pause. David steps back, Halil at his side. The analyst
has trouble keeping himself from laughing.

David sighs, then suddenly snaps and yells...

DAVID

What the fuck is happening here!!

Heads turn. A couple of analysts asleep at their desks
raise their heads. David yells again...

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened to intelligence
trade-craft?!! What happened to
checking your fucking
information?!!

David is silhouetted against the large screen showing Fox
News in mute...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Cheney doesn't know the
difference between Iraq and
fucking Lebanon!!

(MORE)

DAVID(cont'd)

The CIA don't know the name of
their only fucking source of
information!

More heads are turning.

HALIL (SOFTLY)

Sir. We are not in a secure
area.

David gets hold of himself. He speaks softly to Halil.

DAVID

Get a cable to Dick Cheney. Let
him know that we don't have
jurisdiction in the Lebanon at
the present time. But if his boss
is planning another invasion
perhaps he'd let us know right
away.

David storms away then yells out as he reaches an open
steel door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And I want this steel door closed
and locked. I'm embarrassed at
what is going down here!

EXT. BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF MANSION HOUSE IN A RICH SUBURB OF
BAGHDAD

For the first time we see a tiny remnant of a Baghdad which
has been lost. A city of wealth and beauty.

The garden is watered by dribbling fountains, with fig
trees and orange trees bearing fruit. A caged bird sings
and insects buzz.

David is sitting at an outdoor table being served tea by a
maid. Opposite him is 'SOURCE ALPHA' (his real name is
unknown).

Source Alpha is middle aged, a senior scientist under the
Saddam regime who nevertheless provided a great deal of
intelligence to the UN during the pre-war searches.

David and Source Alpha have known each other for a long
time, though there is little affection.

David sips his tea.

DAVID

The mural of Saddam on the white
horse is gone now. We painted
over it.

Source Alpha shrugs, neither pleased nor displeased.

SOURCE ALPHA

I always found those palaces very uncomfortable. Especially in summer.

David nods. They both know there is business at hand. David drops a WINPAC file onto the table.

DAVID

You helped me in '91. Can you help me again?

Source Alpha shrugs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You remember that cage in the basement of the Perfume Palace? Where Uday used to keep his pet lions?

SOURCE ALPHA

I remember it well.

DAVID

That room is full of money now. Cash.

David glances at Source Alpha, checking the effect.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We have brought an estimated two hundred tons of cash into Iraq in the past four months...

Source Alpha waves the enormity away...

SOURCE ALPHA

David, I understand that if I help you, the United States can provide me with a huge financial reward. But what use will money be to me if I am dead...

Two small children, Source Alpha's grandchildren, race out into the garden and come to him. He chuckles as they leap on him...He playfully scolds them as they steal some figs from the plate on the table then begin to play among the flowers.

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)

You have grandchildren David?

David nods, peering at the children, missing home.

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)
Then you will know that money is
not everything.

DAVID
What danger would you be in if
you helped me? Saddam is gone.

Source Alpha smiles and pours some more tea.

SOURCE ALPHA
You have spent a lot of time in
the Middle East but you do not
understand it.

DAVID (IRRITATED)
What do I need to understand?

A pause.

SOURCE ALPHA
When Saddams' statue toppled to
the ground...Iraq shattered into
a hundred pieces.

The children swirl around their feet....

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)
I have brought all of my family
to my house. But even here they
will not be safe...

He suddenly stops and fights tears. Then he smiles...

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)
Do you not know the feeling in
the air before a storm? Do you
not feel it now?

A pause. David's hides his reaction...

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)
The storm is coming David. They
are coming from all over the
world for this battle.

A pause.

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)
You will be swept away.

David decides to be defiant. He gestures at the file.

DAVID

Doctor Taha and Kamal put bio-weapons into mobile truck units to avoid detection.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I will give you two million dollars if you tell me where they are.

Source Alpha smiles. A long silence.

SOURCE ALPHA

I know where they are.

David waits.

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)

They are...in your President's imagination.

INT. CAMP SLAYER FIRING RANGE

A firing range target is hit by one bullet at the very edge then missed by two more.

We cut to Martha in goggles and giggles. And ear plugs. She is emptying the magazine of her Glock pistol with an unsteady hand.

After a moment Rita and the firing range instructor tentatively emerge from a safe place....

INSTRUCTOR

The gun's empty, right Martha?

MARTHA

Go to hell you son of a bitch.

The gun fires one last round at her feet. She hands the gun back to the instructor who looks terrified and peers at the target.

INSTRUCTOR

Jesus Christ Martha...Fail. I mean fail, fail, fail.

Suddenly there is a loud explosion nearby and they all react. Martha grabs the gun back.

EXT. CAMP SLAYER, ROAD BETWEEN TRAILERS

Three soldiers and two female DIA analysts are lying on the ground. Four are wounded, one is dead. The wounded are screaming in pain.

David emerges from the palace at a run as DIA guys and Special Ops guys begin to swarm. Armored vehicles are fired up and race past the scene in pursuit.

David yells out to the nearest senior officer...

DAVID

What the hell was that?

OFFICER

Can't be sure Sir. Sounded like a mortar shell. Maybe old regime guys using up their old fireworks.

David looks beyond the officer as a blanket is laid over the face of the dead soldier.

INT. HVT BAR

A group of British and Australian analysts, soldiers and ~~SAS men are watching a rugby game on TV, England~~ versus Australia. The atmosphere is getting tense and there is a lot of foul-mouthed abuse.

Harry is among the crowd. David enters and taps him on the soldier.

DAVID

Who's winning?

EXT. CAMP SLAYER

Harry and David are strolling by the ornamental lake. David tosses a rock into the water.

They both sit on one of the park benches. *Fred Flintstones'* house is visible across the lake.

DAVID

So what do you have?

A pause.

HARRY

Not much. Mention 'Curveball' to the MI6 guys and things go strangely quiet.

David nods.

DAVID

My people told me the Germans gave the British Curveball's real name...

Harry nods and looks anxious.

HARRY

I'm afraid I really can't help you on that.

DAVID

Harry, you're as frustrated as I am. You're reaching the same conclusions I'm reaching. None of the intelligence we're working with ever adds up.

Harry doesn't reply but David can see his turmoil.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have resources you don't have. If you give me his name I can check him out and find out what the fuck is going on.

HARRY

We have a third party agreement with the Germans. I can't break that agreement.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The rockets are starting to fly Harry. We don't have time for this bullshit.

After a moment Harry stands.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

Harry leaves David to contemplate the shimmering lake...

EXT. DESERT ROAD

Rita and Martha are driving down a dusty road with few other vehicles on it.

Martha is removing her bio-suit and lighting a cigarette at the same time. Country music plays on the radio. A beaten up Toyota pick-up is a few yards behind them.

RITA

...So I said to him that I was Italian American and he said he likes spaghetti...

Martha is hardly hearing...

MARTHA

So what?

RITA

Maybe it was a metaphor. Maybe he meant...he likes *me*. I *am* spaghetti. Do you think he's too young for me?

Martha is relieved to have removed her bio-suit...

MARTHA

Rita, who are you talking about?

RITA

The translator for Christ's sake...Halil.

Suddenly the pick-up behind them rams into the back of their jeep....

MARTHA

Hey!! Asshole!!

The pick-up suddenly speeds up and comes along side. An AK47 emerges from the side window...

RITA

Shit....

The gunman opens fire and Rita and Martha duck. Rita tries to drive and grab her gun at the same time but as she swerves the gun slides down by her feet. Rita slams on the brakes and they see another pick-up is racing towards them.

Martha grabs the gun and engages it. Rita ducks...

Martha opens fire on the second pick-up then the first. In doing so she blows out the windows in the jeep and the noise is deafening. Rita instinctively puts her hands to her ears and the steering wheel flies. She grabs it again.

Rita puts the jeep into a skid to turn back the way they came. Martha takes aim and blows out the tires on the second pick-up, a perfect bulls eye. She then hits the first pick-up near the gas tank and the occupants flee.

The pick-up explodes as Rita and Martha make their escape.

MARTHA

Tell that to the fucking
instructor!

EXT. BAGHDAD SUBURBS, NIGHT

An extended family is eating dinner in the courtyard of a restaurant. We see three generations of the family all talking, laughing and eating.

Then we find SOURCE ALPHA sitting at the head of the table, laughing and sipping wine with his grandchildren around him.

A pick-up pulls up outside the gates of the courtyard. Headlights shine through a gap in the fence. Source Alpha looks concerned and glances at a couple of his sons. They get to their feet and reach for concealed guns as the rest of the family continues to eat.

Then the pick-up bursts through the locked gates of the courtyard and smashes into the crowded dinner table.

Four men with AK47's leap out of the pick up and begin to spray the family with gun fire. Men, women and children are gunned down as Source Alpha yells at the men to stop.

The two grandchildren we saw playing in Source Alpha's garden are cowering under the table. One of the masked gunmen grabs them and pulls them out of their hiding place.

He shoots both of the children at point blank range...

One of the gunmen hurries to Source Alpha and pulls out a hand gun. He yells in his face and we see a translation...

GUNMAN

(This is for speaking to the
Americans!)

He shoots Source Alpha in the head.

EXT. CAMP SLAYER GOLF RANGE, NIGHT

A golf ball is whacked.

A young DIA guy and his DIA girlfriend are practising their driving shots in shorts and T-shirts...Other young military personnel are sipping cocktails and playing golf under floodlights.

INT. PERFUME PALACE

Amory and a bunch of special Ops guys are throwing a party beside the lake. A barbecue is burning and the guys are leaping into the lake for a swim, yelling and horsing around.

Rock music is playing and the moon reflects on the lake surface as if this were a huge holiday.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

David is studying his files by the light of a small lamp. The sound of the soldiers playing around in the lake is starting to irritate him.

Finally, after a huge chorus of yelling, he slams his pen down and grabs his coat to go out and sort them out.

As he does, the door to his office opens. It is Harry. David stops in his tracks.

DAVID (SOFTLY)

Hey.

Harry looks drawn with guilt and sadness. Finally he meets David's stare in the half light. He speaks softly.

HARRY

I just had some news from an SAS patrol.

A pause.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Source Alpha has been shot. He's dead.

A pause.

HARRY (CONT'D)

They massacred his family.

Silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I got quite close to them back in the nineties....

David and Harry peer at each other as the Special Ops guys outside laugh and yell.

After a moment Harry speaks flatly...

HARRY (CONT'D)
Curveball's name is Ahmed Hassan
Mohammed.

David can feel Harry's agony at betraying this secret as he turns and walks out of the room. Outside the Special Ops guys are still yelling.

EXT. BAGHDAD COURTYARD RESTAURANT, NEXT DAY

A bird sings in a cage. Oranges ripen in the morning sun.

The bodies from the massacre are still lying where they fell. A gentle breeze blows the hair and clothes of the bodies. A couple of carrion crows are showing an interest.

One old woman is sobbing in the corner, dressed all in black.

A DIA guard opens the courtyard gates and David then Halil walk in. David looks all around at the bodies and is filled with horror. Halil looks around too, his face devoid of expression. They recognize the two grandchildren from the garden, then identify Source Alpha.

David approaches the old lady who is sobbing.

DAVID
Ask her who did this.

Halil translates and the old lady sobs for a moment. Halil repeats the question and finally she answers...

HALIL (TO DAVID)
She says...'you did'.

INT. PERFUME PALACE, THAT MORNING

David has gathered the staff of Camp Slayer together and is addressing them as before. The mood now is more sombre than the first meeting. Gunfire and the odd explosion are audible. David is trying to be business-like.

DAVID
....we believe all traffic from
the camp is now being identified
and followed. So from now on we
no longer drive around in
vehicles with metal license
plates.

Distant gunfire.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We replace them with hand drawn
plates like this one...

David holds up a cardboard number plate with the word
'ASSHOLE' written on it. There is only muffled laughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also, we no longer meet
informants in their homes.

David registers remorse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It would seem that our enemies
are now organized.

Halil looks to his shoes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We arrange secret rendezvous. We
use covert procedures...

A pause...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...exactly as if...we were in a
hostile war zone

INT. CLOSED HVT BAR AFTER HOURS

Rita, Martha and Halil have a dozen boxes of files stacked
around them. The bar is otherwise deserted and the three
of them are drinking beer and whisky.

They are sorting through boxes of files, scanning them with
care, searching for a name.

MARTHA

I got an Ahmed Mohammed.

Martha hands the file to Halil who studies it.

RITA

Has to be Ahmed Hassan Mohammed.

HALIL

And he has to be between twenty
five and thirty. This guy's too
old.

Martha takes the file back. She wasn't built for this kind
of painstaking work. She gets up and stretches her legs.

MARTHA

I'm going to go take a dump, OK?

RITA

Thanks for telling us Martha.

MARTHA

No problem.

She leaves the bar and walks through the door to the Ladies' toilet.

Halil and Rita are left alone. Rita glances at Halil a few times. Finally....

RITA

They say in war time people realize that life is short.

Halil grabs a box.

HALIL

You did this box already?

RITA

No, no, go ahead.

A pause as they sift.

RITA (CONT'D)

They say in London, during the Blitz, people just went crazy. Screwing each other. Just (she snaps her fingers)...like that. Strangers. Air raids made people just...hump like rabbits.

There is a distant explosion. Halil half stops, realizes, continues.

RITA (CONT'D)

Alleyways...waste ground, bus stops...any place.

Halil peers at her, knowing where this is heading.

HALIL

Bars?

A pause.

RITA

Probably.

A long pause.

RITA (CONT'D)

So you like spaghetti huh?

HALIL

Yeah. I like spaghetti.
Linguini. Tagliatelli...

Rita smiles...decides she has to be more direct.

RITA

Halil, do you have someone back
home?

HALIL

No.

RITA

Nor me. Don't even have a Goddam
home back home.

They both go back to sifting. This time Halil peers at
Rita.

HALIL

So in London in the Blitz they
just...

He clicks his fingers. She nods. Halil glances at the door
where Martha disappeared. After a moment he takes Rita's
hand. She looks into his eyes.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Life is short, right?

She nods. They kiss gently. Then they suddenly grab each
other and begin to kiss passionately. Halil glances at the
door again...

RITA

It's OK, she's smoking a joint.
She'll be forever.

They begin to tear each other's clothes off as explosions
continue in the distance.

Suddenly Martha bursts back into the bar. She stops and
double takes.

RITA

Martha, for Christ's sake...

MARTHA

Shit, sorry. I need a light...

Martha looks at Rita and we see the tiniest flicker of
sadness...jealousy. She brightens quickly...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

But it's OK. It's OK. Just let
me take some boxes.

She grabs two box files and retreats back through the door to the toilet.

After she has gone Rita and Halil resume their wild love making. They hiss to each other...

RITA

Oh God this is insane....

HALIL

You take every chance....

RITA

Live every moment...

A box of files spills across the floor. Soon they are both reaching climax...

At the crucial moment Martha suddenly bursts back in, clutching a file and yelling in triumph...

MARTHA

I think I found the son of a bitch!!

EXT. LOG CHALET-STYLE SAFE HOUSE, BAVARIAN FOREST, DAY

The chalet looks to be a picture postcard. Snow hangs from the trees and smoke rises from the chimney of the chalet.

Caption: BND safe-house, Bavaria, January, 2003

A black Mercedes pulls up outside.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Curveball is sitting on the floor in his pyjamas beside an open fire which is burning newspapers. He is unshaven and is smoking a cigarette.

Behind him there is a TV and a video player, its red light blinking in the half light.

Schumann lets himself in and snow light floods the room. Curveball is shivering a little and Schumann examines a whisky bottle on the way to coming close and taking a seat.

They speak in German and we see subtitles...

SCHUMANN

(What do you want?)

Curveball gestures at the video player.

CURVEBALL
(Press 'play'.)

A pause. Curveball reacts with sudden fury and scrambles across to the player to press 'play' himself.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)
(I recorded it! Because I
couldn't believe I was seeing it)

The video flickers into life. Curveball yanks a wire that has become tangled around his leg. The video begins to play.

On the TV we see President Bush making his State of the Union address.

We see actual footage.

BUSH (ON TV)
'We have first hand witnesses,
who have informed us that Iraq
has at least seven mobile
factories...

Schumann sits down slowly and speaks softly...

SCHUMANN
(You think I haven't seen this
already?)

Curveball yells....

CURVEBALL
(So watch it again!! I have
watched it a hundred times!!)...

Curveball re-winds the tape and turns up the volume to maximum. Bush continues...

BUSH (ON TV)
....at least seven mobile
factories. Iraq could produce
hundreds of pounds of biological
poisons in a short space of
time...If weapons of mass
destruction of this kind were to
reach the terrorists, the United
States would be in grave
danger...'

Schumann grabs the remote control and turns the TV off.
There is silence.

CURVEBALL
(Those seven trucks are *my* seven
trucks, yes?)

Schumann nods his head. Curveball turns to him, his eyes blazing...

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)
(You said you *knew* I was lying.
Why didn't you tell them I was
lying?)

A pause. When Schumann looks up, his eyes are filling with tears...

SCHUMANN
(On every report I sent to the
Americans I wrote the
words... 'this intelligence can
not be verified').

Schumann fights to control his emotions.

CURVEBALL
(You don't speak to each other?)

SCHUMANN
(Shut up! Shut the fuck up!).

Schuman gets to his feet and hurls the remote control across the room.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)
(It was obvious. We made it
obvious we were backing away from
your intelligence. We were
backing away...)

He begins to prowl...

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)
('This intelligence can not be
verified'. Between agencies that
is like a code. It means 'this
guy is lying'. It is code...)

Curveball speaks in English...

CURVEBALL
I don't understand, you don't
just talk to each other?

SCHUMANN
I told you to shut the fuck up!!

Curveball cowers. Schumann gets hold of himself.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)
(Since those planes hit there
have been no rules).

Curveball speaks in English again.

CURVEBALL

They are going to start a war
over my seven trucks, right?

A pause. Schumann looks down at Curveball, takes in his pitiable condition. Finally he smiles...

SCHUMANN

You are Helen of Troy.

Schumann begins to laugh bitterly. Curveball suddenly stands up and walks fast towards the door.

EXT. FOREST

Curveball is still in his pyjamas and barefoot, walking fast through the snow. He stops and gathers his breath, fighting tears....

Finally he breaks down and sobs, falling onto his knees in the snow...

EXT. CAMP SLAYER PERIMETER, DAY

In a sandstorm we see FOUR INSURGENTS with their faces wrapped in calico masks scrambling into a ditch. The *Fred Flintstone* house is visible beyond the barbed wire through clouds of sand.

The insurgents are manhandling a heavy object into the ditch inside a sack. They talk fast to each other in Arabic but we don't get a translation.

When the sacking is removed, we see that the object is a mortar cannon. One of the insurgents produces a mortar shell....

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

David is on the phone, sitting at his desk near to the window, looking out at the sandstorm. He has a file in his hand and looks delighted.

DAVID (INTO PHONE)

Hey Rita. Guess what?

A pause. David smiles...at that moment Halil enters with paperwork and David beckons him inside to hear the good news too....

DAVID (CONT'D)

I found an old employment file
for Curveball. It gives an
address for his mom and dad.

David angles the file for Halil to read.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They live in an apartment in
North Baghdad. It's a Sunni
district. Round up some special
Ops guys and we'll...

*At that moment there is a tremendous explosion. The
windows are blown in and David and Halil are knocked to the
ground in a shower of broken glass.*

The net curtains billow in the aftershock. David and Halil
sit up and dust themselves off. After a moment...

DAVID (CONT'D)

CIA always gets the windows.

EXT. NORTH BAGHDAD STREET ON A HOT DUSTY NIGHT

The street is deserted before an armored vehicle pulls into
shot. David's face is lit by the silver light of a GPS
system, which he is studying. Halil is by his side. There
is distant gun fire. In the apartments nearby curtains are
twitching.

David and Halil get out of their vehicles and we see Martha
and Rita getting out of their vehicle too.

Special Ops guys emerge from their escort vehicles and
begin to silently take up positions all around the convoy.
Amory is in charge.

David leads the way towards the door to a particular
apartment block. As they reach the door he speaks softly to
Rita and Martha...

DAVID

Speak to all the neighbors. See
what they remember about Ahmed.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT BLOCK

The apartment is neat and modestly furnished. A middle
aged couple (FARROUKH and ILKAY) are eating dinner. Al
Jazeera plays on the TV. Then they hear a knock at the
door.

They both look anxious. Finally Farroukh gets to his feet. He takes a hand gun from a drawer and puts it into his pocket.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

Farroukh opens the door on a chain and David pushes ID through the opening. Halil speaks and we see subtitles.

HALIL

(We are friends of Ahmed, your son. We have news of him. We only want to talk.)

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

David and Halil are seated around the table. Ilkay offers them small cakes from a plate and Halil urges David to take one of them for the sake of politeness.

Farroukh sits in one corner, looking suspicious with his hand on his gun inside his pocket. Ilkay speaks and Halil translates...

HALIL

She says she knows her son is in Europe. But he didn't say where. He never phones or writes to us....

David smiles...and Halil translates his words.

DAVID

Sons are the same all over the world. They don't think about us poor parents worrying.

Ilkay smiles. Farroukh is not convinced.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well we can tell you Ahmed is fine...he's safe...

Farroukh interrupts angrily and Halil translates.

HALIL

He says 'if he's so well, why are you here?'

DAVID

Tell him we just need to check some facts.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also tell him he can take that
gun out of his pocket. We're not
here to do anyone any harm.

Halil translates and reluctantly Farroukh takes the army
issue revolver out of his pocket and lays it on the carpet.

Ilkay looks to her husband for permission.

HALIL

She says 'what facts do we want
to check?'

DAVID

We understand your son graduated
from Baghdad University with a
degree in Chemical engineering.

Ilkay shrugs when she hears the translation.

HALIL

She says he actually left before
he graduated...

David reacts....

HALIL (CONT'D)

He was not a good student. He
gambled. He and his brother used
to gamble in the casino. He had
some bad debts. He left
University because he had to pay
them. Then he left the country...

DAVID

When did he leave the country?

She answers the question and Halil reacts with disbelief.
He repeats the question...She repeats the answer. Halil
turns to David...

HALIL (SHOCKED)

She says...her son left Iraq in
1996.

DAVID

Nineteen ninety six?!

David scans his papers...Farroukh interrupts again, this
time speaking in broken English.

FARROUKH

Where is my son?

David is surprised to hear English...

DAVID
Your son is in Germany.

Ilkay speaks...

HALIL
She says where in Germany?'

DAVID
He is safe.

Ilkay speaks fast, almost tearful.

HALIL
She thinks he must have done
something wrong.

DAVID
No, no. He has helped us.

Farroukh reacts with alarm.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He is a scientist. He has been
helping the Germans with
scientific information....

Farroukh begins to hiss in Arabic to Ilkay and she shrinks
a little...

DAVID
What did he say?

Halil hesitates.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Halil?

HALIL
He told her to stop talking to
us.

A pause. Farroukh looks nervous.

HALIL (CONT'D)
He told her that we are fishing
for information.

DAVID
Tell them that isn't true.

Halil hesitates again before speaking. Ilkay's eyes fill
with tears...Finally Halil translates and Ilkay responds.

HALIL
She asks if you have spoken to
her son?

David shakes his head.

DAVID
He has only spoken to the
Germans.

Ilkay speaks.

HALIL
She wants to know why he has not
also spoken to you.

David looks puzzled, glances at Halil.

DAVID
Because he doesn't speak English.

Halil translates. Ilkay and Farroukh look surprised and
briefly talk to each other.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What are they saying?

HALIL
They're saying you must have the
wrong person. Their son speaks
English very well.

David peers at Ilkay. He reaches into his inside jacket
pocket and produces the passport sized photo of Curveball
from one of the files. When Ilkay sees it she sobs a
little.

DAVID
This is your son?

Ilkay nods her head.

DAVID
And you say he speaks English?

Ilkay speaks through sobs.

HALIL
She says he learnt it at school
and from the TV. He also rented
American films.

A pause.

DAVID
But we were told that he hated
America.

When Halil translates Ilkay looks visibly shocked and
shakes her head. At last Farroukh is engaged. He gets to
his feet and holds out his hand.

FARROUKH

Come....

INT. CURVEBALL'S SMALL BEDROOM

The walls are covered in posters of Michael Jackson and Madonna. There are also baseball posters and a California license plate.

This could be any American teenagers bedroom.

The door opens and Farroukh ushers the others inside. Farroukh speaks and Halil translates..

HALIL

This was his bedroom until he was eighteen.

Ilkay turns all around and gestures at the walls proudly...

HALIL (CONT'D)

She says he always loved America.
He always wanted to go to New York. He wanted to watch baseball.

David peers all around the bedroom and speaks softly.

DAVID

What the hell is going on?

A pause.

HALIL

You want me to translate that Sir?

INT. HVT BAR

Halil is sitting alone at a table even though the bar is crowded. Rita and Martha are at a far table. Martha gets to her feet and dances a Samba with some tattooed security guy.

Halil nurses his drink. Rita is peering over at Halil. Finally she pushes her way through the crowd and joins him.

RITA

I didn't think you drank.

Halil doesn't speak. She touches his arm. His eyes glisten with tears.

RITA (CONT'D)

Hey?

HALIL

I want to be on my own.

Rita hesitates then begins to get to her feet. Halil takes her hand and stops her.

HALIL

I meant...on my own with you.

They sit in silence for a while. Martha is dancing crazily in the background.

RITA

What? You want to go for a walk or something?

Halil doesn't seem to hear.

HALIL

Rita? If all the evidence is wrong...what the fuck is right?

Suddenly Martha is all over the table, drunk and dancing with a bottle in her hand. She's drunk enough to almost smooch close to Rita but quickly turns her attentions to Halil.

MARTHA

Hey: What's up with your little boy? Big brown eyes look all upset. Come on kid, dance with mama....

Martha grabs Halil's arm and Halil shrugs her off. Rita gets to her feet and speaks softly to Martha. The music is heavy rap, loud behind their voices...

RITA

Martha? This is not a good time. He's taking it pretty bad.

Martha swigs her drink.

MARTHA

Taking what pretty bad?

RITA

Martha, go screw one of your Neanderthals, huh?

Martha suddenly confronts Halil.

MARTHA

What's the matter? What? You're surprised nothing adds up?!

Heads are turning as Martha's voice is raised.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You mean you thought this war was
about weapons of mass
destruction?!

RITA

Shut up Martha!

MARTHA

You actually believed that
shit....?

Halil is suddenly on his feet and furious. Martha doesn't
bat an eyelid. He yells....

HALIL

Let me tell you something! I'd
rather people laugh at me because
I'm naive than people admire me
because I'm cynical.

MARTHA

Very fucking pretty. Now maybe
it's time you grew up...

Halil and Martha are eyeball to eyeball when they realize
the music has dipped. People are shuffling and returning to
their tables.

They see that David has entered and he glares at the three
of them.

DAVID

If you people are sober enough I
have called an emergency meeting.

MARTHA

Fuck you...

David slams the drink out of Martha's hand...

DAVID

Starting right now!

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, LATER

The electric lighting has been destroyed by the mortar
attack, so the room is lit by the white security lights
flooding into the office from around the perimeter fence.

David is silhouetted against the windows which are all
shattered. Sand is blowing in from outside and there is
paperwork strewn all over the floor.

It should seem that David's office is being reclaimed by the desert.

Rita and Martha are sitting either side of David.

General Dayton is the object of their presentation, looking slightly dishevelled, his feet across a desk.

David is in full flow, files in his hand and spilling out across the desk....

DAVID

....He told his German interrogators that he was sent to Djerf Al Nadaf in 1995.

Martha holds up a file as if it were exhibit 'A'.

MARTHA

His personnel file says he was fired in 1995.

RITA

A neighbor told us he was fired for committing a sex offence against another employee.

David grabs another ~~sheet~~ of paper....

DAVID

He told the BND that after Djerf AL Nadaf he worked on biological agents at Amiriyah serum and vaccine institute from '95 to '98...

RITA

His cousin told us he was in Libya. He was working as a taxi driver.

DAYTON

Wait a minute. You got me out of bed for this?

David won't be diverted. He grabs another file...

DAVID

WINPAC report December 2002, 'the primary source of our information is an Iraqi emigre and after an exhaustive review, the US intelligence community has judged him...credible'.

MARTHA

Here are statements from fifteen people who knew him....

She begins to slap the papers down...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

'Con man', 'hoaxer', 'fantasist',
'pervert', 'a joke'....

Dayton gets to his feet.

DAYTON

You guys have been drinking...

MARTHA

Not enough....

David takes Dayton's arm.

DAVID

Ok here's what we do. We make a joint request that someone be sent to Berlin to speak to Curveball. Screw BND CIA bullshit. Somebody has to speak to this guy. Your people, my people, who gives a shit...

Dayton suddenly explodes.

DAYTON

David, no one gives a shit!! No one gives....a shit about this stuff anymore!!

Silence.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

That's the point! Have you looked outside the perimeter fence lately?

A pause.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Don't you realize? You people are conducting your own little history project in the middle of a fucking combat zone.

A pause. The comment hits home. Then slowly Dayton reaches into his pocket and produces a telex, which he hands to David.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

It came in an hour ago. I guess
my telex beat your cable.

David reads and looks stunned.

DAYTON* (CONT'D)

We can quit pretending we're the
Liberators.

David turns to Martha and Rita. He takes a moment...

MARTHA

What?

He hands her the sheet.

DAVID

We're circling the wagons.

A pause.

DAYTON

They're calling everyone into the
Green Zone.

EXT. PERFUME PALACE, SUNNY DAY

The entire force inside Camp Slayer is packed up onto
trucks and forms a giant convoy. Drivers whistle, dogs
bark as the gates are opened and the militarized convoy
rumbles in a cloud of dust.

The palaces are emptied, the doors swinging open...Fred
Flintstone's house is demolished by a direct hit from a US
tank shell, Special Ops way of saying goodbye.

EXT. AIRPORT ROAD

The huge convoy is rolling fast. Suddenly an explosion. A
roadside bomb has taken out a vehicle. Very quickly medics
are on the scene but the convoy just as quickly rolls
around the wreckage and continues on its way...

INT. GREEN ZONE

Chaos, madness, music, vehicles, trailers, prostitutes,
soldiers, spies.

Caption: September 21st 2003. The Green Zone

David is being driven by Halil down a 'street' lined with
steel truck trailers stacked three high, each one being
used as offices or make-shift accommodation.

Cranes are hoisting more trailers into the air to expand the trailer City.

In the distance we see the heavily fortified perimeter of The Green Zone with razor wire coiled twenty feet high. Beyond that there are security berms.

The place is packed with people, mostly military but also construction and security guys.

As David and Halil drive towards their new quarters, David hears someone yelling his name. Halil stops and we see Harry hurrying towards them. David and Harry greet each other with grins...

HARRY

David, when did you get here?

DAVID

Today. So how is life in Fort Apache?

Harry grins and gestures all around....

HARRY

This place is a giant over-age frat party.

David laughs but we notice that Halil doesn't see the funny side....

EXT. GREEN ZONE

We cut up shots of the zone...

A bunch of security guys and Special Forces guys are playing around in the pool. AMORY is making a fancy dive into the water.

Everywhere there is activity, construction, music blaring.

We catch a blast of Puccini coming from a trailer where the Mormon translators are billeted.

A trailer is being lifted by crane to sit on top of another with a Marine standing on top of it to guide it into place.

A Scottish piper practises his pipes while British Special Forces sit on the floor playing *Risk*....

Halil pulls up outside a double trailer and David consults a map. He looks up at the cramped, stacked trailer offices.

Martha appears at the top of a metal ladder and waves...

MARTHA

Where the fuck have you been
guys?

She slides down the ladder and lands on both feet like a
cat then sets off...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I hear the bar is out of this
fucking world.

INT. DAVID KAY'S TRAILER/OFFICE, LATER

David is at his desk, working on his files by candlelight.
The office should be noticeably cramped. A computer screen
flickers in one corner.

Halil enters.

HALIL

I spoke to someone about the
lights. They said they're kind of
busy.

David looks irritated and Halil continues quickly....

HALIL (CONT'D)

But I explained it was for you
and they said they'd be here
within the hour.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Maybe two.

David smiles.

DAVID (SOFTLY)

All the resources are going to
combat operations, right?

David tosses his file onto the pile of others...

DAVID (CONT'D)

History project.

A pause. Halil sits into the candlelight, looking
troubled.

DAVID

Halil are you OK?

HALIL

Why wouldn't I be?

David shrugs and Halil decides to confide.

HALIL (CONT'D)

I guess the truth is I started to have my doubts about our work here Sir. But I decided all those people above us can't be wrong. There are weapons out there. There *has* to be. We just have to find them.

David peers at Halil, touched by his renewed faith.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Sir...it's four o'clock in Washington. Do we have anything for the cable?

David gently shakes his head and peers into the candlelight.

DAVID

Four o'clock in Washington. Anita will be going to the garage to fetch some logs for the fire...Blackbird singing. Moses waking up...

He looks up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Moses is my cat.

HALIL

Yes Sir.

David catches himself being sentimental and smiles.

DAVID

Halil, you go get some sleep.

Halil doesn't move. Finally...

HALIL

Sir, would it be OK if I slept here in the office?

DAVID

Why?

A pause.

HALIL

Getting from one place to another is proving pretty difficult here.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)
Since we got into the Green Zone
I've been asked to show my ID
sixteen times. I've had a full
body search five times.

Halil forces a smile.

HALIL (CONT'D)
It's kind of dispiriting Sir.

EXT. CAMP STEEL DRAGON, WITHIN THE GREEN ZONE, NEXT DAY

Guys from Special Ops are checking their vehicles, fooling
around and listening to good old country music, loud.

The guys have their shirts off, displaying their military
tattoos. They are all wearing shades.

Halil approaches with paperwork and gathers courage.

HALIL
Excuse me...

The biggest of the guys turns around and we see that it is
AMORY. A couple of guys on wheeled trolleys beneath the
vehicles emerge.

HALIL (CONT'D)
I have a written request here on
behalf of the Iraq Survey
Group...

Heads turn.

HALIL (CONT'D)
For a....

A dozen pairs of dark glasses are trained on him.

HALIL (CONT'D)
...an armed escort. The two
vehicle rule has been raised to a
three vehicle rule so we need
your guys...

He hands over the paperwork to Amory.

HALIL (CONT'D)
We're going to check out the
former nuclear facility at
Tawitha. We're looking for bio
so your guys may need protection
suits.

Amory smiles.

AMORY

Checking out a nuke site for
biological weapons. I guess you
guys are getting desperate.

A long pause as Amory checks out the paperwork. He looks up
at Halil and smiles...

AMORY (CONT'D)

You're called Mohammed, right?

HALIL

No.

AMORY

Well is it OK if we call you
Mohammed?

There are sniggers and Halil's anger sparks.

HALIL

We need you ready to roll in one
hour.

Amory smiles...notes that Halil has unwittingly half echoed
the words of United '93...

AMORY

'Let's roll'. You bet Mohammed.

EXT. TAWITHA NUCLEAR FACILITY

In the middle of a wind swept desert we see the bombed out
remains of the Tawitha nuclear facility. A young boy is
grazing his goats near to the facility. We see a very old
'nuclear power' sign hanging off the gate, which is locked
with a rusting padlock.

In the distance we see the dust of the approaching convoy.
The boy reacts and hurries his goats along...

EXT. TAWITHA GATES

David pulls up in his jeep with Halil by his side. Behind
him the guys of Bravo battery are driving Hummers and
armored cars.

The wind howls all around as the engines are killed.

David gets out and Amory does the same. David goes to
him...

DAVID

Tell your men to remove their
dark glasses...

AMORY

Excuse me?

DAVID

You too.

A pause. Amory doesn't move. Other Bravo guys are emerging, armed to the teeth. David speaks softly into the howling wind.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My CIA security clearance gives me a rank equivalent to a three star general.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now remove...your
fucking...shades.

After a moment Amory removes his shades and grins.

INT. TAIWITHA OFFICE

An ELDERLY WATCHMAN is making tea on a portable gas stove inside what remains of the security office of the Tawitha facility. He is wearing an extremely battered military uniform. The windows are smashed, the walls pock marked with bullet holes. Rusting nuclear signs hang on the wall.

Outside we glimpse Bravo battery deployed in defensive positions.

David and the Watchman speak through Halil as sand blows in through the open windows.

HALIL

He says there has been no nuclear activity here since the place was bombed in 1991.

David nods.

DAVID

Tell him I know. I was here in '92 with the UN.

Halil translates.

HALIL

He says he remembers you. You were very thorough.

David smiles.

DAVID

Tell him we have intelligence
that a young engineer named
Ahmend Hassan Mohammed worked her
for a while in 1994. He claimed
that artillery shells packed with
biological agents were stored
here.

David hands the Watchman a photo of Curveball. He studies
it for a while and then shakes his head...

HALIL

He says he has a good memory for
faces. He's never seen that one
before.

David reacts with a moment of despair. The pause seems to
allow the Watchman to become upset...He talks softly....

HALIL (CONT'D)

He says since he last saw you it
has been his job to keep this
place secure. He had some
soldiers and members of his
family protecting the equipment.
But after the American
invasion....

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

There was no law anymore. The
looters came.

Pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

He says he is very worried about
what happened and he blames
himself.

A pause.

DAVID

Blames himself for what?

The Watchman turns off the stove.

HALIL

He wants to show you something.

EXT. SMALL, DIRT POOR IRAQI VILLAGE

Children play in the sand around a small collection of broken down shacks. David and Halil pull up in their jeep with the Watchman in the back seat.

Bravo battery pull up behind in their armored vehicles and suddenly everyone scatters. Children, goats, sheep.

As David and Halil get out, Amory shouts out to his men...

AMORY

Be awake guys. Senior officer is being led by a native. Maybe he's led us into a trap...

David turns sharply and yells...

DAVID

Soldier this is not a fucking trap. Now just relax your men and smoke a cigarette or do some push-ups or whatever it is soldiers do these days...

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Just...relax. OK?

Amory yells.

AMORY

Relaxing!! Sir!

David, Halil and the Watchman head into the village.

EXT. STORAGE AREA AT THE BACK OF THE VILLAGE

We see three stainless steel containers which stand out among the earthenware jugs and baskets. David, Halil and the Watchman are studying them. David lifts the lids.

In one there is milk, in the others there is water.

The Watchman's eyes have filled with tears and David seems to understand the problem. Halil is puzzled...

HALIL

What's wrong?

The children who are standing nearby begin to yell when David opens the lids.

DAVID

They are storing their water and milk in plutonium centrifuges. These things will be radioactive for three thousand years.

Children are tugging at David's clothes and the young men of the village are gathering. David turns to Halil...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Explain to them that the milk and water in these containers is contaminated...

More villagers are emerging, shouting. Halil looks swamped.

HALIL

I'll need to find who's in charge...

DAVID

No one here is in charge. Whoever is in charge of this village will have left when they saw our vehicles. You will have to explain to these people...Tell them all.

Halil steels himself. He claps his hands and begins to pronounce in Arabic.

His voice is swamped by their voices...and Halil translates.

HALIL

They're saying you must leave their water and milk alone. They have no other water.

DAVID

Explain that we have to take these containers away.

More shouts, anger...

DAVID (CONT'D)

And we have to seal off this area. This area is contaminated....

Halil begins to translate but the crowd is gathering around them now and is volatile....

We hear Amory beginning to bark orders in the background...see a couple of the soldiers in shades darting into position.

HALIL

Sir...they don't understand...

DAVID

They should understand that their children will die a slow painful death if they don't allow us to remove these containers...

The Watchman is yelling now too, getting angry, trying to point out loudly in Arabic that David is right. His intervention makes the villagers even angrier....

David pulls him back...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Please stay calm. Halil, tell them we are doing this for their own good....

A struggle has begun between the Watchman and one of the villagers...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Tell them we have only come here to help them....

Suddenly the Watchman has pulled a gun and fired a shot in the air...

Immediately, all hell breaks loose.

Bravo Battery opens fire with automatic weapons and rakes the village with gunfire. Halil and David yell for them to stop but already some of the young guys of the village have produced guns and are returning fire.

Bullets riddle the water and milk containers.

David takes cover but Halil stands alone, staring all around.

The fire-fight is over quickly. Within a few seconds a dozen villagers lie dead. Men, women, children.

There is silence for a long time, then babies crying. Women emerge from the houses and begin to wail over the bodies.

Halil is still standing alone in a state of paralyzed shock. Then he turns to David and speaks softly.

HALIL

Sir? I didn't get a chance to translate the part about us only coming here to help them.

INT. DAVID KAY'S TRAILER OFFICE, NIGHT

David is at his desk, which is still lit by candles.

He is distraught, almost broken.

The door is knocked and the very young, very geeky guy from the Utah National Guard (SMITH) enters with a stack of papers. David looks up.

DAVID

Who the hell are you?

The guy is scared by David's glare and stammers.

SMITH

I...Corporal Smith Sir ..Utah
National Guard. I...have the
German translations you asked for
back at Camp Slayer. Sorry it
took so long.

David's mind is back in the village. After an age, Smith delicately drops the translations down on David's desk.

Smith turns to leave. As he reaches the door...

DAVID

Hey. You believe in something,
right?

Smith stops, turns, smiles.

SMITH

Yes. Yes I do.

David nods his head and gestures Smith to leave. After he has gone David peers at the translations, flickering in the candlelight. For a while we suspect David is too beaten up inside to be interested.

Finally he takes the top sheet and angles it into the candlelight to read it.

INT. TELECONFERENCE ROOM

The big screen is flickering in the darkened room. We see an image of John McLaughlin in his office at CIA HQ coming in and out of vision as he attaches a microphone to his lapel.

Behind him we read the motto on his wall...'*Subvert the dominant paradigm*'.

The flickering light from the screen illuminates the room and we see David Kay sitting in front of his camera, waiting. He is alone.

Finally the image on the screen stabilizes.

MCLAUGHLIN

Hey David? Merry Christmas.

David is silent for a long time.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

David? Can you hear me?

Eventually David speaks in a gentle monotone...

DAVID

I want you to tell me the truth
John.

David pushes his earpiece more snugly into his ear.

MCLAUGHLIN

What truth's that?

DAVID

About Curveball.

MCLAUGHLIN

You know David this is becoming
almost obsessional...

David yells...

DAVID

The truth!

A pause. After a moment....

DAVID (CONT'D)

I had the German reports on
Curveball's interrogations
independently translated.

Mclaughlin reacts with suppressed anxiety. Silence. The image flickers. David is wandering now in front of the screen...silhouetted against the bright image of Mclaughlin at his desk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Every fucking report ends with
the words..'this intelligence can
not be verified'.

David wanders back towards the camera...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Every BND guy who met him
comments that Curveball is drunk
or hung-over or that he's plainly
paranoid.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The BND technical guys point out
repeatedly that Curveball's
mobile units couldn't possibly
work because of contamination and
instability....

MCLAUGHLIN

David? Could you get back on
camera I can't see you...

DAVID

I'm here John. I'm not going
away.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The facility at Djerf Al Nadaf
had a brick wall where Curveball
said there was a gateway. You
must have picked that up from
aerial reconnaissance.

MCLAUGHLIN

Look, David...

DAVID

I see you're alone John. No
Pavitt. No George Tenet....they
don't attend these briefings
anymore do they?

MCLAUGHLIN

They're both tied up with the
President.

DAVID

They don't attend because they
don't want to be associated with
this fuckup anymore.

David has wandered full circle to confront the camera.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You all knew Curveball was lying.
But you briefed Colin Powell with
the intelligence anyway.

Mclaughlin doesn't react.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Someone told you to do that.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Who?

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Only three men have the authority
to do that. Cheney, Rumsfeld or
Bush.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Which one of them decided that
the United States should go to
war on the word of a someone they
knew was an insane, drunken liar?

A pause. Mclaughlin rubs his eyes.

MCLAUGHLIN
You don't understand David. It
was a crazy time...

David yells...

DAVID
Make me understand!

INT. SEA CATCH RESTAURANT, WASHINGTON DC, DAY

The restaurant is a busy lunch place, popular with
Washington's intelligence community.

*Caption: 'Sea Catch restaurant, Washington DC, February 3rd
2003'*

The restaurant is full but we find Herr Schumann sitting
alone at a table... He looks jet-lagged, anxious as hell.

He is smoking and a waitress tells him to put the cigarette
out.

After a moment John Mclaughlin enters and a waiter points
Schumann out to him.

Mclaughlin joins him...

MCLAUGHLIN

Herr Schumann?

Schumann gets to his feet and they shake hands.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Jim Pavitt couldn't make it, he's
in New York....

Schumann reacts with alarm...

SCHUMANN

But I told him it was very
urgent!

MCLAUGHLIN

Hey, hey relax...

They both sit down...

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Did you order a drink yet?

SCHUMANN

I am not here to drink.

Mclaughlin doesn't care for Schumann's lack of social
grace. He turns and grabs a waiter...

MCLAUGHLIN

Could I get ice tea here please.

Mclaughlin turns back to Schumann.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

So what's so urgent you have to
fly all the way out here from
Munich?

Schumann looks at Mclaughlin and speaks softly.

SCHUMANN

This thing has to stop.

Mclaughlin chuckles...

MCLAUGHLIN

What thing?

SCHUMANN

I saw the State of the Union
address. It was full of
intelligence sourced from my
department.

The ice tea arrives and they both wait for the waiter to disappear...Mclaughlin sips his tea and peers at the menu...

MCLAUGHLIN

What? Do the BND have a problem with us taking their intelligence seriously?

He looks up and smiles.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

By the way I can recommend the crab cakes...

Schumann looks all around as if concerned he will be overheard.

SCHUMANN

You have obviously not seen the Curveball intelligence yourself.

MCLAUGHLIN

I don't deal with incoming intelligence on a day-to-day basis...

SCHUMANN

So I need to speak to Jim Pavitt.

MCLAUGHLIN

I told you he's in New York.

Schumann hisses, furious...

SCHUMANN

I need to speak to him.

MCLAUGHLIN

He's briefing Colin Powell ahead of the Security Council emergency session tomorrow.

Schumann reacts with horror and grabs Mclaughlin's arm.

SCHUMANN

Then you must tell him directly from me. I don't know how I can make it anymore obvious...

A pause.

SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

You can not go to war on Curveball's evidence. Curveball is a *fabricator*!

Heads turn.

INT. A LARGE 15TH FLOOR BOARDROOM OFFICE

The office has a panoramic view over New York, with the flags of all nations outside the UN building which is visible opposite.

The office is filled with a dozen CIA analysts and WINPAC people. Some are on the phone, some at computer screens, others on their knees laying out paperwork on the floor.

Everyone looks utterly exhausted.

Caption: UN Plaza Hotel, New York City, Next Day

Jim Pavitt and George Tenet are in the room and are huddled around a small teleconference screen, speaking with an analyst back at Langley.

In this earlier incarnation, Pavitt has a thin pencil moustache...Tenet is talking to the guy on the screen.

TENNET

Can you get that stuff to New York right away?

ANALYST

We've had a lot of snow down here...I think they closed the airport...

TENNET

Screw the snow, get some fucking huskies or something...Or ask Bill for a helicopter...

At that moment McLaughlin enters the office and looks all around. He locates Tennet and Pavitt and makes his way towards them.

As we follow him we see the debris of two days of intense work inside the office. Coffee cups, doughnuts, discarded shoes, ties, shirts. One of the analysts is so exhausted she is mumbling details of weapons grade plutonium to herself as a kind of mantra...

McLaughlin makes his way to where Tenet and Pavitt are sitting and becomes a still point.

MCLAUGHLIN

Hey George...

Tenet and Pavitt turn from the screen. They both look ravaged and weary...and shocked to see McLaughlin.

TENNET

John? What the hell are you doing here?

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER

Pavitt, Tenet and Mclaughlin enter. Pavitt casually checks that the three cubicles are empty. George takes the opportunity to take a piss. After checking the cubicles Pavitt goes to the sink to splash water on his face.

Only Mclaughlin is concentrated on the task. He looks anxious as hell...

TENET

What's the problem John?

MCLAUGHLIN

I had lunch with Herr Schumann from the BND yesterday.

George and Pavitt glance at each other's reflections in the mirrors.

PAVITT

Are you kidding?

Mclaughlin looks deadly serious.

MCLAUGHLIN

You were here Jim so I took the meeting myself. I thought it was a routine briefing.

Pavitt lights up a cigarette. Tenet studies the stubble on his chin in his reflection. Both are hiding their anxiety. *Smoke and mirrors...*

PAVITT (FORCING A SMILE)

Herr Schumann likes his beer, right?

MCLAUGHLIN

He didn't drink.

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

We have a problem

Tenet is drying his hands and grins at Pavitt, changing the subject.

TENET

Hey Jim, how long is it since we had any sleep?

Pavitt laughs, flicks his ash in the urinal...

PAVITT

Thirty six hours...

MCLAUGHLIN (INTERRUPTING)

Guys...Schumann told me that
Curveball is a hoaxer.

A long pause. The word hangs in the air. Tenet adjusts his tie. Mclaughlin notes the lack of reaction.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Did you *know* he had concerns?

Silence.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Guys? Did you know already he had concerns?

Silence.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

He said Curveball might even have been a set-up. A dangle courtesy of Chalabi.

Tenet and Pavitt seem to have an agenda hidden...

PAVITT

Hey, John the airport was still open when you left Washington, right?

Mclaughlin peers at them both, senses evasion.

MCLAUGHLIN

Yeah, it was open.

A young analyst enters the bathroom...

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Hey, can you use the Ladies?

The young analyst sees the three senior guys and turns on his heels...Mclaughlin fixes Tenet in the reflection....

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

After speaking to Schumann I asked Margaret for the Curveball file.

TENET

Now wait, wait, wait, let's just slow up a little here.

Pavitt very deliberately tosses his cigarette into the urinal...

TENET (CONT'D)

We have half a dozen analysts over at WINPAC who know their stuff and they say Curveball's theories add up just perfectly....

Mclaughlin dares to speak up....

MCLAUGHLIN

Well, George...Schumann said something about that.

Mclaughlin glances at Pavitt, who is hiding his anxiety...

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

He mentioned the internet.

A pause. Everyone is hiding their deep concern with casual gestures, calm voices...

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

He said most of the technical stuff Curveball's given us is available on the internet.

A long pause. Tenet and Pavitt are now in silent dialogue. Finally Tenet speaks very softly...

TENET

OK John you just relax, OK?

A pause.

TENET (CONT'D)

Jim and I have been working thirty six hours straight putting together Colin Powell's address to the Security Council.

Tenet comes closer...checks his watch.

TENET (CONT'D)

Colin will be speaking in less than twelve hours time.

Pavitt nods...

PAVITT

And...most of what he's going to be telling the UN is sourced from Curveball.

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN

Well that's exactly why I caught
a plane in a blizzard to get here
George. To warn you.

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Except I see now that it isn't
news.

Tenet chuckles with disbelief.

TENET

What do you suggest we do John?

A pause. Mclaughlin sweats under Tenet's gaze. Finally he
decides to speak....

MCLAUGHLIN

George it looks to me
like...Curveball is a
Frankenstein monster that we made
ourselves...

The air is chilling.

TENET

What the fuck does that mean?

MCLAUGHLIN

Maybe...you got a little close to
the President.

A pause.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

You allowed yourself to be told
what is true and what isn't true.

The under-stated accusation hangs in the air. Finally Tenet
turns on Mclaughlin.

TENET

OK, here's how it is...

A pause.

TENET (CONT'D)

Certain things have already been
decided.

A pause. Mclaughlin looks to Jim.

TENET (CONT'D)

We could dance naked in the snow
outside the White House and it
wouldn't make any difference to
what's going to happen anyway.

Mclaughlin is about to speak but Tenet raises his hand.

TENET (CONT'D)

The President says Curveball is
telling the truth.

A pause.

TENET (CONT'D)

Which means...he's telling the
truth.

No one looks at anyone else.

TENET (CONT'D)

...I guess this meeting is over.

Tenet and Mclaughlin check their reflections in the mirror
one last time then leave. We see the look of foreboding on
Mclaughlin's face.

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL ACTUAL FOOTAGE

We run the real footage of Colin Powell addressing the UN,
using the diagrams that Curveball drew...

POWELL (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

One of the most worrisome things
that emerges from the thick
intelligence file we have on
biological weapons is the
existence of mobile production
facilities used to make
biological agents...

INT. SCHUMANN'S OFFICE IN PULLACH, NIGHT

Schumann is watching TV with just a small lamp lighting the
office. He is smoking. We see Powell on his TV...

UN SECURITY COUNCIL ACTUAL FOOTAGE

POWELL (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

Let me take you inside that
intelligence file and share with
you what we know from eyewitness
accounts.

(MORE)

POWELL(cont'd)

We have first hand descriptions
of biological weapons factories
on wheels and on rails...

Schumann flicks his ash, his face is expressionless.

We cut back to Colin Powell on footage...

POWELL (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

..In a matter of months they can
produce a quantity of biological
poison equal to the entire amount
that Iraq claimed to have
produced in the years prior to
the Gulf War...

INT. LOUNGE OF CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, NIGHT

The room is wrecked and in half darkness, filled with the
bottles and take-out trash.

Curveball is swigging whisky and watching TV. He is
laughing manically between swigs.

He is watching Colin Powell...

POWELL (ON TV)

...The source was an eyewitness,
an Iraqi chemical engineer who
supervised one of these
facilities. He was actually
present during biological agent
production runs. He was also at
the site when an accident
occurred in 1998. Twelve
technicians died from exposure to
biological agents...

Curveball drains the bottle and laughs and cries with
despair...

Suddenly...

EXT. BAGHDAD, NIGHT ACTUAL FOOTAGE

We see newsreel shots of the shock and awe air raids on
Baghdad.

As the explosions rip through the center of Baghdad we play
'The Flintstones' theme music.

The explosions continue until the theme music ends...

EXT. GREEN ZONE, NIGHT

David is wandering among the bustle of the zone, swigging from a small whisky bottle.

He looks slightly drunk, deeply bitter.

A mighty horn is hooted behind him and he has to step out of the road. A large armored convoy rolls past and David stops to lean against the corner of a steel trailer to watch it rumble by.

David shakes his head, begins to laugh...wipes his mouth of whisky...

The convoy of armored vehicles has passed. David takes another swig then throws the bottle into the road.

INT. HARRY'S TRAILER, NIGHT

David and Harry are drinking various mini-bar size bottles of hard liquor. The trailer door is open so we see the Green Zone lit up behind them. Rock music plays at some distant party.

Harry unscrews a top of a small liquor bottle and holds it up...

HARRY

USA ten...Great Britain...eleven.

David unscrews the top of a Vodka and knocks it back.

DAVID

Great Britain eleven....USA
eleven.

A pause. Harry loosens his tie then suddenly throws up in a trash bucket. David smiles. Harry straightens, tightens his tie.

HARRY

You know what I hate David?
Hope.

David wipes his mouth. He looks queasy too. They're both drunk.

DAVID

What hope?

A pause.

HARRY

Those fucking reports. The squirrels.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

A pause.

HARRY

I don't want to infect you.

DAVID

With what?

HARRY

With hope. Hope, hope hope.

DAVID

Squirrels?

HARRY

Covert special ops guys. I believe you yanks call them squirrels...

DAVID

Oh. Those squirrels. What about those squirrels?

They both giggle.

HARRY

Earlier this evening our 'squirrels' put a report on my desk.

A pause. Harry puffs out his cheeks.

DAVID

What report?

A pause.

HARRY

I don't want us to go through this again. I really don't.

Harry stands up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yesterday they found some trucks. Renault trucks. With...wires, freezers...all the shit.

A pause. David has half finished a miniature. He screws the cap back on. He now looks deadly serious.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And when I read that report, like
an idiot, I thought...maybe.
One...last...chance.

A pause. Harry shrugs and blinks drunkenly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hope. Fucking hope.

A pause. David struggles to his feet.

DAVID

So what are we waiting for?

EXT. BAGHDAD SUBURBS, NIGHT

A convoy is on the move with DIA escort. None of the vehicles has its lights on. In the half darkness we see a jeep with David and Harry. Behind that a truck driven by Rita with Halil in the passenger seat. Behind that a jeep driven by Martha who is wearing a Christmas tinsel crown on her head. They all shoot through shot with looks of grim determination.

EXT. CORRUGATED-IRON WAREHOUSE. DAWN

The warehouse is isolated in an endless desert. The convoy pulls up in a cloud of dust.

We see the tension on the faces of David, Rita, Martha, Halil and Harry as they climb out of their vehicles.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The warehouse is in darkness apart from shafts of brilliant sunlight which illuminate the edges and angles of three large trucks.

A huge iron door is dragged open and sunlight pours in.

David, Martha, Rita, Halil and Harry stand at the threshold, silhouetted against the sunlight, beyond the parked trucks.

In a conventional movie, this would be the moment of triumph, the moment when victory is pulled from the jaws of defeat, and we should play it that way....

INT. WAREHOUSE

Bolt cutters are being used by a DIA guy to cut a British padlock which has been used to secure the vehicles. The rear door of the truck is thrown open.

The rear doors of the other two trucks are being opened in the same way and swing open in unison.

David climbs aboard the nearest truck. Harry climbs aboard the next one and Martha and Rita climb aboard the furthest one.

Halil stands back, alone, hoping...

INT. DAVID'S TRUCK

In the half darkness David begins to examine the refrigerating equipment. There are pipes and wires and a control panel which David studies...

And David dares to hope.

Then something in the shadows catches his eyes. He hesitates...then reaches into the darkness and pulls out a metal sign which we don't read.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

David is sitting on the threshold of the truck, his legs dangling, his head in his hands.

We see Harry jump down from his truck, then Martha and Rita. Halil joins them as they slowly congregate around David.

We can't tell if he is laughing or crying.

HARRY

I have no idea what this
equipment is...

He dares to be bold...

HARRY (CONT'D)

But in my judgement it is
certainly worth further
investigation.

There is hope on every face...but David's face is hidden. Then, very slowly, his face emerges from his hands. He looks up...a bitter smile on his face.

DAVID

Ice cream.

A pause. He produces the metal sign which is brilliant blue and white livery with the words 'TIP TOP ICE CREAM' written in English.

DAVID (CONT'D)

These trucks were built to transport ice-cream.

After a moment David begins to smile.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is one of the factories Curveball mentioned in his interrogations.

A pause. David wipes his eyes...

DAVID (CONT'D)

The drawings he drew match the insides of these trucks. This is where he got the idea for the mobile units.

David jumps down from the truck and gestures at the trucks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We went to war....

He smiles...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...over ice-cream.

Slowly, Harry laughs too...then Rita then Martha.

As the laughter grows we see that the only person not joining in is Halil. They don't notice as he begins to walk away and out of the warehouse.

INT. GREEN ZONE, LATER

A choir is singing Christmas carols at an outdoor service. Soldiers, security guys, atheists, Buddhists, all kinds are gathered to sing.

As they sing, David's convoy returns and pulls up beside the congregation.

When the trucks pull up, Halil leaps out of the jeep and begins to walk quickly in the direction from which the convoy came.

David lets him go for a while but Rita jumps out of her vehicle and watches Halil's progress as he marches towards the perimeter. Then she peers at David...before setting off at a run after him.

EXT. GREEN ZONE

Halil is now running fast through the throngs of people who are celebrating Christmas in their own ways.

Some are drunk, some are singing. Halil ignores them all as he sprints towards the gates of the zone.

A few moments later we see Rita racing after him.

As they both run, drunks and others wish them 'Merry Christmas'.

EXT. GREEN ZONE FROM ON HIGH

We see Rita's pursuit of Halil from above. Some people are hooting and whistling at them, as if this were a game...

EXT. GREEN ZONE

Rita is running fast and yelling...

RITA

Halil!!!

Halil is tearing off his jacket as he runs and then throws it on the ground...

RITA (CONT'D)

Stop that guy!!

Heads turn. A couple of security guys show an interest. Two of them pull guns...

RITA (CONT'D)

Don't shoot him, stop him!

EXT. GUARD HOUSE, GREEN ROOM SECURE ENTRANCE

Two US and two British guards are sharing Christmas swigs of spirits when suddenly they hear a commotion. A few seconds later Halil races into shot and leaps over the vehicle barrier heading out towards the streets of Baghdad...The guards grab their rifles...

We hear Rita yelling...

RITA

Don't shoot!!

Rita begins to climb the barrier too and two of the guards race outside.

As Rita scales the barrier one of the guards grabs her arm...

GUARD

Rita? Jesus Christ....

Another guard joins him. Rita is staring in horror straight ahead as Halil continues to storm towards the outer security ring...

RITA

I have to stop him.

GUARD

Rita you go out there you won't last two minutes.

She tries to break free from them but they hold on to her tight.

RITA

Get a security patrol.

A pause. Rita stares at them...

GUARD

He's taken off his fatigues. He's Arab. He'll be OK.

RITA

He's still wearing his fucking boots. They'll recognize the boots...

The second guard has taken a swig of water. He spits it in the sand...

GUARD 2

Maybe he's going to go barefoot and join his own kind. Why the fuck are you so concerned, Rita?

Rita snatches her arm free and races after Halil.

EXT. OUTER SECURITY PERIMETER

Halil is already being challenged by guards with their rifles raised as he ducks under a wire barrier. Rita yells...

RITA

He's OK,...don't shoot!! Stop him
but don't shoot!! Halil!!!

In the guard's moment of hesitation Halil escapes. Rita reaches the perimeter and looks out in horror at the deserted streets beyond the secure zone...where Halil is now pulling his gun....

She knows he is lost.

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET

A street market is in full cry as Halil begins to storm down the middle of the street. He has his gun raised and is yelling in English...

HALIL

You sons of bitches!! You
fucking-sons of bitches!!!

He fires in the air.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Shock and awe man!! Shock and
fucking awe!! You will be hearing
from us!!

He shoots some more and two groups of men come together for a fast assessment. One of them calls out in Arabic and Halil twirls around like a Western gunfighter and fires above their heads...

HALIL (CONT'D)

Go ahead punk! Make my fucking
day!! God bless America!!!

Halil continues to storm down the street and a small gang of young men begins to track his movements, keeping pace with him. Halil yells out...

HALIL (CONT'D)

You want freedom?! Take your
fucking freedom!! What's the
matter with you?! Why don't you
want to be free?!!!

He fires his gun in the air again.

Suddenly a kid of fifteen emerges from between the groups of men with an AK47. He opens fire and hits Halil in the legs. Halil continues to fire his gun in the air and almost gets back up to his feet but he is shot again.

After a moment a group of children race over to the body. Two guys go through his pockets and another takes his pistol.

A third guy hurries up and produces a knife. He uses it to begin cutting Halil's head from his body.

A truck pulls up and in a blizzard of ropes, Halil's body is tied by the ankles to the rear fender of the vehicle.

Two kids are holding Halil's severed head by the hair, screaming with laughter as blood drips from it.

The truck pulls away and Halil's headless body is dragged through the streets...

A few moments later a fast response patrol screams onto the scene and a gun battle begins between US troops and the crowd.

Halil's body is dragged faster and faster down the dusty street.

Rita peers out from the fast response vehicle and watches the cloud of dust disappear.

Fade to black.....

EXT. LANGLEY, IN A BLIZZARD

We see the outline of the Langley building through the thick snow.

Caption: CIA headquarters, January, 2004

David Kay pulls up to the security gate and hands over his ID to a CIA guard in thick winter clothes. The guard studies David's paperwork.

The guard shakes his head.

GUARD

We have no parking space
allocated for you Doctor Kay.
You'll have to go to the general
car park.

David nods his head wearily and speaks softly...

DAVID

The system is not designed to deal with truth which is also undesirable.

GUARD

Excuse me?

David shakes his head and drives on.

EXT. GENERAL CAR PARK, LANGLEY

David is getting out of his car, struggling with a box of files, slipping in the snow.

He then begins the long walk towards Langley, fighting the blizzard, his hands freezing.

As he walks, we see a caption.

Caption: Doctor David Kay returned to Washington and testified to a Congressional Committee that in his opinion, the intelligence regarding WMD in Iraq was 'all wrong'.

David trudges on....

Caption: 'As a result, he was ostracized by the intelligence community and soon resigned.'

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM IN WASHINGTON

White House Investigation room. Pavitt and Tenet are visible. President Bush has his back to camera as Pavitt and Tenet address him.

The scene is mute.

Caption: Head of the CIA George Tenet retired from the service soon after. Pavitt also resigned.'

Fade and fade up....

'Both Tenet and Pavitt were awarded the Presidential medal of Freedom'.

EXT. GERMAN FOREST IN THE SNOW

Curveball is smoking a cigarette, walking through the snow scape.

Caption: 'CURVEBALL still lives in Germany under an assumed name. He received 1.6 Million Euros for his services to the BND. He has still never been interviewed by any American.'

Caption fades then fade up....

Caption: 'None of the bio units he described has ever been found.'

Curveball stoops to scoop up a handful of snow, which he tosses high into the air.

Caption: 'So far, an estimated 300,000 men, women and children have been killed in Iraq since the US led invasion.'

THE END.