

CONFIDENTIAL

'CURVEBALL'

By Steven Knight

25th April 2007

1 INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS LOUNGE, NIGHT

1

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 Strauss 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: Based on 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.

CONFIDENTIAL

A pause.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

Insallah.

Suddenly...

2 EXT. BURNING HOT PATCH OF DESERT OUTSIDE BAGHDAD

2

After the cramped interior of the 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 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.

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.

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, mid forties, twenty five 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.

Rita turns towards the excavation site and yells angrily....

RITA

Stop digging!!!

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

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.

3

EXT. INFORMANT'S ENCAMPMENT

3

A middle-aged Iraqi in white robes (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.

4 EXT. SNOW COVERED PINE FOREST, POPLAR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 4

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 Poplar Springs, Virginia, three weeks later.

5 INT. PLUSH RESTAURANT OF THE POPLAR SPRINGS INN 5

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...

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.

David is deep in thought again.

ANITA

And like an idiot you gave him a straight answer.

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

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.

6 EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS AT LANGLEY

6

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 and drives on...

7 INT. SMALL OFFICE INSIDE CIA HEADQUARTERS

7

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
with the UN 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.

8

INT. FIRING RANGE AT LANGLEY

8

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

DAVID (IRRITATED)
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?

9

INT. DAVID'S TEMPORARY OFFICE

9

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...

HALIL
Sir? You asked for translation
service.

David gathers the print-out from the printer. He glances up
at Halil and takes his time with the papers. We may already
notice that he has an agenda with Halil.

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.

David repeats softly under his breath....

DAVID

No problem.

Halil takes the papers and David returns to his screen. Halil turns to leave but as he sets off David speaks, still staring at his screen...

DAVID

You're originally from Iraq, right?

Halil stops in his tracks, puzzled.

HALIL

Yes Sir.

A pause.

HALIL

How did you know?

David shrugs, apparently busy...

DAVID

The way you walk.

Halil is now even more puzzled. He is about to head for the door again...

DAVID

Iraqi is one of the most difficult accents in the Middle East to understand. A lot of our Egyptian and Lebanese translators have trouble with it.

David looks up. Halil shrugs, confused.

DAVID

But for you it'd be a breeze.

Halil begins to put two and two together. David turns the computer screen around and Halil sees his own personal file up on the screen.

DAVID

You volunteered to join the agency at 9am On the morning of September 12th 2001.

Halil now knows he's walked invited into a trap. He nods, his face expressionless.

CONFIDENTIAL

HALIL (SOFTLY)
That's right Sir.

A pause.

DAVID
I'm looking for an executive assistant to come with me to Baghdad. I need someone who believes in what we're doing as much as I do.

Halil flinches a little. Silence. Halil stares at the wall like a soldier on parade. Finally...

HALIL
Sir...in Iraq I would have too much difficulty separating my personal feelings from my professional duties.

David gets to his feet, nods his head gently.

DAVID
Your family fled Saddam.

HALIL (QUICKLY)
Sir, if you need these translations by five am...

DAVID
I need an Iraqi...

David peers at Halil...

DAVID
...to volunteer for this position.

David studies the young man in front of him. After a moment...

DAVID (CONT'D, KNOWING THE ANSWER)
Where are you from?

A pause.

HALIL
New York City.

A long pause. David shrugs and goes back to his computer screen and sits back down. He punches some keys to clear the screen as if this dialogue is over...Halil doesn't move. Finally...

HALIL
I'll bring the translation tomorrow
morning...in person.

David glances up at him and smiles.

10

INT. GEORGE TENET'S OFFICE

10

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.

TENET (CONT'D)
He *hates* this kind of stuff...

David enters and they all break into vigorous applause. David is wrong footed, a little annoyed...

DAVID
What? 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 forces a smile as he sits down.

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

TENET

Like you I'm an old fashioned
guy...

DAVID

I make it my business to learn...

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

PAVITT (INSINCERE)

David, great to have you back on
board.

DAVID

Thanks.

PAVITT

Looks like the President fell for
your home-made theories. You've
even persuaded Rummie that you're
the guy.

TENET (SOFTLY)

Hey come on....

The air chills a little and David could let the barbed
comment pass...but instead he decides to push it.

DAVID

Yeah Jim I've been sitting in my
beautiful garden, sipping beer just
thinking up ways to get my ass sent
back to Iraq.

Pavitt smiles to Tenet and the others...

PAVITT

Seems you've spent most of your
free time on TV news telling us how
to do our jobs.

DAVID

And now I have a chance to *show*
you.

TENET

OK, enough.

Silence. It seems the rivalry between David and Pavitt is not
news, some even find it amusing.

TENET (CONT'D BRIGHTLY)

So David, do you have everything you need?

DAVID

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

Pavitt sighs softly. Even Tenet registers a little irritation.

DAVID (CONT'D)

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 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?

11 EXT. MUNICH RED LIGHT DISTRICT, DAY

11

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.

12 INT. INTERNET CAFE

12

Curveball is sitting at a screen, sipping coffee. Rain pours outside. We don't need to read the text. He 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....

13

INT. ZINDORF IMMIGRANTS HOSTEL, NEXT DAY

13

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 (CONT'D)

You call him today, yes?

14

EXT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT, EARLY MORNING

14

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

CONFIDENTIAL

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

15 EXT. AIRPLANE STEPS/AIRPORT APRON

15

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.

16 EXT. CAMP SLAYER

16

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

17 INT. PERFUME PALACE, EARLY MORNING

17

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 prostitutes.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

Some were women who were brought here. Wives of men who opposed Saddam. They tortured them. Raped them...

Halil is trying hard to hide his emotions. David is onto it in a flash...

DAVID (QUICKLY, ALMOST A MANTRA)

You do not have feelings. You have a function. You do the work. You do the work right? That will be your revenge.

Halil nods and draws back the emotion.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's make this place smell of paint.

18

INT. LARGE TENTED MEETING AREA, CAMP SLAYER

18

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 two years in Iraq heading the UN weapons inspection teams...

CONFIDENTIAL

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...He turns to look at Dayton.

DAVID (CONT'D)
OK, now the big news. I'm moving the entire operation into Saddam's whore house.

Hesitation then applause. Keith reacts with surprise. Halil smothers his reaction to the description (we sense he's going to have to toughen up fast).

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 twenty 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.
David wanders a little...

DAVID

There are weapons of mass
destruction.

A pause. Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)

CIA says so. DIA says so. The
President says so. Rumsfeld, Cheney
and Wolfowitz say so. So it's so.

The audience reacts with silence...

19

INT. DAVID KAY'S CAMP SLAYER OFFICE, LATER

19

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 has a single desk with a lamp. Near to the desk two
dozen bulging files have been stacked. David is carrying one
of the boxes to his desk.

CONFIDENTIAL

He lays the box down and sits at the desk. We should sense that here is a man about to embark on a gigantic task and that he isn't sure he has the appetite for it.

After a moment he makes a decision and grabs the top file from the first of the boxes. He opens it and we read the words...

'Curveball' BND interrogation report. December 1999'.

20 INT. SMALL GUEST HOUSE BEDROOM, MORNING

20

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.

21 EXT. NUREMBERG SAFE HOUSE

21

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.

22 EXT. JOINT INTERROGATION CENTER, NURMBERG

22

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

23 INT. JOINT INTERROGATION CENTER, INTERVIEW ROOM

23

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

Just tell me the kind of work you were engaged in.

Curveball glances at the translator and after drawing on his cigarette he speaks softly in Arabic. The translator turns to Schumann and translates into German...

TRANSLATOR

Bio-waffen.

We read the sub-title translation... '*Biological weapons*'. Schumann rocks slightly in his chair and makes a large note on his notepad. Then he looks up and smiles.

SCHUMANN

So you like blonde women, huh?

24

INT. TELECONFERENCE ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR

24

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.

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?

25

INT. PERFUME PALACE, BALLROOM/SPIRAL STAIRCASE

25

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

Halil also has a cell-phone 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...

HALIL

...how many times do I have to explain this Angela, Doctor Kay wants you to cable the original transcripts...Hello?...Hello?

He curses as he loses the signal...

26

INT. TELECONFERENCE ROOM

26

David is reacting wearily to another jarring sweep of the camera in Washington...

DAVID

John your twenty five million dollar voice-seeking camera has the attention span of a fucking two month old Spaniel...can you stop it moving 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?

CONFIDENTIAL

27 INT. TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

27

Halil is on the stairs, his cell phone pushed tight to his ear...

HALIL (INTO PHONE)
Say again I lost the signal...

As Halil climbs the staircase we see that a huge central bullpen 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. Halil is struggling with a poor signal and the noise of construction.

HALIL (CONT'D)
...Look, if you can still hear me I
just need to get primary source
material on an Iraqi BND informant
code name Curveball...

Suddenly a chandelier crashes from the ceiling and lands at Halil's feet. Halil reacts and the phone drops from its perch on his shoulder. However he just manages to keep hold of the computer. Halil looks up and sees two military guys working...

HALIL (CONT'D)
Hey! Watch what you're doing up
there....

WORKER
Fuck you!

Halil heads for the door marked 'teleconferencing'

28 INT. TELECONFERENCING ROOM

28

David is still battling against the errant camera in Washington.

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

In the background Halil enters and lays his computer down.

CONFIDENTIAL

TENET

David, you call the shots out there...

DAVID (SOFTLY)

My ass...

TENET

...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...

David quickly leans into the mic.

DAVID

Hey George before I lose you...

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

DAVID (CONT'D)

...I need you to send everything you have....

The picture flickers...then disappears altogether...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...on 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?

29 EXT. PERFUME PALACE 29

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...

DRIVER

Special Ops then transpool. Yes Sir...

30 EXT. PERFUME PALACE GROUNDS 30

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.

DRIVER

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. There is a huge banner which reads 'Screaming eagles, bombing you back to the stone-age'. David turns to the driver with a look of disbelief.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Saddam had it built for his grandchildren.

(MORE)

CONFIDENTIAL

DRIVER(cont'd)

The moment the Special Ops guys saw
it they claimed it for their own.

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

DAVID

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.

31 INT. JAPANESE PAGODA/ADMIN OFFICE

31

The music of '*Madam Butterfly*' plays at a volume which makes
conversation difficult.

Halil is across the desk from a middle-aged National Guard
officer (JOHNSON) who occasionally closes his eyes to relish
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 hands Johnson some paperwork which he begins to read.

HALIL

Doctor Kay has 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 interpreters?

HALIL

Yes Sir.

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

JOHNSON

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

Halil is rocked back a little.

CONFIDENTIAL

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 E-mail to high command and in our prayers.

Halil reacts...

32 INT. 'HIGH VALUE TARGET' BAR

32

Martha is on the Karaoke microphone, singing her tonsils out. The door to the 'bar' is open and we can see that it is a hastily converted steel trailer stacked on top of another trailer.

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. The two women expect David to join in their irreverent double act but David addresses Martha directly...

DAVID

Martha, how much alcohol do you consume in the average week?

The question catches Rita and Martha totally off guard. There is an instant freezing of the atmosphere. Martha is immediately defiant.

MARTHA

I don't have average weeks.

David turns to Rita, dead pan...

DAVID

You're young and you're pretty, do you want to end up looking like her?

He gestures at Martha. Both Rita and Martha are now seething with anger.

RITA

As a matter of fact Sir I do. Yes I do.

David studies them both.

DAVID

Martha you can't shoot straight. You've failed your firearms certificate fifteen times...

RITA

On the firing range she can't shoot. Out in the field I'd trust her with my life. I have...trusted her with my life.

DAVID

If she has no certificate why is she carrying a firearm in the field? That's against regulations.

Silence. Rita and Martha are on the point of exploding.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Martha I want you to check your drinking. Rita I want you to help her get that firearms certificate...

David hands Rita some paperwork.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I want you two to head up the biological unit. You start tomorrow.

A disbelieving pause.

33

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

33

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's this?

DAVID

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.

Keith peers out of the window...

DAYTON

I see you have an office with
windows.

CONFIDENTIAL

DAVID (BUSY)

Ah now Keith are we really going to behave like this?

DAYTON

You don't exactly have a reputation for being a team player David...

David stops and looks up at Dayton, chuckling...

DAVID

My reputation?

Dayton glares at him.

DAYTON

When you believe you're right you don't care who gets hurt.

David smiles and returns to his desk...

DAVID (CONT'D)

General, I asked you here because I need your help.

Dayton reacts cynically as David grabs a file from his desk. We glimpse a passport size PHOTO OF CURVEBALL attached to the right hand top corner.

DAVID (CONT'D)

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 back page.

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 cover page and reads the name...

DAYTON

Curveball...

David comes close. A pause.

DAVID

Will you ask around for me?

Dayton closes the file. He peers at David and makes a decision.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

I'll...look into it.

The agreement appears to be a break through of sorts. Dayton puts the file under his arm as he gets to his feet. David smiles, and there is a slight thawing between them. As Dayton reaches the door.

DAVID

I just need to know who the hell this guy is.

34 INT. BND SAFE HOUSE, NUREMBERG, NIGHT

34

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.

35 EXT. CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, NIGHT

35

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?)

36

INT. BOARDROOM WITHIN THE BND PULLACH COMPLEX, NEXT DAY 36

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.)

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?)

CONFIDENTIAL

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?)

Curveball begins to sketch a map of the factory facility...We close in tight...

37 INT. DAVID KAY'S OFFICE, IN HALF DARKNESS/LAMP LIGHT 37

.....we see the same map completed....and find it is in David's hands.

David is on his knees, still organizing his paper trail from Colin Powell's speech and he has the map drawn by Curveball amongst the papers. We glimpse some words, hand-written in German at the top of the page.

Halil enters and David hands him the map.

DAVID
Curveball drew this.

Halil studies the sheet. David smiles as he gets to his feet with a second sheet of paper in his hand. He heads for his desk, looking excited by what he's found...

DAVID (CONT'D)
And according to this intel.
report, while he was at Djerf Al
Nadaf there was an explosion
involving anthrax.

David is animated as he sits down at his desk and moves the mouse on his computer to start work...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Some of those Anthrax spores must
have reached the local villages. If
the explosion was in nineteen
ninety eight like Curveball said,
there will still be residual traces
in the local population.

David begins to print off and turns to Halil...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Take this to Rita and Martha.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)
If Martha's drunk, you tell me, OK?

38 EXT. CAMP SLAYER VEHICLE POOL, DAY 38

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

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, including mobile blood sampling units.

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)

You are going to be asking Iraqi people for their co-operation.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So 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 who is blinking blearily in the bright light as she takes off her shades.

David comes close to her and peers into her eyes. It is obvious that David can see the hang-over in her face. Rita watches anxiously. Finally David speaks softly and pointedly to Martha...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Respect, Martha. You know what that means?

A silence. Finally David turns and walks away. Martha waits before mumbling softly...

MARTHA

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

She begins to sing 'Respect yourself' as she climbs into the vehicle and fires the engine.

39 INT. BIO-TESTING LAB INSIDE CAMP SLAYER, LATER 39

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.

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. David glances at some paperwork beside the centrifuge.

DAVID

So what did you find?

RITA

All negative.

MARTHA

Healthiest set of fucking villagers in the Middle East.

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

MARTHA (CONT'D)

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

David stares at Martha.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You want respect, right?

RITA (WEARILY)

Martha go get a shower.

MARTHA

Maybe we'd have a little more respect for you guys in Washington if some of your intelligence turned out to be accurate once in a while.

David looks up from the report.

40 INT. SMALL OFFICE INSIDE BND HEADQUARTERS 40

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.)

Meiner indicates that the blinds be opened. Daylight floods into the room. Meiner hands Schumann the file. Schumann studies Meiner, beginning to look deeply uneasy...

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 the mobile bio-units your informant described 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).

41 INT. DAVID KAY'S OFFICE, LATER

41

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 any of the
background information we asked for
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.

42

EXT. CAMP SLAYER CAR POUND

42

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

DAVID

Hey...look busy it's the boss...

Harry looks up, delighted...

HARRY

David!!

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

43 INT. RENAULT TRUCK

43

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 (CONT'D)

Another fucking dead end.

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...

44 EXT. SMALL IRAQI ROAD CAFE WITHIN SIGHT OF PERIMETER

44

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...

CONFIDENTIAL

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 two 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 a lot of intelligence on my desk from an Iraqi informant code-name 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.

45 EXT. MARIANPLATZ, MUNICH

45

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 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 coatpocket and produces an envelope.

SCHUMANN

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?

46 INT. PERFUME PALACE BULL PEN

46

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.

47 INT. TELECONFERENCE 47

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 E-mails 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.

PAVITT

This guy has kind of gotten under your skin hasn't he David...

Halil enters with two coffees and knows to stay quiet. He hangs back in the half light. David brushes off Pavitt's observation...

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 check 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...

PAVITT

David you're becoming...a little
obsessional...

David is about to explode but instead hisses...

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.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Silence. David knows these guys well and guesses their
excuse before they make it...

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is a secure link so don't
bullshit me...just give me his
name.

Silence. Finally...

PAVITT

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.

PAVITT
But his name really isn't the story here....

DAVID (INTERRUPTING)
Wait, wait, wait. Ninety per cent of the intelligence I have on my desk comes from this one 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. What could we do?

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

DAVID (SOFTLY)
Holy shit...

PAVITT
Say again David?

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 cartoons...

A silence. Finally Pavitt makes a decision...

PAVITT

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.

48

INT. BEDROOM OF CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, MORNING

48

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

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

49 INT. ALEX STEINER'S OFFICE IN MUNICH HOUSE, LATER 49

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 Bush 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 informant 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 Bush behind him.

50

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, MEETING ROOM, NIGHT

50

A group of two dozen WINPAC analysts are sitting at work stations, at desks and on the floor in a brightly lit room. The blinds are open on the night outside. The work is frantic...

Caption; CIA headquarters, analysis room, three days after 9/11.

The analysts are young, good looking, committed. There is a ton of cross talk, papers being passed, screens being shared, calls being taken.

Someone arrives with a stack of pizzas and there are whoops of appreciation. Coffee cups and coke cups are strewn around the place.

We find a small meeting within the room, taking place on the floor of the office. It is being led by a young female analyst, (MARGARET). There are three other analysts. A female analyst in her twenties (ANNA), a senior analyst in his forties (GREG) and a junior analyst (SIMON). Everyone has files to share, papers, hand written notes...

The mood is determined, driven by adrenaline, almost hysterical...Margaret consults a print-off of a cable.

MARGARET

OK, Ssssstainer?....Steiner..is that his name?

GREG

Yeah. He's our guy in Berlin...

VOICE

Did anybody order Margarita?

ANNA

Margarita over here! OK Steiner cabled WINPAC about bio-units...

Anna begins to hand out sheets of paper from a file...

GREG

What the hell is a bio-unit?

ANNA

It's a truck that's been modified to produce biological weapons...

Simon is sifting his papers...

CONFIDENTIAL

MARGARET

CIA tried to produce similar vehicles in the late sixties...

Simon holds up a copy of the truck design Curveball drew for Schumann during his interrogation...

SIMON

So what are we looking at? Ours or theirs?

ANNA

There's a senior designer from Saddam's team who defected. He smuggled these design drawings out of Iraq to Germany. His code name is Curveball.

Anna hands around some more copied sheets...

ANNA (CONT'D)

And these are translated analysis papers from the BND...

MARGARET

Could we get some more decaf over here?

GREG

We don't have the transcripts?

The question is lost in the babble...Margaret has picked out a statistic...

MARGARET

Is this right? Twenty to thirty metric tons of anthrax?

GREG (SOFTLY)

These files are three years old...this information is even older...1995...

ANNA

This isn't Margarita, it's Hawaiian.

SIMON

Jesus. Thirty tons. A pound of anthrax can wipe out a City...

Everyone except Greg reacts with excited astonishment...

SIMON

So they've produced...

Anna is sniffing her pizza....

ANNA

Enough to destroy the population of
the United States a hundred times
over...

SIMON

And there are seven of these
trucks...

The mood is grim but somehow excited too....

ANNA

I personally think this should all
go into George's mail box right
away...

Margaret has grabbed her cell phone and has begun to dial...

MARGARET

George doesn't have a computer...

She puts her finger in her ear to take the call...

MARGARET (CONT'D)

But I have his cell number. This
guy's called 'Curveball' right?

Anna nods...Greg has been reading fast but looks up.

GREG (SOFTLY)

This is third hand analysis of
second hand intelligence.

No one hears so Greg repeats himself more loudly...

GREG (CONT'D)

We're buying this? Third hand
analysis of second hand
intelligence?

ANNA

Greg, you want this pizza? They
gave me the wrong one...

MARGARET (INTO PHONE)

Hey George, it's Margaret...Yeah
it's urgent.

51 INT. LARGE MERCEDES DRIVING THROUGH A BAVARIAN FOREST 51

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 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....)

52 EXT. BAVARIAN FOREST 52

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 (CONT'D)
(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.)

CURVEBALL
(I worked with Doctor Taha!)

Schumann turns and snarls...

SCHUMANN
(Doing what? Sweeping the floor?)

Curveball doesn't answer. 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.)

53 INT. DARKENED ROOM IN A LARGE SAFE HOUSE/PRISON OUTSIDE 53
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
Djerf Al Nadaf 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
built 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.

(MORE)

CONFIDENTIAL

HALIL(cont'd)

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 (CONT'D)

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?

Halil doesn't answer, but Rita and Martha see that Halil is beginning to suffer an inner conflict.

54 INT. MIC BUILDING

54

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.

55 INT. STRONG ROOM

55

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.

56 INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, NIGHT

56

It's late and David is working through the night. He has made up a chart on the wall which has three columns, headed 'CURVEBALL NAMES', 'CURVEBALL PLACES' and 'CURVEBALL WEAPONS TYPE'. Beneath each heading is a long list of names, places and types of weapon.

We should feel that David's pursuit of Curveball is taking over, and begin to sense that maybe he really is becoming obsessed.

We only glimpse the lists, but we maybe see the name 'TAHA' in bold and 'DJERF AL NADAF'. Beside each word in English there is a large ARABIC translation.

Behind his desk there is now a mountain of box files taken from the safe. David has opened the first four of the boxes and he is sifting through the papers. As we join him he takes a particular file and takes it up to the chart on the wall. He begins to compare the words on the file with the Arabic translations on the wall.

With the sheer number of files it looks like a Herculean task. David already looks exhausted and his appearance isn't so neat as it was.

Then Halil hurries in, filled with excitement.

HALIL

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

57 INT. DIA BULLPEN

57

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

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

More heads are turning. Halil looks shocked by David's explosion of anger.

HALIL (SOFTLY)

Sir. We are not in a secure area.

DAVID

Fuck secure area!! What do they expect from me?! The only intelligence I have to work from was provided by a fucking ghost!!

David takes a few moments, breathing hard. He notices an analyst at a far desk sniggering. Finally he gets hold of himself. He speaks softly to Halil.

DAVID (CONT'D)

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 on here!

58

INT DAVID'S OFFICE, EARLY NEXT MORNING

58

David is asleep at his desk. Eight box files have now been opened.

CONFIDENTIAL

We move around David's sleeping body, take in the enormity of the task around him. He looks to be a prisoner of the files...

After a moment Halil enters with a cup of coffee. He hesitates then shakes David awake. David quickly sits up straight, as if being found asleep were a sign of weakness.

DAVID

What time is it?

HALIL

Six. We already got a cable from Washington.

Halil looks angry as he hands David the cable. Instead of reading the cable David reads Halil's angry expression...

DAVID

What?

HALIL

It's from Jim Pavitt. He says he's had a report from the DIA that you lost your cool in a non-secure area last night. That you were yelling secure information.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

They want a written explanation.

David calmly grabs a pen and a piece of paper and quickly writes two words...

DAVID

No problem. Here it is.

Halil takes the sheet and reads it.

HALIL

'Fuck you'.

DAVID

Yeah.

HALIL

You want me to send this?

DAVID

Will somebody do their fucking job around here?!!

Halil reacts, a little hurt, then turns and walks out with the paper in his hand. David is instantly regretful.

He takes his first sip of coffee of the day.

59 EXT. LARGE MANSION HOUSE IN A WEALTHY BAGHDAD SUBURB 59

Halil and David pull up in a military vehicle. They have a one vehicle escort. As they pull up, David grabs his briefcase and papers. Halil looks up at the opulent exterior and at the private bodyguard at the door...

HALIL

Nice place...

DAVID

Curveball worked for this guy at Nadaf.

Halil prepares to get out of the vehicle but David hands him some files to read.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's OK, I know him. His English is good.

Halil is taken by surprise...

HALIL

What about technical stuff?

A pause. David glances up at the high walls.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're doing OK Halil.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I want to keep it that way.

David gets out of the car. Halil's eyes burn as he glares at the high wall and the bodyguard.

60 EXT. BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF MANSION HOUSE IN A RICH SUBURB 60
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.

SOURCE ALPHA

What have you done to the painting of Saddam?

DAVID

We painted over it.

Source Alpha shrugs, neither pleased nor displeased.

SOURCE ALPHA (CHUCKLING)

And what of Uday's lion cage in the cellar?

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 suggestion of enormous financial reward away. Two small children, Source Alpha's grandchildren, race out into the garden and come to him. He chuckles as they leap on him...

SOURCE ALPHA

David 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.

Source Alpha leans close and smiles...

SOURCE ALPHA (CONT'D)

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

61 EXT. CAMP SLAYER, ROAD BETWEEN TRAILERS

61

We see normal life in the camp proceeding for just a couple of seconds before there is a big explosion.

When the smoke clears 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 dead-enders using up their old fireworks.

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

62 INT. HVT BAR

62

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?

63 EXT. CAMP SLAYER

63

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

DAVID

So what do you have?

HARRY

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

David nods.

DAVID

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

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.

David explodes angrily...

DAVID

We don't have time for this spook bullshit!

HARRY

David I hate to tell you this but people are starting to make jokes about it.

DAVID

About what?

HARRY

You and Curveball. Your...single mindedness.

DAVID

We went to war on Curveball.
Curveball is the story...

Harry stands.

HARRY

Maybe you should have a drink or something. Or phone home...

Harry leaves David to contemplate the shimmering lake...think about home.

64

EXT. BAGHDAD SUBURBS, NIGHT

64

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 shoots Source Alpha in the head.

CONFIDENTIAL

65 EXT. CAMP SLAYER GOLF RANGE, NIGHT

65

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.

66 INT. PERFUME PALACE

66

A huge Special Ops guy (AMORY) and a bunch of soldiers 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. We hardly notice Amory for now but we'll meet him again later.

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

67 INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

67

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 a Special forces 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.

68 INT. PERFUME PALACE, THAT MORNING

68

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.

David hesitates a moment, an uncharacteristic loss of certainty.

DAVID (CONT'D)

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

A pause...

DAVID (CONT'D)

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

69

INT. CLOSED HVT BAR AFTER HOURS

69

Rita, Martha and Halil have a dozen boxes of files stacked around them. The bar is otherwise deserted.

Rita and Halil are drinking beer but Martha is swigging from a bottle of water.

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.

RITA

Thanks for telling us Martha.

MARTHA

No problem.

CONFIDENTIAL

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

Empty bars?

RITA

Probably.

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

HALIL

Rita? What the fuck are you doing
here? I mean...what the fuck? Look
at you...

RITA (LAUGHING)

What?

HALIL

You're...so...

Rita stops sifting.

RITA

You think I'll be offended if you
say I'm pretty.

Halil is embarrassed and goes back to his papers.

HALIL

...female.

RITA

That's a start I guess.

A pause. Rita giggles. Halil laughs too...

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 given up booze so
she's smoking dope. Her hands shake
so much it takes her forever to
roll a joint.

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 (CONT'D)

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. I'll leave
you two alone. 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. 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 found the son of a bitch!!

70

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, MEETING ROOM, DAY

70

The same group of analysts we saw in their post 9/11 meeting are gathered together, along with several other WINPAC analysts. A slightly younger looking Jim Pavitt is chairing the meeting and sits at the head of the table (he had a thin pencil moustache at this point).

Caption; CIA headquarters, December, 2002.

The meeting has been running for a while. Coffee cups distributed, scraps of paper passed around. Margaret, Anne and Simon are seated together. Greg is across the table from them. Margaret is handing out copies of a top secret report...

MARGARET

Ok, as a kind of veracity litmus test we looked at the intelligence Curveball gave to the BND regarding Doctor Taha and General Kamal. We checked it against what we know of their actual movements in Baghdad and Nadaf during this period...

The paperwork is passed around.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It checked out every time. Also his descriptions of corruption and kick backs among Kamal's drivers checked out too.

Greg is studying the report and speaks up while still reading...

GREG

What did you check his intelligence against?

A pause. Margaret appears to be a little weary of Greg.

MARGARET

What do you mean?

Greg has some print-outs of his own. He begins to hand them out...

GREG

This is all stuff I took from the internet. The UNSCOM report of 1999 and some other related reports, Government and non-Government.

Everyone begins to read. Margaret sighs patiently.

MARGARET

Yes and as I pointed out to you before this meeting, Greg, it all agrees with Curveball's intelligence. It proves he's telling the truth.

GREG

Unless Curveball also got his intelligence from the internet.

Silence.

Pavitt looks concerned but hides his concern behind a smile. There seems to be a general skepticism around Greg but he continues...

GREG (CONT'D)

In some cases what Curveball is reported to have said matches word for word stuff in the UNSCOM report. Curveball could have accessed it in any internet cafe.

Margaret reacts...

GREG (CONT'D)

Margaret I know how much work you've all put into this but I just think before this intelligence appears in a State of the Union address we need to analyze the similarities.

Slowly eyes turn to Pavitt at the head of the table. After a long pause.

PAVITT (CALMLY)

Greg, Curveball's evidence has solved a riddle some of our people at WINPAC have been trying to crack for ten years.

He glances at Margaret and smiles.

PAVITT (CONT'D)

How did Saddam hide his biological weapons units? Thanks to Curveball, we now know. He put them onto trucks and moved them around to avoid inspection.

GREG

Wait. Wait. You're saying that because the weapons inspectors *didn't* find biological weapons, that is proof that they must exist.

A pause. All eyes on Pavitt.

GREG (CONT'D)

That's a little 'Alice in Wonderland' isn't it?

Pavitt smiles. Greg squirms a little under his gaze. All eyes are now on Greg. After a while Greg laughs nervously...

GREG (CONT'D)

What? What is this?

Pavitt gives Margaret the subtlest of gestures.

PAVITT

The agency has been left in no doubt what is in the President's mind. The President is fact-driven.

A pause.

PAVITT (CONT'D)

And what we have before us is a fact of life.

Greg decides to push it...

GREG

Every BND report comes with the words 'this intelligence can not be verified'.

MARGARET

Determined. 'Can not be determined'...

GREG

Depending on which German translator you use...also the guy's a drunk.

MARGARET

All defectors are drunks. (Softly)
Get real...

GREG

Ok so I'm just an analyst at a desk, but Jesus Margaret...

Pavitt speaks loudly, with finality in his voice.

PAVITT

The President responds to facts.

A pause.

PAVITT (CONT'D)

Curveball is now...a fact of life.

71 EXT. LOG CHALET-STYLE SAFE HOUSE, BAVARIAN FOREST, DAY 71

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.

72 INT. SAFE HOUSE 72

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.

(MORE)

BUSH(cont'd)

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)

(Why didn't you tell them I was lying?)

A pause. When Schumann looks up, his eyes are filling with tears. Schumann fights to control his emotions.

CURVEBALL (CONT'D)

(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

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.

73 EXT. CAMP SLAYER PERIMETER, DAY

73

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 perimeter wall 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....

74 INT. DAVID'S OFFICE

74

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.

75

EXT. NORTH BAGHDAD STREET ON A HOT DUSTY NIGHT

75

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, led by Amory, 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.

76

INT. FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT BLOCK

76

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.

77

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

77

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.)

78 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

78

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

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 on anything. 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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....

79 INT. CURVEBALL'S SMALL BEDROOM

79

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?

80 INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, LATER

80

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.

He holds up a file as if it were exhibit 'A'.

DAVID (CONT'D)

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. Now he really does look obsessed and he is speaking too quickly. 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'.

David grabs another sheet of paper

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here are statements from fifteen people who knew him....

He begins to slap the papers down...

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Con man', 'hoaxer', 'fantasist',
'pervert', 'a joke'....

Dayton gets to his feet.

DAYTON

David you are out of control.

David takes Dayton's arm and glares into his eyes.

DAVID

Here's what we do. We make a joint
request that someone be sent to
Berlin to speak to Curveball. Your
people, my people, who gives a
shit...

Dayton suddenly explodes.

DAYTON

No one gives a shit!! No one
gives....a shit about this stuff
anymore!!

Silence.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

That's the point! If you weren't so
consumed by this you would have
noticed. Have you looked outside
the perimeter wall 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
E-mail 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.

81 INT. GREEN ZONE

81

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.

82 INT. DAVID KAY'S TRAILER/OFFICE, LATER

82

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 runs his hands through his hair.

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.

Halil sits into the candlelight, looking troubled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

Halil rubs his eyes wearily...

HALIL

Since we got into the green zone I've been stopped and searched fifteen times.

A pause.

HALIL (CONT'D)

My dad writes me every day. Asks me how things are here. He tells me...

Halil looks up at David and decides against continuing...

HALIL (CONT'D)

Sir...it's four o'clock in Washington. Do we have anything for the cable?

DAVID

Tell me what your tells you.

A pause.

HALIL

Every day he says, 'tomorrow you'll find the weapons.'

Halil gently shakes his head and peers into the candlelight.

HALIL (CONT'D)

He wants me to get the revenge he never got for himself.

A pause.

DAVID

No feelings.

Halil forces a smile. He gestures at the files on David's desk.

HALIL

Do we have anything left?

David picks up the file he tossed away earlier.

DAVID

Curveball said he passed through Tuwaitha.

Halil allows himself a cynical smile.

HALIL

He sure got around didn't he.

David's anger sparks.....

DAVID

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Halil peers at David. He is about to voice his cynicism but sees that David is still fighting to keep the faith. He gets to his feet.

HALIL

I'll get us an escort.

David glares at Halil as he leaves.

83

EXT. TUWAITHA NUCLEAR FACILITY

83

In the middle of a wind swept desert we see the bombed out remains of the Tuwaitha nuclear facility. A young boy is grazing his goats near to the facility.

CONFIDENTIAL

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...

84 EXT. TUWAITHA GATES

84

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 four star general.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now remove...your fucking...shades.

After a moment Amory removes his shades and grins.

85 INT. TUWAITHA OFFICE

85

An ELDERLY WATCHMAN is making tea on a portable gas stove inside what remains of the security office of the Tuwaitha 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.

86

EXT. SMALL, DIRT POOR IRAQI VILLAGE

86

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.

87

EXT. STORAGE AREA AT THE BACK OF THE VILLAGE

87

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 uranium 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.

88

INT. DAVID KAY'S TRAILER OFFICE, NIGHT

88

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. After he's gone David takes the top sheet and angles it into the candlelight to read it.

CONFIDENTIAL

89

INT. TELECONFERENCE ROOM

89

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 continuing
obsession is only confirming the
prejudices some people here have
about you...

David yells...

DAVID

I want the truth!

A pause. After a moment....

CONFIDENTIAL

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.

(MORE)

DAVID(cont'd)

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 fuck up 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 two men have the authority to
do that. Cheney 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!

90

INT. SEA CATCH RESTAURANT, WASHINGTON DC, DAY

90

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.

91

INT. A LARGE 15TH FLOOR BOARDROOM OFFICE

91

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.

Margaret is working alongside them, distributing papers.

Mclaughlin enters the office and looks all around. He locates Tennenet 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.

CONFIDENTIAL

One of the analysts is so exhausted she is mumbling details of weapons grade uranium 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?

92

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER

92

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. Pavitt reacts but hides his deep concern with casual gestures...

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.

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.

93 INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL ACTUAL FOOTAGE

93

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...

94 INT. SCHUMANN'S OFFICE IN PULLACH, NIGHT

94

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. 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...

95 INT. LOUNGE OF CURVEBALL'S SAFE HOUSE, NIGHT

95

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 watching Colin Powell and wiping his eyes with his sleeve...

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. Suddenly...

96

EXT. BAGHDAD, NIGHT ACTUAL FOOTAGE

96

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...

97

EXT. GREEN ZONE, NIGHT

97

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.

98

INT. HARRY'S TRAILER, NIGHT

98

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?

99

EXT. BAGHDAD SUBURBS, NIGHT

99

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

100 EXT. CORRUGATED-IRON WAREHOUSE, DAWN 100

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.

101 INT. WAREHOUSE 101

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....

102 INT. WAREHOUSE 102

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...

103 INT. DAVID'S TRUCK 103

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.

104

EXT. WAREHOUSE

104

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.

105 INT. GREEN ZONE, LATER

105

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.

106 EXT. GREEN ZONE

106

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'.

107 EXT. GREEN ZONE FROM ON HIGH 107

We see Rita's pursuit of Halil from above. Some people are hooting and whistling at them, as if this were a game...

108 EXT. GREEN ZONE 108

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!

109 EXT. GUARD HOUSE, GREEN ROOM SECURE ENTRANCE 109

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.

110 EXT. OUTER SECURITY PERIMETER

110

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.

111 EXT. BAGHDAD STREET

111

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 continues to storm down the street and a small gang of young men begins to track his movements, keeping pace with him.

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.

CONFIDENTIAL

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.....

112 EXT. LANGLEY, IN A BLIZZARD

112

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.

113 EXT. GENERAL CAR PARK, LANGLEY

113

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.'

114 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM IN WASHINGTON

114

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....

'George Tenet was awarded the Presidential medal of Freedom'.

115 EXT. GERMAN FOREST IN THE SNOW

115

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

CONFIDENTIAL